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SIXTY YEARS.

Sixty long years—how the time glides by!
How far away seems the land
On whose sunny heights Hope and Youth
Stood lovingly hand in hand:
Some flowers are dead that strewed life's way,
And some are blossoming sweetly to-day.

How the heart travels back to its early prime,
When the world seemed fair and sweet;
When never a thorn on the flowers grew,
That clustered around the feet;
When shimmering bright in the distance far
Glowed the glad vision of Hope's clear star.

The paths that the feet walked lightly then
Were green with a promise bright,
And the brave young heart felt never a fear,
For it knew that the darkest night
The stars come out, and the moonlight's glow
Falls on the hills and the world below.

And the shining goal that the eyes discerned
Stood high on a lofty slope;
The way was hard, but the will was strong,
And youth with its shield of hope
Went forth to win for itself renown,
And snatch for its brow the victor's crown.

Who says that a man climbs all in vain,
When he reaches that temple bright,
Which Truth and Justice and Mercy enfold,
With their wings all radiant and white?
And he hears the songs that the angels sing,
And he feels the sweep of an angel's wing.

He stands on the mount, as Moses stood,
And looks o'er the land he's trod;
He may have missed many a worldly gain,
But never the hand of God,
And if that's led him on with beneficent care,
He has all things to hope for and nothing to fear.

If he has sown good seed in the years gone by,
It will blossom in lovely grace;
If he's brought no tears to the weary eyes,
But has brightened with smiles some face,
Sweet is the balm that his deeds will bring,
Glad is the song that his heart will sing.

Sixty long years—what visions arise
Of dynasties risen and set,
Of power that melted away from the earth
When the wrong and the right clashed and met;
And Truth, like St. George, some fierce dragon slew,
And the old died hard, to make way for the new.

And Science spread wider and wider her wings,
Till they stretched to the ends of the earth;
And marvels of light and marvels of sound
Sprang all at once into birth,
And through the dark caves of old Ocean then
The cable bore swiftly the message of men.

Sixty long years—let us stand on the height,
And viewing the way we have trod,
See the smoke of the altars like incense arise—
The altars we've builded to God;
And thus may they stand to His honor and praise,
Who's crowned with mercy our life's lengthened days.

E. B. CHEESBOROUGH.

The Brook Farm Period in New England.

THE death of Ralph Waldo Emerson recalls to public attention that extraordinary period of seething radicalism which prevailed in New England, and to some extent beyond it, when he was in his prime. It was an era so unlike the present that it seems centuries away. The eighty-two pestilent heresies that were already reckoned up in Massachusetts before 1638, or the "generation of odd names and natures" which the Earl of Strafford found among the English Roundheads, could hardly surpass those of which Boston was the center and Horace Greeley's *Tribune*, to some extent, the organ, between the year 1840 and the absorbing political excitement of 1848. The best single picture of the time is to be found in Emerson's lecture on "New England Reformers," delivered in March, 1844; but it tells only a small part of the story. Carlyle's works had stimulated youthful minds in England; Fourier's writings had made a certain impression in France: and German literature played an important part in the whole movement; but America was, after all, thechosen scene.

The mental agitation ranged from the most cultivated to the most ignorant persons; German theology, as interpreted by Brownson and Parker, reached one class, while the Second Advent movement fired another. The Anti-Slavery agitation was a feeder to the whole excitement, supplying a class of persons who were ready to forsake all and follow conscience. The Hutchinson family were its minstrels—a band of Puritan Bohemians—five or six long-haired and black-eyed striplings, grouped around one rose-bud of a sister. Edward Palmer fulminated against the use of money; phrenology and physiology, then ranked together, contributed to the speculative enthusiasm; Alcott preached what Carlyle called "a potato gospel;" Graham denounced bolted flour; the water-cure was coming into favor; the body must be fed and clothed and bathed upon new and saintly principles. The wildest speculations and practices not only prevailed, but must be linked together; reform was not a series of convictions, but a general attitude; you were expected to accept the whole "sisterhood of reforms," as now to vote the whole party ticket. When, in 1847, I went to reside for some years in a manufacturing town in Massachusetts, where the operatives were still chiefly American farmers' daughters, one of my radical acquaintances was quite amazed that I, who passed for a reformer, was yet unacquainted with "the Riggs girls," who worked in one of the mills. "Not know the Riggs girls!" he said. "You ought to know *them!* Interested in all the reforms—temperance, anti-slavery—bathe in cold water every morning, and one of 'em's a Grahamite." I afterward became acquainted with these young ladies, and found them exceedingly sensible and well-informed women.

Mr. Emerson, in a paper in the "*Dial*" for July, 1842, on the "Convention of Friends of Universal Reform" in Boston, says truly of that gathering: "If the assembly was disorderly, it was picturesque. Madmen, madwomen, men with beards, Dunkers, Muggletonians, Come-outers, Groaners, Agrarians, Seventh-Day Baptists, Quakers, Abolitionists, Calvinists, Unitarians and Philosophers—all came successively to the top." The phrase "men with beards" is of itself characteristic of the period; for then almost every reputable man went shaven, and beards were regarded as indicating the worst forms of social heresy. Charles Burleigh was even reproached with blasphemy in the newspapers, I remember, for a length of beard and hair which gave him an undoubted resemblance to the early pictures of Christ. Lowell, then in the first flush of his youthful radicalism, wore his beard also, and it was considered an artist's whim in both poet and painter when Page depicted him under that guise, in the portrait which now looks down the stairway at Elmwood. Thus, between the things that were not really eccentric but only seemed to be, and the things that were half crazy but seemed to their projectors to be sane, it is plain that good sense had a hard time of it. Yet what a period it was in which to be born and reared; what infinite hope, what boundless hospitality to what was called "the newness," what mutual help and kindliness among the "like-minded!" I always thought that its chief benefit came to those who, like myself, appeared upon the scene just too late to be active participants in any excesses, but in time to share the impulse and the glow.

It shows that good sense on the whole prevailed under all vagaries, when we consider that in all these circles Mr. Emerson was revered; and that his calm nature, shrinking from extremes, held its own way undisturbed through everything. Through what adulation, what deference, did that man live! I remember that after one of his courses of lectures in Boston he used to hold receptions at the rooms of a cultivated young bachelor of that city who was like the Riggs girls "interested in all the reforms." This youth was especially interested. Zealous in behalf of Fourierism—the outside of his door displayed a blazing sun with spreading yellow rays and this motto in the center: "Universal Unity." Beneath it was another inscription in neat black and white letters, "Please wipe your feet!" Into this domain, thus emblazoned and thus guarded, the philosopher and his proselytes would enter and commune after a lecture, and the group of admiring youths and maidens around the seer was as well worth studying as anything which their teacher could give. I remember, for instance, that Mr. Emerson had been telling me, one evening in the winter of 1848–9, of Clough's new poem in hexameters then just published, which at first bore the name of "The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich." Being baffled by the Gaelic name, I offered Mr. Emerson a pencil and card to write it down for me; as I withdrew, a maiden stepped modestly forward with duplicate card and pencil, saying, "You promised it to me too, Mr. Emerson." To her succeeded a second maiden, "And to me, Mr. Emerson;" and when yet a third appeared, the sage said, his wonted smile broadening a little, "Do you also wish the name of the book?" "Oh, anything, anything," responded the confused girl, eager only for the autograph, and careless whether it came in the shape of a Gaelic name or one in Choctaw.

I was never a resident of Brook Farm even for a day, but used to make brief calls there with a cousin of mine who, as niece of Mrs. Ripley, had access to the charmed circle. To us young people it seemed a perpetual "lark," one round of Gypsy parties and picnics, with only so much of hard work as might make any other picnic

amusing. The first person pointed out to me on my first visit, I remember, was George William Curtis, who in shirt sleeves and high boots, as became a picturesque young amateur agriculturist, was escorting some ladies about the grounds. In general, the "Community" youths, as they were called in the neighborhood, were inclined to a style of blouse then recently imported from England (not France), and a cross between a hunting shirt and an English farmer's smock frock. These were also worn by Harvard students in those days; but the young men at Brook Farm superadded little picturesque vizorless caps; a costume in which Burrill Curtis, brother of George William, was as beautiful as a young Raphael. I remember it as very characteristic that Charles Dana, now editor of the New York *Sun*, who was the most influential among the younger leaders of the "Community," kept himself strikingly free from all these innocent fopperies, and always looked like a well-educated and manly young farmer. On the other hand, he had the reputation, I think, of throwing rather less of generous idealism into the affair than was contributed by the others, and people missed in him—as Mrs. Ellen Hooper wrote that they missed in Emerson—"the heat that ofttimes breeds excess."

Brook Farm, which had always a certain flavor of foreignness, retains it up to the present day. When I last visited it, the chief buildings were occupied as an almshouse for German paupers; and they had laid out a quaint little burial ground, full of old-world names and pious Lutheran phrases, which seemed as remote from our modern American life as were the studies and the talk of those who first made the place famous. Elsewhere the change has been more complete. All that period of seething excitement has passed away; the leaders are gone, the followers are rapidly going; and nothing brings it so vividly back to my mind's eye as the occasional sight of some surviving brother of the Hutchinson Family in a concert-room, still exhibiting the long hair now whitened, and the broad collar that needs no whitening, and the vague benign smile that yet speaks unfalteringly of "a good time coming" with no date fixed.

THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Sixty Years Since.

THE past sixty years have been the most memorable, and by far the most important of any that have ever transpired in the history of the world. They have seen New York City grow from a town of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, to a city with a population of one million and a half. They have seen the practical application of steam and the introduction of the telegraph, telephone, sewing-machine, daguerreotype and photographic processes, the lucifer match, the application of gas to domestic uses, the invention of the cotton-gin, power-loom and breech-loading fire-arms, the organization of cheap postal service, the employment of electricity for light and as a motive power. They have witnessed the discovery of gold in California, have seen a tunnel cut through the Alps, and a canal made which united the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, thus changing the course of navigation to India and China. They have seen also the Civil War, and the abolition of slavery in the United States and Russia.

Sixty years ago, in 1822, there were no roads, and no railroads. Above Canal street, in New York City, were "suburbs," and Union Square was out in the country. James Monroe was President, had just been elected for a second term (1821), and Missouri had succeeded in getting in as State by the famous Compromise Bill. Six years previous (1816) Indiana had been admitted, a year later Mississippi, the year following Illinois, and in 1820 Maine took herself from the protecting wing of Massachusetts and became a State also. Brazil had been declared independent. It was a momentous period, nationally as well as socially and individually. It was the eve of the birth of a new order, one of the most signal in its results that the world has ever seen. Napoleon had died (1821) at St. Helena. The first passage of a steam vessel (the *Savannah*) had been made across the Atlantic, the world was full of progressive ideas, institutions were being formed of an art, scientific and literary character, that were to have an influence upon all the future. Of societies, the "Historical," incorporated Feb. 10th, 1809, was the principal one in existence, the Academy of Design not being born until four years afterward (1826), and its present handsome building not erected until 1863.

Exactly sixty years ago (1822), James Gordon Bennett arrived in New York City, but did not begin the publication of the since world-famous New York *Herald* until 1835. Nine years previous (1826), William Cullen Bryant started the *Evening Post*, and in 1827 the *Journal of Commerce*, the leading paper of the period, first saw the light. It was in 1819 that the first savings bank was incorporated, the same year that saw the steam trial trip across the Atlantic; steam navigation not appearing on the Rhine till six years afterward, 1825. It was April 26th, 1822, that Alice Cary was born; and in the same year also Matthew Arnold, poet, philosopher, Oxford Professor, and the preacher of the doctrine of "Sweetness" and "Light." Sir William Herschel died in 1822, but left behind him his discoveries, and all the results of his long, patient study and labor. It was the era of the actual discovery of the electro-magnetic forces by Oersted (1820), followed by Faraday's "Researches" in 1831, and the discovery of the electric clock by Alex. Bain, of London, in 1837, which appeared in the first great International Industrial Exhibition, in 1851. All the most noted educational theorists, popular education itself, has had its birth in this century, and within the past sixty years. Yet 1822 was a disastrous year in itself, for the young city of New York, for the pestilence which had previously visited it, broke out again in a severer form, producing a panic which sent thousands in haste from their comfortable homes to securer though less convenient quarters, and frightening European arrivals so much that they were afraid to land. Among those terror-stricken personages, was Charles Matthews, who arrived in the summer of 1822 under engagement with the Park Theater, then just rebuilt after having been burnt down, and the resort of the highest fashion.

It was at this curiously interesting period, on the 10th of June, 1822, that the proprietor and senior editor of this magazine, Mr. W. Jennings Demorest, was born in this city, of purely American parentage, both father and

mother having been born in this country, the name dating back to early settlers, who were devout Wesleyans, and who left the legacy of their zeal to their children. Mr. Demorest's mother was distinguished for piety, good judgment, and energy. She was an active element in the Methodist church, and equally energetic at home; bearing her full share of life's burdens, and proving herself in every way an exemplary wife and true help-meet. There were nine children, of whom William Jennings was the second son. At twenty he joined the Spring Street Presbyterian church, and began to study for the ministry under Prof. Owen, while still employed as a clerk in a dry-goods store, an effort requiring double duties not easy to perform in those days, for stores were opened and business began at seven A. M., and continued to 10 P.M.; and the only time for study and recitation, for examination and analysis by the Professor, was before daylight, in the cold of the dreary mornings; but the zealous teacher did not shirk his part of the work, and inspired his large class of young men with his own courage and devotion. But the Latin Grammar or Commentary taken out at intervals, attracted the attention of the dry-goods proprietor; he objected to this endeavor to blend study with business, and gave the young aspirant for theological honors brief time in which to make up his mind whom to serve. The student could not afford to lose his employment, and consulted his pastor, Rev. Dr. Patton. Dr. Patton cautiously advised him to stick to his bread and butter, and opined that if God wanted him in a ministerial capacity he would "open" the way. But the way did not open, and in a few years the embryo preacher had launched out for himself, had married, and was on the high road to business success. He had struck a new vein—through a scrap of paper—that of popularizing fashions.

At that time there were no such things as paper patterns of the fashions. Patterns of garments or articles of dress were sometimes cut out of newspapers and passed from hand to hand, but it was a very slow, imperfect, unreliable, desultory, and unsatisfactory process, and generally unavailable when most needed. It was a pattern cut in this way, however, which suggested to the active brain of this busy man, a new system by which good models could be multiplied to an indefinite extent in tissue-paper, and distributed at very small cost. This was the origin, thirty years ago, of the Demorest paper patterns of the fashions, which now go to every part of the civilized world. Although the broad idea belongs to Mr. Demorest, yet its success was undoubtedly largely due to the reputation of Mme. Demorest's system of dress cutting, its accuracy and adaptability to an almost infinite diversity in design. The seal was put upon the testimony of the public at the American Institute Fair, held at Castle Garden in 1853, by the award of the first premium medal, a verdict which has been every succeeding year renewed, and which was confirmed at the World's Fair, the Centennial Exposition, and the later Paris Exposition. Since 1853 the Demorest House has been the recipient of upwards of forty medals and diplomas.

It has made six removals up town, ending at its present site, 17 East Fourteenth Street. It is at this point that Mr. Demorest has at present concentrated his energies. His quick intelligence early saw the tendency of business to seek uptown thoroughfares, and the remarkable advantages which Fourteenth Street possessed in its central position, its long unbroken line, and varied means of access, as well as its conjunction with the business portions of Fifth and Sixth avenues, and Union Square. He therefore invested his savings largely in real estate formerly used for elegant residences in that fashionable thoroughfare, and became his own architect in converting them into handsome and convenient business structures, a piece of forethought which laid the foundation of his large and increasing fortune, for this has been of recent growth. All the years of his life Mr. Demorest has been interested in inventions, and not a few of those which have taken their place as necessities in households or manufacture, originated or were developed in his active brain. He experimented in electricity, obtained a patent for the best method of cooking and heating with gas—the same device being still in use after twenty years—sewing machines, improvements applied to machinery, have occupied his attention, and absorbed, at different times, much of his capital. He has been an enterprising and successful publisher, and editor of numerous periodicals, which have been "merged" because sufficient time could not be given to them, but none of which have died for want of sustenance. The first important venture was Mme. Demorest's "Quarterly Mirror of Fashions," which achieved a circulation of sixty thousand in two years, and was finally merged with Demorest's Illustrated News into the present Illustrated Monthly Magazine. Another great success was obtained by Demorest's "Young America," a juvenile periodical, unique in its way, as it published only the true, and refused to feed the youthful mind with false facts and doubtful theories. It lived a healthy, vigorous life for nine years, and then merged into the present Monthly Magazine.

Some approximate idea can be formed of the proportions which this business has assumed, when it is stated that the Demorest establishment in New York City sends out more packages by express than any other house in the world. Mr. Demorest is also associated as partner in the printing house of J. J. Little & Co., which has the reputation of being the best appointed and largest book and job printing house in the country, if not in the world.

Mr. Demorest was an original Washingtonian and temperance advocate, and his family has been reared, as his household is conducted, on the strictest temperance principles. He is a member of the Congregational Union, and very domestic in his habits, finding his greatest pleasure away from business, in his beautiful and artistic home and in the society of his family and friends. He is the very soul of hospitality, and possesses boundless energy and activity, which is always seeking for something to conquer. His wife, the well-known Mme. Demorest, is so closely associated with him, that it is difficult to say all that should be said of one without trespassing upon the other; and so we leave him in the happy enjoyment of the rewards of sixty years of cheerful, hopeful, energetic labor and striving, wishing him God speed to the end. It may be said, however, in closing, that sons have grown up to take his place, who have already indeed released him from arduous routine, and their intelligent and well directed efforts will maintain what has so prospered in older hands. *Fideli certi merces.*

Jenny June.

The Ball-Room Rainbow.

Fold away my rainbow,
In its stripes most fair;
Keep its fragile beauty
From the western glare.
In my heaven no longer
Storm and sunshine meet;
And those hues, so brilliant,
Seal no promise sweet.

These are robes, transfigured,
Which I wore in days
When youth's trenchant prism
Carved the solar rays.
Quietly dismiss them—
Fold them each to each,
In harmonious blending,
Eloquent as speech.

Hunting green, most royal,
With an edge of gold!
I, a maiden huntress,
Chased, through Fancy's wold,
Beautiful companions,
Warriors to be hit,
Snared them with my splendor,
Pierced them with my wit.

Here's imperial purple
For a brimming heart!
Only two could taste what
Neither knew, apart.
Raise the lofty goblet!
Ring the jocund horn!
Time has swept the banquet
For which this was worn.

Here is rosy redness!
Such a blush wore I,
When the youth I dreamed of
Praised me, passing nigh.
Spread it in the sunset,
Hide it in the rose;
My pink day is over,
Shadows veil its close.

In this blue, men saw me
Like a turquoise bright,
With a charm of childhood
In my dewy sight.
Summer skies may wave it
O'er a sapphire sea,
No more need to save it
For my pageantry.

Youth's sharp prism sunders;
Age unites in one
Silvery web, that whitens
In the winter's sun.
Fold away my rainbow
In its silken vest;
I of Truth's far glory
An immortal guest.

Julia Ward Howe.

English Women in Bondage.

It is marvelous that, so far as regards women, the laws of France, Spain, Austria, Prussia, the United States, and the old laws of Hungary, should be infinitely superior to those of England. The married women of India are less oppressed than their English sisters; for when the Indian law commission framed a code for India, which was to apply to all classes, married women were allowed their separate property, and a right to contract. Even the rude Saxons had a greater sense of justice than their civilized descendants. There is an old Saxon custom still prevailing in the city of London, which allows a married woman to trade on her own account, if her husband in a lucid moment gives his assent. She is called a feme-sole trader, and enjoys the liberty of a single woman, and may be made bankrupt.

According to the census returns of 1861, there were 838,856 wives, 487,575 widows, and 2,110,318 spinsters working for subsistence! Yet landlords are unwilling to accept women as tenants! Ignorance is their chief inheritance. Thirty years ago, schools for girls would not have been recognized by a royal commission. Ignorance and poverty, of course, mean misery and vice. The total number of annual births in England is 800,000, one in fifteen being illegitimate. Nearly half of all the children born die before attaining their fifth year. Incredible as it may appear, there are English mothers who believe that by passing children three times under the stomach of an ass they will be cured of whooping-cough, and who know so little about the digestive organs as to feed four-months-old infants on beer, bacon and potato-pastry! There are fathers who believe a necklace of sacramental shillings to be a specific for epilepsy. Poverty necessitates neglect; and it is no uncommon tale to hear of children being burned to death, who have been locked up by mothers obliged to go out to work.

It is felony, punishable with fourteen years' imprisonment, to lure from home a girl below the age of 21, *being an heiress*, with intent to seduce or even to marry her without her parents' consent. It is no offense to seduce a girl after her twelfth year, provided she have no fortune. The *majority* of girls are seduced at the age of seventeen!!! and every year 50,000 women become mothers of illegitimate children, 37,500 being seduced before the age of nineteen. Said a working woman to a member of the committee appointed to inquire into the causes of infant mortality: "If your children had to hear daily the words which ours hear, and to see daily the sights which ours see, they would not be pure long; and you'll never have women honest till Parliament cares for girls till they get sense enough to care for themselves."

Such is the tenderness of the laws to "the weaker vessel," that if she is not able to take care of a bastard child, and it becomes chargeable to the parish, she may be punished as a rogue and a vagabond—yet bastards belong solely to the mother. Even if avowed, the father cannot take forcible possession of them. A domicile, or abiding home, and a marriage of the parents, legitimize children in Scotland, whenever born. This is not the case in England; nor can persons living in England legitimize children by temporary residence in Scotland.

Legitimization is not so necessary in England as in

other countries, where the reversion of property is not free; as a man may bequeath all or any of his property to whomsoever he pleases, including, of course, his illegitimate children.

The average earnings of English and Welsh women of the manual-labor classes amount weekly to 8*s.* 10½*d.* A woman's wages are three fifths less than a man's, while a girl's weekly earnings are only one fifth less than a boy's, making the proportion betwixt the wages of a woman and a girl as 10 to 7, and that between a man and boy as 3 to 1. The girl's wages do not advance, because she is excluded from all branches of skilled labor. She has neither industrial or intellectual training. Girls of all classes receive a worse education than boys. In all government training colleges less money is paid for the instruction of female than of male teachers, and school boards have established a lower scale of fees for girls than for boys.

Marriage means slavery—notwithstanding the song of 1596, which claims that "the wife of every Englishman is counted blessed." She is blessed if the Englishman be a good fellow, but cursed if he be otherwise.

How dreadful may be the consequences of scandalous legislation was shown several years ago in the case of Susannah Palmer, who could not obtain a legal order to receive her own earnings, although her husband kicked her, knocked her teeth down her throat, committed every possible outrage on her and her children, robbed her and then turned her out into the street! Had the noble creature deserted his family, the law at the end of two years could have given the wife the order necessary for her existence. Desertion is absence without cause for two years and upward; but what brute is idiotic enough to desert a woman whom he can pound and torture to his bad heart's content, and whose money will supply him with gin and beer?

A wife's clothes and ornaments, owned by the husband during her lifetime, become her property after his death, provided they are not seized by his creditors. There is, however, one magnanimous provision for which married women cannot be too grateful. A widow is not bound to bury her dead husband. That duty falls upon his legal representative. Upon a judicial separation, all the property subsequently acquired by the wife becomes her own, and devolves on her demise as if she were single. If she and her husband live together again, the property subsequently belonging to her is considered as settled to her separate use, but in other respects the separation ceases.

A widower may not marry his deceased wife's sister, nor a widow her deceased husband's brother, nor a widower his deceased wife's sister's daughter; nor may he marry the daughter of his deceased wife by a former husband, nor his deceased wife's mother's sister. There is no blood relation between these parties, therefore no physical or mental deterioration can possibly arise from such alliances; but cousins may marry, and are married constantly, and *lunatics may contract marriages during lucid intervals!* Can insane legislation further go? Nevertheless, marriage with a deceased wife's sister is valid in England if it has been celebrated in a country where such marriage is legal, *provided* the contracting parties were domiciled there at the time of the ceremony. In 1857 one Mr. Brook married his first wife's sister in Denmark, and the question being raised as to the legality of this union in England, it was decided that as the parties were domiciled in England, they had been guilty of an illegal action!

Widows may suffer, but the crown always comes in for tidbits. If a man dies intestate, his widow is entitled to one third of the personalty; if there be no children, to one half. The rest goes to the husband's next of kin, among whom the widow is not counted. If there be no kin, the moiety goes to the crown. If the British husband entertain special animosity toward the dearest partner of his greatness, he can, by will, deprive her of all rights in his personalty and realty. Being unjust, of course the law steps in to negative itself where its fulfillment would be absurd in the eyes of the world; therefore the queen is unlike other married women. She is a law unto herself. She purchases land and makes leases, receives gifts from her husband, can sue, but not be sued; in fact she has more rights and fewer disabilities than a married woman in the State of New York.

