



NO. CCVL.]

MARCH, 1882.

[VOL. XVIII., NO. 5.

✂ THE ADMIRAL'S WARD. ✂

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CHAPTER VI.

LUNCHEON was over in the temporary dwelling of Sir Gilbert Jervois, one warm rainy afternoon at the end of May, more than a month after the death of Mr. Fielden and the accession of Reginald Piers to the family estate.

"Is Sir Gilbert at home?" asked that gentleman, as the only man-servant the baronet deemed necessary to his town establishment opened the door.

"No, sir! Sir Gilbert started this morning for-Paris, but my lady is in the drawing-room."

She was not there, however, when Reginald was shown in, nor did she join him for some minutes; these he employed first in staring out of the window, evidently not seeing what he was looking at, and then in turning over some books which lay upon the table, till his attention was arrested by a volume of Byron, in faded but once gorgeous binding; when the sombre, almost savage expression of his countenance gave place to a half-mocking, half-kindly smile as he opened it and read on the fly-leaf, "To H. G. F., from her attached A. P."

That book! he had known it all his life; it had always been one of the ornaments on his mother's table in the dimly remembered time, when he could just recall his father, a querulous, troublesome invalid, the family Juggernaut, beneath the castors of whose chair were prostrated metaphorically wife and children, but to chance visitors a charming high-bred man of the world, such a delightful companion.

Algernon Piers had been for a good many years *attaché* to a small legation at a small German Court, and even in this simple society of homely highnesses he contrived to amass a tolerable amount of debt. These incumbrances had reached inconvenient dimensions when a family of wandering English visited the picturesque little town of Stolzstadt. The agreeable *attaché* soon became indispensable to the visitors, and ended by fascinating the wealthy orphan niece of the leader of the expedition, a good-natured inert ex-militaire, who, as the young lady was of age, wisely offered no opposition, and the course of true love in this instance ran exceedingly smooth.

But the smoothness of Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Piers' after life was of a fatally slippery kind. Indolent, self-indulgent, unsuspecting, ignorant of the value of money, whenever any unpleasant pressure pinched them, money was raised, or stock sold, till, when her husband was overtaken by his last illness, Mrs. Piers awoke to find herself almost reduced to poverty.

How well Reginald could remember the narrow limits of his early home life; the stocking-darning, and boot-mending; the long consideration of "to be, or not to be," as regarded new clothes; the enormous importance attached to his sister's dress; the steadiness with which his mother closed up her ranks and presented an unbroken front to that inquisitive foe, "Mrs. Grundy;" and then his schooldays, the rather intermittent education, which his military great-uncle assisted to pay, with their many small mortifications, the severe training which taught him to cover up his natural pride and disdain, wounded feeling and vain ambition, with a mantle of good-humored careless indifference and readiness to oblige.

Then came the great event from which dated the years of his later boyhood and maturer days. Sir Gilbert Jervois met Reginald's sister (who was several years her brother's senior) at the house of a mutual relation, was captivated, and, after a short struggle between parsimony and passion, proposed for the pretty penniless daughter of the ex-diplomate.

Then great changes ensued. Mrs. Piers fondly believed she had come to the end of all her troubles, having a sort of notion that a rich son-in-law ought to support her. This was not quite Sir Gilbert's view of the subject, but whether he thought it better to keep his wife quiet in their remote home, by letting her have her mother's company, or considered it a cheap piece of generosity to let her have the run of the house, expecting her to be a sort of unpaid head nurse, it is impossible to say, but after about a year, Mrs. Piers went to reside at Ashley Grange, and then it was that Reginald gladly accepted Mr. Fielden's invitation to pass the holidays at the Rectory, for Sir Gilbert's hospitality was spasmodic, though at the Grange a month or two more made small difference. Finally came his own launch into life, when his cousin, Kate Piers, now become Mrs. Trent, mindful of pleas-

ant days spent in his father's house, persuaded her husband to take the young relative at a reduced premium into his flourishing office.

How vividly all these events came back to him as he stood musing with "Childe Harold" open in his hands, and now "the winter of his discontent was made glorious summer by the sun" of unexpected prosperity. No more need to wear a mask, to follow uncongenial drudgery with a smiling face, to clothe himself in a panoply of careless good-humor, from which the shafts of insolence or the rebuffs of authority glanced off harmless; yes, it was glorious! yet the words "Too bad!" dropped from his lips, and his next thought was "The poor mother! she has had hard times of it. It is something to get her out of Jervois' clutches. I am glad I am not a woman; they get the worst of it, as the weak always must. Ah! Nellie, so Sir Gilbert is off!" turning as Lady Jervois entered the room.

"Yes, he was obliged to put off his departure, but is gone!" and though not by any means inclined to shake her chains, Lady Jervois could not suppress a certain tone of relief in the last words.

"Well, I shall be able to see you with some comfort now. Did you say anything to him about coming down to Pierslynn?"

"No; it was not necessary. We have this house for a fortnight longer, and then, if he is not back, we may do what we please."

"Yes; but Helen, I do not want to go to Pierslynn so soon; I have business that may detain me; still, if you and my mother and Sybil like to go, the place is at your service. Where are you going?"

For Lady Jervois was in her out-door attire.

"I am going to the Scholastic Agency Office in Piccadilly to see about a German governess for Sybil; she is really too backward for a girl nearly ten years old. Indeed, I fear I have neglected her. I have been so absorbed in my own troubles; but *you*, dear Reggie, have set me free and I can never thank you enough."

"It ought to bring me luck," he muttered, evidently lost in thought.

"Luck! I think you *have* had luck; and you deserve it," returned his sister.

Reginald did not seem to hear her. "Where is my mother?" he asked abruptly, after a short pause.

"She went up to put on her bonnet—she is coming with me."

"I want to speak to her," said Reginald.

"I never saw such a change as in her," said Lady Jervois. "She is ten years younger since you succeeded to Pierslynn; indeed, I am almost as much revived. I really think my mother and myself are more elated than you are."

"Ah! you do not know what this succession is to me. I—"

The entrance of Mrs. Piers prevented his finishing his sentence.

"Reginald," said his mother, kissing him warmly, "I did not know you were here. I wish you could come with me to see the landlord of my house, and get him to finish the alterations we want. I should like to get settled by the middle of August. I do not want to go back to the Grange, and it will be so lonely to stay here after Helen goes."

"Very well," returned Reginald. "And now, mother, I want Nellie and you to do something for me."

"What is it, Reggie?" said both ladies together.

"You remember I told you that poor Fielden was dead?"

Well, Admiral Desbarres has brought over the daughter and youngest boy as well as his ward, Laura Piers, who is a distant cousin of ours, and placed them with some lady, the

widow of an old brother-officer, I think. Now I want you both to call on these girls—you especially, mother. It would be only right, considering all the hospitality I received from the Fieldens, and—you'll come with me, will you not?" breaking off abruptly.

"What sort of girls are these wards of Admiral Desbarres?" asked Mrs. Piers in an unfriendly tone.

"Oh! they are nice and ladylike—at least Laura was—the other was quite a school-girl when I saw her last. I do not know how she has turned out; but Laura was a very pleasant girl with lots to say."

"Is she pretty?" said Mrs. Piers in a frigid tone.

"No! not a bit," replied Reginald, laughing. "Why, are you already scenting matrimonial rocks ahead, mother?"

"Indeed, Reginald, you may laugh," she returned, herself relaxing into a smile; "but it is well for a young man in your position to be cautious. Without any thought on your part, your attentions may give rise to hopes which it would be painful to crush; these boy-and-girl friendships are apt to become entanglements it would be well to avoid?"

"A pleasant look-out for me," said Reginald, still laughing, "if I am taught every word I speak to a pretty girl! Why downright matrimony would be freedom compared to such a state of things."

"Ah, my dear boy, would to heaven I could find a suitable wife for you!" said Mrs. Piers, piously. "For you are not only entitled to, but deserve all that is best."

"Youth, beauty, rank, accomplishments, and riches. Eh, mother?"

"However, as Miss Piers has none of these qualifications, there can be small danger. Let us go and leave our cards upon her," said Lady Jervois. "How is she related to us, Reginald?" she added.

"I scarcely know. Her father was a Captain Edward Piers, and I think he knew *my* father. Do you remember anything of him?" (to Mrs. Piers).

"Oh! she is Edward Piers's daughter? Yes, I remember his staying with us at a pretty little place we took near Goodwood. He came for the races. He was certainly a cousin, and he and your father used to be together a good deal as boys, I believe; but there was a something about his family not quite *comme il faut*. I don't know what. Oh! it was ages ago. *He* was very nice. I remember his strolling in the garden with me by moonlight, and telling me how desperately in love he was with the sister of a clergyman, somewhere in Devonshire, I think; but her people opposed the marriage—then I lost sight of him," and Mrs. Piers heaved a sigh at the backward glimpse of happy days thus recalled.

"I am not at all up in genealogy," remarked Reginald; "all I know is that the Fieldens were very kind to me, and we ought to show these girls some attention."

"Very well, Reginald. Where do they live? If not very far you might come with us to call there first."

"There is the address," taking Admiral Desbarres' card, on the back of which he had written it from his note-book—"13 Leamington Road, Westbourne Park."

"That is rather out of the way beyond the parks," said Lady Jervois.

"I know it was too expensive a neighborhood for me to lodge in, six weeks ago," returned Reginald, laughing, "and I used to envy a fellow-clerk of mine having such nice quarters. I believe he lived in this very house; to be sure, money was no object to him, as he did not pay unless convenient."

"Let us go then," said Mrs. Piers; adding in a rather dissatisfied tone, "They will certainly be at home such a day as this."

Reginald threw a curious glance, half laughing, yet resolute, at his mother; and then with extreme politeness, offered his arm to lead her to the carriage.

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But in spite of rain and mud, Collins, somewhat excited by the unusual appearance of "carriage company" in Leamington Road, reported "Missus and the young ladies' as gone out," whereupon a small pack of cards were deposited in her grimy hands, for Collins had embraced the opportunity of having the house to herself, to enjoy a good cleaning of the bed-rooms while safe from being "worritted."

Each of the ladies left two cards, and Reginald three, while he drew anxious looks from his mother by writing the name of "Miss Piers" on one, adding at the back, "Sorry not to find you—will call again soon."

"I do not think that necessary, Reginald," she said.

"Never mind, mother," he replied, as he drew up the windows of the carriage. "Laura is a sensible girl, and will not order her *trousseau* on the strength of my message. Set me down at the corner of Bond Street, Helen."

Mrs. Crewe's regret at missing these distinguished visitors was both loud and deep. "I am sure it was very kind and friendly to call, and such a bad day! They evidently intended to find us at home. I see Mr. Piers has left three cards! I suppose one is for me. I am rather surprised the ladies did not do the same."

"Oh! I dare say one card was meant for Laura and me together, you know, as we are like sisters," cried Winnie, with ready tact and half believing what she said.

"Reginald says he will come again; how glad I shall be to see him!" cried Laura, studying his card. "I hope you will not be gone when he comes, Winnie. How surprised he will be to see you!"

To this Winnie made no answer, she could not command her voice to speak of her fast approaching departure; for even the pleasant operation of renewing her rather exhausted wardrobe, nor a fairly polite letter from her unknown aunt, had reconciled her to the prospect of this plunge into life on her own account.

She had submitted to the Admiral's decision, but with utter hopelessness as to the result, only she had made up her mind to accept the dictum of her benefactor without murmuring, and even got up some interest in the purchases declared indispensable by Mrs. Crewe. To that lady the interval of preparation was decidedly enjoyable; to get a large amount of value for money actually expended, by ransacking Marshall and Snelgroves, and examining the innermost recesses of Whitely's; to pick up unheard-of bargains in frilling, fans, and jet pins; to beat the dressmaker down to the lowest margin of profit; to devise amazing transformations of old materials, and expend much eloquence in the effort to bring her young friends round to her special views touching "flounces, fringes, plissés, and princess robes," kept her constantly and agreeably excited. As she remarked during a flying visit she paid to her friendly next-door neighbor, "I have of course a good deal on my hands just now; these poor, dear girls do not like to do anything without me, and it is both a duty and a pleasure to assist them; they are so grateful for my help, so lady-like and refined, quite what I have been accustomed to," etc. etc.

To which Miss Brown replied, "I daresay they are; but a young woman of twenty or twenty-one—did you say Miss Piers was?—ought to be able to take care of herself and save you trouble."

"Oh! I am quite ready to be of use to them, poor young creatures. You can't think how accomplished they are. Miss Piers paints and draws like an artist; she is making a beautiful picture of my precious Topsy—quite life-like! Winnie Fielden, too, she plays *most* beautifully. Come in

and have a cup of tea with us this evening, just to hear her—you understand these things and have had more to do with than I have—and I am sure you will be charmed."

"You are very good, Mrs. Crewe. I shall be very glad to have an opportunity of seeing your young friends after hearing *so much* about them."

"She is a good soul," thought Mrs. Crewe, as she bid her a smiling good-day; "but a little envious of my superior advantages."

"She is a kind neighbor," reflected Miss Brown, as she attended her deferentially to the door; "but all her geese are swans."

Meantime the dreaded day of parting drew near with appalling rapidity. Laura was more affected by Winnie's sudden determination to endure and to submit than she would have been by the loudest lamentations. She would have given anything to go in her place, for, though not three years Winnie's senior, she had a wonderfully maternal feeling for her cousin, a longing to spare her in all possible ways; partly, perhaps, from the tender, grateful regard she had had for the aunt, to whom this only daughter had been so inexpressibly dear, partly from the pleasure she always took in Winnie's beauty and grace. Moreover, the child was both winsome and winning, one of those fortune's favorites, who, without effort on their own part, seem to attract to themselves the best of everything.

Laura exhausted all the topics of consolation in her power; but chiefly she dwelt on the admiral's permission to return should Winifrid find life in Liverpool unendurable.

"Yes; but that depends on what constitutes being unendurable," said poor Winnie, despairingly. "To live there at all seems to me unendurable; but Admiral Desbarres does not think so. Oh! dearest Laura, strive to get leave for us to work together while I am away. We surely have a right to independence if we can earn it."

"Trust me, I will, and I shall succeed; for you know, Winnie, I think there is a limit to obedience. Only I cannot bear to vex the admiral."

"And you will write often, dear, dear Laura. Answer all my letters, and tell me all about Reginald Piers."

"Yes, dear, I will."

"Let me sleep with you, Laura, to-night. I feel as if I could not let you go. How desolate I shall be to-morrow! There! I will not talk any more; I must make up my mind and be brave."

Yet it was Winnie who slept, and Laura who watched and prayed. So the night passed.

The next morning, with many a tearful embrace and reiterated promises to write, with a motherly blessing, a huge packet of sandwiches, and a flask of sherry and water from Mrs. Crewe, an illustrated paper, and "The Leisure Hour" from the admiral, Winnie, trying to smile through her tears, was set forward on her first step alone in the journey of life.

CHAPTER VII.

THE days which followed Winnie's departure were like a strange, bad dream. They had never been separated before, and Laura was like a creature that had lost her other self. To wake in the morning and see Winnie's little white bed smooth and empty; to sit down to work or paint and find herself on the point of uttering some thought as it stirred the convolutions of her brain, and suddenly remember that there was no other self to receive the utterance; to go to rest at night unaccompanied, alone—how painful it all was! What a sense of being lost weighed down every minute of those first days! Then, though heartily grateful to Mrs. Crewe

for her warm hospitality, it was not diverting to listen to an unceasing flow of anecdotes respecting persons she had never known, histories of complicated transactions rendered incomprehensible by endless parentheticals, or a course of searching interrogations as to her own life and adventures, her uncle's income, and why he had not saved money, the probability of the admiral leaving his fortune to her, etc., etc. Above all, there was the perpetual working of her imagination; ceaselessly did it present pictures of what Winnie was doing or suffering; of how Winnie would conduct herself, and manage her clothes; and how miserable she would be by herself, even if her stranger relatives were nice and kind. Mrs. Crewe was most sympathetic: "I am sure I don't wonder at your feeling your cousin's loss!" she would say; "a sweeter girl I never saw, and so pretty! You'll see she will pick up a rich husband in Liverpool, so it may be all for the best."

"I do not know that," said Laura, smiling; "I should lose her then altogether!"

"Oh, in a good cause you would not mind! Now, don't stay moping in your own room; bring your painting things, or whatever you have to do, here, and we will be company to each other. I like to see you painting, it is quite wonderful; and I had such a charming letter from my dear boy; I will read it to you."

And she proceeded to do so with telling emphasis, running every now and then into passages not intended for public perusal, and then pulling herself up short. "You see what a dear considerate fellow he is," she concluded; "how pleased he will be to find I have a nice girl like you with me. And now, dear, if you are not going to paint, and have nothing particular to do, would you mind altering the neck of my black grenadine for me? it is too low at the left side. I cannot manage these sort of things, and you are so handy; meanwhile I will just look at the paper and read anything interesting."

"Very well, Mrs. Crewe," said Laura, resignedly; and Mrs. Crewe had just left the room to seek the garment in question, when the second postal delivery brought the eagerly anticipated first letter from Winnie.

Four days had passed since they parted, and as agreed upon, after despatching a post-card to announce her safe arrival, Winnie waited to gain some idea of her surroundings before writing.

With almost trembling eagerness Laura tore open the envelope, and read:

"My own dear Laura,—I feel as if I had such a volume to tell you, I do not know where to begin. First of all, I cried half the way here; I felt nearly as miserable as that terrible evening when the dear father was taken from us! Then an old gentleman who sat opposite to me was so good, and wanted to get me some refreshments when we stopped somewhere, so I showed him my packet of sandwiches, and then he ate a good many of them; tell Mrs. Crewe they *were* so nice!

"When we arrived at Liverpool, I felt half frightened, to be quite alone among such a crowd of strangers; but my kind old gentleman stayed with me, and presently a rather rough-looking man, like a bad style of groom, came along the platform, saying, 'Any lady here for Mr. Morgan's, Prince's Park?' so I stepped forward, and he asked my name; then he said it was all right, he had been sent to fetch me, and had a cab waiting. We had quite a long drive—oh! such a wretched drive. This is a fine large house, splendidly furnished, quite stiff with grandeur; but when I got in, there was only a parlor maid to receive me, a nice smart girl. My aunt was out in the carriage with my eldest cousin, and the little ones were away with their maid. The servants offered me refreshments, but I pre-

ferred waiting for dinner. Then I went to my room, a pretty little room very tiny, and made myself presentable; by that time the servant knocked at the door and said Mrs. Morgan was waiting for me in the drawing-room.

"I felt nervous, you may be sure, however, I went down. My aunt is an immensely stout woman and was gorgeously arrayed, but is rather good-looking, and greeted me pleasantly. 'I thought you wouldn't be here before six,' she said. 'Here, Amelia, here is your cousin Winifrid!' and then my cousin Amelia came forward. Oh! such a slim, elegant, laced-up young lady; she gave me a hand, which was merely what Herbert would call a 'bunch of fives,' such cold loose fingers!

"At dinner I was introduced to Mr. Morgan: he is tall and thin and yellow, and very well dressed, but he does not seem quite like a gentleman; he hardly took any notice of me, and seemed rather cross. He found fault with everything at table, though all was excellent; when he had finished eating he suddenly asked what this Admiral friend of mine intended to do with me. 'Is he going to adopt you, or support you?' I said I should think not; that I hoped to support myself; then he gave a sort of a sneering laugh, and said that was easier said than done; so my aunt cried out, 'Nonsense, Tom; the girl shows a right spirit; don't you discourage her.'

"After dinner we went into the drawing-room. Mr. Morgan settled himself to sleep in the biggest arm-chair, and Mrs. Morgan sat down and fanned herself in another, while Amelia asked me if I could play. Presently her mother asked her to open the piano; she did so and played a *valse* of Chopin's—one poor dear Fraulein Becker used to play so deliciously. It did not sound a bit like the same thing, she seemed to stutter over the music. Then my aunt asked *me* to play; so I sat down and quite enjoyed the piano; it is very good. I played that lovely spinning song from the 'Fliegander Hollander,' and just as I was swelling up the wonderful chorus part, Mr. Morgan suddenly woke and shouted, 'Hold that row, will you! I call that music gone mad.' I was startled, but could not help laughing: it was just the sort of scene a German would consider characteristic of England. My aunt exclaimed, 'Law, Mr. Morgan, you are enough to frighten the girl out of her wits! I am sure you must have practiced a great deal, Winifrid; but Mr. Morgan is tired, so, Amelia, you had better shut up the piano.'

"Soon after this the children came in. They had been spending the evening somewhere; they were wonderfully dressed, and their hair plaited and frizzed and tied up with ribbons; they took very little notice of me, but seemed great pets with their father. There are two little girls, ten and twelve, and a boy of eight—the eldest boy, about fourteen, is away at Rugby. These children are quite odious; they seem to be guessing the money-value of every new thing they see. I am really quite sorry for them, they are so unnatural.

"Yesterday my aunt and Amelia went to an 'afternoon' at some lady's house, so I was put in charge of the second girl, Sarah, and the nursemaid or Bonne, to walk about the leading streets. It is a fine city full of life, but I do not think I shall like it. Now do not imagine I am going to be fanciful and easily offended. I shall be patient and reasonable. I really do not dislike my aunt, she seems kind and good-humored; but I never felt so small in my life before—so poor and insignificant. Still, things may get better; but oh! Laura, dear, dear Laura, if I could only throw my arms round you and hear your voice and have a good cry, I should feel quite strong! Write to me soon—very very soon—ask Herbert to write! I never thought I loved him so much; I hope he is not troublesome! My kind love and

thanks to dear Mrs. Crewe. Oh that I was sitting down to tea with you to-night! but I am determined to be brave and cheerful. I write to the Admiral by this day's post. Now I must go down to dinner. I have put on my new dress with the train and the jet pins in my hair, and I think I look rather nice! God bless you, dearest Laura; I pray for you every night. Ever your loving cousin and sister,

"WINIFRID FIELDEN."

Laura devoured the epistle she had so anxiously anticipated with fond greediness. These Liverpool relations seemed anything but congenial. Winnie, though putting a good face on it, was evidently miserable, and deep in her inmost heart Laura vowed she would deliver her ere long from the thralldom of aunt and uncle. "But she *is* good and brave," thought Laura, with almost maternal pride. "I hardly hoped she would be so strong." While she thought thus, turning over the pages of the letter to reread it, Mrs. Crewe came back with Topsy on her shoulder. "The utter carelessness of Collins," she said, "is most disgraceful. Not one morsel of breakfast has this precious puss had to-day! and when I went to look for her she was crouched in the garden with all her dear little toes tucked under her, absolutely weak for want of food! so I stopped to give her a little cold mutton. You have had a letter, dear?" interrupting herself. "From our sweet Winnie? Tell me all about it," sitting down and arranging the cat in her lap, prepared for a feast of news.

Laura read her some small extracts, and told her the rest, being resolved against too unlimited a degree of confidence. Mrs. Crewe was by no means satisfied. "Does she not mention her uncle, dear? I imagine she will be a favorite with him! Men, young or old, are always mollified by good looks, and of course it is *most* important to stand well with him! Is there an elder son, my dear? That might be fortunate *or* unfortunate—a daughter about the same age is unlucky. Does she say if they keep a butler? Oh! you need not be afraid to trust me, I never gossip. Dear creature! I wish she were back here, with all my heart! Now don't make yourself unhappy," for a tear had fallen upon the paper. "So far as *you have allowed me to understand*, I think everything is very satisfactory." There was a certain amount of rebuke in Mrs. Crewe's emphasis, but before Laura could reply, a sudden sharp ring diverted her interlocutor's attention. "That is the front door bell, and it is rather early for visitors." A moment's pause, when the much-enduring Collins put in her head cautiously sideways, so as to keep an eye on the umbrella stand. "There's a gentleman wants to see you, mum," holding forth a card at the same time.

"Is it the beer man?" asked Mrs. Crewe; without moving. Laura rose and took the card, turning strangely hot and cold as she read aloud, "Mr. Reginald Piers."

"Goodness gracious!" cried Mrs. Crewe, "put him in the drawing-room, my girl, and pull up the venetians, the sun is nearly off now. Would you mind going in, dear Laura, while I put on another cap?"

"No, Mrs. Crewe," said Laura, trembling a little, and glancing at a small mirror that hung between the windows, as Mrs. Crewe hurried out of the room. It gave back the reflection of a pale face and eyes never very bright, but now dimmed and slightly red, lips that closed perhaps too firmly yet could smile pleasantly, and a figure, as has been said before, straight enough but somewhat square. Her hair was neatly braided, and her dress was carefully put on, but the absence of the slightest coquetry of toilette, the sombre unrelieved black of her garments, bespoke an almost pathetic renunciation of woman's first, most natural ambition—the power to charm; nevertheless her movements as she walked

towards the drawing-room were easy and not undignified, and the somewhat unsteady hand she laid upon the door was small and well shaped.

Surely it was a glorified likeness of her cousin Reggie rather than the well-remembered original which met her eyes as she entered the apartment sacred to Mrs. Crewe's cult of the "genteel." Taller than she expected, straight, "svelte;" attired in faultless garments, the subtle elegance of which informed her hitherto blank intelligence—blank in the matter of masculine costume, a gardenia and morsel of heliotrope in his button-hole, a riding-whip and his hat in one hand, the other extended to take hers—Reginald Piers was as pleasing a specimen of "the upper ten" as could be met with in a day's march.

"Laura, I am delighted to see you again! I was determined to find you this time, so I come at an outrageous hour; but you and I need not stand on ceremony, eh!"

"Oh, Reginald, I am so glad to see you, and yet, how you bring everything back to me!" Her voice broke, and she stood still and silent, struggling hard for self-control.

Reginald laid down both hat and whip and put his other hand over the one he held. "Come," he said, "you must not let me think the sight of me is painful. My dear girl! I am afraid you have had hard times of it since we met. Come, sit down, and let us have a long talk." He drew her to the sofa, placing himself beside her, and relinquishing her hand. "Ah!" exclaimed Laura, smiling frankly as she looked at him. "The sight of you is very pleasant to me, dear Reggie; it is so long since I have seen anything or any one familiar, and you are very good to come and see me."

"Good!" repeated Reginald, with a slight smile; "good to myself! You cannot know how vividly I remember our old friendship," he continued, after a scarcely perceptible pause; "how often I recall our rambles and adventures by flood and field. I only feared to find you more cut up and altered instead of looking—" what, he did not say, but he gazed into Laura's eyes with an expression that puzzled but did not embarrass her.

"The Admiral has told me something of how matters are, but no particulars," he resumed, after a pause; "and you must grant me a kinsman's right to inquire into your affairs. How long are you going to stay here? What are you going to do? What is to become of the Fielden children?"

"As to me, I hope to stay on here. Mrs. Crewe is very kind, and I hope to get some pupils for German and drawing, and perhaps to sell some of my paintings. Do not laugh, Reginald, but I have improved, and learned a great deal since we met, and I quite long to be self-supporting."

"Laugh?" he replied kindly. "I shall do no such thing. You were always what Dick Fielden would call a "dab" at drawing. Don't you remember a sketch of the east end of Cheddington Church and the big oak tree you did for me when I was last at the Rectory? I have it still, Laura, among my treasures."

"Have you really?" a faint color stealing into her cheeks and something of brilliancy lighting her eyes at the low tone in which he uttered these last words. "I am glad you kept it; you see I am so alone that any bit of kindness is precious," she added candidly.

"Tell me about poor Mr. Fielden's death;" he asked, and Laura, with unconscious force and pathos, described the last scene in Dresden—big tears slowly coursing down her cheek unheeded as she spoke. "Awfully trying for you," said Reginald, taking her hand tenderly in the attempt to console her. "How the deuce our friend the rector could have let himself drift into such a mess I cannot conceive! and Herbert and little Winnie, what are they doing?"

"Oh! Winnie is taller than I am, and has grown so pretty—more than pretty—poor dear Winnie; her aunt in Liverpool invited her to stay there, and the Admiral thought she ought to go, but I am afraid she is as wretched there as I am without her! and Herbert is here for the holidays. But oh! Reginald, I have just had a letter from Winnie, and I am sure she cannot stay there, yet what can I do?"

"We must try to put matters in better train; we will consult together. Times have changed with me——"

Here the door opened suddenly and Mrs. Crewe entered majestically. She had not only changed her cap but put on her best black silk dress and Honiton lace cravat; indeed, she might have been a dowager countess from her aspect and carriage. A quick glance and instantly suppressed smile as she came in showed Laura she had noticed that their distinguished-looking visitor was holding her hand affectionately.

Both Laura and Reginald rose, and the former performed the usual ceremony of introduction.

"I am very happy to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance," said Mrs. Crewe, graciously; "any friend of the Admiral and my dear Laura is welcome to me."

Reginald bowed politely. "I am very glad to find Laura so happily placed," he said, obeying the graceful gesture with which Mrs. Crewe waved him to a seat.

"You are very good, Mr. Piers, and I assure you I am most happy to have such a charming companion. I was very sorry to have missed Mrs. Piers and Lady Jervois when they called the other day."

"Oh, yes, they were very sorry too," returned Reginald, catching a glimpse of Mrs. Crewe's idea and feeling the necessity of adopting it. "I hope you will soon be able to return the visit. My mother is quite anxious to make your acquaintance, Laura, she has heard so much about you."

"Has she?" said Laura, opening her eyes.

"And," continued Reginald, "if she can be of any use to the young Fieldens she would be most happy. I assure you, we neither of us forget poor Mrs. Fielden's kindness and hospitality to me, when I was a raw youngster."

"Oh! Reginald, you are as kind as ever." Her lips quivered, and her eyes lit up with pleasure and gratitude as Laura spoke.

"It is not every day such noble sentiments are to be met with," said Mrs. Crewe, softly; and then, quickly descending to her usual level of curiosity, she added, "I see you have ridden out here this morning, Mr. Piers. It is a delightful exercise, riding, and most healthful."

"Ridden out!" repeated Laura in some surprise, for she had no idea that her old companion's fortunes had changed so much for the better. "Have you a horse, Reginald?"

"I have," he said, smiling. "I was going to tell you, when Mrs. Crewe came in, that I have succeeded to the Pierslynn property. Hugh Piers, a cousin you know, was killed out hunting about six weeks ago, and I am his next-of-kin."

"Really! this is quite a romance," said Mrs. Crewe, her head inclined gracefully to one side, her eyes glistening with delight at the vision of a distinguished circle of acquaintances which dawned upon her.

"I never heard of him before," replied Laura. "And are you rich now, Reginald?"

"Yes; that is, fairly well off; and, what is better still, I have a nice old place in the country where I hope we shall enjoy some rambles together as in old times, eh! Laura?" leaning forward and glancing up at her with a look half tender, half playful. A blissful smile spread itself over Mrs. Crewe's face as with pride in her own penetration she thought she saw how the land lay.

"I can hardly believe it," returned Laura, feeling strangely delightfully disturbed, a glow as of softest springtide warmth diffusing itself through her veins and sending unwonted color to her cheeks. "I thought we were all poor together! Do you know I feel half sorry? Your riches seem to put you away at a distance."

"Why! you do not think I am such a cad as to fancy myself in any way different from the Reggie Piers you used to quarrel and make up with in our school days, because I have had the luck to inherit the family estate!"

"No, indeed, ejaculated Mrs. Crewe, with warmest approbation. "Any one might see, Laura, that your cousin's nature is far too noble to forget those he once—a—let us say preferred!"

"Thank you for your good opinion," said Reginald, laughing.

"But," resumed Laura, scarcely able to take in the idea that her former playfellow, who was often out at elbows, had really developed into a man of fortune, "are you able to keep horses and carriages? and do you still go to that office in the city—Thurston & Trent—was that the name?"

"Oh! I have left the shop of course, but I see Trent very often; his wife was a Piers, you know."

"Dear, dear! how curiously things come about," cried Mrs. Crewe, on the stretch to understand all the ins and outs of the story. "I suppose you mean Messrs. Thurston and Trent?"

"Yes," returned Reginald.

"Then you probably knew a Mr. Holden, who was a clerk in their establishment? He was for sometime an inmate of mine—for I do not mind confessing, to a man of your exalted turn of mind, that I am obliged to seek occupants for a portion of my house, which is really larger than I require. A sailor, my dear Mr. Piers, no matter how well he may serve his country, seldom leaves a wealthy widow. But Mr. Holden mistook the character of the house and became very irregular in his hours, and, when I remonstrated, he showed temper and gave me warning. I by no means regretted him."

"So Holden was here, was he?" ejaculated Reginald with evident interest. "He certainly was no fit inmate for you. He is not a gentleman; of course I knew him, being in the same office, but that was all. I am afraid he is not very steady. Well, Laura, when will you and Mrs. Crewe come and call on my mother and sister? I should like to meet you there—will Tuesday next suit you?"

"All days suit me," said Laura, "if it will suit Mrs. Crewe."

"May I suggest Wednesday?" said that lady sweetly; "I have an engagement on Tuesday."

"Oh! certainly," he returned, rising. "I have paid you a visitation, but you must let me come again soon. I should like to see Herbert; he was quite a small boy when I was last at the Rectory; and then we are to make some plan for Winnie's deliverance! I shall look in on Monday or Tuesday, if you will let me, Mrs. Crewe."

"You may come in when you like, and as often as you like," said she, smiling unbounded approbation upon him.

"Many thanks; good morning," returned Reginald, bowing low. "Good-bye for the present, Laura; you must cheer up; I trust there are pleasant days in store for you! The sight of you has recalled some of my happiest hours," he added in a low tone, pressing her hand with kindly, cousinly warmth.

"And you! oh, how you recall mine! I feel as if all the past had not quite gone from me when I hear you speak, Reggie!" she returned, her voice, always musical and expressive, instinct with warm sympathy.

"*Au revoir*, then," and with a parting bow he left them.

At the sound of the front door closing, Mrs. Crewe moved quickly to a vantage post where from behind the shelter of the muslin curtain she could see without being seen. "What a nice young man! Such distinguished manners, and a beautiful figure; he is standing at the gate putting on his gloves in a brown study, waiting for the horses. Here they are; such beautiful horses and a most stylish groom! Laura, my dear, you ought to come to the window and kiss your hand to him before he rides away. There, he is off! Why did you not tell me what a charming cousin you had! Why, my dear Laura, what is the matter, sitting there crying? when you ought to be so pleased to have a young man of fortune and distinction and high family so much attached to you! Now do not contradict me, dear. I know the world, I have had great experience, and I say that elegant young fellow is sincerely attached to you."

"Yes, as a friend, a sister, I think he always did like me," cried Laura, with a sort of nervous fear at Mrs. Crewe's words, a dread lest the possibilities of a delicate hidden preference might wither and die under the glare of her reckless observation; "but, believe me, anything else is out of the question. Indeed, considering it is more than three years since we heard anything of him—never since Dick went to India has he written or inquired about us—I am quite astonished that he has taken the trouble to come here and see me. He was always nice and good-natured, but I scarcely expected *this*."

"My dear, he was probably not in a position to marry, and so was prudent. Now it is quite different—"

"Dear Mrs. Crewe," earnestly with clasped hands, "pray do not destroy the great pleasure I have in seeing Reggie by suggesting such ideas! I have had so much sorrow, let me have a little comfort now."

"Well, well! if you take it in that light, I will not say another word; only, dear, I have my own opinion, and one day you will confess I am right."

Laura smiled good-humoredly: "You do not know how ridiculously impossible such a thing seems to me," she said. "Now, Mrs. Crewe, you have some needlework for me, have you not?"

"You can settle down to needlework?" asked Mrs. Crewe. "Well, that is being quite philosophic, but as you are so good, I will just show you what I want. Come, let us go into the dining-room;" where, after an elaborate explanation touching the depth and length of the ill-fitting collar, Mrs. Crewe settled herself in an arm-chair, and took up the paper; she could not, however, long attend to abstract matters. "I think, my dear Laura, this dress and my black lace mantilla will do very well for our visit on Wednesday?"

"I am sure you will look very nice," said Laura.

"But, Laura," in a serious and impressive tone, "I am really anxious about you! You will forgive my motherly anxiety. You ought to have a new dress—a black *baré*, if I might suggest—with a crossover pelerine to go out in, and a new hat: appearance is of the last importance—especially sometimes. Now I think it is very necessary that you should make a good first impression on Mrs. Piers, and though I am the last person to counsel extravagance, I think, dear, you ought to treat yourself to a new dress and hat. Come, make up your mind; I know the Admiral brought you your allowance or dividends, or whatever it is, the other day; so let us put on our bonnets directly dinner is over, there are charming things at Whiteley's, and we can get the dressmaker to take your measure this evening. Eh! my love, I consider these purchases absolutely essential."

"No, dear Mrs. Crewe, I cannot indulge myself in anything of the kind this quarter; I have all I absolutely re-

quire, and it would be a little extravagant to buy fine things for the sake of one visit, for I have an idea that we shall not see much more of Mrs. Piers. I know at the Rectory we all imagined her to be a proud cold woman, from little things I remember she wrote a letter to my aunt once, thanking her for her kindness to Reggie, and my aunt laughed about it, and said it was rather stiff and condescending. Indeed I wish I had not to go and see her."

"Well, Laura, I wish you would be guided by me. I believe it is a duty you owe to yourself to make this little outlay. Believe me, you could improve yourself immensely by careful dressing; you do not give sufficient thought to appearance."

"I give as much thought and more than it deserves to my own appearance," returned Laura, laughing. "But *this* sacrifice to the beautiful I do not feel called upon to make."

Whereupon Mrs. Crewe resumed the thread of her discourse, and argued with some force and great good sense in favor of the purchases she considered so requisite; finally, finding she failed to persuade her listener, she was not a little offended.

"Oh, very well," she said, "we will say no more about it; I should not have intruded my advice were I not actuated by the sincerest interest in your welfare, and a knowledge of the world which at your age you cannot possibly possess. You may regret not having attended to my advice, for I am quite sure much may arise from our visit on Wednesday."

"I am sure you are both wise and kind," cried Laura, anxious to mollify her. "But I want to save my money for—"

"Pray, my dear, do not allow yourself to grow penurious, it is not amiable in a young person;" and Mrs. Crewe took refuge in the broad sheet of the *Standard*; for it need scarcely be said that she was aristocratic by taste and conservative by conviction.

The rest of the day passed tranquilly. Some delicate attentions to Topsy at dinner completely reconciled Mrs. Crewe to her young friend, and Laura occupied the afternoon in writing a voluminous letter to Winne, largely made up of details of Reginald's visit, and then in arranging the materials for a picture she was attempting partly from memory, partly from an old very sketchy sketch of a glade in the woods behind the Rectory, with a number of curious lichen-covered stones, the remains of some shrine or altar, the memory of which had passed away, and a sleepy little shadowy pool bordered with moss and rushes. The visit of that morning had brought the scene back to her more vividly than ever, for it was a favorite spot with both herself and Reginald; many an afternoon *gouter* of bread and fruit, many a long hour's perusal of some favorite book, had they enjoyed there, with and without Dick, who was of a prosaic disposition. The attempt to reproduce this well-remembered spot was, in any case, a delicious employment, but to-day her thoughts and fancies were like sweetest chimes "ringing peals of mery music from the belfry of her heart." Yet she had been quite sincere in assuring Mrs. Crewe that the idea of anything lover-like in Reginald Piers seemed impossible to her. He was too much an ideal hero for her to think it possible that she could ever be anything but his friend, his somewhat humble friend, in spite of a certain intellectual equality. But to find him so true, so kind, so considerate, was a heavenly surprise; for, perhaps unconsciously, under all her liking and admiration for her bright good-looking playfellow, lay a scarce defined feeling that exalted loyalty, or warm remembrance, was somehow not too certainly to be expected from Reggie. She too had never done him quite justice, and now, to be able to let the full flow of her liking and admiration rise un-

checked, heightened by hearty gratitude for the frank completeness with which he took up the well-nigh broken thread of their friendship and knotted it together more firmly—it was too delicious! The sense of loneliness, the weight of responsibility as elder sister, which used to press her down, seemed suddenly dispersed, or to be as nothing to the strength given her to support it. With Reginald's sympathy she could remove mountains. He would help her with her dear good beneficent guardian, and aid her in her attempt to get Winnie back. For to be happy while Winnie was miserable was something impossible, sacrilegious; and so Laura traced the outlines of her picture, being at that blest stage of gratified affection when nerves, fancy, imagination, boldness are at their fullest and firmest, when faith in another radiates faith in oneself, before the glow and warmth that vivifies, has passed into the flame that consumes.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADMIRAL DESBARRES' stay in town had extended itself into the third week, and he was beginning to be weary, to long for the quiet and sweetness of the simple home of which he was so fond. But he was not a man to leave his work undone, and he waited bravely on until he saw Herbert fairly at work with the tutor he had found for the holidays, and until the investment was arranged for which Messrs. Thurston and Trent had promised to look out. The office was as full and busy as it had been the morning Reginald Piers had stood smiling in Mr. Trent's room to announce the mighty change in his fortunes, but on this occasion it was Mr. West who held council with the second partner; Mr. West, the only one remaining of the trio who had formerly occupied the inner office on the ground floor. They had been in earnest talk, and Mr. Trent's countenance looked more than usually dark and keen, when, as before, their conversation was interrupted by a clerk who presented the Admiral's card.

"Ah! my dear sir," said the solicitor, after they had exchanged greetings, and West had bowed himself out. "I suppose you have come to reproach our tardiness for not getting that little affair of yours settled. But do you know it is not so easy to find an investment in every way suitable, such as I should like to recommend to you."

"I have not come to reproach you," interrupted the Admiral with his grave sweet smile. "I am, on the contrary, well pleased that matters have not gone farther. I had long interviews yesterday and the day before with Mr. Atkins, nephew of my old friend Lord Trevallan; he has thoroughly explained his scheme of the Szolnok and Ofen Canal. He is himself a very honorable man and an engineer of some experience. It is not, you know, a project in embryo. The company is formed, and they expect to hear daily that the Hungarian Chamber has granted their charter. Shares are rising, and it is by special favor that he is disposed to give me a sufficient number for the amount of capital I have to invest. Lord Trevallan is in it, and Mr. Grey, of Grey, Hughes, & Co.," continued the Admiral taking a paper from his breast pocket. "Also Mr. Simon Pounce, Q.C. These are good names, and I see no reason for losing such an excellent investment from mere distrust of a scheme which has received the sanction of shrewd and honorable men. I have therefore resolved to invest in this company, especially as it is highly probable no further call will be made than fifty pounds per share, which at present pay six per cent."

"My dear admiral, I but repeat what I said before, that you are running a great risk. I certainly see, with no small

surprise, the names you mention in connection with this company, and I by no means intend to insinuate that the gentlemen who promoted it are not sincere and well-intentioned; *but* I would not risk my own money in it, and am most reluctant to let you risk yours."

"Your profession inclines you to be distrustful, but I am, I assure you, by no means disposed to believe too readily," replied the admiral, with an air of knowing what he was about, at which Mr. Trent was secretly amused. "And having, as I said, informed myself thoroughly in the matter, I have made up my mind to put the whole of the money at my disposal in this undertaking."

Mr. Trent shook his head. "Well, Admiral Desbarres, I can say no more. You are of course free to do what you like with your own, but I most emphatically protest that you are acting entirely against my advice."

"Yes. I absolve you from all responsibility," he returned, smiling; "*your* strength lies in unbelief, mine in faith: time only can show which will be justified."

There was a short pause. Mr. Trent was truly interested in his client, and much annoyed at not being able to dissuade him from what he considered a more than doubtful investment.

"I think of leaving town the day after to-morrow," resumed the admiral. "You will be glad to hear that the aunt of one of my young charges—I mean Miss Fielden—has offered a temporary home to her niece."

"Yes, it is a little lightening of the load," said Mr. Trent. "What are you going to do with your ward?"

"Nothing at all at present; she is happily placed, as I think I told you. I see she has some exalted idea of maintaining herself by teaching or painting; however, the question of self-support is a very delicate one, where a young girl is concerned. I insist upon her waiting until we see what the elder brother of the Fieldens can and will do for them; then we can arrange some plan of life."

"Can she paint? your ward, I mean?"

"I am no judge, but I think she can; her trees look like trees, and her figures like men and women; but who would buy such unknown work?"

"It is hard to say. Every one must have a beginning; at any rate, encourage the spirit of independence. There is nothing dangerous or unfeminine in painting a picture and selling it. I am sure Mrs. Trent would be very happy to be of any use to her and you. If you like, she will call on your ward. Mrs. Trent is fond of dabbling in artistic matters, and is somehow distantly related to Miss Piers. I never understand relationships, but there *is* some connection between them."

"You are very good," said the admiral, rising. "Mrs. Trent's acquaintance would be a great acquisition to Laura in any case. I hope she and all your family are well."

"Quite well, thank you. I wish you could give us a day before you leave town, my dear sir. Mrs. Trent would be charmed to see you."

"I thank you, but I rarely dine out. This evening I give to my ward; to-morrow I dine with an old friend who is trying to assist me in obtaining admittance for Herbert Fielden to the school for sons of the clergy."

"Well, when you come up again you must positively dine with us. You are quite a good Samaritan; you seem to have no object but to help others."

"In my case I fear it is but enlarged selfishness," returned the admiral with a smile. "I must wish you good-morning."

"Good morning, admiral; I wish you would be guided by me in this Hungarian Canal concern."

"On my head be it," said the admiral; shaking hands cordially with his legal adviser he left the office and walked de-

liberately toward the Mansion House by the shady sides of the streets, apparently in deep thought. The warning of his solicitor caused him little or no apprehension. Having satisfied the requirements of his own simple, unsuspecting mind, he troubled himself no further, and was only too glad to find he could increase his means of helping others.

The evening before the momentous visit to Mrs. Piers and Lady Jervois had found Mrs. Crewe in a state of advanced preparation for that event. Laura had been occupied the greater part of the afternoon in the composition of a lace colarette. Real lace was an article of almost religious faith with Mrs. Crewe. Real lace, real jewelry, and real Indian shawls were with her the outward and visible signs of inward and unmistakable gentility. They covered a large amount of shortcomings in other ways, and she cherished a certain card-board box containing a moderate quantity of point d'Alençon, point de Bruxelles, and Honiton, with almost reverent care, as a kind of patent of nobility. And in this Laura was not unsympathetic. Lace is always attractive to the artist. There is so much high-bred beauty in the delicate, filmy texture. It is the poetry of decoration, compared with which jewels, however magnificent, are vulgarly material. "I am sure, my dear, you have done that most beautifully, quite like a first-rate milliner," said Mrs. Crewe, sailing into Laura's room, where she sat at work with the famous box under her arm. "It is absolutely perfect," holding it to her throat; "and now, my dear, what are you going to wear yourself?"

"I have but one dress and one hat I can wear," said Laura, smiling. "But I defer to your better judgment, Mrs. Crewe; I bought some white frilling when I went out with Herbert this morning, and I am going to wear it."

"I am very glad to hear it, dear," returned Mrs. Crewe solemnly. "It will be an immense improvement. I wish you had followed my advice in other respects, but the young always think themselves wisest. Would you mind my suggesting a drooping feather in your hat? A black feather is quite admissible in mourning, you know, and I would be most happy to lend you mine which I had in my winter bonnet. It is *real* ostrich; I am sure you will appreciate my motives in offering it, and not feel offended."

"Offended! no indeed, you are very kind; but I think, dear Mrs. Crewe, a feather would scarce be suitable to so plain and quiet a personage as I am. Do not try to lift me out of my natural insignificance," said Laura, laughing.

"Insignificant or not," began Mrs. Crewe with a knowing nod of the head, when a knock interrupted her. A quick "Come in" was followed by the appearance of Herbert, looking rather red and dusky, with a large bouquet of exquisite fragrant flowers in one hand, and a note in the other.

"Here, Laura," he exclaimed; "just see if there is any answer; there is a smart little chap in cords and tops waiting downstairs, and the Admiral was coming into the garden as I was in the hall."

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Crewe in a fever of excitement, "and I have only eggs and bacon for tea! Is it not unlucky? But what lovely flowers! Do look at the note, Laura dear; of course it is from Mr. Piers. Is it to put us off to-morrow?"

"No!" opening the note quickly and glancing through it. "It is only to say he has had these flowers from Pierslynn, and sends them on; he begs me not to forget our appointment for to-morrow."

"That's right, my dear! I will go down to the Admiral at once. What a mercy I had put on my grenadine! Pray come as quickly as you can; I don't know how it is, I never

can keep up a conversation long with that dear kind Admiral."

But Laura waited to write a line of acknowledgment for the following note:—

"My dear Laura,—I send you a bouquet which has just come from Pierslynn, remembering your old love of flowers, and am very sorry a troublesome engagement prevents my bringing them myself. Remember we are to meet at my sister's to-morrow at 2.30, when I hope to settle with you to visit some of the galleries and exhibitions now open, where no *chaperonage* is requisite beyond that of your affectionate friend and kinsman,

REGINALD PIERS."

This pleasant token of consideration and the vista of joy it opened out, sent Laura down to meet her guardian with an amount of light and color in cheek and eyes that almost transformed her usually pale plain face.

Of course the Admiral was established in state in the drawing-room. While Mrs. Crewe posed elegantly in an easy chair, diligently engaged in the task of entertaining her honored guest, watched with some eagerness for the entrance of her charming young friend to relieve guard, and set her free to inspect the preparation of the evening meal.

The Admiral, cool, well-dressed, with the slight languor which always gave such repose to his bearing and manner, was listening with the honest attention he invariably gave to every one and everything; while Mrs. Crewe, thinking she had hit on a congenial subject, was describing the clergyman whose church she attended. "For I never like to neglect church, for although as yet my means will not permit me to take a sitting; and I assure you Mr. Middleton is most eloquent. Last Sunday he enlarged upon the Ninth Article—you know it is all about Original Sin, and that sort of thing—and he was so convincing. I am sure I don't know how any one can help being sinful and going wrong."

"Is that not a dangerous doctrine," said the Admiral, thoughtfully, "and one of the most difficult a preacher can attempt to handle? If we admit the taint of birth-sin to its full extent, it is difficult to maintain the responsibility of free will; and without free will—"

He paused and seemed lost in profound and painful thought.

"Exactly so," returned Mrs. Crewe, blandly; "that is just what I said to dear Laura as we came out of church. How is one to do right and be spiritually-minded when one is wrong from the beginning? I am sure the thoughts that come in one's head, even when the organ is playing in church, are most extraordinary; but here is Laura herself," in a tone of relief. "What lovely flowers! Look, my dear Admiral, are they not? Young Mr. Piers has just sent them; very pretty of him, is it not? He is such a charming young man. Are you going to put them in the drawing-room? Thank you, dear. You are very generous to share such a precious gift; is she not, Admiral?" concluded Mrs. Crewe airily, as she swept away.

Laura advanced with outstretched hand to her guardian. "It seems so long since I have seen you," she said with the soft earnestness which was one of her few attractions.

"I have been much occupied, chiefly on your account and your young cousin's," returned the admiral, smiling kindly upon her, and pressing her hand warmly. "I am glad to see that youth is asserting itself," he continued, gazing with interest at her. "You are looking wonderfully revived and better—better than I ever saw you before—and young Piers sent you these flowers? It was a kind and kinsmanly civility. You were friends in your boy-and-girl days?"

"Yes, great friends," replied Laura frankly, while she looked for a suitable vase to hold her precious flowers. A

long pause ensued. The Admiral drew from his breast-pocket a letter (in Winnie's writing Laura could see) and began to read it.

The Admiral's deliberation was sometimes a little exasperating to persons of slighter, quicker natures, and not even the happy mental effervescence induced by Reginald's presence could make Laura indifferent to the anxious question which suggested itself, "I wonder how Winnie wrote, and how the Admiral will take her view of her new relatives?"