Though the highest office in the land may be held by a woman, almost every other is closed to her. Occasionally women are governors of prisons for their own sex, overseers of the poor, and parish clerks. A woman may be a ranger of a park, and it has been held that women are eligible to the office of high chamberlain, high constable, common constable, sexton, church-warden, and returning officer at a parliamentary election; but the eligibility is more honored in the breach than in the observance. A woman duly qualified can vote upon parish questions and for parish officers, overseers, surveyors, vestry clerks, etc., and women are at last taking their place on school boards, to the intense satisfaction of an enlightened public. But does the first lady in the land give aid and comfort to reform? She has been known to make a gift of £20 to the writer of a pamphlet denouncing any change in the legal and political condition of her sex.

Is it not time that marriage in England was more like roses and less like thorns than it is in the present year of our Lord? The *status quo* allows a heavy premium on vice, and then kind, unthinking people wonder why virtue is not rampant! KATE FIELD.

R. W. Emerson.

"THE sun set; but not his hope;
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up;
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye;
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time.
He spoke, and words more rapt than rain
Brought back the Age of Gold again;
His action won such reverence sweet,
As hid all measure of the feat."

THE triumph of character over prejudice, ridicule, indifference and misrepresentation has seldom been more truly exemplified than in the case of Mr. Emerson, whose peaceful death was a fitting end to the blameless life which has been passing so quietly among us for nearly eighty years. As if a ray of divine light streamed upon the past as Heaven's gates opened wide to let the gentle pilgrim in, all classes seem to suddenly arrive at a clearer knowledge of this good, great man, and hasten to lay their tributes of love and honor on his grave.

The young, who found in his brave, true books the help no other teacher gave them; the old, who saw in him the lovely spectacle of one who took life so wisely that age had no terrors for him; the doubting, who found hope and courage as they watched his unmoving loyalty to the highest faith of his own soul; the bigoted who, while denying his belief in God, could not deny his love to man, his serene forgiveness of unjust judgments and harsh criticism, or the beauty and the worth of long years devoted to high thinking and holy living.

Time tries all, and sooner or later brings the deserved victory or defeat. Happy are those who live to see once averted faces aglow with reverence and love, to feel the cordial grasp of hands, and hear grateful voices bless them for their lives and work. This well-earned joy came to Emerson and made his later years bright with its satisfactions and compensations. Many pilgrims wore away the threshold of his door, for the seed planted fifty years ago, when the young man wrote "Nature" in the old house, fell on good ground, and after seasons of frost and rain, blossomed beautifully, taking deep root in America and sending its fragrance across the sea.

"The perception that virtue is enough—that is genius," and simply living what he wrote made him what he was, a representative man, great in genius, greater in virtue, greatest in the divine power of making the highest aspirations of human hearts, and teaching by precept and example that "nothing can bring peace but the triumph of principles."

His doctrine was self-reliance. "Never strike sail to a fear. Come into port grandly or sail the seas with God. Trust yourself and God, and all things are possible. Faith and veracity will save any soul." These truths he taught in his poetry and prose, and the mingling of both which was his life.

"Am I right in calling you a Christian theist?" asked a friend, when different sects were contending for the philosopher, who belonged to a broader church than any of them.

"Yes, and do not leave out the Christian," he answered.

If any doubted his belief in immortality, his dying whisper of "reunion with the boy" (the beloved little son lost long ago) would set such doubts at rest; for in those solemn moments the soul stands face to face with God and speaks the truth that is in it.

Under the pines which he loved so well our poet lies among his kindred, and children cover his grave with flowers; but for him there is no death, and all our memories are happy, hopeful ones, as we imagine him enjoying the larger life of which his own was a beautiful foreshadowing.

L. M. Alcott.

Her Portrait.

You see her with those smiling eyes,
  In which the painter caught
That look of innocent surprise,
  The dawn of some fond thought
Too sweet to whisper to the air
  Or let the wild birds know,
Which made her loveliness more fair,
  And set her cheeks aglow
With blushes brighter than the rose
  She fastened in her breast,
And shook her timid heart's repose
  With rapture unconfest.

That way she looked, the summer night
  On which my love I told—
So maiden-pure, so flawless white,
  I felt it over bold
To whisper to such saintly ears
  Of such a human pain—
Such agony of hopes and fears,
  Prayers to be loved again,
And all that lovers use to say
  Since this old world began—
Said in the same old foolish way,
  By each young foolish man.

I thought the white moon bent to wait
  With me upon her word,
And the strong stars their march of state
  Delayed till they had heard,
And the wild winds were whist and still,
  Until my Dear should take
My heart with joy to bless and thrill,
  Or else that heart should break.
We waited there, the winds and I,
  In silence for her word,
Until a whisper like a sigh,
  So faint we scarcely heard,

Breathed through the stillness of the night
  Its answer to my prayer—
And I had won my Heart's-delight
  Upon my heart to wear.

* * * * * *

"And that's her picture, painted well?
  And she?"—You fain would know
What after-hap my Love befel—
  My Love of long-ago?
Too bright she was for earthly years
  Of trouble and defeat—
For life made up of toil and tears—
  She went while life was sweet.

They buried her, in early spring,
  When early violets bloomed—
And never was so fair a thing
  Beneath the sod entombed.
Above her quiet little grave
  The vagrant grasses creep—
The foolish winds forbear to rave
  Lest they should break her sleep;
But far from this world's joy and pain
  My little Love has fled—
And I with her shall live again
  When man say, "He is dead."

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE CLOCK THAT WOULDN'T GO.

As a child I well remember
(I'm now so old and gray,
And many winters, they have passed,
Since merry childhood's day)
The dear old farmhouse kitchen
Where, so many years ago,
There stood that most contrary thing,
"The clock that wouldn't go."

It had a handsome casement,
With its polish clear and bright.
But to my father's practiced eye
T'was not a pleasant sight.
So oft I have seen him working,
While his arm went to and fro,
At early morn, and late at night,
On "the clock that wouldn't go."

He would take that clock to pieces,
And rub, and pound, and clean;
He would polish all the rusty wheels
With a valor seldom seen.
And I must not ask the question,
Though wanting much to know
Why it always made him cross to see
"The clock that wouldn't go."

And all our friendly neighbors
Would come for miles around,
And take their turns at fixing it,
And rub, and clean, and pound
But seldom would a faint, low tick
Reward their work. Ah, no!
It was so sad to work in vain
On "the clock that wouldn't go."

Dear mother's face grew haggard;
Father had a wish to roam;
For neighbors fast were eating us
Quite out of house and home.
They'd always stay to dinner,
But not a cent bestow,
All taking turns at "tinkering
That clock that wouldn't go."

Ah! the years have passed forever,
Since that merry childhood's day,
And father, honored, good old man,
Has long since passed away.
But still, in memory's pictures,
His wearied form bent low,
I see him working hard upon
"The clock that wouldn't go."

MORAL.

Now! young man, take this warning,
When starting out in life—
If you would keep a merry heart,
And banish care and strife,
Ne'er waste, in *useless* labor,
Precious minutes here below;
But learn a useful lesson from
"*The clock that wouldn't go.*" MAUD MILLER.

[LINES WRITTEN IN HONOR OF W. J. DEMOREST'S SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY.]

Sixty Years.

SUNS rise and set, day follows night,
In nature's course, that naught restrains.
Xerxes sought with his armed might,
To hold the tides with ponderous chains—
Youth would chain time with flowers of light.

Years flow with unreturning tide,
Eternity their boundless sea.
A wedding, and a star-eyed bride,
Riches, reward of industry,
Swell the true heart with honest pride.

Sixty swift years, wide-winged have fled,
In cloud in part, but most in sun.
Xenophon in old history said,
The battle for the right begun,
Yields victory to the pluméd head.

Yes, friend, not old at sixty years;
Ease thou hast won, with toil and skill,
And Birthdays smiling through soft tears,
Return with benedictions still,
Star-lighted from the heavenly spheres.

Lines to W. Jennings Demorest.

I CAN offer no tribute sublime,
For mine is a simple lay:
Sprigs of forget-me-not, and green thyme,
With daisies white in the spray,
Only tied with a ribbon of rhyme.

In the brave contest of life I know,
When fortune may smile or frown,
Thou hast won a fair wreath for thy brow,
And now at sixty thy crown
Of honor with true love is aglow.

In the tumults of trade and its strife,
Like the white plume of Navarre,
Thy banner waves, where battles are rife,
Lit with a luminous star,
Where the brave win the prizes of life.

And thy words and thy deeds have made thee
The guest of our hearts to-day;
May peace and sweet hope the angels be,
To guard thee along life's way
With sheltering wings touched tenderly.

JUNE 10TH. GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

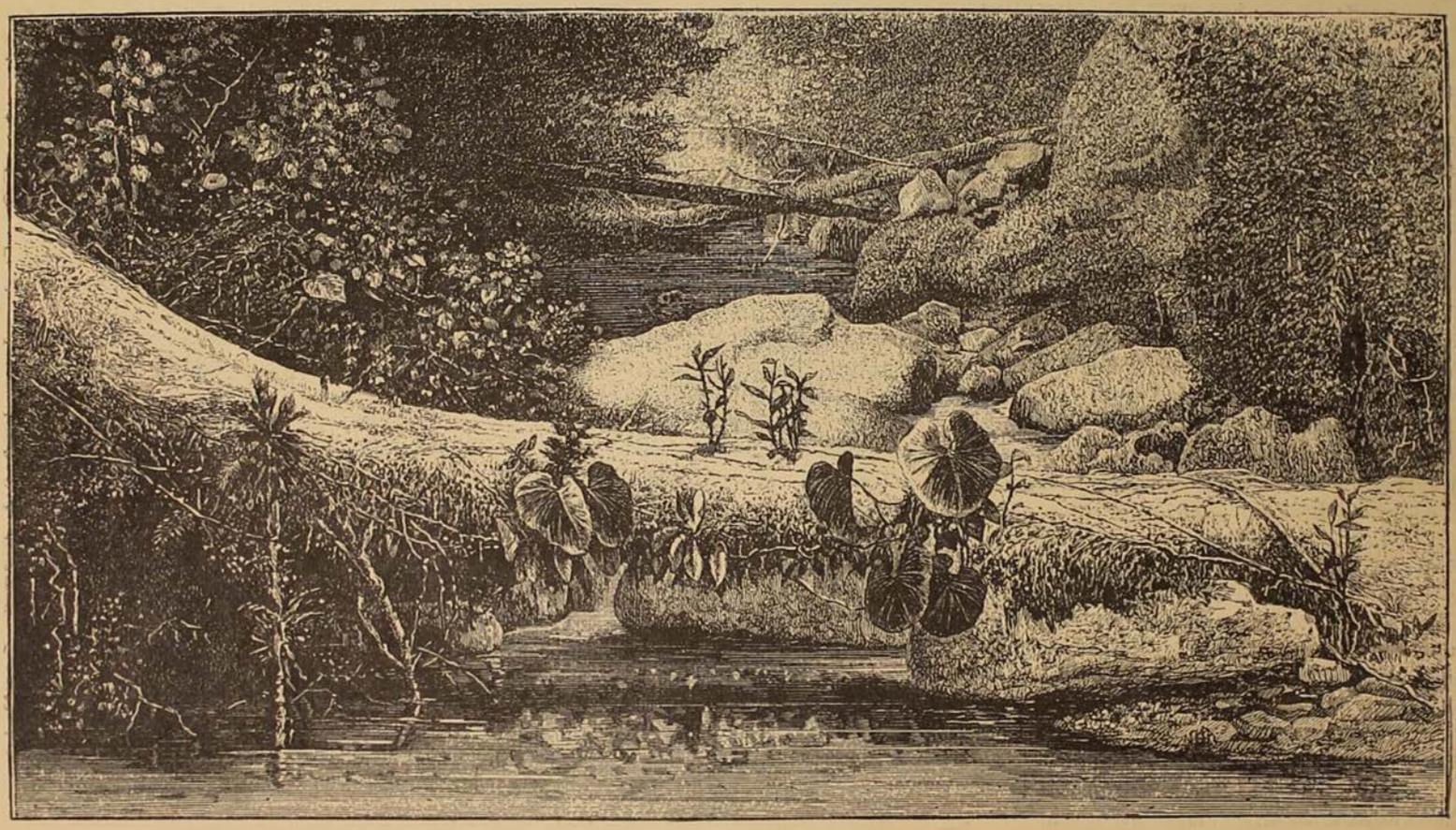
A Curiosity of Natural History.

IN no part of the world does Nature array herself in more gorgeous beauty than in the Brazilian forests. The traveler cannot but wonder and admire as he threads his way through a wilderness of bloom, the magical beauty of which flashes out in gorgeous luxuriance. Trees of enormous height and singular shape loom up. Here grow the curious Pao Barrigudo, or Bottle-Tree, the trunk of which bulges out in the center, like a bottle; and the Snake-Tree, with its roots on the surface, intertwining in snake-like undulations. Sometimes whole tracts are covered with delicate mimosas, whose light green foliage, possessed of great sensibility, is set in motion by the faintest breath of the wind, and even the tramp of a horse.

One peculiarity of these forests is the tenacity with which creeping plants cling to the trees, forming a dense and intricate network, which often so seriously obstructs the path that a knife or axe has to be made use of by the traveler to cut his way into the woods. Clinging to the trees, and forming a brilliant canopy overhead, are innumerable flowers, flashing their brilliant colors out, and filling the forests with their sweet perfume. Pink and white clusias, red and purple passion-flowers, the violet blossoms of the beautiful Flor de Santa Anna, the white and yellow convolvulus, and the purple and red trumpet-flower throw their bloom around the trees, decking them in garlands of brilliant beauty.

Darting in and out of all this gorgeous floral display, are those "jewels of the air," the humming-birds, their varied tints flashing beneath the sun's rays, the splendid blue and purple toucans, yellow orioles, green paroquets with orange-colored heads, scarlet and yellow macaws, and the scarlet piranga. Surely if color holds a high festival anywhere it is in these Brazilian forests; even the butterflies, in their golden-spangled dresses, adding to the gorgeous display.

From death proceeds life in these wonderfully luxuriant forests, and the traveler frequently comes across a prostrate tree on the decaying trunk of which there are green shrubs and even flowers. Most of the parasitic plants which clothe the trunks of old and fallen trees with verdure, are ferns and a plant resembling the Calla lily. Our beautiful sketch is from the portfolio of an artist who drew this attractive scene from nature, as he wandered through the bloom and beauty of a Brazilian forest. A noble old tree that had withstood the fury of the terrible storms that sweep through these tropical forests, at length succumbed, falling prostrate over a glassy stream, and ere long the trunk was clothed in verdure down to the water's edge. Our illustration conveys very accurately this curious freak of Nature, also the principal features of a Brazilian forest, the placid streams, rocks covered with verdure, the light foliage of the trees, the prostrate "kings of the forest," and the dense masses of interlacing leaves, through which even the sunlight can scarcely force its way.



Reverie.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

WAIT with me for the briefest space, apart,
And clasp my weary palms, that I may feel
The strength that pulses from thy loving heart
Through my own frame, with fervent instinct steal.

A twilight sadness stretches forth its wings;
With many ceaseless cares my life is pressed;
Oft have I craved the joys which fancy brings,
But now I only yearn to share its rest.

Oh, calm repose upon the bosom of my love!
Oh, haven at the west of life away!
Enough! we labor 'neath the glare above—
Enough that in the darkness we may pray!

THE ADMIRAL'S WARD.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, Author of "The Wooing O't," "Her Dearest Foe," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. CREWE was greatly exercised in her mind by the obstinacy of Winifrid's slight indisposition. The cold of which she had complained was gone, but an evident though almost indefinable malady hung about her. She was feverish, and, although she would not admit it, Laura suspected she did not sleep. Her appetite failed, or rather grew exceedingly capricious, and her color faded; still, she was on the whole in good spirits, albeit a little impatient at times, and laughed so lightly and pleasantly at Mrs. Crewe's care and precautions, that even Laura was persuaded that their kind chaperon was making "much ado about nothing."

Denzil Crewe was not thus easily diverted. He said little, but Mrs. Crewe often backed up her own opinions by stating that Denzil thought this remedy or that would do her good, whereat Winnie was wroth, and would remark that Mr. Crewe had better mind his own affairs.

Meanwhile Reginald Piers' week of absence grew into a fortnight, fresh guests arrived, and fresh engagements arose; it was necessary, he wrote, to establish his social position in Saltshire, which would be all the better for Laura hereafter. Meanwhile his letters were not too frequent, and at Winifrid's urgent request Laura did not mention her cousin's health.

September was drawing to a close and Mrs. Piers was still absent, but expected every day to return to her pretty little house at South Kensington.

"I am sure, Laura, when Mrs. Piers returns, and feels all the comfort that Reginald has provided for her, she will not oppose his happiness." The two girls were together in Laura's room, making some slight change of toilet before the evening meal; Winnie had declared herself too weary and lazy to mount to her own room, and so Laura brushed her hair and put it up for her.

"Do you not think that is probable, dear?" she continued, as Laura did not answer immediately.

"Perhaps it may seem to her all the more a duty to prevent him making an unsuitable match."

"If she should continue obstinate, Laura," exclaimed Winifrid, turning with impressive earnestness to her cousin, "you must do your duty, and *marry* Reginald in spite of all opposition."

"What, in spite of the Admiral's?" cried Laura, struck by her manner.

"Yes, even in spite of his!" returned Winnie, solemnly. "Oh! Laura, if you heard all he said, the last day he was here; the way he spoke of his wretched, unsettled life, his need of your companionship, the great necessity you are to him, you would not hesitate! you would see that it is your duty, 'forsaking all other, to keep thee only unto him!' I know what your heart would prompt you to do. Oh! Laura, listen to it and be wise." Winnie uttered these last words with a half-suppressed sob, and caught Laura's hand in both hers.

"Dear Winnie," exclaimed her cousin, greatly startled by her vehemence.

"Do be wise," continued Winnie. "I do not know how it was, but Reggie quite succeeded in impressing me with his own superstitious dread of some misfortune, which only his marriage with you could prevent!"

"That *is* sheer superstition," returned Laura, thoughtfully and uneasily, "yet you make me uncomfortable! What harm can arise from a little dutiful observance of a parent's wishes? Reginald has everything to make him happy, and if he thinks so much of such an item as myself"—a pleased smile gleamed in her eyes and parted on her lips—"it is but the question of a few months, more or less, and all will be as he wishes, and as *I* wish; for you know, Winnie, dear, that my whole heart is his!"

"I do! I firmly believe it is," cried Winifrid, throwing her arms round her and hugging her impulsively, "and you must prove it! I only wish we could get the Admiral to come up to town, and I would speak to him, but I can write."

"Promise me," said Laura earnestly, "to write nothing and do nothing till Mrs. Piers has returned, till she has been a week or two in London."

"Very well, unless indeed the Admiral comes, and then I must and I will speak to him; you know I can do more with him than any one else."

"One would think my dear good guardian was some ordinary, choleric, unreasonable old gentleman," said Laura, smiling.

"Come, tea must be ready," said Winnie, restlessly. "I believe our interesting next-door neighbors are to be here to-night; indeed, I rather hope so; anything is better than the perpetual 'Do try and eat, Winnie, dear! try a little more of this or that. Are you sure you have not over-fatigued yourself? Pray sit in the easy chair,' of poor Mrs. Crewe."

"Really, Winnie, you are very ungrateful!"

"Yes, I know I am! If you only understood how I hate to be questioned, and noticed, and tormented, you would wonder at my not flying at every one who speaks to me! The only creature with any sense is Denzil; it is quite refreshing to be with him—he never takes any notice of me."

"You are not a bit like yourself, Winnie," said her cousin, with an air of concern.

"Not now, but I shall be all right soon," returned Winnie. "Come, we shall be late."

Mrs. Crewe and her guests were already in their places when the young ladies came in; Miss Brown on Denzil's right, Winnie's usual seat, and Mr. Brown beside his hostess.

"What has kept you, my dears? Come away—the muffins will be quite cold!" cried Mrs. Crewe, as her guests exchanged greetings.

"Muffins!" repeated Winnie, "how delightful; why it is four years since I have tasted muffins! they are goodies one never sees out of England."

"I rather fancy there are many other good things you never taste out of England; I am told the meat is decidedly inferior in France," said Mr. Brown.

"Then they cook it much better," said his sister, who had been once in Paris "with a family."

"Ah! no cooking can make up for the want of good material!"

"A great deal depends on science," remarked Denzil, with a smile, as he handed the muffins to Winnie; "in some places they cook fowls directly they are killed, and I assure you they are quite tender."

"I do not understand that," said Mr. Brown; "it is contrary to practice and precept."

"Dear me, I am delighted you like muffins," cried Mrs. Crewe, joyously. "Do ring for Collins, Denzil; tell her to toast two or three more."

"My dear Mrs. Crewe," cried Winnie, laughing heartily, "I cannot eat two or three muffins."

"I remember," began Mr. Brown, "when I was a boy, or rather I should say a youth, the Great Western Railway did not go further than Slough," etc., etc., and *à propos* of muffins, Mr. Brown launched into a long story of his "traveling experience," considerably interrupted by the entrance of Toppy, and the attentions lavished on that cherished animal.

"Do take some more muffin, Winnie," said Mrs. Crewe, for the third or fourth time. "You really live on air!"

"I am afraid you undergo a good deal of teasing on the score of your indisposition," said Denzil, in a low tone, to his next neighbor.

"I do," returned Winifrid, petulantly. "You are the only one who spares me—who does not talk to me about myself."

"Yet I do not think the less," said Denzil, and then addressed some remarks to Miss Brown, which made the conversation general.

When they moved into the drawing-room Mrs. Crewe and her guests cast longing looks toward the card table, so Laura good-naturedly offered to make a fourth, as Denzil had evidently stolen away to enjoy his post-prandial cigar. Winnie went mechanically to the piano, and wandered away into vague chords, which presently passed into airs, ballads and waltzes. After a while Denzil returned, and took his favorite seat in a dusky corner at the end of the piano, where he could see the player's face. Winnie went on as if unaware of his presence, and the card players did not hear him come in. Denzil Crewe was a seaman by nature. He possessed that peculiar kind of watchfulness so essential to those who occupy themselves in the great waters, which is as far from suspicion as the east is from the west, but from which nothing escapes. He was one of those silent, far-seeing men peculiar to colonizing races, before whose straightforward, stern simplicity diplomatic tricks and double-dealing burst up like distended paper bags in a child's grasp! To him quiet contemplation was pure pleasure. Too strong and deep to be buffeted by the contending eddies of self-conceit, he could afford to appreciate others for themselves alone, irrespective of their recognition or non-recognition of his own merits. To such characters belong a high degree of insight into the minds and motives of those with whom they come in contact, and a certain sound solidity of judgment, coupled with a calm, unobtrusive consciousness of their own value, that gave them weight and importance in the eyes of their employers. Free as Denzil was from egotism, he yet had full faith in himself.

Of these characteristics Winifrid saw very little. To her Denzil was just a quiet, ordinary, good-natured fellow, with a sort of delicacy which she recognized dimly, by feeling particularly at ease with him; while he thought her the fairest, sweetest, daintiest morsel of female life he had ever encountered. Nothing save strong habitual self-control kept him from falling deeply, desperately in love—self-control and equally habitual observation.

Winnie's thoughts were far, far away from Leamington Road and Denzil Crewe as her fingers strayed harmoniously over the keys. "You are fond of Scotch airs, are you not?" she said at last, a little ashamed of her own regard of him. "I wish I knew more of them."

"I like all music," he returned. She looked up as he spoke and encountered a gaze so thoughtful, so pitying, that it caused a curious feeling of apprehension and annoyance.

"You need not look like that, Mr. Crewe," she said impatiently; "one would think I was going to die, and I am not going to do anything of the kind. If every one would leave me alone I should be well in a week."

"I beg your pardon," returned Denzil, smiling. "I was not aware there was anything objectionable in my gaze. I will not again offend." Winifrid made no reply, unless a very expressive rendering of "The Blue Bells of Scotland" be considered as a peace-offering.

"When is Mr. Piers expected?" asked Denzil after a pause of some duration. "It is some time since he has been here."

"Oh! any day and every day," returned Winifrid. "He did not think of being away so long; but some of his country neighbors invited him to stay at their houses, so he did not like to refuse. He seems to be enjoying himself very much."

"Does he know you have been on the sick list?"

"No, I do not suppose he does. There was really nothing to write about."

"Still," with a long searching look, "you have not been yourself. I can see—though I may be intrusive in saying so—that you have suffered."

"No, no; you are never intrusive. I have felt very good-for-nothing, and I fear I have been cross and ill-natured as well. But if you only knew how I hate being asked about myself——"

"I would never do so," put in Denzil; "yet let me make a suggestion. The best remedy for the sort of low fever that seems to hang about you—is change of scene and air."

"I am sure it would be!" exclaimed Winnie eagerly, yet blushing as she turned from his eyes. "But how can I manage it? If I were to say anything about such a scheme, every one would imagine me at the last gasp."

"Nevertheless you must have friends in Germany who would be delighted to receive you?" said he rising, and coming over to lean on the piano.

"In Germany!" cried Winnie, her great eyes dilating. "Yes, of course! What a stupid creature I am not to have thought of it—a thousand thanks, dear Mr. Crewe, for the suggestion!"

He smiled, a kindly, admiring smile, and as they were thus posed—she with her great questioning eyes raised to his, which rested tenderly, almost sadly, on her—the door opened suddenly to admit Reginald Piers.

The first object that met his view was the group thus formed. For an instant he paused, and turned as if to approach them, but the next he advanced smiling to the card-players. Laura started from her seat, the color flaming up in her cheek and then leaving her paler than before, while the words of welcome faltered in expressive eagerness on her lips.

"Mr. Piers!" cried Mrs. Crewe, "I had no idea you were in town."

"When did you come up, Reginald?" asked Laura; "you said nothing of your intention in your last letter?"

"I hope you do not wish me back again!" said Reginald, pressing her hand.

"I need not ask how you are, Mrs. Crewe. You look stunning."

Having spoken pleasantly with Mr. and Miss Brown, Reginald turned somewhat slowly to Winifrid, who had risen from the piano at his entrance with a half-uttered exclamation.

"Well, Winnie," he began with a curl of the lip, when his whole expression changed as his eyes fell upon her. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "what have you been doing to yourself, Winnie! you are looking—not well."

"There," cried Mrs. Crewe, "I thought you would notice it. She is exceedingly *unwell*, Mr. Piers, and she is as obstinate as—a mule, if you will excuse my saying so! Indeed Miss Piers" (Mrs. Crewe was occasionally punctilious before Laura's *fiancé*) "is not much better. Miss Fielden is in a very low state; no appetite, no spirits, no nothing, and she will not adopt any remedy, rejects steel wine, will not hear of cod-liver oil—in short will not do anything."

"While Mrs. Crewe ran on with her complaints Reginald still held Winnie's hand, and gazed at her with an intense eager look, under which she grew first crimson and then white. "Laura," he exclaimed, not heeding Mrs. Crewe's flow of words, "why did you not tell me? Why was I kept in the dark?"

"Winnie positively forbade my doing so," returned Laura.

"Oh, there was nothing to write about," said Winnie, shrinking back behind her cousin. "Every one is so determined to make 'much ado about nothing' that I feel quite ashamed. Pray do not add yourself to the number of my kind tormentors."

"We shall see. I must insist on a doctor if the next few days do not show some improvement," replied Reginald, turning from her to speak to Denzil, very shortly and coldly. Then he begged the whist players to resume their game, and, Denzil considerately offering to take Laura's hand, the 'partie carrée' sat down again, leaving Reginald to an uninterrupted talk with the two girls. Laura placed herself on the sofa, Reginald threw himself into an arm-chair, and Winnie produced her tatting and applied herself to it.

"The reason of my sudden appearance," began Reginald, addressing Laura, "is a letter from my mother, announcing her intention to cross from Calais to-morrow and to be in London by dinner-time. So I want to be on the spot to coax her into good humor. She writes in excellent spirits, and I hope the best results from her continental wanderings."

At the mention of his mother Laura involuntarily clasped her hands, and Winnie ceased to tatt.

Reginald laughed a somewhat mocking laugh. "Well, Laura, is there anything so very awful about my mother? or is it that you feel your love and loyalty will soon be put to the test?" he said.

"Your mother *is* formidable to me, Reginald," returned Laura in a low voice. "Can you wonder at it?"

"If you thought more of her son she would soon lose her terrors."

"I wish the Admiral were in town," was Laura's apparently irrelevant reply.

"Do you?" said Reginald, looking down thoughtfully. "I will write and tell him to come."

The conversation then turned on the new reading rooms Reginald was about to build, the sport he had had at Piers-lynn and little incidents of the shooting party, but the talk did not flow freely, a vague restraint clogged the play of thought and frank interchange of ideas. Reginald, though striving hard to be gay and agreeable, was evidently struggling with some cause of irritation, and Winnie was unusually quiet.

At length the closely contested rubber came to an end, and the players joined themselves to the trio near the piano. Mrs. Crewe at once undertook the task of keeping up the ball of conversation, and that in an unexpected and unpleasant manner. She was one of those formidable mothers who did not hesitate to do a large amount of love-making on their son's account, and are restrained by no especial sense of delicacy, whose idea of liveliness, as suited to young people, is a succession of jocular allusions to possible or impossible flirtations.

"Winnie, dear, do play us something," she began.

"Oh! I have been playing, Mrs. Crewe, and I do not think any one wants any more music."

"*I* do, my dear. Come, Denzil! Miss Fielden never says 'no' to you! I am sure I don't know how you will live out of hearing of her piano. I believe he would sit by it night and day. Eh, Denzil?"

Denzil's brown cheek colored with annoyance. "No, mother," he said calmly notwithstanding. "My appreciation of Miss Fielden's music, great as it is, would not keep me awake all round the night watches. I am sure she is always ready to oblige every one; she will, I have no doubt, play very willingly for you."

"Or for me," cried Reginald, rising and offering his hand to lead her to the piano. She complied immediately, giving a quick, startled look into his face as she did so.

He said a few words to her in a low tone but very earnestly, which escaped even Mrs. Crewe's keen ear, and then returned to his seat beside Laura. After a short silence, during which he seemed lost in thought, he suddenly addressed himself to Mr. Brown, and launched into a conversation on commercial affairs generally and the prospects of the woolen trade in particular, quite regardless of the ballads, both German and English, Winnie poured forth in her rich, sweet, sympathetic voice, the unusual quiver of which made it still more touching.

In vain Denzil cried hush, and Laura whispered "Not quite so loud, Reginald," still he rattled on, never failing to thank the musician noisily at the end of each song.

At last Miss Brown and her brother took leave, and then after another fit of thought Reginald exclaimed, "Laura, I want to say a word to you; may we go into the dining-room, Mrs. Crewe?"

"Of course you may," said that lady benignly, adding with a knowing air, "I am sure I don't know how we should manage if there were another engaged couple haunting the house."

Reginald stopped short and half-turned as if to speak, but the next instant walked after Laura into the dimly-lighted dining-room.

"I shall not be able to see you to-morrow, dearest Laura," he said in his usual pleasant tone, taking her hand and drawing her to him. "I want to be a good deal with my mother. Believe me, I shall leave nothing undone to win her consent. But if she be obdurate, *if* she refuses to hear reason, will you be my own, come what may? Will you cut short this purgatorial period? Will you indeed prove that you love me?"

"Reginald, I cannot refuse you anything—if only the Admiral could be brought to see matters as we do."

"He shall, I will answer for him. He then is the last obstacle? Leave him to me—and you love me, Laura? you think I can make you happy?"

"Ah! *how* happy!" whispered Laura, strangely overcome.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed passionately, "it shall be no fault of mine if you are not." There was a pause, and then he went on in his ordinary tone, "You are such a wise woman, Laura, that I want your opinion about Winnie. Is she not playing very recklessly with—with that fellow, Denzil Crewe, or—is it possible she cares for him? He is no match for her. I should not like my wife's cousin to be married to the skipper of a cargo ship."

"Oh! Reginald, Winnie is no coquette! nor do I think she cares, as you mean, for Mr. Crewe. She likes him and he amuses her; but, if you think for a moment, you will see that Denzil Crewe is not beneath her. He is as well born,

and, though so plain and simple, he is well bred ; his prospects are very fair, and if she loved him I see no reason why she should not——"

"Marry him!" interrupted Reginald in a sharp, angry voice ; "God! Laura, you drive me mad by such absurdity. I look on Winifrid as my—my sister, and I intend her to make a brilliant marriage. I don't approve of 'all for love and the world well lost.' There's a young fellow near Piers-lynn with three or four thousand a year whom I design for her : position, riches, and not too much brains—a model husband. Eh! Laura, you did not fancy I should develop into a match-maker?" and he laughed in a harsh, jeering way that distressed Laura. She stood silent, quite at a loss how to answer.

"Never mind," exclaimed Reginald, after waiting for her to speak, "why should we trouble ourselves about other people's affairs. So good-night, dear Laura. If you do not see me for a couple of days, you may be sure I am looking after our mutual interests. Good-night, sleep well, and dream of me—*that* is your duty, you know ; make my adieu to Mrs. Crewe, I cannot face the party again."

. . . . . .

But Mrs. Piers did not come home better disposed to her son's views than before she set forth. She was in better temper, it is true ; quite loving, and full of gratitude for all his generosity and consideration ; in short, save in one direction he could do no wrong, and on that subject she declined to speak. "No, dearest Reginald, was the burden of her replies, "you so completely fulfill my best hopes in every other respect, that I will not spoil the comfort of our intercourse by even alluding to the one all-important point on which we differ. On *that* I shall *never* change. You are, of course, a free agent ; if your own heart will allow you to take the most serious step of your life in opposition to your mother's avowed wishes, I can but resign myself."

To which Reginald replied with unhesitating candor, "My heart would not keep me back an hour, I assure you. I am no sentimentalist, and in this matter I know what is best for me. It is to Laura that your consent is of such vital importance, and to that fanatical, visionary, old guardian of hers! I suppose he fancies I shall come to a premature death if I do not insure length of days by honoring my only parent."

But Mrs. Piers only smiled, and persisted in her maddening amiability. It was something like beating a feather pillow to attack her with arguments or entreaties. She offered no opposition but always retained her original form. Thus more days glided past, and Reginald was constant in his visits to Leamington Road.

Mrs. Crewe declared he was looking ill and worn, and that it was a shame for any mother to cross a son in so personal a matter as marriage ; for her part, whenever *her* dear Denzil made his choice (and lucky the woman would be that he chose), she would receive her with open arms, fortune or no fortune, provided only she was a gentlewoman, and she knew Denzil would never fancy any one who was not ; as to beauty, she knew Denzil's taste pretty well, and highly approved it. A significant smile to Winnie generally finished such speeches.

Meantime Winnie regained something of her usual looks and health to Mrs. Crewe's satisfaction, though Laura was not quite content.

It was about a week after Reginald's return from Piers-lynn when the afternoon post brought Winnie a letter.

The cousins were in Laura's little painting-room, where she was trying to take Winnie's likeness—not very successfully ; and Reginald was lazily looking on, sitting near the open door which led into the garden to permit the blue smoke wreaths from his cigar to escape.

"A letter, dear Winnie," cried Laura, for letters were an event to both girls ; "is it from the Admiral?"

Reginald looked with keen curiosity at Winifrid, for her pale cheek suddenly flamed up, and a sort of guilty look made her clear, honest eyes droop. "No," she said, "it is from Dresden," and she tore it open with nervous haste.

"Oh, it is from Fraulein von Biedermann. She invites me to go and stay with them for a little change ; she thinks it would do me so much good."

"Who on earth is Fraulein von Biedermann?" asked Reginald.

"How did she know you have not been well?" asked Laura.

"The Biedermanns," said Winifrid, choosing to answer the first question, "are Dresden people. We were *en pension* with them when we first went there, and Fraulein von Biedermann taught us German, so we have always been great friends. They are really very nice and kind, and the old Baron is quite charming."

"That is the nobleman who takes in boarders?" said Reginald gravely.

"Well, Reggie," cried Winifrid quickly, "he is none the less noble for that. If he is poor, surely it is better to earn money honestly than to get in debt or starve."

"True, oh queen! and so these noble friends propose that you should pay them a visit! Of course you will not go?"

"Why not? why should I not go to the Biedermanns? it would be a great pleasure for me, and——"

She had spoken rapidly, looking away from her companions.

"It might do you good, Winnie," said Laura thoughtfully, "though it would be sad, too, to revisit the place where we were so happy with your dear father. But I do not see how it is to be managed ; you would hardly like to ask the Admiral yet."

"Exactly!" cried Winnie, "that is the difficulty. It is so odious to have no money at all of one's own. I do want so much to go to Dresden."

"But it would not be worth while to go all that way for a short stay, Winnie," said Reginald, in his softest, smoothest manner, "and very probably both Laura and I shall want you next month ; you do not suppose either of us could go through the tremendous ceremony of turning Miss into Mrs. Piers without your countenance and support?"

"Next month? do you really think it will be so soon?" exclaimed Winnie, opening her eyes.

"I say it must," returned Reginald resolutely, but pleasantly. "I am tired of being a shuttlecock, and have written to the Admiral to that effect. Yes, Laura! you must make up your mind, my patience is exhausted."

"Reginald," Laura began, but Winnie interrupted her.

"Even for a month I should like to go, Laura ; Fraulein Bertha asks me really as a guest, so there is only my railway fare to think of, and I feel it would do me *so* much good. I am sure the Admiral would not mind, if—if only some one would ask him. I wish *you* would, Reggie."

Reginald opened his lips as if about to speak, and then closed them resolutely.

"The railway and steamer would cost quite ten pounds to go and return," remarked Laura softly. "I do think you want a change, Winnie, but not so far away! We could scarcely ask anything from the Admiral, he has done so much already."

Reginald still kept silence.

"I wish, I wish I could go!" exclaimed Winnie, with a sort of sob, and then she rose and, crushing up the letter in her hand, ran out of the room, shutting the door emphatically behind her.

"What can be the matter with Winnie?" cried Laura,

turning to her companion as to a being of superior intelligence and judgment; "I am quite uneasy about her. She used always to be so sensible and contented, and—I fear she is worse than we think."

"How can I possibly explain the vagaries of a young lady! I had very little to do with such 'kittle cattle,'" returned Reginald, rising and coming behind her to look at her work. "Has Winnie any German cavalier who may possibly attract her Dresdenwards?"

"No, no, certainly not; Winnie never had the shadow of a flirtation with any one, except, indeed, Marmy Compton; he was a mere schoolboy, a nice bright fellow we were all fond of, but she only made a pet of him."

"Are you sure you knew all Mademoiselle Winnie's secrets on this score? Young ladies are often too profound for their dearest friends where the little game of love and lovers is concerned."

There was a tinge of mockery and hardness in Reginald's tone as he said this that wounded and alarmed Laura.

"How little you know her, Reginald!" she cried. "She is all truth and straightforwardness; she likes girlish fun, and cannot help enjoying the admiration she always meets, but I do not think she ever hid a thought from me. Why, I should cease to believe if I doubted Winnie!"

Reginald leaned on the back of her chair without speaking for an instant. "And *I* should doubt my own existence before I doubted *you*, Laura," he said at last. "But it is not given to every woman to be true, and Winnie"—he paused, and then exclaimed, "You do not think she is really unwell?—you know I am very fond of her, were it only for your sake."

"I do think that something disturbs her and makes her unlike herself, but what, I who know every hour of her life cannot imagine. I suppose it is that she is suffering physically; I fear that the months she passed at Liverpool tried her more than we thought."

Meantime Mrs. Trent had returned from an autumnal visit to the continent, having joined Mrs. Piers and traveled back with her. A few days after the above conversation, on their return from a visit to the circulating library, Laura and Winifrid found Mrs. Trent's cards. Winnie was loud in her regret at having missed her. "She must be so nice from what you and Reginald say, and you see she has left a card for me, too!" she said. "Collins said she asked for me. It would have been a little change to have seen her. I do not know how it is, but I get so awfully weary. I really will take heart and ask the Admiral to let me go to Dresden. He may be here to-morrow. Oh! you may shake your head, Laura, but I *will* go. You do not know how I feel, and I cannot explain it."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE second morning after this visit brought a note to Laura:

"DEAR MISS PIERS,—I was very sorry not to find you at home yesterday. It is so difficult to catch people in London that, to make sure of the pleasure of seeing you, I hope you will come to luncheon to-morrow at one o'clock. I have some charming photographs collected during our wanderings this summer which I think would interest you—and we can discuss many things! If I do not hear to the contrary I shall expect you. Believe me yours truly, KATE TRENT."

"Really a polite attention," said Mrs. Crewe, stroking Toppy who was sitting gravely in her lap while Laura read aloud the note. "I wonder now if you were not engaged to a distinguished person like Mr. Piers, would she be so considerate?"

"I am sure I do not know," returned Laura, indifferently. "I imagine, from the way I feel toward her, that she likes me a little for my own sake; at any rate it is pleasant to think so."

"It would be very extraordinary if she did *not* like you, dear; I am sure a more amiable, sensible, highly-informed girl than yourself it is not easy to find. I wish dear Winnie had more of your firmness. Not that I don't love her, I am sure I feel as if she were my own child. But, between you and me strictly, it would be better if she could control or rather conceal her feelings more. The best of men are crotchety and unaccountable, and do not value what comes to their hand, so——"

"But, Mrs. Crewe," interrupted Laura, with an odd, bewildered, alarmed feeling, "what are you hinting at? Pray speak plainly."

"It is a delicate matter to put into words, and it is only to yourself I would do it! Indeed if you were not taken up (very naturally) with your own affairs you would have seen, as any one might, that the dear, innocent creature is quite gone about Denzil, which is not to be wondered at. *I* understand why she is low and not herself; she fancies he does not return her love, whereas I have a shrewd notion he does! Eh! my Toppy! we have seen him start and look up and brighten all over when he hears the sound of her voice outside the door, haven't we, my precious puss? But he is far too honorable and high-minded to entangle any young lady in an engagement before he is in a position to marry. Mind, I have never spoken to him on the subject; dear and good as he is, there are subjects I must not approach. But my own conviction is that if Winnie just keeps quiet and steady till Denzil has made another voyage, all will come right! Couldn't you manage to convey this to her, dear? You have so much tact!"

Laura listened to this long speech with profound attention, and was greatly exercised as to the amount of credence she ought to bestow on Mrs. Crewe's suggestions. Her large experience of life ought to enable her to perceive much that she (Laura) might not observe; certainly she had not noticed any indication of the feelings attributed to Winnie by Mrs. Crewe. Still they were possible, especially as she had been aware for some time that Denzil in a very silent, unobtrusive manner warmly admired her cousin. "You know the world so much better than I do," she returned, thoughtfully, "that I hardly like to set my judgment against yours, but I think you are quite mistaken. I am sure Winnie likes your son very much—indeed we all do; the more we know him the more we like him; yet, I am sure Winnie is not in love with him—not at present. She may be hereafter; I hope she will, for I am sure Mr. Crewe would make any woman happy!"

"That he would! And if ever a man deserved a good wife, it is my dear boy!"

"At all events let us take no notice—let us leave them alone; they will come to understand each other better without our help; still I do not think that Winnie is in love with your son."

"Who is she in love with, then?"

"Why should she be in love?"

"It is only natural. I know the world as you say, and if ever a girl was in love, that girl is Winifrid Fielden!"

Laura was silent, so Mrs. Crewe resumed, "I am sure I should be as delighted to welcome her to my heart, as if she brought my son a fortune, and, though I say it, he has had the chance of an excellent marriage before this."

"No doubt," said Laura, and there was another pause.

"What a mercy it is you have a nice new dress at last," began Mrs. Crewe, "for of course you will go to luncheon with Mrs. Trent. I dare say you will meet Mr. Piers there.

Dear me, Laura, what a change it will be for you to be Mrs. Piers of Pierslynn, with unlimited credit at a court milliner's! By the way, has Mr. Piers ever said anything to you about pin money? because I would have it clearly defined. It is so miserable and degrading to have to ask your husband for every trifle you want. Of course the Admiral will see to the settlements—there is nothing like providing for a rainy day," etc., etc., etc.

The next morning was hazy and threatening. Mrs. Crewe had an important mission to Covent Garden, and afterward a mysterious errand in "the City;" she therefore started with her dear young friend, intending to walk with her as far as Cleveland Square and afterward take an omnibus to the Strand.

Laura had taken special pains with her dress. It was a costume bought with a portion of her first earnings; her hat too was of the newest fashion, and met Mrs. Crewe's entire approval; in short, Laura had seldom felt so satisfied with her own appearance, and this satisfaction gave a soft glow to her cheek, a bright expression to her eyes, which went far to redeem her natural plainness. It was with an unusual sense of exhilaration and pleasure that she started to keep her appointment with Mrs. Trent.

Mrs. Crewe did most of the talking *en route*. She wondered a good deal that the Admiral had not yet made his appearance, and what could have become of Mr. Piers the last two days. Then she animadverted with much severity on the harshness and narrowness of Mrs. Piers, who ought to be too thankful that her son showed so much sense and discrimination in his choice, etc., etc. This portion of Mrs. Crewe's subject brought them to the entrance of Cleveland Square, where they parted, and Laura proceeded to Mrs. Trent's house.

"If you please 'm," said the imposingly respectable man out of livery who opened the door, "Mrs. Trent has been called away; she has left a note for you 'm, if you will walk in!"

Laura felt disappointed, but read with hearty sympathy the note presented to her. "I have had a telegram from Blackheath, telling me of an accident to my second boy, who is at school there. I am just going off to him! So sorry to be obliged to miss you for every reason. In great haste, yours, K. T."

It seemed that she was not destined to meet this newfound kinswoman, and she regretted that obstacles should have arisen to the improvement of her acquaintance, for she had felt a good deal drawn to Mrs. Trent. She hesitated as the door closed after her, and then decided, as she was in the neighborhood of Edgeware Road, to go on to an artist's color shop there to make some purchases, and return to Leamington Road by train.

. . . . . .

Meantime Winifrid, with the sensation of relief which always came to her of late when she found herself alone, went away to Laura's painting room, and set to work to dust and arrange it; to Winnie alone would Laura delegate this task, for, though her taste and talent flowed in a different channel from her cousin's, Winnie was too genuinely artistic not to perceive and appreciate the requirements of art in any shape.

This morning she moved languidly, with many a pause, yet she did her work thoroughly, with loving care; and finished it by placing a prettily filled basket of mignonette and scarlet geraniums on a side table. Then she drew off her dusting gloves, and put away her duster. The morning had been heavy and drizzling, but at noon the sun had come out and shone vividly on the wet leaves, turning the rain-besprinkled grass into a jeweled surface of diamond drops.

Winifrid set the garden door wide open to let in light and air. Then she sat down and took up a piece of elaborate lacework she had begun in Dresden. But she made no progress; many ideas crowded her young brain, and as she thought, her blue eyes filled with tears, and an impatient expression quivered round her lips.

"I must go," she murmured; "I must." Then she started and a frightened look came into her face as a sharp peal of the front-door bell struck her ear. She rose up quickly, as if she would escape, and stopped irresolute; the next moment Reginald Piers entered, quietly, softly, and without approaching or offering to shake hands. He sat down, saying, "So Laura has gone to luncheon at the Trents?"

"Yes," returned Winnie, taking her work-basket and herself to a narrow, uncomfortable, little, old sofa behind the garden door, which was her usual seat because she was out of Laura's way there.

"And the amiable Mrs. Crewe, has she gone also?"

"Not to Mrs. Trent's—to shop, and I do not know what, but we are to dine late." There was a pause; Reginald looked away out into the garden, and Winifrid stole a curious glance at him.

His expression was for the moment natural and unguarded. It betrayed a depth of weariness, a sort of fierce unrest, strange in one who was so favored by fortune. His eyes were haggard as though he had not slept; in short, he looked in every way as unlike as possible to Reginald Piers with the mask on. The silence became oppressive.

"Have you not heard yet from the Admiral?" asked Winifrid, timidly.

"Yes," said Reginald, rousing himself. "I had a letter this morning. He is coming up to town the day after to-morrow, prepared to bring matters to a decision, he says. I don't see how he is to do it. It is easier, I imagine, to maneuver an English fleet than to manage two headstrong women!"

"The day after to-morrow," cried Winnie, disregarding the uncivil ending of Reginald's speech. "I am so glad; I shall, at all events, show him Fraulein Bertha's letter."

"What! do you *really* think of going to Germany?" asked Reginald, first turning to look at her and then changing his seat for one beside hers.

"Yes, I do."

"What is your real motive? I wish you would be frank with me, Winnie! You might trust *me*."

"I have no motive but to try what change will do to help me to throw off this strange weakness—and weariness. I really am not well!"

"God knows I see that you are not," he replied, looking intently at her, and noting the downward sweep of her long lashes and the pathetic quiver of her lips. "Do you think because I do not add the torment of my questions to what you must daily endure that I do not care how you are, or what you suffer, Winifrid? I think of you, and am haunted by the change I see in you, night and day—tell me, what is it, sweetest friend? Now that we have this rare chance of speaking together, tell me the *truth*. Is there anything between Denzil Crewe and yourself? I cannot but see that he dares to love you, and his idiotic mother's hints and chatter nearly drive me wild! Winnie! Good heavens! You are not afraid of *me*—of your truest—most devoted—friend!"

Winnie had grown deadly pale, and shrunk back when he tried to take her hand.

"You must not speak in that way," she said hastily and evasively. "As for Denzil—you are quite mistaken, quite! You need not talk about his daring to love me; he *would* not let himself, even if he felt inclined."

"Ha!" exclaimed Reginald, apparently struck by her words. "What do you mean?"

"I hardly know," said Winifrid, beginning to put up her work with quick unsteady hands. "What I do know is, that you ought not to speak to me as you do, Reginald, when we are alone; you frighten me, you distress me. I cannot tell where the wrong *is*—but it is wrong—and I feel as if I could go to the ends of the earth to escape it. Yet, when I see you are unhappy (and I know you are), I would do anything I could to comfort you. It all makes me miserable!"

"Winnie," returned Reginald in a low, deep voice, and catching her hands in spite of her, "is it possible that we are both suffering from the same disorder?"

"Let me go, Reginald," she exclaimed. "I must not—will not—listen to you."