But before he could speak Herbert made his appearance, hastily brushed and washed, and made fit to be seen. Then he had to undergo a cross-examination as to his work with his new tutor. The Admiral was sterner and colder with boys than girls, and Herbert was mortally afraid of him; consequently never appeared to advantage under the raking fire of his benefactor's questions. However, deliverance came quickly in the shape of Collins, who with tearful eyes and a fiery face, keeping herself well behind the half-opened door, asked, "Will you be pleased to come into tea?"

The Admiral, with old-fashioned politeness, offered his arm to his ward, and followed by Herbert went into the dining-room, where Mrs. Crewe awaited them beside a well-covered table.

Mrs. Crewe was great in emergencies, and on the present occasion the commonplace—not to say vulgarity of bacon and eggs was, almost redeemed by the refinement of a large dish of strawberries plentifully garnished by leaves; while a home-made cake, tastefully ornamented with cut paper, and a basket of mignonette and pinks, partially concealed a tin kettle and spirit lamp—tin, but polished to silvery brightness, which blazed and hissed behind them.

"I never apologize for humble fare which is heartily offered," said Mrs. Crewe with a distinguished air. "Mine is a very modest household, as no one has a better right to know than yourself, Admiral Desbarres, and such as it is, you are always a favored guest. Bacon and eggs may not be fashionable, but it is a most nourishing and—pray sit on my right, Admiral; Laura, go next your guardian; Herbert, like a dear boy, blow out the spirit lamp for me. Collins!" ring, ring, ring, ring. "Oh Collins, do not rush in head foremost, it is quite bad style! Collins do bring my precious Topsy, put her chair by me. I trust, my dear Admiral, you do not mind my little favorite coming to table. You know that until you sent me that dear girl there, she was my only companion," etc., etc.

"These dumb creatures are a curious study," said the Admiral, after he had partaken moderately of the good things set before him. "They seem to have the germ of much that characterizes human beings. I remember a pet monkey we had on board the *Revenge* when I was a youngster. He used to sleep in a different berth every night, sometimes in the first lieutenant's cabin, sometimes at one of the mates' doors; but he never went so low as to associate with the midshipmen, except in broad daylight."

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed Mrs. Crewe.

"How do you account for that, sir?" asked Herbert, curiosity loosening his tongue. "Did he ever sleep with the captain?"

"The captain would not have him."

"He could not have known the difference of rank," said Herbert.

"Perhaps the midshipmen teased him more than the others," said Laura.

"Perhaps so, but he never seemed to dislike the teasing," concluded the Admiral. "I only know the facts. In small as well as great things our understanding is very limited;" and he remained silent until Mrs. Crewe suggested that "the Admiral would probably like to go into the drawing-room with Laura, where she would join them presently." "Let

me see you before I go," said the general benefactor to Herbert, and he followed his ward into the next room. "I am going to leave you, my dear Laura," said he when he had taken his seat in an arm-chair and watched his ward knitting for an instant. "I return home on Thursday. My sister is not well; I think I have mentioned that she is highly nervous, and I have been away from her for a long time."

"You have indeed!" exclaimed Laura, "and for our sakes. You have been so good that I feel it is beyond our thanks. How lonely I shall feel when you are gone, and yet I should feel much worse if Mrs. Crewe were not so kind; that is another debt to you, this quiet home."

"I am convinced of your gratitude," said the Admiral calmly. "You are my particular charge, and I think you are a girl of principle, but I am much inclined to believe that you have a ground tier of self-will. Not that you have ever opposed me, but I have observed you closely, and I counsel you to subdue any tendency to willfulness when you perceive it arise, my dear Laura."

Laura listened in no small surprise. "I am not aware of it," she said, "but I will watch myself."

"Submission is a rare and noble virtue in the young," continued the Admiral; "strive to attain to it," and he held out his hand for hers, which he pressed kindly.

"Your cousin has of course written to you," he resumed. "I have had a letter from her, from which I can see she is not pleased with her relations or her reception; does she write in the same strain to you?"

"Just the same," returned Laura, earnestly hoping he would not ask to see the letter.

"The beginning is painful in most things, and strange places and people are often unattractive at first, but Winnie may grow to like her aunt and cousins, and find a happy home with them. She is herself so lovable that she will no doubt make friends wherever she goes."

"She is indeed; and oh, what a loss to me!"

"That I can understand," replied the Admiral, kindly. "However, it would be well if she should continue under the care of such natural protectors as she has found. I am a little afraid of her making vain and imprudent efforts at self-support; if she can make herself useful and acceptable to her aunt, it would be better than to run any risk among strangers."

"But, dear guardian, do you not think every one, even young girls, have a right to try and earn their own living?"

"With certain restrictions, yes."

"I am deeply interested in your opinion," cried Laura, "because I want to sell my pictures if I can. It is a tremendous *if*, I fear, and I can do nothing without your consent."

The Admiral smiled indulgently, with a soft far-away look in his dark eyes. "Yes, yes, I know you young creatures are led away with a dream of independence; you think if you can but fill your purse you can go free; you forget that time alone can set you free from your apprenticeship, from the duty of obedience to those whom nature or circumstances, which are God's by-laws, have set over you. Nevertheless, I do not say that the ambition is altogether wrong. Paint your pictures, Laura, but do not go abroad to sell them. Let me know when you have something to dispose of, and we will see what can be done."

"But I have some ready," cried Laura, her heart palpitating with eagerness; "one or two copies of pictures in the gallery, the Dresden Gallery, and two scenes in Saxon Switzerland. They are here now, they came in our heavy boxes; may I show them to you?" and she rose up.

"It would be useless, Laura; I have no knowledge of such things, and little taste for them; at best they are a

poor travestie of the beauty of nature. I prefer to talk with you." He paused.

"Mr. Trent, my solicitor, has proposed that his wife, who is some relation of yours, should call upon you," resumed the Admiral. "If she asks to see your paintings, let her see them; she is perhaps able and willing to help you."

"Did she say she would come and see me? how very kind," cried Laura. "Why, I am gathering quite a circle of acquaintances. I forgot to tell you that Reginald's mother and sister called a day or two before Winnie left, but we were out."

"Indeed!" said the Admiral, visibly gratified. "They are no doubt cognizant of the kindness shown to young Piers in the Rectory days."

"But tell me, dearest guardian, should Winnie find these Liverpool people unendurable, you will let her come back here. Oh! how happy we might be living together, if I could sell my pictures and she could get music pupils!"

"Do not allow yourself to speak with that disrespectful tone, my dear child, of persons who may be worthy of all esteem; these careless modes of speech deteriorate thought. Yes, should Winnie really be unhappy, I will deliver her out of their hands," said the Admiral, kindly. "But we must give them a fair trial, we must not judge prematurely. Trust me, however, Laura, I do not wish Winnie to be crushed, and, should her aunt or uncle prove harsh or unfriendly, she shall leave them. Now, tell me, Laura, how are you off for money? I know you are prudent, but I do not wish you to be penniless"

"Oh! thank you," exclaimed Laura, coloring, "I have the money you brought me almost untouched. I only wish I had not to live upon your bounty."


"There is the pride and self-will of which I spoke," said the Admiral not unkindly; "you know I have gladly charged myself with the care of your future. I only hesitate to undertake that of your cousin, because I do not yet see clearly that it is given to me."

"No pride could be hurt by an obligation to you," replied Laura, warmly, while she thought "by what instinct does he divine my rebellion against authority, even his kindly authority, for I have never disobeyed him; yet how essential freedom is to my very existence! Why is it that I must walk in paths of my own making if I am to move at all?"

But this conversation comforted Laura. The Admiral was so absolutely true and sincere, that the lightest word with him was binding as the solemnest vow, and she firmly believed that poor Winnie's evil days would not last long.

(To be continued.)

Women Doctors.

T is curious to note how rapidly modern ideas and the march of modern events are destroying old traditions, and of how very little importance it is whether this person approves, or that one, whose word was formerly supposed to be law, sanctions an innovation which has been written down among the to be's. It is but a very few years since the idea of a woman physician was reckoned an absurdity; and now every city, town, and village has its from one to a dozen single or married ladies who write M.D. after their names. There are plenty of fossils who, in the face of the facts, still assert that what is can never be, and really believe that their veto proves the negative. A sort of thrill of exultation was felt by all such a few months ago, when the Queen of England was made to appear as op-

posed to the theory and practice of women physicians. But what difference did it make, or could it make, if a rather stupid old lady like Queen Victoria—very set in her ways, and naturally wedded to the old ideas which her throne represents—should express her dissent from a modern idea? Would that prevent it from spreading? Did it prevent the next wind from bringing across two oceans a message from an Indian princess to her royal sister and empress, begging that women physicians might be sent to save the lives of secluded Indian women who were socially and religiously debarred from being treated by men, and who were dying most cruelly from mal-treatment, or the absence of any medical advice at all?

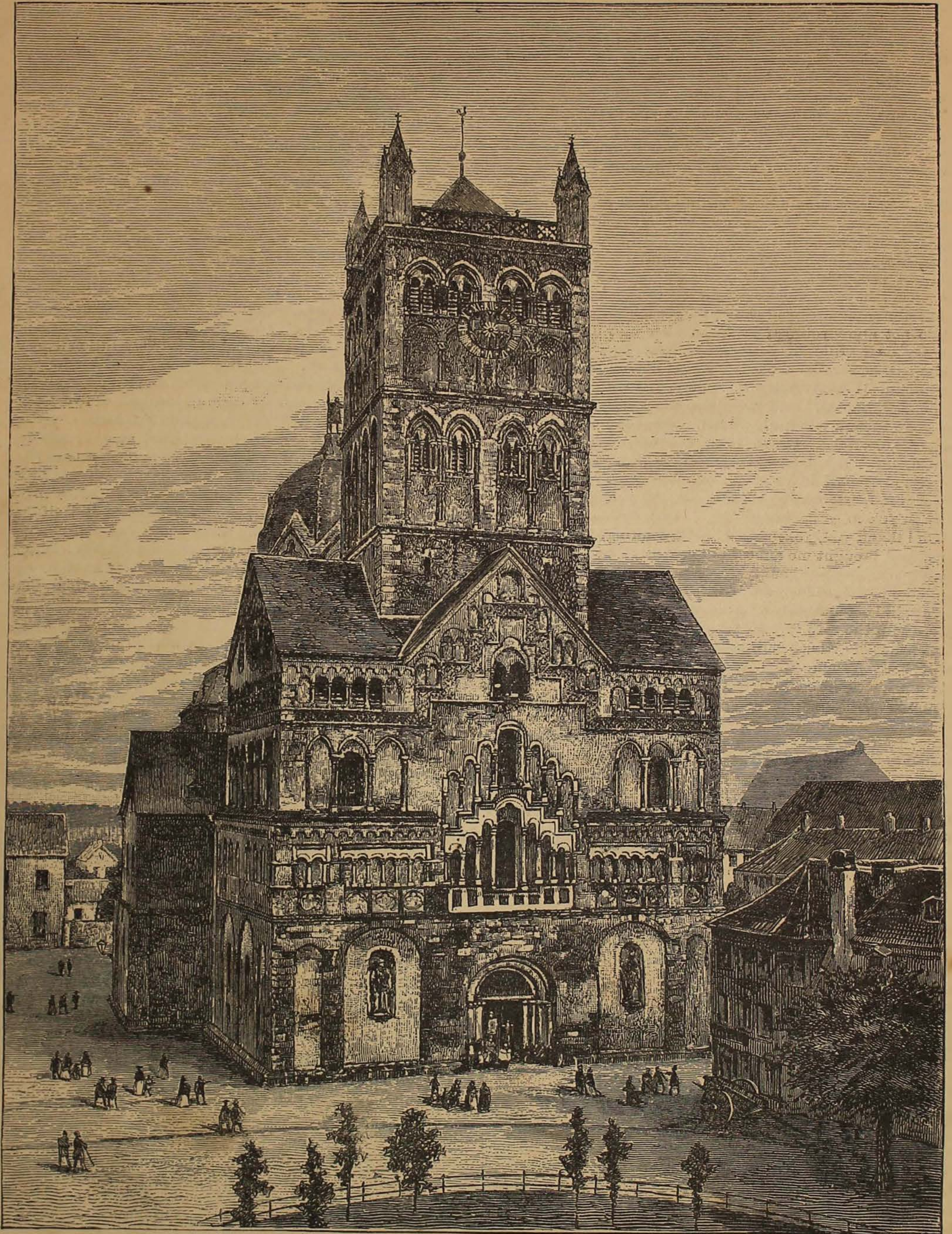
Doubtless there is a field, but—as a woman physician who had spent two years in India has written—not an easy or lucrative one for women doctors to fill, for the husband of several wives finds it rather convenient than otherwise to have one drop out occasionally, and has no idea of paying European doctors' bills. The appeal, however, shows how fast and how far ideas travel, and of how very little moment it is who opposes them. The feeble protest will now and again be heard while the octogenarians survive; but all the while hundreds of women are earning incomes of five to fifteen thousand dollars per year, and medical schools are yearly turning out a small army to increase the number and reinforce the ranks. It only remains with women themselves to keep and enlarge the place they have won. A little common sense in medical treatment will do as much good as exact science; and as a point of departure it is really worth while for women to make it. Doctors doubtless know, in some respects, more than other men and women; but on the other hand, sometimes it seems as if they knew much less. They will do some extraordinarily scientific thing that kills a patient, when very simple and common-sense treatment would have cured him.

There are fashions with doctors as well as other people—fashions in diseases, fashions in remedies. Just now it is fashionable for every one to be afflicted with "malaria" or "Bright's disease," and it is fashionable to treat all troubles of whatever nature with morphine and a milk diet. In a recent instance this treatment, on the part of one of the most famous physicians in New York city, killed a healthy woman in twelve hours. It also put an end to a strong, full-blooded, healthy man, only a short time ago, within forty-eight hours. Doubtless many other cases might be cited, but these came within our personal knowledge. In both instances the difficulty was congestive; in both instances it was frightfully, and as it proved, fatally aggravated by the treatment.

Nature is so good a physician, if let alone, that a careful and conscientious one can well afford to leave something to its influence, and at least wait long enough to find out the exact condition of the patient before administering deadly and stupefying drugs. Morphine is doing a more fatal work in this country in this generation, than was done in the last by calomel, and like it leaves deadly traces which generations cannot obliterate. If women bring common sense and conscience into medicine, the world will have good reason to rejoice at their advent.

From the Spanish.

BEAR with all thy greatest power
All that fortune brings to thee.
Now a grave—and now a bower,
Ever mortal lot must be.



THE MINSTER AT NEUSS.

"The Minster at Neuss."

GOING from Dusseldorf, over the strong Rhine bridge at Hamm, a singularly constructed edifice is noticeable through the long rows of houses, across the broad, low, green meadows. It is the minster of Neuss, alike remarkable for its age and its style of architecture. The massive, square west tower, with its diminutive peaked roof as well as the east end, with a tall statue on the top of the dome, certainly makes a startling impression. The church is at the present day entirely unique in its fanciful style of building. About the middle of the last century the square tower was built on above it. The mason-work was already 150 feet high, with an almost equally high pointed tower, while in place of the present dome four side turrets flanked an octagonal pointed tower rising above them. The church was unfortunately visited by a repetition of the great conflagration, and lost one of its beautiful pointed towers in the year 1741. In the year 1496 the fire raged with such fury that the bells melted with intense heat, and the molten brass ran to the ground.

As a memorial tablet in the interior testifies, it was in the year 1209, under the reign of Otto of Brunswick, that the corner-stone of the minster was laid by the master, Wolbero. According to an old tradition the distinguished master builded seven years below, and seven years above the ground.

The Neuss minster belongs to the so-called transition period of architecture, in which the Roman system of round arches, and the beginning of the pointed arch style, the German Gothic, are combined. The richly ornate western façade displays in its columns, arches and rosettes, an especial tendency toward the Gothic; these bear generally an ornamental type that is rarely or never seen elsewhere. The rose-window, too, that is seen over the principal portal of most Gothic churches is already made use of here. Such a one ornaments the north gable of the wall built under the tower. A curiosity is also to be observed in the fan-shaped windows of the dome and nave. The trefoil windows in the cupola or dome are also full of originality. While in an architectural point of view the church commands a great deal of attention, that is only one object of interest. A great attraction of this minster is the vast subterranean crypt over which the choir is built. Unfortunately the crypt is fast falling to decay, in spite of the several years which were given to the work of restoring it. There is placed in the marble paved choir a monumental high altar, with a lofty columned canopy and severely Gothic pointed roof, which in a church remarkable for Roman characteristics is rather contradictory in style. The eastern dome is crowned with a statue of the Saint Quirinus, a Roman soldier in battle array, with helmet, armor, and standard. It is so high that a man could easily stand between the shining bronze legs of the giant. This statue, which at first was gilded, was for many years a landmark to the city of Neuss, but this is prevented at present by the restoration of the old pointed roof which stands in the way.

The old minster is closely connected with the medieval history of the city of Neuss. Many a tourist touching at the at present very flourishing city, may not perceive, that it is one of the oldest German cities, and has a very stirring history behind it. It was founded thirty years before Christ, when it was a place under the name of Novesium, and an important fortress of the Romans. The renowned Claudius Civilis passed through Novesium, as he left Batavia, which had stirred up a rebellion on the Rhine. Attila, the king of the Huns, himself came in contact with old Novesium; as he passed through Germany with his hordes, he destroyed the Roman colony at that place. Roman coins, quantities

of stones, whole tombs and brickwork were found at almost every excavation for building in the city, and lately ruins have even been discovered of what was in the Roman period of the city, the temple of Bacchus. Through the efforts of a young archæologist, the situation of the old Roman roads, and the boundaries of the fortress have been anew convincingly settled upon, which for the special history of the Rhine is a very important and interesting work.

From the Roman period to the middle ages an exact account of the fate of the city is lacking. At that time, however, it was at the zenith of its history. That remarkable siege of the king of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, in the years 1474 and 1475, in which the little fortress sustained fifty-six attacks with triumphant pride, gained for the city a renowned place in military annals. After this great deed of arms against Charles of Burgundy, it held also through the Emperor Frederick III. a great many privileges: it was a free *Reichstadt* or imperial town, had the right to coin money, and was freed from many taxes.

The memory of the bravery and proud courage of the natives of Neuss still lives to-day, in the war-like sports which have lasted since the fifteenth century, shooting companies, in which, although of harmless character, the battle-loving spirit of their predecessors may be perceived. Neuss of to-day has attained a considerable prominence during the past ten years, and taken a high rank among the Rhenish cities in commerce and industry. The oil, grain, and cattle-trade of the city are world-famous. The old walls are altered to form part of a charming promenade, the new part of the city is important, but runs beyond the boundary walls. In its most prosperous old times, the city had thirty thousand inhabitants, and to-day some twenty thousand. To interest the tourist there is this magnificent, newly built wayside edifice right before your eyes, this tower in *Renaissance* style, which on account of its severely correct style of construction and decoration is well worth seeing.


Two Slaves.

ONE half naked and sad of face
Is toiling the livelong day.
One weighed down with silk and lace,
Sweeps by in her fine coupé.
With bare brown ankles and feet unhid,
In cold or heat one goes.
And one in tightly fitting kid
Suffers a thousand woes.
One does not sit down till the day is gone,
And her plodding labor ends.
One wearily stands while the night wears on
"Receiving" her thousand friends.
One toils away early and late,
And wishes the hours away.
One with "coffee" and "lunch" and "fête,"
Grows weary and *ennuyé*.
One knows no law but her master's word.
The other bows with a smile
To her mistress' whim, however absurd,
Because she knows it is "style."
Both are slaves, and their lives are fraught
With trouble, and toil, and pain.
But I think she has the harder lot
Who is under "society's" reign.

ELLA WHEELER.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

WALL PAPERS.

T is hardly possible for anything to be more suitable, sensible, and beautiful than a painted wall surface, if the work is done with good design and color. The old walls at Pompeii have kept, even to this day, their rich colors, painted ages ago on the fresh plaster, and strangers from other lands have looked and wondered at the skill of the common house painters of those old days. The walls of the cathedrals and palaces of Italy have been the school-books for artists from all over the world, full of wonderful lessons in color, drawing, and design. Any one who has stood hushed in the Church of Santa Maria del Grazia, in Milan, before the great fresco of "The Last Supper," will know how a wall decoration painted worshipfully is indeed a good and great gift to the whole world. We have reason to be glad that a few of our own artists have been willing to undertake wall decoration in this country. Trinity Church, Boston, has the privilege, rare in this country, of teaching and helping the people artistically, as well as spiritually. It has also the honor of being one of the number of churches that faithfully follows the rule of King David, "Neither will I offer burnt offerings to the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing." The offering being not silver and gold simply, but as in the building of the first place of worship we read of in the records, the wise calling to the work those "in whom the Lord put wisdom and understanding to know how to work all manner of work for the service of the sanctuary."

But we cannot employ trained artists to paint the walls of our dwelling-houses, as we may sometimes for our churches. There are not skillful artists enough in the land to do this work for us, and our purses are not generally heavy enough to employ them for the work, if the artists could be found. In halls or rooms where we can be content with a single color over the whole wall surface, or satisfied with three bands of color, a darker for dado, a medium color for wall space, and still lighter for frieze and ceiling, in any such simple coloring that an ordinary workman may do with only simple directions, we may use kalsomine (water color) or oil paint with advantage and satisfaction. If one has judgment and skill to add to this same handwork in dado or frieze or both, knowing well beforehand that this handwork means considerable hard work, then the walls may be made as beautiful as the owner chooses, limited only by the time or money put into the work. The judgment and training necessary for this work are not very common, and for safe general use for the majority of people there is nothing more serviceable than wall paper hangings. Wall papers were first made to take the place of tapestry wall hangings, and like them used to protect from the cold and dampness of the uncovered walls. In the mother country, England, as the climate is cold and damp, a wooden wainscot was put on the walls for some distance from the floor as a protection from the cold and dampness of the brick and stone walls. The tapestries were hung to cover the rough walls above. Plaster was introduced later, used in the same way as wood for a protection, and valued because cheaper than the wood. This wooden wainscot came to us from England, and we find it in old-fashioned houses with big fire-places and chimney closets, in all the older settled portions of the country. This wainscot has, besides its base and panels, generally a band of carved wood above. With this wainscot we generally find a carved wooden cornice, carefully carved architraves to the doors, and a carved wooden mantel-piece. Only a few days ago I had occasion to wait for a half hour in what was once one of the handsome houses of New York City, now considered

unfashionable and very far down town. But there was the elaborate wooden cornice, the beautifully carved architraves to the doors, and pillars to the wooden mantel-piece. The paper was of a later date, a French panel paper, and not one of the landscape or big flowered ones of the earlier date, that are sometimes found in old houses. There are few houses now with the old wooden wainscot and frieze, though our best architects use the wainscot somewhat in the best modern houses. Something similar in effect to the old wall divisions with wood is now produced by our modern wall papers. The ornamental border or frieze at the top of the room takes the place of the old carved wooden cornice, and the paper dado, of a darker color and heavier design than the middle wall paper, serves for the wooden wainscot. The old wooden dado was without doubt a more beautiful thing than the paper substitute, but the old reason for the wooden dado, the protection from the cold, does not exist in our furnace-heated houses, and the paper substitute makes a pleasant variety in the coloring of our walls. The reasonableness of this division of the wall surface is very evident. The middle space is wanted generally for a background for pictures and other wall ornament. It should therefore be unobtrusive with an all-overish pattern, not too naturalistic. If flowers are in the wall paper, they must not grin and stare at those inside the picture frames, but be modest enough to stay in the background where they belong. The right tone of color is the chief thing for this middle space. The frieze above will not generally interfere with any picture, and may therefore have both more color and drawing. The dado below may or may not be with elaborate design. As a general thing furniture covers and hides the lower portion of a wall surface. It would be foolish to use an elaborate dado, and then hide it all save a few feet with tables, sofas, desks or book cases. The necessities of your furnishings must be taken into consideration beforehand. I know a large high room in which the rich colored furniture always looked lonesome and small against the plain light walls. These same walls were afterward covered with moderately dark paper with deep frieze and high dado that rose above the chairs and sofa. A sense of cosy home-like comfort settled over the room at once. It was as if the pieces of furniture sat nearer each other, because of that connecting line of dado. Still this same dado would have been wholly hidden and lost in a crowded city drawing-room.

Mr. Clarence Cook says, "I like to divide the frieze from the central portion by a picture-strip, made strong enough to hold the smaller frames, water colors, etchings, plaques of porcelain, etc., etc., a stronger and more solid looking strip being placed directly under the cornice for the suspension of the larger pictures." This is certainly good sense, and the top of the windows and doors often makes the right line for this smaller strip, the line being continued by the picture molding in all spaces between window and door woodwork.

At the present day there is hardly any excuse for bad wall papers. Good designs in good colors are to be had at any and every price from fifteen cents to twenty and thirty dollars a roll. There are English papers, French papers, Japanese papers, sometimes called leathers, and, most creditable of all, American papers with distinctively and unmistakably American designs. There are many reproductions of foreign designs. The dealers say that the fashions of these papers change as often as the fashion of a woman's bonnet or gown. It is easy to see that it is better generally not to repaper the walls of a whole house at one time. There will be more variety and more chance for thought if but one room is done at a time and that done deliberately, choosing the very best that is to be found in the market for the given place. Then if the paper is really good, the fashion may come or go, but the wall hanging stays the right thing in the right place.

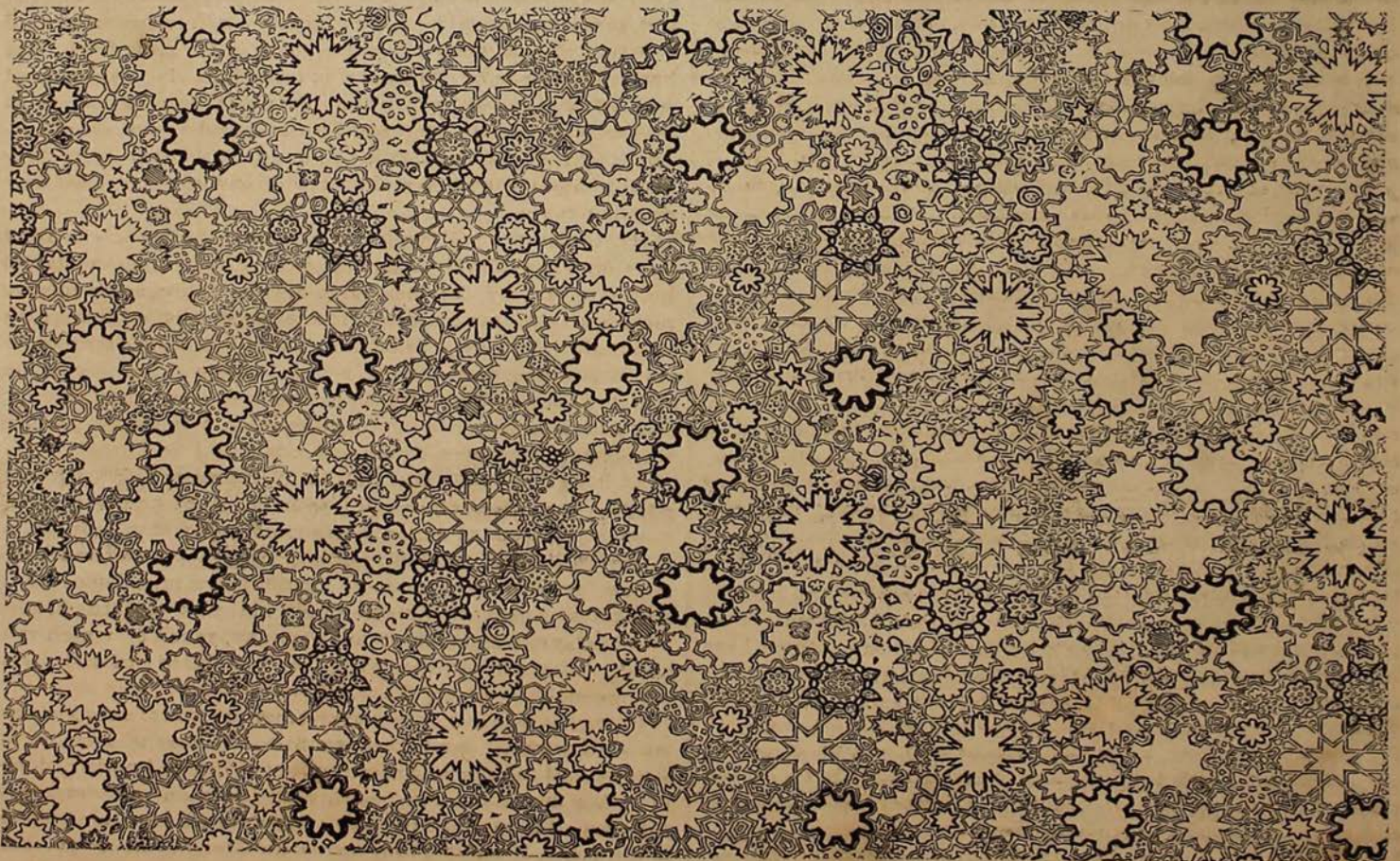
With deliberate furnishing a house grows into a family history, and has an individuality of its own. Some of our best as well as most distinctively American papers are manufactured by Warren, Fuller & Co., 129 East 42d Street. They have employed some of our first artists, and have designs by Samuel Coleman, Louis C. Tiffany and others. Their honeysuckle design, by Samuel Coleman, is exceedingly beautiful. The clematis and cobweb design, by Louis C. Tiffany, is not at all obtrusively flowery, but still wonderfully suggestive to any one who knows New England country roads, and has friendly memories of this "gadding vine" with the dewy cobwebs glinting in the early morning sunshine between the downy clusters of seeds. We give in this number Mr. Tiffany's snow-flake ceiling decoration. This design is in gold and also in silver and dull blue. The full beauty of the design can only be seen in the colored paper. Mr. Coleman has a set butterfly ceiling decoration that needs more than one glance to see the thought and beauty of the design. In a dogwood frieze, by Mr. Tiffany, there are scattered circles and a well known American flower in each circle. The frieze designs mentioned before in this magazine are not yet printed. Great credit is due to this manufactory for the effort made to secure good and artistic designs for wall hangings. The Japanese leather papers, though not new are always beautiful, and are used either for dado or middle wall space in richly furnished rooms. This paper demands a specially rich furnishing. These leather papers are expensive, being imported, but the rolls are both longer and broader than ordinary papers. Beck & Co., 29th Street and 7th Avenue, have lately introduced metallic papers. This paper is very heavy, with raised figures, and has the effect of wrought metallic plates, and is beautiful in color. It is used sometimes for a frieze. A wooden framework in squares runs around the top of the room, and these frames are filled with squares of the metallic paper, which then has

the effect of inserted bronze and silver plates. I noticed one paper a most perfect representation of rusty wrought iron, and wondered where it could be well used, perhaps in some modern temple of Mars, though Chaucer used only real "burned stele" and "yren tough" in his pen-pictured temple of the war god. This metallic paper is backed with glued-on bits of heavy paper over the raised figures or flowers which keep the projecting portions of the design in place, and prevents indentation after the paper is placed on the wall.

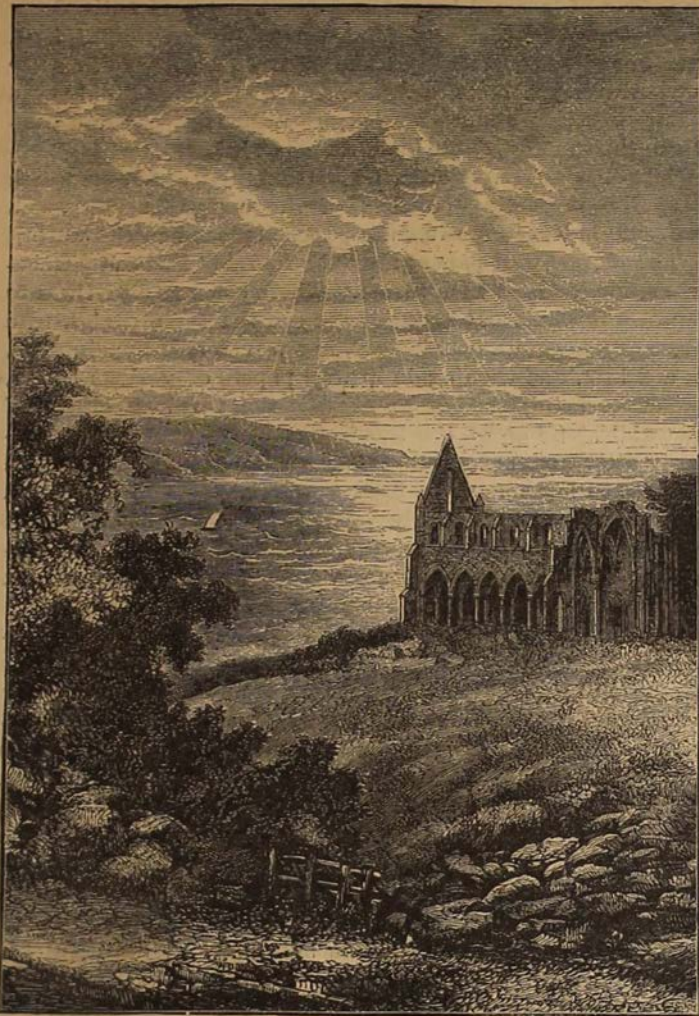
The Morris wall papers are to be found at Elliot and Goodwin's, No. 42 East 14th Street. There are many of them in tapestry designs. It is curious to see the same design in a piece of heavy silk embroidery, in a woven silk curtain stuff, in a chintz, and then again in wall papers of various colors, the effect being very different with the varying colors and materials. Some of the Morris leather papers are exceedingly rich and beautiful. The Spanish stamped, colored and gilded leathers were used much in old times for wall decoration, and these leather papers are rich with the same colors and gold, and seem very suitable for heavy wall decoration. As these papers are very beautiful, they are also very expensive.

With the three divisions of wall space and with the numberless varieties of papers with equally varying prices, a person has almost perfect liberty in wall ornament. One portion may be painted, another papered. An Indian matting may be used for the dado of the room, or, as I have known, a hand-painted band of flowers on canvas may run around the room above the chair rail, fastened above with another molding. A band of solid silk embroidery, darned work, is used in this position in one of our New York palaces. The walls may be very simple or sumptuously rich, and in each case be artistic and beautiful. The one thing necessary is to look for what is suitable and beautiful for the given place.

HETTA L. H. WARD.



SNOW FLAKE CEILING DECORATION DESIGNED BY LOUIS C. TIFFANY.



The Abbey on the Cliff.

WHITBY, known to Americans chiefly from the immense quantities of jet found there, has recently celebrated an event so remote as the twelve hundredth anniversary of a woman's death, that of the Lady Hilda, the foundress of the famous abbey, whose good deeds, like her name, live after her.

When St. Hilda was a young woman all central England was held by a savage pagan sovereign named Peuda, a sort of Saxon Cetewayo, master of a powerful army, who for fifty years had made war upon his neighbors. In consequence of the destruction of this pagan warrior by King Osby in 655, Lady Hilda was enabled in 658 to found her abbey.

A monastery of the middle ages is generally thought of as necessarily an abode of idleness and even of licentiousness. Such, no doubt, many of the religious houses at last became, and even this great Benedictine at Whitby in its latter days. But in the earlier centuries a great monastery was often a stronghold of the good cause against the powers of darkness—and this mighty foundation of Hilda's was among the noblest in England. Its purpose can hardly be understood unless we remember that in the first half of the seventh century there was in all Europe no greater "abomination of desolation" than the northern part of England. The Saxon heathen and Pictish Highlanders had repeatedly laid the land waste in their wars. The country was scarred with the black marks of conflagrations of farm-houses and homesteads. All the history that remains of these provinces is the history of wrong, cruelty, and bloodshed.

No power but one could save and civilize Saxon heathenism, and turn this hell of the Angles into a paradise. That

power was religion. The kings had begun to hear of what Christianity had done for other states and nations in Europe, and they were growing weary of their own wars and miseries. The monasteries which arose in that age, in the midst of forests and open moors, were then the strongholds of Christianity and civilization; being not only temples for the worship of the true and living God, but also places for education for both sexes.

The Princess Hilda, grand niece of King Edwin of Northumbria, founded here (after our modern American fashion) a school and college for men and women, for both monks and nuns. Many of these were persons well on in life, like Hilda, and weary of the world—some were young—some even almost boys and girls. The monastery had a fine library for those times, and the catalogue is still extant. Part of the work of the place was to copy good books, the priceless legacies of older times, just as now it is a good work to give or lend them.

A monastery inspired by such persons as the Lady Hilda and her fellow workers was also a great mission center, whence educated men went forth on foot to evangelize the neighboring towns and villages; and many were the churches established by the godly inmates of Whitby College.

The noble St. Chad or Caeda of Lindisfarn was often here, and so holy and laborious a worker was he that the people in after times often fancied that a healing virtue remained in the springs and pools where he baptized the heathen Saxons whom he converted, so that the name of "St. Chad's well" or *Shadwell* is found over half England, and has reached as far as London.

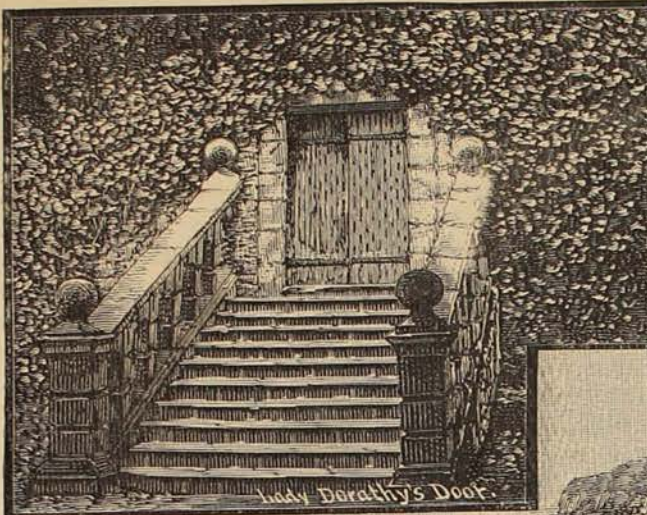
A monastery, too, was in those days a great school of medicine and place of healing. There were stored up all manner of recipes, wise and unwise, for the medical use of plants and treatment of wounds. And thence went forth elder Sisters of Mercy to nurse the poor people of Whitby twelve hundred years ago.

A great monastery was a fountain of civilization in all the useful arts such as agriculture and gardening. The best intelligence of the time was brought to bear on the culture of a great abbey's possessions. It was also a school of fine arts, music, singing, painting, and pre-eminently of architecture. It was, likewise, a school of poetry, for here Caedmon sang his inspired song of the creation, and commended to the semi-barbarous Saxons divine ideas in strains that echoed far and wide over Saxon England, and gave prophetic hints of Milton's yet to come.

And lastly, a great monastery was a visible monument of all the past divine history of the world, as well as a prophecy of a better kingdom to come in the last days. It spoke to all eyes and all ears as its solemn music floated over hill and dale, by day and night—of a world of glory unseen, and of an inheritance beyond the stars, "incorruptible and undefiled, which fadeth not away."

All this was in the design of the Princess Hilda when she planted her great abbey on these heights; and since she was beyond all reasonable doubt a devoted Christian, her object was in a great measure realized, for the great church and college of Whitby became to Yorkshire and far beyond it a fountain of salvation. Her religion was clothed in the idiom, the ceremonials, of her own day, much of which was no doubt widely different from the simplicity of the apostolic model.

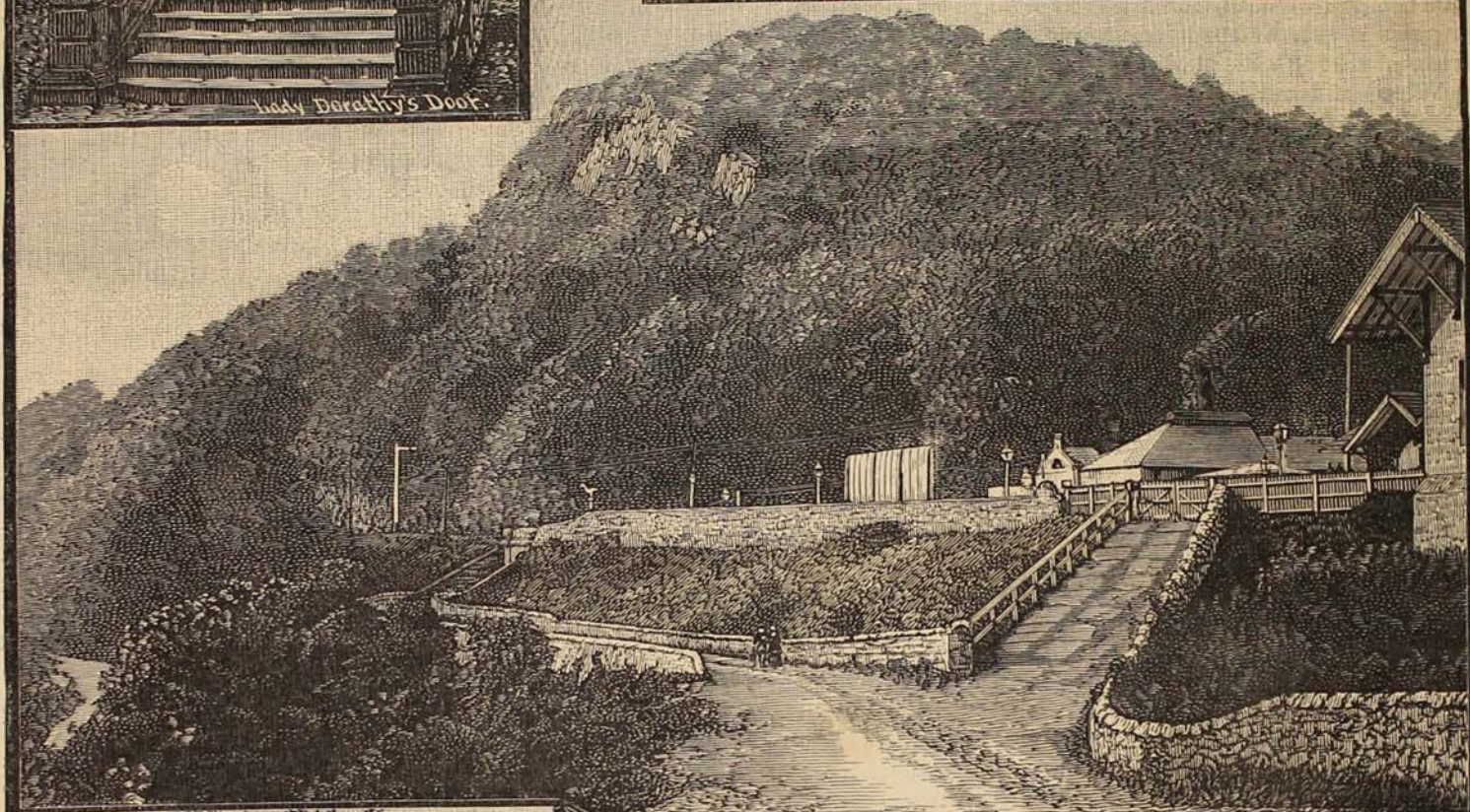
But what a grand and noble woman was this, who kindled so great a light on that sublime eminence, the memory of whose noble works was powerful enough four hundred years after her death to incite another race of men to rebuild the fallen temple in new splendor on the very site of her earlier enterprise, and twelve hundred years after to gather together an immense concourse to thank God that she had lived.



Lady Dorothy's Door.



Haddon Hall and the Terrace Walk.



The High Top, Matlock Bath.



Beacrook Inn - Side View.



Beacrook Inn - Front View.

English Haunts.

PERHAPS the part of England best known to American tourists is the section of Derbyshire from which our illustrations have been taken. There are many doubtless equally worthy of admiration—the “lake” country, Cornwall, the Isle of Wight, and others, that have their

special admirers; but excepting the lake region, made conspicuous by being the abiding-place of so many celebrated persons—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hemans, Christopher North, and Harriet Martineau—no other has won so much praise from the best and most intelligent sources. Derbyshire is well called the Switzerland of England, and Matlock

Baths and the surrounding neighborhood constitute its heart—the grandest scenery and most interesting objects being massed together within a radius of perhaps twenty miles. Of course Matlock Bath station is the central point to the majority of visitors from which they make excursions to Haddon Hall, Chatsworth, and other interesting places in the vicinity.

But Matlock, though picturesquely situated, is only a summer resort which derives its interest from its position and surroundings. The main features of interest to American tourists are the historical dwellings, villages, and objects in the region, which present strong and singularly diversified claims upon their attention. The bold features of the scenery which characterize the neighborhood do not develop themselves until the country town of Derby has been passed, and the Ambergate station has been reached, where a junction is formed by the Midland road, from which some lines run north, and others pursue the southern route to Liverpool through the Derbyshire Peak and its dales. Passing Whatstandwell station, and Crich Stand or tower, the first object which the traveler seeks to identify is "Lea Hurst," the pretty and picturesque home of Florence Nightingale; who, however, was born in Italy, in the town from which she derived her name.

Beyond Lea Hurst is Willersley, where is the family home of the Arkwrights, and then very soon appear the High Tor and Heights of Abraham, the most famous features of the whole Matlock region. The High Tor is a broad mass of nearly perpendicular rock upward of four hundred feet high. The lower part is covered with underbrush, but the upper part is bare of growth, and forms a majestic rampart, below which the waters of the Derwent flow over a bed made from the fragments of stone which have fallen from time to time, and while strengthening and defining the passage-way increase greatly the velocity and restless progress of the usually "gentle" river.

Directly opposite the High Tor, is Masson Hill, upward of eight hundred feet high, and a part of which is called the Heights of Abraham. Masson Hill is nearly double the height of the High Tor, but it is a mere acclivity without the breadth or bold abruptness which gives grandeur to the High Tor. A gallery of rock permits the visitor to partially explore the face of the Tor, which is seamed with great rents and fissures, from which struggle forth tufts of grass, shrubs, and dwarfed trees, with here and there a few flowers. The time for seeing the High Tor at its best is in the clear moonlight of a winter night, when the stunted vegetation has given place to snow and icicles, and the weird architecture is sublimely picturesque and beautiful. A feature of the High Tor is the "grotto," a natural excavation encrusted with crystallizations of calcareous spar, which, when lighted up by the guide, have the effect of brilliant gems. The grotto is easily explored, and quite as interesting as many that are much more difficult of access. A curious effect is produced sometimes by the rumbling of trains, the railway passing through a portion of the High Tor; the sound is like that of distant thunder, and the reverberations are startling.

All this portion of Derbyshire is made up of the loveliest valleys and pastoral villages embowered in trees, and as little spoiled by the leveling deforming influence of railroads, as one can hope to find in these days when the inroads of the iron horse are universal.

Rowsley is one of those pretty hamlets, and famous as the location of the "Peacock" inn—a quaint old hostelry, much affected by anglers and devotees of the hook and line, but of late years modernized, and rather spoiled by the number of enthusiastic Americans, who, unaccustomed to the rural aspect, and homely, hospitable ways of the English country inns, have written it up, and run it down, until, in the tour-

ist season, which only lasts from the first of July to the end of August, the Peacock Inn is about as uncomfortable a place as one can find—its resources for food, shelter, and accommodation being entirely inadequate to the demands made upon them. To the *habitués*, however, or those fortunate individuals who happen to be first-comers, the "Peacock" doubtless possesses charms. Certainly, its exterior is very inviting. The gable roof, the wide, old-fashioned diamond-paned windows, the over-hanging vines, and pretty garden, seen in our "side" view, present a most attractive appearance. But the interior is less inviting. The ground floor is cut up into small, dark rooms—a sitting-room used by the family, and from which travelers are excluded, and the "coffee," or dining-room, which is not available as a sitting-room, being the only ones with any pretensions to cheerfulness. A wide stairway in the center of the hall leads to the upper rooms, some of which are very comfortable; but these are usually occupied by the "permanencies."

Rowsley is a very convenient point of departure for the beautiful domain of Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and the grand old Haddon Hall, both of which are reached by a short drive through a country which is a veritable dream of loveliness. Haddon Hall is only two or three miles from the Peacock Inn, and is a great resort of antiquaries. The Manor of Haddon dates from the time of the Norman conquest, and was included in the grants made by William I. to his son, William Peveril. Some of the old representatives of the Vernon family, into whose hands it passed from about the twelfth century, were styled "Kings of the Peak," from their royal and profuse hospitality. The Manners family, who obtained the ownership through the marriage of a daughter and heiress, Lady Dorothy Vernon, with Sir John Manners, kept up this tradition; and the retinue and expenditure of this famous baronial demesne was almost equal to that of the crown. The "Lady Dorothy's Door," of which we give a cut, is the one that leads from the private apartments to the charming old "pleasance," or garden, shaded and protected for the use of the ladies of the family. It is the one by which the Lady Dorothy escaped when she eloped with Sir John Manners, who subsequently became the lord and master of this broad and beautiful domain. The view of Haddon Hall from the approach by the highway is highly imposing, and grandly picturesque. It is built on an easy elevation, and the line of the terrace walk, which is high and narrow, runs by the side of its great banquetting hall, above which the battlemented parapets and "ivy-clad" towers rise in irregular masses of weather-beaten stone. The walk overlooks part of the park, and leads down past the stables to the porter's lodge—a pretty cottage, from which, in these days, a pretty and daintily-clad young girl emerges, who acts as cicerone. The garden of this cottage still possesses two ancient yews, still clipped as formerly to resemble the boar's head and peacock, which were the crests of the Vernon and Manners families. Passing the gateway, every step is fraught with intense interest to the antiquarian and lover of old relics. Almost everything except the signs of occupation remains as it was centuries ago; and the evidences of the time when these worn stones, and great halls, and oaken stairs were trodden by distinguished knights and warriors; when the proud but hospitable proprietors held court, and received the poor wayfarer at the board at which they presided in person, as well as the knights and retainers of their household, is in solemn contrast to the absolute silence and absence now of all that gave life and vitality to these eloquent walls and spaces. The chapel, which belongs to three different epochs, all remote from our time—one, the severe "Early English," another, the decorative period—the great banquetting hall, where are still the long massive oaken board and benches

used by the knights and their master alike, are among the more interesting portions of the structure. Later, when more refined habits had taken the place of the rude customs of the early English whose mark of distinction was to place equal and honored guests *above*, inferiors *below*, the salt—a dining-room was built, which shows a great advance in decorative finish. In an oriel-windowed recess are carved portraits upon the wall of Henry VII. and his queen, Elizabeth of York, souvenirs of a visit paid to Haddon. Both sides and the lower end of this apartment are lined with fine oak paneling; the upper panels being enriched with carvings of shields of arms, alternating with boar's heads—the crest of the Vernons. On one side of the fire-place are two panels, exhibiting the initials of the names of Sir George Vernon and his lady in cipher, with a heraldic shield between them, on which are quartered the arms of their respective families; above is carved the date, 1545; when probably the apartment was completed. Over the fire-place is a scroll, on which the royal arms are carved, with a motto underneath—

“*Brede God and Honor the Kyng.*”

In the researches of some eminent archæological authorities, Haddon Hall is assigned to five distinct epochs, extending from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries, and from the thirteenth to the early part of the seventeenth, when the long gallery, the gardens and terrace, and the pulpit, and two high pews in the chapel, were added.

Nowhere else in the United Kingdom is so richly suggestive and representative a structure to be found as this of Haddon Hall, and none that leaves so profound an impression of the life of past ages, which otherwise can only come to us through fragments of history and tradition.

The visitor to Haddon Hall will not omit the opportunity of visiting the pretty and highly interesting town of Bakewell, celebrated for more than its famous pudding, nor the magnificent domain of Chatsworth, which is in the immediate neighborhood. It does not enter into the scope of the present sketch, to give the details in regard to these places, which would require a volume. Chatsworth is a modern mansion, very beautiful, but having no such historical interest as that which belongs to Haddon. Its greatest interest centers in the “model” cottages of its tenants, and the remains of the prison in which the unfortunate queen, Mary Stuart, spent some of the lonely days of her long captivity.

VENI VIDI.

The Frost Gem.

'Tis a wonderful thing of beauty,
This glittering, crystallized gem;
Richer by far than the choicest pearl
In the costliest diadem.

We may dig in mines that are deepest
In search for stones precious and rare,
Yet none of the rarest and richest
Will with our own Frost-gem compare.

'Tis found 'mid the fields and the forests,
It sparkles from every tree;
'Tis kissed by the light of the sunbeam,
And smiles its sweet welcome on thee.

We delight in its forms of crystal,
And do cheerfully bid it stay,
Until the fairy-like sunshine comes
To smile its beauty away.

ISAAC W. SANBORN.

March.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

MARCH! march! march! flowers begin to rise!
Hyacinths of every hue;
Sweet violets, soft as the eyes
Of one who dreams of you.
 Since flowers are strewed
 Upon the road,
 To tempt our feet,
 We'll march and meet
The welcome of the earth and skies.

March, march, march, bright skies overhead,
To the marriage altar.
Snow-drops with the snow-flakes wed,
Why should lovers falter?
 Though cold the air,
 No coldness there,
 The heart can chill,
 It blossoms still
A palpitating rose of red.

March, march, march, along the upward way,
Of honor and the right;
The glory of the golden day
Is its golden torch of light.
 The colors lift
 Above the drift
 Of stainless snow:
 That all may know
There comes a better, brighter day.

March! march! march! the earth that's been
Shrouded so long in snow,
Under the sun is growing green,
And streams unhindered flow.
 Snow-white snow-drops
 Heralds of crops,
 Ye come to cheer
 A happy year,
Bride blossoms smiling on the scene.

March! march! march! the seasons in their round
Will bring us flowers and fruit,
And great abundance will be found
For man and bird and brute.
 Here will be heard
 The sweet song bird,
 And shouts and songs
 Of myriad throngs,
In anthems of harmonious sound.

March, march, march, joyous little ones,
Responsive to the bells,
Bright daughters fair, and gallant sons,
In paths where wisdom dwells.
 As bees in flowers
 Fill busy hours,
 So fill the day
 With work and play,
And broaden life's blue horizons.

Woman in All Ages.

HER CONDITION, HER RELATIONS TO CIVILIZATION,
AND HER INFLUENCE ON THE PAST, THE
PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

FIRST PAPER.

WOMEN OF THE WILD WOODS.

SINCE there is no doubt that all the rude and primitive peoples of historic times have existed under similar conditions and have possessed nearly allied customs, it is clear that the study of modern savage life must afford important aid in determining the condition of woman among those tribes widely separated from us by lapse of time. Thus, while we find that the flint and bone implements of the North American aborigines are identical with others found in European kitchen-middens, and in the sites of former lake-dwellings, we also learn that the servile and debased condition of the Indian squaw has its counterpart among the miserable natives of Central and Southern Africa, of Australia, and of Polynesia. In all these tribes we find woman a degraded creature, a drudge, a mere beast of burden; and in all of them the social principle is correspondingly low.

History has preserved for us only scanty information as to the position occupied by women among primitive races of former ages; but before considering the present status of her modern sister, we may take a rapid view of her past condition.

In the book of Genesis we have presented some ideal pictures of early family life—man and his wife, she a real "helpmeet," tilling the virgin soil or guiding the peaceful flock from pasture to pasture. Sarah and Rebekah, Rachel and Leah, are beautiful types of woman's condition in this golden age of the world's early history. In all those lands where a pastoral life was possible this happy state was to a certain extent preserved. Under the patriarchal system we have many instances of conjugal felicity if not equality, the wife occupying a position in the family only inferior to that of her husband. By the "patriarchal system" is meant "that state of society which developed itself naturally out of family relations" prior to the formation of nations, (which are collections of families,) and the establishment of regular government. The most ancient organization of the race is the family, and in all primitive peoples, past or present, family or patriarchal government is universal.

Among the patriarchs the male parent or ancestor of a family was its supreme head, and he retained unlimited authority, even for life or for death, over his wife, his children, and his children's children, no matter what new connections his offspring might form. This despotic power descended to his eldest son; the authority wielded by the other sons was, in their own families, equal to that of the eldest, but in tribal affairs they were subservient to his dominion. Generally speaking, however, the sway of the patriarchs was just and peaceable.

But in course of time, and in climates less favorable to agriculture, though the patriarchal rule still flourished, the man exchanged his pastoral life for the more exciting though more arduous pursuit of wild animals, whose coats and flesh served for clothing and food. By degrees he came to pay no thought to the lighter matters pertaining to his home life. Scarcity of game near by, and other causes, often led to prolonged absence on his part, and so upon the woman devolved the care of the dwelling, the training of the offspring, and the tilling of the soil; even where slaves

or servants were at hand to perform the more laborious tasks, she was still the home keeper.

Thus it would seem that in patriarchal days the man was lord and protector of the family, and the provider of food and shelter, the two chief requisites of life in its simpler forms; while the woman was chief executive in all the domestic or home affairs.

If we inquire what kind of life was led by people such as those mentioned in Genesis, the only primitive race of antiquity of which we have any exact knowledge, we find that they at first wore coats of skins, and at a later time probably garments of some woven stuff; they dwelt in tents, a fact that implies a nomadic existence, tilling the ground and keeping flocks; later they built cities, and became acquainted with the mechanical arts; but at this point they cease to be of interest to our present inquiry.

Slowly but surely, in those races which remained in barbarism, a still greater change occurred in the relations of the man and the woman to the family. The former degenerated until he was nothing better than the family fighter and master, who, when not engaged in warfare or the chase, spent his days in gluttony and idleness, or in teaching his boys to use their rude weapons and to follow in his own footsteps. His weaker companion took upon herself, or had forced upon her, in addition to her own, the duties that of right belonged to her lord. So, we find her tilling the ground by the laborious methods of an age unskilled in the use of mechanical aids; preparing such rude garments as are required; and cooking the family food. At evening she constructs the hasty shelter of forest boughs, or pitches the tattered tent; in their migrations, the heaviest load is hers, she is the burden-bearer of the family, the hewer of wood, and the drawer of water; and to all these toils is added the constant recurrence of the cares and sorrows of maternity. That this picture is a true one, is abundantly attested by its common occurrence among the wild races existing to-day. The wretched African or Indian wife of the present, is a type of her sister in the remote past.

That mysterious vagabond race, the gypsies, may justly be considered a people of the greatest antiquity. Though it cannot be confidently affirmed, with Simson, that they are the descendants of that "mixed multitude" who accompanied the Jews in their exodus from Egypt, yet their language and customs are derived from a very early period in the world's history. The condition of their women to-day is essentially unchanged from what it was thousands of years ago, and casts much light upon the usages of other semi-civilized peoples in this respect.

One of the first employments of man was the fashioning of the more durable portions of the carcasses of animals into articles for his own use. Thus, among these people, "working in horn is considered by them as their favorite and most ancient occupation." At the present day, this and other similar handicrafts are from time to time followed by the males; but they always maintain a haughty seclusion when at work. A sufficient stock being accumulated, the women of the tribe travel the country-side to sell the goods, while the men spend the time in athletic sports or kindred amusements. In whatever clime we find the gypsies, their habits in this respect are the same.

As is well known, gypsies visit fairs and markets, and under cover of a pretense at some light industry, frequently lay violent hands upon whatever portable property they can. For lack of success in an expedition of this kind, a man has been known to chastise his wife. Another writer tells us that the husband usually keeps "himself snug in an ale-house at his work, while the female vends his articles of sale, or forages for him in the adjoining country."

The main distinction between a savage and a civilized mode

of life is found in the difference which exists in the relations of the sexes. Those who have most deeply studied the subject tell us that among savage races the institution of marriage or what passes for it, is never the outgrowth of affection or of a desire for companionship, but is entered into by the male as a convenient connection, or as a means of "getting the dinner cooked." Neither is there any "idea of tenderness nor of chivalrous devotion." Lubbock says that the lower races have no such institution as the marriage rite, because "true love is almost unknown among them." Kolben states the Hottentot men and women "are so cold and indifferent to one another that it is difficult to believe that any affection exists on either side." Certain savages there are, notably the Tinnés and the Algonquins (North American Indians), that have no words in their vocabulary for "dear" or "beloved," or for the verb "to love." Other races lack words to express the most endearing social relationships, as in the case of the natives of the Sandwich Islands, who possess no words equivalent to "son," "daughter," "wife," or "husband,"—due to the fact that no conception of the marital state enters into their family system.

Much has been written about the loose habits of wild or wandering tribes, but the truth seems to be that, as a rule, their women are as circumspect as we could expect with such an unsettled mode of life. The greatest insult to a Tinkler is to insinuate that his wife has been indiscreet. In India the fellahs "are extremely jealous of their wives, who are kept in strict subservience, and are in danger of corporeal punishment if they happen to displease their lords." Among the Spanish gypsies widows and divorced wives never marry again, and are compelled to wear heavy mourning veils and clumsy black shoes.

In many savage tribes at the present day the woman pays the penalty of her life for the most trifling offenses, and divorces are procured at the whim of the husband. In gypsydom a curious divorce custom exists which reminds us of one formerly in vogue among the Jews, when the sins of the nation were confessed upon the head of a scape-goat, and the animal was led into the wilderness. "They lay upon the head of that noble animal the sins of their offending wife or sister, and let her go free." The woman dismissed, the horse is slain, and the husband and his friends make a feast in which the heart of the animal forms the *pièce de résistance*. The divorced man may marry again; the woman never.

Of curious interest are the various fashions in dress among wild races. In civilized life it is the male who appears in somber garb, while the women affect bright colors. In savagery the reverse custom prevails, and, like the beast of the field, the male is the one who is gorgeous in his bravery, while the female, in work-day dress, is quite eclipsed by his splendor. Like the barnyard gobbler, he is all "fuss and feathers;" she, like the industrious hen, is clad in simple dress. In other tribes, while the men are happy and contented in a coat of paint, an elaborately tattooed skin, a European hat, and a few tufts of feathers, the women are usually, though there are exceptions, modestly clad in a simple robe.

Upon the woman, in savage life, devolves the care of the children and their training. Unfortunately the knowledge acquired at the mother's hands is of a very questionable kind, for the stream cannot rise higher than its source. It is a rare thing for a woman of a primitive race to attain even the slight degree of knowledge possessed by the men. A gypsy girl is not educated at all, while her male relatives have all the advantages in this respect that their roving and unsettled habits admit, and often attain a certain degree of mental culture. Neglect of female education is common enough among Orientals, and well accords with the Eastern

origin of the gypsies. Even among the Jews the same trait is seen. The Jew says in his daily prayer: "Blessed art thou, O Lord, our God, King of the universe, who hast not made me a woman!" And the women return thanks for having been "created according to God's will!" The Hindu sacred books also degrade woman far below the level of man. The "Institutes of Manu," whose divine inspiration is not questioned by the Hindus, say that a woman "is never fit for independence or to be trusted with liberty." Butler, in his *Land of the Veda*, says: "If my native friend had six children, three boys and as many girls, and I happened to inquire: 'Lalla, how many children have you?' the probability is he would reply: 'Sir, I have three children,' for he would not think it worth while to count in the daughters."

Such scanty leisure as the women of savage races enjoy is spent in a variety of ways. Among the native Mexicans, some of whom are so low in the social scale as to be but little better than savages, the women used to amuse themselves by making bead and feather images of their heathen deities; now the same skill is devoted to the fabrication of pictures of Christian saints. The habits of our North American Indians are well known; the girls of a tribe delight in bead and basket work, in dressing their hair with feathers, and in working beaded moccasins. A large part of the time of the Tartar women is consumed in brewing *koumiss*, a highly intoxicating product of mare's milk.

It has been noticed that the North American Indians bear a marked personal resemblance to other wild tribes, and that their customs in many respects find their duplicates in other climes. The indifference to the comfort of their women which characterizes all savage races is very apparent to even an ordinary observer. The men stolidly take their ease while their women are toiling for their comfort. An Indian, encumbered only by his weapons, will march for miles without casting a glance at his wife who trudges at his heels with a pappoose slung at her back, another on her breast, and her arms full of domestic utensils. The gypsy, the negro, the Kaffir, the Hottentot, are guilty of the same brutality. When in camp, or stationary, the males indulge their lazy propensities to the full. Says Mr. George Borrow, whose curious researches among the gypsies have greatly enlightened the world concerning that wonderful people: "This much can be said of their women which cannot be said of all women, that . . . they will work the nails off their fingers to make their husbands comfortable."

The Indian looks upon his squaw with contempt. To call him a woman is to put upon him an insult that only blood can efface. Hence, such a thing as companionship between the sexes is unknown. The red man at his best was ever an unsocial, solitary, and gloomy spirit; a child of the forest he preferred solitude to the companionship of his own kin. The wilderness was far preferable to the wigwam. All employments save hunting and fighting were beneath him; his wife, who received less care at his hands than did his pony, was expected to minister to all his wants, no matter how much labor or pain the task involved.

In marriage and its attendant ceremonies the most diverse practices prevail. There is unity in only one thing—complete want of consideration for the feelings of the woman. From the beginning of time the father seems to have considered it his duty and prerogative to dispose of his daughter in marriage; the matter was generally settled without consulting the girl at all. A price is generally stipulated for, regulated by the state of the market, or the desirability of the article offered. This price is deemed only just in order to compensate the parents for the loss of their daughter's services, and seems to have been common among all the nations of antiquity. Very seldom was any dowry given with the bride.

From the remotest periods, and in all countries men have had simultaneously several wives; in certain other lands women have been blessed with a plurality of husbands. Lubbock states that this last custom is more common than generally supposed, though of course it must yield the palm in this respect to polygamy. It prevails at the present day in Thibet and in the hill country of Hindostan, in Ceylon, in Asia, in Africa, and in America. In former times it was still more widely spread. Tacitus found traces of it among the ancient Germans; Cæsar states that it prevailed in Britain; and Strabo affirms that in certain districts of Media a woman who did not possess five husbands at least was despised. Polygamy arises from a too great supply of women; polyandry from a corresponding scarcity.

Among all pre-Christian nations the modes for acquiring a wife were the same as for getting any other kind of property—gift, capture, or purchase. Probably the second is the most common way, for it is practised by savages the world over; but it exists principally among the American wild races, both in the northern and southern halves of the continent. Indeed, among these peoples a perpetual Sabine war seems to be raging; women are regarded as a species of plunder which the stronger may take from the weaker. The Australian, while possessing a rude system of betrothal, yet employs capture to a great extent. Says Turnbull: "When a man sees a woman whom he likes he tells her to follow him; if she refuses he promptly knocks her down and carries her off."

Among the Kaffirs of South Africa, the heavy labor is performed chiefly by the women, while the males employ themselves in battle or the chase. Polygamy is practised, but the women are handsome and modest. Their clothing is ample and tasteful, and is composed chiefly of skins. But they are little better than slaves; their husbands are very exacting masters, and as a result the poor drudges age rapidly and fall victims to early deaths.

The Malays are an important division of the human family, inhabiting the Indian Archipelago and the islands of Polynesia. Some of them are most degraded, and the condition of their women is of the lowest. They are bought and sold like cattle, and are apparently treated as such. There are three curious marriage customs in vogue among the Malays of Sumatra. The woman may be purchased outright by the husband—"the Jugur;" in which case, at his decease, she passes along with his goods and chattels to his nearest male relative. Or, a man may covenant to bind himself in slavery to his prospective father-in-law, a custom reminding us of patriarchal days in the Bible. Secondly, the "Ambel Anak," in which the woman purchases the man. Thirdly, where both the man and the woman are too impecunious for either to purchase the other, and yet not entirely destitute, a joint amount may be made up wherewith to pay the woman's price to her father or owner; this is called the "semando."


A more degraded or hopeless outlook than exists for the women of Polynesia to-day it would be difficult to imagine. Steeped in ignorance and vice, the missionary, the only civilizing agent in many cases, can make little impression upon the Augean filth and wickedness in which the people are involved.

From what has been said it will be perceived that at no time among an aboriginal people has woman risen to the level of her rougher companion—low as that level has been and is. Physically she has ever been his inferior. Her moral condition is of the man's making, not of hers. In a savage state he has always been found ready to oppress and abuse the "weaker vessel;" and it is only as the rising sun of civilization casts its ennobling rays athwart a people that we can discern any upward movement in the social condition of its women.

FREDERICK ALLDRED.

Art Critics in Brittany.

(See page Engraving.)

HE attractive picture, "Art Critics in Brittany," or, as it was originally called, "Art Critics Abroad," is one of the latest, and by many considered the best, pictures of the artist, Abraham Solomon. This popular painter was born in London, in 1824, and died at Biarritz in 1862. His genius for art early showed itself, and at thirteen years of age he received a prize medal from the Society of Arts. In 1839, he bore off several medals from the Royal Academy. One of his best known, though by no means his most pleasing picture, is "Drowned." A young girl has been taken dead from the Thames in the early morning, and a group of people, gathering around, are staring with horror at the ghastly face, upon which the policeman has thrown the glare of his lantern. "Waiting for the Verdict" and "Not Guilty," are also two of Mr. Solomon's admired paintings.

"Art Critics in Brittany" is not, as may be supposed, an imaginary scene, but represents an incident in the art-life of the painter. When on a sketching tour through Brittany, a country full of quaint beauty to the artist, Mr. Solomon left his studio for a few moments, when it was suddenly invaded by a family of Breton peasants. The two elder girls who form so important a feature of the group, had been the artist's models, and their pretty faces were, by this time, well defined on the canvas. Too curious to wait, as is frequently the case, to see the completed picture, the family availed themselves of the painter's temporary absence to steal a look at the painting. The artist, hearing the clamor, looked in the window to see what was going on, and detected the group criticising his work. The scene was too striking not to impress itself upon the artist; and that others might see it, even as he had, he transfixed it on canvas.

From the pleased looks of the critics, we learn that they view the artist's efforts with profound satisfaction. The likeness of the two fair girls is evidently a speaking one; for even the queer-looking little child, in her long gown and close mob cap, from under which her hair streams in golden beauty, raises her tiny finger approvingly as she recognizes the faces on the canvas. The peasant, who undertakes to explain the good points of the painting, laughs with delight when he views the wonderful success of the artist. Not less pleased are the three fair girls beside him, one of whom evinces the greatest pleasure as she sees what manner of girl she is, a hint of which she has, perhaps, already had from her looking-glass. The smiling face and inquiring attitude of the youngest of the three girls, as she bends over the painting, is very expressive, showing a thorough appreciation of the truthfulness and beauty with which the artist has depicted her sisters. The old peasant, too polite to push aside the delighted critics, waits patiently until he too can take his turn at seeing and criticising. Not the least agreeable feature of the scene, is the artist himself peering in the window. His face shows an evident enjoyment of the scene, as he listens to the criticisms which tell him that in the opinion of these untutored folks his picture is a great success. Praise is sweet to the artist, even from the unlearned and the lowly; and the painter by no means disdains the approbation of these humble Breton peasants.

The varied expressions of the faces, rendered with rare truth and skill, the quaint dress of the peasants, the light streaming in from the window and lighting up with touches of splendor the group, the animation and gayety of the scene, all show how admirably the artist caught the spirit of the incident which he has so faithfully portrayed on canvas. The picture certainly merits the high encomiums it has received for truthfulness of drawing, happy distribution of light, and general harmony of color.

Poker Sketches.

No. II.—LIGHTWOOD AND CHIPS.



"CAN'T build a fire outter lightwood," said an old darky once to me; "It's good to start wid, but it won't nebber keep on."

Lightwood, let me explain, means in negro parlance fat pine from a tree that has been cut to the heart and allowed to "bleed." The tiny splinters ignite readily, and burn with a sparkling brilliance that is "a thing of beauty."

But just endeavor to make a fire of wet logs by heaping lightwood under them, if you wish to test its powers of aggravation. Flames leap out, start through every crevice, roar up the chimney, sending forth a thick stifling smoke that coats the logs with soot. All goes well while the kindling lasts, and then, black—silent—dead!

If you ask for the antidote, I must reply, "Chips, and more lightwood." That is the secret: lightwood to begin, and chips to continue.

So it is in life. Those who have a little talent and much energy make a brave spurt, but soon die out and cease to be known; while, on the other hand, the fruition of genius is often delayed by a lack of readiness and courage to grasp the passing opportunity. We do not often find the two qualities allied.

The man of small but noisy talent is most talked of in this world, and soonest forgotten. And, in the same way, the success of a man of great gifts is often slower, often embittered by slights and neglects; while the smatterer who has "push" and "brass," and other good qualities needed in an elbowing generation, strikes the popular caprice, and clears the summit at one bound; leaving the poor scholar toiling behind in rocky and barren places of the hillside.

So be it. It is the argument of some people that they do not commit their deeds for the benefit of posterity; but, for the present—the present that pays, and the applause of which we can hear—and they have their reward.

Art requires of its votaries a certain isolation, a certain dedication. This they are not willing to accord. They desire art, but they desire the world, too; and, never having studied the sentence concerning God and Mammon, they obtain neither in clutching at both. They are unwilling to graduate in sorrow; they shrink from the baptism of fire, lest it should leave them seared and withered. Like Atalanta, they lose the race by snatching at the golden apples cast by Hippomenes along the roadside. To others, of higher mind, these petty doubts and tremors are not known. "All or nothing" is their motto.

"Genius doesn't pay," I once heard it said. "It never has enough cheek. It gets into corners and stays there. What you want is a fellow who will get into the middle of the room and keep on telling the company what a big man he is, until they begin to believe it."

Of course this has its grain of truth in the midst of mockery. Have you never known a plain woman with such assured manners, and so full of gestures and graces, that you have often paused in looking at her to question inwardly, "Must there not be some beauty in her, after all?"

There is a good deal in imposing upon the world; and when once you have made a reputation you need not take much trouble to live up to it.

Yea, genius has its pains and penalties. The divine spark often burns the breast that contains it with a gnawing pang as fierce as that of the Spartan fox. But it has glorious requital. Like the marsh fire, it floats quivering above foul waters; it burns in desert places, rising again and again from its ashes unconsumed—like the Phoenix—with renescent wing—strong, beautiful, the type of Christ.

But those who have only talent are sometimes not gifted

with that happy conceit that makes one contented with one's self; often they have an uneasy consciousness of their own shortcomings, and yearn to be great.

This is dangerous. Playing at genius is like playing with fire. Those who attempt it soon find the game not worth scars. Goldsmith says, "Let such as have not got a passport from nature be content with happiness, and leave to the poet the unrivaled possession of his misery and his fame."

Potent words! The history of genius is dark and unalluring. Sometimes it dies unrecognized; sometimes delay of fame lets fall upon the coffin-lid a laurel wreath, of which one leaf, while pulses still were beating, would have granted joy; sometimes, false to itself, and driven mad by stress of fortune, it dies by its own hand.

Talent is a more comfortable possession, and often lucrative. Berlioz struggled toward success for years, while the composer of "Champagne Charlie" realized a small fortune.

Méryon tramped through the Paris streets, from dealer to dealer, offering his incomparable "Views of Paris," and trying to find a purchaser. The struggle was too hard. Heart and brain gave way, and he became mad. His was a stormy life, and a neglected death: "*Sa barque, à tout instant noyé, courait sans repos au naufrage.*"

Millet toiled, and suffered, and prayed, and died—and the world crowned his dead brows. But, like his own "Sower," he might have flung his grain upward to the air, careless, in his desperate strait, whether or no it fell into the furrow, as he stumbled along amid the darkness of the dawn. The day was yet to break. He painted the strong, the terrible, the true, and triflers shuddered and shrank from it. Men must have heard a muffled thunder moving through his life—the applause of generations that are to be.

Such is life. Only when the colors have begun to fade and peel, do the critics cry:

"What grace! what strength!" when all is bare."

There has been misguided genius that led the world astray, like a will-o'-the-wisp; but, happily, this is rare; for the greatest minds have been those which cared most for the dignity and purity of mankind.

"The dregs are for the ungodly."

To live, then, that, "this painful life ended," the spark you held may, like the vestal lamp, be kept alive from age to age.

Our greatness cannot follow us beyond the dark portal; but it can hallow memory, and dignify the spot where all that is mortal of us rests.

Even if man neglects, the spring does not forget. The grass is full of flowers there, and the birds sing—oh, how sweetly! There is a hush about the place—a silence that blesses as it falls. The wind from out the hilltops whispers, "Peace!"

Then comes the winter, and the stillness of the snow, "that mantles all with purity." From humblest grassy mound to sculptured tomb, all are still then—hidden, but not lost.

Let not envy draw near, nor empty praise to jar the quiet:

"Nor fame nor shame can scale a churchyard wall.
Yea! though we seem to die, there is no death.
The sun withdraws behind the ocean's rim
To shine again, and in the dark delay
Of winter hours, the small seed's fragrant soul
Is upward drawn by aspirations fine.
Nothing is lost. The grass beneath the snow,
Though hidden, still is green.
What seems decay
Is oft renewal, though our eyes are blind.
We quicken in the dust. Our little lives
Crumble away and leave the spirit free.
Death's door doth open, and we pass therein,
Sinful and old, with shackled hands and feet,
When, lo! the fardel of our years drops off,
And we arise, strong, young, and glorious,
Clothed in the image of the living Christ."

JULIE K. WETHERILL.



The Sleeping Porter.

OUR very attractive picture, "the Sleeping Porter," is from a fine painting by the distinguished German artist, Johann Friedrich Hennings, who was born in Bremen, in 1838, and studied under Oswald Achenbach, the eminent painter.

The locality where this amusing scene takes place is the spacious park of an Italian palace. The mistress and her guests, young and merry, having exhausted their resources

of amusement within doors, and wooed by the azure skies without, set forth to wander amid the flowers and trees that ornament the palace grounds.

"Italy," says the poet Willis, "is paradise to minds at ease," and such these fair ladies doubtless find it. They have wealth, leisure, elegant surroundings, a charming climate, and entire freedom from those "cares which life's strong wings encumber." In happy sportive mood they go forth to saunter in the shade of the trees, just in the humor to seize on any incident that may occur and turn it into a merry jest.

The summer sun pours down its fervid rays, and the wind sings a gentle lullaby through the leaves of the trees. The soothing influence of the hour and the place has its effect upon the palace porter, and, despite the knowledge that "eternal vigilance" is his duty, without a struggle he falls into the arms of sleep.

The merry-hearted ladies passing that way are not a little astonished and amused at the sight that greets them. Stealing up quietly to the unconscious sleeper, one of them pulls off her hat and places it on his head, assuming his liveried hat and staff of office, which has fallen from his grasp: while one of the other merry dames supplies the place of the staff with the garden broom. Utterly unconscious of the joke of which he is the victim, he sleeps on, his attitude one of supreme repose, his head making a pillow of the shrubbery of the garden wall.

In his portrayal of this piece of sportive mirth, the painter has been most happy. It is just such a jest as a gay party of laughter-loving women, young and free from care, would indulge in. The original of this picture is very beautiful, showing in every detail the hand of a master-artist. The splendid palace, with its sculptured adornments, towering up in regal beauty, a fine specimen of the florid style of the Rococo period; the rich attire of the ladies; the gorgeous beauty of the flowers; the vivid tints of the blue sky, and the stately trees through the rich foliage of which the sunlight glitters, gives us a picture of almost oriental splendor, yet quite in harmony with the glowing charms of "la belle Italie."



THE WOOD GROUSE THAT WAS SHOT.

Students' Club, which held one of its regular meetings on the evening of that day, that some of the most intimate friends of Peter Christian Asbjørnsen were assembled at his house to do honor to him on his fifty-eighth birthday, and had presented to him a rare old drinking-horn, for with this birthday they were also celebrating an important jubilee in the history of the literature of Norway, it being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of Asbjørnsen's "Huldreæventyr" (Hulder Stories). Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, then already a distinguished poet, was president of the Students' Club, and he proposed that the members should go in a body and bear their congratulations to the hero of the day. The proposition met with an enthusiastic reception, and the improvised expedition, four hundred men strong, repaired to the home of Asbjørnsen, and tendered to him "The joy and gratitude of youth—late though it comes, may it extend, as a compensation therefor, through the evening of his years, and be repeated by generation after generation of the young." It was, of course, Bjørnson who spoke in the name of youth, and he availed himself of the opportunity to give utterance, on his own behalf, to these graceful and expressive words: "Surely there would not have been much of me if you had not been."

It is hoped that the following outlines of the life and literary activity of Asbjørnsen will serve to show that Bjørnson's words do not exaggerate in intimating, as they do, that modern Norse literature, to a large degree, owes its peculiar flavor to this man. In addition to the prominent and significant position he holds toward the people of his own land, Asbjørnsen is an author who, through one side of his productivity, has won for himself a place in the world's litera-

Nordens von der ältesten Zeiten bis die Gegenwart" (Leipsic, 1879), which is a complete and systematic history of the literary activity of Norway, Sweden and Denmark from the most ancient times to the present day, and has been very instrumental in promoting an interest in Germany in the literature of the Scandinavian North. This book is now being prepared for publication in America by the author and Prof. Rasmus B. Anderson, author of Norse Mythology, etc.—Tr.



P. Chr. Asbjørnsen

A Northern Grimm.

BY DR. FR. WINKEL-HORN.*

[Translated from the author's original by AUBER FORESTIER.]



ON the 15th of January, 1870, the students of the University of Christiania, Norway, paid a neat tribute to the subject of this sketch. It was rumored at the

* Dr. Fr. Winkel-Horn, of Copenhagen, Denmark, is considered high authority on the subject of Scandinavian literature. In 1879, he furnished the German public with a "Geschichte der Literatur des skandinavischen

ture, and deserves to be universally known because through the very intensity of his nationality, he has penetrated to the depths of human nature.

Peter Christian Asbjørnsen was born in Christiania, Norway, January 12th, 1812. He early gave evidence of remarkable intelligence, which led his parents to plan for him a student's career; but his own poor health, as he grew up, and straitened family circumstances, so sadly interfered with the progress of his education that he was twenty-one years old before he could enter the University. Poverty even then compelled him to take a tutor's place in the country, shortly after his entering examination, and it was not until four years later that he was able to return to the capital to continue his university studies. His long absence from city life proved to be of great service in developing Asbjørnsen's character and intellectual powers. He had already in boyhood manifested a keen love of nature and a delicate appreciation of human life in its varied phases; and these traits, which had been especially cultivated during a stay (1826-7) amid the exquisite scenery of Ringerike, now ripened to maturity through his wanderings in the sometimes wildly romantic, sometimes smiling, but always beautiful landscapes in which Norway abounds, and through his intercourse with the fresh, unsophisticated peasants who have preserved to so large a degree those marked characteristics in customs and mode of thought handed down from their forefathers. Thus Asbjørnsen became intimately acquainted with the nature and people of his native land; and this familiarity, which is gained through contact with nature and human life alone, not from books, and which he was constantly increasing throughout life, is one of the features which render his writings peculiarly valuable and invest them with their strong individuality.

In his twentieth year, that is the year before he became a student, Asbjørnsen had already commenced to record Norse folk-lore stories, and his opportunities for intercourse with the people during his years of country tutorship increased his facilities for gathering materials. The Grimm Brothers' version of Crofton Crocker's "Fairy Legends," published under the title of "Irische Elfenmärchen," was the book that first awakened within him a conviction of the worth of this kind of popular romance. He zealously employed his rambles through the varied landscape of the country to enlarge his collection, and soon it proved that Norway was unusually rich in folk-lore.

In his childhood's friend and schoolmate Jørgen Moe (born 1813), now Bishop of Kristiansand, he found a fellow-worker as enthusiastic and able as himself, and as early as 1840 these two issued the prospectus of a collection of "Norske Folke og Börneæventyr" (Norse Folk and Children's Stories). The appeal for public support to the undertaking was, however, so coldly received that the plan had to be temporarily abandoned. Very few people, indeed, had the least idea that among the peasants were hidden rich treasure-stores of poetry. Folk-lore stories, to which no especial attention had hitherto been called, were generally supposed to be idle nursery twaddle, not deserving a thought from sensible people, and it is, therefore, not singular that the interest with which Asbjørnsen and Moe entered into the matter struck most persons as a ludicrous whim. These two men, however, were genuinely in earnest; they did not allow themselves to be discouraged, nor did their zeal grow cold before their point was gained.

All the material difficulties that stood in the way of the enterprise were set aside, and in the year 1842 was issued the first part of the "Norske Folkeæventyr" (Norse Folk-Lore Stories), collected by P. Chr. Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe. No sooner was this done than public opinion underwent a complete change. The same individuals who had

opposed bringing forward this native poetry, now opened their eyes to the fact that there had been a gold mine discovered, and that the two men who had ventured to explore it possessed to a rare degree the requisite qualifications for bringing its treasures to light.

The first part was speedily followed by two more, so that by the next year the book was complete. Later appeared several new and enlarged editions of this work; it was translated into various languages, and met with a cordial reception in other countries. The German version appeared in Berlin in 1847, furnished with a Preface by Ludwig Treck, and previous to this the Grimm Brothers, in the Introduction to their "Deutschen Mythologie," and to the sixth edition of their "Kinder und Hausmädchen," had expressed themselves with much warmth in its favor, stating that "with its fresh, full stories, it might almost be said to excel all other collections." In the year 1871 was issued a new collection of Norse folk-lore stories, edited by Asbjørnsen alone, although supplied with contributions from Moe's travels and notes; and indeed as early as 1845, with his "Norske Huldreæventyr og Folkesagn" (Norse Hulder Stories and Traditions), whose third and completed edition was published in 1870, he had entered the field in which his talents as a story-teller most strikingly become manifest. It must also be mentioned that for several years he was hailed as a cherished Christmas guest through his "Juletræ" (Christmas Tree), small collections of Norse folk and children's stories, and that he has besides rendered accessible to his fellow-countrymen sundry folk-lore stories from foreign lands—as far back as 1841 a little volume of selections from the works of the Grimm Brothers—also that in 1879 he published a selection from his own original productions in this line, superbly illustrated by the most prominent artists of Norway.* A fine German translation of this book was published in the beginning of the present year.

So decidedly did Asbjørnsen's talents fit him for this field, both in regard to ability for profound scientific research, and for preserving the humor and poetry inherent in Norse popular romance, that it is to be deeply regretted that his circumstances did not permit him to devote his life to it. True, he was by no means left without encouragement and support; indeed, he even made several journeys at the public expense in quest of popular romances, folk-lore stories, and traditions; but all this was far from adequate to procure for him an independent existence, that would admit of his giving his whole time to the labor for which he is so peculiarly adapted.

After having undergone his second, called the philosophical, examination at the University, he was obliged to decide upon a professional study. He chose medicine, chiefly because of the studies in natural science connected with the course, for he had always been interested in them, and they now afforded him an opportunity to give free scope to his inclination to roam through field and forest. He never took a medical degree, but devoted himself zealously to zoology, being led through it into a series of popular literary efforts, which, though by no means to be compared in importance with his story-telling, justly won for him high commendation, and exercised no small influence in cultivating a taste for the nature amid which the people of Norway live and move. Especially worthy of mention in this direction is his "Natur-historie for Ungdommen" (Natural History for the Young), 6 volumes—1839-49—which has the reputation of having inspired many a successful young natural-

* The portrait and two additional engravings accompanying this article are taken from this book, which is entitled: "Norske Folke og Huldreæventyr" (Norse Folk and Hulder Stories).

ist of Norway. The number of his more or less popular works of this kind, some existing in book form, some as articles in newspapers and magazines, is very large, and all bear evidence of the author's keen powers of observation, of his poetic view of nature, and his lively, fascinating style.

Of especial value to science are his researches into the animal life of the sea; and a discovery made by him in deep waters gave the first impetus to a series of extensive exploring expeditions which have been undertaken during the past decades; it was of a superb, and until then, unknown sea-star, which Asbjørnsen found in a very deep portion of the Hårdanger fjord in 1853, and which he named *Brising*, after the necklace that *Loke*, according to the myth, stole from *Freyja* and hid in the depths of the sea. This sea-star belonged to an extinct animal life, as it proved, and could be directly traced to the fauna of the tertiary period. On this and similar discoveries throwing light on the chalk formation of the past and present, the celebrated English scientist, Prof. Wyville Thomson, based his proposition to the Royal Society in London to equip the first expedition for the investigation of animal life in deep waters.

Notwithstanding all this, Asbjørnsen was compelled to turn from his zoölogical studies to more practical occupations, being so fortunate as to find those for which his inclinations and previous culture well adapted him. Supplied with a liberal government stipend, he left home in 1856 for Germany to study forestry. He remained a year and a quarter at the Tharand Forestry Academy, and passed about the same length of time in traveling through the most interesting forest and mountain regions of Germany. After his return home in 1859, he was appointed forest-inspector, an office he still holds, having contributed much toward the judicious management of the forests in Norway, and rendering incalculable service in the way of utilizing the rich natural resources of his native land. Especially valuable have been his investigations of the peat bogs of Norway, the results of which were given to the world in several able and justly commended treatises, published in book form at government expense in 1868.

Thus it has been seen what a varied and many-sided activity Asbjørnsen has developed, and his literary productiveness has ever kept pace with his practical employments; for it is in the man's nature to conceive a prompt interest in whatever duties life provides for him, and whenever heart and mind are filled with a subject he instinctively seizes his pen to write about it. At times he appears as an author in directions where it might least be expected to find him. For example, among his writings are to be found a series of descriptions of a ten months' Mediterranean Sea voyage, in which he took part in 1849, and also a work on cookery and domestic economy, published in 1864. Both of these works produced a decided sensation, the first because it contained in addition to the spirited, masterly pen pictures of the scenes through which the expedition passed, a multitude of amusing disclosures concerning the droll and childish customs of times past that still existed in the navy of Norway. The reckless satire with which the theme was treated aided materially in effecting a change, yet not without arousing a deal of resentment in those circles where the shafts struck home. In the second of these last mentioned books, he proved that he was no more afraid of rousing a storm among the ladies than he had been of the wrath of the navy. The rules he laid down in his "Common-Sense Cook Book," demanding a sweeping revolution in a province hitherto closed to men, were, however, so wholesome and reasonable, that they gradually prevailed, and this book has accomplished a vast amount of good in Denmark and Sweden as well as in Norway.

In addition to a profound knowledge of the subjects treated of, the writings of Asbjørnsen are characterized by an entertaining and sprightly style. Whatever he may be writing about he always succeeds in interesting his readers in it. Consequently he is one of the most popular and most highly esteemed authors of his country, and would undoubtedly be so had he not published a single one of his folk-lore stories. Still it is first and foremost as a story-teller that he has done service to the literature of his native land. With entire justice he may be called the "Northern Grimm," not only because he was for his people a pioneer in the world of legendary lore, but because his stories are perfect works of art. It is a difficult task to properly reproduce this kind of popular romance, and he who would perform it must unite within himself many rare qualifications. Popular tales and traditions are for the greater part common property of the whole world, have wandered from their primeval home through many lands, everywhere developing in harmony with the surrounding people. If, therefore, the labors of a collector of these treasures are to have a scientific value beyond that which every faithful and accurate record of what comes directly from the lips of the people must of a necessity have, there should be brought to bear on them a broad knowledge, far exceeding the limits of any one land. On the other hand, it is none the less essential to the correct treatment of this poetry, so thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of the people among whom it has grown, that the explorer should possess a perfect familiarity with the peculiar characteristics of his people, as well as with the conditions of nature on which these are dependent; if lacking therein, all the learning in the world will not insure him against making serious errors.

These absolutely indispensable requisites Asbjørnsen possesses to a rare degree. He has, however, not merely collected materials which are of value in a scientific point of view to comparative folk-lore, but has presented them to the world of cultured readers in a form that is as artistic as it is genuinely national. It does not suffice in such an undertaking as his to literally record folk-lore stories precisely as they existed in the sources where the collector sought them; for those by whom they were dictated were mostly wholly illiterate people, and, besides, these romances that had been handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation, were not free from the disturbing influences of the periods through which they had passed. In order to rightly perform the task Asbjørnsen had laid out for himself, it is needful to be so thoroughly at home with the spirit of the people and the people's poetry that, with perfect fidelity to this spirit, the original form of the folk-lore stories may be restored, divested of all that has been interwoven therewith through accidental circumstances, in different versions, and in different localities. Only one who, like Asbjørnsen, combines the culture of a man of learning with the spontaneous feeling of a poet for the ideal requirements of poetry, can successfully unearth the treasures from the rich mine of popular romance, and restore to the people its pure gold, which is often so completely covered with moss and dust that to the uninitiated it looks like worthless rubbish.

To form an idea of Asbjørnsen's poetic powers, it is only necessary to read any one of his Hulder stories. His subject is clothed in a poetic garb which calls up before us a series of pictures of nature and of popular life, depicted with an effective, realistic firmness in all details, and at the same time penetrated by a spirit that makes one feel as though the old legends and traditions for which he furnishes the framework and background, stood out in bold relief before the reader. His stories are always so interwoven with descriptions of individuals and local scenes, that a harmonious and highly-wrought work of art is produced.

The literary conditions of Norway, at the time the Hulder stories appeared, were of a peculiar nature. Until 1814, Norway had been, as is well known, united with Denmark, and the common literature of the two lands was essentially Danish, inasmuch as the few prominent authors Norway produced under Danish rule, as, for example, Holberg and Vessel, lived in Denmark, and were educated under the influences of the culture prevailing there; an exclusive Norwegian element only existed in the germ. When Norway gained its independence, there was at once set afloat an effort to become free from the literary alliance with Denmark. The conditions for the development of an independent Norwegian literature were wholly lacking, and the immediate result of the effort to produce one was simply a rhetorically bombastic poetry, which in the most absurd manner strove to represent Norway as the most glorious of all lands, and its inhabitants as the most admirable people in the whole world. Not until some time during the thirties did the fact become clear that a literature could not be developed out of nothing; that in order to procure fertile material, the past and the lives of the peasants must be thoroughly explored, the significance of every national characteristic fathomed; and what Asbjørnsen accomplished in this direction cannot be overestimated. His folk and Hulder stories were most fruitful in their results. After he and his fellow-worker Moe had opened the eyes of their countrymen to Norse popular life and Norse nature, they soon found followers, who from different standpoints penetrated to the core of these, and the poetic literature of Norway took its course through the path that had been opened for it, and has attained therein a high degree of originality, and an ever-increasing luxuriance. Bjørnson was right when he exclaimed: "Surely there would not have been much of me if you had not been;" and the other writers of Norway of the present time might well say the same. The story-teller has been for them too a path-breaker.



"The Wolves! The Wolves!"

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.



“DID you ever see a wolf when you lived in New Hampshire, grandma?” asked the children of an aged woman, who sat in front of the stove, busily knitting scarlet mittens.

“There were a great many wolves in the dense White Mountain forests when I was a girl,” replied grandma, “and I can tell you a story, wherein I was one of the characters. I was nearly paralyzed with terror at the time, and even now, I never think of the occurrence without an uneasy sensation crawling down my back.

“Once in the course of every winter while I lived in the locality, there was a great affair called the ‘Sleigh-ride Ball,’ held in the old White Hill tavern, at the Dublin cross-roads. People came from far and near. Parties would be made up in every village and hamlet for miles around; it was the great event of the season.

“Our folks usually went with the rest, and they used to carry us children as far as Uncle Nehemiah Adams’s farmhouse, about half a mile from the tavern, leaving us there to visit with our cousins.

“One cold, dark, blustering night we were thus left at our uncle’s, and assembled there were a score or more children too young to remain at home alone, and not old enough to attend the ball.

“There was a big, roaring wood fire in the great stone fire-place in the kitchen, and we cracked nuts and popped corn, and roasted apples, and played games, and told stories.

“There was a boy from Massachusetts present, who was visiting in the neighborhood. He contributed wonderfully to our entertainment in the story line. He was full of stories of Indians, and bears, and wolves, and he told them



THE WOMAN WHO SEES THE TREASURE IN THE STREAM.

in such a dramatic way that he made our very foretops stand on end.

"We put fresh wood on the fire, and gathered ourselves in a close ring about the broad stone hearth, quite out of the reach of the flickering, dancing shadows in the back part of the room.

"I suppose there are some wolves still left here in New Hampshire?" said the boy from Massachusetts, whose name was Moses Caldwell, after a while.

"Yes, indeed!" replied my cousin, James Adams. "In the great unbroken forest, on the mountains, there are yet bears and wolves, and deer, and catamounts, but they seldom venture down near the villages now-a-days. Still, on a dark night like this, when the snow is so deep, a pack of wolves might get starved out and make a raid on the settlement, hoping to surprise a stray sheep or pig."

"I wish a pack of them would come to-night. I should like nothing better than to go out and chase them," said Moses.

"So should I," and I, and I, echoed some of the smaller boys.

"I wouldn't talk so," said gentle Bessie Adams; "grandma says that idle wishes are sinful, and that they may come back and confront us some day when we least desire to see them."

"I don't care to take back anything I have said," replied Moses. "I do truly wish that six great, lank, hungry, black, long-nosed wolves would come down here and call at the door, and ask me to run a race with them around the barns. I could outrun them as easy as anything; and what a story it would be to tell when I get back home."

"Just then we heard a sound as of many feet upon the creaking snow, and crackling the slight, brittle crust. As I have said, it was a very cold, dark night, with a premonition of more snow in the air; and we wondered who, aside from the people at the tavern, could be out at that hour in the evening.

"We all listened eagerly, and the whole yard seemed filled with the noise of the crunching snow crust. We looked at each other with increased and questioning surprise. Presently James Adams sprang up, caught a pine torch from the fire-place shelf, thrust it into the glowing coals beneath the forestick, and as soon as it was ignited, started with it for the door.

"He opened it carefully, first holding out the touch, and then thrusting out his own curly head. Almost instantly he drew back with a white, scared face, suddenly slammed to the door, bolted it quickly, and turning to us, cried out hoarsely, 'wolves! wolves!'

"I don't believe it," retorted Moses Caldwell, jumping up and running toward the door. "I'm going out to see for myself."

"Moses looked out, and very quickly drew in his head again, his eyes as big as saucers.

"My idle wish has indeed confronted me so soon," he said to Bessie, "only it is just like a bad dream or a fairy story. The wolves are multiplied a hundredfold, and they are black and lank and long-nosed and hungry enough! Oh dear, what shall we do!"

"What could we do, indeed? for by that time the hungry creatures had surrounded the house. We could hear them scratching against the doors and brushing along the clapboards under the windows, through which the light of our candles and bright wood fire gleamed out.

"I don't think God will let the horrid creatures eat us up," said Bessie in a hopeful though trembling voice, which had the effect of quieting the younger children who were crying.

"I think we are safe enough at present," replied her brother James. "The windows are so high they can't get in

that way, and the doors are strong; we might barricade them, however."

"Upon that, all of us, both boys and girls, proceeded to pile chairs and tables and heavy chests of drawers against the two doors.

"If the brutes do get in we can run up stairs," said one of the girls.

"Yes, only it is so cold up there we should freeze without a fire," said another.

"Well, we should not freeze in the cellar."

"No, but the hungry creatures could run down after us; if they can break through one door they can another. The cellar door would not stand long before them. But we must keep them out of the house at all hazards."

"There! they are in the long woodshed already; we ought to have gone out and barricaded that door too," said James, in a voice that betrayed great fear in spite of his endeavor to be very brave.

"How we all trembled as the growling, grunting, snarling creatures rushed about in the small inner shed, rattling down the tin pans, upsetting the swill tubs and the apple sauce barrels, tearing into bags of meal, and rolling the big brass kettle about over the rough oak board floor with no end of clatter, and sniffing with their noses close to the wide crack underneath the door of the room where we were crouching!

"In spite of all of James's and Bessie's courageous words we children were terror-stricken. Some of us curled down sobbing and crying upon the hearth, while others hid beneath the thick coverlids on the great high bed which stood in a corner of the large kitchen.

"I might fire the gun at random out of one of the chamber windows," said Moses; "that might frighten them some," and he looked up at the old flint-lock which hung from its wooden hooks against the chimney.

"The gun isn't loaded, and we are out of ammunition," replied Bessie.

"Our folks won't get home until nearly morning," said James. "They never do when they go to the 'Sleigh-ride Ball,' and I'm afraid our courage won't hold out till then. Our wood will give out, and the wood-box is in the shed, and they may break down the door at any time. Where is the conch-shell, Bessie? I may be able to raise some help by blowing that."

"Soon, blast after blast in vigorous and rapid succession resounded out from the gable window which looked toward White Hill Tavern. Some late comers heard the sound, and quickly interpreting it as a cry for help, drove in the direction from which it came without delay.

"It's here at Nehemiah Adams's," James heard some one say, as a horse and pony dashed down the road, and presently he shouted, 'Wolves! wolves! David Niles. Drive back for help! There's a whole pack of them in the shed and around the house!'

"Young Niles had by this time caught sight of the creatures as they were pushing and surging around the farmhouse, and quickly turning about his horse, he drove rapidly back to the tavern. Arrived there he and his sweetheart rushed into the large hall where the dancing was going on and gave the alarm.

"Wolves, eh?" laughed Sam Billings, the fat, jolly drover, still balancing to his fair partner, although the violins had stopped. "Ye kin depend it's my drove er black hogs, three hundred on 'em, more or less. I picked 'em up here 'n' there over 'n Varmount. I told the fellers that I hired ter drive 'em with me ter find er place fer 'em while I got warmed up here a dancing jest one figger. I didn't calkerlate ter dance but jest one figger, an' I didn't s'pose them air pesky black hogs was agoin' ter scare no body. Come on, boys, an' less see what my hired fellers air doin'?"

"The 'fellers' had succumbed to the fumes of hot cider brandy and a very warm fire, and were fast asleep on the bar-room benches.

"The drove of hogs quickly dispersed to a neighboring barn-yard at the call of their owner and the sound of two ears of corn rubbed together in his hands, and we frightened children were relieved from our dreadful siege.

"So, although this is not exactly a wolf story after all, we had a terrible fright all the same, and as I said at the beginning, I never think of that night of supposed peril without an uneasy sensation creeping down my spine."

A New Play.

BY C. G. T.



"H do tell us a new play," shouted Jack and Susie, as they ran to the hammock where Uncle Will was spending a cosy afternoon with a new book. "We've used up everything we know," pleaded Jack, "and Nell has broken her doll, and we mended its arm with Stratena, and I've put it in the hospital for a whole week, 'cause I was the doctor." "And then we've blowed bubbles," chimed in little Nell, "till they're all gone up in the air, and lots of soap suds down our fwoats, and we're dweffully sick, I can tell you."

"A melancholy case!" sighed Uncle Will, "I suppose I must invent some new play for such afflicted mortals; but I must have on my thinking cap for a whole half hour; "I must sleep, 'perchance dream,' as Worth the dressmaker says when he is about to invent a new costume," and with this remark Uncle Will pulled his hat over his eyes and charged the children if they wished the play to be a success not to come near him for half an hour.

No sooner were their backs turned than Uncle Will began to invent the marvelous new play by cutting out two beautiful little boats, with pretty masts whittled out of sticks, and tiny sails of thin letter paper; so that when the children came running back, at the end of the half hour, announced by an Indian war-whoop on the part of the accomplished Jack, Uncle Will was quite prepared for them and said gravely, "Has this good farmer Jones we stay with got any potato field?"

"Indeed he has," answered Jack, "there are rows and rows and rows of potatoes."

"Think you," said Uncle Will with a sly smile, "that there are any potato bugs on those vines?"

"Oh yes," said Nell, "they have to pick them off most every day, and they got a pailful this very morning."

"All right," said Uncle Will, "that will suit our case finely. Now go down to the field and pick up ten or twelve of those wicked little thieves and bring them to my room, and I will show you what splendid sailors they can make."