"You shall," he exclaimed, keeping her hands in a grasp from which she could not release them. His self-control was gone—he saw—he realized nothing beyond the graceful, shrinking figure, the sweet, trembling lips, the tender yet half-resentful eyes raised to his imploringly. "Come what may, there shall be complete understanding between us. You *shall* hear me, because you make my life half agony, half enchantment! I love you as I never dreamed I should love! Tell me, if I were free, could you love me? Tell me, entangled as I am, do you not feel for me something—a pale shadow, perhaps—of the love you have inspired?"

"Reginald—oh! Reginald—for heaven's sake, stop!" returned Winnie, suddenly calmed by the strong necessity of the moment. "Do you not see the misery you are making? Even if I am so unfortunate as to have called forth these feelings—can you not, for my sake as well as for Laura's, bury them in silence, in resolute forgetfulness? A firm determination to master them would insure success. Now you have given this fearful criminal feeling fresh power by putting it into words that cannot be forgotten!"

"And which I would not, if I could, recall," he returned, still holding her hands and gazing at her as if he would penetrate the secrets of her heart. "There is but one means to secure Laura's happiness, which is dear to us both—give me the love I crave for! It will be our own precious impenetrable secret," he went on rapidly, passionately. "Supported by the sense of your sympathy, and fortified by your presence, I can fulfill every duty! Beloved, will you not calm me now by telling me if your pulse throbs for me? If you compassionate the torture I have undergone for the last month—if——"

"It is too late to ask for such assurances, Reginald," said Winnie sadly, but with more firmness than he expected. "What you dream is an impossible piece of treachery. You *must* be true! Laura deserves your whole heart, and I will be true also. Do not imagine that I am cold, or indifferent. I—I feel—that we must *both* be brave; it is for you to set me the example."

"Enough!" cried Reginald, his eyes kindling, his voice thrilling with passionate tenderness. "You will, then, give me the affection that it is out of my power to ask for openly. You will be mine in spirit, though it is too late to ask you to be so in the face of the world!"

As he uttered the last words a shadow fell on the glass of the garden door, and both speakers felt as if turned to stone by the unexpected presence of Laura.

"Not too late," said she slowly, with a sort of painful deliberation. "It is not yet too late, Reginald!"

There was a moment's dead silence.

Then Reginald, forcing himself to speak, asked with angry scorn, "Pray, how long have you been 'listening?'"

"I do not know," said Laura in the same mechanical way; "for an instant—for an age—I cannot tell, and I had no choice. I could not move after the first words I heard. Far, far better for us all that I did so—far better, Reginald."

Putting her hand to her brow she sat down on a chair by the half-finished portrait of Winnie. "Go, Reginald," she said, "leave us together."

CHAPTER XX.

REGINALD PIERS was by no means deficient in that species of ready courage usually denominated "pluck." He would never lose anything through the moral and physical weakness which so often makes men hesitate at the decisive second in which so much is gained or lost.

A more paralyzing position can hardly be imagined between the girl to whom he was engaged and the girl to whom he had just made a passionate avowal of love, which the former had overheard, yet he stood doggedly face to face with Laura.

"I obey you," he said a little hoarsely, "but I demand a calm and reasonable hearing when you are less agitated, and more disposed to be just, both to Winnie and myself. More I beg—that until I can fully explain matters you will both be silent as to this unfortunate affair. None of us, I imagine, wish to be passed through the mill of Mrs. Crewe's questions and conjectures."

"Rest assured she shall hear nothing," said Laura, with the same kind of hushed, unnatural voice in which she had before spoken.

"To-morrow, then, you will see me alone; till you hear me, judge nothing, decide nothing. I have a right to be heard."

Laura bent her head. "Only leave us now," she said. "I will see you to-morrow."

Reginald paused a moment, looking eagerly at Winifrid, who stood still, silent, her eyes on the ground, her clasped hands dropped before her; but she did not heed him, so he turned and left the room. For another moment the terrible silence was unbroken, then Winnie sprang forward, and kneeling suddenly down beside Laura, put her head on her lap and cried aloud with a keen cry of pain. "Laura! Laura! I did not mean to be a traitor. What shall I do; what shall I do?"

Laura disengaged herself gently but resolutely, and stood up.

"No, Winnie. I cannot think you are intentionally a traitor, but it is all so hard, so incomprehensible. You must give me time, and——Ah! Winnie, what shall we both do? Help me," she added hastily, "to keep Mrs. Crewe in the dark for a little while, only a little while. This cannot long be hidden. How can I have been so blind! A hundred things come back to me with a significance I never thought of before. Let me go! I cannot bear to be with you *now*, I must be alone. Tell Mrs. Crewe I have a bad headache, that I am lying down—anything!"

She was leaving the room when she turned back hastily. "I shall be better alone, and you too. Pray God! you have not been false to me, Winnie. How can I bear to lose him, and you, and everything at once!"

"But I am not false," cried Winifrid, stretching out her arms toward her. "I will never see his face again if that is any comfort to you, dear, dear Laura!"

Laura smiled a wan, sad smile as she slowly shook her head.

"That does not depend on you," she said, and went away slowly to her own room. Winifrid looked after her without daring to follow—looked, with an expression of unspeakable sorrowful longing in her large liquid blue eyes. For Winnie *was* true; at that moment she would have gladly agreed never to see or speak to Reginald again, never to meet an admiring glance or hear a flattering speech, could she but gain the power to display her inmost heart to Laura. But, alas! the heart cannot be shown, it has to be translated into

the imperfect medium of words. How keenly the consciousness of this cut into Winnie's soul, as she stood there motionless, living over again her childhood and early youth! With every small, vividly-remembered detail and incident Laura was associated, in the closest and most loving companionship. In her play, her tasks, her little difficulties, her slight indispositions, it was Laura who was always her friend, her helper, her unselfish sympathizer, always patient, always self-forgetful; and in return she had robbed her of the one rich jewel that had come to crown her unassuming, womanly girlhood with joy and sunshine. What evil fate had overtaken her? How could she atone for or repair the wrong she had unconsciously wrought? And was she quite blameless? She said "yes" that morning, when in bitter self-communing she had put the question to her heart, while she still hoped that the true cause of her suffering was a secret known only to herself; but now, in the cruel light which had suddenly blazed out upon it, she was not so certain. How well she remembered every incident of her almost daily intercourse with Reginald! How much, how frankly, she had liked him at first! How heartily she had rejoiced in Laura's happy prospects; how gradually and imperceptibly her pleasure in his society had increased, and still she was calm and at rest, till one day, some word, or glance, or smile of his, betrayed an unexpected, fearful, delicious mutual understanding, a something that had grown between them, hidden and unheeded till it sprang to sudden life—and after that there was no more peace! Though she studiously avoided him, though she comforted herself by observing his real earnestness in pressing for an early fulfillment of his engagement with Laura, she felt with unerring instinct that every averted look, every cautious word, every carefully veiled avoidance, were but so many lightning conductors to the strong passion she had unconsciously inspired. It was not, however, until the day that Reginald had contrived to see her alone, and entreated her to use her influence with Laura in his favor, that she felt the full danger of her position. She could not shake off the effect of that interview, and she honestly strove to find a way of escape from the difficulties it had drawn around her.

This day too—a bare half hour ago—she was indignant with Reginald. She felt that the friendship he proposed was, as she had told him, an impossible treachery, and yet her heart pleaded for him! In spite of good principle, and friendship, and honest resistance, she loved him with the whole force of her warm, imaginative nature!

Could she have got away in time all might have been well, for certainly Reginald was very fond of Laura, and once safely married to her (a safety he evidently longed for at times) he would probably forget his unfortunate fancy for herself. Now all was over, and, whatever the justice of the case might be, nothing could clear herself and Reginald from the imputation of the basest treachery, not only in Laura's eyes, but in the eyes of all who became acquainted with the story!

What would the Admiral say? What would Mrs. Crewe say? How could she face it all? Look which way she would, the position was dreadful, and she had not a friend in the world with whom she could take counsel. Her best and dearest friend might now well be her direst foe. Her distress was far too bitter for tears, she gazed round her with unspeakable tender regard, with strained dry eyes, at all Laura's artistic belongings. She felt she had no longer a place in that dear little painting-room, she must go forth alone into the desolate, dreadful world, because she had become involuntarily unworthy to stay there! It was too cruel! How was she to bear it!

Then a loud ring startled her. If it was Mrs. Crewe, how could she face her? how should she command her own countenance, and answer her many questions. But it was only the post, and Winifrid had a short reprieve. Nevertheless the fright showed her the necessity for being prepared, and she too went to her room to look at her own face, to see if it did not bear the brand of "traitor" too plainly. In passing through the hall she saw the letter which lay on the table was from the Admiral, directed to Mrs. Crewe, and, thankful to be assured of one means of diversion to Mrs. Crewe's forces, Winnie, as the best help she could afford to her friend, struggled to gain exterior calm and self-possession before the moment of cross-examination arrived.

Meantime the object of her thoughts, doing her own hard battle in the silence of her chamber, was scarcely so much to be pitied as the author of her sufferings. Laura had no reproaches of conscience to undergo, no remorseful backward glances to cast toward what "might have been" but for the almighty "if;" she was too stunned and bewildered to suffer acutely for the first half hour of thought. She dimly felt that a blow had fallen upon her, which shivered into a thousand atoms the lovely world of love and joy and bright anticipation in which she had lived for the last three months, and she lay prostrate, quivering with an impotent life whose only distinct sensation was pain. Gradually the cruel ingredients of her agony grew clear to sight and taste. Winifrid and Reginald understood each other; perhaps it was not the first time they had spoken thus together, and of all the wretchedness from which she shrank, none seemed to crush her so utterly as the sense of treachery! She recalled the words she had heard, they seemed graven on her memory with burning distinctness. Why, it was not an hour ago since she had come up the steps, with her parcel of purchases, thinking chiefly of Mrs. Trent's anxiety, but also glad to come back to Winnie, and talk over the little occurrences of the day with the easy confidence which makes one great charm of life. She remembered speaking cheerfully to Collins who was cleaning the bellpull, and so walking into the hall with a light heart, always brightened by the glow in her life's horizon; glancing at the table to see if a note awaited her from Reginald; then seeing through the open door leading to the garden the cat lying in a bed of mignonette—an indulgence strictly forbidden. She went down the steps to lift Toppy out. Her ear was caught by Winifrid's voice, and, walking to the entrance of the painting-room, she heard Reginald, in tones such as he had never used to her, exclaim "Give me the love I crave," etc., etc. After which she had stood rooted to the spot, not aware of "listening" though hearing every word distinctly. "Was *he* a traitor? Was *she* deliberately false? Were they both base, or only weak and unfortunate? Far more than anything else, the ring of Reginald's words told her she had never been *loved*, only liked, esteemed, preferred. Nothing could ever obliterate *that* knowledge, and in all the agony and humiliation of the moment Laura could raise her heart in thankfulness to God for granting her this knowledge *before* the irrevocable words were spoken, which only death or disgrace can recall. But Winifrid!—must she lose both friend and lover too?

. . . . . .

Meantime Mrs. Crewe reached home somewhat weary, but well pleased, as she had made some excellent bargains.

"Has Miss Piers returned, Collins?" was her first question.

"Yes, 'm. She come in early while Mr. Piers was here—but he is gone, 'm, and I think Miss Piers is bad with her head. Leastways she and Miss Fielden has been upstairs ever since, 'm."

"Miss Piers has a bad headache. I am very sorry. Here, Collins, take off my boots, and—oh! there's a letter for me!

why did you not give it to me at once?—from the Admiral, too."

And she sat suddenly down on a hall chair to read it. The epistle was short, but written with his usual kindly, punctilious politeness, to inform his correspondent that he hoped to be in town on the following Wednesday, and would, if she permitted, join her family circle at the evening meal. "And I am sure he will be welcome. Oh, Winifrid," as that young lady descended the stairs, anxious to be under fire at once, "the Admiral is coming on Wednesday. How shall it be, tea or dinner for him, my dear? Dinner would, perhaps, be more respectful, but—"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Crewe," said Winnie, surprised at finding herself to speak in a natural voice. "Tea is much nicer and more cheerful. I am sure the Admiral would like it better."

"Well, dear, you know more of his ways than I do, and tea is less trouble. But what's this I hear about Laura? Is her head very bad? I must go up and see her."

"No, Mrs. Crewe," cried Winnie, "I think you had better not."

"I have an excellent recipe for headache," persisted Mrs. Crewe, "especially if it is a sick headache. Is it a sick headache, my dear?"

"No, it is a nervous headache, and I think she has just gone off to sleep," returned Winnie, stoutly. "She had better be left quiet; I dare say she will come down when she wakes."

"Very well," said Mrs. Crewe, reluctantly, as she rose and went toward the stair. "Did she say what Mrs. Trent wanted? I hope she is going to talk to that tiresome Mrs. Piers and bring her to reason."

"Oh! I do not know, Mrs. Crewe, I hardly spoke to Laura. You see Reginald"—she stopped short; it was more than she could do to command her voice and name him.

"Oh, yes, of course! they had to have *their* talk," said Mrs. Crewe, filling up the blank judiciously. "Laura will tell me all about it when she wakes."

It was ever after a sort of dim, horrid wonder to Winifrid how she lived through that terrible evening. How she kept an unbroken front, and turned aside Mrs. Crewe's importunate hospitalities, how she met Denzil's grave, searching eyes, and kept her dazed brain, which seemed full of vague, cruel echoes, clear enough to answer coherently in her usual tone when she could scarce keep from crying aloud for help and forgiveness, was an astonishment to her; where did the strength come from?

At length Mrs. Crewe insisted on taking a large cup of tea, a plateful of cold roast beef and horse-radish sauce, with a fair supply of preserved plums and some seed cake, to the sufferer with her own hands. Winnie felt she could do no more to restrain her, and as a last effort of devotion to her friend, her victim! ran on before, on the plea of setting the door open, to warn Laura what was coming. Then she returned to the dining-room, unable to bear herself alone, yet dimly afraid of Denzil's eyes.

Her dominant idea was to escape, to hide away somewhere, not only to avoid seeing the unhappiness she had caused, but also because she felt—and bitterly hated herself for it—that the sight of the reconciliation she was bound to pray for, and did heartily desire, would be nearly as painful.

There was an awkward silence when she sat down, while Collins cleared the table, making a welcome noise with spoons and cups. "It is cold this evening," said Denzil; "at least cold for the season."

"It is indeed," exclaimed Winnie, in a startled, abrupt tone, such as Denzil had noticed once or twice before during the evening meal. "Do you not think, Mr. Crewe, that it would be very nice if I could go to Germany for the winter? I have a very kind invitation, and—and I should be quite set up by a visit to Dresden. I have not been at all well, you know; I am no great things now! If you were to tell Mrs. Crewe and the Admiral, they would mind what you say; they might think of it seriously. I do not like to make a fuss, but I *do* want a change."

And poor Winnie, her heart bursting with a sense of guilt and sorrow and a wild longing to run away, came and stood on the hearth-rug beside him.

"I see you are far from well, Miss Fielden," said Denzil, turning his eyes loyally away, lest he should read too much in those raised to him, dimmed with tears and full of trouble. "I could not venture to speak to the Admiral on such a matter, but I will strongly advise my mother to back you up. I, too, think it is very desirable you should have a change of scene." Although there was not the slightest significance in his tone Winnie started, and turned first crimson and then pale.

"Why! why do you think so?" she exclaimed, with nervous eagerness; "do you think me so very ill, or——"

"I think there must be a strong necessity as you confess it, having till now so steadily denied that there was anything the matter with you," and he bent toward her with a grave, kindly smile, and a very serious look in his deep eyes. There was a moment's pause, during which Winifrid gazed at him uneasily. "Believe me," resumed Denzil gently, with a slight sigh, "I would do anything to help you, if I could, but I am powerless."

"You are very good," murmured Winnie, with a pathetic quiver in her voice that moved Denzil deeply; unused as he was to women he could perceive that she was on the verge of hysterical tears. "We must do what we can to get you away," he continued more cheerfully; "I am sure your instinct is right, it will be your best remedy. Speak to your cousin about it; I am certain she is your best and kindest counsellor."

"She is, there is no one like her!" cried Winnie, with a little sob, and struggling bravely with her tears. "I will speak to her to-morrow; and now I will go to bed. I feel ill and tired."

"Can we—can my mother do nothing for you?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" Denzil was startled at the despair of her "no," and almost unconsciously caught her hand in both his own. "What has happened?" escaped his lips before he could check the words.

"Nothing—nothing," began Winnie, terrified at her own want of caution, when the door opened to admit Mrs. Crewe, bearing the beef, preserve, and cake untouched. She sailed in with a solemn aspect, rang for Collins, and committed the viands to her with permission to consume them. "I understand the headache now," she said, drawing a chair to the fire and speaking with much significance. "They have had a lovers' quarrel! I did not think Laura would take it so much to heart; she did not want to say anything on the subject, which I think showed distrust I do not deserve. But my penetration and experience are not to be baffled! I soon found it all out. They have quarreled over that tiresome mother of his, and Mr. Piers went off in a rage. Did he not go very abruptly, Winnie? I believe you heard nothing about it? You know Laura is very deep in her way. Now we shall all be in the doleful dumps till things come right! really lovers are very troublesome. I hope I shall not have another *quarrelsome* pair in *my* house," with an arch look at her son. "At any rate we must have everything straight and smooth before the Admiral comes the day after to-morrow. Winnie dear, don't mind going up again to Laura; she says she wants to get to sleep, and I am just going to put a hot bottle to her feet."

"Very well, Mrs. Crewe," faltered Winnie, cut to the soul

by this evidence of estrangement, even while she dreaded to be alone with her cousin. "I was just going to bed myself, I feel so tired, and—and—good-night, Mr. Crewe—good-night," giving her hand to his mother, she left the room hastily.

"Between you and me, Denzil," said Mrs. Crewe confidentially, as she folded up the table cover, preparatory to retiring herself, "I fear these foolish young people have quarreled rather bitterly. Laura is a little obstinate."

"Mother!" cried Denzil impatiently, "don't you see that Winnie is ill and suffering as well as her cousin?"

"Dear me! is she?" cried Mrs. Crewe, starting up. "I shall just mix her a little sherry with hot water and sugar, and a dust of nutmeg on the top; it is excellent to send any one to sleep!" and she hurried away.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Crewe was truly rejoiced the next morning, when Collins descended to the kitchen (where her mistress was engaged in the delicate and difficult task of making shortbread) with the intelligence that Mr. Piers had just come, and gone into the drawing-room to wait for Miss Laura.

"I do declare he is a good fellow to come so soon," cried Mrs. Crewe who had no reservations, even from the slavey she dominated and tormented. "For I have no doubt Miss Piers has a spirit of her own, and was pretty sharp with him yesterday."

"Law, 'm, he is an elegant young gentleman," returned Collins, for whom the present was a golden time. "I wonder she isn't fit to eat him."

"Ah! that sort of thing doesn't do, my girl," said Mrs. Crewe sagely, "but there—there's the front door—who has gone out?"

"I should not wonder if it were Miss Winnie, 'm," replied Collins. "I see her in the dining-room with her hat on, a sewing a button on her glove."

"Winnie gone out without so much as telling me!" almost screamed Mrs. Crewe. "I can't believe it! What can she be about? She never almost goes out alone. Ah! I suppose I shall hear all about it when she comes back—just open the oven door, Collins, let me feel if it is not too warm. There, that's all right; give me that mold, my girl! Now just you mind it well, and see to the damper; I shall come back in twenty minutes and take it out. Give me some hot water and I will make myself a little presentable. Mr. Piers will be sure to want to see me before he goes."

But an hour passed—and half an hour more—and still the conference in the drawing-room had not come to an end.

"At any rate I might go in and see how they are going on *now*," said Mrs. Crewe to herself, and descended to the hall with this intention. As she reached it Reginald Piers came quickly out of the drawing-room, and met her face to face. He looked pale, stern, unlike himself, an indescribable something in his expression that startled and shocked Mrs. Crewe with a sudden conviction that things were very wrong indeed. "My dear Mr. Piers," she began uneasily, for nothing short of murder before her eyes could check her ready speech.

"Forgive me," he returned in a harsh, abrupt tone, "I am pressed for time. I cannot stop to speak now," and he almost rushed away, shutting the front door violently behind him.

"My dear Laura, what is the meaning of this?" said Mrs. Crewe with majesty, as she entered the room. "I am going to take you to task, my young friend! My age and knowledge of the world, to say nothing of the deep interest I take in you, authorize me to speak as a mother. You are trying that charming *fiancé* of yours too far; deference to a parent's whims may be exaggerated, and misunderstandings may arise, fatal to your happiness. You may lose him, Laura——"

"I *have* lost him," said Laura, in a low, resolute voice, standing still and pale and cold before her. "Our difference of opinion is too great to be accommodated; I grieve to cause such disappointment, but it is all over."

"Gracious goodness! What madness. What on earth is it all about? You will have that young man's life to answer for, mark my words! I am disappointed in you, Laura!"

"I am afraid you are, you must be," returned Laura in a strange, mechanical manner. "But, dear Mrs. Crewe, you must have patience with me! When I have seen the Admiral I will explain more, but now I cannot! Where is Winnie? I want to see her; I——"

"Oh, if the affair is to be a mystery, I am the last to intrude," said Mrs. Crewe with much dignity. "But as to Winnie, there is another puzzle! she is gone off this morning—goodness knows where!—without a word to any one."

"Gone off!" echoed Laura in a tone of alarm, and with such a look of dismay dilating her eyes that Mrs. Crewe felt some tragedy must be on the point of discovery.

"I mean she has gone out and said nothing to me as to where she was going, or when she would be in, nor nothing," concluded Mrs. Crewe, piling up her negatives recklessly. "What are you frightened about Laura? I declare you make me feel quite creepy and uncomfortable."

"Oh! pray do not let me frighten you," said Laura, trying to smile; "I dare say she will be in by dinner-time. We dine at two, do we not?" And without waiting a reply she passed Mrs. Crewe swiftly, and took refuge in her own room.

Mrs. Crewe looked after her and shook her head. "Well, well, there is no accounting for the vagaries of lovers!" she murmured. "Though I *do* deserve to be treated with a little more consideration! I dare say they will come right in a day or two, and then I shall be expected to look all smiles and civility, no matter how they have behaved! I really do not know what young people are coming to."

But dinner was half over before Winnie appeared, and then she seemed hurried and slightly excited. She tried to turn aside Mrs. Crewe's queries with forced sprightliness, stating, to that lady's great bewilderment, that she would give an account of herself when she had spoken to the Admiral; after which Mrs. Crewe took refuge in dignified silence, and dinner passed in mute discomfort, such as none of the trio had ever before experienced in that cheerful, kindly house.

Both girls felt it insupportable. "Come with me, Winnie," said Laura, forcing herself to speak in her natural voice. Though Winnie's cruelly sharpened observation detected a perceptible change in her tones, she obeyed the summons, leaving Mrs. Crewe to relieve her irritation by a well-sustained fire of small tormenting aggressions against Collins, who went about tearfully, constantly wiping her eyes with her cook's apron till quite qualified, in one sense, to play "Black-eyed Susan."

When the cousins reached Laura's chamber and had closed the door, Winnie stood near it with a downcast, embarrassed air, her fingers clasping and unclasping each other, and her large speaking eyes averted, while a faint, deprecating smile quivered on her lips.

"Where *have* you been, Winnie?" began Laura, in something of the usual motherly tone her cousin knew so well. "I was frightened about you. I feared, I knew not what."

"Were you frightened about me, Laura?" cried Winnie, making a step forward, and then stopping as if she must not come nearer. "Do you care enough about me still?"

"Can you doubt it?" returned Laura in a stifled tone, yet not advancing to her.

"Well, I will tell you what I have been about," exclaimed

Winnie, with an attempt at gayety. "You know how ashamed I have been of my idleness and uselessness, and so I went away to the Governesses' Institution, and heard all about it. I am going to bring a letter of recommendation from some lady—Mrs. Trent, I suppose, will do—and I had quite a talk with the lady superintendent. She asked what I could teach, and seemed pleased to hear I knew German and music; she begged me to get the letter soon, because she thought I might just suit a lady in the country somewhere. So, dear, I shall go there and begin to make my fortune, and then, Laura, things will come right, when I am out of the way, you know, and—and Reggie will forget the sort of madness that came over him for a moment. I am sure he is ashamed of it by this time, and then—why, we shall be happy once more!"

Winnie brought all this out in a great hurry, and with an immense effect at light-hearted cheerfulness, but at the end of her speech she faltered, and raised her eyes with a wonderfully pathetic look of entreaty to her cousin. Laura, who had sat down on one of the small rectangular chairs which were sparsely dotted about the room, returned her gaze with a sombre, unsympathetic expression.

"Do you really believe that *anything* could restore to us yesterday morning?" she replied, in a slow, deliberate voice. "Do you not rather feel that not even a miracle could make us as we were? There are things which no power can undo. I have deliberately and finally released Reginald to-day from our engagement."

"Then he has been here! You have seen him? Oh! what did he say? how did he bear meeting you?"

"I cannot understand Reginald," said Laura thoughtfully. "Why should he have sought me when he did not love me?—for I know now he never loved me."

"Oh, yes, he did, he will!" interrupted Winnie. Laura lifted up her hand to impose silence. "He is honorably disposed to fulfill his engagement with me," she resumed a little bitterly. "He even urged our marriage, though he did not insult my understanding by denying his love for *you*. He maintained that his high esteem and regard, and all that gray shadow of affection, would make us happier than intense passion; that you would never hear of uniting yourself to him after this terrible breach of faith, and—oh, much more that I have no patience to think of!" cried Laura, breaking off with a sudden burst of emotion. "He seemed eager and earnest too," she went on, "but the ring of his voice as he spoke to *you* yesterday has never left my ears; there was *real* love in it, a tone it never had for me, so I was quite resolute, and suddenly he seemed to see that it was all in vain his attempts to move me, so he turned and went away. He was very, very sorry, and still more angry, I could see that; but it is all over, and you will be a far more acceptable daughter-in-law than I could ever be."

"But I will never marry him, not if he asks me ever so much!" cried Winnie in an agony. "You do not believe I would be so base, so unfeeling, so——"

"You will be his wife before a year is out," said Laura slowly, "if *he* wishes it; but he puzzles me." She rose, approached her cousin, and, laying one hand on her shoulder, passed the other slowly and gently over her glossy hair and down the oval of her fair, expressive face, looking earnestly, sadly at her as she did so.

"Sweet, kind, lustrous eyes," she said as if to herself, "tender, beautiful mouth, satiny shining hair, that I have loved with almost a mother's love, can I wonder that they made him forget me? Oh! God grant I may not always shrink from you as I do now, Winnie! But is it not cruel? I can love as well as you, I can feel with him and understand him, and give him the truest companionship, yet it is all in vain!" She let her arms fall, and stepped back, still gazing fixedly at her cousin. "No, Winnie, you never were intentionally false to me, and I will *not* let any bitterness dwell in my heart toward you."

"Ah, Laura, do not turn from me, do not hate me," sobbed Winnie. "I never dreamed of doing you a wrong, I loved you always, I love you now—let nothing separate us!" She caught Laura's hand, and, failing to draw her to her, kissed it tenderly, humbly.

"I am very weak, I fear," said Laura, slowly, hesitatingly, "but I feel as I could bear this better if I did *not* see you for a while, Winnie. It is a great struggle to be faithful and just to you now, so I wanted to consult with you. How can I face the Admiral? What possible explanation can we give him?"

"What, indeed?" exclaimed Winifrid, growing deadly pale at the idea.

"I shall say that I have differed so essentially from Reginald on some vital points, that it is impossible I can consent to be his wife. The Admiral is so impressed with the importance of principle, and so delicate that he will not inquire further——"

"But he will be awfully vexed," said Winnie, her eyes dilating with dread at the vision her imagination depicted.

"Then," continued Laura, not heeding her, "as we have come out of our dreams into the same reality that surrounded us when we first arrived here, we must seriously set about maintaining ourselves. There is nothing like work, hard, continuous work, for such a wound as mine," she went on feverishly, "and for you, too, Winnie, for the space of suffering that no doubt you will go through. So let us be urgent with the Admiral, both of us, Winnie."

"You may be sure I will back you up in that, Laura, and perhaps this lady of whom I spoke may take me?"

"Well, then, I shall see the Admiral first, and then call for you—and——" looking to the door, "that is all I think."

"Oh! Laura, Laura, do not send me away from you!" cried Winnie, bursting into tears. "I will do anything you like, if you will only believe in me, and let me stay with you."

"I do believe you, Winnie, but I must be alone for this day at least; leave me; I must bury my dead alone."

(*To be continued.*)

Sisterly Love.

IN "Sisterly Love" the artist, Mr. W. Haseman, has given us a very pretty and natural picture, the facsimile of which, doubtless, hangs in the halls of many a one's memory. This little couple have just emerged from their cottage home to enjoy a ramble in the woods, when they encounter a stream of water, which to the smaller child appears a formidable obstruction. Nothing daunted, the little girl picks up her brother, who is not much smaller than herself, and plunges into the stream with her unresisting and heavy burden. Her attitude shows very plainly that she is making a great physical effort, but she is evidently one of those whose unselfish nature feels nothing painful or impossible that is prompted by love or duty. She would rather undergo any inconvenience to spare her young charge from suffering the consequences of wet feet. He evidently does not appreciate the effort that his sister is making—not an unusual circumstance—as he clings to her, holding on, at the same time, with resolute grasp, to the piece of bread he has in his hand.

This is one of those simple acts that tells more than appears upon the surface. It shows that in the heart of the child there springs a pure stream of unselfish love and devo-

tion, the herald of the woman's career. Perhaps the day will come when that sister's love will, like that of Caroline Herschel, prove the brother's mainstay. Night after night found her by his side, "sweeping" the heavens with her telescope, or fetching and carrying instruments, or jotting down his notes when the cold froze the ink, and then spending the rest of the night in making a fair copy that he might have it in the morning. She studied mathematics to help him in his numerical calculations, and she threw aside all personal considerations to aid her brother in his great work. Mighty was this sister's love and devotion upon which the stars looked down, night after night, and the record of which is written in light. We can understand that her heart was nearly broken when he died; for, as deep was her love, deep must have been her grief. It is of such sisters that the poet sang:

"My sister, long the years have fled
Since thou wert numbered with the dead,
Yet not a better love I've known
Than that which has forever flown.
Thy lamp of love shone ever bright;
Thy star of love illumed my night;
The darker grew my weary way
The brighter grew thy love's pure ray.
Oh! love so far that was so near,
Life of my life, my sister dear!"

Sisterly love when brought before us, either in real life or in a picture, is pleasant to the sight. The composition before us is conceived in a happy spirit, and the incident, so admirably told, awakens in us the most pleasurable sentiments, for we see in the unselfish and loving little girl of our picture a probable Caroline Herschel, the type of a devoted sisterly love.

SISTERLY LOVE.

The Heiress.

I.

In gorgeous mirrors banked with flowers,
Behold this radiant rose of ours.—
  Pearl satin draped with dainty lace,
Her corsage caught in diamond brooches,
  A fair, a trustful, hopeful face,
Reflected where no frown reproaches.

II.

Rich wrinkled gloves, of Spanish kid,
Encased white hands that never did
  Wear stain of toil or bronze of sun.
Bracelets of jewels, gifts of Willie's,
  Clasped her white wrists and shone thereon,
Like golden sunbeams upon lilies.

III.

Diamonds were in her perfumed hair,
And violets and rose-buds fair
  Were fastened in a woven wreath
Upon her peerless brow and bosom.
  What of the heart that pulsed beneath
The lace, the diamond, and the blossom?

IV.

A truer heart, or purer one,
The light of day ne'er shone upon;
  Inheritor of name and wealth,
And well endowed with gifts and graces,
  She quietly "did good by stealth;"
Her deeds like stars in heavenly spaces.

V.

In neat and plain attire arrayed,
With zeal and heart no storm dismayed,
  She visited the sick and poor,
To aid the sufferers in affliction;
  And when she halted at the door,
Her presence was a benediction.

VI.

The diamonds and the jeweled chains
Made no proud blood within her veins;
  An heiress without airs of pride,
A gentle, sprightly, modest woman—
  Her wealth and splendor failed to hide
The glory of the heart that's human.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Newport and its Summer Life.

ALL roads lead to Rome, according to the old saying. But in this country all roads lead to New York; for if you dwell long in our fair city, you will surely see all your friends and acquaintances. At least you *might* see them, if you kept a vigorous look-out on the hotel lists. Sooner or later, every American comes to New York, and generally it is sooner. As New York is thus the great intelligence office, so to speak, where we hear tidings of our friends, so is Newport the great summer metropolis, where you will meet many persons most unexpectedly. People from St. Louis, California, Georgia, indeed from almost any State, you may find summering there; and last year we greeted a young friend lately from the neighborhood of Himalaya Mountains, without being in the least surprised to see him at Newport.

And who that has once known this beautiful summer city but is delighted with its manifold charms, and will return to it whenever opportunity offers? It goes without saying that you must make some little stay at Newport, if you wish fully to understand its attractions. In the first place, you will probably be intensely sleepy for several days, such is the soothing effect of the balmy air,—air so delightful that it is happiness only to breathe it. It must be five and twenty summers in all that we have been at Newport, and yet every season we enjoy the lovely atmosphere—comment upon it as on something quite new.

Then, if you stay only a week, you may light upon a spell of fog—fog which is healthy, and to an old Newporter agreeable; but some people don't like it. Any relation to the malarial fogs of the vicinity of New York? None whatever; for it comes from the sea, not from the land. You may see it off on the horizon, preparing to invade the island. It *does* take the stiffness out of Swiss muslins, and therefore dresses of that material are not suitable to the climate. Also, it will be well for you occasionally to air your superfluous boots and gloves, or they may grow moldy when the fog is persistent for many days. But we will not too greatly befog you, and will say at once that Newport has a great deal of beautiful, bright summer weather, and that the fogs only come at certain seasons, and in some years they abound much more than in others.

Perhaps you will come to Newport to join in the gay doings of high fashion. If you do, you will begin mildly in June, increase your pace in July, and by the time August comes you will be in a whirl of gayety, a perfect vortex of social dissipation. The very gay season is of short duration, luckily, for it is fatiguing to those who enter heartily into it. It culminates during the last part of August. After, say the 7th of September, the "transients" begin to scatter in every direction; and many of those who stay late at Newport, go away in September for visits to the White Mountains, trips up the North River, &c. For if you have been going to musical matinées in the morning (naturally), four or five receptions and kettle-drums in the afternoon, and perhaps a hop at the Casino in the evening, and if you have repeated this programme for a month, with variations in the way of fox-hunts, dinners, drives, balls, private theatricals, &c., you will pause for breath, as we do, at the mere mention of so much social vigor. We are happy to state that in these days you can receive your friends at Newport—and even a large circle of them—without going to great expense in the matter of entertainment, *Anglicè* without running up an enormous caterer's bill. Of course if you *wish* to give a handsome dinner, an elegant breakfast, or a superb collation in the afternoon or evening, you may do so, and do as a great many others do. But to be able to receive one's friends and acquaintances simply and inexpensively, without infringing the canons of good society, this indeed is a boon to those of us who have slender purses, and a love for the society of our kind. A series of delightful musical matinées were given last summer by a family of high fashion. The talented amateurs, many of them young ladies who frequent Newport, gave their friends a musical treat; ices, cake, and perhaps tea and coffee were handed about; and what more could one want in the morning? Surely nothing. On the other hand, you may be asked to breakfast at one o'clock, or to dine at seven, and sit down to a most sumptuous entertainment. People receive so much at Newport that they like to be able to do it sometimes simply, sometimes in great state.

If you come to pass the summer, however, without friends or acquaintances among the cottagers, or without letters of

introduction, unless you are the Great Mogul or his cousin, or unless you are particularly fascinating and agreeable, you will not be apt to enter this charmed circle of gayety. And we cannot really see why Newport society should be blamed for this exclusiveness, as it is called. In New York or Boston no one thinks of such a thing as receiving into their circle chance sojourners at the hotels, about whom they know nothing, although these strangers may be very charming people, if one knew them. Newport society is NOT like that of Long Branch or Saratoga, where almost all are strangers alike. The society is like that of city life, and it is no harder to enter it than to join a set or clique in New York or elsewhere, and no easier.

The summer householders are exceedingly hospitable—entertain a great deal, and receive a great many visits, of days or weeks, under their roof. And if you come to stay at the hotel with credentials in due form, you will no doubt receive a good many invitations. The cliff cottages are a very pleasant resort, and for those who dislike the trouble of housekeeping, form a compromise between hotel and cottage life. You can hire one of these cottages for about $800 for the season. They are furnished, of course, and meals are served to you in your own dining room, but cooked at the hotel hard by. Thus you have the privacy of home, and the ease of a hotel. Only you must pay about $25 apiece per week for board, besides the rent, so that it is not a cheap mode of living. But why should it be cheap? There is only one Newport, and fifty millions of people who would like to go there—if they have good taste.

The Casino is the greatest possible addition to our seaside metropolis, as may be imagined. *Dolce far niente* being the standard occupation of summer visitors, how important to have a spot wherein one can do nothing with ease, comfort, and variety? You may go to the Casino to play lawn tennis, or to dance, to get your lunch or dinner, to hear music or readings, or see private theatricals in the pretty little theatre; and the Casino has brought with it beautiful shops which are brilliantly lighted in the evening, and in front of which numerous strollers saunter up and down of a pleasant evening. How different from Newport of half a dozen years ago! The streets used to be so quiet in the evening, you might think yourself in a little country village.

The truth is, Newport is growing at a prodigious rate—the summer Newport, that is to say. In spite of the high price of land—and, in fact, the high price of living in general, here—houses are going up with great rapidity, and parts of the city which were almost unoccupied a few years ago, now are quite thickly studded with dwellings of summer residents. People are satisfied with living almost as near together as in the city—another great change in this aristocratic watering-place.

While we are speaking of dwellings, let us say that the Queen Anne and other styles of extreme architecture now in vogue look nowhere so well as here. Perhaps it is owing to their prevalence, which causes them to keep each other in countenance; perhaps they suit the landscape, perhaps—and this seems the most probable explanation—people have employed the best architects so constantly here, and spent so much money on their abodes.

The Town and Country Club is one of the pleasant features of Newport society, and membership in it is eagerly sought after. To this club belong both fashionable and literary people in happy admixture. The meetings are held at intervals of ten days, and usually a paper is read by some brilliant man or woman of letters. Occasionally they have a "Blue Tea," a sort of literary picnic, invented by their accomplished president, Mrs. Howe. Each member of the club who is willing and able brings some short original composition, prose or verse, and the result is a brilliant *pot-pourri*.

It is sad to us to take leave of Newport, even on paper, but our allotted space is filled even before we have unfolded one-tenth of the charms of the lovely island of Aquidneck and its fair summer capital.

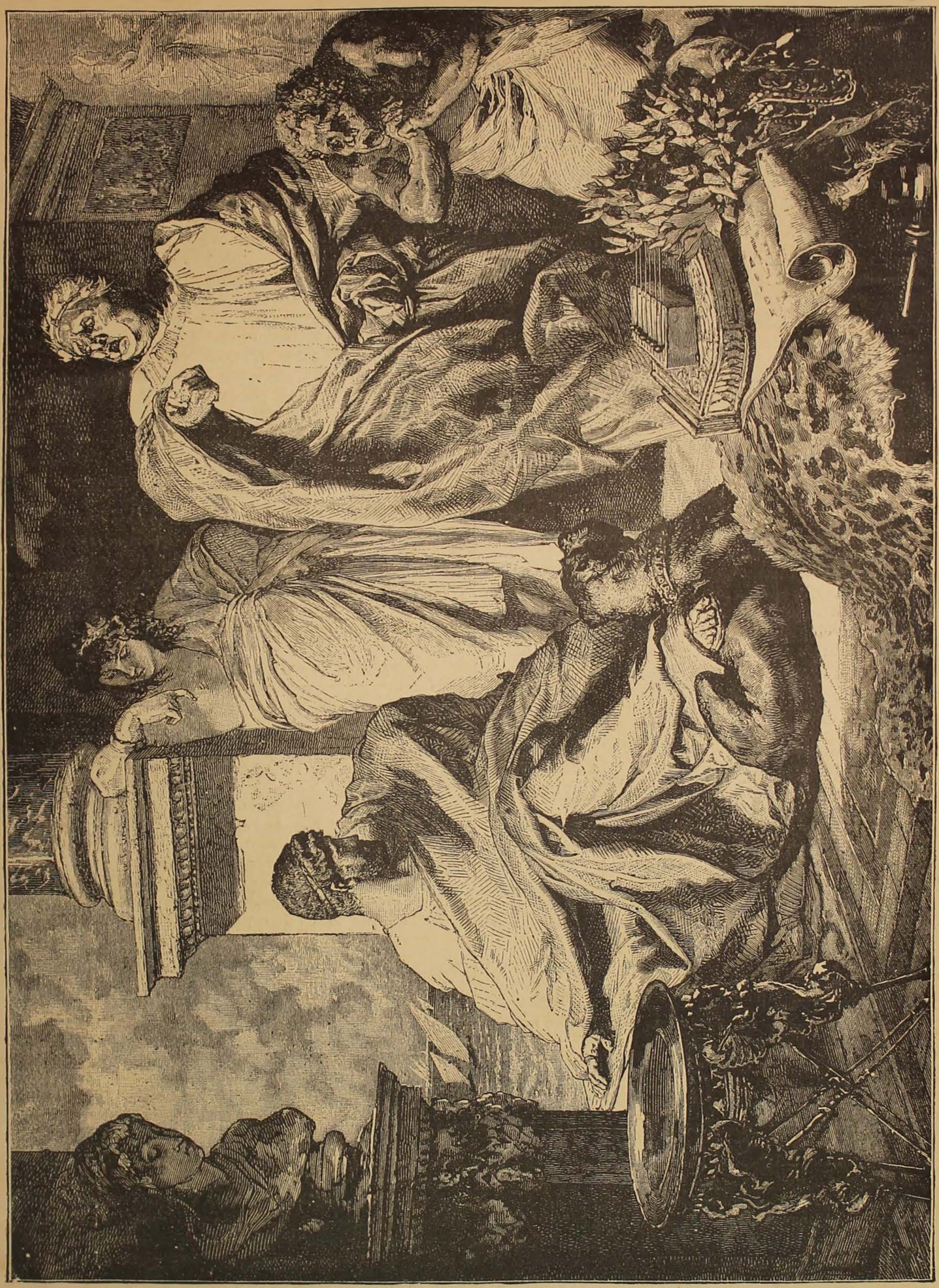
Keraunus in the Presence of Hadrian.

From George Ebers' romance "THE EMPEROR."

NEW modern German novels have excited more interest than that of "The Emperor," by George Ebers. Thoroughly acquainted with his subject, the Roman dominion in Egypt, the writer has set before us a faithful picture of those times, and while we are agreeably entertained by the narrative, we are also pleasantly instructed.

The scene so graphically portrayed by the artist is the meeting between Keraunus and Hadrian, in the old Ptolemaic palace at Lochias. This once magnificent palace stood on an artificial hill in the midst of the peninsula of Lochias. From its windows were seen the gay streets of Alexandria, the harbor filled with ships, and the sea stretching away in the distance. It had not been inhabited since the downfall of the luxurious Cleopatra, and had not only been robbed of most of its treasures, but was dilapidated and almost uninhabitable. Desiring to visit it, Hadrian sent an architect to put some of the rooms in order, and this being done he arrived at the palace in company with Antinous, his young companion, and a retinue of attendants. On the first night of the arrival of the guests at the palace, the daughter of the old steward Keraunus was attacked by the dog of the emperor, as she was walking through the corridor. Indignant at the attack on his daughter, and not knowing the rank of his guest, accompanied by his negro slave, Keraunus visited Hadrian and it is this scene that the artist, Ferdinand Keller, so graphically brings before us.

The Emperor is seen reclining near an open window, from which the white sails are visible as the boats go sailing by on the blue waters. The blood-hound, Argus, the cause of all the trouble, lies near his master, who rests one foot on the back of the animal, as if to keep him from flying at the enraged steward. The apartment is not destitute of elegance. On both sides of the wide opening, or window, are tall pillars of reddish-brown porphyry. The bust of a woman, an elaborately carved stand, holding a deep plate, perhaps for the flowers that were lavishly used by the Egyptians for decorating their rooms, and a musical instrument, surmounted with a wreath, give an air of refinement to the room. Leaning against the pillar, and gazing down at the emperor, is the young Antinous, celebrated for his manly beauty. In striking contrast to this graceful youth, is the burly figure of the enraged steward who is venting his impotent wrath upon the emperor, who listens with amused calmness to the torrent of words with which he is assailed. Cowering by his master is the hideous slave, whose face and attitude are expressive of intense fear as he gazes at the savage beast ready to spring at him. Most admirably has the artist interpreted the writer bringing the scene before us even more vividly than he does himself. The mocking face of the emperor, as the steward threatens to complain to Hadrian when he arrives; the handsome and graceful young Antinous, whose beauty is proverbial; the rage of Keraunus, who, full of conceit, announced himself as a member of the town council, a Macedonian, and a Roman citizen, Keraunus, the son of Ptolemy, steward of the once royal but now imperial palace at Lochias; the trembling slave, and the savage dog,—are conceived with great truth and skill, showing that even as the painter gathers inspiration from the writer, so does the writer find his truest interpreter in the painter.



KERAUNUS IN THE PRESENCE OF HADRIAN.

How to Treat our Windows.

WINDOWS, it must be admitted, are among the most important considerations in furnishing a house. Whether they be many or few, they represent possibilities and opportunities which vary in every case, and it is precisely in this matter of variety that the difficulties in regard to them come in. Every one has a vague idea that a great deal ought to be done with the windows of a room, and it is often asserted that half the furnishing is over when the carpets are down and the hangings are up, but when it comes to the practical question of how to set about it and what to decide upon, a great many difficulties suggest themselves, and in the end, after much discussion and consideration, the window decoration is apt to be a failure after all.

The fact is, there can be no definite rules laid down in the matter, much depends upon fashion, more upon individual taste, and most upon the position and aspect of the window. Houses in the hands of practical decorators and furnishers become so metamorphosed that one fresh from the hands of an expert, will appear absolutely different from its neighbor, which in point of actual construction is the facsimile of it, and this difference will be owing, not so much to the heavy furnishing, painting and gilding, as to those insidious details which are thoroughly understood and adapted to the individual requirements of each apartment. But the number of those who can hand over their houses bodily to the artistic decorator is few, while there are multitudes increasingly desirous of adding to the beauty and comfort of their houses by simple devices within the reach of moderate means. To these we would say, that a judicious treatment of their windows will effect a wonderful transformation in the aspect and pleasantness of their rooms.

Much necessarily depends upon the situation and style of the house, and upon the use to which each room is to be put, and while a certain uniformity in the appearance from the outside is desirable, infinite variety is possible within. It is now generally conceded that white curtains are a mistake; the long, unbroken lines they present are thoroughly inartistic and, moreover, they attract the eye and force it, as it were, to rest upon one object only, and that one which admits of no gradation of shade or color. For this reason, shaded hangings, or curtains of muslin into which color is cunningly introduced, are gaining in favor. They can be used with heavier draperies exactly like the long, white muslin or lace curtains, and those of Madras muslin are specially suitable for the purpose of ordinary hangings, as in their soft gradations of color they soften the light and rest the eye by endless tones and suggestive reflections. They have much to recommend them for general use; they are inexpensive, easily made, and harmonize with all colors; the cost is from a dollar to two and a half dollars a yard, and as the muslin runs two yards in width, for small windows one width is sufficient to make a pair. The long, full curtains of the past are scarcely seen, increasing education in art principles has brought about a complete revolution in such matters, and the question is no longer how to hang as much rich material as possible in one spot, but rather how by the constant interruption of outlines, and modification of surfaces, to produce an harmonious whole. Exception is even taken to the length of windows themselves, and efforts are made by more artistic furnishers to overcome the objections presented by window frames of three and a half to four yards in height. The latest plan is to introduce a margin of colored glass, and commence the drapery of the window below it, the curtains depending from a simple brass rod, and hanging in scarcely perceptible folds to the floor, never in any case lying for any distance upon it. Where the introduction of stained glass is impracticable, a panel of entirely different material is used as a heading for the curtains which still appear to commence below it, by which means the long, straight lines are avoided. Very pretty effects are produced in this way by the use of perforated leathers for the margin, through which the light steals in, and from which the transparent draperies depend.

The principle of thus treating the upper part of a high window being distinctly understood, many methods can be resorted to. Ground glass is sometimes used, and this is very easily imitated by a simple process. If putty, a couple of inches in diameter, is tied up tightly in a piece of transparent muslin until it forms a pod, by putting a clean piece of glass all over it, it will become covered with an opaque white stain, and when varnished over will have all the appearance of ground glass, while to produce a transparent pattern on the opaque surface it is only necessary to draw a pattern on paper and, cutting out all the portions that are to remain opaque, fit it to the pane and then proceed as before. When colored glass is used, it is not so artistic to have it in a set and definite pattern as to select one of those humorous indefinite designs in which the result depends entirely upon the colored effect and not at all upon any precise pattern or stiff outlined design.

It will be found that attention to this, the latest style in window furnishing, will have a very great effect upon the general appearance of the room, and where there are more than two windows to be treated, the result is still more happy.

It is not possible to give definite rules for any house, but it may be conclusively stated that heavy draperies are suitable only for large rooms, and then more especially for dining-rooms, libraries, and reception-rooms. For boudoirs, and for bed-rooms, lighter materials are uniformly appropriate. Heavy velvets, plushes, reps and thick woolen stuffs require the accompaniment of the light under-curtain, but in consideration of the recognized objection to the long, unbroken lines of white hangings, it is now very usual to introduce inner curtains against the frame-work of the window itself, which are drawn back by a cord or band, and are admirably effective while free from the drawbacks of double draperies.