With this, Uncle Will furnished them a little box, and off they went wondering what the mysterious play could be—It did not take them long to find a dozen bugs, and they soon appeared at the door of Uncle Will's room, where they found him all ready with the two little boats floating upon a large wash-bowl of water.

"Come on with your sailors," said Uncle Will:

"I am captain of the *Pinafore*,
And a right good Captain I
I say to my sailors brave,
Mount up to the topmast
Mount up on high."

And with that he opened the box and shook the bugs into the boats.

No sooner were they on their feet than they made for the masts, and up they climbed as fast as they could go; so eager were they that they walked over each other's backs, some of them tumbling pellmell into the water; up they got without delay and started again, while the others, not stopping to regret the misfortunes of their fellows, still worked away until reaching the topmasts all together, they made them so heavy that the boats capsized and the sailors all tumbled into the sea.

Jack and Nelly picked them up, and, putting them onto the boats, they commenced their journey again as undismayed as if nothing had happened.

"Oh! what jolly fun," shouted Jack.

"I should think so," answered Uncle Will, as looking at his watch he found it was already six o'clock. At that moment the cheerful tinkle of good Mrs. Jones' tea bell sounded on the air, announcing that the afternoon was gone, when to the children it seemed as though it had just begun.

Genevieve of Brabant.

(See Page Engraving.)



THE original of our charming engraving, "Genevieve of Brabant," was painted by Gustavus Wappers, a Belgian historical and portrait painter, who was born at Antwerp, and studied art in his native city. In 1846 he was appointed Director of the Academy at Antwerp, a post he afterward resigned, and in 1847 the King of the Belgians constituted him his chief painter, with the rank of Baron. At the request of Louis Philippe, he painted the "Defense of the Isle of Rhodes by the Knights of St. John," for the Gallery at Versailles, and for Queen Victoria. The original of our attractive engraving was presented by the artist to the late Prince Albert, who gave it to the Queen as a birthday gift.

The subject is taken from a Flemish legend which says that when the Count of Brabant was engaged in the Crusades his wife Genevieve was compelled to seek refuge for herself and child in a cave in the forest, where a hind ministered to their wants. The legend is quite pretty enough to kindle the imagination of a painter, and in the beautiful conception before us the artist has done full justice to the touching story.

The cave is dark and cheerless looking—a sad abode for a delicate woman and child. Yet there is a look of patient resignation on the mother's thoughtful face, as if she was glad of even so poor a refuge as this. Fondly clasping her sleeping child, as she bends over it with looks of earnest love, she seems to say that all things are endurable when her way is cheered by the presence of her little one. Seemingly unconscious of its dark fate, the child sleeps soundly in its mother's clasp; while the tender hind, showing its sympathy, nestles closely to the unfortunate mother and child, with a look of human pity in its large, dark eyes. Through the opening of the cave streams in the sunlight, which, falling principally on the child, envelopes it in a golden haze. The easy grouping of the figures, the repose and poetical sentiment of the scene, the lovely sunlight streaming in through the opening of the cave, is admirably conceived and charmingly executed. When we know the story of Genevieve of Brabant the picture is invested with the charm of true pathos. Noble in conception and masterly in execution, it is no wonder that the Prince Consort should have deemed it an offering worthy the acceptance of a queen.

The Renaissance of To-day.



THING of beauty," says a time-worn old proverb, "is a joy for ever!" and to-day the very spirit of beauty seems to be in our midst. Never since the early times of the Renaissance has there been such a stir, such an interest in all that makes life beautiful. Yet the impulse given to artistic effort in that period may be compared to the gentle insidious re-awakening of life in spring, after a hard and prolonged winter: while to-day the spirit which has taken possession of the social mind, has come with all the force and vigor of full summer. There has been no slow, uneasy, restless yearning to express ideas, as was the case in that early period; but, suddenly, as it were, the world seems to realize the immense possibilities of artistic and decorative culture.

Far and near, throughout the length and breadth of the land, this impulse is at work, and in our hurried lives we have scarcely time to pause and ask what it all means? What is the real value of all this talk, of these endless discussions of the decorative and the æsthetic? Have they in reality any meaning? does the interest in art, in decoration, and in culture, bode real good to us as a people? or, is it just one of these evanescent fashions which pass over a population like a wave upon a shore?

All the indications point one way, and that is in the direction of a settled and permanent impression.

The first impulse given to the æsthetic movement of to-day, undoubtedly comes from Ruskin, who, far more than Oscar Wylde, might be justly called the "prophet of the beautiful." He saw the need of such an awakening as we have to-day, he felt that it was in the power of every individual to do something to make life less prosaic, to introduce some little element of beauty into every day existence. He was the first in our day to teach the people where to look for, and how to grasp, the spirit of beauty in nature. He said in effect: "See, all these charming effects which artists seek, all these beautiful ideas which they strive to express are the birthright of every one! Every child can be taught to realize the meaning of beauty, and to feel elevated by it." Forty years ago the world was not prepared for any such teaching. Especially in England, life was very prosaic indeed. The court and home life of the Georges had certainly not been elevating; and as a survival of it there was a sort of realistic and material element in society which was utterly deplorable. We do not think much of that now—we are already so far away from it, and yet it was exactly the reaction from that materialism which resulted in the birth of the æsthetic.

When Queen Victoria mounted the throne of England, she had behind her the clouded moral reputation of a century, and before her the cynical prophecies of those who believed in inherited tendencies. When we talk of Ruskin as the pioneer and apostle of the movement of to-day, we are perhaps unjust to the influences which emanated from the throne; for unquestionably the Prince Consort fully recognized the need of the age, and did more than any other person to introduce a love of the beautiful. Himself, very highly cultured, he encouraged art in every way, and more especially in his many efforts to improve the home-life of the people of his adopted country.

The movement which is so universal in this country to-day, may be traced back to these influences, and, like every other reform, the impetus once given, exaggeration and extravagance followed. Directly culture and art became fashionable, they became in a great measure allied to folly, and so it has come to pass, as a natural result, that "æstheti-

cism" is a sort of nickname applied to all sorts of incongruous things.

Everything is æsthetic now. We have æsthetic dress, and æsthetic furniture, æsthetic hangings, and æsthetic floors; our very children are in danger of becoming æsthetised, and we may ask once more as they do—what it means? Many attempts have been made to explain the meaning and scope of the æsthetic. One authority says it is the "search for the best," another asserts that it is a "yearning for the beautiful," while Oscar Wylde, whose arrival in New York has given a fresh impetus to popular interest, claims that it is the "secret of existence!"

Ah well! whatever it is, it is here in our midst, doing very real work, making many homes beautiful, even if it makes a few ridiculous, and, apart from exaggeration and ignorant imitation, a valuable agent in educating the people.

It is a very real question to all of us whether it is doing us good or harm. There are plenty of persons who maintain that the cultivation of the arts has always come hand-in-hand with the decline of morals. They point to Greece, to Italy, to France, and then looking home again, they find in the exaggerated movement of to-day a pernicious influence; they maintain that the sensuous worship of the beautiful is apt to degenerate into self-indulgence, and demonstrate, with great show of reason, that in the Puritan days, all such expression would have been looked upon with horror. We think of the prim Priscillas of those times, and feel that there would have been an utter incongruity between them and decorative needlework! We can scarcely think of one of them as conventionalizing a sunflower, or becoming estatic over the ethereal! they accepted life in its prosaic reality, and left all thought of the beautiful for future enjoyment in the heaven which to them was a very difficult kingdom to enter. They would not have listened for a moment to all this talk of hidden beauty, of subtle influences, or of "atmosphere," their hard stern reply to that. "Duty" was their watchword, and they were unwilling to allow that anything flowery or fanciful was associated with duty. They carried their principles too far, and as a result, the reaction of to-day is likely to err on the other side. We see it in everything, in the bringing up of children, in the government of households, in the very modes and forms of expression. But, our mistake is in attributing to the æsthetic movement more than its due share in this difference. Æstheticism is the outgrowth of a re-action, not the cause of it; and no doubt, as time goes on, the undesirable forms of æstheticism will die out, the good will endure. Whatever satirists may affirm, we hope and feel that men and women have in reality as high a standard of duty now, when it is made enduring by suggestions of possible beauty, as in those stern days, when in reality an excuse for the harshness of the Puritan discipline must be found, in the fact that it was a protest against the immorality of the age.

Looking at the past and present perhaps we forget this—and are too apt to take as important what in reality is evanescent. All this æsthetic talk, and this exaggerated worship of "the beautiful" in the abstract, are in reality only the froth which comes to the surface; underneath is something very real and very earnest, something which should make us give our cordial support to every impulse in the direction of decorative art, for it is unquestionably the struggle against materialism and against sham.

The real teaching of æstheticism, apart from its phraseology and extravagance, is this: that life need not be hard and repellant, that in each one of us there is a deeper and a higher something which struggles to find expression. One often hears of the poetic gift of insight, of the power to perceive in nature that which other persons cannot see, and to call those who can give expression to this perception



A COMPANY OF SMOKERS.

poets and artists. But if æstheticism teaches anything, it is just this truth, that we are every one of us poets and artists; we may not find expression for our thoughts and sentiments, but we have them. The least cultivated man, the little ignorant child, the worn down woman, each of these is sensible to the influence of beauty. Bryant expressed this same truth when he says, in speaking of nature's influence over man:

"For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

And what is true of nature is true of all real art, because all our perceptions of beauty are drawn from nature. What is art in reality but the striving to reproduce what nature gives?—gives freely and fully to us all.

Our mistake has been in talking of art, and now of æstheticism, as if they were something remote, something difficult, something inexplicable. They are not. Every one, the most untutored, can appreciate the influence of a beautiful picture, for if it fails to appeal to the sentiment of the spectator, it fails of being beautiful. Take a child who has never even heard of art, and set it before a canvas glowing with life and colors; as far as the child's mind has grown, just so far it will be affected, and the only value of the picture will be in its power to meet in the child the same feeling that the artist expressed.

Every one has this inheritance, this perception of beauty, in a greater or less degree, and it is this gift that it is our duty to educate and encourage. Not the exclusion of other things, not as antagonistic to duty, but as going hand in hand with it. As long as we do this, æstheticism, however we may define it, will do us good; it will raise us, help us to realize that we love poetry and art in ourselves, and aid us in making life as beautiful as we can.

The decoration of our homes is one of the healthiest forms æstheticism has taken. A well ordered home is the greatest safeguard against lowering influences; and if to comfort and order we can add the subtle teachings of beauty, we can achieve results well worthy of the effort. Every one knows houses where the rooms seem to smile, and this is by no means owing to elaborate preparation or expensive ornament. It is only because in them pretty things are valued, and bright effects produced by simple decoration.

How strange it is that a fancy for the grotesque seems always to go hand in hand with a love of the beautiful. Take, for example, the marvelous architecture of the Renaissance, and consider how, amid the spiral columns and exquisite bases, grotesque figures and heads appear gargoyles and facial absurdities! So to-day in our revival we have a decided leaning to the grotesque in ornament. Much of this is due no doubt to the fact that the artistic ware has taken an easterly direction, and we are imitating and accepting the decorative teachings of China and Japan; but it is not wholly owing to this, but no doubt also to the humorous vein which is so closely allied to the emotional in human nature.

The revival of decorative needlework was one of the first practical results of the impulse which society in England received from Mr. Ruskin's teachings. He, in his enthusiastic review of ancient art and of the Renaissance, dwelt much upon the way in which art feeling found expression in the homes of the people, on the elaborate ornamentation of walls by hangings, on the moldings and carvings of furniture, on the representations of nature copied on every hand. And when the taste for what at once became known as art needlework had taken hold of a few high class persons, a

charitable effort completed the matter, and home decoration was fairly launched. A lady interested in such schemes conceived the idea that ornamental needlework would provide occupation for hundreds of struggling women, and by dint of fashionable patronage, she succeeded in establishing the Royal School of Art Needlework.

Every one knows how rapidly the taste increased, how from needlework the demand spread to painting, how speedily decorative painting was accepted as a necessity, until now there are few homes indeed which cannot boast of an effort in one or other of the many directions open to decorative impulse. It is a little difficult to trace exactly the connection between this movement in favor of decorated homes, and that which has since become its twin sister, the æsthetic, and which has led to a marked change in dress, and to other and perhaps less desirable things. The distinction between them is perhaps best described as that between the real and the ideal. Home decoration is real just as art is real. Home æstheticism is a sort of ideal which, if too ardently pursued, would end in illusion, but which, in its way, is valuable and desirable.

Men and women want to be fitted for life and life's realities, and not enveloped in an atmosphere which unfits them for practical effort. We are reminded by all this æsthetic discussion of an early question, which, twenty years ago, was very seriously debated: as to the influence, namely, of novels? Ought the imagination to be fed on books of fiction? Was not the ideal life represented in them injurious as unfitting their readers for actual life? We do not hear much of such questions to-day. The world at large realizes that novels in their way are good and not injurious, like dessert at dinner, or candies, or anything else that is not essential to existence, but which helps to flavor it. So in the future, when the hubbub has subsided, no doubt it will be realized that decorative art and æsthetic culture are both excellent in moderation, but that like everything else, they are capable of exaggeration and misapplication.

JANET E. RUNTY REES.


"A Company of Smokers."

(After the Painting by WILH. SCHÜTZE.)

AFTER the wearisome day's toil in the school-room, the little company have adjourned to the bowling alley to perform together the laudable task of smoking and to enjoy thoroughly the forbidden pleasure. While, with the air of a connoisseur, one tries the cigar-stump thrown away by the Herr Burgomaster, another fills the school-master's long pipe for the third who can hardly wait to get the first pull at it. The little sister,—where is the feminine element ever absent?—holds with real helpfulness the burning bit of tinder-wood in readiness. But in the run-away, the fourth of the party expiates already the sin of disobedience. With a short Dutch pipe in one hand, he rests his head upon the other, for he is deathly sick. However his condition does not alarm his companions; it will not last long. Thus did they also suffer after the first trial of smoking tobacco, and it will be a lucky chance, if a good cudgelling does not break up the session.

This little moral sketch is an excellent production of the distinguished *genre* artist Wilhelm Schütze, who was born in Berlin in 1814, painted under Klöber, and made his pictures extremely popular by the *naïveté* and audacity of his composition, his characteristic irony and felicitous coloring.

Evening Company.

O you remember," I say, "that some one, I think it was Miss Prince, said one day, that people who lived in the country considered it a great labor to entertain company?"

"Yes," says Miss Bently, "and I said so too."

"Then," I say, "I wish you could both have shared my recent experience. I have been making a visit in Liberty, among friends who receive a great deal of company, and do it so easily and charmingly that no one feels they have taken any trouble, and yet every one enjoys the visit thoroughly."

"Did you learn their secret?" asks Miss Prince.

"I don't think there was any secret except hearty cordiality," I answer; "they really wanted to see their friends, and showed them that they did."

"People ought not to invite company unless they really want them to come," says Miss Little.

"That is true," I assent, "and that is one reason why I like country entertainments. They are not usually given, like those in town, from a feeling of indebtedness, but from a real desire to promote sociability, and have what is called 'a real good time.' It is an understood thing, of course, that a hostess's 'good time,' consists in making the entertainment enjoyable to her guests, and I cannot think of anything more comfortable than to know that your party was a success, and to feel that people really mean what they say when they utter the pretty little parting phrase, 'We have had such a charming evening,' which is too often a mere lip-service of politeness which gets no indorsement from the heart of the speaker."

"I never think anybody really enjoys coming to our house," says Miss Nolan, dejectedly.

"What a mistaken idea," Miss Little tells her promptly. "I am even glad when the sewing society meets there; for we always have a pleasant time."

"It is folly to worry too much about people's enjoying themselves. If you invite a few congenial people they are sure to enjoy each other's society, and even if you offer them no other amusement than the opportunity for conversation, they will find the occasion sufficiently agreeable."

"But people should always provide some entertainment besides conversation, shouldn't they?" asks Miss Bently, anxiously.

"Do you mean something to eat?"

"Oh, no, that of course, I mean some way of interesting and amusing the company."

"Did you never hear," I ask, "the remark that life would be unendurable were it not for its amusements? I have seen guests visibly bored by being compelled to break off from fascinating conversations to give polite attention to twenty-five minutes of sonata or symphony wrenched out of the piano by the daughter of the house, or some friend who yields to persuasion, and gives the company music which probably few of them appreciate."

"But don't you think people ought to play in company?"

"Certainly I do; but they should make selections which have some chance of being appreciated by people who are fond of music, but have not much knowledge of it as a study. Save the beautiful classic works of the great composers for those who will understand and admire their beauty and grandeur, and also enjoy your rendering of them, for if you cannot do them some measure of justice, I advise you not to attempt their execution. If you are called upon to play in a mixed company, give some pretty trifle, some brilliant fantasie or a potpourri of catching popular airs. Your feelings will not then be hurt if silence does not fall upon the assembly like a pall. The lively strains will very likely promote conversation instead of quelling it, and you will have the satisfaction

of adding to the general hilarity. Your music will not be unnoticed either, one and another will be attracted to your vicinity to listen more comfortably and learn the names of some of your selections, and those who know the least about music will be charmed with themselves and you, because they have actually caught and recognized some of the familiar airs in your potpourri."

"But this is a digression," I continue, "and, mind you, I am not depreciating or undervaluing music, for I think I am one of those who take a pure delight in the grand harmonies which I feel are quite too noble to be thrown beneath the feet of unappreciating and compulsory listeners."

"Thank you very much," says Miss Carr. "I feel as if you had emancipated me. I practice for weeks sometimes on some stupendous work to play at my auntie's receptions, when I go to town. It frightens me to death to play such difficult things, and I never could do myself justice, to say nothing of the *maestro* whose *opus* I have slaughtered. After this I shall choose more popular music."

"Don't go to the other extreme and be too frivolous in your selection, for your really brilliant execution must not be thrown away on trifles. There are plenty of showy pieces which are beautiful and taking, even if not classic, and there are some old favorites which are always welcome."

"For instance?"

"I can hardly tell without reflection. Gottschalk's 'Last Hope' for one, and Pastorella and several of Ascher's. Your teacher will suggest some better than I can if you tell him why you want the pieces."

"I have received some cards by mail," remarks Miss Leigh, "and I don't want you to laugh at me when I tell you that I don't understand them at all."

Then the young lady pulls out of her pocket an envelope inclosing a card which reads as follows:

MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

Fridays.

No. — Fifth Avenue.

Tea at five.

"I suppose I am very ignorant," she says, "but I don't know what that announcement means, and I don't know what I ought to do about it. Mamma had a card too."

"There is nothing strange or mortifying about your ignorance," I say. "The card is for a regular weekly reception through the season, and your friend expects to offer tea at a stated hour. Her visitors are at liberty to call at any time on Fridays that suits them, but before that hour they will not expect refreshments."

"You expect to visit in town," I continue, "before the season is over; and unless Mrs. Smith is very strict, she will perhaps continue such an informal reception throughout Lent, so you can accept this invitation by going to see her on any Friday that is convenient."

"How can you tell it is informal?"

"I only judge from its general nature. If it were for one, two or three especial days it would presuppose a crowd, and consequently more ceremony and more dress."

"What kind of a tea would probably be given?"

"Five o'clock tea ought to be a very slight repast, but tastes differ in this as in everything else. Some people have quite a collation, while others give simply tea and coffee with sandwiches and cake. In the latter case, the refreshments with the coffee urn and teapot are put upon a table in one of the parlors, and one of the family fills the cups, while the guests sit and drink quite informally."

"It strikes me that is a very easy style of entertainment," says Miss Bently.

"One that is repeated as often as once a week has need to be easy," I say. "But some people give just such simple

teas at larger receptions, where people are invited from five to eleven, or later, and serve ices, or perhaps a regular supper later on in the evening. Many persons complain that the real trouble and burden of entertaining is providing the material refreshment, but it seems to me that ought not to stand in any one's way. We don't go to parties for what we can get to eat, or we ought not to, and we are all the better, physically and morally, for not indulging too freely in the pleasures of the table."

"I don't long for the predicted æsthetical period when in lieu of substantial at parties we shall have lilies handed around for inhalation, and quench our hunger and thirst by meditating on the utter soulfulness of abstinence, but I do want to see people get rational enough to stop vieing with each other in the magnitude and expense of the feasts they give to their friends. Such people," I go on to say, "should have lived in those ancient gluttonous days, when it was not uncommon, after a banquet, for some of the partakers to be rolled vigorously upon the stone floor, and pomeled and kneaded by their less beastly menials, to relieve the agony caused by engorgement."

"But I do like to have good things at parties," says Miss Bliss.

"I think we all do," I say, "and everything we offer to invited company ought to be perfect of its kind, but an immense variety is needless. I have been told that one of the most popular houses in London is that of a lady who receives every day."

"What a bother," interrupts Miss Bently.

"Wait till you hear how small a bother it is," I resume. "Tea, then bread and butter, and biscuit, and coffee are the invariable refreshments served every afternoon, at the same hour. Some of the most delightful people in town, as well as many of the most celebrated, are to be found there, and the privilege of an *entrée* is eagerly sought by outsiders. The hostess is neither rich nor fashionable, but she seems to have the secret of making her house agreeable, although I fancy the entertainment being well established, takes care of itself; for I am told that the entertainer sometimes accepts engagements which take her from her own 'afternoons.' I have no doubt, however, but that in the early days of her daily receptions she was unvaryingly present."

"Is it according to etiquette to dance at evening receptions?" inquires Miss Leigh.

"If the crowd is not too great, it is quite usual to do so. In sending out cards for a reception it is not unusual to see the word 'dancing' engraved or penciled on one corner. That implies one or two musicians; but where there is no notification the dance has a more impromptu character, depending for inspiration upon the music of a pianist, who may be a professional or a self-sacrificing member of the family. Let me say in regard to that latter case, that, when it is possible, some of the guests should relieve the martyr, and take a turn at the instrument. If an invited young lady does good-naturedly do this, it should be the business of the hostess to see that she is not taxed too long, and also, that after playing for others to dance, she should be provided with partners for her own dances."

"Is it necessary to have wine at evening companies?" asks Miss Bliss.

"It is never a necessity to have it," I say, "for it is a matter that must be regulated by every one's conscience or judgment. Its omission should never cause ill-natured comment, but the motive which causes its absence should be respected. It often requires a great deal of moral courage for a host or hostess to abstain from offering wine, and it should be made as easy for them as possible. This is not the time or place for a temperance lecture, so we will not discuss the practice from a moral point of view; but as the

use too often leads to the abuse, refraining from offering it at evening parties is a very safe course to take."

"I wish," says Miss Leigh, "you would tell me what you think would be just the nicest thing to have for refreshments for thirty people or so—here in the country, I mean."

"Coffee," I say promptly, "in large cups with whipped cream piled on the top, and in little cups for those who take it clear. That for drink, and tongue sandwiches made with thin bread, and cut into small wedge-shaped pieces, and ice cream and cake. That is the simplest style of 'passed around' refreshments; but without setting a table you can still add, if you choose, chicken or lobster salad, pickled oysters or Italian cheese (pressed and spiced veal). Either one of these may be added to your list of edibles, and there are other cold relishes which would be suitable."

"Isn't it polite to have hot things?" asks Miss Bently.

"It is not necessary and not expected. Where the company are invited to walk out into a supper room, and find a table set, they naturally look for more profusion than where a tray of refreshments is carried into the parlor. If hot viands were carried about that way they would soon get cold and be unpalatable. It is palpably much easier too, to get up refreshments which can all be prepared and arranged ready to serve, in the daytime before the guests are expected."

"People are not expected to sit down to a supper table at a large company, are they?" inquires Miss Nolan.

"No, but they see the table, so it is important to have it as well set and prettily decorated as possible. It is well to have chairs all around the sides of the supper room, so that as many people may sit down as possible. Matrons and elderly persons must be first provided with seats; and if there are not enough for all the company, the young people will not mind standing. I have been to gatherings where the table which held the supper was pushed into a corner, and small tables were standing all about the room for people to sit around in groups. But this convenient and comfortable arrangement can only be carried out where the room is large or the guests are few."

MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

The Road to Ruin.


(See Oil Picture.)



UNDER this title we present to our readers, with the present number, a charming, and suggestive little picture, which tells its own story too well to need any very long explanation. Two birds, a robin and a wren, are looking from the bare branch of a tree, in all the chill and desolation of a winter's day, across the chasm of snow to the tempting lure which a trap, set for unwary birds, offers to their eager little eyes. Will they yield to the dangerous attraction, or will they fly off in the opposite direction? If they remain, they are pretty sure to fall victims to their longing desire to "just see" what it is that looks so nice, for bird nature is very like human nature in yielding, if it has not the strength to fly from temptation. The composition of the design is very pleasing, and thoroughly in harmony with the wintry ideas. The cold tones, the distant, snowy landscape, the low, gnarled branches, are relieved only in the general effect of pale grays, and gray blues and greens, by the warm brown of the fence, against which the yard broom stands in significant proximity. The yellow light in the sky shows that the pale sun is nearing the horizon, and will soon bring to a close the short wintry afternoon. Let us hope the birds will leave the road to ruin, ere ruin overtakes them.

A Problem in Decorative Art.

“WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR WALLS?”

T is a hopeful and encouraging sign when a community turns its attention toward elevating the art tone of its material surroundings. Three things are implied in such an awakening—moneyed ease, leisure to think of and enjoy such matters, and an improved and improving culture.

Within the past fifteen years there has been a marked growth in household art in this country. Once upon a time the furnishing of a house, from garret to cellar, was all of the same dead level of mediocrity, poor judgment, and worse taste. Now one producer vies with another, and the art schools of Europe and America are ransacked for the best designs. To-day architects at the summit of their profession do not disdain to draft plans for cottage homes; manufacturers of uncostly furniture appeal to an educated taste at a trifling advance over their former prices; and the services of some of our best artists have been enlisted in the matter of interior decoration.

The result of all is that people are coming to demand that their surroundings, even if of moderate cost, shall be in accordance with the canons of the best art. It used to be the case that none but the rich could command artistic decorations in their homes. Now all is changed. The income of a thousand dollars a year can procure for its possessor as much gratification in proportion as the revenue of a millionaire.

It is no wonder, then, that increased attention is being paid to the decorative finishing of the interiors in which so large a part of the existence of many is spent. Next to our floors, the walls of our dwellings demand our careful attention, would we enjoy health and comfort, and to a consideration of how to treat them will this paper be devoted, looking at the matter, however, not from the standpoint of the affluent, but from that of those in moderate circumstances.

Among the ancients houses were constructed of rough stones only slightly dressed on their outer and inner faces, and as a result, the interior walls were seldom perfectly even and free from cracks. To conceal this defect, and divert the eye from it, the walls of the various rooms were covered with plaster, and on the plaster were placed various designs—frescoing, in short. According as the owner of the house was a poor or a wealthy man did the richness of the decoration vary. If the former, probably the wall would be divided into one or two panels, with simply a wreath, or bunch of flowers, or picture of some divinity in the center; while the patrician could have some famous artist depict entire scenes from the mythology of his country. This simple way of hiding the crude wall-surface of a dwelling was undoubtedly the best for various reasons; but there are many difficulties in the way of its adoption at the present time. I shall only enumerate two of them. The lesser of these objections is, that while such a plan of decoration was eminently suited to Greek and Roman houses, where scanty furniture was the rule, so that the walls in their entirety were visible, such would not be the case in our modern houses, crowded as they are with the many objects which we deem necessary to our comfort. The greater and almost insuperable objection is, that we have no workmen capable of executing simple and artistic decorations such as those spoken of above. Artists, and accomplished ones, we have in plenty, but the cost attending their employment is prohibitory to the class for whom I am writing.

In less kindly climes than those of Greece and Italy, tapestry was frequently used to bar the ingress of the rugged

blasts that howled and thundered around the ill-constructed houses of the period. Wood was also used, though not so extensively, until a later period, when a better workmanship fashioned it into the panels and moldings of the universally admired wainscoting. But neither tapestry nor wainscot is necessary or suitable to-day. Our houses are better constructed, and need no inner protection against the weather, and further, the size of our apartments often makes even the four or six inches of space, which would be occupied by a wainscoting, of value. And tapestry is out of the question if only on the score of expense. So, having rejected as useless the ancient expedients, let us see what modern ingenuity has to offer us.

Here we are confronted with a curious fact. Amid the ceaseless mechanical, artistic, and industrial activity of the past century only one addition has been made to methods of wall decoration. With this one exception we stand where our ancestors of the furthest remove stood. They summoned to their aid painting, wood-working, and tapestry; we have only one additional material—paper. It is as though the rush-strewn floors of some great baronial castle in the days of the Conqueror had been only improved upon to the extent of weaving the rushes into matting.

Wall-paper is believed to be a French invention, and was first used, it is said, to keep out cold and dampness. Quite recently an eminent art-critic* has turned his attention to this department, and his views have been published in a monograph which every one interested in the subject may peruse with profit. For various reasons his conclusion is that to clothe our walls with paper is the best expedient for those who cannot afford to employ an artist skilled in fresco decoration.

Now paper is cheap, but it is frequently also what is quite unnecessary, “cheap and nasty,” to use a homely adage. Probably there is no more annoying sight to a person of refined taste, than to be forced to spend some hours daily in a room whose four walls are plastered with a barbarous pattern composed of impossible geometrical figures and hideous colors. Who has not, in time of sickness, when confined to one room, come to positively hate a peculiarly aggressive wall-paper with mortal hatred? The memory of an atrocious paper will haunt some persons like a nightmare, in which brick-red flowers are depicted as “waltzing” up a viciously green trelliswork against a background of pearly gray and blue sky. Such unfortunates will be tempted to say, “Give us back the staring white walls, which at least were free from such glaring inconsistencies.” Of course there *are* good papers, and the chances are that there will be more, and better ones at that.

All things considered, the antiquated wooden wainscoting, with its dado and frieze, is the best mode of treating wall space. But as we have seen that this sort of thing is hard of attainment at the present day, the next best thing is to simulate it with the means at our command. The high authority previously mentioned advocates a dado of some dark arabesques—brown, olive green, russet, or maroon, lightened with gold. Above the dado should come, if possible, the wooden chair-rail, because it makes a pleasant break in the large expanse of wall surface to the eye, and because in our modern rooms we are constrained to keep so much of our furniture, chairs, etc., standing against the sides of the room, and a chair-rail does effective service when children are about. Such a dado as either of those described would suit almost any kind of furniture, but the main portion of the wall should be papered in accordance with the other adjuncts of the room, bearing in mind that, while warmth and richness of color are admirably fitted for parlor, dining, or

* Mr. Clarence Cook in “What shall we do with our Walls?”

living room, "sweet simplicity" is most appropriate for sleeping and dressing rooms. A frieze just beneath the cornice should always finish the wall covering, and should be in harmony with the dado in point of color. Indeed, the ratio of color may be expressed in this wise: Dado, 3; Wall, 1; Frieze, 2; the larger numbers standing for greater intensity of color.


Immediately beneath the frieze it is a good plan to run a picture rail, and, in all except the largest pictures, avoid using more than one central cord to suspend them. The present mode of hanging pictures by a double cord, making a triangular figure of more or less pointed shape, is very objectionable, as it breaks up a wall into so many angular patches.

These foregoing suggestions are certainly within reach of very moderate purses. The increased cost of a dado and frieze in the papering of a wall is hardly worth mentioning, while the great artistic and comfort-giving results are largely in the inverse ratio.

VIVIAN VINCENT.

The Science of Eating.

HOW TO DINE.

E shall never know how much the world has suffered, nor how much its physical and moral development has been retarded by the ban put upon all natural pleasures by ignorant theological teachers and writers; and especially by an ancient asceticism which believed it was doing God service by mortifying the flesh, and has sent down to our day a widespread conviction that religion consists in the sacrifice of all natural tastes and desires, and that the welfare of the soul is obtained only through the mortification of the body. Instead of these would-be teachers accepting the facts of human life as they found them, and guiding and directing the force of human passion and human appetite to worthy ends, the system pursued was, from the beginning, one of repression and punishment for obeying natural law; a system which compels deception, which provokes to hidden indulgence, and in time becomes the parent of still greater evils than those it would have forcibly crushed out, these being nature's revenge at finding herself despised; in other words, the simple action of that law which makes a force that has been shut in in one direction break out in another, which attracts the young twigs and branches of a tree toward the favoring influences of light and sun, and shows it lop-sided, gnarled, and irregular, if proper means have not been taken to correct natural tendencies, and produce symmetrical growth.

The history of what are called saints is a record of self-abasement, mortification, and penance, for natural desires made unnatural by perversion and repression, and looked upon as sins. The relief they obtained they found in work, and to this fact, this rebellion of nature against a useless life, we owe the ancient manuscripts, the illuminated missals, the carving done in wood and ivory, finer than any executed in these days, because the years of a life, the craving of natures that loved the beautiful, and were filled with longings for the ideal and unattainable, were expressed in them. These works, which were performed under protest, which existed in secrecy, which were hidden or they would have been destroyed by the zeal of the bigot, are the only things now remaining of that cloistered life which have any value, and the halo which surrounds them, the honor they receive, is a striking commentary on the circumstances that produced them—on the fasts and the scourgings, the sackcloth and ashes, the assumed sanctity, and Pharisaic devotions, all of which have

come to naught, while the works remain and grow more beautiful, more valuable with age.

The consequences of the discredit thrown upon whatever tended to the gratification of the senses, have not stopped at making victims of individuals; they have made a virtue of ignorance, and a crime of knowledge. They have encouraged narrow and one-sided people in their one-sidedness, and prevented many conscientious and well-disposed persons from acquiring useful facts in regard to what and how to eat, and also from exercising the virtue of hospitality. There are men and women still who eat as if it were a penance, and they make a penance of it to all who are unfortunate enough to be compelled to break bread with them. Instead of making it part of their business to learn what and how to eat, in order to build up beautiful and healthful bodies, they try to build up the soul at the body's expense, and thus destroy both; for you cannot cultivate a noble soul, in a mean, starved, unwholesome body.

Civilization has created the opposite of this class in those who make a "god of their stomachs," who consider nothing in the world so important as what they shall eat, whose lives are spent in consultations with cooks, in the study of the provision market, and in the critical disposition of the viands, delicately or sumptuously prepared. The one merit which these persons possess is, that in making a thorough study of any subject it is impossible not to gain some knowledge, some experience which is useful to one's self and the rest of mankind. Mere gormandizers, those who swallow quantities of food as do animals, without intelligence or discrimination are simply brutes, bearing something of the form, but not yet elevated to the knowledge, dignity, or control of the human; these are the lowest in the scale of two-legged eaters, and are not be considered in an examination of the methods of thinking, and more or less refined persons.

To the highly civilized devotees of the culinary art, we owe its development from the merely scorching and smoking processes of the savage tribes, to the production of the most exquisite devices of the modern *chef de cuisine*. Doubtless even these have their place; high art in cookery is not unworthy a place in the achievements of art in other directions, but it does not enter into my present purpose to discuss it largely, because it addresses itself only to a few, and those few could probably teach me more than I know in regard to it. But we all know that perfection in any art has its place and value, that while the busy housekeeper, the mother of a family, has little time for *entrées*, and none of the resources by which expensive desserts and frost-like confectionery are prepared, at her command, they are not things desirable for everyday consumption. The famous proprietor of a fashionable hotel said to the writer once, that when he was a young man and first secured the services of a French cook, he had his table served every day in elaborate style: but he soon became ill, and his physician told him that if he continued his mode of living, he would die or become a confirmed invalid. He advised him to reduce his dietary to one dish of meat for dinner, and avoid all but simple articles for breakfast and supper, and he strictly followed this advice, making it the basis of habits which restored his health, and rendered him a stronger man than he had ever been.

Another gentleman who has the finest and most costly *cuisine* in the city of New York at his command, limits his diet to a few articles which are rigidly prepared without grease, sugar, or condiments; in fact, the only benefit he derives from the costly appliances in his kitchen consists in the ability to have the rules laid down for his own observance carried out, which is not always possible in the family, and especially not possible where there is more prodigality than refinement or intelligence. An epoch of high civilization, however, demands cooks that can rise to great occasions,

that can furnish grand banquets, that can show those surprising effects and combinations in the elements which constitute the modern arsenal of victory in cookery, and fully entitle them to a place in the ranks of artists. Such achievements are not to be despised, they are in their way great, but their function is limited and special, not broad and general, and has little to do with the everyday food which it is the province of the ordinary housekeeper to supply, and which furnishes the sinews of war, the material, force and energy with which men and women fight the battle of life.

By the majority of well-to-do middle-class people, the question of food supply requires, in these days, little elucidation; it is reduced very nearly to a science. A certain amount of knowledge has been obtained of general principles, and the necessities of restricted incomes do the rest. Good meat, good fish, good poultry, good vegetables, good milk, good bread, good fruit—these are the staples; and there is little time or opportunity to depart from simple methods of preparation. Where salted food and substitutes for these articles have to be obtained, it is a matter of necessity usually; every one prefers good steak or roast beef to corned pork and cod. So the absence of the beef, and presence of the pork, must be considered a misfortune rather than a fault.

Thus the great point becomes, how, rather than upon what to dine? and it is a question well worth attentive consideration. Dining is an everyday affair, therefore how we spend, how much pleasure we get out of so large a portion of our lives as we must, or at least ought to spend at the table, is a considerable item in the aggregate, and it acquires a still greater importance from the fact that dining well and happily endows us with capacity for the subsequent enjoyment of both work and play, which we may not otherwise possess. Table manners are more indicative of the actual good or ill-breeding of an individual, than ability to enter a room, or speak to a host or hostess properly. A person may be tutored or follow the example of others in performing a simple act, but at the table habit is stronger than memory, and gets the better of strong desire to appear to the best advantage. Grown people often behave worse at table than their children—habit being stronger with them, and perhaps indulged because of their age, and the impression that *they* "have a right" to do as they like. The best manners at the table do not come from petulant or explosive orders to do thus and so, to "keep still," to "sit straight," to "take what is given," and the like, but from the general tone and atmosphere of the household and the family, which is an unconscious education. Order, cleanliness, punctuality, refinement, taste, are all essential, and as distinctly apparent in the cottage as in the palace. In fact, more easily distinguished, for the palace does not rely on the personal direction of its owners for its equipment, but on tradition and on written law; while every little arrangement of the modest home, where industry and intelligence preside, bears the stamp or hall-mark of the owner, and is recognized as genuine on that account.

I remember a one and a half story brown frame house in a country village, where the table was a model both in regard to the food and its serving. No servant was kept, and all the duties of kitchen, and dining-room, parlor, and sleeping rooms were performed by a mother and two daughters—one daughter, in addition, teaching the village school. Winter or summer, it was rare that there were not flowers on the table, and it was a fancy of the girl to arrange them in a flat china dish or large saucer, thus anticipating the fashion of to-day, which has gotten rid of the high table ornaments so inappropriate where one should be able to see straight across and straight down, taking in the whole effect, and being in no sense barred from the possibility of pleasant and

familiar intercourse with every one present. Fruit, stewed or fresh, the product of the garden, was a standard dish, and often formed the only dessert. Brown and white bread of the best quality always occupied a place; excellent butter, milk, and cream—these being the product of a single cow. Fresh eggs, fresh and salt fish, and occasionally a very nice and delicately made mince of meat, were used for breakfast dishes, in addition to alternate supplies of hominy, oatmeal, farina, or wheaten grits—the latter in winter giving place to rice or graham griddle-cakes, with maple syrup. Corned beef, not too much salted, put into boiling water, cooked slowly and long, until perfectly tender, then taken off and left in the water till the latter partly cooled, was looked for and appeared regularly once in about two weeks; but pork was tabooed, except as seasoning, and the frying-pan was unknown.

But even better than the wholesome, well-cooked fare, was the brightness and sweetness that pervaded everything. The "mother" had a fancy for pretty table wares, and the "best" set of china, the few pieces of fine glass, and the one great object of her pride, a small, solid silver tea-pot, had been in use forty years. All the children, two girls and a boy, had cups and saucers, plates, spoons, and various other personal belongings, which were religiously reserved for their special use, and the table thus bore always a sort of holiday aspect; for these gifts were decorated in some pretty and artistic way, and the "anniversary" table cloth and napkins had been an offering to "father and mother," from the girls, who, on the solid German linen, had themselves wrought, in old-fashioned outline stitch (now in fashion again), the buttercups and daisies pattern, and the legendary lines that adorned them. The eldest son had died, but his natal day was never forgotten—the table on that day was always set for him; his plate laid and his cup filled with white flowers, while the mother failed not to give away to some poor and neglected child a pair of warm socks or mittens, of her own knitting, as an offering to his memory.

This household was kept on less than a thousand dollars per year, so that it was not an expensive one; but its beautiful habits created health and happiness, and memories that would lay the foundations for many more such homes; for example—the doing of a thing is the best missionary work in the world, infinitely better than talking about it, in a lecture or a book. The whole secret is, that eating rightly is a matter of growth and cultivation. You cannot scold it into a family, nor graft it upon them, nor spring it upon them suddenly, like a new cloak; appetite and manner of satisfying it are the results of habit and antecedent. Habit and self-repression, self-control, mutual forbearance, and lively and interesting conversation, are not natural and spontaneous outgrowths of the rude man and ignorant woman, but are the reward of intelligent effort, of well-directed purpose, of serious endeavor to make daily necessities daily instrumentalities and influences in the development and building up of character.

A cheerful temper, a bright way of looking at the small, untoward events which must come into daily life, and especially into the complicated preparations for the daily food supply, is as good as fresh air in dispelling cloudy and dismal tendencies, and it is a real blessing when the father of the family possesses such a disposition, and one or more of the children inherit it. Doubtless it is an equal advantage to the mother; but at the table she is burdened with the detail of her cares, and though ever so bright and sunny in her natural disposition, cannot help feeling, to some extent, the pre-occupation and pressure of her responsibilities. It is the husband and children, therefore, that should lead off in the gay jest, the pleasant story, the bit of news, the re-statement of something read, the joking disregard of fail-

ure or shortcoming in the anticipated enjoyment of some favorite dish, and the recognition of the endeavor made to please and satisfy. The cheerful and enjoyable atmosphere of the dinner table really depends much more upon the father than the mother, for no effort of the latter can counteract the influence of a sullen, morose, dissatisfied temper on the part of the "head of the house," who realizes in his position nothing but the power to make himself disagreeable.

It is a duty to one's dinner, and to those who have spent valuable time in its preparation, to come to it with an appetite. Lunch is said, and said truly, to be a "reflection upon one's breakfast, and an insult to a good dinner." When eaten at all, it should be principally composed of fruit; and some kinds of fruit such as oranges, the pulp of grapes, and roasted, or easily digested apples are excellent eaten before retiring for the night, as well as with the breakfast in the morning. The old proverb that fruit is golden in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night, is only one-third true, for good fruit of the juicy and acid kinds is gold all the way through, and should be made, if possible, a part of every meal. Old saws like this, accepted for gospel truth, because they are old, sometimes do a vast amount of mischief, and there is none that is oftener quoted than this, which possesses the usual modicum of truth found in such broad and generalizing statements.

A man who lived to upward of ninety years of age always insisted upon something in the form of vegetable acid with each meal, and particularly with his dinner. His demand for "something sour" was considered by some members of his own family as a sort of lunacy, harmless but troublesome. It was the natural craving of a naturally healthy and hearty organism that absorbed a good deal of appetizing food, and required a corrective. Cranberries and lemons contain probably as fine acids in a concentrated form as are procurable, and should be used with as little sugar as is necessary to render them palatable. The juice of a tart apple (the Rhode Island greening is the best) is also of incalculable value. It is a great mistake to suppose the stomach, or digestive organs, require nothing but what is highly nutritive; very often some element is essential that possesses very little nutritive quality in itself, but assists the organs to take up, separate, eliminate and assimilate that which would otherwise become burdensome, and disease generating.

It does not seem useful or necessary to lay down exact rules in regard to what or how to eat at dinner, or any other meal, for this must depend on circumstances and conditions which differ widely with different classes, and different sections of the country; the essential elements are qualifications of character, and if these are all right, the details can be safely left to individual working out. As for changes in the fashion of eating and serving, they are of little consequence; but the real elegance which comes from the care and preservation of whatever is most valuable, which expresses itself in certain little refinements, and daintinesses—in order and cleanliness, and the selection of tasteful forms and tasteful ways—is possible to every one, and is as much better and finer than the changing, and see-sawing, from one elaborate detail to another, as education is better than mere gratification. A dinner-table philosopher has traced a correspondence between the modern dinner and the growth and development of life itself. The raw oyster, according to this sage conclusion, corresponds to the original protoplasm; the soup and fish to the sea and its progeny, from which life first emanates; the feathered fowl to the bird which grasps the next stage of existence; the meat, the animal which precedes man, and the salad, vegetables and fruits, that which crowns life, and renders it worth living. In other

words they constitute the joy, the sweetness, the succulent, the ornamental and beautiful part of existence. Let us not be content with mere eating; but let us learn how to dine so that dinner will be an event to be anticipated—a family festival as truly religious as a prayer, as educational as a lesson; let us put ourselves into this, as into every other act of our lives, and make of it so strong a panoply against all other ills and accidents, that we may say with some one who appreciated his dinner, "Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."

An Empty Nest.

AN empty nest in branches bare
I see to-day,
A poem in the autumn air,
And of the May
I dream, as to and fro it swings—
Of hope's sweet stress,
And then, ah me! of vanished wings
And loneliness!

I think about the summer days
That came and went,
Free from the care that robs *our* ways
Of sweet content.
I hear the robin's song at dawn
Beside his nest,
And, when the long sweet day was gone,
His song of rest.

I see the brooding bird that sings,
The long day through,
In silent song, of unfledged wings
In spheres of blue.
So stirs the mother-heart with bliss
She cannot speak
Ere she has felt her baby's kiss
Upon her cheek.

I see the nestlings in the nest,
So empty now,
Rocked by the winds of east and west
On the green bough;
And then—the little wings are tried
In keen delight!
The world of birds and men is wide
For loss and flight!

See! on the branch a lonely bird
Beside the nest.
Oh, who shall say what longings stirred
In her small breast!
She comes when all her kind have flown,
To linger here
Where happy dreams and days were known
Ere skies grew drear.

Oh, lingering bird, how many hearts
Are like to you!
The gladness and the dream departs
That summer knew.
But in life's late November day,
With wild unrest,
They come to find—alas for May!—
The empty nest!

What Women are Doing.

Madame Maria Van Ackere—(born Doolaeghe), a Belgian novelist, living at Dixmude, has received the Cross of Chevalier of the Order of Leopold, the Belgian Legion of Honor.

In the Electrical Exhibition at Paris, Mdlle. Gloesener, of Belgium, and Miss E. Gray, United States, received gold medals; Mme. Bonis, and Madame Seguy, France, silver medals.

A Newspaper has been commenced at Naples under the title *L'Umanitario*. The editor is Madame Ernest Napollon. The paper intends to defend "the rights of all the oppressed, including women."

Of the 1,317 male teachers in the public schools of Maryland, 232 are colored men, and of the 1,775 female teachers 157 are colored women.

If Mrs. Sybil Ticknor, of Cornwall, Conn., lives until February 4 next, she will be 100 years old.

Mdlle. Caroline Kleinhaus, who took part in the late Geographical Congress at Venice, has been promoted to be an Officer of Public Instruction.

Three ladies have secured offices in the Washington Territory Legislature: Miss Louisa McMillan, Engrossing Clerk of the Council, Miss C. Newton, Enrolling Clerk of the House, and Miss Lizzie Ferry, Engrossing Clerk of the House.

Among the ambulance workers sent to Tunis, is a courageous woman, Mdlle. Thierry, who distinguished herself during the siege of Paris. She dresses like a *cantinière*, and wears sixteen medals.

There are nine educational and philanthropic societies and classes in the Anthon Memorial Church in N. Y. city managed by the ladies of the congregation.

Mrs. J. J. Astor annually sends off a party of children to the West, paying all the expense of preparation and transportation. This year's party numbered eighty-two poor little waifs, eighty-one boys, and one girl.

A single contribution by a woman, "Field-work for Amateurs," by Ellen Hardin Walworth, occurs in the Natural History section of the Annual Report of the American Association for the advancement of science.

Jean Ingelow spends much of her time in visiting the poor of London, and gives a dinner three times a week to discharged invalids from the hospitals and to others of the sick and disabled in want.

Madame Sainton Dalby says that the scarcity of great singers in this generation arises from faulty appreciation of what constitutes excellence; from such an eagerness to grasp the laurels of success, as makes the pupil impatient of the study and practice necessary to deserve them, and from a mistaken economy in the choice of means.

Mrs. Garfield has been elected the first honorary member of the new Shakespeare Society of London, "as a slight tribute of admiration for the loving devotion shown by her during the long and painful illness of the late President."

The first Kindergarten in Athens has just been established by two pupils of Frau von Marenholtz-Bulow, Fröbel's most enthusiastic follower. The greatest interest is taken in the movement by the Queen of Greece and the Minister of Education. The Turkish Government, too, has also sent two ladies to Dresden to receive instructions from Baroness von Bulow, in order to establish Kindergartens in Constantinople.

The wife of W. S. Richards, the artist, who lives in Newport, writes sonnets which are described as charming, but she rarely publishes. Lately, however, she has issued a small volume of sonnets, which is to be found only in Newport. These are quaintly printed on Russia linen paper, and encased in vellum covers; and the printing and binding was all done by Mrs. Richards's two little sons.

Some young lady students at the Presbyterian College, in Ottawa, Canada, learned a few days ago that a poor woman, who obtained a living for herself and children by washing, was laid up by sickness, and the next morning they went to her house, did the washing and ironing for her, and sent the clothes home.

President Garfield's memory is to be honored in London, by

the founding of a home for working girls, to be called "Garfield House." A lady has given \$1,250 to a committee for this purpose.

A largely attended meeting of ladies was held at Sheffield a few days since for the purpose of forming a Yorkshire branch of an association established in Dublin to relieve the sufferings of widows and unmarried ladies whose incomes have been swept away by the non-payment of rent in Ireland. Countess Fitzwilliam, by whom the meeting had been called, presided.

The Ladies' Art Club, in Peoria, Illinois, meets once a month, when papers are read which give a *résumé* of the work and study of the previous month. A very pleasant interest is sustained.

Women as Hotel Clerks.—At the Palmer House, Chicago, as at many of the European hotels, clerical positions of responsibility are held by women. "To one of these women," said Mr. Palmer, "we pay \$1,000 a year and board, to another \$900 a year and board, and to our book-keeper \$600 a year and board. If they choose to stay away from the hotel we give them an additional allowance of \$500 a year. The trial that we have made has been so satisfactory that wherever women may be properly employed in the Palmer House we shall substitute them for men."

In what is known as the "Equality" School District, in Rush Creek Township, Ohio, the school is presided over by a young lady, who, despite her slender form and delicate appearance, has proved herself to be a girl of pluck, muscle and nerve. She went in to preserve order in that school, and she has done it. She believed in the rod, and she used it, much to the disgust of nine of her pupils—great strapping fellows, some of them young men almost—who combined, and determined that on the next occasion of corporal punishment they would pick her up bodily, carry her out of the house, and run things themselves. The occasion presented itself, and they went for her in a body. The result was that the lady used her stout oaken pointer to such effect over their heads, that they gave it up, badly worsted. During the *mêlée* the pointer was broken into three pieces, and one of the hoodlums badly punished about the head, and all were thoroughly cowed. The young lady fought like a tigress, and won the admiration and respect of the entire community.

In San Francisco there is a hospital furnished with twenty-six beds which is managed by women. Children are admitted free of expense, and a poor woman would hardly be turned away, though no free beds are as yet established for women. A free dispensary was first opened in 1875. It is now a well-appointed hospital, which is managed by a board of lady directors and the regular attending physicians, who are all women. Young women are taken in to be trained as nurses, and they greatly add to the attractions of the hospital by their bright, pleasant faces, and neat uniforms of striped gingham, white aprons, and caps. The resident physician is a young lady educated in San Francisco, and a graduate of about three years' standing.

A daughter of ex-Secretary Evarts made herself the favorite in Washington society, not alone by her snowy complexion, gray-blue eyes and golden hair, but as well by her cups of chocolate. The Mexican Minister used to say that in his own land no beverage was so delicious. It was made of the best already sweetened chocolate, broken and placed in a warm spot to melt. When afterward put into a farina kettle boiling milk was poured upon it, and from the moment when the first drop of milk touched it until it was done it was stirred. It was allowed to boil for several minutes, and when it was served in delicate cups it was thick and almost jelly like, and was capped with whipped cream.

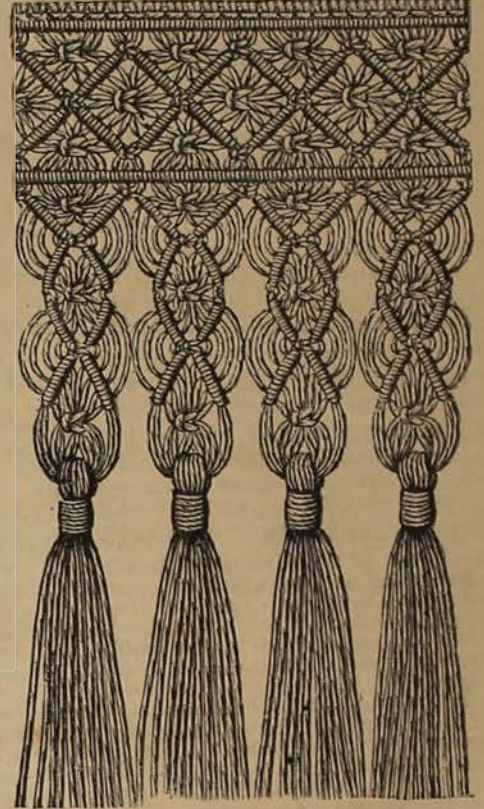
The London Academy says the number of female art students is constantly increasing, and among them there are many who would like to study at Rome if they knew where to go when they get there. These will be glad to hear that there is an establishment kept by an English lady where they will not only be carefully protected, but well taught. Miss Mayor, herself an artist of much taste, has devoted herself to train young ladies who wish to adopt art as a profession. Her house is large and well-arranged, and situated in a beautiful part of Rome, on Mount Pincio, in La Via degli Artisti, commanding a fine view of the city and of the gardens of the monastery. It is necessary, before applying to Miss Mayor, to understand that all who enter her doors must conform to her discipline, which is far from onerous to those who desire to work, and also that they must have a true vocation. She will not keep incurables.

Macrame Work (Fringe).

LONG a double foundation thread, knot a number of strands of thread, folded in half and measuring about 32 inches long. The number must be divisible by 6. 1st row : With a double thread laid across the strands, 2 buttonhole stitches with each strand over the horizontal thread. 2d row : 12 strands are required for one pattern, * 1 double knot, with the 3d to the 10th strand, using the center 4 as a foundation, and the outer ones to form the knots, 1 double knot with the 11th and 12th, and 1st and 2d of next pattern, repeat from *. 3d row : * Place the first of the 12 strands slantwise over the 2d to the 6th strands, and knot with each of the latter 2 buttonhole knots over the slanting strand, place the 12th strand aslant over the 11th to the 7th, and knot as above, repeat from *. 4th and 5th rows : Like the 2d and 3d, but with the pattern in reversed position. 6th row : Like the 2d. 7th row : Like the 1st. 8th and 9th rows : Like the 2d and 3d. 10th row : 1 double knot, with center 4 strands of each pattern, leaving the other strands untouched. 11th row (see illustrations for distances) : * Place the 6th strand aslant over the 5th to the 1st, and work with each of the latter 2 buttonhole stitches over the 6th, place the 7th over the 8th to the 12th strand, and work over it as above, repeat from.* 12th row : * 1 tatted knot with the 2d over the 1st, and with the 11th over the 12th. 1 double knot as before, with center 8 strands. 13th row : Like the 3d. 14th and 15th rows : Like the 11th and 12th, but without the tatted knots. 16th row (see illustrations for distances) : 1 double knot, with each 12 strands, repeat, then thread 8 strands 4 inches long through the center of each loop, tie them round to form a tassel, and cut the ends even.

Occasional Table.

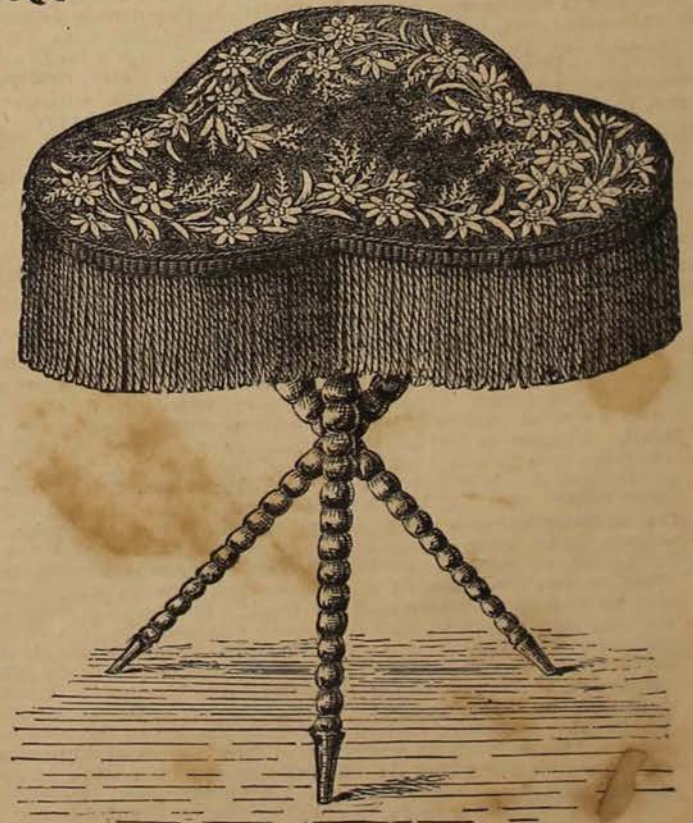
THE table is a low clover-leaf shape, covered with dark crimson satin embroidered from the enlarged design. The blossoms of edelweiss are embroidered with white chenille in satin stitch, the center being worked with satin stitches of yellow silk crossed in overcast stitch of brown silk. The calices are worked with gray-green silk in satin stitch, and the grasses in point russe with brown silk. The leaves, stems, and tendrils are worked with various shades of olive-green in satin and overcast stitch. When the embroidery is finished, lay it on a flannel and press lightly with a warm iron on the wrong side. On putting the satin on the top of the table, tack it lightly in several places before doing it firmly, to make sure that it will be smooth. Trim the cover evenly round the edge, and finish with a deep handsome fringe.



MACRAME WORK.



WREATH PATTERN FOR TABLE TOP.



OCCASIONAL TABLE.

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.**700,000 more.**

Americans view with pride the vast immigration their country is attracting from all parts of the world. It shows that ours is indeed a favored land. During the past year fully 700,000 foreign born immigrants arrived on our shores to make this country their permanent home. In a certain sense this vast immigration is beneficial to our country. It swells the receipts of our railways, it enhances the value of land, it creates a new home demand for our domestic manufactures. But there is another side of the picture not so pleasant to contemplate. The love of home and country, in other words patriotism, is one of the strongest human instincts and is lauded as a virtue. How intolerable must be the condition of these immigrants who are thus forced to leave their native land and seek their fortunes in a far off clime. We live in a civilized and Christian era, where the church spire is to be seen in every village, the school house by every roadside, and where universal education is the rule. Yet with all the agencies of civilization the problem of how to make life tolerable to the masses of the community has not yet been solved. Where population is leaving a country, it is a reflection upon the government of that country. The people of Switzerland and of France rarely emigrate, and it must be because the home government cares more for the material comfort of their people, than do those of Germany and Great Britain, from which countries the vast bulk of the immigrants come. Then again there are glaring evils connected with this enormous importation of foreigners. They are aliens in race, religion and language. Many are depraved and idle, and a still larger number are ignorant not only of our laws and institutions, but deficient in ordinary intelligence. They will within a few years add to the voting population a large and undesirable element. But we live in prosperous times, and as these immigrants are added to the active industrial force of the country, they are at present regarded with undoubted favor.

The New and the Old France.

A change has come over the French nation. The division of the lands of nobles and priests made by the French revolution was the greatest blessing ever conferred upon a nation. It made the peasants the owners of the farms they tilled, and they became frugal, industrious and lovers of their own homes. The disasters which followed the use of unredeemable paper money taught them a lesson, and for a century past the Frenchman has confined his traffic to gold and silver coins. He bought for cash, and paid with cash; he distrusted banks and would have nothing to do with corporations. Financial panics are unknown in France; for up to a recent period the trading community have never speculated. France is the most prosperous nation on earth, that is, there is more money in the hands of the people at large, and less concentrated in a few rich men, than elsewhere. But at length the speculative spirit of the age has invaded France. Banks are multiplying, credits are freely given, gigantic speculative corporations have been organized, the lessons of the past are being forgotten, swarms of mushroom companies are advertised in the Parisian papers. So, in all probability, France will repeat the history of Great Britain and the United States. Its middle class will slowly disappear, and its wealth concentrate in a few hands corresponding to our own Goulds and Vanderbilts. Gambetta and the new republican régime have had much to do with this change of feeling on the part of the French people. France had eaten of the "insane root" during the splendid financial career of the 3d Napoleon; and to reconcile France to the new order of things, the republican government has borrowed immense sums of money to carry out its splendid series of public works. The government has become the great employer, and is constructing railways, digging canals, deepening harbors, subsidizing steamship lines, encouraging manufacturers, and the result is a spirit of speculation such as we had in this country during the civil war, when the government was making its vast disbursements, and

issuing irredeemable paper money. Politically this action is wise, for France has become republican because of the apparent prosperity which reigns. But pay day will come and with it misery. The many will be impoverished, the few enriched. At last accounts things looked doubtful in France.

A Glimpse of the Splendid Past.

Five hundred years before the birth of Christ there was a city in Italy called Sybaris. It was a magnificent place, and the wealth and luxury of its inhabitants was so great that the name Sybarite exists to this day as a pseudonym of a devotee of sensual pleasure. It was at one time so populous, that it could send 300,000 men into the field, yet its annals are lost and its great men unknown. All the information we learn about it is the fact of its greatness, and that its ruins are to-day under the bed of a river in southern Italy. It seems there was a quarrel amongst the rulers of this mighty city, and the discontented joined with their enemies, the Crotoniates, who succeeded in capturing Sybaris, drove out its inhabitants, and, to make its ruin complete, changed the course of a river so that it swept over the remains of the once mighty municipality. To-day the ruins are covered by a bed of slime and earth from sixteen to twenty feet deep, and soon the work of bringing the remains to light will be undertaken. It is believed that the memorials of a very distant past will be brought to light equal to, if not exceeding in interest, those of Pompeii. We live after all in a very old world. Mighty nations flourished, and prosperous cities gathered wealth to themselves long before history begun to keep its records. In these days of the marvelous applications of science to our daily life, it is well to remember the might of the past, in order that we should not become too conscious of the splendor of the age we live in.

About Lunatics.

Guiteau's case has brought out some remarkable facts about lunatics. The world is full of people who have unbalanced minds, and if insanity or dementia was an excuse for crime, ten times the amount of offenses against person and life would be the result. Dr. William A. Hammond undoubtedly "hit the nail on the head" when he said that Guiteau was insane, but that he nevertheless was aware of what he was doing, and of the consequences. Even cranks that are violent have a wholesome terror of punishment; but life would everywhere be unsafe, if mere unsoundness of mind was an excuse for crime. Every rich man who dies nowadays, leaving a will which overlooks any member of his family, is liable to have his reputation for sanity questioned in a Surrogate's court, and it is surprising how many clever business men have been proved to be queer to the very verge of madness, by the evidence taken after their deaths. It seems inhuman, but there is no help for it. Sane or insane, people who put life in peril or who do murder, must be punished to deter other madmen from committing similar crimes.

About Oscar Wilde.

There has been a good deal of ridicule associated with the name of Oscar Wilde, now on a visit to this country, and the æsthetic element he is supposed to represent in London. But the fact is, Mr. Wilde is a highly cultivated gentleman; he graduated at Oxford with high honors, and has written at least one book of poems of real merit. The lecture he delivered in New York was finely conceived and admirably expressed, and as he is only twenty-six years of age, he has doubtless a long and honorable career before him. He is a handsome young gentleman, six feet three in height, but the wits of *Punch* made a great deal of fun of him because he parted his hair in the middle, and wore it long, and attended evening receptions in knee breeches and silk stockings. This seems fantastical, but Mr. Wilde represents an art revival in Great Britain. The leading poets and painters of modern England are more or less impenetrated with the same spirit that animates Oscar Wilde. It has resulted in an almost entire reformation in household decorations. The Queen Anne architecture and Eastlake furniture were first brought into use by the modern æsthetics. Their object is to inculcate a love of the beautiful, to put more color into life and human attire, and to revive, if possible, some of the art splendors which signalized the age of Pericles and the art epochs of the middle ages. Oscar Wilde's love of sunflowers and lilies is at least inoffensive and innocent. If his visit to this country results in awakening an interest in culture and the higher forms of art, he will have done an excellent work.

The Harvard College Sailor.

Richard H. Dana, who died but recently, deserves a niche among the heroes of humanity. He wrote the only book "Two years before the Mast," which tells of the real life of the modern sailor. When about to graduate from Harvard College, he was attacked with a malady of the eyes, to cure which, he was forced to take a long sea voyage. He shipped as a common sailor for California. This was over forty years ago, and in his work he faithfully photographs the miserable life of that most useful class, the toilers of the sea. It is a glimpse of the misery of the poor, written by an educated and intelligent gentleman who was forced to cast his lot with them for a brief period. If

we only had similarly vivid pictures of the actual condition of all other suffering classes, it would lead to a movement to assuage the sufferings of the lower ranks of society. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," says the poet, but if we only had Richard H. Dana to tell us the whole story about the poor, it would be found that there is still kindness enough left in the world to at least try and relieve the working classes from some of the ills they suffer under. Mr. Dana had his reward, for he lived a useful life and died respected and honored for his services to the poor sailor.

What Next?

How ingenious are the rogues. One would have supposed that every form of rascality had been attempted, but the swindlers in the great West have hit upon a new game. Western securities have been in favor, and school bonds, issued by the counties of the Western States and Territories, have generally proved a very safe investment in Wall street. Taking advantage of this confidence, certain enterprising rogues organized a county in Dakota Territory, in which it seems there were not over six inhabitants and not a single house or shanty. Prominent Wall street bankers were solicited to float the school bonds of Douglass county for \$200,000. Fortunately, the roguery was found out, and the money was not secured. But then there are a great many securities in Wall street that have no more value than the school bonds of Douglass County, Dakota.

All at Sea.

A member of the British Parliament, Mr. Powell, made a balloon ascension in England, but was lost at sea. He had two companions who managed to escape, for, as the air vessel was about to leave the land, they jumped out, and though seriously injured, they saved their lives. After they left the balloon, it soared to an immense height and brought the member of Parliament to where he could not be rescued. His fate recalls that of Donaldson, who died in Lake Michigan, some seven years ago. Donaldson was probably the most daring man that ever lived. He was literally insensible to fear. When out in a frail balloon, he did not hesitate to perform the most daring gymnastic feats, even going so far as to hang by the toes from a bar suspended from the air vessel. The history of ballooning is full of perilous ventures, for indeed it is a most dangerous business. Yet Mr. Charles Greene and Mr. Coxwell each ascended over six hundred times. Greene was eighty-four when he died, and Coxwell still alive, a very old man.

Making Homes Healthier.

There was a "Health Congress" at Brighton, England, recently, which deserves more than a passing mention. It was held for the purpose of making known inventions to make homes healthy, comfortable and artistic. Among the three hundred exhibits was an admirable collection of analyses of foods and drinks, illustrations of cookery, assemblages of sauces, wines, cereals and toilet necessities, non-alcoholic tonics and an article which was ticketed "a perfect substitute for mother's milk." A stove was exhibited which would keep fire for eighteen hours with a very small amount of soft coal. An apparatus for opening oysters was said to be very ingenious. The only American exhibit was a collection of pills and granules, and drugs. We ought to have such congresses in this country.

A Queer Old Gentleman.

Anthony Elton was arrested in New York, recently for wearing women's clothes. It seems he is a wealthy, respectable old gentleman, perfectly sane in business matters, but was occasionally overcome by a desire to don female apparel and masquerade in the streets. This mania did not develop itself until after the death of his wife, whom he fondly loved, and it was her clothes he wore when the crazy fit was on him. He was discharged by the magistrate because there is no law in New York against a man wearing woman's clothes. What a sad spectacle it is when sound, sane, men or women become demented. Guiteaus can be accounted for by heredity or a vicious life, but it does not agree with the eternal fitness of things when a person who, during his whole life has shown strength of mind, should in his old age become an irresponsible crank.

Let his Memory be Honored.

John W. Draper is dead. He was an Englishman by birth, but he came to this country while still young, and his education and work can fairly be claimed by the land of his adoption. He was a scientist of high attainments, his books were thoughtful and eloquent, and showed a good generalizing faculty. But his chief claim to remembrance is what he did in practical science. He helped in every way the system of telegraphy in this country, and some of the first experiments were made by him in conjunction with Professor Morse at the New York University. It is to his credit that he took the first photographs ever made in the United States. In numerous other inventions less noted, he bore a useful part. His whole life was devoted to the race, for he worked ardently to advance the industrial arts, and his labors increased popular respect for science and its discoverers. In a money getting age it is well to honor men who have cared

more for work which would benefit their fellows than for money which accrued to themselves. He has left several sons, all of them devoted to scientific pursuits, and one of whom promises to become as eminent as his father.

About Central Europe.

Germany is in a state of great unrest. Vast numbers of the people are emigrating to this country and elsewhere, and the heavy taxation caused by the military interests is felt to be a severe burden by the people. This discontent found expression at the last general election when a majority was returned to the Reichstag opposed to Bismarck's business and military policy. The old Kaiser William, having reached his eighty-fifth year, has made his son, the crown prince, regent of his dominions. This prince, it will be remembered, is married to Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, and he has children who are marriageable. In announcing the appointment of his son the old kaiser added a rescript in which he notified the German people that the king or emperor was their master not their slave. His ministry, he said, was responsible to him, not the nation. There is great discontent at this statement, and it is very certain that when Bismarck passes away the German people will insist upon governing themselves. The divine right doctrine is out of place at the close of the nineteenth century.

Gambetta's Government.

France is being ruled by its editors. Gambetta himself is the controller of several newspapers, and the principal members of his cabinet were some of his own editors. Literary men have had a good deal to say in the recent government of France. Thiers was the president of the republic until within a short time of his death, and Guizot, another historian, was the favorite prime minister of Louis Philippe. Lamartine, it will be remembered, was the president of the provisional government of 1848, and eminent French writers are conspicuous as debaters in the Corps Legislatif. In this country we do not take kindly to historians, poets, or editors as rulers. With the exception of Bancroft, no writer of eminence was ever made a cabinet minister. An editor, Horace Greeley, was once run for president, but he was very badly beaten. Our ruling class are lawyers. They occupy nearly every public position of trust and honor. Some few writers have been sent abroad as ministers. Great Britain is ruled by its orators. The committee of parliament which is called the cabinet, is of course dominated by the leading speaker of its own party. It is to be seen how long the rule of the journalist will last in France. At a recent election for members of the senate, the adherents of Gambetta far outnumbered his opponents. The republican majority is steadily increased in France, but there are signs of the waning of the power of Gambetta.

The Atlanta Exposition.

One of the most interesting events which have occurred since the war, was the holding of the cotton exposition at Atlanta. That great gathering marks an epoch in the industrial history of the South.

It was originally intended to limit the exposition at Atlanta to cotton, agricultural implements used in its cultivation, and machinery for its manufacture. But the idea proved so popular, and the interest of all classes was so awakened, that the scope of the exposition was enlarged and exhibits of all kinds were admitted.

It proved eminently successful, and its good results will be lasting. Information of much practical value was obtained by manufacturers, planters, and general visitors. One of the largest planters in the South, the second largest in fact, declared that the improved machinery he saw there would enable him to effect a saving of thousands of dollars annually in the cultivation and preparation of his cotton crop.

To show the increase in the importance of this staple article of American industry, we may mention that the cotton crop of the United States amounted,

In 1841	1,683,000	bales.
" 1851	3,126,000	"
" 1861	3,850,000	"
" 1871	4,352,000	"
" 1881	6,605,000	"

The crop of 1881 was worth about three hundred millions of dollars. It sold at average price of 11³/₁₀ cents per pound in New York, and 6¹/₂ pence per pound in Liverpool. Great as has been the increase in the cultivation of cotton in the United States, its manufacture in this country has increased in even more rapid proportions.

The number of bales used in the American mills were, in these same years :

In 1841	267,000	bales.
" 1851	690,000	"
" 1861	844,000	"
" 1871	1,237,000	"
" 1881	1,938,000	"

and it is confidently believed that they will this coming year consume two million bales of our cotton. This much to show what a vast interest was represented at the exposition in this article alone. But in other departments the exhibits were also

of great importance. A fine display of the mineral resources along the line of each road was made by several railroad companies of Georgia and adjacent States. The display of native woods was very beautiful, their highly polished surfaces showing exquisite graining and colors. The most improved cotton manufacturing machinery was shown in full operation. On more than one occasion during the exposition, cotton that was standing in the field in the morning was made into clothing by evening; it was picked, ginned, carded, spun and woven into cloth, which was dyed, dried, cut out and sewed, all in the brief space of twelve hours. In curious contrast to this modern rapidity was the process of spinning and weaving by hand as exhibited by sundry old fashioned women, brought there for the occasion; the slow progress of their work recalled a past age, when life was less hurried, it is true, but when it had trials and self-denials unknown to us. The display of grains, agricultural products of the west and south, and of tropical fruits, trees, and plants from Florida, was very interesting. Not much effort was made in the line of art, but such as there was, was creditable to the Atlanta artists whose work was shown. The exposition was educating and refining to the poorer class of farmers, while the mingling of people from all parts of the union promoted a knowledge of the various sections and their mutual dependence. The exposition closed December 31, 1881.

Polygamy Again.

While public opinion has declared very strongly against polygamy in Utah, but very little progress has been made in rooting out that institution. The practice is denounced in president's messages as well as in national party platforms. Every session of congress brings with it numerous bills, having in view the stamping out of this social iniquity, but mormonism continues to thrive, and polygamy to increase the number of its victims. The latest scheme is to divide the territory of Utah among the surrounding territories; but it is apprehended that should this be attempted, the Mormons would control several territories instead of one, and may even capture Nevada. The members of this objectionable sect are enthusiastic and well disciplined, while their opponents are divided and have other interests to distract them from a crusade against polygamy. Then, it must be confessed that any action proposed looks like an interference with religion and meddling with other people's business. But the Mormon problem is a grave one.

New Saints.

Since the termination of the tenth century the Roman Catholics have added to their calendar 225 saints. Since the 1st of January, 1800, forty-nine ecclesiastics or martyred lay folks have been canonized. But is it possible for any human agency to discover the fittest persons to be proclaimed saints for the veneration of mankind? The world is full of people who should be added to the list of those who sacrificed themselves for the good of their fellow creatures; but they do not belong to any one sect, and very often they are ignorant of all creeds. The true saints are those who toil for others, and die that we may live. A list has been published of the 225 saints canonized since the tenth century. Only one lawyer was made a saint; the largest number, sixty-one, were poor priests with no other distinction than their holy repute. Forty-seven are put down as martyrs, forty-six as prelates. In the list are only two popes, three cardinals, three unmartyred laymen. Among the high of the earth canonized are one emperor, one empress, seven kings, two queens, one duke, one duchess, three wonder-working virgins, and only one widow.

Vast Charities.

The population of the metropolis can be estimated from the number of people who subsist upon its charity. In the criminal and charitable institutions in New York City, there is a permanent population of about 7,300. The total number of admissions, including births, was 32,420. Among those charged upon the city of New York are 3,200 lunatics, 324 idiots, and 3,600 sick; 10,800 were Americans, and 22,000 foreigners. What a world of misery and pain is represented by these figures, but all the miserable and the sick do not become a charge to the public institutions. Of the 1,300,000 persons who compose the population of New York proper, it is safe to say that 200,000 are sick, poor and miserable, to such an extent that life to them is no boon.

Fruit in England.

The repeated failures of the wheat crop in Great Britain, have not only been a sad blow for landlords and tenants alike, but are leading to a radical change in the cultivation of the soil. American competition is so sharp that wheat growing is no longer profitable, and thousands of acres are now being converted into fruit farms and orchards. Travelers have often noticed the fine character of the English fruit, especially cherries and berries, but have wondered at the small quantities grown. The American apple is far superior to the English, due to our drier climate; but all fruits that thrive in moist climates reach perfection in the foggy air of the old country.

The Open Fire-place.

How old fashions do revive! We all remember the great open fire-places of our country homes, with their accompaniment of huge logs and cheerful flames. The stove and the furnace have in large cities abolished the open fire-place for a time, but it is coming into favor again under somewhat different conditions. The old fire-place was not perfection. You were often roasted in front while your back was chilled. The eminent sanitarian, doctor Siemens, at a recent meeting of the Society of Arts in England, said a good word for the open fire-place and the grate. They sucked up the air from the room and thus kept up the ventilation. They warm the furniture and the walls, whereas the furnace and the stove may keep the room warm while allowing of a deposit of moisture upon the furniture and walls. This gives a chance for fermentation, and hence nourishes germs of disease. So, in the new apartment houses open fire-places are used in addition to the registers, and sometimes these are really composed of gas jets playing around imaginary wooden logs; but the effect is pretty and the result wholesome.

A Fighting Editor.

When the press laws were in force during the reign of the third Napoleon, the Parisian journalists were embarrassed in every way in the utterance of their opinions. They were not only liable to be fined and imprisoned by the sycophantic imperial magistrates, but were often challenged by swashbuckler soldiers who desired to commend themselves for promotion, by challenging and maiming the opposition journalists. To save themselves from being shot, stabbed or imprisoned for publishing their opinions, the leading journals were often forced to have a fighting editor. His duty was to hold himself responsible for every objectionable article and to go to prison or fight a duel whenever the editor was challenged or sentenced. One of these fighting editors recently died in Paris aged sixty-eight. His name was Thomason; he had been a sergeant-major in the French army, was a good shot, an expert swordsman, but so ignorant that he scarcely could read the articles he signed and swore were his own. In fighting duels he was instructed to maim, not to kill his adversary. When he was in prison his salary was doubled and he was allowed the best of food. He made a splendid living until the empire fell. The advent of a republican government abolished the press laws, and left the fighting editor without a business. His wife in his old age had to support him by taking in washing.

Strange Adventures of a Correspondent.

When Fenianism was rife in the United States, a young Irishman, with nothing particular to distinguish him, made his appearance at the Irish headquarters in New York. He wore glasses, not because he needed them, but to give him a literary air. This young man was destined for a distinguished career. His name was Edmund O'Donovan, and he became famous in his adventures in Central Asia as a correspondent of the London *Daily News*. He followed the Russian army when it was fighting in Central Asia, sending letters to his journal; but the Russian general ordered all correspondents out of the camp. Rather than return, O'Donovan pluckily entered the camp of the opposing Turcomans. He was arrested as a Russian spy, but while in captivity he managed to send some very remarkable letters to the London *Daily News*. He was at length released, and he became in time the governor of an important city; he even helped the Turcomans to defend important posts against the Russians. His life was in constant peril, for these Asiatics seemed to take an especial pleasure in murdering strangers who entered their camps or cities. After performing some marvelous feats of personal daring, and writing very graphic letters from some of the most unknown portions of the globe, he finally made his way to Constantinople, where he was arrested and imprisoned for abusing the Turkish government. He was finally released, and found his way back to England. With all his bright career behind him, it is not unlikely that he will come to a miserable end on account of his love of stimulants, that bane of so many able literary men.

The Great Jay Gould.

The country is full of the doings of this great little man. Personally he is one of the poorest specimens of the *genus homo* one would see in a day's journey on the streets of a large city. He is not much over 5 feet 2 inches in height, and weighs about 100 pounds. He is a sickly man, always taking medicine. He is unimpressive in manner, and has a dazed, shamed look, as if he dreaded criticism. He is dark, swarthy, and his face has a Jewish cast. He was called on to speak recently at a railroad meeting in Boston, but he simpered and stammered like a school boy. He could only utter a few words, when he sat down confused. Yet this little, feeble, sickly looking fellow is one of the most daring speculators of the age, and the most wonderful manipulator of stocks known to the history of Wall street. He controls properties estimated to be worth \$400,000,000. Nobody, not even himself, can tell how much he is personally worth. But the disposition is always to exaggerate the fortunes of operators. In addition to his gigantic railway enterprises, this man owns the telegraphic system of the country, and through it has the press of the whole nation by the throat.

Human Salamanders.

It is wonderful what extremes of temperature a human body will tolerate. There are places in Siberia where the thermometer is often 70 degrees below zero, and for several months at a time remains at 40 degrees below zero. In the bonanza mines of the Comstock, however, the other extreme is reached, for men do live and work in an atmosphere of 110 to 120 degrees of heat. These miners are forced to consume vast amounts of ice water and ice; from their bodies arises a constant stream of vapor due to the enormous quantity of ice water imbibed. But in hot air baths without moisture a much higher temperature can be endured. Glass blowers and iron smelters frequently tolerate a temperature of 140°, and in some Turkish or hot air baths, a heat of 210° is often endured for several minutes. In Russia it is not uncommon for those who take the baths to plunge naked into a snow bank after having just left a room in which the temperature is 150, and this can be done without catching cold or being subject to any subsequent inconvenience. The extremes of temperature which human beings can endure seem incredible when detailed.

A Railroad Horror.

A pitiful story was that of the disaster to the Hudson River train at Spuyten Duyvil creek, on the evening of January 13th. Senator Wagner lost his life, as did seven other people, two of whom were a newly married couple just beginning life under circumstances which would seem to make living especially pleasant. There is no moral to be drawn. It is natural to abuse corporations when such accidents occur, but our railway system is really marvellously safe, when one considers the myriads of trains which are run every year. The loss of life is very infrequent upon the Hudson River road. In the old stage-coach times one person in every five hundred was injured by accidents. With our swift railway system, not one in a million comes to any harm. This should be borne in mind when we hear of accidents on railways.

Over.

The great trial has ended. The consideration shown to this basest of assassins is in marked contrast to the fate of the king killers in former eras of the world's history. A swift and terrible punishment has always been meted out to those who committed murder upon the high of the earth. Readers of history will recall the fate of Gerard, who killed William the Silent. The wretch was put to the most excruciating tortures, which he suffered with wonderful fortitude. It would not do to stain these pages with a record of the horrible punishment inflicted upon the murderer of one of the noblest men known to history. But Guiteau's trial is a disgrace to the judiciary of the United States. Three days ought to have sufficed to bring this blasphemous assassin to his fate. There was no question as to the murder. Two witnesses were sufficient to establish it; the condition of his mind could easily have been passed upon by a committee of experts. In one week after the death of his victim, he ought to have been hung or sent to a lunatic asylum for life. But in this country we are cursed with the lawyer rulers. The business of their life is to quibble and procrastinate, and the wasting of time and money is to them of no account. The idea of spending oceans of money to try a murderer about whose guilt there is not the slightest doubt, is simply monstrous.

An Old Love Story.

James Buchanan, who was President of the United States when the rebellion broke out, was a bachelor. From facts which have come out since he died, it seems he had one disappointment which prevented him from ever marrying. It seems that when a poor young barrister, he fell in love with a Miss Coleman, the daughter of wealthy parents. His affection was returned, and for a time the course of true love ran smooth. But the parents at length interfered; they did not want her to marry a man so hopelessly poor as James Buchanan appeared to be. They intercepted the correspondence; Buchanan wrote regularly, but the letters never reached their destination. At length, the young lady was satisfied that he no longer loved her, and she sent him a letter giving him back his liberty. This led to a misunderstanding on both sides. He thought she was too proud to marry him, she that he no longer loved her. A young girl who roomed with Miss Coleman afterward told of her sobs and her tears whenever Buchanan's name was mentioned. The matter preyed upon her so that she lost her health, and finally died, if not literally of a broken heart, certainly from the morbid condition which resulted from breaking off with the man of her choice. Buchanan himself never had another love affair. He achieved high position and lived to an advanced age, but was always true to the memory of his early love.

The Horrors of the Sea.

During the year 1881, there was an average of six vessels a day wrecked in every part of the world. The total number was 2,039,

of which nearly 400 were steamers. The loss of life was 4,134 persons, and the loss of property \$1,400,000,000. 1881, at its close, was exceedingly tempestuous, and hence there was an increase of 389 vessels over those lost in 1880. Great Britain was the greatest sufferer, nearly 1,000 of her vessels going to the bottom, of which nearly 200 were steamers. The United States suffered very little, for, alas, it has no merchant marine.

Wild Beasts and Snakes.

It is a surprising fact that the number of wild beasts and snakes is steadily increasing throughout the Indian empire of Great Britain. The population of that peninsula is rapidly growing, but it is an astonishing fact that whereas in 1876, 19,272 persons were killed by wild animals and snakes in Hindoostan, that last year 20,990 persons were killed or poisoned in the same way. In 1876 there were destroyed in Hindoostan 24,349, in 1880 the figures diminished to 14,886. These figures seem incredible, but they are drawn from official sources.

Brandy and Wine Drinking in France.

There has been a heavy falling off in the amount of cognac consumed in the French republic. It cannot be claimed that this is due to any temperance movement, but to the fact that the quality of brandy has deteriorated since the development of the grape disease. Much has been said in praise of French temperance, despite the persistent drinking of wine at every meal. But the common wine drunk in France is said to be horrible stuff, and to be provocative of liver, kidney, and nervous complaints. In the United States we are not drinking as much strong liquor as did our forefathers, nor is drunkenness as fashionable in so called good society in England as it was during the last century. But while open drunkenness is not witnessed in Central and Southern Europe, as it is in colder northern regions, it is nevertheless true that alcohol in the form of wine is quite as injurious as when administered in the shape of brandy and whisky. In wine countries not quite so much of it is consumed, and that is all the difference.

Black Dan's Birthday.

There has just been a celebration of the one hundredth birthday of Daniel Webster. He was a noted orator and statesman in his day, and some of his speeches, notably the reply to Haynes, will be declaimed in our schools and colleges while the English language is spoken. Some of the passages from his speeches have never been equalled for eloquence except by Edmund Burke. The story of Webster's struggles from poverty to high position, will always be read with interest. But after all, was he a statesman in the highest sense of the term? He never originated a public measure of importance, and wherever he appeared in debate it was to argue questions of constitutional law, or to attack or defend the propositions of other statesmen. Then he craved to be President, and he died a disappointed man. In his last days he cultivated a taste for strong drink, which was inherited by his children; and his race is almost extinct, because of indulgence in intoxicating liquors.

On Their Way Home.

The crew of the Jeannette will doubtless reach St. Petersburg before this magazine is printed. They will have little of importance to tell, but still adventures in that distant and mysterious arctic region are very eagerly read, and the poor fellows will doubtless be recompensed in a measure for the miseries they have passed through. But hereafter the government ought in every way to discountenance arctic exploration. Let the colony established at Lady Franklin's Bay work its way northward. It may take years, but it is on the right road to final success. A balloon voyage, when we can navigate the air, as we will do in the next ten years, will be the best means of exploring not only the arctic but the antarctic circle. In the meantime let us wait.

Poor Russia.

The official budget shows Russia to be in a deplorable condition so far as her finances are concerned. Everything is in confusion. The debt is constantly growing, every year there is an enormous deficit to make up, the credit of the empire is so bad that it cannot negotiate a new loan, and every new issue of paper money reduces its value. That great nation is in a state of administrative and financial chaos, and still the Czar will not countenance reform of any kind. He declines to take the nation into his confidence to help him out of his difficulties. No parliament is called; free speech and a free press are sternly suppressed. Every week scores of political prisoners are sent to Siberia after trial by court-martial. The Czar and his family live in a state of constant peril, and his coronation has been postponed until next June. One excuse for this, however, is that the Czarina expects to become a mother late in April. After all there is no people on earth so prosperous and happy as those who live within the limits of the American Union. There are no troubles in our future except those of our own making.



Apples, How and When to Use Them.

THE most useful, the most substantial, the most reliable of all fruits is the apple; it has been called deservedly, the poor man's blessing, for it is the fruit upon which the poor mainly depend; but it is also an invaluable resource with all classes, and perhaps more highly appreciated by the well-to-do than by the very poor, for the former use apples in a hundred different ways, and understand their value as a vegetable, as a part of their regular bill-of-fare, while the poor consider them more as a cheap luxury, to be bought and eaten at odd times, than as a constituent, not to be omitted from daily diet.

There are apples, and apples, however, and the modern demand, the necessity in sending to market, of choosing apples that will "keep," in preference to those of more delicate flavor; and the ignorance of the retail groceryman, and his willingness to take any one thing that is cheaper than another, has encouraged the growth of many apples of very poor quality, and flavor; and rendered it difficult for housekeepers at large to obtain such apples as were formerly in common use, except at very high prices. There are several kinds of "harvest" apples, and fall pippins, which are prized because they make an early appearance, and can be used for household purposes when the small summer fruits have taken their departure, and before grapes and the late autumn fruits, chiefly used for dessert, have put in an appearance; or at least before they have become plentiful. But these early apples demand no special attention; for general use there are two kinds that are superior to all others: the Rhode Island Greenings, and the red Spitzenburgs.

The first of these is the finest cooking apple in existence, fulfilling every condition that is needed. It is rich in flavor, juicy, yields readily to the action of heat, is easily digested, is only moderately acid, and possesses nutritious and medicinal qualities superior to those of any other description of this fruit with which we are acquainted. Perhaps one of the reasons of this acknowledged superiority is the tenderness of the fibre, and the ease with which the excellent qualities of the Greening are liberated, and put in motion.

The Spitzenburg is, beyond all others, the most delicious table apple. Its flavor is finer than that of the Greening, its fibre is closely grained, and more delicate, and it has a bright clear color, susceptible of a brilliant polish. The Baldwin is sometimes spoken of as a rival to the Spitzenburg, and is occasionally mistaken for it. But it is not to be mentioned in the same week, month, or year. It is darker in color, its flavor is poor, it is not ornamental, and it cooks very badly, requiring a great deal of spice, the addition of lemon, and long baking, or stewing, to make it endurable. Very palatable it never can be. The one good quality that the Baldwin possesses is that it is sold cheap, and is a good "market" apple.

There are some very nice apples for table use of the Strawberry and pear-main varieties, but they are none of them equal in quality to the Spitzenburg, though they must be used when the really desirable are not to be obtained. Besides something depends on climate—different sections of the country bring different kinds of apples to greatest perfection, and this naturally guides selection; we only point out what are known to be the best at the North and East.

The majority of people have accepted the old adage that fruit is golden in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night; and this has been considered particularly applicable to apples unless roasted, or otherwise cooked in some simple manner. An invalid stomach doubtless requires that apples, and all other food shall be made warm, and eaten warm, even milk, to be digestible; but an ordinarily healthy person can eat apples with perfect impunity in the evening as well as in the morning, and find benefit, if appetite demands them, and the apples are the right kind.

However, our principal business is with the different ways in which apples can be utilised as part of our household resources, and by this we mean in the main, apples, pure and simple, or a principal element in the dish, not disguised, as souffles and the like, in which the apple is the least of the ingredients.

One of the very best methods of cooking the apple is to peel them thin, core, fill the cavities with sugar and juice, and grated rind of lemon, and bake in an earthen dish until soft. This dish may be enclosed in another when it is sent to table, or the apples may be removed to a glass dish, turned on the reverse side, which looks smoother and more inviting, and served with or without a sprinkling of powdered sugar, and some thick or whipped cream.

Compote of apples consists of apples treated in precisely the same way, only instead of baking they are slowly stewed in a little clear boiling syrup in a porcelain saucepan, the syrup made with a tea-cup of granulated sugar to a teacup of water, the juice and grated rind of lemon, with the addition of a couple of cloves, or a stick of cinnamon, thrown in. In neither case must the apples be allowed to break though they should be cooked perfectly soft.

In making apple pies, apple puddings, apple dumplings, and the like, it should be remembered that their excellence is usually in proportion to the amount of fruit used. A *soupcou* of salt is a great improvement to apple pies; like the introduction of yellow in color, it brings out other flavors, and emphasizes them. To make an apple pie, peel and core twelve sound, juicy apples; slice and put them in a rather deep dish, with a pinch of salt, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, over a coat of sugar, and a little powdered cinnamon, no water; cover with flaky pastry, rolled with butter and flour as puff paste; and bake a light brown, no under crust.

An old-fashioned apple-dumpling is made by mixing a pint of prepared flour with a cupful of finely chopped suet, a little salt and cold water: roll it out, slice the apples in a heap, and draw the four corners together as for an old-fashioned "turn-over," make the edges stick by wetting them; lay the dumpling in a cloth dipped in boiling water, and then floured, fold it over, pin and tie firmly, and place in a kettle of boiling water, with an old kitchen plate in the bottom to keep from sticking or burning; boil an hour and a half without stopping. Serve with hot lemon sauce. Instead of a cloth a white cotton net may be used, the string drawn up; and when the dumpling is turned out, a barred effect will be visible which is considered decorative.

Individual dumplings are of course treated in the same way, except that one large apple is used for each dumpling, peeled and cored and filled as for baking or compote, and that they are left whole.

Baked dumplings differ from boiled ones in the formation of the pastry. The use of finely chopped suet is substituted for boiled apple, as well as plum-puddings, because they are lighter, made in this way; but if baked, butter, or part butter and part lard would be needed for the crust, as the dry heat does not sufficiently blend the suet with the flour.

A simple family pudding, and one very much liked by children, is made by mixing a pint bowl of chopped apples with a pint bowl of brown bread crumbs; adding a cup of finely chopped and floured suet; a cup of raisins, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of flour, and one egg. Mix with half a pint of milk or cider, and boil in a buttered mould for two hours; eat with lemon sauce, or any hot fruit sauce preferred.

Fruit is becoming now an indispensable adjunct of all well regulated breakfast tables; and baked apples, apple compote, or simple apple-sauce, are all excellent methods for breakfast use. Apple-sauce is the most generally used because it is the simplest form, and the one which requires the least frequent renewal. Apple-sauce can be made of apples which are beginning to decay; it can be kept for weeks in self-sealing jars, and is the least expensive, and at the same time one of the most welcome additions to the breakfast bill of fare.

Peel and quarter the apples, put them in a porcelain lined, or earthen stew-pot with a couple of table-spoonfuls of sugar, the grated rind, and juice of a lemon, and a grating of nutmeg—cover close, and bring to a boil. When this point arrives, if the apples are good greenings, they break and are done, and they

should be immediately taken out and put away in a covered dish or jar before they become discolored. No water should be used, and but little sugar is required, as the really valuable qualities of the apple are all lost if the sauce is made too sweet.

A meringue is a very pretty addition to a luncheon or dessert, but the ordinary meringue, which consists merely of whites of eggs beaten to a froth with sugar, and hardened, is about as indigestible and vicious a mixture as can be compounded. The following formula for apple-meringue pie is usually very much liked, and is decidedly less objectionable: Grate peeled tart, juicy apples until you have a pint or more of pulp. Into this beat the yolks of four eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, half a cup of granulated sugar, and a grating of nutmeg, with a cup of cream or rich milk which should have been first incorporated with the beaten yolks of eggs. Pour the whole in a tart-dish lined with puff paste with raised sides. Bake for half or three quarters of an hour in a quick oven. When it is a light brown, take it out, let it cool, and in the meantime beat the whites of the four eggs to a stiff froth with a cup of powdered sugar, adding the juice and grated rind of a lemon; cover the apples first with a layer of currant or cranberry jelly; then put on the beaten whites, and return to the oven for a few moments to lightly tint with brown; but not to hurt the jelly, which makes a pretty line of color, besides adding to the flavor.

"Apple snow" is made of apple compote, placed in a deep glass dish; the cavities in the apples filled with currant jelly, and a whip of cream poured over and piled high in the center. The compote should be made very rich.

A simple family pudding is that which is known as "Apple Tapioca," and is said to be the favorite dessert of Miss Susan B. Anthony. Soak a large cup of tapioca in a pint of water for several hours; add to it when soft, a cup of sugar, a small teaspoonful of salt, a cup of cream or rich milk, and a cup of sugar. Mix, and pour over six or eight large Greening apples, which have been peeled, cored, and the cavities filled with sugar and lemon. Grate over the top some nutmeg, and bake one hour. It seems a pity to spoil the good effects of apples, by making rich jellies and marmalades of them. Still some persons like them, and the following may be useful as a certain and reliable method.

If thin, clear-skinned apples are used for marmalade they need not be peeled, but only cored and quartered. Have ready a syrup, made in the proportion of three pounds of sugar to a pint of water, and boiled quickly for five minutes; brown sugar will do if a brown marmalade is not objected to, but loaf sugar makes it transparent and finer flavored. Into this boiling syrup throw the sliced apple, and boil rather rapidly for an hour, reckoning from the time of its first boiling up, stirring it frequently. It should then be clear, jellified, and rather stiff. The rapid boiling drives off the watery particles in steam, and on this depends much of the success in keeping the marmalade from fermentation. Allow three pounds of sugar to four pounds of apples, and flavor with the juice and grated rind of two lemons to this quantity, unless Spitzenburg apples are used; or rich and highly flavored Greenings, and then the pear apple flavor itself is really the finest.

For apple jelly, use clear highly flavored and juicy apples; peel, slice, and throw them into a large, perfectly clean stone jar, in which is a cup of spring water, which will prevent discoloration. When it is full, cover with the lid, making it tight by tying over, or wedging in a piece of white cotton cloth; put the jar in an oven, and let it stand until reduced to a pulp; strain the juice through a clean hair sieve gradually, and to every pint put three-quarters of a pound of crushed sugar. Simmer in an enamelled pan until the juice sets; which can be tested by pouring a few drops in a plate. The fire should be moderate for any very nice culinary process; and the jelly, when done, should be poured into small glass or china jars, which have been dipped in cold water; and tied down with a bladder while hot; a thin disk of paper dipped in the white of egg having been first tied over them.

The new methods by which the water is evaporated from apples in the process of drying, renders what are called "dried" apples much finer for cooking purposes. Soak them in only just sufficient water to swell and soften them; after washing thoroughly, stew them in the juice if there is any, together with the juice and grated rind of two lemons, one or two whole

cloves, and a cup of sugar to a pound of apples. When tender, add (for pies) a half a pound of whole sultana raisins, and before the upper crust has been put on, a little maple syrup and a grating of nutmeg.

For sauce, the raisins and syrup may be omitted; but the apples should be cooked longer, and nutmeg added to the flavoring.

"Apple-butter," in cider making districts, is considered an excellent way to use up rapidly decaying apples. The fruit is peeled, cored, sliced, and thrown into a boiler, or large preserving pan, containing a gallon or more of cider, and about two pounds to a gallon of coarse sugar. This should come to a boil, and be well skimmed before the apples are thrown in; then let the whole simmer together for hours, until it becomes a perfectly smooth and dark pulp; when it may be put in kegs, pails, or jars; anything that can be made air-tight. It will keep all winter.

Sauce a-la-Creme is made by putting a quarter of a pound of butter with a large tablespoonful of flour rubbed well into it in a saucepan; add some chopped parsley, a little onion, salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and a gill of cream; and stir over the fire until it begins to boil.

To Scallop Oysters.—Pour them into boiling water, just allowing the water to break in a bubble, but not boil. Skim them out, roll them in butter, with chopped parsley; add cayenne pepper and lemon juice. Select the largest of the shells—clam shells are sometimes used. Arrange as many in a shell as it can well hold, three or four perhaps; place the shells on a gridiron, over hot coals; remove as soon as the liquor oozes at the side, and serve immediately. Sometimes bread crumbs are added, and they are baked. When roasted, a red-hot iron is placed over the top to brown them.

To Roast, Bake, or Boil Oysters.—But a few moments are required. Wash the shells clean. To roast, lay the shells on a gridiron, over a bed of live coals. When the shells open they are done. Lift off the top, and serve in the under shell. To bake them, put in a pan in a hot oven—otherwise, follow the same directions as for roasting. To boil, put them in a pot of boiling water. Serve in the shell.

For a German Side Dish.—Boil eight eggs quite hard, and when cold, cut them in two lengthways. Take the yolks out very carefully, press them through a fine sieve, and mix them well with half a pint of cream (or more if required), and then add pepper, salt, and herbs. Pour this sauce into a very flat pie dish that will stand heat, and place the white eggs very carefully in it, arranging them in any form desired. Fill up the vacancy left in them by the yolks having been removed with the same mixture, and strew a few bread crumbs over them. Bake this very slightly, just enough to give it a bright yellow color, and serve it up in the dish in which it had been baked.

Not What They Seem.—Many of the self-raising flours and bread preparations sold for baking purposes, are not made from cream tartar at all. The composition and process of manufacture taken from the records of the Patent Office at Washington, of a well-known manufacturer, is of the most loathing character, which is as follows:

500 pounds burned and ground bones are placed in 400 pounds sulphuric acid (Oil of Vitriol), freshly diluted with 1,000 pounds water, and stirred from time to time for three days. The paste is mixed with farinaceous material, or with freshly burned gypsum, or with stearine, and dried and pulverized. * * * * This pulverized acid is to be used with bicarbonate of soda in baking powders. Old bones treated with sulphuric acid are what the phosphate powders are composed of, and make one of the cheapest known substitutes for cream tartar. The Royal Baking Powder, on the other hand, is prepared from pure, wholesome Grape Cream Tartar, and is beyond comparison with that of any other preparation for leavening purposes. No other powder makes such wholesome, light, flaky, hot breads, or luxurious pastry. Eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the ills resulting from heavy, indigestible food. Its great strength and perfect purity make it more economical than the ordinary powders.

Scientific.

A Teaspoonful of ammonia in the water in which you wash, removes all the unpleasant effects of perspiration.

The best duster with which to clean carved furniture is a new paint-brush ; it will remove all the dust with it.

M. Pinsot, the forester of the Bois de Boulogne, finds that dynamite can be used with advantage for uprooting and dividing stumps of trees, but that it is not applicable to felling trees which are to be used as timber.

The detergent properties of water-glass make it an excellent scouring material, and it enters largely into the composition of most common soaps.

Horseflesh in London Sausages.—It appears that the regulations in force at the horse-slaughtering establishments in the English metropolis are of a nature to prevent anything like a direct supply of horseflesh to sausage-makers. At the same time, says the *Lancet*, there can be no reasonable doubt that horseflesh is largely used in the manufacture of sausages, particularly the so-called German sausages made in London.

As a formula for a liquid glue, the *Chemist and Druggist* gives the following : Mix four parts of molasses with twelve parts of water, by weight, and add one part of quicklime : heat to about 150° Fahr., and afterwards macerate for two or three days with frequent agitation. Then decant from the undissolved lime. The solution has the consistence of mucilage. By adding to it about one-fourth its weight of glue with about two or three per cent. of glycerine, a strong and convenient liquid glue will be formed.

Land which is intended to be laid down in permanent pasture should be thoroughly clean. This is best secured by growing a crop of potatoes, turnips, or other roots upon it. The best spring months for sowing are March, April, and May. Of the three, the earliest is the most preferable, for opportunity is then given of discovering bare spots, over which fresh seed should be sprinkled.