Among the latest novelties in hangings for windows are those known respectively as Louis XIV. curtains, Colbert, Henri III., and Vitrage curtains, which vary in price and can be had in the richest and most expensive styles. They are more especially adapted for rooms furnished in the style of distinct periods, while the varieties of tapestried materials are more generally suited to ordinary dwellings. The introduction of gold and silver threads in the weaving adds very greatly to the rich effect of these heavy draperies. Turcoman and Medicis curtains are also popular. Hangings of embossed leather are entirely new, but are more suited for libraries and studies than other apartments, although they are occasionally used in large drawing-rooms, or halls. They are susceptible of every style of decoration, and the deep colors in which they are obtainable make them desirable where rather severe effects are to be produced. They are in keeping with the solemnity befitting a well-stocked library, but are too intractable for ordinary use.

In the case of long, heavy hangings only, are cornices, valances, or lambrequins, admissible, and then not invariably; in all other cases, for muslin or cretonne, or even silk, satin, or rep curtains, a brass or polished wood pole, plain in style, and simply finished off, is the proper thing. The pole is supported upon simple brackets, and the curtains, which should not be very full, are sewn at intervals of an inch and a half on to rings of the same material as the pole, which are passed over it, and from which they fall in graceful, easy folds. For all country and seaside houses, excepting those which have large reception-rooms or

libraries, this style is uniformly adopted. The most artistic decorators in New York advocate the use of chintz, cretonnes, and Madras muslins, in country homes, where the window furnishing should above all be of a character to let in freely air and sunshine, and to exclude nothing of the view.

In city homes this question of exclusion is often an important one. Where the view to be obtained is simply that of a neighbor's back yard, or of an equally uninteresting front door, it is desirable to introduce in its place something pleasant to the eye. In such cases, the propriety of half draperies, or screens, for the window may well be considered. Here again, plain white is objectionable. Attempts have been made to introduce thin colored silks in alternate strips with muslin or lace, but the effect is not happy; Madras muslin is not exactly unsuitable for such short curtains, but it is a little too fully covered. Very pretty hangings for this purpose could be made by simply painting on muslin, landscape views, ferns or flowers. Screens of this kind would offer a novelty in decorative work for ladies, and infinite variety could thus be introduced. Nothing enhances the charm of a room more than flowers in the window, and where their introduction is impossible, much might be done to rest the eye by the introduction of transparent screens of the kind suggested.

Movable screens for this purpose are made of colored glass framed in zinc, and they are decorated and pretty, but open to the objection of excluding too much. In Germany and France it is very usual to find the windows ornamented and screened at the same time by porcelain transparencies, some of which are very beautifully engraved and are pleasing in effect; while another style of window screen in ornamental wicker work found considerable favor in England. Such things, however, are almost invariably matters of passing fashion, and ingenuity has not yet hit upon any definite style of window screen which shall be at once pleasing in appearance, offer no obstruction to the light, and shall yet exclude what is undesirable.

Flower stands, hanging baskets, plants, window boxes—all legitimately belong to the subject of window furnishing; but in smaller houses especially it is desirable to have access to the window entirely free. Window boxes fitted on to the sill are unobjectionable; but flower stands, which must be moved every time the window is opened, are not so desirable. It is a great improvement to any house to have climbing plants about the window, their graceful leaves and tendrils affording the most fitting and suggestive finish; but these are not easily obtained in the city, although in the country it is hard to tell what excuse people have for being without them.

Home art finds a large field in window decoration. Embroidered draperies are always pleasing, and by no means difficult of execution. Materials suitable for them can be obtained at very reasonable prices. Momie cloth, fashion drapery, dennin, sail cloth, unbleached linens, and mixed goods of every description, can be bought for less than a dollar a yard and upward, and are all available; while for those who are not clever at embroidery, the introduction of Macramé lace as insertion, at unequal distances, and the use of the same as an edging to unbleached muslins, results in handsome curtains at a merely trifling expense. Perhaps the most practical way of considering the treatment of windows would be to look upon them as pictures to be framed, and to remember that the frame has no business to obliterate the picture. The very key-note of all artistic effect is in reality suitability, which represents results in harmony, and a little consideration will enable most people to judge what is suitable in individual cases. It may safely be laid down as a principle that the coloring selected for window draperies ought to harmonize and not contrast with the tones of a room. However advisable a "spot of color" may be, it is not desirable to find it in the window; on the contrary, the surroundings of that portion of a room should be soft, suggestive and indefinable. A window may be made attractive by the very indefiniteness of the outlines and folds that serve to half conceal and half reveal the view. The less view there is, the more necessary the suggestion of possibilities, hence the need for more elaborate attention to the windows of a city than to those of a country home. For the latter, very happy results are obtainable by the use of simple materials. The objections to white muslin can be removed by linings of colored cambric, and nothing is prettier than chintz, especially in the new mosaic patterns, with their indefinite designs and harmonious blending of colors. For living and sitting rooms in small houses there is a material called Toile à voile, which is of the substance of sail-cloth, and can be obtained in many shades and patterns. It has more body than chintz or cretonne, and falls in heavier folds, and is particularly well adapted to rooms with low ceilings, where the length of the window offers no objection to the straight lines of the stiff material.

Very effective movable screens for the lower half of a window might be made by the use of the Japanese Kakemonos, which can be bought in all lengths and at all prices, in every variety of design, and by selecting plain ones and painting a handsome border for the edges, there would be scope for a great deal of ingenuity and individual taste.

The subject of window shades seems an inexhaustible one, so much variety has lately been introduced into them. The great attention paid to wall papers and interior decoration generally has awakened a new interest in painted paper shades, which are now brought forward in every variety of design and color. For really practical every-day use, however, probably nothing will ever supersede or permanently replace the old-fashioned Holland shades, which effectually soften and obstruct the light; but as far as appearances go, the verdict must be in favor of the pleasantly painted paper and tinted and ornamented shades of silk or linen. A variety is introduced into those of linen and silk by sheering them lengthwise and then drawing them up until they set in folds across the window, finishing them off in scollops edged with fringe or lace. The effect is pretty, but they are easily put out of order; and as they only look well when the folds are in exact proportion, this is rather a serious objection to their universal adoption. Painted paper shades are of course free from this drawback, but they are not specially durable; and in the country, at all events, will scarcely become very popular. Venetian blinds are too well known to need recommendation, and where outside shutters are not provided they are valuable for shading and keeping a room cool. Shades of crimson and buff holland have been in favor for some time, and decorative efforts have not been wanting in this direction. A wide margin at the bottom of a holland shade, taking the form of a dado, has been introduced in a good many cases, and borderings of more or less width at the sides are ever seen. Perhaps nothing adds more to the exterior appearance of a house than the striped window awnings which are becoming more usual every summer, but which do not admit of any great variety in appearance, being mainly limited to striped material of different colors, with a scolloped edge trimmed more or less expensively with fringe. When beneath the awning, gay flowers artistically arranged serve as a screen to the window, and the whole air seems full of their subtle sweetness; the house so decorated has an air of refinement and culture which is irresistibly attractive, and the mind is instinctively impressed by a consideration of the fact that the way in which windows are treated does much to indicate the character of the owners or dwellers in the house.

JANET REUTZ REES.

From Sixteen to Sixty.

FORTY-FOUR years of active life, how full of interest they are! From sixteen—ardent, hopeful, enthusiastic—to sixty, quiet, philosophical, calm—what varied experiences have been lived through, what trials and difficulties overcome! What happiness enjoyed, what sorrow outlived and forgotten!

"We are both sixteen to-day!" said Eva Marstone, laughing, as she addressed her cousin. "Both the same age! both brought up in the same home! both as nice as we can be! What does the future hold for us, I wonder?"

"You are always wondering about the future, Eva," said Ralph Ford, a little irritably; "as if the present were not enough! You lose so much time every day of your life dreaming and imagining. What *should* the future bring for *you* but the fairy prince, and the gold coach, and lots of money?"

"I don't care so much about money," said Eva, reflectively, "as I do about power; I want power! I should like to exercise dominion, too, over people's minds, to sing, or act, or write, or lecture—in fact, to do or to be something! Imagine, Ralph, if life for us is to be the hum-drum affair it is for uncle and aunt: a small income, a small house, a small family, a small social circle, and of such minds! Now, I want everything large—big—immense! I want to be a star, a prima donna, a beauty—or a least a somebody! and do something! I shall stagnate and become wicked from sheer inertia, if I lead such a life as aunt's!"

"Eva," said Ralph, suddenly, "you are very silly. Not for wishing it, mind, but for doing nothing *but* wish! Now, do *you* suppose that *I* do not wish to be somebody—to do something—to create a career—to get out of this horrid, confined, gossipy village? Bah! you know nothing about me. I do not only *wish*, Eva, I *mean* to do it! What is *your* ambition worth? It is mere discontent. You want to be somebody only for the glory of the thing, and to have the excitement of being admired! That," Ralph went on impetuously, "*that* is the difference *between* us. *You* want to succeed—I *mean* to succeed; you will dream about the future—I shall act in the present, and twenty years hence we shall see the result!"

"Twenty years!" exclaimed Eva, reflectively; "twenty years! I shall be an old woman then—nearly as old as aunt. Thirty-six! *My*, what an age!"

"Twenty years is nothing," retorted Ralph, stretching out his arms, as if to embrace the future. "Nothing for the work I mean to do; I am going to build up a fortune; mind, I do not mean to make one by speculation, only to lose it; I've seen enough of that. No; I am going to make it step by step, stone by stone, beginning to-day. Now, now! So good-bye, Eva; I leave you to dream."

And Ralph picked up his hat and went.

To all appearance his fortune was still far ahead, for duty now called him to the little enviable task of sweeping out an office, which bore no token whatever of prosperity. A musty, shabby place it was, as little like the ideal office as Ralph himself was like an ideal hero.

The village of Marshfield contained only one hundred and twenty-six inhabitants all told; and the lawyer in such a spot was not likely to be overwhelmed with business, even had he been progressive, which Mr. Potts decidedly was not. What he needed with a boy in his office at all, was a question no one could have answered, and which he himself would have declined to enter upon, although certain village gossips, who went back twenty years, were of opinion that there was a soft spot in the crabbed old man's heart, and that in the merry days when he was young, Ralph's mother had been the idealization of a dream. Be that as it may, when little Ralph was adopted by his uncle, Mr. Ford, upon the death of both his parents, the same gossips affirmed that Mr. Potts gave up many of his misanthropical ways, and acquired the habit of spending his evenings at the small house on the outskirts of the village, where the newcomer and a little cousin, orphaned about the same time, had brought life and stir to a childless home. Mr. and Mrs. Ford were an unromantic couple, living, as Eva had said, in a small way, having a very limited income from farm lands, small ambitions, and narrow views, but kindly, generous hearts, to which the penniless children were taken. The future of the children was a subject of much consideration, for the small income would go to nearer heirs, and Ralph and Eva would have nothing but their own exertions to depend upon. Under these circumstances, Mr. Potts' offer to take the boy into his office was not to be rejected, and for six months already Ralph had daily swept out the office, rubbed down the desk, dusted the musty ledger, and whiled away the time as best he could after these exertions of the day were over.

As he returned thoughtfully to the office after leaving Eva, he indulged in a good grumble to himself.

"All very fine," said he, "for me to talk to Eva, but how, where, when am I going to begin? What chance have I? Old Potts will never give me more than four dollars a week, and I don't earn that. *Do—do*—what can I do?"

Ralph whistled, and kicked a stone out of his path; then stood still and reflected.

"Yes, I will," said he. "Money's money, anyway! hardly earned or easy—I'll do it."

Turning, he retraced a few steps and approached a small white house on the sidewalk. Hastily pushing the half-open door, as if to allow himself no time for reflection, he entered a store where all sorts of goods were promiscuously heaped together. An old woman, bent with rheumatism, and busily engaged in sorting letters just taken from the mail-bag, looked up.

"Good-evening to yer, Mr. Ralph," she said. "There's no paper for yer to-day."

"I didn't come about the paper, Mrs. Moore," said Ralph. "I came to ask if you've found anyone to do what you wanted?"

"Lordy! no;" said the old woman. "Dear sakes, no! Who'd I be like to get? But *then*, the Almighty has ways of his own, and they ain't my ways, neither, but its no use worriting. Like enough it's good for me. Seems to me our affairs is like starch or jelly, or some of them things. Want a deal of stirring and fussing afore they settle. Law sakes, it'll come right."

"How much did you offer to give someone to go to Westfield twice a week and buy for you?" asked Ralph.

"Well, that's just it, yer see. I've so mighty little to give; seems to me the fairest way's to divide the profits," said the old woman.

"There are none to divide, are there, much?" inquired Ralph, with a smile.

"Well, thar it is agen," said old Mrs. Moore. "Thar ought to be, but by time you've been adown the mountain and fetched them, and let 'em stay in the store window till some one wants 'em, why, they's a good many spoiled among 'em, and, like as not, I just give 'em away, or throw them to the pigs."

"I tell you *what*," said Ralph, in an emphatic tone, "I tell you what! I'll go shares with you in the profits, if you'll stand the losses." Then, as old Mrs. Moore took off her glasses, and stared at him in sheer bewilderment, he added: "Now, look here; I've thought it all out. Potts don't want me evenings at all. I'll come round here, and sort your goods for you, and then twice a week I'll go down to West-

field and buy in stock for you, and I'll just see if I can't make an honest penny for myself and help you at the same time. I'll be in this evening. You just hold on till I come."

"I knowed the Almighty'd fix it," said Mrs. Moore, when she had recovered her surprise, and was once more alone; "but Lordy, I never thought He'd do it *that* way. Who'd ever ha' thought?"

And Ralph kept his word. The evening found him, regardless of Eva's invitation to walk over to the next village, at the wayside store, enveloped in an old apron, cuffs turned up, note-book and pencil at hand, taking stock, and reducing the miscellaneous articles of Mrs. Moore's establishment from chaos to order.

"I'll know more about it by the time I'm through," said he, as he carefully disinterred rancid butter and mysterious sausages from their tomb beneath the counter, and briskly decided in his own mind that everything present that was not dry-goods, should go to the pig without delay.

How dame Moore had ever contrived to keep body and soul together since her husband's death, nobody in the village knew; it was a greater mystery still how she had persuaded the authorities that she was fit to be the receiver of the mail, and could attend to the duties such a position entailed. True, they were not onerous, but she was so entirely superannuated; so far no great errors had been committed, perhaps owing to the fact that the neighbors all felt a personal interest in the safe delivery of letters, and one or more was apt to "happen in at the critical moment of sorting."

"Really, Ralph," said Eva, when time revealed his new projects, and she found they interfered seriously with her own in the matter of excursions, "really, Ralph, I didn't think you'd sink yourself to the level of old dame Moore!" To which Ralph vouchsafed no reply, but kept steadily to his purpose, and except that he devoted one evening in the week to the Young Men's Self-Improvement Club, was to all intents and purposes engrossed in the success of his scheme. "Perhaps in the winter he will have found his senses," said Eva, in despair. But on the contrary, the winter found her cousin still more engrossed. Now was the time, in his estimation, to profit by the new arrangement, now when the villagers dreaded an excursion to the distant town, now when provisions would keep, and eggs were scarce—now was his time. Order and regularity began to reign at the post-office; the neighbors ceased to present themselves with fear as to the loss of letters. Every morning on his way to Potts' office, Ralph made a circuit of the village, inquired as to needs and expectations, took letters and papers for the mail, offered, on his semi-weekly expeditions to the town, to execute commissions, found out what stock it was desirable to add to widow Moore's somewhat restricted orders, received money to advance for many purchases, and had his head busily engaged during the weary hours at Potts' deserted office in consideration of ways and means. Occasionally, it is true, his spirit of enterprise led him too far. He invested more than once in goods that found no market; he, like all others who enter the same arena, was inclined to over-trade, the more so, doubtless, as little by little his credit extended and the town stores were inclined to patronize him by inveigling him into speculative investments, which, although they were limited to sundry pounds of delicacies, or luxuries, or to smart finery, or new fashions (for his stock comprised every marketable commodity), were large in proportion to his means.

Results were slow in coming.

"What's the good of it all?" asked Eva, often enough. "What do you make that is worth all the time you give? What do you earn? Not enough to buy shoe-leather and pay for the clothes you wear out! Nothing to set against the four dollars that Potts gives you for doing nothing."

To which Ralph laconically replied: "I'm learning—I'm buying experience; some day I shall sell wisdom."

The years passed way to the same monotonous round of awkard idleness.

"I'm sick of Ralph," said Eva, then. "He's no good at all! I declare I can't count on him for one single evening, and he won't spend a cent. He's a miserably mean boy, *that's* what he is."

Eva's grievances always grew greater as summer came on. In the winter, young men were not literally unknown in the village, sleighing and skating parties brought them over from the towns, but in summer they were as scarce as snow birds. And Eva loved flirting above all earthly things. Her ambitions of power being limited to its exercise over young men who came in her way, found its legitimate outlet in that field.

One day at the beginning of July, Mrs. Ford and Eva, who were both deeply engaged in the fabrication of a dress destined to be worn at a certain school-teacher's feast, were astonished by Ralph's appearance late in the afternoon. Still more so by his drawing a chair up to his aunt's and laying his hand on her shoulder. This was an unwonted demonstration of affection for Ralph, and she looked up in surprise.

"Aunt Ford," said he, "I want to tell you that I've made up my mind to go to New York."

He spoke quietly, but not in the least as if he anticipated opposition.

"Take me!" said Eva, jumping up and letting her work drop and thimble roll away. "Take me! and then I can realize *my* ambition. I can go on the stage and become some one at last!"

"How silly you are, Eva," said Ralph, just as he had spoken three years ago: "You must wait here for your fortune. *I* must go out to make mine, for I've made up my mind, Aunt, that it's too slow here. I've learned something of business, and I must learn more and make my way up. I can't be content to live and die here. I'll send for *you*, Eva, when my fortune's made."

It ended, of course, in his going, and Eva, as she said, was left behind to vegetate, dream and long, while poor old Potts closed his office, declaring that it was useless waiting for business that never came, and went to board with old dame Moore, whose business was in danger of falling into its old condition of chaos. This, however, Ralph, in his distant New York home, had decided to prevent. "There *is* something to be done in Marshfield, and it may as well be done. I'll keep up my interest there, anyway; and this he accomplished with the quiet determination which was his peculiar strength.

He had reached the city armed with an introduction to a large dry-goods house, which resulted in his being at once taken on as clerk. A few weeks familiarized him with the resources and modes of business of the firm, and after a while he asked to see one of the principals, and succeeded in convincing him that sure, if small, profits would result from the expedition of certain goods to Marshfield. He showed himself so capable and so thoroughly well informed in his subject, that a ready consideration was given to his project, and a consignment of woolens found its way to old Mrs. Moore's store, which led to a certain activity of trade between the city house and the dwellers in the village. Ralph's persistence was now bringing about its own reward. Dollars were gathering, very slowly, one by one, as he had said, but surely and increasingly. His employers looked upon him as a young man of shrewd common sense, but not of any marked genius.

"My genius," he would say in after life, "was patience, and it has paid."

As the years passed on, Eva became more and more discon-

tented with her quiet country life. Although she did not acknowledge it but to herself, Ralph's departure had taken away much of the little interest her existence had held. His occasional visits during the first few years of his absence, always left her suffering from increasing discontent, and when, sometime afterwards, their uncle died, he was scarcely surprised at receiving a letter from her, couched in no very patient terms :

"Cousin Ralph," it ran : "This life is unendurable. Why should I endure it? I am heart-sick of it all. Think of it! Here am I, six and twenty and neither married nor a celebrity! One or the other *I will* be, and I never shall here. Ask me to New York, can't you? Why have you *never?* Aunt can well spare me. I shall come."

To which Ralph laconically replied :

"There's room where I board—come if you have a mind."

A few weeks later Eva arrived with the largest trunk Westfield had afforded, and as much style as sundry city acquaintances had nourished in her.

"What will you do now you *are* here?" inquired her cousin in his practical way.

"Get married," said Eva, laughing and watching him shyly to see the result. It was not flattering to her vanity; Ralph merely smiled.

"And until then?" he asked.

"Amuse myself," said Eva, shortly, and she did, to such an extent that Ralph one evening remarked to her in his quiet way:

"Eva, I am going to introduce you to a young lady who is my ideal of what a woman should be."

Next day he returned home accompanied by a quietly dressed, lady-like woman.

"Let me make you acquainted with my cousin Eva, Miss Seymour," he said, "and then I will leave you to become well acquainted."

"Not in the least *my* style," soliloquized Eva, as she played the part of entertainer, but whatever disrespect her prior opinion implied, she soon found reason to wish that she herself could obtain the advantages enjoyed by the guest. Annie Seymour, she discovered, was supporting herself entirely by decorative needlework, could design as well as embroider, and was moreover accomplished with her needle in many ways. Thoroughly well educated, she was, if not exactly pretty, extremely pleasing.

One or two unpleasant suggestions occurred to Eva as they talked. "Did Ralph really admire this girl—was it serious with him?"

She watched him with keen interest when he joined them. Certainly there was an air of deference in his manner to Miss Seymour which she had never observed in him before. Gentle, courteous, attentive, Ralph was transformed! In the evening he astonished Eva still farther by asking his guest to sing, and as she complied, by joining in a duet with her.

Ralph cultivating singing! Ralph as a society man! Eva was still more amazed.

"Why not?" asked Ralph, as she gave vent to some such opinion. "Why not? If I *am* a business man—why can I have no enjoyments? I have time for *them now*. Annie and I hope to have plenty of time to cultivate 'the arts,' don't we?"

More and more astonished, Eva found abundant food for reflection. Suddenly she asked Annie, a little sharply, how old she was—"that is, if you don't mind telling?"

"Oh, no, I don't mind," said Annie, smiling. I'm twenty-six, just Ralph's age, and we both began to work at sixteen—didn't we, Ralph?"

"Annie and I hope to be married in spring," said Ralph, with that new tender intonation in his voice; "I can manage a home for her then."

Eva said nothing—what, indeed, could she say?

But the prospect was not a pleasant one for her. Ralph a married man! of that she had never thought except in day-dreams, where the bride had certainly not resembled Annie Seymour. *She*, then, must return to Marshfield in spring. Ralph would not want her, and she knew of no means of supporting herself, far less of becoming, as she had once said, "a Poser." But Ralph's marriage was delayed, and at one time it seemed doubtful whether the prize he coveted would be his at all. Annie took the small-pox, and, after a dangerous illness, recovered slowly, to find that she did so at the cost of her good looks. No one could call her pretty now, but when she whispered something of the kind to Ralph there came back an answer sweeter than any praise of beauty, "I love *you*," he whispered, "not your looks," and added :

"I've waited long enough, Annie, now tell me when you are coming to bless my life?"

And a few weeks saw them man and wife. But uninterrupted prosperity was not to be theirs, and Ralph had something yet to learn of the character and power of the wife he had chosen. The dry goods house to which he had so steadily adhered, and in which he had acquired a considerable interest, failed, and for the first time since he began life Ralph found himself without employment. Troubles never come alone. At this very time Eva, who had returned home, wrote, saying that her aunt's health was rapidly failing and that there was every reason to anticipate the worst. The letter was followed immediately by another, bidding Ralph hasten to her assistance; her aunt was dead, and she did not know which way to turn. Ralph had no resource but to obey the summons, and upon him fell all the cares and expense of arranging for the breaking up of the home of many years. The little property that remained went to far-off cousins, and Eva, at thirty years of age, had neither the money to live upon or any means of earning any.

Mr. Potts was dead, so was old Mrs. Moore, and the business Ralph had started was prospering in the hands of strangers. It was not wonderful that some bitter thoughts passed through the young man's mind as he returned to the city with his cousin, his employment gone, and an added burden on his hands. Moreover, he and Annie were looking forward to that great event in every household—the birth of the first child.

The clouds gathered more and more thickly as time passed. Little by little the savings of the years of work melted away, and it seemed to Ralph as if some evil genius dogged his steps. For the first time since his boyhood he was earning nothing.

"It's no use," he said at last; "Annie, I must take a place as salesman anywhere, at any wages I can get. Expenses are coming heavily upon us, and we shall soon be quite at the end of our resources."

"I have a better plan than that," said Annie; "only for the present I can't do much to help. I have thought a great deal about it, Ralph, and we must commence a store of our own. There's nothing else to do. You can buy remnants and odds and ends of silk with the money you have left, and I and Eva must turn them into money. Your part will then be to take them round and get orders for more, until we can by degrees open our own store."

"There's good common sense in that," said Ralph, "but what sort of things can you make?"

"Neckties to begin with," said Annie, laughing, "because they take so little stuff, and your old guns will be of use. I know the style—like those the big guns wear in the Park. I can copy them in cheap material, and every one

likes to copy the millionaires, and Eva can easily learn *that* business anyway!"

And so Eva's peculiar talents were brought into requisition, and her part in the play was to be noticing the cut and style of ties as worn by the upper circles of society.

"You're a genius," said Ralph to his wife, as he at once saw the possibilities in her suggestion, and without delay a few of the last remaining dollars were invested in remnants and odds and ends of silk and ribbon.

In due time the baby came; a little girl, over whose cradle Ralph hung with delight, and upon whom he lavished tenderness which Eva had never suspected belonged to him.

"The little one has brought us luck," he would say, as slowly but surely returns came in for the precious dollars, and his daily "drumming" for orders brought in abundant occupation for both cousin and wife.

Annie's time was much taken up with that charming new possession of theirs, yet she found leisure to direct and suggest many little steps in a business direction, until by the time the little maiden could walk, her first run was across the store just opened for the sale of "notions" and fancy articles of all kinds.

"I've found *my* vocation," said Eva, laughing, as she trimmed baskets and nursed the baby; "I'm a poser now any way, which I never should have been in poor old Marshfield. And Annie means to keep my hands full," she added when another little one came forward to put claims upon her time. But Eva had not yet found her true vocation after all! Two or three years of experience in Ralph's thrifty household had fitted her for the destiny that awaited her. She, too, married, and married well, but not until to her expressed horror she was thirty-six.

"But then I don't feel like it!" she said. "I declare your children, Ralph, make me young again. I don't feel a day older than I did when we were sixteen. Do you, Ralph?"

"Oh, dear, yes!" said he. "I should be sorry if I didn't. I shouldn't like all that experience to go for nothing!"

* * * * * * *

And so ten years passed slowly away with their mingled joys and sorrows; to Eva they brought more of discipline, to Ralph more of prosperity. Her home was childless, and she, a widow after six years of married life, was glad to return once more to her cousin's roof to contribute her share to the comforts and even luxuries which now surrounded him. Little by little, a step at a time, he had built up, as he had once said he would, a fortune. Ably seconded by his wife, he had worked and saved—worked with persistence and caution, saved with self-denial but without meanness—and now at the age of forty-six he might here think of retiring, but an active life had too many charms for him. He and Annie had had their trials; one so grievous that they had felt it could not, ought not to be; for the youngest darling of the home was born blind, and no skill could ever give her that of which nature had so cruelly robbed her.

But even to that they grew reconciled as time showed them how little the child herself was conscious of her deprivation. Two sons were growing up, "later editions" of Ralph, as Eva called them, "boys to be proud of," as their father said, and Mildred, the first-born, was as full of energy and life at the age of sixteen, as her aunt had been before her, but, thanks to her mother's training, in no danger of seeking for occupation.

"She will probably never need it," Annie had said, "we have prospered so; but one cannot be sure of the future. We will bring her up to business, and she will not make a worse wife for being a business woman."

And again years sped onward, hurrying with their increasing prosperity.

"Time is flying, my dear," said Ralph to his wife on their fifty-sixth birthday. "We are growing old, growing old together, dear, and as happy in heart as ever."

"Happier," said Annie; "happier in our knowledge of each other, happier even for our sorrows and our trials. How everything has prospered with us, Ralph! The children all settled in life, even our poor blind Maude, and you and I alone once more! How strange it all seems. How many fears and misgivings we had at times, and how we have been blessed!"

"Yes," said Ralph, laughing, "I have satisfied my ambition, what more have I to desire?"

Something, assuredly, for when is man wholly satisfied? but that something he was yet to have when, four years later, at the family gathering to celebrate his sixtieth birthday, a telegram reached him from the eldest son, settled far away in the West, with the brief announcement, "At ten this morning your grandson Ralph Ford was born."

A Garden Party at Saratoga.

WE often read and dream of fairy-land, but it is rarely our privilege in this practical world of ours to have tangible evidence of the fact. Such has been the good fortune of the writer during the past summer at Saratoga.

The munificence of the owner of the Grand Union Hotel opens to the public a palace, and the scenes there enacted can only be likened to those of wonderland. We will introduce the reader to a garden party given on the grounds in the middle of August last.

The evening is propitious, the "sun has made a golden set," and not only gives token of a goodly day to-morrow, but of an afternoon of pleasure to the little ones, and later of gorgeous festivity to the children of older growth. At four o'clock the scene opens with hundreds of little fairies tripping about the lawn, or rather angels (only without wings), vying in beauty with the flowers, which have been called the link between the human and divine nature. The heavenly music of Lothian's band bids them to the dance, and there they revel, until little eyes grow heavy and little feet tire of bewildering waltz and jolly lancer. At eight o'clock the scene changes. A light is seen in every window of the palace; the dome is glittering and sparkling with electricity; ten thousand Chinese lanterns are swinging from bough to bough, trying to outdo the magnificent electric balls hanging above them; the fountains, no longer confined to crystal beauty, but radiant with all the glories of the prism, each moment throwing pictures on wall and building, of tree, shrub, and flower, in tints which Claude Lorraine only dreamed of; the air is filled with the perfume of a thousand flowers, and this glorious music summons the belles and beauties of Saratoga to lend their aid, without which the melody would have been wanting.

The guests are soon arriving, and lovely women clothed in dresses sparkling with crystal and blazing in diamonds again vie with the stars above and the gorgeous light below, which has been emitted in this glorious age of ours from the brain of man. Let this scene ever be remembered by its participants, and those who have not yet enjoyed the privilege, we can only hope that it may yet be in store for them.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

A Native of Australia.

OUR illustration gives a good idea of the appearance of a native of Australia. The aborigines of this country are black, yet there is an essential difference between them and negroes, for while they have the skin and features of the latter, they have hair in the place of wool. This hair is rather coarse, and is either undulating or curled, sometimes hanging in ringlets, and is often very luxuriant. Frequently they tie their hair in a tuft on the top of the head, and ornament it with a bunch of flowers.

Their garments are very scanty, and some tribes, like the Murrumbidgee, divest themselves entirely of clothing. The only covering the natives ever wear is a rude skin, fastened around the waist with a string. They tattoo themselves by making incisions in the skin with a sharp-pointed bone, and then apply a dye. The bone is struck with a small stick to make it penetrate the skin, and from the noise made, which sounds like tat-tat-tat, the word tattoo comes. The tribes are warlike among themselves, and possess a variety of weapons, the most common being the boomerang, which they use with great dexterity.

Their ideas regarding a future life are peculiar. They believe that after the sleep of death there comes an awakening, when old habits will be resumed and favorite occupations taken up. They differ regarding the location of the place to which they go after death, some asserting that it is above and some below, while some of the tribes see their future camping-grounds in the stars.

The native Australians have been found a difficult people to civilize, and frequently the children who have attended the Government schools throw aside all traces of civilization and return to their savage life. While, undoubtedly, the presence of the white race among these people was not agreeable, they made no effort to repulse the new-comers, nor did they shrink from contact with them. Careless and free, they roam their native woods, and sometimes mingle with the white inhabitants of the cities, but there is no doubt that they will eventually disappear before the advancing footsteps of civilization.

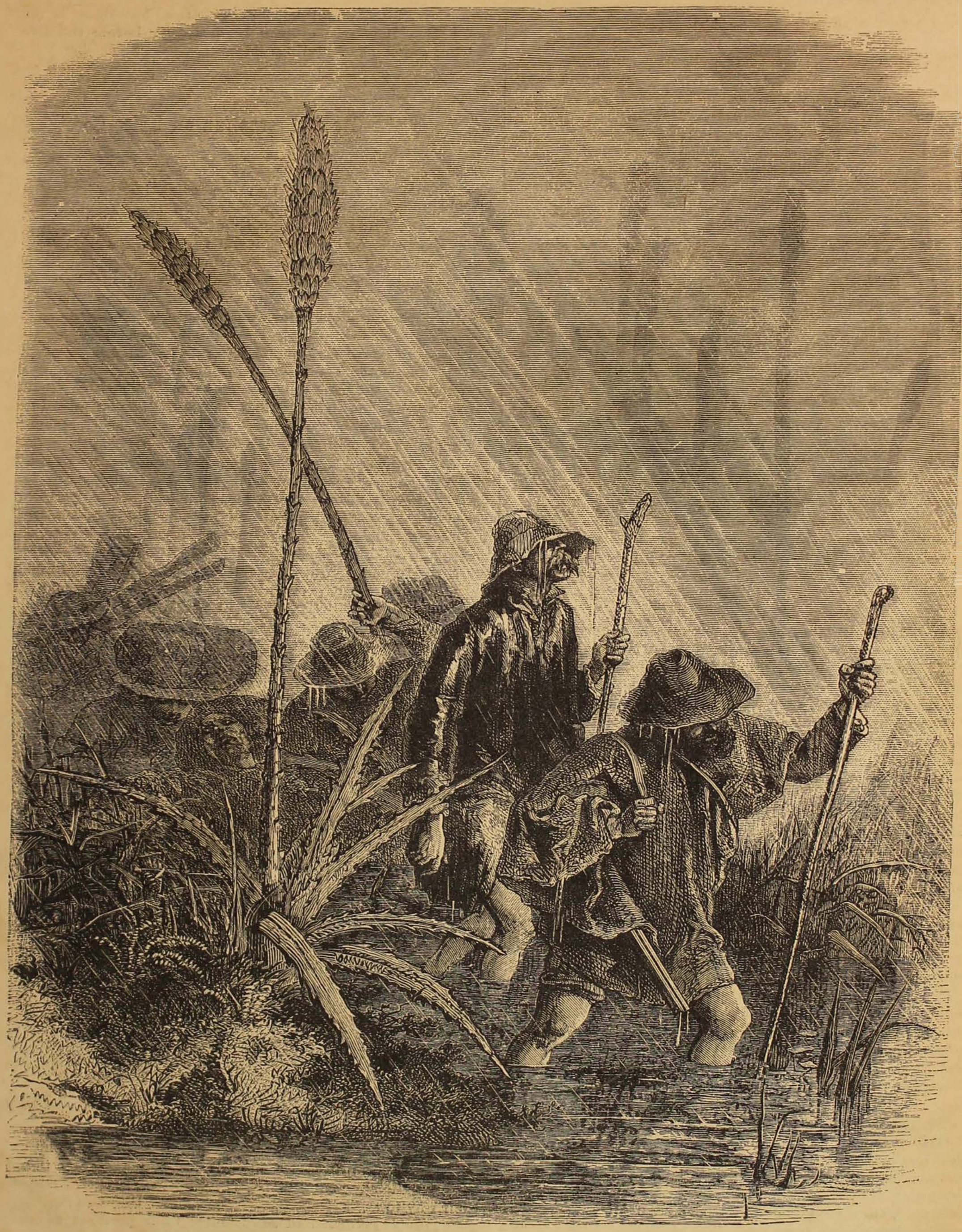
Among the Giant Bromelias on Lake Corota

FROM time to time travelers over the Andes have given to the world an account of their travels. In all we find the same story of toil, danger and sometimes sickness; and yet the narrative is always full of interest, never failing to enlist our admiration for men who in their arduous undertaking had something higher in view than mere pleasure. Of course, mingled with all this discomfort, was the keen enjoyment that the pursuit of science ever brings, and of this Edward André assures us in his "Travels in South America for Botanical Purposes."

Our illustration represents this intrepid traveler and a companion, accompanied by several attendants, on their ascent up the mountains. A heavy rain added to the difficulties of the situation. The party walked with bare feet, and, owing to the difficulty of the way, were frequently separated. Sometimes they were compelled to go on their hands and feet, and squeeze themselves through a tangle of vines and knotted tendrils. Great trees obstructed the path; a succession of waterfalls had to be passed, and wide chasms to be leaped. A mass of vegetation sprung up all around, and beautiful flowers adorned the way. Coming to a deep cleft, the travelers found that they would have to climb a perpendicular wall, covered with brambles, vines and branches thickly interlaced—a difficult feat, which was, after great fatigue, accomplished in four hours. Night came on; the rain still poured down, and to add to the tribulations of the travelers, six of the party had unaccountably disappeared. Those that remained having discovered an old hut, built a fire of sticks they had gathered, and lay down to sleep in their wet clothes, the march of six hours having thoroughly exhausted them.

The next day the march was continued, the rain not having abated. The water now was up to the knees of the travelers, and in some places it was up to their waists. Their "trousers," the traveler tells us, "were rolled up over the knees," and they carried sticks to measure the depth of the water. Suddenly they came upon a forest of bromelias, with long thorny leaves and enormous woolly stalks, which seemed almost to touch the sky. This singular plant is called by the Indians *chihuila*, the sight of which seems to have amply compensated the enthusiastic botanist, Mr. André, for the terrible ordeal he had undergone. He is of the opinion that it is unknown, as no European traveler has mentioned it. Humboldt speaks of a species of catstail growing on the mountains that is three feet high, and arborescent ferns, the trunks of which reach a height of more than twenty-five feet; also a splendid species of mimosa, called the *Zamang del Guayre*, the branches of which extend like an immense umbrella, one measuring one hundred and eighty-six feet in diameter. Such is the giant growth of vegetation on what the poet calls the "giant of the western star," the Andes.

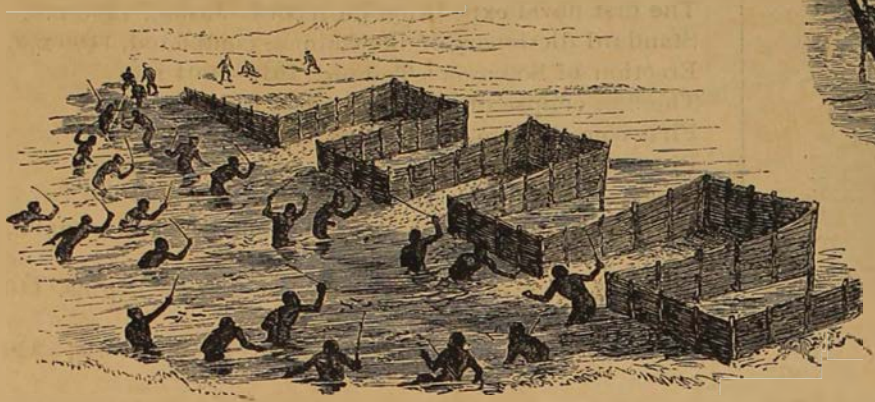
Having at length reached Lake Corota, the travelers prepared to return, and on the second night passed on the shores of the lake, they discovered their lost companions in a thoroughly exhausted condition. The whole party then wended their way to the little village from whence they had started, glad to have returned in safety after their perilous adventure.



AMONG THE GIANT BROMELIAS ON LAKE COROTA.

Fishing of All Kinds.

NOTWITHSTANDING Dr. Johnson's assertion that fishing means a line and hook at one end of a rod, and a fool at the other end, it will always prove a favorite pastime. Very different was old Isaac Walton's estimate of "angling," which he pronounced "a perfect art," and one which required "a searching inquiry, observing wit, and a large measure of hope and patience."



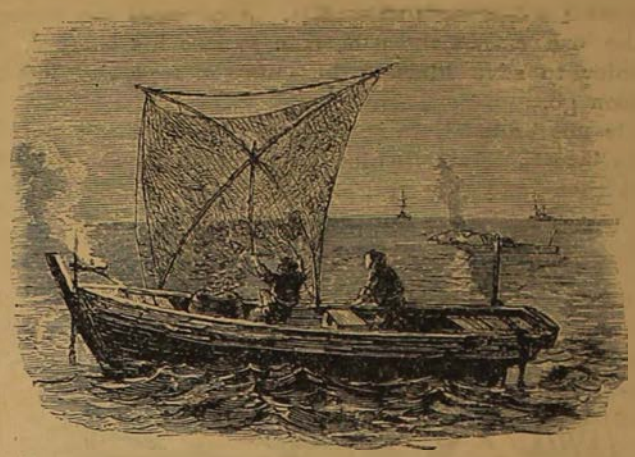
1. FISHING IN EBOGA, CENTRAL AFRICA.

Fishing or angling dates back to a very early period, for we find it alluded to in the book of Job: "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?" This proves that the hook and line were used at a very early day for angling. Fishing was indulged in very extensively by the Romans, who were fond of fish as a diet; and the reservoirs which Lucullus cut through the hills, that the water might flow in and out, can still be seen near Baiae. After his death, the fish in these ponds were sold for a large sum. The Greeks, too, were great fishers, and groups engaged in angling are frequent on the walls of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

In different countries various devices are resorted to for catching fish, as will be seen by our illustrations.

2. FISHING IN THE SEA OF VILAFRO, SOUTH AMERICA.

Illustration 1 shows the method in Central Africa, at the mouth of the river Eboga. Bamboo fences are built in the water, which barricade the entire width of the river, and form a series of inlets in which the fish are held. The men, women, and children seek the water, screaming, and striking it with sticks, which so alarms the fish, that they seek refuge in the inlets, and not being able to escape, are easily captured.



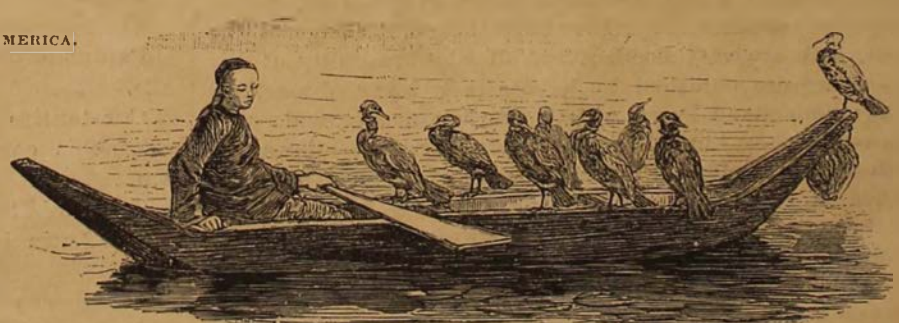
3. FISHING BY NIGHT IN THE BAY OF YEDDO, JAPAN.

Illustration 2 shows the natives of South America fishing on the sea of Vilafro, in Peru. A species of hay is placed over a rock, which is shoved into the sea by those on shore, a native sitting on it astride. Here the fisher patiently sits all the day, with his feet in the cold water, his enthusiasm never abating, despite his uncomfortable position.

Illustration 3 shows how they fish by night in the bay of Yeddo, Japan. At the bow of each boat is a pan in which resin is burning; and when many of these fishing boats with their bright lights are on the bay, the effect is very brilliant. While the rest of mankind sleep, these patient and industrious fishermen quietly pursue their calling through the long hours of the night.

4. FISHING ON THE PEI-HO, CHINA.

Another style of fishing is seen by glancing at illustration 4. These are fishermen of China, engaged in harpooning large fish on the Pei-ho River. They stand on rafts, which are pointed in front, and have an arrangement in the back by which they can be rowed. The harpoon is fastened to their wrists by pieces of rope, and they stand erect on the



7. FISHING WITH CORMORANTS IN CHINA.

boat, with a foot each side of it. Sometimes the strength of the fish causes the fisherman to lose his balance, and in order to save himself, he cuts the rope and lets the harpoon go.

It is not unusual, in some countries, to throw narcotic plants into the water, which, being eaten by the fish, stupefies them, and they fall an easy prey into the hands of

5. FISH HUNT, SOUTH AMERICA.

the fishermen. Illustration 5 gives the Indians of Peru shooting with their arrows fish that have been stupefied with narcotics.

In the shallow portions of the Caspian Sea small fish are caught in nets. These are made of silk and around the edges are sinkers of lead, that falling together when the

6. CASTING THE NET ON THE CASPIAN SEA.

net is drawn up, close it so effectually that the fish cannot escape. Illustration 6 shows fishermen catching with the net on the Caspian Sea.

The Chinese sometimes fish with cormorants, as will be seen by illustration 7. These birds show considerable intelligence on the occasion, and sometimes when one of them has caught a fish too large for its strength, it holds it until several of its companions come to its assistance, and it is then taken away by the fisherman. Rings are put around the throats of the birds, so that they cannot eat the fish; but each time they bring a fish to the boat, they are given a little food, and the rings are lifted, so that they can swallow it. The birds sit on the edge of the boat, and are very docile; but all who are guilty of disobedience are punished by having their legs tied together. They understand every whistle of their master, and rarely refuse to obey him. In the evening they are allowed to fish for themselves. The instruction of cormorants begins when they are two months old. They are kept on a low diet; a string is tied around one leg, and they are thrust into the water, hungry. Should they show any reluctance, a bamboo stick is called into requisition. After five weeks, training, the string is not necessary, and the bird will go and come at the bidding of its master.

Sixty Waymarks in Universal Progress.

THE beginning of astronomical observations, at Babylon, 2234 B.C.

The art of making bread from wheat, taught in China, 1998 B.C.

Gold and silver first mentioned as money, 1920 B.C.

Invention of the Egyptian alphabet, by Memnon, 1822 B.C.

The first naval expedition on record (Jason), 1263 B.C.

Standard dictionary of the Chinese completed, 1100 B.C.

Erection of Solomon's Temple, 1012–1004 B.C.

The first eclipse of the moon observed, 721 B.C.

First comedy acted at Athens, on a cart, 562 B.C.

First public library founded at Athens, 527 B.C.

The Carthaginians sail to Britain for tin, 460 B.C.

Herodotus reads his history in the Athenian council, 445 B.C.

Thucydides' history ends, and Zenophon's begins, 410 B.C.

First work on mechanics, written by Aristotle, 320 B.C.

Euclid founded mathematical school, at Alexandria, 300 B.C.

Beginning of *Septuagint* translation of the Old Testament, 284 B.C.

Canal built by Ptolemy from the Nile to the Red Sea, 267 B.C.

The Romans taught the arts and sciences by the Greeks, 255 B.C.

First Roman history in prose, by *Fabius Pictor*, 225 B.C.

The art of surgery introduced in Asia Minor, 219 B.C.

Records of the Chinese Empire destroyed by Chi Hong Ti, 213 B.C.

Books with leaves of vellum introduced, 198 B.C.

First mention of a senate or sanhedrim, 198 B.C.

The first library opened at Rome, 167 B.C.

Greece annexed to the Roman Empire, 149 B.C.

Commerce of the world centers at Alexandria, 146 B.C.

The cherry-tree brought into Europe from Asia, 74 B.C.

Three books on agriculture written (Terentius Varro), 74 B.C.

The Alexandrian Library (400,000 vols.) burned, 47 B.C.

Golden age of Roman literature, 30 B.C.

Treasures of Egyptian art brought to Rome, 27 B.C.

THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

Josephus, the Jewish historian, in Jerusalem, 37–100 A.D.

Pliny the Elder wrote the first *Historia Naturalis* (37 vols.), 66 A.D.

Destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, 79 A.D.

Public schools in the Roman Provinces, 98 A.D.

The first credible historian among the Chinese, 107 A.D.

Papinian, the greatest civil lawyer of antiquity, 170–212 A.D.

Constantinople the seat of art and literature, 330 A.D.

Zenobia conquers Egypt and part of Asia Minor, 269 A.D.

The Bible translated into the Gothic language, 379 A.D.

The Latin language ceases to be spoken in Italy, 580 A.D.

Ethelbert publishes the first code of laws in England, 617 A.D.

University of Cambridge founded (chartered 1230), 644 A.D.

The art of making paper brought to Europe by Arabs, 716 A.D.

Golden period of learning in Arabia, 785 A.D.

Figures of arithmetic brought to Europe by Saracens, 941 A.D.

Paper first made from cotton rags, 1002 A.D.

First age of scholastic philosophy, 1055 A.D.

Invention of printing at Mayence, 1436 A.D.

Invention of wood engraving, 1460 A.D.

Discovery of America by Columbus, 1492 A.D.

First newspapers of the world, in Venice, about 1563 A.D.

Telescopes invented by Jansen, a German, 1590 A.D.

First printing office in America, 1639 A.D.

First published idea of steam as a moving power, 1663 A.D.

The lightning-rod invented by Dr. Franklin, 1752 A.D.

Steam first applied successfully to navigation, 1807 A.D.

Invention of the magnetic telegraph, by Morse, 1832 A.D.

The Atlantic cable—the beginning of telegraphic communication between all the countries of the world, 1866 A.D.

MARTHA J. LAMB.

City Homes and Country Homes.

THERE is a curious desire, latent or active in the human heart, for the opposite of whatever lies within its reach. People who live in the country often spend much of their time and strength in repining and vainly wishing for a home, such as their imagination pictures, in the city; while persons who struggle through a somewhat anxious and monotonous existence in the narrow confines of unattractive city walls, dream of nothing but cosy cottages or old-fashioned farm-houses, with gardens and orchard, always fresh, always fruitful, always lying hospitably in the sunshine, in a lovely frame of trees, running brooks, and sweet smelling flowers. In these pictures there is little of reality on either side, for the beauty and sweetness that grows up around the residents of either city or country is in large measure the outgrowth of the individual characters of the people themselves, and finds its expression somehow or in some way wherever or however they live; while there are others who would manage to obscure the face of heaven itself by their vulgar obtrusiveness, their absence of all appreciation, their idleness, selfishness, and falsehood.

It is a very natural instinct, however, that makes men and women desire to live in the country, and, more than all, possess a country home. This is particularly noticeable in actors and actresses. The first money they make or save is almost invariably applied to the purchase of a country home—a small farm or place to which land is attached—for the artificiality of their lives seems to demand the utmost simplicity of nature to counteract it; therefore you rarely find them spending their leisure at fashionable watering-places or crowded summer resorts, but in the mountains, by the sea, or in some intensely rural district, where the lowing of the cows, the song of the birds, and the scent of new mown hay take the place of the call-boy's whistle, the horrible glare and smell of gas, and the perpetual din behind the scenes of a theater.