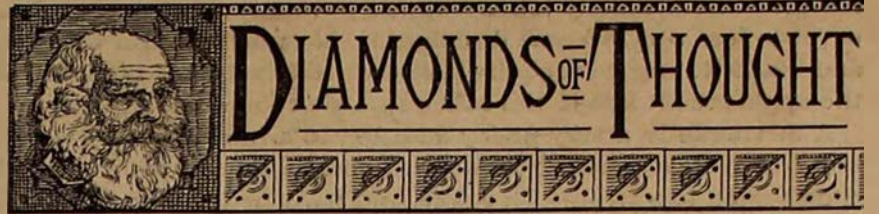
Feathers may be bleached by exposure to the vapor of burning sulphur—sulphurous acid—in a moist atmosphere, but it is necessary to remove the oily matters from them before they can be satisfactorily so bleached. This may be accomplished by immersing them for a short time in good naphtha or benzine, rinsing in a second vessel of the same, and thoroughly drying by exposure to the air. This treatment does not injure the feathers.

The milk business of Frankfort-on-the-Main is conducted by a concern called the anstalt, established by the medical association and managed by a commission consisting of three physicians, one veterinary surgeon, and a chemist. The cows are carefully selected and properly fed and housed, and the milk is delivered, within four hours from the time it leaves the cow, in glass bottles, sealed with wax.

The Preservation of Wood.—In order to protect organic substances, for some time at least, against putrefaction, they are, as is well known, impregnated with salt. This process, according to Dr. Kratzer, may also with advantage be applied in the preservation of wood. It has been noticed as a matter of fact, that timbering supporting the roofs of salt-mines remains quite unchanged for some considerable time. Cooking-salt or common cattle salt, recommends itself therefore as the cheapest and most practicable means for preserving posts, piles, and indeed any woodwork exposed to damp, so as to prevent its rotting in the ground. A strong solution of common salt made with boiling water, and poured into the crevices of closets and furniture, will preserve from insects and decay.

A famous washing fluid is made by boiling one pound of sal soda with half a pound of unslaked lime in a gallon of water, twenty minutes. Drain off when cool, and put the liquid in a stone jar. Put a teacupfull in the water in which soiled white clothes are soaked ; well rinse in warm water, and soap all the seams and solid parts thoroughly ; then put the clothes in a boiler of cold water, with which a second cup of the fluid has been incorporated. Let them boil for a few minutes, and rinse in tepid water. By this method clothes are made beautifully white with little labor, and no detriment, unless they are very delicate, and trimmed with fine lace.

Fiorin.—One of the most remarkable of grasses is the fiorin, or creeping bent grass. Irish agriculturalists would do well to take note of it, for it thrives most lustily upon very wet soils and in bogs, and is seen at its best, in a humid climate. But it flourishes in any kind of soil, however poor. It was first brought into prominence by the Rev. Dr. Richardson of County Antrim, who showed that in classing it as a weed people had done it a grave injustice. So great is its productive power, that six tons of hay per acre has been made from it, and in irrigated meadows, to which it is peculiarly partial, the yield has been known to be four times that of any other grass. All cattle are extremely fond of it ; and from the length of time that it vegetates, it can be used as a green food throughout the greater part of the winter.



Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

One's self-satisfaction is an untaxed kind of property, which it is very unpleasant to find depreciated.—*George Eliot.*

Manners are not morals. But manners and morals are never far apart.

The Virtue of prosperity is temperance ; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.—*Bacon.*

There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence ; so much is there in the way we do things.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no character, is required to set up in the grumbling business.

There is nothing nobler in man than courage ; and the only way to be courageous is to be clean handed and hearted, to be able to respect ourselves and face our record.

No real greatness can co-exist with deceit. All the faculties of man must be exerted in order to produce noble energies ; and he who is not earnestly sincere lives but half his being, self-mutilated, self-paralysed.

Personal responsibility is no mere figment of the imagination, but a great and pressing reality. It is a broad principle, every point of whose surface has a direct bearing on every-day life and duty.

By as much as a man is lifted above other men, by so much ought he to be inspired with a sympathetic interest in those who are lower than he is.

The grandest and strongest natures are the calmest. Restlessness is the symbol of weakness not yet outgrown.

It is better to praise a man for his virtues, although they may be few and his faults many, than to condemn him for his faults and forget his virtues.



The æsthetes speak of hash as "mosaic."

What kind of field is older than you are ? One that is pasturage.

Woman's Motto—BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.—Think the best we can of each other, and—say the worst.

Was Hamlet the original æsthete when he wished that this "too, too solid flesh would melt ?"

If pain in the limbs comes through sleeping without covering on cool nights, what would common sense suggest ?—A counterpane.

"Where are you going for your health this summer ?" asked Dodkins. "Nowhere," replied Fodkins. "I have my health with me, at home."

If one should send water pitchers as a present to a friend, how should he sign the note accompanying them ? "Ewers truly."

Economy is Wealth.—A lady who found a baby in a basket on her doorstep, took the infant to the station-house, but saved the basket to carry home her marketing.

Figg : "What do you think of my argument, Fogg ?" Fogg : "It was sound—very sound."—Figg is delighted—"nothing but sound, in fact."

Why will the postage-stamp never become familiar with the alphabet ? Because it is always getting stuck on a letter.

A woman that marries a man because he is a good match must not be surprised if he turns out a lucifer.

Why is paper money more valuable than coin ? Because you double it when you put it in your pocket, and when you take it out you find it increases.

Con.—What could be said if a lawyer should charge only a nominal fee ? It could be said, and said truly, that it was phenomenal.

"I'd jump at a proposal," said the lively Miss Lottie. "Lottie, my dear," remonstrated her mother, "remember this is not leap-year."

"Tommy, did you hear your mother call you ?" "Course I did." "Then why don't you go to her at once ?" "Well, you see, she's nervous, and it'd shock her awful if I should go too sudden."

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE

THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

Review of Fashions.

It takes a very long time for the idea that underlies a fact to make itself understood by even those who accept the fact. The growth of form in dress is patent to the dullest comprehension. Women who have hardly yet reached middle age can well remember the time when jackets, waists, skirts, garments of every description, were square, baggy, and formless; when the only idea of shape was the gathering up of the fabric into thick folds, the multiplication of which upon the person in the shape of underwear, skirts, bodies, and jackets, destroyed all natural form, and changed the grace of the most sylph-like figure into a meal-bag.

It is during the past twenty years that the actual development of form, and its superior importance as a factor in art, has been understood so far as the dress of women is concerned. The ancients understood it, but the elaborate ornamentation, the sacrifice of whatever was natural and true to the artificial, during the epoch of the grand Monarque in France, perverted the best instincts of art, and subordinated everything to color and excess of ornamentation, leaving a legacy of bad form and a reactionary influence in favor of dull and neutral shades. This was the condition which the dress of women was passing through a quarter of a century ago, and which deprived it of all character and distinction.

The changes which took place were mere vibrations of little account, altering nothing of the general impression of mediocrity. With the introduction, or rather the restoration of the gored skirt, there came a new or rather recovered sense of the beauty of form, and this was stimulated by the quick artistic mind of the present generation, which saw its opportunity, and seized it. Art and fashion have since then traveled almost side by side; art has suggested harmonies in color and design; fashion has modified, adapted, brought them before the public, and made them popular.

It is pleasant now to see that out of form is growing a new and strong feeling for color; but it should never be forgotten that the latter is much less positive, and therefore always subordinated to the former. Color is so susceptible of qualification, can be so easily reduced, heightened, toned down, or toned up, by the addition of lace, flowers, ribbons, contrast, the combination of shades, the blending of colors, that the foundation color is of really little significance; sometimes indeed difficult to determine; and of hardly any mo-

ment so far as the question of becomingness is concerned. But the form, the cut, the shape, the design of a dress especially, is everything; and whether it is of silk or cotton, determines the estimate that is put upon it, the value it has for us.

Manufacturers are ignorant and most unwise who suppose that in the present period this question of form is not an important one; that hoops can be revived, that bustles and tournures are mere matters of individual caprice, and that articles can be made and sold, a demand in fact created for them, in direct contravention of all the teaching of the age. Certain things are in the air, and they are much more strongly in the air now than formerly, because knowledge and intelligence are much more widely diffused. To run counter to these strong currents is to deal one's own death-blow, and that is what many people have done who could not see that the world, for the present at least, had outgrown them and their wares. Fashion is a power within the lines which other and more powerful agencies mark out for it; such as social and intellectual growth, art development, and the like.

It is within the memory of most men and women when flowered waistcoats were worn by men, and other relics of days when gentlemen attired themselves in lace coats and padded breeches, when their hats were trimmed with feathers, and deep lace ruffles fell over their bejeweled hands. Tailors talk about that "picturesque" period, but they cannot bring it back. Hair-dressers revert with longing and regret to the tall towers, and the building up of mighty structures on the top of every woman's head, but they cannot make that unnatural and detestable fashion return. Thirty years ago it was common for women to wear *ten* skirts (starched), to produce the requisite size around, and the weight and the encumbrance becoming unendurable, hoops were revived to reduce the number of skirts. Four yards and a half round was a moderate size for the twenty-five or thirty springs composing a hooped skirt; and over this were usually placed three starched white skirts, and a dress flounced to the waist.

All this may be revived some time, but it will not be in this generation; education in art is too general, and the principles of art, one of the first of which is respect for natural form, have been too widely and strongly inculcated. All that we need is that women shall think for themselves on the subject of dress, and adapt their ideas to their own

requirements. They are not obliged to study art; they are not obliged to study form; that to a very great extent is done for them. But let them understand that they have the power of selection; that from the resources provided and within their reach, their taste and needs should alone guide their choice; and that the cultivation of one's own taste is worth a few experiments, and even a few failures.

There will be a fine opportunity this season for ladies to follow their judgment and will in the choice of clothes, within, as before remarked, the limitations of the invisible currents of thought and popular will. Resources are varied, color supplements form in supplying an attractive repertoire from which to select pretty, and useful, and artistic dress, and instead of asking if this is fashionable, or the other—for there are always persons who declare the most opposite ideas to be distinctly and exclusively "fashionable"—consult the best authorities you know, and out of the whole construct your own house of beauty in which to live.

Illustrated Designs.

SPECIAL novelties in designs can hardly be expected at this early season; but the illustrations in the present number offer many noticeable variations of the styles of the past season. The "Francille" costume possesses some of the more striking features, and may be safely employed for spring costumes. The foundation of the dress is a plain cuirass basque, to which is attached a short walking-skirt, placed at the edge, not under the basque skirt. Over this is arranged draperies which form a bow, and sash ends at the back; an apron upon one side, and folds upon the other where the skirt shows a kilted panel. A small cape trimmed with a collar of the contrasting material completes the suit, which requires sixteen yards of material; two and a half of which may be of some contrasting stuff for trimming. The "Léonide" coat is a stylish design, especially desirable for a tall person; the "Contessa" basque is a more suitable model for an independent coat, either for house or street wear. The "Léonide" looks best in rich goods. It may be made in black brocaded velvet, lined and faced with satin, and worn over a black satin skirt trimmed with the brocade. Five yards of velvet, twenty-four inches wide, will make it, and one yard and a quarter of satin will face and trim it. For the "Contessa" basque, three yards and three quarters of satin, satine, satin brocade or velvet will be needed, and no trimming save the cords and ornaments. The model is an excellent one for the pretty jackets of Turkey red satine, which young ladies found so inexpensive yet so useful and pretty last year, and which are likely to be still more popular during the coming season.

Of trimmed walking skirts there are two; both of which are suitable for wool costumes, or for combinations of wool with a richer fabric. The "Vilette" is box-plaited, with a double apron crossed to form a diagonal line, and a draped back finished with several rows of stitching. Fourteen yards of the material will reproduce it if the underskirt is of lining.

The "Candida" walking skirt is very pretty and effective. It may be made of wool with *satin merveilleux* plaitings. The amount of material required is about the same as for the "Vilette." There is one overskirt, the "Delphine," which will be found graceful and effective; but the early date at which this number is issued prevents the issue of any great variety of spring designs, and we refer our readers to the fashion articles, such as "Spring Walking Dresses," and "How to make Cambrics and Satines," for further instructions.



Vilette Walking Skirt.—At once simple and unique in style, this model comprises a short gored skirt clearing the ground all around, trimmed to half its depth with a box-plaiting, and under this a side-plaited ruffle around the bottom; and a graceful overskirt composed of two short front draperies, draped transversely in plaits, and a back drapery arranged in burnous plaits at the right side, with a fan-plaited extension at the left imparting additional fullness. This design is adapted to any and every class of dress goods, and may be trimmed simply or richly, according to the taste and the material selected, no garniture except machine-stitching near the edges being required for cloth or similar goods. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



Delphine Overskirt.—This simple and graceful overskirt is composed of a long apron slightly draped in plaits at the right side, thus producing a pointed effect at the left; and a rather *bouffant* back drapery falling in two points and draped in gathers in the middle of the back, the point on the left side being arranged to lap over the one on the right. This model is adapted to any class of dress goods, and may be either simply or elaborately trimmed, according to the material selected; bands of a contrasting material, as illustrated, affording a very effective garniture. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Lace Pins and Ear-rings.

No. 1.—Cameo set, composed of lace pin and ear-rings mounted in "rolled" gold. The lace pin is a triple bar of burnished gold connected by tiny cross-bars on the under side, and finished at each end with an engraved and polished clover-leaf. In the center of the pin is set an oval medallion with raised rim of highly polished gold, displaying a head in black and white cameo. Above and below the medallion are tiny alternating *plaques* and trefoils of polished gold, mounted on long stems and radiating from the upper and lower edges of the oval. The ear-rings match in design, and all the polished gold that is seen on the surface is solid. Price, \$6.75 for the set.

No. 2.—These stylish ear-rings are each composed of a circular flat rim of polished gold, edged with tiny round leaf-points of frosted gold. In the center swings a brilliant white stone, set high in knife-edge diamond setting, with patent foil back which materially increases the natural luster of the stone, imparting to it the light and beauty of a fine genuine diamond. The upper part of the ear-ring is handsomely chased and engraved, the entire ear-ring and setting being of solid gold. Price, \$7 per pair.

No. 3.—"Rolled" gold ear-drops in polished and dead gold. Each drop is a swinging campanula bell of dead gold, with filigree wrought surface, in the center of which is a round ball of highly polished gold. The bell swings from a ball of polished gold about half the size of the lower one. Price, \$1.12 per pair.

No. 4.—This pretty set of "rolled" gold, composed of lace pin and ear-rings, is very graceful and delicate in design. The lace pin is a bar of dead gold, with filigree lace pattern wrought on the surface crossed by rounded bars of highly polished copper-colored gold, and set in a filigree frame-work enriched with tiny scrolls. The center of the pin is set with a round ball of polished gold in a concave rosetted filigree *plaque*, surrounded with a raised flat rim of highly polished gold. The ear-rings match in design. Price, \$5 for the set.

No. 5.—Ball ear-rings of "rolled" gold. The upper part of each ear-ring is a flat crescent of highly-polished gold, from the meeting points of which a ball of dead gold, with filigree ornamented surface, swings. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, \$1.87 per pair.

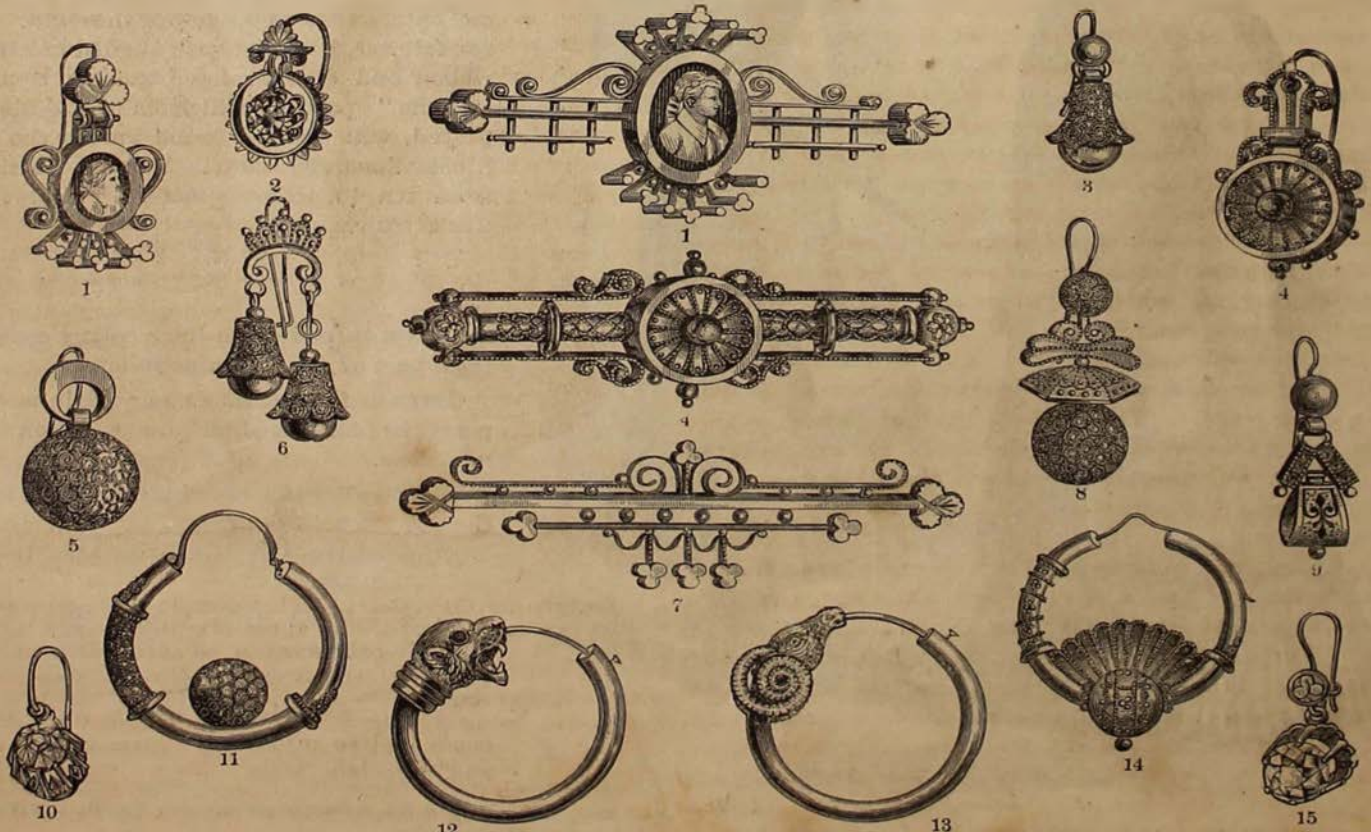
No. 6.—An extremely pretty pair of ear-rings in "rolled" gold, the design being composed of two bell-shaped pendants, each containing a round ball of highly-polished gold. The bells represent a campanula blossom in filigree, and are suspended from either side of a scroll of polished gold, above which is a shell-shaped ornament of dead gold, forming the top of the ear-ring. Price, \$2.12 per pair.

No. 7.—A delicate and beautiful design for a lace pin in "rolled" gold. The pin is composed of a narrow flat bar of highly-polished gold, terminating at each end in a trefoil of polished gold. Filigree gold scrolls and a smaller trefoil ornament the top of the bar, and the lower part of the pin is finished with tiny trefoils suspended from a second cross-bar of dead gold, shorter than the first one, but terminating at each end with similar and smaller trefoils of highly-polished gold. All of the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, \$2.25.

No. 8.—These pretty ear-drops of "rolled" gold, are composed of balls of dead gold wrought in filigree, and suspended from a hexagon-shaped bell pendant, which swings from a much smaller ball at the top of the ear-ring, also covered with ornate filigree-work. Price, \$2.12 per pair.

No. 9.—Turquoise and gold ear-rings. The lower part is a pendant loop of richly-chased gold, with a design in black enamel on the surface. This swings in the center of an inverted V, set with six blue turquoises, which is suspended from a small ball of highly-polished gold at the top. The ear-rings are solid gold. Price, \$2.75 per pair.

No. 10.—Ear-drops of solid gold, set with a pure white stone, mounted high in knife-edge diamond setting, with patent foil back which greatly adds to the brilliancy of the stone, and gives it all the beauty and fire of a genuine diamond of the purest water. Price, \$7 per pair. The same style with a stone of a slightly yellowish luster and a little larger, \$8 per pair.



LACE PINS AND EAR-RINGS.

No. 11.—These stylish ear-rings of "rolled" gold are composed of hoops of satin-finished gold, the front part of each hoop being ornamented with rich filigree-work. A ball of satin-finished gold, with a filigree net-work wrought on the surface, rests just inside the bottom of the hoop. Price, \$2.25 per pair.

No. 12.—A unique and stylish pair of "rolled" gold hoop ear-rings, in antique design. The round hoops are of satin-finished, yellow gold, and each hoop is ornamented with a lion's head of dead gold, elaborately engraved and chased, with ruby eyes and gold teeth. The rings fasten in the ear with a sliding-spring catch. Price, \$3 per pair.

No. 13.—Hoop ear-rings of "rolled" gold. The design is antique, and represents a "ram's" head of dead gold, handsomely chased and engraved, with curled horns. The round hoop is of highly-polished gold, with solid gold surface, and fastens in the ear with a sliding-spring catch. Price, \$2.75 per pair.

No. 14.—This dainty design in hooped ear-rings is of "rolled" gold, and represents a spread fan of wrought dead gold, a ball of dead gold with filigree ornaments on the sur-

face, apparently inclosing the handle of the fan. The round hoop is of satin-finished gold, and the front part is finished with ornaments like the ball. Price, \$2.25 per pair.

No. 15.—A handsome ear-ring of solid gold, the setting daintily chased, and supporting a pure white stone that has all the brilliancy and beauty of a genuine diamond, surmounted by an ornament in frosted gold, with a clover leaf, highly burnished, in the center. Price, \$1.75 per pair. The same style, somewhat larger, can be furnished for \$2.25 per pair

Stylish Street Costumes.

FIG. 1.—A stylish street costume of myrtle green camel's hair serge, trimmed with silk plush of the same color. The illustration presents a combination of the "Candida" walking skirt and the "Léonide" coat, forming the costume. The coat is trimmed with collar, cuffs, and *revers* on the position basque of plush, and the short walking skirt is ornamented with overlapping plaited flounces across the front, above which is a short draped apron. The two plain side panels on each side are of plush, and the back drapery falls straight and full in two double box-plaits, and is trimmed across the bottom with a deep plaiting. The "Niniche" hat of myrtle green plush is trimmed with shaded green, gold and red ostrich tips, and tied under the chin with *moiré* ribbons. The coat and skirt are illustrated separately elsewhere. Price of coat patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—This illustrates a pretty dress of shaded brown and gold plaid cashmere, completed by a tan-colored paletot of pelisse cloth, with garnitures of brown velvet, which compose the collar, simulated vest, and under parts of the cuffs and pockets. The paletot is further ornamented with a row of large tan-colored vegetable ivory buttons on either side of the short double-breasted fronts and *revers*, and outer cuffs and pockets of the cloth. Brown fur felt hat, trimmed with shaded brown *moiré* ribbon and cream-colored ostrich tips. The "Ilione" paletot, which is the design employed, will also be found among the double illustrations elsewhere. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



STYLISH STREET COSTUMES.

LARGE turned-down linen collars continue to form part of the feminine toilet.

OSTRICH feather fans mounted in mother of pearl or tortoise-shell are used on dressy occasions.

VERY full ruffs of white or black lace are the newest neck dressings.

Bleue-ccladon, or sea-green blue is a novelty in colors.

LACE, applied flatly, is very often seen in trimming the basques of satin dresses, laid in two rows, the straight edges meeting.

SAXONY flannels for spring walking suits come in bronze and olive greens, dark brown and porcelain blue.


POLKA dotted goods are again revived this season.



Loris Polonaise.

BUST MEASURE, 31 INCHES.

USUAL SIZE FOR 12 YEARS OF AGE.

NIQUE and stylish in effect, this polonaise—a pattern of which will be found in this number—is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The fronts are cut off to about the depth of an ordinary cuirass basque, and a pointed draped apron added to give the required length; while the triple-pointed back draperies are cut in extensions upon the back pieces.

The pattern consists of fourteen pieces—two fronts, two side gores, two side forms, two back pieces, the entire draped apron, half the shoulder cape, half the collar, one cuff, and two sides of the sleeve.

Join the parts according to the notches. The opposite notches in the top and bottom of the draped apron designate the middle of the front. The edge marked by a cluster of holes is for the left side. The holes near the back edges of the draped apron denote two plaits on each side to be turned upward on the outside. The upper edge of the apron is to be joined to the lower parts of the fronts, side gores and side forms in a line with the row of holes. The shortest front, side gore, and side form and the longest back piece are for the left side. The extension on the front edge of the back piece for the left side is to be laid according to the holes, in a plait turned toward the back on the inside; the front edge of this extension is to be laid according to the holes, in two plaits, turned upward on the outside, and joined to the left edge of the apron, according to the notches. The extension on the back edge of the same back piece, is to be laid according to the holes, in a plait turned toward the front on the inside; the front edge of this extension is to be laid according to the holes, in three plaits turned upward on the outside and joined to the right edge of the apron and the right side form, according to the notches. The holes above the opening in the middle of this piece denote two plaits to be turned upward on the outside. The extension on the front edge of the back piece for the right side is to be laid according to the holes, in a plait turned toward the back on the inside, and the edge below this is to hang loosely. The front edge of the extension on the back of the same back piece is to be laid according to the holes, in four plaits to be turned upward on the outside, and fastened to the apron on the left side at the place marked by a cluster of holes. The edge below this is to be tacked lightly to the lower edge of the apron, just forward of the seam. The cape is to be placed

to the neck according to the notches, and should be finished separately, so that it can be removed if desired. The cuff is to be sewed to the bottom of the sleeve according to the notches, and turned upward on the outside. The opening in the outer side of the sleeve is to be laced across with a cord run through eyelet holes or over buttons. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed at the shoulder seam.

Cut the fronts lengthwise of the goods on their front edges, and curve them in a little at the waist line in fitting, if necessary. Cut the side gores, side forms and back pieces with the grain of the goods in an exact line with the waist line. Cut the apron lengthwise of the goods, and without a seam, in a line with the notches that designate the middle; the cape and collar bias on their back edges; the cuffs straight, and the sleeves so that the parts above the elbows shall be the straight way of the goods.

This size will require four yards and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Contessa Basque.—A particularly stylish basque, double-breasted and 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 basque is cut quite short all around, and a separate basque skirt, plain on the front and sides, and box-plaited at the back, is added to give the required length. The sleeves are cut open and faced on the outside of the arm, and the deep cuffs and turned-down collar complete the design, which is adapted to any class of dress goods, and requires very little trimming, the *passenterie fourragères* furnishing all the garniture illustrated; although these may be omitted, if desired, and the basque trimmed more or less elaborately, according to taste and material employed. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

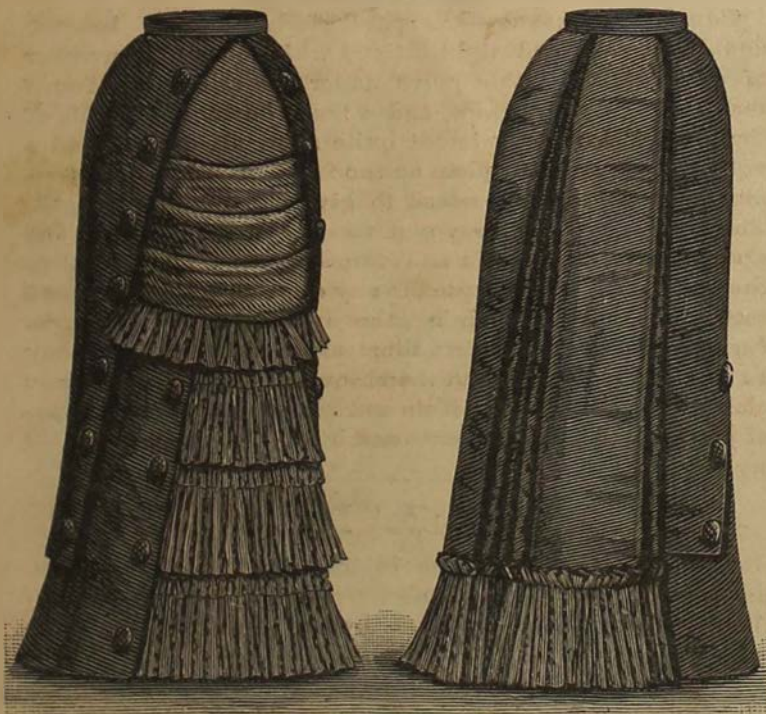
Bridesmaids' Dresses.

At a recent wedding, the bridesmaids were little girls, and were attired in dainty Kate Greenaway costumes of India mull, with wide pink sashes, and carried baskets filled with pink roses.

At another wedding, the bridesmaids were attired alike in pink nun's cloth, trimmed with lace and watered silk; the dresses were made gathered at the neck, with wide-belted bodices. The brown straw Spanish hats had pink pompons and brown beaded lace on the brim; brown stockings, brown shoes, and bronze *gants de Suède* completed the costumes. Each bridesmaid received a gold arrow set with pink coral, from the bridegroom, and these were worn on the left side.



Clarina Polonaise.—A graceful and novel design, arranged to give the effect of a plaited postilion basque and overskirt at the back, and a plain draped polonaise in the front. The polonaise is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The close sleeves are ornamented with a gathered puff at the top, and a plaited falling collar completes the design. This model is adapted to any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed as illustrated, with a narrow plaited ruffle all around, or in any other style, simpler or more elaborate, according to the material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



Candida Walking Skirt.—This stylish and dressy design is composed of a short gored skirt, clearing the ground all around, and trimmed across the front with overlapping plaited flounces, above which is a short draped apron. Two plain side panels ornament each side, one coming from under the draped apron, reaching to the bottom of the skirt,

and the other opening over the skirt at the top, and extending nearly to the bottom of the skirt in the style of a long basque. The back drapery falls straight and full in two double box-plaits trimmed across the bottom with a deep knife-plaiting, and tacked at intervals to the plain underskirt of lining to keep them in position. This design is appropriate for any class of dress goods, except the thinnest, and is particularly desirable for a combination of goods, such as plush and satin, velvet and silk, etc. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Novel Fancy Dresses.

TA recent fancy dress ball, two of the dresses were quite new, and attracted great attention. One was the Submarine Telegraph, composed of tricolor flags wound round the skirt, which, with the bodice, was a pale sea-green; the ornaments were little silver chains and grappling irons, and round the throat and trimming of the bodice were pieces of real seaweed, which really had been found adhering to an old cable when brought up from the bosom of the deep; there was also a piece of real cable twined round the skirt. Another dress was that of a pink and white Fuchsia. The wearer of it was small, but the fuchsia fitted her, and she apparently got into it by tearing up the two back leaves, and having them laced together when she had got inside; the sleeves were fuchsias, and the dangles fell over the arm down to the elbow, being made of pearls, or assorted beads; the cap was becoming, and was a complete fuchsia; the necklace and bracelets had several small fuchsias hanging from them. A neat dress was that of an Ambulance Nurse; a black stuff dress, with a white apron and a natty little white cap: she carried in her apron pocket little books with lint and sticking plaster, ostensibly for the wounded on the battle field.

Portfolio of Fashions for the Spring of 1882.

NOW that we are well into 1882, the prophecies that were to have taken effect in 1881 are pretty well discredited, and the most fearful will begin to consider the desirability of new clothes, now that we have started on a new lease, Mother Shipton to the contrary, notwithstanding. We have always thought that woman particularly bright, who, when reproached by her superstitious neighbors for thinking of such vanity as a new gown when she might be called to take an upward flight any day in the week, declared, that if the danger was really imminent she wanted to have something decent to go to heaven in. The probabilities are now that the most of us will have to buffet the winds and waves of common life a little longer; and in that case there is a certain consolation in having something nice in the way of clothes to do it in. Our "Portfolio," which makes its appearance with the first day of March, is an unfailing indicator of fashions to come; and every lady will find not only pleasure, but a great advantage in carefully examining its plates and pages—its illustrated designs for walking, for evening, for driving, for dining, for morning—before deciding what models she will use for in and out-door wear, for the country or the town, for the rural home or the seaside, for journeys by water or travel by land. For though an immense number and variety of designs may be made, yet each one best knows what will suit herself; and from our Portfolio she gains, as if from figures in a gallery, the knowledge of exactly what will suit her own wants and circumstances. Fifteen cents in stamps, addressed to Mme. Demorest, 17 E. 14th Street, will bring it to your door, or Post-Office. Send early, as orders are large.

Visiting Costumes.

TWO effective visiting costumes were recently arranged in the following manner: The combination of the first was *satin merveilleux* with velvet, in a bronze shade. The patterns used were the plain "Faustina" dress, and "Lucien" coat. The "Faustina" was first cut out, and fitted in soft French twilled silesia. Upon this foundation, the *merveilleux* was knife-kilted the entire length of the dress in front, and gathered plain behind, the edge being finished with a knife-plaiting. The "Lucien" coat was made in the velvet, the satin kilting upon the princess foundation supplying the vest; the velvet also reappeared as panels upon the sides of the skirt. The buttons were bronze enamel.

The second dress was modeled upon the "Jessica" costume. This was a combination of embossed plush, with Chuddah cloth, in a lovely shade of wood brown. The foundation for this costume is best made of lining edged round the bottom of the skirt with a knife-plaiting of the cloth. Above this there is a plain gored skirt of the velvet battlemented upon the edge, and over this the over-dress of cloth is draped very gracefully, and edged with smoked, and bronzed, and beaded fringe. Velvet forms the cuffs, *plastron*, and collar; the full chemisette in front of the bodice is *satin merveilleux*, of the same shade as the cloth and velvet. The buttons are enameled in the shading of the beaded fringe.

Out-Door Wraps.

THERE is very little change visible in the style of the out-door wraps—the small cashmere or Chuddah cloth visite, or mantle, is still the favorite, lined with Florentine silk, heliotrope, or old gold in color, and very fully trimmed with the dressy French Spanish point lace. One of the best models is the "Olympe," which has shirred sleeves, and a triple lace collarette. The "Aretta" is also very pretty, and much easier for an inexperienced workwoman, as it is made up without fullness.

Some lovely little wraps are made up in similar designs, and in the same class of materials, but in light mastic and almond colors, lined with tinted silk to match, and trimmed with soft chenille and silk fringes, mixed with opaline and bronzed beads. Spring suits and costumes are very apt to be made complete, so that wraps are not needed, except for stormy days, when an ulster or long "Windsor" coat would be called into requisition.

The spring cloths for these, and for jackets, are very attractive. They are soft and fine, yet firm, and manufactured in all the best dark cheviot and heather mixtures. They are made up without any contrasting color or material, in strict "tailor" fashion—the interior facing being of twilled silk to match the shade of the cloth, and the buttons of bronzed metal, smoked pearl, etched ivory, or grained or painted woods, in harmony with the general tone of material.

Ladies' Morning Caps.—(See page 324.)

No. 1.—To make this dainty breakfast cap, a foundation of starched net is first required which is to be cut in the shape of a crescent, measuring half a yard on the lower and longer edge, and three and a half inches across, at the widest part in the middle of the front. The ends are to be rounded off, and a bonnet wire sewed all around the edges of this net foundation, upon which two rows of gathered lace, two and a half inches wide, are sewed across the front and also upon the straight sides of a three-cornered piece of

Turkish gauze, half a yard long on the straight, which is gathered on the bias edge, and joined to the shortest edge of the foundation, under a bow of Burgundy red Surah, trimmed with lace upon the front, and falls loosely over the back, being arranged in small plaits to form the crown. The bow requires a strip of Surah five inches wide and sixteen long, and is shirred in the middle. No. 6 shows the back view of this cap.

No. 2.—The foundation of this charming cap is a strip of stiff net, about one inch wide and twenty-one inches long, wired on each edge and covered with white silk. The crown is made of dark red Surah, ten inches wide and eleven inches long, which is mounted upon the foundation in small plaits. The trimming is a strip of old-gold Surah, seven inches wide and three-quarters of a yard long, edged all around and upon the bias end with lace two inches wide, put on plain. At the back, this piece is put on in two puffs, and folded in three plaits laid flatly around the front and sides of the cap, lapping over the untrimmed end at the side, and fastened with large headed pins. A lace plaiting edges the cap, falling upon the hair all around. No. 4 shows the back view of this cap.

No. 3.—The foundation of this lovely cap is made of a piece of starched net, in coronet shape, twelve inches long and two and a half inches wide, wired on both sides. Cream-tinted lace, about two and a half inches wide is plaited very finely, and then sewed to the foundation, two rows on the lower edge and one on the upper. The middle of the coronet foundation is filled in with dotted net, plaited on the edges, to form a full crown. The bows on the side and back are of satin ribbon, pale blue in color, and a handsome pin ornaments the left side.

No. 5.—This graceful model requires a foundation of starched net, three-quarters of an inch wide, and twenty-one inches long, covered with light rose-colored ribbon, which is arranged in three small plaits in front, and the pointed ends, about an inch wide, drawn crosswise over each other at the back. Upon this the cap is arranged of cream-tinted lace, two inches and a half wide, and rose-colored satin ribbon in two widths, one and two inches. The lace is put on in gathered ruffles, and rosettes at the sides. A large bow ornaments the front of the cap, and knots and loops of narrow ribbon are arranged in the back.

No. 7.—This simple cap is made of white India muslin, trimmed with flat Valenciennes lace, and is secured to the hair with large, gold-headed pins. A strip of starched net, about one inch and a half wide, and long enough to go around the head, is finished on the lower edge with a full frill of the lace, which is three inches wide. A circular piece of the mull, about as large as an ordinary round hair net, is plaited on the edges, and sewed to the upper edge of the band, and a *routeau* of the mull encircles the crown, and is drawn in at the front and back by a full cross-piece of the same goods.

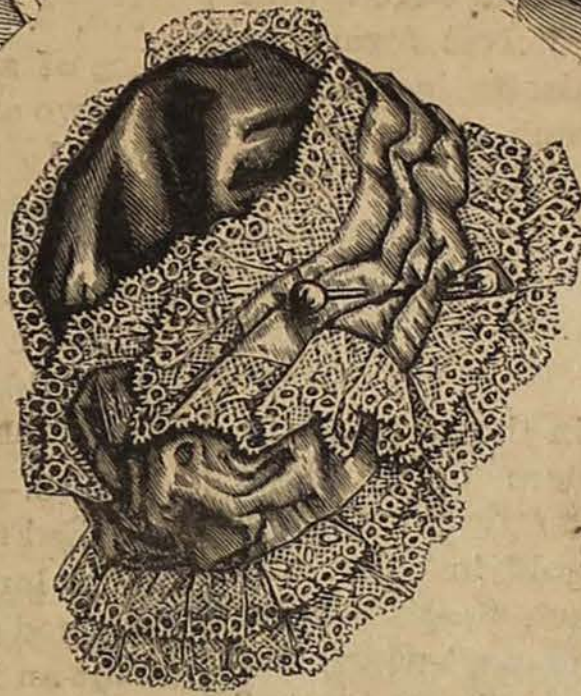
No. 8.—This unique design represents a close cap-shape on the front, the back being arranged like No. 6. For a foundation, a band of stiff net is required, about fourteen inches long, and an inch and three-quarters broad, which is to be wired on both edges, and then trimmed on the lower edge and across the ends with Breton lace, about two inches and a half deep, plaited finely. A piece of cream-colored mull, of the same shape and dimensions as required for No. 6, is to be trimmed on the straight edges with lace, the bias edge being plaited and joined to the upper edge of the foundation, and the back arranged as in No. 6. A large double bow of shaded plush ribbon is placed on the front, the cross-piece being of mull, and a row of the plaited lace outlines the front of the bow and the ends of the loops.



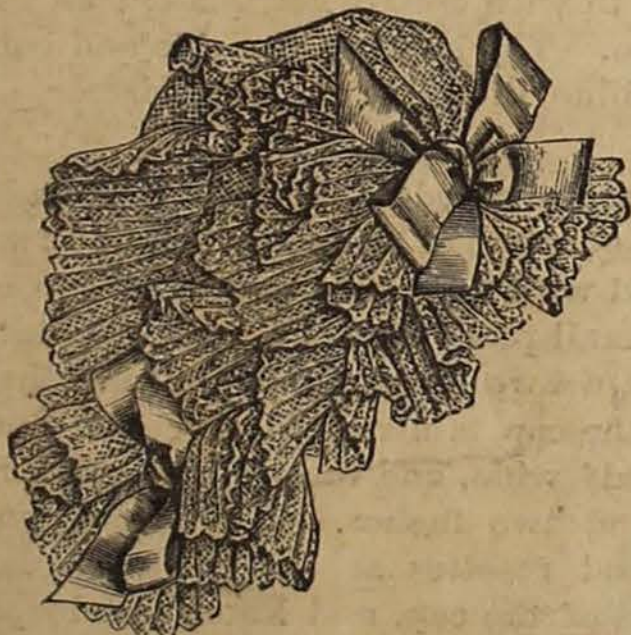
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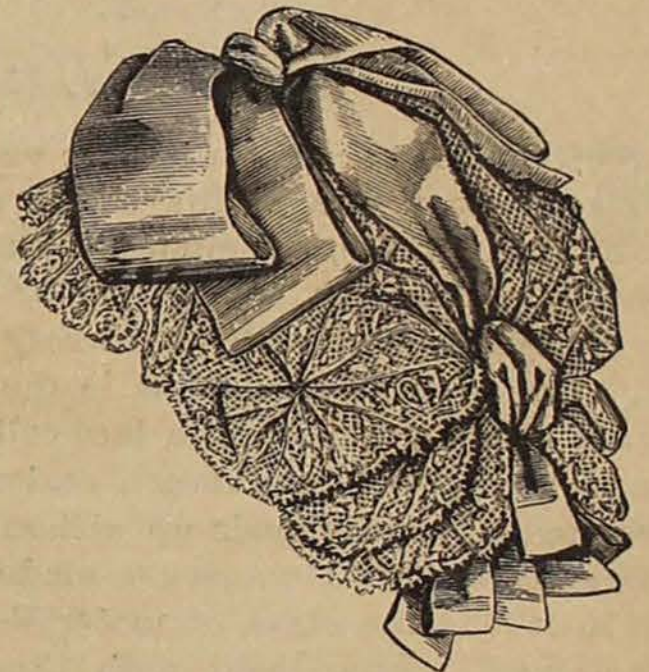
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4.—BACK VIEW OF NO. 2.



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5



6.—BACK VIEW OF NO. 1.



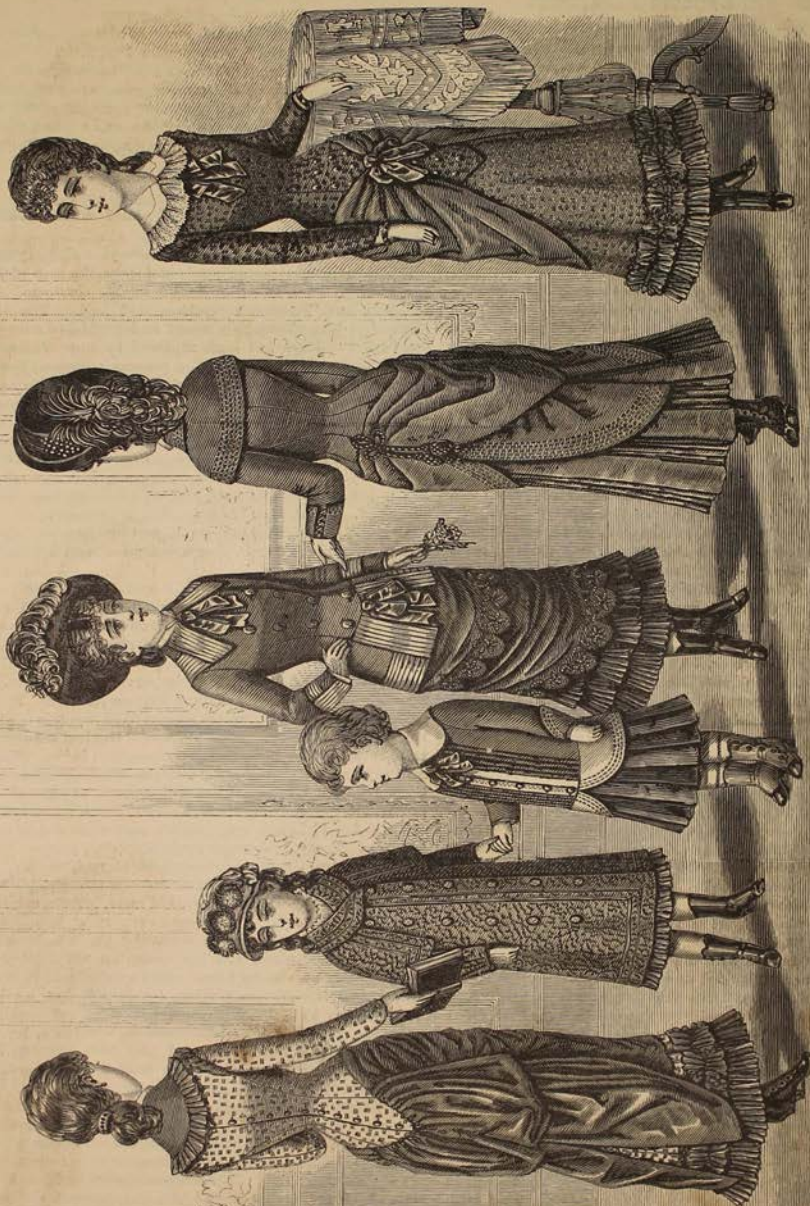
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8

LADIES' MORNING CAPS.

SEE DESCRIPTION ON PAGE 323.



MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

DESCRIBED ON PAGE 326.

Misses' and Children's Costumes.

(See Engraving, page 325.)

FIG. 1.—This graceful costume of silver gray figured armure cloth and cashmere, is arranged with a short gored skirt of the armure cloth, trimmed all around the bottom with a narrow plaiting and plaited *ruche* of the plain cashmere; and a princess overdress composed of a tight-fitting basque of the figured armure, and draperies of cashmere forming *paniers* at the sides, and *jabots* at the back. Puffs of cashmere are set in at the tops of the long, close sleeves, and a deep round collar, edged with plaiting, completes the costume. The dress fastens in the back, and is ornamented down the front of the basque with smoked pearl buttons. The design employed is the "Virgilia" costume, a front view of which is given on fig. 6, and is also illustrated among the separate fashions elsewhere. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—A stylish little coat for a girl of six years. The model illustrated is the "Cécile" coat, made up in fancy brown cloaking material, and trimmed with rows of heavy silk braid stitched down all around. The coat is in sacque shape, double-breasted, with a rolling collar and a coachman's cape. Large buttons of vegetable ivory to match the cloth, complete the coat. Gray felt hat faced with brown plush, and trimmed with a scarf of brown satin and brown silk *pompons*. The double illustration of the coat will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from two to eight years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 3.—Simple in design, this stylish little suit of dark blue and gray serge is composed of a kilted skirt in alternating plaits of blue and gray, mounted upon a loose, sacque-shaped blouse of the gray with plaitings of the blue inserted upon each side of the front and back. A plain basque skirt of the gray cloth is joined to the bottom of the blouse, falling over the kilt-plaited skirt. Deep, white linen collar, and red satin ribbon bow. The design illustrated is the "Conrad" suit, the double illustration of which will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for four and six years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 4.—The "Mainette" jacket and "Elvira" overskirt are arranged over a gored skirt, trimmed with ruffles of knife-plaiting, to compose this stylish costume. The jacket is of fawn-colored *pelisse* cloth, trimmed with rows of narrow braid of a little lighter shade, stitched down close together. Large, smoked pearl buttons, and bows of fawn-colored satin ribbon, complete the garniture. The costume is of Burgundy red camel's hair, trimmed with plaitings of the same on the underskirt, and with embroidered plush bands of the same color on the overskirt, which is arranged in two overlapping aprons in front, and in a double-pointed drapery at the back. "Smuggler's" hat of garnet felt, with plush border, trimmed with red ostrich feathers. The jacket and overskirt are illustrated separately elsewhere. Patterns of jacket in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each. Overskirt patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 5.—A stylish costume of myrtle green camel's hair cloth, illustrating the "Loris" polonaise arranged over a gored skirt trimmed with a deep plaiting of alternate side and box-plaits. The polonaise is tight-fitting, with triple pointed back draperies, draped at the left side with a *cordelière*. A little shoulder cape and rolling collar finished simply with rows of machine stitching furnish all the trimming except the deep "Mousquetaire" cuffs laced on the outside of the arm. Green felt hat, with *retroussé* brim faced with plush, and trimmed with shaded green and gold ostrich tips, and an *aigrette*. A double illustration of the polonaise will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for

from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 6.—Illustrates a front view of the "Virgilia" costume, the back of which is shown on Fig. 1. The costume is of mixed green and brown armure brocade, with trimmings and draperies of dark olive-green *satin merveilleux*. A deep linen collar embroidered and trimmed with Florentine lace, and olive-green satin ribbon bows finish the costume. For sizes of pattern and price, see description of Fig. 1

A Glimpse of Washington Life and Society.

WITH the beginning of the new year the gayeties of the capital commenced, and since the first of January, 1882, life here has been one continued round of luncheons, dinners, receptions, and balls. The White House has been thoroughly swept and garnished, the worn-out *passé* furniture has been replaced by new of charming design and rich material. The present occupant, the widower president, is a rare combination of all the qualities that go to make up a man and gentleman. Wise in counsel, prompt in action, handsome, dignified, genial, and polished, it is not surprising that he is already regarded with respect by men, and interest and admiration by women. But he is still true to the memory of the departed, and devotes himself to his son and daughter, both of whom he may well feel proud of. Chester A. Arthur, Jr., a freshman in Union College, is a cultivated and intelligent young man, who bids fair to rival his father in fine appearance and scholarly attainments.

Washington has been in grief recently over the departure of the Mexican minister and his wife, Señor and Señora Zamacona. Their farewell fête, given last Monday evening, was a thing of beauty of which the memory will be a joy forever. The house and grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and the large ball room, improvised for the occasion, was like fairy land. Tapestries, representing Mexican scenes, decorated the walls surmounted by ingenious national devices. Plants, flowers, vines, tropical shrubs, grottoes, colored lights, gay toilettes, beautiful ladies, officers in military and naval uniforms, foreign diplomats with decorations indicating rank, titles, and honors, strains of sweet music, all combined to form a scene better imagined than described. Although every nation was represented in this immense throng, and every human motive, justice, government, politics, commerce, international reciprocities, home interests, and national intrigues, but one thought prevailed, good will toward all, malice toward none. Talk, eat, drink, dance, and be happy for this one evening at least. It was with sincere regret that each departing guest bade adieu to the Mexican minister and his charming wife. May good fortune attend them, and bear them safely back to Mexico, where new honors await them, for *on dit* that he leaves Washington to become her next president. A description of all the rich costumes worn would fill a volume, hence we will note only a few of the most beautiful. Señora Zamacona's dress was of cream moire trimmed with pearl embroidered lace ornaments, diamonds, and pearls. Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris' dress was of soft creamy satin with apron of embossed velvet on white crepe, bouquets of pink roses. Mrs. Matthews, wife of the Chief Justice, who is a beautiful matron, wore a lovely dress of blue satin trimmed with rich point lace, diamond ornaments. Mrs. Harlan, wife of Chief Justice Harlan, who is dignified and stately enough to sit beside her husband on the woosack, looked very handsome in a robe of violet velvet, ornaments of diamonds and sapphires. Attorney-General Brewster has fol-

lowed the example of all ugly men in securing to himself a beautiful wife, so that one regards the wife's face and thinks only of the husband's intellect. Mrs. Brewster was dressed in a rich costume, green velvet and point lace. Chicago was represented by Mrs. H. O. Stone, a charming widow, Mrs. Senator Logan, Mrs. George R. Grant, and Mrs. Fernando Jones. Mrs. Stone's dress was of white moire cut *à la Princesse*, diamond ear-rings, and necklace. Mrs. Logan in black velvet with ornaments of cameos and diamonds, and her beautiful white hair arranged *à la Marie Antoinette*, looked very *distinguee*. Mrs. Grant, a beautiful blonde, wore white satin with corsage and train of heavy silver brocade. The front was entirely covered with antique point lace, a tiara composed of three diamond stars, and a pearl necklace with diamond pendants completed this lovely toilette, said to be the most perfect present. Mrs. Fernando Jones wore an exquisite Worth costume of cream white satin and gold brocade elaborately trimmed with Valenciennes lace, ornaments of amethysts and diamonds. The most popular entertainments with the young people in Washington are the bachelors' germans. The next one will take place on January 20th. Mrs. Keifer, wife of the Speaker of the House, held her first reception on last Tuesday. It was a re-union of all that was most brilliant and distinguished in the Washington world. Mrs. Logan was assisted in her reception last Thursday by Mrs. Hawkes, Mrs. Fernando Jones, and Mrs. George R. Grant, all of Illinois. She had as usual an immense number of callers, as she is one of the most popular ladies in Washington. The other senators' wives also received last Thursday, but as we have already written a long letter, we will reserve these ladies for our next.

MIRANDA.

Incoming Bonnets.

It is rather early to speak positively of what will or will not be the fashions in bonnets during the forthcoming season, but there is little doubt that they will be large, and that dark colors and black will be highly distinguished.

There is a rage just now for hosiery and hats, both of a color, and both very dark—wine color, garnets, and black, are the favorites. Dark hose, hats, and gloves are even worn with cream white dresses, and considered amazingly stylish. There is, indeed, something picturesque in these contrasts in out-door dresses for garden parties, or lawn tennis; but they are carried to an extreme, when dark colored hosiery and gloves are placed in conjunction with white satin in a ball-room.

There is great use, great protection, and real distinction in the large hats for the street, or out of doors generally, and we hope they may be continued; the pretty capote being reserved as a theater bonnet. A large brown English straw bonnet was finished and trimmed lately, for wear with a spring walking dress of brown chuddah cloth, and striped brown moire antique. The brim was faced deep in the interior with old gold *satin merveilleux*. Upon the exterior was an Alsatian bow of moire, and three tips of ostrich feathers, two brown, one old gold. The strings and band at the back laid in folds was of moire ribbon.

The gypsey shape in straw divides the honors apparently with the poke, and what the French call the park *chapeaux*, which is large and scoop-shaped. But there is another candidate for favor, in a quaint straw bonnet with upright Normandy crown, plaited lightly with a round upright brim, which is faced with velvet, and tied with wide ribbons under the chin.

Spring Walking Dresses.



NEW spring walking dresses have made their appearance, and are showing good taste in style and finish. They are made in soft pure wool in solid colors, and dark shades of olive, bronze, brown, bottle green, and navy blue. The skirts are kilted, or shirred in front; the fine clustered kiltting laid in lengthwise or horizontal being the most desirable arrangement. The back of the skirt is draped, or hangs straight, the fullness being massed in gathers or plaits. The basque is coat-shaped, or cut double-breasted, with a square forming a vest in front, and trimmed with a double row of buttons. The collar, cuffs, and side panels upon the skirt are composed of wide bands of open embroidery upon the material, a costly trimming which is rich, but not at all showy, and therefore not affected by those who like to make a fine appearance with little money. Clustered India stripes with gold threads in them are also used for mounting, and many ladies really prefer this contrast of color, which is more appropriate, as well as less expensive for young girls.

Cloth dresses of the same description are made up in similar styles, quite plain; that is, finished only with several rows of stitching, and buttons. An excellent tailor made dress has a walking skirt finished with a deep, kilted flounce; a draped apron, only slightly full, and nearly straight across. Back very moderately draped. To this skirt is attached a deep waist of French twill, the cloth trimmed on to form a vest in front, and over this a deep basque jacket with pockets forms a finish for the street, as well as the house. It is a very convenient style.

More elegant dresses are being made of satin de Lyons and satin merveilleux, trimmed also with open embroidery on the satin, or with plush or velvet. But the newest combination consists of *appliqués* of embroidered or open-worked kid, used as trimming, and even as small paniers and aprons. This is a novelty which cannot become a permanent fashion, because its use must be so limited that it cannot be produced in sufficiently varied colors or designs. It requires also a classic elegance of figure and design to render it suitable or appropriate.



Francille Costume.—The foundation of this entirely novel and stylish costume is a gored skirt, short enough to escape the ground all around, which is mounted upon a

plain, tight-fitting cuirass basque, 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. Upon this are arranged gracefully irregular draperies at the front and sides, and back draperies forming a bow just below the waist. A shoulder cape with a rolling collar completes the design, which is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, especially heavy materials, and can be more or less elaborately trimmed, according to taste and the material selected. Price of patterns thirty cents each size.

Early Spring Costumes.

FIG. 1.—This stylish and simple street costume, of black *satin merveilleux* and black velvet, is arranged with a double-breasted basque of black velvet, made after the "Contessa" basque pattern, and the "Delphine" overskirt of black *satin merveilleux*, trimmed with wide bands of black velvet, and draped over a short, gored walking skirt trimmed with rows of narrow gathered ruffles. The basque is tight-

fitting, and cut quite short with a separate basque skirt added; this is plain on the front and sides, and box-plaited at the back, with three *fourragères* of jetted satin cord *passementerie* looped across the plaits, six ornaments to correspond being placed on the front of the basque, which is finished with a rolling collar and "Mousquetaire" cuffs. Hat of black silk plush, trimmed with a rolled scarf of black velvet and ostrich feathers and tips. The basque and overskirt are illustrated separately elsewhere. Price of basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Overskirt patterns, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—Illustrates a front view of the "Contessa" basque combined with the "Vilette" walking skirt, which form a stylish costume made of forest green camel's hair cloth. The skirt is short, and trimmed all around the bottom with a narrow knife plaiting, and above this with a deep box-plaiting to about half its depth. Over this is draped a graceful overskirt composed of two short front draperies finished with rows of machine stitching and draped transversely in plaits, and a back drapery arranged with a fan-plaited extension at the left, and *burnous* plaits at the right side. The basque is finished with a rolling collar and "Mousquetaire" cuffs. The sleeves are left open and laced on the outside of the arm, and *fourragères* of silk cord fasten the basque across the double-breasted front. Wide brimmed hat of myrtle green felt, faced with plush and trimmed with shaded green and brown ostrich feathers. The basque and skirt are illustrated separately elsewhere. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents. Basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



EARLY SPRING COSTUMES.



Léonide Coat.—This elegant and stylish model 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 back forms long coat-tails with plaited extensions, imparting fullness to the postilion. Coat sleeves with deep cuffs, a pointed collar and *revers* on the basque, which is cut away in front, forming two points, and rounded over the hips, complete the design. Any of the goods usually employed for jackets, coats, or basques to be worn with skirts of different material, are appropriate for this design, which is equally well adapted to form part of the costume of one material throughout. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Children's Fashions.

HERE is immense style and apparent novelty in the dress of girls, nearly all derived from the dark artistic colors, and large picturesque hats which compose their costumes. It used to be a sort of canon that children should wear light, or at least very bright colors; but this is no longer the case. Whatever may be said in regard to esthetic colors for women; the dark art colors, the olive, the bronze, the terra-cotta red, the old blue, and bottle green, are wonderfully distinguished for children; while the enormous hats and bonnets, in which their bright little faces sparkle like jewels, give character to the simplest attire, and will preserve the complexions which were becoming ruined by a generation of the tilting bonnet and sailor hat.

There are such very pretty and useful materials and patterns to select from in these days that one feels one would like to be mother to all the children in creation, and have nothing to do but make them clothes. How quaint the suits of olive, and old gold, worn with a large red hat, the dark Bordeaux red, not light or Turkey red, which would spoil the whole effect.

The wools and felt will shortly give way to cottons and straw; but even in cambrics and gingham, in satines and lawns the dark colored grounds are preferred to the light. In these the dark reds and olives re-appear, brightened with clustered or shaded stripes, and pretty shaded leaflets or flower buds.

Among the illustrated designs, most of which are suitable for spring use, is a graceful polonaise for a miss—the "Loris." The drapery is cut, and laid in folds to form an apron pointed diagonally in front, and forming very pretty leaf shapes at the back. A small cape adds to its completeness for the street. The front is cut as a basque, not princess shape, and the apron is separate, but has the appearance of being a part of the polonaise.

A good paletot or coat which may take the place of the ulster, yet is dressy enough for church or for traveling, is the "Ilione." By a novel arrangement of trimming or finish, the effect of a double garment is obtained, or rather of one worn over another, and it is really surprising how stylish an effect can be obtained from such a simple device; which is particularly effective when executed in two shades of wool or cloth. The device is simply to use a double and tailor-stitched edge instead of binding, and allow the upper and lighter edge to fall over it. This is used for the collar, cuffs, pockets, and square in front. The back is laid in hollow plaits, and is plain.

The "Virgilia" costume is a very stylish and graceful design, composed of a short skirt and deep basque with draperies forming paniers at the side, and wide loops, with broad ends at the back. Puffs set high are inserted in the top of the sleeves, and a collar is added which gives a very quaint and artistic effect.

The "Elvira" over-skirt is a pretty design for cambrics, or any thin goods; or it may be used for summer silk, or grenadine, with over-skirt in a plain color.

The "Mainette" jacket is a good design for a combination of early spring material, plain with gold and clustered stripe, or it may be made of dark blue or invisible green cloth, and trimmed with broad ribbed braid, or several rows of narrow gold braid with a walking skirt of the same material; it would complete a very useful suit for a voyage.

The "Cecile" coat would also suitably equip its wearer for a journey, and may be used as a protective garment either in cold or warm weather, by varying the material.

The "Conrad" suit for a boy of six, is just what is needed for spring wear for boys of that age, and looks best in two shades of wood-brown cloth, with bronze buttons.



Virgilia Costume.—A graceful and somewhat dressy costume for a miss of fourteen or sixteen years. It is composed of a short, gored skirt, trimmed with a narrow plaiting and a plaited ruche around the bottom, and a princess overdress, arranged with a tight-fitting and very deep basque, to the lower part of which the draperies are attached. The front drapery forms *paniers* at the sides, and the back drapery is arranged in *jabot* style. A deep round collar, and a puff set in at the top of the close sleeves completes the design, which is adapted to almost any material, particularly rich and dressy fabrics. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Mainette Jacket.—An extremely practical and stylish jacket, double-breasted and nearly tight-fitting, with a single dart on each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The jacket is cut short in front and at the sides, and a separate skirt is added to give the required length. Extensions, laid in plaits at the back and sides form seams, and supply the necessary degree of fullness. Coat sleeves with deep *Mousquetaire* cuffs and a shawl-collar complete the design. The model is well adapted to any quality of cloth or other material suitable for misses' street garments, and also many varieties of dress goods. It may be trimmed as illustrated, with rows of narrow braid, or in some other simple manner, elaborate garniture being out of place upon this garment. The front view of this jacket is illustrated on the full-page engraving. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

Hints for Dressmakers.

THE coat bodice is the one in vogue, the lapels of moderate length, and plaited in hollow or box plaits, as preferred. There is no edging or bordering upon them, but they are interiorly faced with silk or satin; even when the dress itself is of wool. The walking skirt is as much in favor as ever; indeed it has probably established its supremacy for the street, for this generation at least. It is upwards of twenty years since it was revived, and though several attempts have been made to displace it, none have succeeded. Demi-trains were worn by a few foolish persons in the street a few years ago, but they were quickly frowned down, and the more convenient and sensible walking-skirt restored. Many skirts, especially those for walking dresses, are now made plain, or only draped in front, and trimmed with a single flounce. The front and sides are gored plain, the fullness is massed in the straight back breadths.

Jackets are both single and double-breasted, faced on the inside, and finished with stitching. No trimmings are used, and no contrasts of colors or materials with the cloth; buttons alone give the finish.

Sleeves are no longer confined to the plain coat, and shaped elbow sleeve, and some pains should be taken to study up the new designs of puffed, "leg-of-mutton," and others, as the sleeve gives distinction to a costume, and the full and shirred bodices should be accompanied by some fullness in the sleeve. But it must be clearly understood that there are two very distinct styles in vogue. One is supposed to be "early English," and reproduces the short waist, the belt, the straight skirt, and the short puffed, or leg-of-mutton sleeve; the other gives a long waist, molds the bodice well over the hips, and adds a long, plain train, or drapery, placed low upon the skirt.

One of the newest spring costumes is made in dark myrtle green cloth, with invisible gold mixture. It has a short skirt bordered with a deep kilt plaiting, and a half fitting polonaise which turns back from a honey-combed front, and is fastened over the fullness, or drapery, with cords and tassels. Brandebourgs, or ornaments made of cords, are placed across the front, which has a *revers* collar brought down to a point. The collar is made of the *satins merveilleux*, or striped watered satin, with which the sides of the polonaise are faced.



Elvira Overskirt.—Composed of two overlapping draped aprons in the front, and a rather *bouffant* double-pointed drapery in the back, this graceful design is suitable for any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed as illustrated, or in any other manner, elaborately or simply, according to the taste and material employed. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Cecile Coat.—This novel and stylish model is at the same time thoroughly practical in design, and well adapted to all classes of goods selected for children's out-door garments. It is slightly double-breasted, and cut in sacque shape, with loose fronts and a French back. A coachman's cape and rolling collar are added, and the coat sleeves are finished with deep cuffs. For most of the woolen materials to which this design is particularly adapted, no trimming except roys of machine stitching near the edges will be required; but for small children, plush, velvet, and fine qualities of cashmere are handsomely trimmed with lace. The cape and coat, or the cape alone, may be lined with a contrasting color with very good effect. This design is illustrated on the full-page engraving. Patterns in sizes for from two to eight years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



How to Make Lawns and Cambrics.

WHILE "winter lingers in the lap of spring," at the north, a very few days' easy journey would transport us to a land where green peas and strawberries are already common, where roses are blooming in the open air, and the sun is already too hot for comfort in the mid-day. In these lands the reign of winter is very short, and consists chiefly of little intermediate chills, and rain-storms. Of solid ice and snow, of sleighing, of cold that "freezes the marrow in your bones," they know nothing; and for warmth, in the way of clothing, a cashmere visite or small dolman would suffice them.

In such a climate, light thin fabrics are of the first importance, and though a fine all wool cashmere, or camels' hair, or chuddah cloth, may be welcomed during the damp and chilly "midwinter" days, the period quickly returns when lawns and cambrics, foulards, and linens are in demand, and when even a woolen grenadine is felt to be a burden. For the benefit of Southern readers, and in answer to several inquiries, we give the following directions in regard to the making of walking dresses.

Full bodies with wide belts, and gathered skirts will be fashionably employed this season, something like the "Fantine," and "Vilma" costumes for young girls. The newest sleeve for these styles is the small leg-of-mutton, which is full at the top, but tapers down upon the lower arm. The puffed sleeve is also used. The "Junia" waist, the corsage "Aurelia," the "Imogen," and the "Roxelane" are all good models for gingham, cambric, satine, and print dresses, and the skirts may be simply draped across the front, gathered straight at the back, and trimmed with a single flounce.

An excellent design for a morning dress for indoor wear, is the "Margot" wrapper. It is shirred at the neck, and back and front of the waist, and is trimmed round the bottom with a shirred flounce. The skirt is moderately long. The "Sutherland" costume is a very pretty design for washing materials, and will be as much worn this season as last. The "Mirabel" is also excellent; it has a quaint, graceful sleeve, and may be arranged in several different ways. The straight flounces may be placed upon the front, and the skirt draped at the back, or it may be gathered plain, or pleated.



Ilione Paletot.—This stylish paletot is double breasted and tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side of the front, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. Extensions laid in plaits on the inside impart additional fullness to the skirt part in the back, while the front is cut away squarely, and a similarly shaped piece extends like a vest for a little distance below it. A rolling collar and double *revers*, cuffs and pockets, complete the design, which is adapted to any of the materials usually selected for outer garments of its class. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Rugs and Costumes from Algiers.

IT was our good fortune last summer to examine some interesting articles brought from Algiers by an artist who makes that place his winter home. It would be useless to attempt a description of the paintings he brought they were many and full of interest and beauty. The rugs and costumes were old, but were more valuable for that reason. The rugs, like those of Turkish manufacture, were real specimens of art. One, particularly noticeable, was long enough to cover the entire length of quite a long room. It was not quite half as wide as it was long. The colors were rich, but not so brilliant as in some smaller rugs. The center contains the usual figures to be found on Turkish mats; they comprise, it is said, the Turkish prayers. Few people, while admiring the beauty of these designs, understand their significance. The Turk kneels on a certain portion of the rug always facing the East, and as his prayers are offered, they may be read in the symbols woven about the spot whereon he kneels.

This long rug has fully two-thirds of its length in borders; each end has different designs. The rug is alike on both sides, and the colors will not fade. Of the latter fact we have evidence, as it was used last summer as an awning for the piazza of the artist's summer cottage, and very picturesque it looked, shutting out the too brilliant rays of the summer sun. On the piazza the light was beautiful, softened, and tinted by the colors of the unique awning. Another long rug, in which crimson predominated, lay on the piazza floor, and camp-chairs and stools were comfortably arranged. One can easily imagine what a bright, attractive spot the place must have looked in an ordinary country neighborhood. The rugs from Algiers are said to be of

lighter quality than those usually imported. They are, however, very handsome, and we should judge very durable. They are imported for portières, and a material to match is manufactured and imported for trimming windows, or other drapery. These rugs are used by the Algerines for many purposes; they use them to sleep on and for coverings also; they must be very comfortable for the latter purpose, for they are soft and light.

The two costumes we had an opportunity of seeing were very handsome, one was really gorgeous. It consisted of "bloomers" of crimson silk, the brocaded figures worked by hand with gold thread. A jacket of the same was trimmed with gold braid, the braid sewed around the arm sizes, to represent a sleeveless jacket; the sleeves were of the same material, tight fitting and finished at the wrist with gold braid; the jacket was quite short; around the waist was worn a sash about a fourth of a yard wide, of stripes of royal purple and gold, the ends finished with long purple tassels heavily spangled; this was tied slightly on one side, the ends falling in front. This suit was completed by a turban of cloth of gold trimmed around with a thick green fringe. The turban was a large half handkerchief shape; there was a particular way in which to fold it, the point to fall at the back of the head, the two ends crossed, and carried over the top, and then both tied on one side, the ends floating over the shoulder. This suit was said to have once belonged to an Algerian woman of distinction. The other costume, if not so brilliant, was equally handsome. The bloomers were of light green brocaded silk, the figures worked, as in the other suit, in gold thread. Over this was worn a tunic of white silk, rather longer than the jacket of the other suit. This was cut with an open, or what we should term a "V" neck, and trimmed all around with a lace edging. The sleeves were of very thin, delicate looking lace, squared off with silken stripes; they were very full, measuring a yard around the hand. The sash to be worn with this costume was of linen, of the native manufacture; it was about one-half a yard wide, and was very richly embroidered, by hand, in every shade of every color, and alike on both sides; the designs were beautiful. This sash was only half completed; it was stamped much as our own materials are stamped for needlework, but the embroidery far surpassed any executed in our own country. The turban matched the sash; it was not quite a fourth of a yard wide, and was two yards long; it was folded in the middle and sewed down on one side for about three inches. This was arranged on the head like the half handkerchief belonging to the other costume. What these costumes must be, supplemented by the rich ornaments effected by the Algerines, we leave the imaginative ones to picture.

The Algerines also use a particularly soft silk scarf, worn around the body underneath the clothing. The scarf we saw was three yards long and three-eighths of a yard wide; the center was a rich red, the ends were Roman, the colors exquisitely blended. The silk is supposed to strengthen, and prevent colds, etc. The artist told apropos a comical little story.

During his travels, stopping for the night at one of the small places on his route, he found the inn was crowded with soldiers, and was obliged to share a room with one of them. Early the next morning when he awoke he saw his companion donning his scarf, native fashion. One end was fastened to the bedpost, and away at the other end of the room, the soldier had just drawn the other end around his waist; he walked toward the bed, turning himself around at each step, until the sash was all wound about him, and then deftly tucked the end under the folds and was braced up for the day.

Conrad Suit.—A simple and stylish little suit composed of a kilt-plaited skirt mounted upon a loose, sacque-shaped blouse, plaited or tucked at each side of the front and back. A plain basque skirt is added to each side falling over the kilt-plaited skirt. A deep collar, cut square and opened in the back and rounded in front, completes the design. Any of the dress goods usually selected for children's wear is ap-



propriate for this model, and requires no trimming except the finish of rows of machine stitching upon cloth or similar goods. One view of this is illustrated on the full-page engravings. Patterns in sizes for four and six years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

The Ubiquitous Bag.

BYOND mere necessary conveyance in swiftness and safety, the modern type of pilgrim has come to look for the last point of elegant convenience in matters of wallet and staff. Of this manner of luxury, answering the requisition of a vastly traveling age, an idea is to be gathered almost everywhere, since improved styles of hand luggage are coming and going so unceasingly. No object of traveling use is so indispensable as the bag, which is developed to numberless varieties. Yet the American remains far behind the English traveler in accumulating an infinitude of bags to accommodate all manner of parcels—not on any account omitting that of the individual rimmed bath-tub with which the Briton delights to travel. The support afforded by the bag becomes more appreciated, however, by people journeying largely, and being enabled by means of it to enjoy comparative independence from public systems concerned with traveler's effects, with the too frequent "law's delay and insolence of office" in connection with baggage.

The first preference for material in this serviceable article is that of alligator-skin; an equivalent for its comparative expensiveness is found in its extraordinary wearing quality. In its capability for resisting the buffets of time and retaining freshness of appearance it has no equal, being in this respect quite the opposite of the softer-textured Russia leather, which a few years since was in greatest fashionable demand. Fitted up with toilet appliances of fine variety, the bag of alligator-skin has every recommendation in its favor, save this single fact of its exceeding almost every other kind in costliness; yet some choice variety of seal-skin is equally expensive, the latter material being also much used for this purpose.

Bags of the lasting alligator-skin, with toilet paraphernalia of great completeness and elegance, may be easily made to cost \$1,000; yet, lined with English morocco, and filled with articles in plain ivory and cut glass, with furnishings complete as in the more luxurious styles, neither portfolio, ink, matchcase, nor other smallest appurtenance, being omitted, they may be purchased also for \$90, the seal-skin bag of corresponding style costing \$70. In less elegant grades both kinds are obtained at a quarter of these prices respectively; or at a yet smaller cost, as in the case of a really excellent

English club bag in seal-skin at \$14. Calf-skin is reckoned only less desirable than alligator and seal, while not so expensive as either. A good bag of this skin, in orange or other color, lined with pig-skin, may cost perhaps \$9, the same of very fine quality being \$18. Bags in grain-leather are usually not far inferior to this. Another kind which is light and handsome is that of pig-skin, which, however, has the fault of soiling readily. Cow-skin, tanned by the regular process, is a material used also in some of the desirable styles; a chemically tanned cowhide, which is dried out and comparatively hard in quality, is substituted for that prepared more expensively by the slower method. Of all the materials mentioned there are imitations of some kind. Sheep-skin is made to represent alligator-skin, and thus may be a proper lining, but is imperfectly suited to form the outside of the bag. Horse-hide, split-leather, and several other materials go to make bags of cheaper grades. For the purpose of marking bags to order, gilt and silver initials are kept in the stock of dealers.

As respects form, perhaps no style is more frequently seen than that of the Gladstone bag; this is a familiar object in the great ways of travel with its square shape and metal frame opening all the way down the sides to allow of the bag being laid open in two equal sections. This also is to be seen in satchel size of either seal or alligator, or perhaps in calf-skin with hog-skin lining, and with arrangement adapting it for ladies' use. Again, it is in basket material, although this style has been but little used; but the form is much in vogue for canvas bags with leather trimmings. The English club bag, with a flattened shape, and opening only part way down, is a favorite style; there is another called simply a club bag, which is not English, and yet another which is nearly the same as the English club, but without a corresponding name. The English club shape is repeated in an extremely light shopping bag in real calf or pig-skin; in color these are usually either russet, black, or red, except when designed for mourning, in which case the material, when not of crape, is of seal-skin very soft and light, with black Japan trimmings. The Mackintosh bag, opening only at top, is capable of containing a large amount, and is esteemed as a good form to pack. The dress suit bag is one designed to afford commodious space at the bottom, where it takes the form of a shallow square, and from thence tapers to the top. Shirt bags are also formed with tapering top, while corresponding at the bottom to the size of the shirt bosom. The Mansard bag is a novel style, made perhaps in calf and seal, and also in red, black, and russet pig-skin, lined with morocco, and having gilt trimmings; its peculiarity is that of a gusset in diagonal grain of the material, inserted at the side, and by which puffiness at this part is avoided; the piece which is stretched smooth when the bag is opened, folds entirely within it when closed, with the flat gilt-bound center band of the frame extending far enough down the side to cover the insertion. This bag, which is further marked by a curiously plaited handle, is said to be lightest in weight in proportion to size of any kind in use. Tourists' bags to be worn suspended over the shoulder are also recently made of exceeding lightness; it is a wonder how articles in firm skin and solid metal can be of such little weight, having also complete linings and straps, with pocket outside, and with inside convenient pockets in the chamois or calf-skin linings. Scarcely anything could be lighter again than the article known under the names of telescope bag, telescope case and extension case. This is of tarboard covered with linen and lined with muslin; it opens in two equal divisions, of which one slips within the other, by which arrangement the bulk of the parcel may be graduated according to the amount packed. The parts which are separable, and in the operation of packing to be used

if desirable entirely apart, are afterward united, and confined by the triple leather strap with handle in connection.

Cases of innumerable sorts calculated for compactness of arrangement, and facility of conveyance, are in alligator, seal, and other skins. Of these is a dress suit case of sole leather named the bag valise, and which is valued as being light and conveniently carried. Another square shaped case is adapted for three closely adjusted layers of articles; at the bottom may be perhaps the folding mirror, razor case, and kindred implements, and next to this a tablet with the nail implements, while at top is exactly the necessary space for the range of toilet brushes, boxes and bottles. When desirable to travel with as light luggage as possible, hampers of willow and ratan, similar to those used for containing household linen, may be used in lieu of the trunk; this receptacle is frequently furnished with a tray the same as a trunk, and with waterproof cover. The shawl, rug, or wrap in linen duck waterproof, which with capacious pockets is commonly available at sea as a depository for soiled linen, is also put to double service in the conveyance of a change of clothing in case of a short trip being made.

A favorite kind of luncheon basket is of strong willow supported by sole leather straps, and having leather lining and waterproof cover. A case within the top is made to contain knives, forks, and spoons; plates are secured within wide belts or pockets lining the sides, tumblers protected in close fitted chamois cases, while in addition may be napkins, a flask, a sandwich box, and lastly, a little crystal barrel of salt divided to contain pepper at one end. The cases are of various sizes, being fitted up with reference either to two persons, or to four, or to a larger company.



OUR WOMAN FARMER OF FAIRFAX CO., VIRGINIA, writes:—"I thank the inquirers who think of me, and through our own 'Demorest' make me know I have awakened a little interest in their minds."

"Last year was a disastrous year to farmers, and very disastrous to me. I have not yet any clue to the incendiary that burnt my wheat, though there is a general belief centered, yet no positive proof. I let it rest in peace, and look with the farmer's hope of another and better crop year. My present crop of wheat is looking very well, and I have paid my tax, and have enough to support myself and stock until I can again reap.

"There is considerably more activity in all kinds of business in this portion of Virginia than was three years ago. Yet we need good enterprising settlers; a canning factory would pay well, and I would sell a good site for one, near a station on the W. & O. RR. On it are never failing springs and a beautiful stream of water; there is a saw mill on it at present sawing some lumber to repair my old buildings and make me a few new ones. The disadvantage of old Virginians is the large amount of unimproved acres they possess, and pay tax on. To be owner of, to them, useless tracts of land, may make them look rich on the tax book, but it really makes them poor.

"How much more comfort I could live in, if I had half the acres I now possess in a high state of improvement, and had some intelligent and industrious neighbors, owning the other half. The Public School system of Virginia is very good. There is now built a handsome school-house near, on a lot of ground that belonged to my father; as yet the country is so sparsely settled, that children have walks of two and three miles to attend.

"I have read a great deal about ostracism, but I never see any. I think the Northern people who have settled among us hold their own views and ways just as unquestioned as they did in the land of their birth. I do not believe in persons all having the same political creed; to have two parties one can watch the other, and woe be to the party that makes false moves. I saw in a Washington paper, after our election last fall, a statement that a lot of negroes had been brought on here from Ohio to vote, at the precinct near me, but none of my neighbors saw them, none of the voters saw them. A new business enterprise attracts much more attention than political manœuvres. We have had no snow yet, nor cold enough to freeze the streams; the plows are going, turning the sod for the corn crop. May the good Lord give us an abundant crop this year. I for one promise not to waste it.

FAIRFAX CO., VA.

"M. A. J. H."

VOL. XVIII., MARCH, 1882.—24.

"DISCOURAGED."—It is very possible that the articles you have had to offer were better than much that you have seen printed in the journals that have rejected them. It is true, also, that many eminent writers have written for the merest trifle, and have had their best works, those that have won them immortality, rejected by the publishers and editors of their day. But all this proves nothing, and does not alter the case for you, nor for the majority of editors. The latter are, in the first place, bound by many fixed laws of which the contributor knows nothing. Secondly, it is from the beginning necessary to form such relations as are fixed and permanent, and can be relied upon; and these in time constitute another set of bonds which the editor is bound to respect. All the motives, influences, requirements, and circumstances which are involved in the regular production of a periodical, it is impossible to enumerate, but not the least of them is the gratification of a varied, popular taste, which does not care to sound the depths or scale the heights, but desires to be fed upon the dishes with which it is acquainted, served in agreeable style. The work which lives the longest does not find the quickest or widest appreciation: let that fact console you.

"A COLLEGE GIRL."—The subject would be an excellent one, but do not treat it as a mere caprice of fashion, or as an original outgrowth of this age, for it is neither. Ideas come in waves, thought flows in endless cycles; all that has been said and done to-day, has been said and done before, under somewhat different conditions perhaps, but in meaning the same, and will be said and done again. One period is a reaction from another, and thus becomes an exponent of the most opposite qualities. The present revival of the renaissance period is a reactionary movement from the cold and depressing effects of puritanism and utilitarianism. It is a curious and providential quality of human nature that it makes an object of worship, of what is often a hard and cruel necessity of its life. Thus the severe, practical aspect of existence in the early days of our New England forefathers, which was only endurable at first, became a part of their religion, was perseveringly inculcated, and tenaciously held and defended. Now the reaction has come, and the children of a plain, puritan ancestry are the most ardent disciples of the new gospel of the beautiful. What is beautiful, depends upon education, circumstances, antecedents, tastes, also to what extent each one is capable of estimating the present awakening in the artistic direction, or appreciating its influence upon our time. But it is not a mere caprice, and it is broader than fashion: it may, and has already influenced fashion, but it did not originate with it. The movement began in the nature of things; and poets and artists, such as Ruskin, William Morris, and Rossetti, have been the leaders of it in this country as well as in England. Treat the subject, if at all, from its broadest point, not from that of the cynic, or the sentimental aesthete.

"VALERIE."—We do not send samples, except for orders. The cost of the velveteen is \$1 to \$1.50 per yard. Wear a pretty traveling suit of bronze or garnet camel's hair, and velvet, or cashmere and satin; and Gainsborough hat with plumes, if wedding takes place in church; if at home, the hat should not be worn. Long undressed kid gloves, pale tan in color, and real lace tie. Refreshments should be served immediately after the ceremony, and then the bride will retire to prepare for the journey, which if not a long one may be performed in the traveling dress in which she was married, with an ulster to protect it.

"MRS. L. H."—You will find the "Jersey" the most becoming dress you can wear, and for an evening or dinner dress, a sloping basque, and closely trimmed, demi-trained skirt, or a long, plain skirt, slightly draped in front, and bodice with basque back, and belted front, with small-leg-of-mutton sleeves.

"DAISY."—You are now past the growing age, you will not be likely to grow taller; you will have to make up your mind to remain very short, and you must guard against undue flesh for your height.

"SUBSCRIBER."—A plain traveling suit with ulster; a dark or black silk dress for dinner at hotels, or visiting, a wrapper for wear in your room, and an evening dress in case you need one. But the probability is that you could make your one silk answer every purpose, with gloves, fichu, and bouquet. You should have a traveling hat, a poke bonnet, and a silk dolman.

"WOULD BE STUDENT."—The "Correspondence Classes" in Boston are under the direction of Miss Ticknor, who is secretary, director, and principal instructor. The idea was originally started in England, by the Cambridge professors, as supplementary to the "Higher Local Cambridge examinations," which preceded the Harvard examinations. Subsequently the Cambridge professors suggested that a committee of ladies take their correspondence matter in hand—that is, teaching by correspondence. The teachers, according to competent authority, are all ladies who have distinguished themselves in examination on the various subjects they teach, who have obtained certificates and honors from various bodies, who have studied and obtained successes at the London University, St. Andrews, Girton College, and Newnham Hall, and have moreover had years of experience in tuition of this kind. And I can appeal to those they have taught for testimony to the zeal, the patience and earnest sympathy, as well as the cultivated intellect and professional skill they have brought to their task.

This system has proved very acceptable to numbers of solitary unassisted young women working under difficulties in order to obtain a certificate which may enable them to pursue the profession of teaching on more profitable terms. Many such students are often remote from all the usual centers of instruction, and without information as to the right mode of study for this special object.

The classes are not, however, confined to those engaged in teaching or intending to teach, nor to those who are specially preparing for examination. Those who desire for any reason to test their proficiency, to master any particular subject, or simply to taste the enjoyment and stimulus of intellectual work in association with other minds, are welcomed to these classes equally with others. The correspondence has been carried on with pupils in all parts of Great Britain, in Germany, and even in Australia.

The studies include Greek and Latin, French, German and Italian. Political economy, English history, "Old English," which includes a study of the origin and development of the English language, arithmetic, mathematics, and religious knowledge. The English fees are about \$16 per course for each subject; these, and the number taken by each pupil, being of course at the option of the pupil. The American course is very much the same as the English course, but all information can be obtained in regard to the Boston enterprise by Miss Loring. See answer to "A. C. D."

"SUN-FLOWER."—Shirring will be more fashionable than ever during the coming Spring and Summer, and this will keep all the softly draping and delicate woolen as well as cotton fabrics in high vogue. Young girls are gradually learning the art of a dress, which is in keeping with their own fresh youthfulness and beauty, fine yet simple forms, harmony of color and graceful outline, everything gentle and free from harshness. The "Fantine" costume would furnish a good model for cambrics; the bows may be omitted and the sleeves puffed like those in the Vilma costume, if liked.

"SORROW."—Your black alpaca should be made as a short dress with shirred or kilted front, and simply draped back; kilted flounce and jersey bodice. Trimming, folds of the same and stitching.

"WHITE ROSE."—One of the prettiest fabrics for evening wear is pale pink satin merveilleux. Have it made with a shirred bodice, a wide belt; a front flounced with alternate ruffles of white aurillac lace and notched frills of the silk, draped back. The sleeves may be small leg-of-mutton or made with a single length-wise puff, which extends over the elbows, and is finished with ruffles of lace.

"TEACHER."—Recommend the girls who are to accompany you to have costumes made of navy blue or invisible green cloth, or flannel, in "tailor" fashion, that is with a straight, very slightly full tablier above a deep kilted flounce, a simply draped back, and fitted waist of lining upon which can be trimmed a vest. Plain, deep, well-fitted jacket, basque with pockets, rolling collar and stitched cuffs, edges are double stitched and very small buttons. This costume will be suitable for traveling in Europe; but a half worn one is better for the voyage. Tailor made costumes can be obtained in flannels at almost any of the large ladies' furnishing establishments, but they vary in quality and finish, more than in price and general effect.

"MAUD MARY."—The feather-bands—marabout, used on rich cloaks this season cost from \$5 to \$10 per yard, and cannot be worn in damp or moist weather.

"C. C. H."—We do not know of anything that can be done, after the mischief has been done; prevention in this case is the only remedy. But we should advise the use of sulphur-soap in washing, and vaseline on retiring. Use vaseline as a base for Rimmel's veloutine to remove the redness when you go into society.

"LIBBIE S."—Your letter is incoherent, and lacks so many connecting links that it is impossible to answer it satisfactorily. "The American Speaker and Songster" is published by Lee & Sheperd, Boston, Massachusetts. There is great room for improvement in your method of writing, and composition, and some in your spelling; the custom and prejudice of society at present, for example, is in favor of spelling different with two f's. Your writing is painstaking, but lacks freedom. The best thing you could do would be to find a situation where you would have a chance for improvement and study. You are conscientious and intelligent enough to put it to good use.

"Mrs. C. H. L."—A light grey, "all wool" beige would dye beautifully, but if the sample you send is part of the beige you wish to have dyed, it would not do at all, for it is not all wool; but a mixture of cotton and wool, the light threads being all cotton. It is only pure fabrics, all wool, or all silk, that dye well. Mixtures of cotton and wool, or silk and wool, cannot be dyed to advantage, as all do not take color or chemical action alike. One of the disadvantages of poplin is that it is a "mixed" fabric, and will not dye on that account.

"M. B. P."—The masks in the lower left-hand corner of the cover represent tragedy and comedy; one is laughing, the other declaiming. The corner is devoted to the arts, the palette representing painting, the roll of music and lyre music and the inkstand, with pen and book-literature.

"RENFREW B."—Morning weddings are more fashionable than evening weddings. The groom wears morning dress, frock coat, plain black,

vest, grey trousers, pale grey satin necktie, and grey kid gloves. The fee for the pastor should be put in an envelope, and handed to him after the ceremony, at a convenient moment by the groom, but before he leaves the house. The bride and groom should stand up to receive congratulations, and should lead the way if it is a "sit-down" collation, but usually refreshments are served from a table in the dining-room, and the bride and groom are compelled to remain in their places to receive congratulations and adieus from their cousins and young friends. Presents should be acknowledged as soon as received; they are usually sent several days in advance, and one of the most onerous duties of the bride's expectant, is the writing of the pretty notes of thanks and acknowledgment. It is not necessary to offer any complimentary return for congratulation; it is usually all the bride and groom can do to smile and look happy on so trying an occasion as their own wedding. Your traveling suit should be a plain one of dark grey, with wine-colored tie, and dark grey or wine-colored gloves. You may vary this with garnet tie and tan gloves, with dark blue tie and brown dog-skin gloves; and for a voyage you will find wash leather gloves warm and useful.

"ESTHETIC."—The way to make a "revolving" stand, is to attach to an upright ornamental walnut or mahogany rod bars of the same wood, which stretch out like arms, and to which are attached the large double upright hooks which support the dresses or other articles of clothing. The whole may be enclosed at the top in a rim from which chintz curtains may be suspended.

"PITTY-PATTY."—Cheese cakes are made from fresh curd, to which is added a cup of cream, a cup of well cleaned currants, a cup of powdered sugar, the piece of grated rind of one or more lemons, a couple of eggs, a pinch of salt, and some nutmeg. Bake in small patty-pans in a layer of rich, puffed paste.

"AGNES GUERNSEY."—Perhaps your best method would be to embroider bands for your black silk, using daisies, purple asters, or blue forget-me-nots in natural tints upon a mossy groundwork, or in conjunction with leaves, tendrils, or meadow grass. Use a rather deep basque pattern, and trim the skirt with plaited ruffles upon the front, headed with the bands. Outline a vest with the bands upon the bodice, and reserve bands for the sleeves above the ruffles. Or you may embroider the tablier in a pyramidal design; embroider a vest for the basque, and a turn over collar for the neck. Better cut your skirt walking length with a drapery at the back.

"Mrs. G. W. V."—We advise you to consult Miss Loring, Boston, in regard to the study of French and Italian. See answers to other correspondents. Thanks for your very kind and intelligent appreciation.

"DOROTHY."—You do not require separate cards; in this respect the etiquette of American society is precisely the same as that of the English. A young lady's name is placed upon the same card as that of her mother, as for example,

Mrs. GEORGE AUGUSTUS BROWN.
Miss BROWN.

"SADIE."—Lace is not used upon wool, nor fringe upon the best models. Trim your plum colored cashmere with satin or handsome brocade in a fine pattern of plum and gold, or in a narrow stripe. The combination of two fabrics takes the place of trimming, and less dressy woolen costumes are only tailor stitched.

"L. F. M." is informed that the "Starry Peace" is declined, and, not being accompanied with name or address, destroyed.

"Mrs. R. R. C."—The revolving stands alluded to are European, and particularly continental. The few that are to be found in this country have been made to order. It is surprising that they have not yet found a place in our furniture warehouses.

"MARY CORLEIGH."—The acquisition of phonography would be useful in obtaining a livelihood, but we should advise you to study it in conjunction with telegraphy. Telegraphic communication is now universal, and requires faithfulness and conscientiousness on the part of its operators, two qualities that women workers nearly always possess. Once you have become an expert, you can easily acquire a good position, and keep it.

"A TROUSSEAU."—Cut over your cream white corded silk, make a short skirt of it, with trimming of moire, and have made to wear with it a jacket of dark red embossed velvet, with silver buttons. This will give you a dressy half evening or dinner toilet, and for regular evening wear, as you will be married in a traveling suit you can choose between ivory satin and brocade, pale pink satin merveilleux, or a combination of colors and fabrics. You should have one black silk dress, trimmed with beaded embroidery, one bronze cashmere embroidered by hand in colors, one satin surah, or satin Rhadames in wine color as a dinner dress, with white lace fichu, one bronze green combination of wool with plush or velvet, and plush bonnet for a walking suit; and a seal brown combination of camel's hair with moire for your wedding-costume; with poke bonnet of brown furry felt trimmed with velvet and moire and feathers; for other bonnets you had better wait till later in the season. A dozen each of underwear is sufficient, but you will require at least two dozen handkerchiefs, and two dozen of hosiery; including cotton, thread, spun silk, and silk-spun silk are warm, and will be found good to take the place of merino, or for traveling.

"JEAN MALCOLM."—You seem to have mistaken the object of the Ladies' Club; it is not a medium for such communications as you send.

"REGULAR SUBSCRIBER."—A widow is entitled to retain the initials of her deceased husband's name until she marries again, and often finds it necessary to use them, because she has been known by them. It is at her own option whether she retains them or not.—A young lady may lighten mourning by wearing black lace or a black satin dress trimming at the end of six months without impropriety.

"BEATRICE."—To have them regularly and handsomely bound would cost two dollars. We furnish a very handsome crimson cloth and gilt case for a dollar.—To crystallize fruit, add to three and a half pounds of pure loaf sugar a pint and a half of clear spring water, and the white of an egg beaten, and put to the broken sugar and water before it is placed on the fire. When the mixture begins to boil, the scum will rise; let it boil up once or twice, then remove the pan from the fire, and skim thoroughly. Set it back, and boil ten or fifteen minutes. When it begins to whiten, add to it the strained juice of a lemon, and boil till thick and clear. Have your fruit ready, and dip it in the liquid while hot, then roll in dry and sifted loaf sugar, with or without colored flavoring. Use only a little sugar at one time, as it will want renewal in order to be kept dry. Have sheets of writing paper laid on dishes, and if possible, place them where the sun strikes hot, or in a very warm room, or in a cool brick oven, after the fruit has been ranged carefully and singly, at regular distances, upon them. They will take a longer, or shorter time to dry according to the amount of heat brought to bear upon them. But they do not need cooking, and are spoiled by being placed in a hot oven.

"MRS. E. E. W."—It would hardly pay you to send for the material for a single garment. Before receiving it, the cost of transfer, and other incidentals would bring it up to the cost in San Francisco. The "Mirville" is a good permanent pattern.—"Kith and Kin" costs a dollar in book form. The range is so wide in the materials you mention that it is impossible to give exact prices. Price depends upon quality.

"ROSA."—A half worn cloth or flannel dress for the voyage. A travelling suit of Cashmere or camel's hair, trimmed with India stripe or plain plush or velvet, a silk dinner dress and a wrapper. This is sufficient in the way of dresses for a three months' trip. You would hardly find your Cashmere dress too warm in the hottest weather abroad; and if a cotton dress is needed they can be bought pretty and cheap in London or Paris. You will need woolen hose, woolen or merino underwear, a warm ulster, and two large, warm shawls for the voyage; in short, warm winter clothing, with extra warm wraps thrown in, and a Shetland shawl and scarf added. A most useful and necessary addition to the comforts of a voyage will be found in a flannel wrapper and soft, knitted woolen shoes for stateroom wear; a flask of bay rum, another of good toilette vinegar, and a small bottle of cologne. A small bottle of vaseline, and a box of baby powder are indispensable. Take also some lemons and oranges, and a box of Tamar Indien, or a bottle of seltzer aperient. If you wish to keep well and feel well, use boots well seasoned to the feet, and half a size too large, and wear a hat or bonnet that will shade the face; a fur poke is excellent.

"ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS."—To tell you how chromos are made would occupy altogether too much time and space. In brief, the colors are printed, instead of being put on with a brush, as in oil painting. Mrs. Terhune is the "real" name of Marian Harland.—Non-par-el.—We cannot give you the details of the "Mutiny of the *Bounty*;" it was in the newspapers at the time, and has no general interest.—White mull, or lace, would be suitable.

"E. R."—You are quite right in considering it not good taste to wear a necklace and pendant outside of a wrap; if not "bad" taste, it shows at least unrefined and inexperienced habits and bringing up. It would be better to have a teacher to make sure of pronunciation, and guide the choice of words, though doubtless your habit of speaking German would help you to overcome the difficulties of speaking and writing it very rapidly. Cash's cambric ruffling is not expensive, and would trim a cambric dress like the sample you send very prettily. They belong to a transition period rather than to any positive kingdom. The sponge is one of the earliest forms in which life is manifest, but not the earliest by several; and the coral of those transformations from sea weed to gem which is only half accomplished.

"NUISANCE."—The "Aretta" mantelet is a safe and simple design to use for an early spring wrap or the "Isonde" visite. There are others which partake of the "Mother Hubbard" characteristics, but these would be more likely to prove permanently useful. Lace and passementerie are the most suitable trimmings. The "Sutherland" costume furnishes a good design for brown wool, or if you wish it complete, choose the "Pilgrimage," which is as good this year as last; and in fact more popular, because better known. Piano covers are of plain cloth embroidered either in detached figures upon the ends and sides, or with borders. Chair scarfs are embroidered upon satin or plush, and combined with rich stuffs and old lace; they are made long, and are hung over the chair, requiring no fastening. If mere squares, they are fastened at the back with small pearl, coral, or jet headed pins.

"COUNTRY COUSIN."—Your sample will "do" if you have or can get nothing else; it is more suitable for the summer dress of a matron in a "reformatory" where cheerfulness is a sin, than any other purpose. The "Pilgrimage" costume is exactly what you want for a Southern trip, as this is graceful, simple, and complete. A fine all-wool serge in

small invisible check or stripe, or plain bronze or olive material, trimmed with pretty India stripe with gold threads in it, would be very pretty for you. For wear with it get a dark brown straw bonnet, line with old gold, and trim with brown satin, and two brown and one old gold ostrich tips, undressed kid gloves, light tan in shade.

"NINON."—The chances are against you; had your temperaments been reversed, they would have been more in your favor; but still, we think you may venture to follow the dictates of your heart, and this conclusion is reached from the unconscious revelation of your own character. Your intelligence and loyal devotion will furnish larger chances for *his* happiness and permanent well being than he would find easily again; and unless he is naturally inconstant, and wanting in principle, his fealty to you could hardly fail to become more established with time, as while you gained somewhat from his more sanguine nature, he would also acquire from you a deeper insight. It must be a risk; but on the one hand there is positive trouble, on the other prospective misery, which may never be realized. The influence which each exercises upon the other is an immense factor in the consideration of the question; if it is salutary, it is likely to be permanent. But in wifely fears and devotion, do not merge that individuality which in the long run commands respect and maintains love; nor, on the other hand, intrude ideas of superior age and wisdom. Give yourself to the influence of your happiness, and let it make you young; hold your experience in a corner of your mind, and let it keep you wise.

"MATER."—The "Sluggard" was written by Dr. Watts, and is one of his "Moral Songs." Dr. Watts was born in 1674, and died in 1748. The "Sluggard" runs as follows, according to our memory of the words. We have them not at hand in printed form; in fact it is probably now out of print.

" 'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain, You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again.	" The clothes that hang on him Are turning to rags, And his money still wastes Till he starves, or he begs.
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" As the door on its hinges, So he on his bed Turns his sides and his shoulders And his heavy head.	" I made him a visit, Still hoping to find That he took better care In improving his mind.
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" A little more sleep, and A little more slumber; Thus he wastes half his days And his hours without number.	" He told me his dreams, Talked of eating and drinking, And he scarce reads his Bible, And never loves thinking.
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" And when he gets up, He sits folding his hands, Or walks about sauntering, Or trifling he stands.	" Said I then to my heart, Here's a lesson for me. This man's but a picture Of what I might be.
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" I passed by his garden, And saw the wild briar; The thorns, and the thistles Grow broader and higher.	" But thanks to my friends For their care of my breeding, Who taught me betimes To love working and reading."
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"A. C. D."—There is a society in Boston for the promotion of home culture. The initiation fee is \$2. By addressing Miss Loring, "Society for Home Culture," 9 Park Street, Boston, you can learn all the particulars. "The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle" also promotes the same object. Rev. Dr. Vincent, Plainfield, New Jersey, will impart any information regarding the same that you may desire.

"MRS. J. P. W."—The Personages of "Endymion" are given in reply to your question from *The World* of Dec. 5, 1880, as forwarded from London by Mr. Jennings.

- Endymion Ferrars*, Benjamin Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield).
- Myra Ferrars* (his sister), Eugénie, Empress of the French.
- Prince Florestan*, Traits of Louis Napoleon framed in an outline of the career of Alfonso of Spain.
- Queen Agrippina*, in the main Queen Hortense, mother of Louis Napoleon, the name conveying an allusion to Queen Isabella II.
- Zenobia*, a composite of Lady Jersey and Lady Holland.
- Baron Sergius*, Baron Brunnow, who effected the famous quadruple alliance of 1840.
- Nigel Penruddock*, Cardinal Manning, with traits of Cardinal Wiseman.
- Job Thornberry*, Richard Cobden.
- Sidney Wilton*, Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea.
- Lord Rochampton*, Lord Palmerston.
- Lady Rochampton*, Lady Palmerston.
- Lord Montfort*, the Earl of Dudley, Lord Eglington and Lord Melbourne in one.
- Mr. Neuchatel*, Baron Lionel Rothschild.
- Adriana*, Lady Roseberry, with suggestions of Lady Burdett-Coutts, and Miss Alice Rothschild.
- Mr. Bertie Tremaine*, Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton.
- Mr. St. Barbe*, W. M. Thackeray.
- Mr. Gushy*, Charles Dickens.



REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

Mrs. Owen's Cook-book.—This addition to the army of cook-books has merits of its own which some of our readers will appreciate. It is the practical work of a western house-wife, Mrs. Frances E. Owens, and is sold by subscription only, therefore cannot be had at the book-stores, but is sent on receipt of the money order, \$1.50. Address to Mrs. F. S. Owens, West Division P. O., Chicago, Ill. It is handsomely and strongly bound in enamelled cloth with marbled edges, and is therefore not an inappropriate present for a bride. The contents would certainly prove most useful to a young housekeeper. Being by a western woman, it is needless to say that cake and pies are strong points, and that there are few of the known varieties that are not represented; but in addition there are many hints and suggestions original, and culled from various sources, that are extremely useful, particularly so to housekeepers that wish to economise time and labor, and money. The chapters on "Hash," and "Laundry Work" are well worthy attention, for they teach how to make cold and scrappy pieces of meat into palatable dishes; and the directions for washing would tend to reduce the burden of the most arduous part of many a poor woman's labor. Mrs. Owens has undoubtedly put her conscience as well as her experience into her cook-book, which is saying a good deal for a cook-book.

The "Edelweiss"—appears as a book of poems by John R. Polles, or rather a continued soliloquy, and story in rhyme. The author says on the first page:

"The trembling bird will leave its nest,
When it has wings to fly;
So fluttering thoughts within my breast
Seek immortality."

The work is interesting from a personal point of view, and as the indication of current thought and opinion; but we fear it will not find a large immortality.

The "Magazine of Art."—Cassell, Petter & Galpin begin the year with rich promise of good things. The February number is one of the finest in subjects, and in the execution of them that has yet been issued. It contains, among other things, a fine portrait and sketch of the artist, Thomas Moran, and for a frontispiece, an engraved copy of his celebrated picture, The Mountain of the Holy Cross, Colorado. Ford Castle, one of the most picturesque homes of great families, is given with a number of lovely interior views, and the "Decoration of a Yacht" is accompanied by five engravings showing the modern luxury of yacht outfitting when undertaken by such experienced voyagers as Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey. One of the most striking features is Canossa, from the painting by J. A. Cluysenaar, and perhaps the most charming. "Winter," beautifully illustrated with six engravings by P. Robinson. The "Magazine of Art" is a luxury the cost of which is exceedingly small, compared with its value as an educator and pleasure giver.

A Literary Cyclopaedia, and Dictionary of Quotations.—The most important and exhaustive work ever undertaken in this direction, has been recently completed by its editors, J. K. Hoyt and Anna L. Ward, and published by I. K. Funk & Co., to which firm the public are indebted for a new departure in the publication of high class books, at a low price. This work, however, is not cheap; it is necessarily one of those books that are more useful to the student, the literary man, or woman, and the journalist, than to the devourers of the "Seaside" library class of productions; and to form a permanent and every way standard book of reference, the "Cyclopaedia and Dictionary of Authors" has been bound and printed in handsome library form, as befits a work of nine hundred pages, upon which an extraordinary amount of care and labor has been expended. Something of what the undertaking really was, and the years of persevering toil it involved may be judged from the indexing, which occupies two hundred and fifty pages, and is as complete as it is possible to make it. Besides this, in addition to the variety of quotations upon nearly one thousand different subjects, there is a dictionary of authors with the dates of birth and death, if deceased, a list of ecclesiastical terms and definitions, another of Latin law terms and phrases, and complete compendium of proverbs and mottoes in Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, with English translations. The method of arranging the quotations under the different heads is not adapted to confining them to the few best, but ensures a diversity, and a reference to any one almost, who has touched the subject in hand. This will account for the introduction of some names of small account, who had never before been suspected of writing anything quotable; and while it undoubtedly encumbers the work with much that is uninteresting to the fastidious reader, it renders it more exhaustive and complete, and greatly more valuable as a book of reference,

for which purpose, indeed, it is intended, and for which it is most admirably adapted in plan and execution. Doubtless much of its peculiar fitness arises from the fact that its chief compiler, Mr. J. K. Hoyt, has been for many years managing editor of the Newark *Advertiser*, a paper which, notwithstanding the disadvantage of proximity to the metropolis, and its news budgets of the world, has maintained the very highest reputation for ability; and this Cyclopaedia is therefore the result of a want strongly realized in Mr. Hoyt's own personal experience, as in that of every editor; instead of a more or less industrious aggregation of well-known lines and phrases gotten up to order. Considering its size and character, the work has been issued at a very low price (five dollars), and being the best and most complete in its field, it is indispensable to the library and book-shelf of students and literary workers. It is one of those books essential to our modern ways of working and living; and we can only congratulate ourselves that Mr. Hoyt, with the assistance of Miss Ward, has out of a busy life found the time and strength for an undertaking involving such a vast amount of research, and executed it with such conscientious ability.

"Slight Ailments."—Mr. P. Blakiston, the Philadelphia publisher, has issued many useful and valuable works on health and hygiene, but none which deserve more consideration than a recent volume, with the above as the first part of its rather lengthy title, by L. S. Beale, M.B., F.R.S., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in King's College, London, and Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. For general use, and as a book of reference in families, it is perhaps somewhat too technical and scientific, few unscientific persons caring to know in regard to the structural conditions of the human body, or the reasons why they should do thus and so, but preferring an authoritative declaration, assertion, or command, which they accept implicitly, and follow blindly. "Slight Ailments, their Nature and Treatment," is not a mere manual, it is an exhaustive work, worthy of study by any physician; capable of doing immense service to the thoughtful and intelligent reader, professional or otherwise, for it gives the results of a life of research, of wide experience and varied practice. In its diversified list of subjects we find the ailments of infancy and youth, of activity in middle life, and those incident to old age. No every-day ailment, however trifling, seems to have escaped attention that is able to create annoyance or functional disturbance. Sore lips, "sick" headache, are as intelligently treated as "wakefulness," "constipation," though, of course, an equal amount of space is not devoted to every question discussed. Simple and clear directions as to treatment are always included, so that those who chose can skip the hard words and merely follow the advice, which in many cases would save a doctor's bill.

"Pen-Portraits" (illustrated) of illustrious abstainers, is a handsome volume, which has been written by the well-known author and lecturer, George W. Bungay, and published by the National Temperance Society. It consists of fifty graphically written biographical sketches of such men as Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes, Horace Mann, Gerritt Smith, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, Horace Greeley, and others. Among the names are some about which there is a little uncertainty as to their total abstinence during the later years of their lives, but the majority are well known workers in and representatives of the Temperance cause. The work is illustrated with thirty-two wood cuts, including portraits of Rev. John Pierpont, Dr. Cuyler, Hon. R. B. Hayes, and other eminent men, who have been consistent and earnest advocates and representatives of the Temperance idea. It should be in every library.

"Garrison in Heaven" is a "dream" in pamphlet covers by William Denton, and is a satire on the eulogies pronounced on a man who was as famous a freethinker as he was an abolitionist, by the church organs, between whom and him there was formerly open warfare. It is published by the Denton Publishing Company, of Wellesley, Mass. Stearns is the publishing agent for New York City. 58 Reade Street.

Norse Literature.—It is difficult to estimate the advantage to the literary world of the work for which we are mainly indebted to Prof. Rasmus B. Anderson of the Madison (Wisconsin) University, in opening up a new and charming field in the works of Norwegian writers, and executing it, moreover, with such genuine enthusiasm and sympathy as brings the reader, even through so imperfect a medium as a translation, in direct contact with the spirit and purpose of the original. It was through Ole Bull and his music that the world became acquainted with the fact that Norway had voices and could express the language of its woods and mountains, its lakes and valleys. Hardly itself was it aware that it possessed what was worthy of being considered a national school of literature and art, and its recent awakening and development has received not a little of its impulse and strength from the original works of Prof. Anderson, culminating in the introduction to the American public of the Norwegian novelist, poet, orator, and thinker, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. Three of his works have now been translated by Prof. Anderson, assisted, as he explains in his introduction, by the well-known writer and student of Norwegian folk-lore and music, "Auber Forestier," who was his colleague in the preparation of the Norwegian Musical Album, recently published by Ditson & Co., of Boston.

The charm of this series of Norwegian stories lies in their truth, in their simplicity, in their pictures of peasant life in the solitudes of a wild

and romantic country, in the revelations of the feelings, the motives and the ideas which animate and inspire them; and in the seemingly unconscious eloquence of the descriptions of the strange and majestic surroundings in which the personages move and have their being. The one strong impression throughout these volumes is the controlling presence of a Nature that speaks for the voiceless human. Men and women are dumb, they know not how to express themselves; but the brook babbles to the stream, the stream to the rivers, and the rivers to the sea, and the mountain paths, the rough face of the rock, the flower-gemmed valleys, the dark fjords, the noisy cataract and rushing waterfall, have each a voice which the peasant understands, though he may not be able to voice them himself. The first of the volumes, "Synnöve Solbakken," was printed in Norway in 1857, though it now appears for the first time in English. It is accompanied by a sketch and portrait of the author, and is a domestic story very charming in its delineation of character, clear and concise in style, and more like the best of the modern French novels in the absence of superfluous talk, and in the terseness of style combined with literary finish. In every great, true, and ennobling quality, however, the work of Björnstjerne Björnson is far in advance of any French novelist, for it deals with greater, truer, nobler things; it deals with Nature, and those who live in its storehouse, and are acquainted with its deepest secrets; yet there are no lengthy attempts to describe Nature; it simply reveals itself as the characters reveal themselves during the progress of the story, until at its close one feels that one has lived out a brief life with these quaint, simple, homely folk, and become in some way knit to them and to their interests, their joys, and their sorrows; and not only to them, but to the country in which they grew, and which possesses such strange, weird powers of fascination.

"Arne" followed "Synnöve Solbakken," and is even more remarkable in its development of Scandinavian types than the first work, which, according to Prof. Anderson, began the history of Norwegian literature, as Ole Bull began that of its music. "Arne" is an unconscious poet who sings his own verses, and these poems, scattered throughout the volume, and possessing all the freshness, vigor, musical rhythm, and original power of the scenes they celebrate, impart a singular charm as if they were the unconscious revelations of a Northern Burns who had not been discovered even to himself. The story is sad in its beginning, pathetic in its pictures of the solitary lives shut out by circumstances from human sympathy, but happy in its ending, although the good is always worked out through natural means and honest endeavor, and not by any unexpected windfalls of fortune. The third volume of the series, "A Happy Boy," specially illustrates this remark. Oyvind is happy because he works to make himself so; he accomplishes his desire and achieves his ambition, because he determines first of all to deserve success. But it must be understood that the heroes are not saints, and that the moral lesson is inferred not inculcated. The great charm, after all, is in the ripe scholarship combined with wonderful naturalness and simplicity in depicting the lives and characters of a peasant and agricultural class. As reading, nothing can be imagined more fascinating: one returns to these books again and again with unflinching delight and pleasure; and we must congratulate every lover of books on the prospect of having the entire list of Björnstjerne Björnson's works in the admirable form of the Riverside Press, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., as a possession through the faithful and conscientious efforts of the apostle of Northern literature and mythology, Prof. Rasmus B. Anderson, and his able co-worker "Auber Forestier," who has frequently contributed to our pages.

A Gift of Roses.

If, as has been said, as the years advance flowers grow in beauty, no less true is it that the artist gains in power to throw upon canvas the glowing forms of these lovely children of the gardens and the woods. The love of flowers has become universal; and not only do we lavishly employ them for personal and household adornment, but we hold their pictured forms in high esteem as graceful and appropriate ornaments for the walls of our dwellings. We are happy to have it in our power to contribute to this refined taste; and in the April number we shall present our readers with four separate designs of roses, exquisite in conception and finished in execution, forming one full page of DEMAREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. For beauty of effect and contrast, Van Huysum himself never painted anything lovelier than these flowers. The richly colored petals, delicately curled at the edges, catching the light; the contrast afforded by the exquisitely shaded green leaves; the woodbine and cape-jessamine interspersed to give variety; and the darkly shaded background, throwing the flowers into high relief, make these pictures a highly effective and charming production. These are the finest oil prints ever made in this country. They are on enameled card and are fully equal to the imported French cards which sell in the stores for twenty-five cents, making a set of four that would sell for one dollar, or five times the price of DEMAREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. As an EASTER OFFERING, nothing could be lovelier or more appropriate than these beautiful roses, charmingly arranged in graceful and delicate vases.

DEMAREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for April, containing the above GIFT OF ROSES, will be for sale everywhere on March 15th.

Portfolio of Fashions for the Spring of 1882.

Now that we are well into 1882, the prophecies that were to have taken effect in 1881 are pretty well discredited, and the most fearful will begin to consider the desirability of new clothes, now that we have started on a new lease, Mother Shipton to the contrary, notwithstanding. We have always thought that woman particularly bright who, when reproached by her superstitious neighbors for thinking of such vanity as a new gown when she might be called to take an upward flight any day in the week, declared, that if the danger was really imminent she wanted to have something decent to go to heaven in. The probabilities are now that the most of us will have to buffet the winds and waves of common life a little longer; and in that case there is a certain consolation in having something nice in the way of clothes to do it in. Our "Portfolio," which makes its appearance with the first day of March, is an unflinching indicator of fashions to come; and every lady will find not only pleasure, but a great advantage in carefully examining its plates and pages—its illustrated designs for walking, for evening, for driving, for dining, for morning—before deciding what models she will use for in and out-door wear, for the country or the town, for the rural home or the seaside, for journeys by water or travel by land. For though an immense number and variety of designs may be made, yet each one best knows what will suit herself; and from our Portfolio she gains, as if from figures in a gallery, the knowledge of exactly what will suit her own wants and circumstances. Fifteen cents in stamps, addressed to Mmc. Demorest, 17 E. 14th Street, will bring it to your door, or Post-Office. Send early, as orders are large.

The Religious Press.

WHAT men and women assume to be, that it is very common for the public in general to suppose they are. As it is with men and women, so it is largely with periodicals; if a paper or magazine assumes a certain character, it is generally supposed to be one that it wishes to sustain, and the indiscriminating public accepts it for what it professes to be.

The religious press of this country, as of all others, has naturally grown out of denominational interests; but all the same it is accepted by the denominations which they represent, and by the public at large, as being guided by a higher and purer morality—by a finer conscience, and a stricter sense of what is demanded by the best popular sentiment. This is especially the case when the paper is well edited, ably conducted, and employs the best procurable talent to brighten and inform its columns. We have one before us at this moment that can claim the highest rank in all these essential respects, one that is received in thousands of intelligent families, that is read and admired; that is also accepted by many as a high and true exponent of the most sacred articles of their faith. Yet in this paper, which is a welcome visitor in so many homes, are four solid columns of fraudulent patent medicine advertisements, with display heads, and every device for attracting and victimising the unwary! Daily papers are credited with little virtue; periodicals that endeavor conscientiously to make the world better than they found it, are indiscriminately condemned because they contain "fashions;" yet there is hardly a daily paper of respectability, or a monthly periodical of any standing that does not refuse absolutely to insert such advertisements; that does not send away thousands of dollars from its doors every year, by the persistent refusal to aid in this nefarious business.

Patent medicine humbugs pay well, and the more worthless they are, the greater the inducement offered to the press to circulate them. But the popular press does not need this kind of support, the legitimate dealer in the useful, as well as the beautiful seeks its pages to bring himself and his wares before the public. It is the misfortune of the religious press, that it has not a secular public, and is thus left open more especially to the temptation of taking anything in the way of an advertisement that will pay. But we can but think that the really good men, who stand behind these denominational institutions would be more careful if they understood the amount of their responsibility. "Why, I saw such a thing advertised in the *Congregationalist*?" a believing soul will remark, with exactly the same kind of faith as if she had seen the thing advertised in the Bible. Probably there are no people in the world who live and die by nostrums so largely as the credulous rural subscribers of denominational papers; people who would not enter a theater to see a play, though it were better than a sermon; people who would not take a secular or "fashion" magazine for the world, yet who constantly patronize and keep alive the most baleful class in the community; people who live by lying and deception, who make hogsheads of noxious stuff for a few dollars, and sell it for fifty cents a quarter pint; people whose scheme of life is to trap the ignorant, and who find their greatest aid and comfort in what is called the Christian press. We hope religious papers will see a duty in getting rid of so noxious an element, and at least not oblige those who refuse a profit in order not to contaminate their own, or other families, to find the same poison circulated through the columns of their denominational paper.

—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.—BROWNING.—Premiums for two names are out of print.—Inkstands for two and three names cannot be furnished.

Browning and Jean Ingelow for four names are out of print.

Pencil Paragraphs.

WHO is so much cajoled and served with trembling, by the weak females of a household, as the unscrupulous male, capable, if he has not free way at home, of going and doing worse elsewhere?—GEORGE ELIOT.

For complete happiness, the outward and inward must concur.—ID.

THE emptiness of all things, from politics to pastimes, is never so striking to us as when we fail in them.—ID.

If there is any cause wanting why a woman should hate a man, intimate to her that she is to fall to him as a matter of course, and all that is necessary to make her both hate and despise him is supplied at once.—ANON.

WE read in History, of any number of great individuals, but how few of 'em, alars! should we want to take home to supper with us!—ARTEMAS WARD.

I s'POSE every civilized land is endowed with its full share of gibberin' idgits, and it can't be helped, leastways, I can't think of any effectool plan for helpin' it.—ID.

I HAVE already given two cousins to the war, and I stand redly to sacrifics my wife's brother, ruther'n not see the rebellyin krusht. And if wuss comes to wuss, I'll shed evry drop of blud my able-bodied relations has got, to prosekoot the war!—ID.

IN the earlier stages of a woman's interest in a man, she is apt to be exceedingly communicative; it is only when she becomes fully aware of the gravity of the stake involved, that she begins to "hidge" before the public.—BRET HARTE.

SUITORS must often be judged as words are—by the standing and the figure they make in polite society; it is difficult to know much else of them.—GEORGE ELIOT.

IT is not mean natures, alone, that are the most suspicious. A quick, generous imagination, feverishly excited, will project theories of character and intention far more ridiculous and uncomplimentary to humanity than the lowest surmises of ignorance and imbecility.—BRET HARTE.

SOME feelings are like our hearing; they come, as sounds do, before we know their reason.—GEORGE ELIOT.

WHATEVER one does with a strong, spontaneous outflow of will, has a store of motives that it would be hard to put into words. Some deeds seem like little more than interjections which give vent to the long passion of a life.—ID.

RADICALISM and democracy are much more fascinating to us when the apostle is in comfortable case and easy circumstances, than when he is clad in fustian, and consistently out of a situation!—BRET HARTE.

THOSE men are apt to be the most conciliating and obsequious abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain-lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering.—IRVING.

THE same weakness of mind that indulges absurd expectations, produces petulance in disappointment.—ID.

A SHARP tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use.—ID.

TRUE merit, both in men and vegetables, is sure, in the long run, to win favor.—ANON.

GIVEN a reputation for business shrewdness and omnipresence in a man, and the world will speedily place him beyond the necessity of using them.—BRET HARTE.

In mendicant fashion, we make the goodness of others a reason for exorbitant demands on them.—GEORGE ELIOT.

IN general, one may be sure that when a marriage of any mark takes place, male acquaintances are likely to pity the bride, female acquaintances the bridegroom: each, it is thought, might have done better; and especially when the bride is charming, young gentlemen are apt to conclude that she can have no real attachment to a fellow so uninteresting to themselves as her husband, but has married him on other grounds.—ID.

THE devil's best lies are made of half-truths.—EDWARD GARRETT.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, A MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISERS.

THE BEST IN FORM AND THE LARGEST IN CIRCULATION. The advertising column of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY furnish the most reliable, cheapest and best advertising medium in the world. Goes everywhere. Read by everybody. A book of reference for the family, and sometimes the whole neighborhood; especially for the enterprising, and for all those who can afford to purchase. For advertising purposes, no other one medium covers so much ground, or is so universally read and sought for as DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.

Please remember that for a card of 5 lines, costing \$2.50, is at the rate of only 25 cents for 10,000 cards, and most efficiently distributed to the best families.

We aim to make our advertising columns the vehicle only of what is best calculated to promote the interests of our readers—to exclude whatever is pernicious, at whatever sacrifice—and render them so absolutely reliable, that they may be consulted with a certainty that everything therein stated will be found precisely as represented.

ADVERTISING RATES.

ORDINARY PAGES.....	\$.50	} PER LINE. AGATE MEASURE, 14 LINES 1 INCH.
NEXT READING.....	.75	
BUSINESS NOTICES.....	1.00	

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR CUTS OR DISPLAY.

Remember that Advertising at the above rates costs only about one cent a line per 1,000 copies.

Advertisements for insertion should be forwarded not later than the 28th, for the next issue. No medical, questionable, or ambiguous advertisements will be admitted on any terms.



ROYAL
ROYAL
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
BAKING POWDER
BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum and phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York.

New York Medical College and Hospital for women, 213 W. 54th street, between Broadway and 7th Avenue, now open for reception of patients in wards or private rooms. The only Homœopathic Hospital where women are treated exclusively by physicians of their own sex. For admission, apply to the resident physician. Dispensary open daily.

GRAND OPENING
OF
SPRING STYLES,
At MME. DEMOREST'S,
17 East 14th Street, New York,
And all the Branches, on
MARCH FIRST.

SEE
GIFT OF ROSES.
PAGE 337.

THE ROMAN BAND
PAT. OCT. 18. 1881.

DO NOT FAIL TO SEE THE ROMAN BAND before purchasing a Back Comb or Head Band. Great improvement on anything ever introduced; no elastic necessary. For sale by all leading Retailers and Jobbers. Prices from 25 cts. to \$1.00. If your Merchant hasn't it, address Agent Aldrich Cook Mfg. Co., New York City, for Catalogue and Price List (free). Be particular in giving P. O. address.

MME. DEMOREST'S
PORT-FOLIO OF FASHIONS
FOR THE
SPRING AND SUMMER
Will be for sale by all Book and Periodical Dealers on
MARCH FIRST.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS
IN
Japanese and Chinese Wares,
CLOISONNE PLAQUES, LAQUER GOODS,
Vases in Satsuma, Kioto, Makuga,
Owari, Ota, and other Wares.
TETE A TETE SETS.
FANS, SCREENS AND SCROLLS,
Embroideries in Silk and Satin,
ELEGANT GOWNS FOR LADIES,
DINNER AND TEA SETS.
YAMATO TRADING CO.,
30 HOWARD STREET,
NEW YORK.

Orders by mail receive prompt attention.

HUYLER'S
863 BROADWAY,
New York,
THEIR PURE, DELICIOUS, FRESH
EVERY-HOUR
ON RECEIPT OF
\$1, \$2, \$3, or \$5,
WILL SEND BY
MAIL OR EXPRESS
SAMPLE BOX OF
BONBONS

WHY 860,000 PEOPLE NOW USE DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC BRUSHES.

Because all can have them on trial without any risk of being humbugged, or getting poor value for their money, as you will read in the "GOLDEN RULE" below.

THE HAIR BRUSH

Is warranted to and does Cure Nervous Headache in 5 Minutes! Billions Headache in 5 Minutes! Neuralgia in 5 Minutes! Dandruff and Diseases of the Scalp! Prevents Falling Hair and Baldness! Promptly Arrests Premature Grayness! Makes the Hair grow Long and Glossy! The continued use of Pills, etc., works irreparable injury. Ask any Physician.

IT WILL POSITIVELY PRODUCE

A Rapid Growth of Hair on Bald Heads, where the Glands and Follicles are not totally destroyed.

THE FLESH BRUSH

Quickens the Circulation, Opens the Pores, and enables the system to throw off those impurities which cause disease. It instantly acts upon the Blood, Nerves and Tissues, imparting a Beautiful Clear Skin, New Energy and New Life to all who daily use it.

IT IS WARRANTED TO CURE

Rheumatism and Diseases of the Blood, Nervous Complaints, Neuralgia, Toothache, Malarial, Lameness, Palpitation, Paralysis, and all Pains caused by Impaired Circulation. It promptly alleviates Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, quickly removes those "Back Aches" peculiar to Ladies, and imparts wonderful vigor to the whole body.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

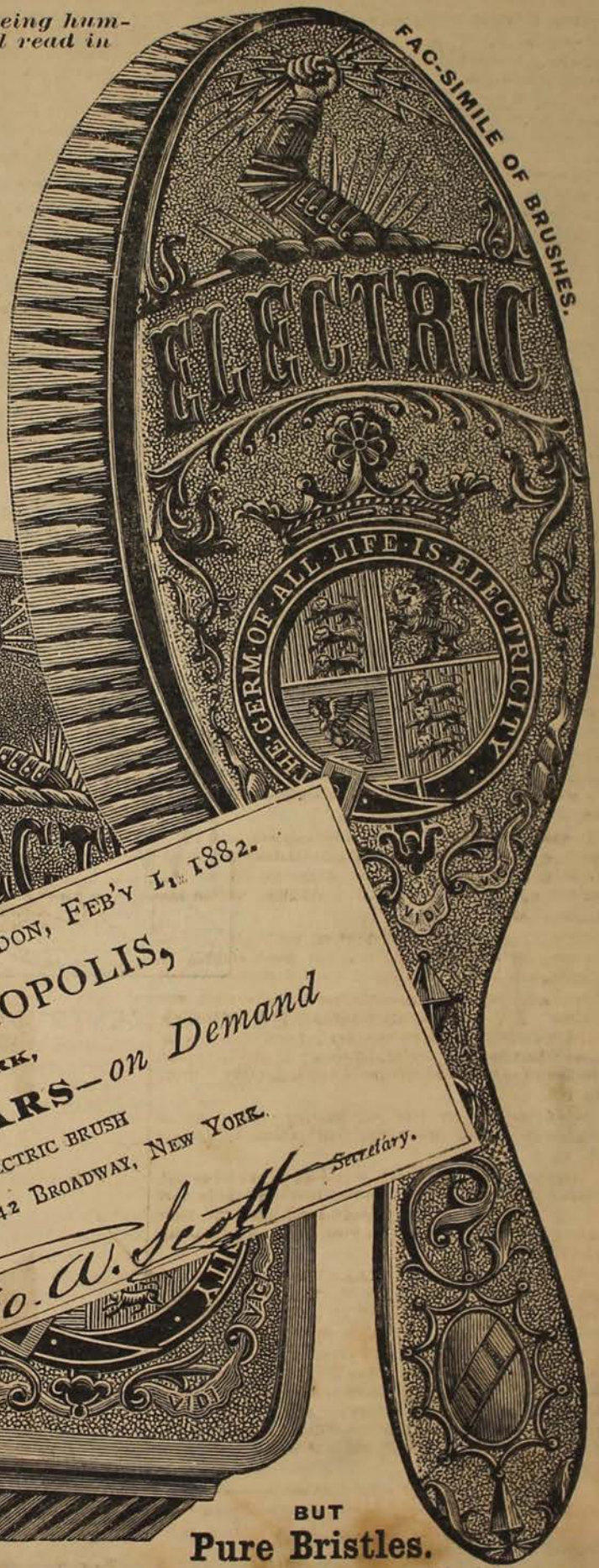
To remove all doubt or possible risk on the part of those desiring to test the merits of these Brushes, we beg to announce that after Feb. 1st, 1882, every Brush sent out by mail in response to this advertisement will be accompanied by the following check, which any lawyer or business man will tell you is a legal claim upon us for \$3. Respecting our prompt payments, we refer to the Bank of the Metropolis, New York; London and County Bank, London; Messrs. Harper and Bros.; Frank Leslie's; Scribner's; Scientific American, etc.

BANK OF THE METROPOLIS,
 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK,
 Pay Bearer—**THREE DOLLARS**—on Demand
 UPON RETURN OF ONE DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC BRUSH
 TO THE PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION, 842 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

\$3.00.

NOT
Wires,

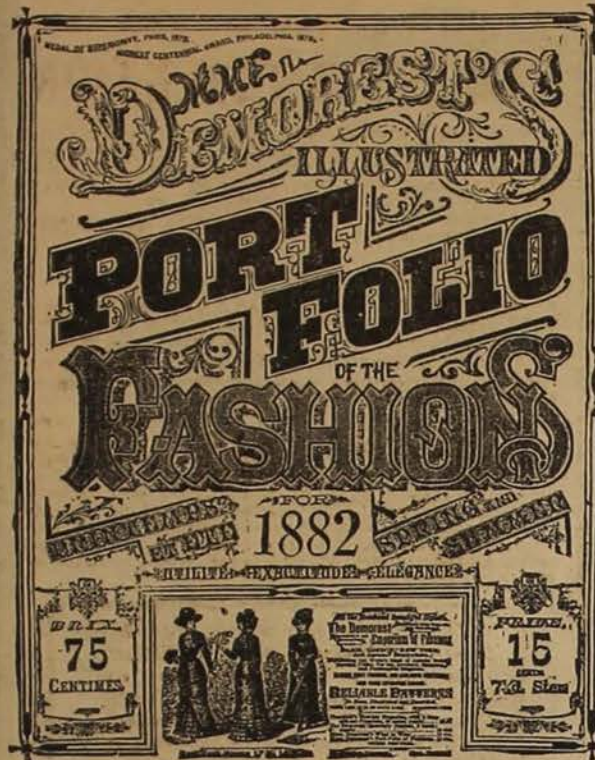
BUT
Pure Bristles.



We will send either Brush on trial, postpaid, on receipt of \$3.00. Inclose 10 cents extra and we guarantee safe delivery; or will send it by express C. O. D., at your expense, with privilege of opening and examining; but expressage adds considerably to your cost. Or request your nearest Druggist or Fancy Store to obtain one for you, and be sure Dr. Scott's name is on the box. **MENTION THIS PAPER.** The Proprietors of this Publication know Dr. Scott to be respectable and trustworthy. A Brush has been placed payable to **GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York.** They can be made in Checks, Drafts, Post Office Orders, Currency, or Stamps. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE. Agents wanted in every Town. Send for Circular of Dr. Scott's Electric Corset.

DEMOREST'S PUBLICATIONS, Etc.

For DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE, see Second Page of Cover.



Port-Folio of Fashions.

A large and beautiful book of 70 folio pages. Published semi-annually, for Spring and Summer, and Autumn and Winter. Containing over 700 large illustrations of the latest and best styles, including all the standard and useful designs for Ladies' and Children's Dress, with French and English descriptions, amount of material required, etc., etc. Every Lady wants this book of large illustrations of the new styles. Price, 15 cents. Post-free. Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th St., N. Y.

WHAT TO WEAR.

Published Semi-annually for Spring and Summer, and Fall and Winter. Contains the latest information on every department of Ladies' and Children's Dress, including Materials, Trimmings, Traveling, Wedding and Mourning Outfits, Costumes of all descriptions, Jewelry, Coiffures, Millinery, etc., with full instructions in dressmaking, and valuable information for Merchants, Milliners, Dressmakers and Ladies generally. 120 pages, large 8vo. Price, 15 cents. Post-free. Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th St., New York.

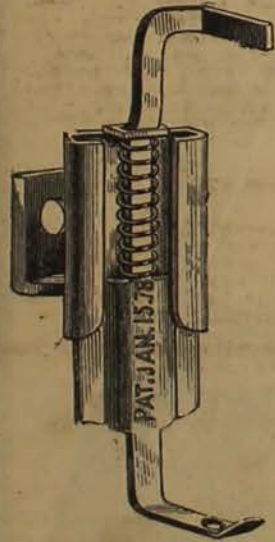


SEND 50 CENTS

For one year's subscription to Mme. Demorest's WHAT TO WEAR, and Mme. Demorest's PORT-FOLIO OF FASHIONS. Two publications for 50 cents. Post-free. W. Jennings Demorest, 17 East 14th St., New York.

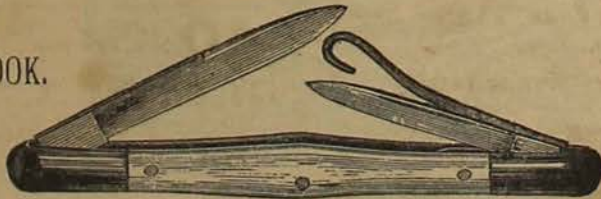
THE "ROSE" DARNER.

An ingenious attachment which can be quickly and easily applied to any straight-needle sewing machine. Will do all the family darning. Price, \$1.00. Mention name of sewing machine. Address Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th St., N. Y.



LADIES' KNIFE AND BUTTON-HOOK.

Pearl handle and best quality steel. Price, 75c. Post-free. Address, Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th St., New York.



The Victoria Bosom-Pad.

Graceful, Healthy. It secures a perfect fit in a dress, and gives a graceful shape to the figure. It is neatly covered, and neither breaks nor gets out of order.

Once tried, no lady will ever be without it. Mailed post-free on receipt of 50 cents. Address Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th St., N. Y.



Superior Patent Scissors. With double bows. 5 inches, 50 cts.; 6 inches, 75 cts.; 8 inches, \$1.00 Post-free. Mme. Demorest, 17 E. 14th St., New York.

System of Dress Cutting.

Mme. Demorest's Excelsior and always First Premium. Used and endorsed by nearly all the best dressmakers in Europe and America. It is easily understood, and every week will save time and vexation enough to pay its cost, besides giving the greatest possible satisfaction in fitting accurately and artistically. Always awarded the highest premium for Simplicity and Excellence. Full instructions accompanying each Model. Price, \$3.00. Post-free.

Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th St., New York.

CHILDREN'S MAGIC DRESS CHART.

A very Simple and Reliable System for cutting all sizes of Sacques Basques, Jackets, Aprons, and all kinds of waists for children from one to fifteen years of age. The chart contains full instructions, and cannot fail of being understood even by children. Price, \$1.50. Post-free.

Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th St., New York.

ROSEATE BLOOM.

For Tinting the Complexion with a roseate hue, imparting a youthful freshness, and softening it into a lifelike glow. Price, 50 cents. Mailed free on receipt of price. Address

Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th St., New York.

LILY BLOOM.

An Exquisite Toilet Preparation for imparting a soft and brilliant expression to the complexion, and Hygienic in its effects on the skin, removing Freckles and Tan, and very genial in its soothing properties. No lady of taste can afford to be without this exquisite Bloom. Price, 50 cents. Mailed free on receipt price. Address

Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th St., New York.

Combination Suspender and Shoulder Brace.

With the new patent safety pin and buckle attachments. Suspends the skirts on the shoulders, and inclines the shoulders back and chest forward, giving without compression, a graceful dignity to the form; requires no buttons or sewing; combining health, comfort and convenience. Price, 75 cents. Post-free.

Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th St., New York.

Artistic Corsets.

They combine all the essential requisites of a superior corset, with a new and improved form, one of these corsets lasting longer than two or three of the ordinary kind, and for symmetrical beauty no lady of taste will consent to wear any other after giving these a trial. Price for French Jean, \$2.50 and \$3.00. Fine Satin Jean, \$4.00. Best Coutil, \$5.00. Sent by mail, post-free. Send waist and bust measure and length under the arms. Send for full Illustrated Catalogue of Corsets, before ordering elsewhere. Address

Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th St., New York.

MISSES' CORSETS.

Especially adapted to immature and growing figures. French Jean \$2.00, to \$2.25 per pair. Sent by mail, post-free.

Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th St., New York.

SKIRT SUSPENDERS.

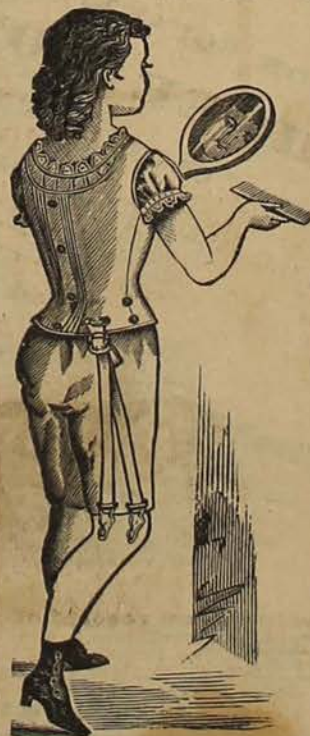
With new patent safety pin and buckle attachments. Attaches all the skirts at the band, and suspends them on the shoulders without buttons or sewing; adjustable in length, and very durable. Price, 35 cents. Post-free.

Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th St., New York.

The Reliable Stocking Suspenders.

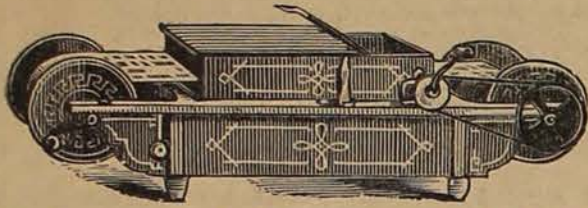
Afford an easily arranged and simple way of supporting the hose, and need but one trial to give entire satisfaction. With our superior patent safety-pin, they are easily attached to a point of support above, and by means of an ingenious slide to the stocking, and do not in any way interfere with the usual way of arranging the dress. They require no buttons or sewing, and are readily adjusted in length by a buckle. Price, 35 cents per pair. With band, 50 cents. Post-free.

Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th St., New York.



GRAND OPENING
OF
SPRING STYLES,
At MME. DEMAREST'S,
17 East 14th Street, New York,
And all the Branches, on
MARCH FIRST.

**THE ORGUINETTE
AND
THE CABINETTO**



re the most wonderful music producing instruments in the world.

Play Everything—Sacred, Secular and Popular.

ANY ONE CAN PLAY THEM.

Large Pipe Organs, Pianos and Reed Organs may all be seen operating mechanically as OrguINETTES, Musical Cabinets and Cabinettos, at the most novel and interesting music warerooms in the world.

Price \$8—\$30; Large Instruments, \$60—\$2,000

No. 831 BROADWAY,

Between 12th and 13th Sts., NEW YORK.

The Mechanical OrguINETTE Co.,

Sole Manufacturers and Patentees.

Call and see them, or send for Circulars.

**MME. DEMAREST'S
PORT-FOLIO OF FASHIONS**

FOR THE

SPRING AND SUMMER

Will be for sale by all Book and Periodical Dealers on

MARCH FIRST.

SEE

GIFT OF ROSES.

PAGE 337.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Business Men, Farmers, Lawyers, Physicians, Clergymen, Army and Navy Officers, Naturalists, Pioneers, Trappers, Prospectors, College Professors, Tourists, Civil Engineers, Artists, Editors of other papers contribute to the *Forest and Stream*. The departments of the paper are: *The Sportsman, Tourist, Natural History, Shooting, Angling, Fish-culture, Kennel, Yachting, Canoeing*. Devoted to the inculcation in men and women of a healthy interest in out-door recreation and study, it is high in tone, wholesome in influence. Its contents are redolent of the odor of the forest, and bright with the sparkle of the stream. Now in its seventeenth volume; 24 pages weekly; \$4 per year; 10 cents per number. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Send Post-Office Order or Draft.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO.,
39 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY.

**MME. DEMAREST'S
PORT-FOLIO OF FASHIONS**

FOR THE

SPRING AND SUMMER

Will be for sale by all Book and Periodical Dealers on

MARCH FIRST.

Health! Comfort! Elegance!

**DR. SCOTT'S
Electric Corset.**



**Positively Secured with this
BEAUTIFUL INVENTION**

By a happy thought Dr. Scott, of London, the inventor of the celebrated Electric Brushes, has adapted Electro-Magnetism to Ladies' Corsets, thus bringing this wonderful curative agency within the reach of every lady.

They should be adopted at once by those suffering from any bodily ailment, and she who wishes to

Ward Off Disease,

Preserve her good health, and retain and improve the elegance of her figure should give them an immediate trial. It has been found that magnetic treatment makes the muscles and tissues more plastic and yielding, and it is argued from this that Ladies who wear these corsets will have no difficulty in moulding the figure to any desired form, without tight lacing. A tendency to extreme fatness or leanness is a disease which, in most cases, these articles will be found to cure. In appearance they do not differ from the usual corsets, being made of the same materials and shape (see cut). They are worn the same, and fit the same, but give a more graceful figure.

The Secretary of the Pall Mall Electric Association of London "earnestly recommends all" "Ladies suffering from any" "bodily ailment to adopt" "these corsets without delay." "They perform astonishing" "cures and invigorate every" "part of the system."

In place of the ordinary steel busks in front, and a rib or two at the back, Dr. Scott inserts steel magnetods which are exactly the same size, shape, length, breadth and thickness as the usual steel busk or rib. By this means he is able to bring the magnetic power into constant contact with all the vital organs, and yet preserve that symmetry and lightness so desirable in a good corset. It is affirmed by professional men that there is hardly a disease which Electricity and Magnetism will not benefit or cure.

Dr. W. A. Hammond, of New York,

Late Surgeon-General of the United States, an eminent authority, publishes almost miraculous cures made by him, and all medical men daily practice the same. Ask your own physician. The sale of Magnetic Clothing, Band, Belts, etc., has attained world-wide success, but many who are constrained to use them are deterred because they are either expensive, bulky, troublesome, or interfere with the dress and figure. The cut gives a fair representation of the corset, which should be worn daily in place of the ordinary one, and will always do good, never harm. There is no shock or sensation whatever felt in wearing them, while benefit quickly follows. Being made with better material and workmanship than any corset sold, they will outwear three of those commonly used. In ordering be careful to send exact waist measure, and mention this paper. They are all of the same quality, differing only in size. The material is white, fine in texture, beautifully embroidered and trimmed.

We will send it on trial, postpaid, on receipt of \$3.00, which will be returned if not as represented.

Inclose 10 cents extra and we guarantee safe delivery. We will send it by express, C.O.D., at your expense, with privilege of examination—but expressage adds considerably to your cost. Or request your nearest Dry Goods or Fancy Store to obtain one for you, and be sure Dr. Scott's name is on the corset. Remittances should be made payable to **GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York**. They can be made in Checks, Drafts, Post Office Orders, Currency, or Stamps. **LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE. Agents Wanted in every town.** Send for circular of Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush.

GRAND OPENING
OF
SPRING STYLES,

At MME. DEMAREST'S,
17 East 14th Street, New York,
And all the Branches, on
MARCH FIRST.



THE
STANDARD
SILK
OF THE
WORLD.

SEE

GIFT OF ROSES.

PAGE 337.

SEE

GIFT OF ROSES.

PAGE 337.

50 ELEGANT GENUINE CHROMO CARDS, no two alike, with name 10c. **SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike with name, 10c. Postpaid. **G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.**

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. **J. M. Mitten & Co., Cleveland, O.**

40 New Chromo Cards, 40 styles, or 25 New Year Cards, with name 10c. **Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.**

25 GILT-EDGE CARDS, name elegantly printed, 10c. **AM. CARD CO., 83 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.**

GRAND OPENING
OF
SPRING STYLES,

At MME. DEMAREST'S,
17 East 14th Street, New York,
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MARCH FIRST.

GRAND OPENING
OF
SPRING STYLES,
At MME. DEMOREST'S,
17 East 14th Street, New York.
And all the Branches, on
MARCH FIRST.

REMOVAL OF
BAMBERG, HILL & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
MILLINERY AND STRAW GOODS,
to the Spacious Lofts
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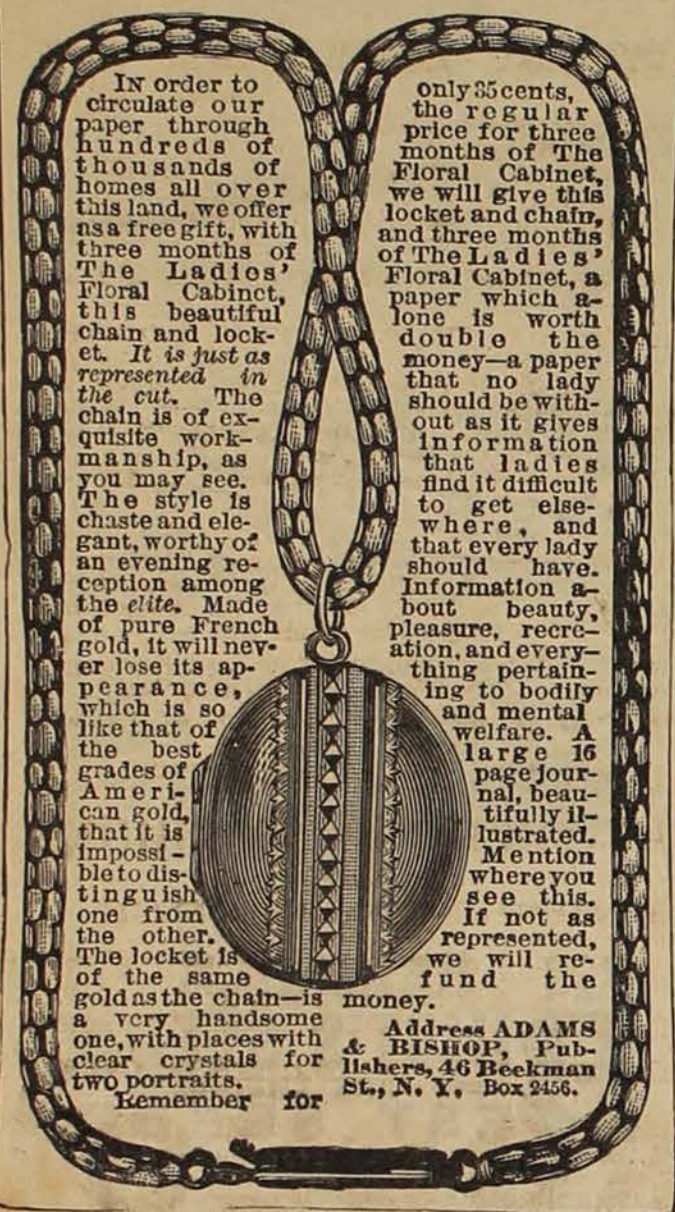
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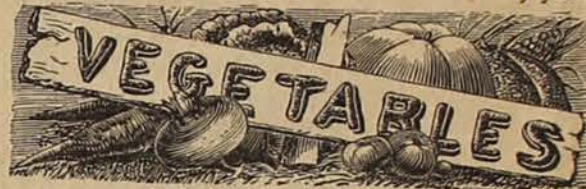
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For instance: the sender of two clubs, each of five subscribers, may select a premium for ten subscribers; or, the sender of a club of ten may select one premium for five, another for three, and a third for two subscribers.

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In selecting club premiums, please consider the facilities your geographical location affords for receiving the same. Many of our premiums cannot be sent by mail—being over four pounds in weight—and the express charges would be more than their value when sent to distant States and Territories; articles we can send by mail should always be selected in preference, unless its value warrants its being sent by express.

It is useless to ask us to change our premium list to suit special cases. We are often asked to give a premium for six to a person who can only send four, on the ground that they select a premium of *apparently* less value to them. If we were able to give it for four, we should do so, and not put it on the list for six.

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For two subscribers, one of the following premiums:



A superb silver-plated Butter Knife, Orient pattern, ornamented blade. Post-free; or,

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A pair of 8-inch Scissors, best quality. Post free; or,

Two packages of designs for Art Needlework. Each design is accompanied with a perforated pattern, with which any person can easily transfer or stamp the design on the material to be embroidered. Postage free; or,



A beautiful Pocket Bible, in Turkey morocco, tuck, gilt edges. Post free; or,



One of the standard poets, large 16mo, toned paper, red lined borders, and illuminated cloth, gilt edges. Postage free.

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FAVORITE POEMS.
GOLDSMITH.
HEMANS.
HOOD.
HERBERT.
ILIAD.
JEAN INGELOW.
KEATS.
KIRK WHITE.
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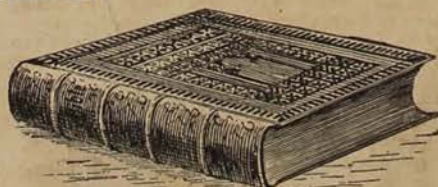
MILTON.
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Jennie June's Cook Book. The most popular of modern authorities on cooking; 340 pages, handsome cloth binding. Post-free; or,

For three subscribers one of the following premiums:



A 12mo Bible, with eight maps, gilt edges. Post free; or,

Fancy Work. 300 pages, 6 x 8½ inches. Post free; or,

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These two works are uniform in size, elegantly bound in cloth, superbly illustrated and printed; or,

A silver-plated Sugar Tongs, dessert size. Post free; or,



A pair of fine silver-plated Butter-knives. Post free; or,



Two silver-plated Sugar Shells, Orient pattern. Post free; or,



A patent graduated filled Gold Thimble, warranted to wear twice as long as the best solid gold. Send the size you require with order; or,

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One of the Standard Poets, 12mo, red line borders, beveled edges, FULL MOROCCO, gilt edges. A very handsome volume.

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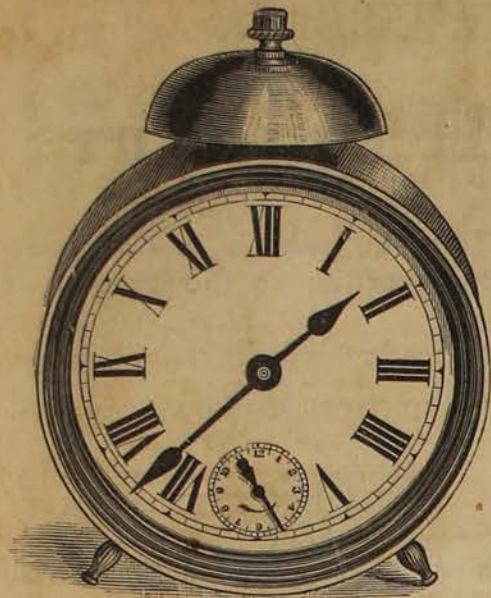
SACRED GEMS.

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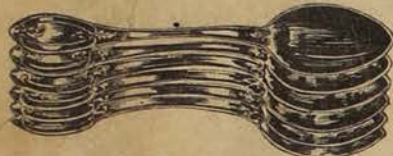
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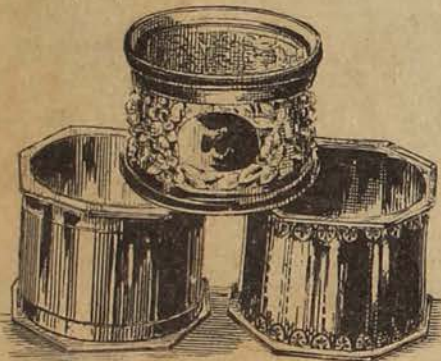
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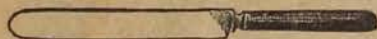
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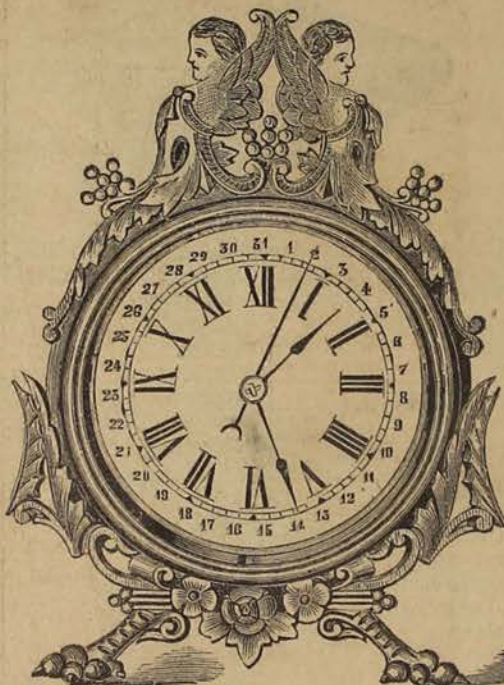
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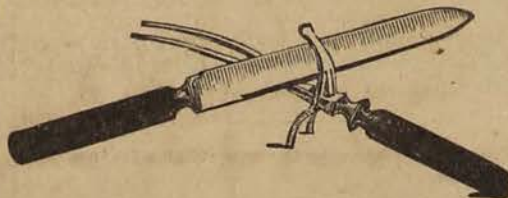
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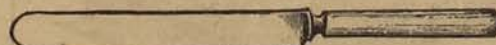
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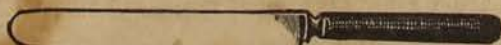
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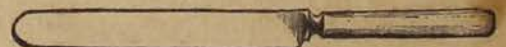
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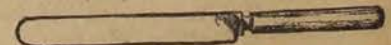
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