The true beauty behind these or any other surroundings, lies in the possession in perpetuity of a home; of a spot which is our own, about which associations may cluster, and which recognizes us and our claims. And this is the essential element which so many miss nowadays in their eagerness for change and in their desire for the last thing that bears stamp of fashion on its face. There is no greater folly or absurdity, for example, than that which is perpetrated by so many persons, of breaking up their city homes and rushing off to the country, simply because the season has come when rich people who have country places go to them, and birds of passage, who stay not long anywhere, leave as usual for parts unknown. These two classes we do not include in this category, for the rich can, out of their abundant resources, sustain two homes, one in the city and one in the country, and each one will preserve many of the elements of a true home, and collect about itself the characteristics of owners and occupants. For the rest—the birds of passage alluded to—nothing in the way of contribution to the permanent social factors, the best elements of home life, is expected of them. They skim the surface wherever they go, and depart, leaving little trace of their presence. It is the much larger and more important class of which the bone and sinews of the city community are constructed, the well-to-do but not rich business men, the professional workers and superior artisans, builders, and constructive mechanics that make homes. The work of these men is imperative, and lasts all the year round; they need for themselves and their families steady, permanent homes, to which whatever is bright and improving in its nature should, as far as practicable, be made to contribute. The dwellings occupied by this class are worthy of the name; they are homes all the year round; the wife and mother is the mainspring, and her task is no easy one, but it is also full of satisfaction. The others, more costly, are mere pretenses which exhaust strength, and time, and money, but return little besides vexation. Poor substitutes for homes are the temporary boarding-house, or cheap hotel, or "apartment," rented and left at the end of the season, a costly yet miserable make-shift by which vain and silly people seek to elude natural responsibility and gratify their desire for continual change. There is not the least necessity in any physical condition for the breaking up, with every recurring spring, of the family circle, scattering it far and wide, and bringing so much of it as can be brought together again, only to dismember it again in a few months, and before the previous readjustment has had time to grow firm and strong.

There are many problems to be solved in fixing a home upon comparatively small means in a great city, and if business and working hours will admit of it, a home outside a city may be preferable to one inside; but, as before remarked, the great and important fact is the home itself; when that is fixed the problem is solved; after that the difficulties foreseen disappear as if by magic, and all the pleasant facts begin to group themselves about the family hearthstone. A holiday time, a few weeks of entire change of air and scene, a respite from continual pressure, is good and necessary for the city worker, but it is equally desirable as a reactionary influence for the dweller in the country, and the interchange could be made without breaking up the homes in either case. It is a blessing to have a farmer in a family—a true farmer, who loves and honors his vocation; it is equally a blessing for the farmer to have a city relative whose home, though less ample, is solid, intelligent, fully in rapport with modern thought, and whose family finds pleasure and satisfaction in the consciousness of and performance of duty, one towards another. This alone makes a home worth having in the city or the country.

Talks with Women.

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

BY JENNIE JUNE.

"Our lives are albums written through,
With good, or ill, with false, or true;
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles
And blot the ill with tears."
—*Whittier.*

"Is life worth the living?" How many have asked, and do continually ask that question; and the answer to it depends so much upon the individual, what he puts into his own life, and that of others, and what he takes therefrom; that it is as far from solution as it was the first day it was propounded.

Written opinions in regard to the value of life are as diversified as individuals; but the larger number are discouraging.

"Who breathes must suffer,
And who thinks must mourn,
And he alone is blessed who ne'er was born,"

wrote Prior; and all poets have looked upon life with melancholy eyes, and sung of it only in dirge-like strains. Longfellow only said:

"Life is the gift of God, and is divine;" but even he, in a deeper mood, was constrained to add:

"This life of ours is a wild harp, of many a joyous strain, but under them all there runs a perpetual wail, as of souls in pain."

Life, every one admits, nay, asserts, is hard, even in its best estate; what is it for those who are "born to misfortune?" The Psalmist sung thousands of years ago: "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards," and the probability is that he was born to more trouble then than now. It has been the effort of every generation of men since that time, to improve upon existing circumstances; to extract from the natural resources with which they were surrounded, that which should remedy existing evils, and multiply existing comforts and luxuries.

It was rather a hard and colorless world, at least it seems as if it must have been, in which our ancestors, who lived in caverns, were born. For there was no electric light, no gas, no candles even, nothing but the glare of a smoking torch or the fitful flame of a kindled fire to protect them against the darkness which enshrouded them for even a longer period than now, for the days have increased in length since that time;—or show them their enemies, which, whether beasts or human, were alike wild and ferocious. There were no ships, no manufactories, no shops; I was going to say no fashions in those days, but that would be a reckless and probably false statement. I doubt if there ever was a time, since the dress of fig-leaves, when an idea of differentiation, of improving on the original idea, of color, of form, of style, has not suggested itself to the consciousness of men and women; and *en passant*, it may be remarked, that it probably found its first and most energetic exponent in the male, for men are, as a rule, more fond of color than women; among savages men wear the gayest feathers, beads, and blankets; and it is only of late years—the last couple of hundred—that men have gradually come to pride themselves upon a sober, practical kind of dress, and have left "vanities" of this kind to women.

Look back, and think of a life destitute not only of modern conveniences, but of what we know as houses, of furniture, of roads, of conveyances over roads, of foods, of drinks, of warmth, of adequate shelter, of all that we can now conceive, that makes life tolerable—we cannot even yet say enjoyable—else, why the eternal question, "Is life worth living?"

Still, it was the desire to make life worth living, that stimulated the early men and women to every effort, for one may be sure the women had to take their full part in the arduous and difficult tasks, and the recurring question still is, and must be, if we stop to ask it: Was the result worth the effort, the labor, the sacrifice; is there anything, in short, in life that makes it worth the labor, and the pain, the trouble, and the sacrifices?

To say no, it is agreed by some, is to impugn the wisdom that placed us here, and therefore we are usually bound to declare the affirmative, whether we believe it or not. But this we are not bound to just now; our present business is to find out whether or no life is worth living for its own sake, and on what grounds life is, or can be made, most desirable, without reference to other issues.

Some one has said life would be tolerable if it were not for its pleasures, and there is much truth and wisdom in the apparent paradox. Looking back upon a half a century of life, we find that our solid resources for enjoyment and means of happiness have grown out of good health, education, work, home ties, family affections, and habitual associations. The greatest wrong that can be perpetrated upon an individual man or woman, is to project him or her, into the world, diseased, ill-formed, unfinished in body or mind. The next great wrong is to tear them away from their surroundings, and force them into strange and unsympathetic companionship, or into pursuits which are not only uncongenial, but which retard their natural development and progress. The evil done in this way is not realized all at once; the very young do not always know the exact bent even of their own inclinations, but they are usually very well aware of what they do not like; what they are not fitted for, and ought not to be forced, or even urged, beyond what is necessary to counteract positive faults, or develop symetry of character.

"Well-born children do not cry," says some old and quaint aphorism; and the saying, whether it refers to lineage, or disposition, is at least physiologically true. A child does not cry to please himself—he cries by instinct, as the only language at command to express his pain, his weariness, his irritability, his weakness, his hunger, and general helplessness. If by birth, or education, or both, you bind people to a life of pain, of weakness, of suffering, of misery in any form, their lives will be either one long wail, a protest, or an act of rebellion. Life should bring to all some happiness, and the first condition of it is health and wholesomeness of body; the second, vigor and soundness of mind. These two things assured, good results will be sure to follow. Not, perhaps, great results—greatness is really not desirable. This has become a saying of the copy-books, but is true. Was there ever a less desirable life, one more wretched, or surrounded by horrors, and difficulties than that lived by the present Czar of Russia? Was there ever one less satisfactory to look back then that of the wife of Thomas Carlyle? "My wildest dream of ambition has been gratified," she wrote to a friend, "but I am miserable." The simple reason was that happiness does not lie in the fulfillment of ambition; although it may in the accomplishment of the work by which that ambition was realized; but it is the execution of the work itself that brings the happiness, and this can only be rendered in any degree permanent by being in possession of strength and circumstances to enjoy it.

Look about you upon those whom you know, and discover the sources of their pleasure, or otherwise, in living.

Here is a girl. I know her; do you? Healthy, strong, sweet, pure. She has perfect joy in the mere sense of

being alive. She rises betimes. She takes her cold-water plunge. She dresses, and takes her rapid walk in the fresh morning. When she returns bright and joyous, she remarks: "Oh, how lovely it is to be alive! How I did pity all the dirty and tired-looking people I met this morning!"

It may be said that this girl's enjoyment in life is simply want of experience of life; but this is not a fair statement. I know this same girl, or at least one just like her, who is now a mature woman—a woman who has passed through many exceptionally severe trials; who has borne many burdens; who is required to bear them still; yet whose brightness, elasticity, willingness to look on the best side, sustains her, and assisted by her splendid physique and healthful habits, keeps her young and as much in love with life as ever. I know another woman whose success in some respects has been even greater than that of the first, for she possesses genius of a high order; genius that might possibly have been considered of the highest order, had it not been accompanied by a morbid temperament. And had not the somewhat unsound physique which always accompanies such a temperament, been undermined by early privation and neglect. Thus, with higher gifts, and not greater burdens, life in the one case is a joy, while in the other it is one long-continued wail of pain; because body and mind were less happily constituted, less favorably developed, though naturally endowed in important respects with greater faculties.

There are two men whom almost every one knows, who complain bitterly of the emptiness, and weariness of life. One is selfish and mean, the other selfish and ambitious; both declare life to be a burden not worth the carrying; yet one carries no burden that he can put on the shoulder of another; and the other is willing to add any number to his self-imposed burdens—if they come in the shape of money and aggrandizement.

There is a third man also, whom many know. He is a natural hypochondriac; always ailing, always grumbling, always quarrelling with all the conditions of his life, yet no one holds on to it with greater tenacity. He always has a new doctor, or a new nostrum, and he is willing to sacrifice the lives and the happiness of those about him to prolong his own. A great deal, therefore, of this contempt of life, may be set down as affectation, or reckless assertion, made without regard to truth.

But perhaps it would not be out of place to ask what this life is, which some affect to despise, which many throw away, but which the majority value as that, at least, which we, not being able to give, ought not to take away. Is it merely breathing? It is said that when the "breath of life was breathed into man, he became a living soul." Is breathing, therefore, living in a human sense? No, for if it were, animals would be human. Neither is eating and sleeping living in this sense, for the animal creation share these powers also, and though they exist, it is only by the grace of man, who controls their destinies, and not by any foresight, judgment, or deliberate exercise of faculty of their own. In physical strength the horse is superior to the man, but he is subject to the man, because the man can think consecutively, the horse can not. The great difference, therefore,—that which seems to crown the human life and differentiate it from animal life, is the power to think and care intelligently for itself and others. If it fails in this, it fails in that which distinguishes men and women from mere brutes. The higher the faculty, the keener the pleasure in its exercise and development; and the senses aid our enjoyment in proportion as they are cultivated by education.

Thus the eyes of one man or woman will see more in one glance at a landscape, than the eyes of some other man or woman would find in a trip to Europe. People who have learned to use their eyes, see a thousand beautiful forms, tints, picturesque effects, and interesting objects that are unobserved by the careless, the unmindful, and the ignorant. This cultivation of sense and sight, adds immeasurably to the wealth of natural resources which each individual possesses. It makes us inheritors of the universe. Opportunities are worth infinitely more to those who can get the best out of them, than to the ignorant or indifferent. Herrick says: "The man lives twice who lives the first life well," from which perhaps is derived the common saying, that "once well-done is twice done." It is an infinite pity that the highest ideals of life are so often lost in the vulgar haste and desperate expedients to which men, and women, too, feel driven by their desire to compete for what seems desirable objects, but which are often brilliant cheats, which throw "a cruel sunshine on a fool." The average human being finds safety only in a quiet life and quiet ways. The strong light which falls upon any conspicuous object exposes it to the crowd, but does not make the position desirable to the object itself. Somebody has said, "it is the quiet moments build the years," and it is the quiet work, the quiet study, the quiet cultivation of sense, and taste, and perception, that prepares us for the truest enjoyment and appreciation of the rich storehouses which the world contains and which life holds for us, if we possess ourselves of the means to open them. It is such a beneficent thing that our pleasure in life increases in proportion to our knowledge of that in which true life consists; that is to say, a knowledge of the natural objects about us, and the doings of those who have lived before us. This discredits the idea of natural depravity, for if everything in the world was naturally depraved, the less we knew of it the better we should like it; while the contrary is the rule, the more intimate our knowledge, the deeper and more sincere our esteem and affection.

Thus, what we require to make life wholly desirable, is first, health; second, knowledge; third, wisdom, which is only common sense of an unusually fine quality; fourth, industry; fifth, imagination; sixth, sympathy. This last, it may be said, causes suffering, but it also endows its possessor with the power of sharing in untold happiness. All the mysteries of the earth are unfolded to him, all that lies in the glow of the sunset, the lovely green of the grass, the browns and grays of forest and mountain, the tints and fragrance of the flowers, the musical murmur of the wind among the trees, the roar of the waves, as they are beaten in from the sea to the shore. But to thoroughly enjoy life we must, to a certain extent, be masters of ourselves and our circumstances. The will and judgment do much for us in obtaining this control, and serve us so well, if directed rightly, that they will make a good life out of what may seem most unpromising material. An elderly man who lives not a stone's throw from where I write, and whose house is the cherished resort of friends, young and old, began life as a sickly boy. This fact he credits with his ripe and healthful old age.

It made him quiet and regular in his habits; it made him prudent in his choice of a wife; it made him cultivate out-of-doors, trees, flowers, fruits, walking, riding, and travel for recreation, rather than society, and the result is a beautiful, genial and happy old age, in which wife and husband still keep step together, and will until the dark shadows close over them, for they have not been separated three days in forty years; and their one son will not leave them.

Patience, the strict performance of individual duty, the cultivation of such means and resources as lie within one's endeavor, are wonderful instruments for the marking and the shaping of a good and pleasant life. I do not depreciate the value of luxury, on the contrary, there are few that do

not love it and desire it, but what value has it if coupled with the loss of self-respect? What value has it if we can only enjoy it at the sacrifice of a higher duty? There is only a certain amount of any good in this world; if one monopolizes very much the larger share, others suffer the loss. No one can possibly of his own merit be entitled to a very much larger proportion of good than others enjoy, and therefore it is that the world, or that public opinion which represents the world, looks for acts of public charity and beneficence from such men as Stewart, and Astor, and Vanderbilt. Fine houses, picture galleries, and the like, are good things, and they not only increase our store of happiness, if we have the taste and knowledge to appreciate and enjoy them, but they cultivate art, skill, and industry—they keep people employed at remunerative prices. But industry can never supply itself with books, libraries, the means for art culture and enjoyment, or find the necessary resources in case sudden illness, accident, or misfortune should overtake the worker. For all these we rely upon the rich, and not in vain; as the many libraries, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the schools, and charitable institutions attest.

There are many, however, that are still needed. There is charity and good intention that needs to be better directed. We have got no asylum in New York city for the incurably diseased, who are often wholly unfriended. We have no adequate provision for the care and guardianship of working-girls; we have no great public library liberally supplied, carefully maintained, and supplemented by public lecture and music rooms, pure, yet bright and popular in tone and character, that would neutralize the cheap and costly dens where so much mischief for the young is wrought, and by which so many lives are forever ruined. Life is no mystery, it is a conflict in which victory is gained by the well equipped and strong of heart, and in which, what we call victory, is not unfrequently sore defeat, which has disastrous consequences. There is no true success which has not honor and truth for its foundations; there can be no victory worth having under any but the white flag of purity, sincerity, and loyalty to the best that is in us. Such lives, whether in cottage or palace, are worth living.

Lunch Parties in the Country.

"DON'T you think," says Miss Bently, "that it would look very silly for a person living in the country to attempt to give a lunch party?"

"Why should it?" I say, answering her question Yankee fashion, by asking another.

"Because," she says, "it is so thoroughly well known that everybody here dines in the middle of the day, that it seems absurd to call a mid-day meal anything but a dinner."

"I don't see anything absurd about it," I say; "you want several friends to visit you, but you may not feel equal to going through with the formality of a dinner, so you provide a simple repast and call it lunch."

"But when are your guests going to get their dinners, if their dining hour is given up to lunch?"

"Your guests will be ladies, I take it for granted, and your lunch will be hearty enough to take the place of dinner."

"Then why not call it dinner?"

"If you call it dinner, you may be expected to invite your guests' husbands or brothers, and so add considerably to the form and ceremony of your entertainment."

"Are gentlemen never admitted to lunches?" asks Miss Nolan.

"They are generally given for ladies. Gentlemen are either supposed to be superior to that style of entertainment, or else otherwise engaged at that hour."

"But in town don't the gentlemen of the family appear at a lunch?" asks Miss Bently.

"Barely," I say. "They usually have some real or pretended engagements which interfere with the pleasure of meeting the ladies. And after all, why shouldn't there be one style of entertainment reserved for ladies? Men have, and enjoy their stag parties, so it is but right we should have our cosey little doe parties. A lunch is an excellent opportunity for women to get acquainted with each other; there is a little freedom about the intercourse on such an occasion, that is not always to be found where both sexes meet, and one is naturally solely devoted to the other. It has been said by censorious, narrow-minded people, that women do not enjoy each other's society. My experience contradicts that, for I find ladies' lunches very enjoyable. I have attended a great many; some very grand ones, and some very small and informal, and I have noticed, that at all, the company seemed particularly well pleased, and the conversation was very constant and very lively."

"And not gossippy?" asks Miss Nolan.

"Not a bit," I answer. "I have never heard an unkind word said about anyone. In fact, I have never known the talk at a lunch table to turn upon people's affairs. There is matter enough for conversation without resorting to personal topics."

"What do people have for lunch in New York?" asks Miss Brown.

"Do you mean in the way of eatables?"

"Yes, is there much variety?"

"A great deal at some houses, but generally a pretty dainty little repast is the desideratum rather than a quantity of hearty dishes. Some people are showy and extravagant on all occasions, and gratify their tastes by giving very elaborate lunches. Often at such houses a large number of people are invited; far too many to be seated at tables, so the lunch is served as at a reception. But to my taste, the small informal affairs are much the pleasantest."

"I should never attempt any other in the country," says Miss Mosely.

"You are wise," I answer, "and if you want to invite a good many people, have a few at a time, till you have gone through your list. As to what you should provide to eat, I will show you two or three rather simple *menus* that I have saved, and they will give you some hints."

"Is it necessary to have bills of fare, or *menus*, as you call them, at each person's plate, at small lunches?" asked Miss Maltby.

"You can do as you please about it," I reply. "I should be guided, here in the country, by the character of my guests. If I asked some dear old ladies to favor me with their company, I should dispense with *menus*, because they might regard them as frivolous innovations, but if I were to invite half a dozen of you young ladies, I should assuredly provide little *menu* cards, for I think you would all appreciate and enjoy any touch of style."

"Would it do to have perfectly plain cards?"

"Oh, yes, but you can buy those with pretty little Patience or Greenaway headings by the dozen, for a mere trifle. There are plenty of card advertisers who will send you their lists and prices, so you can order by mail. I think I have told you before that some *menu* cards are very costly affairs, painted by hand by artists of great ability. Sometimes they are in the form of fans, and covered with white or pale colored satin. At a lunch I attended on Easter Monday, the *menu* was written on a folded card which was hidden in a beautiful satin-covered and painted egg of large size, which opened with a hinge, and was lined with quilted satin. Of course, each lady kept her egg as a souvenir of the feast, and probably devoted it, as I did mine, to its manifest destiny of serving as

a jewel casket. But dinner favors of all kinds are too pretentious for the quiet little lunches we propose to give here, so let me advise you not to attempt anything but the simplest little cards, with your assortment of viands written plainly upon them, with each guest's name at the top of the card, so she may know where to sit."

"But you have not told us yet what to have for lunch."

"Well, here are the cards I was to show you. The first one is from a lunch at a quaker lady's house:

MENU.
Bouillon.
Lamb Chops served on French Pease.
Scalloped Chickens.
Lobster Croquettes.
Sardines. Olives. Cheese.
Ice Cream. Fruits.

MENU NO. 2.
Oysters on the half shell.
Lobster Croquettes.
Stewed Sweetbreads.
Chicken Salad.
Orange Ice. Roman Punch.
Cakes. Fruits. Iced Lemonade.

MENU NO. 3.
Tomato Cream Soup.
Roast Quail.
Lobster Salad.
Lettuce. Radishes. Olives.
Tarts. Cakes. Snow Pudding.
Tea. Fruits. Coffee.

MENU NO. 4.
Fricasseed Oysters.
Chicken Croquettes.
Lyonaise Potatoes.
Chocolate and Coffee.
Lemon Pie. Bavarian Cream.
Ices.

MENU NO. 5.
Raw Oysters.
Chicken Salad.
Sandwiches. French Buns.
Whipped Cream.
Cakes. Ice Cream.
Tea and Coffee.

"The last one is the only one that seems simple to me," says Miss Bently.

"None of them would be called elaborate in town," I say, "but either of them affords variety enough."

"You must have your table in perfect order for lunch," I continue, "for ladies are supposed to observe details more closely than gentlemen guests. You must have your prettiest china and your finest table cloth."

"Will a white one do?" asks Miss Bently. "I hear that lunch clothes are delicately tinted, or else have colored fringes."

"Such cloths are a good deal used, and napkins to match," I say, "but nice white table linen never looks amiss, and many of the wealthiest housekeepers will endure no other, whatever the fashion may be. The more flowers you use in decorating your table the better, if you do not arrange them in lofty forms. Towering floral structures are now quite condemned at tables where the company expect to be seated. It is not common to have a *pièce de resistance* or solid dish at lunch, and as each dish is served as a course, and then the plates changed, there is room upon the table for a number of plates and low pieces of flowers or ferns. At this time of the year such decorations are easily obtained without cost in the country, so it is not a question of extravagance. In anticipation of the season when a different state of things will reign, it is well to prepare now some woodland treasure, such as ferns, leaves, scarlet berries, and lichens, to use when the need arises. Fruit and cake being rather ornamental, may be put upon the table at the beginning of the meal, and all the solid dishes should be garnished as tastefully as possible. Salad may be dotted with cherry radishes or nasturtium flowers, and a few cresses may be laid upon the plates where three or four oysters lie upon their half shells. Strawberry tomatoes or olives may garnish sweetbreads, thin slices of beets, or chains of sliced hard-boiled eggs, with the center taken out to use in a mayonaise, and only the white ring used, are very pretty for encircling a dish of croquettes or fried smelts. Sliced lemons, the tiny hearts of lettuce, and currant leaves and curled parsley, are all pretty embellishments for cold dishes."

"But I would caution you against being too ambitious," I continue. "In town, with a competent cook, or, failing that, a caterer within reach, it is but little trouble to get up an elaborate lunch. Here we are more or less dependent upon ourselves, and if the hostess works herself to death getting ready for her friends, she can hardly be at ease to entertain them when they come, consequently they will find the occasion less enjoyable. A cup of coffee, some raw oysters, a dish of pressed chicken or veal, some delicate tea biscuit, a Spanish cream and a little cake, and whatever fruit is seasonable, is a sufficient bill of fare for anyone, and all the things can be made the day before. Even less variety would be enough. Veal loaf, or chicken and tongue sandwiches, some fruit jelly, with a little cake and fruit for dessert, and a cup of good coffee, will satisfy anyone. A very wealthy lady in Boston, I have been told, has set her friends the example of having only bread and butter and cold meat, coffee, and wafers at her little lunches."

My Sixty Years.

My sixty years! My sixty years!
Shall I look back with joy or tears
Across life's track, at duties done,
At battles lost and victories won?
At sad mistakes that I have made;
At hopes that blossomed but to fade;
Or, at the fruit that now appears,
Of seed well sown, in sixty years?

My sixty years! My sixty years!
What lights and shadows, hopes and fears,
What glimpses of the good and true,
What friendships all the journey through.
What mercies have around me shone,
What honest hands have clasped my own,
Since that eventful time, below;
My birthday, sixty years ago!

The man who lets the days pass by
From youth to late maturity,
In carelessness of acts and deeds,
Unmindful of his nature's needs;
When opportunity has gone,
And still the days are passing on,
Will never know, as evening nears,
What may be done in sixty years.

My sixty years! My sixty years!
The western horizon now clears,
And I can see with calmer eyes
The hand that leads me toward the skies;
And listening, I can hear to-day,
A still small voice, that seems to say:
"What man hath sown he reaps, alone;
In sixty years, what have you sown?"

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

THE POET'S COMPENSATION.*

BY MRS. SARAH BRIDGES STEBBINS.

ALL Germany was singing
Songs the sweetest ever sung ;
Through cities and through hamlets
Their measures blithely rung.
Men sang them at their labor,
Nobles carolled them in hall ;
Through noon-tide and through gloaming
Did their ceaseless echoes fall.
By ladies trilled in bower,
And by lasses in the lanes ;
The world's air all seemed throbbing
With the passionate refrains.
The song-thoughts bloomed like flowers
Upon every path of life,
And earth was this much richer
For such music 'mid her strife.

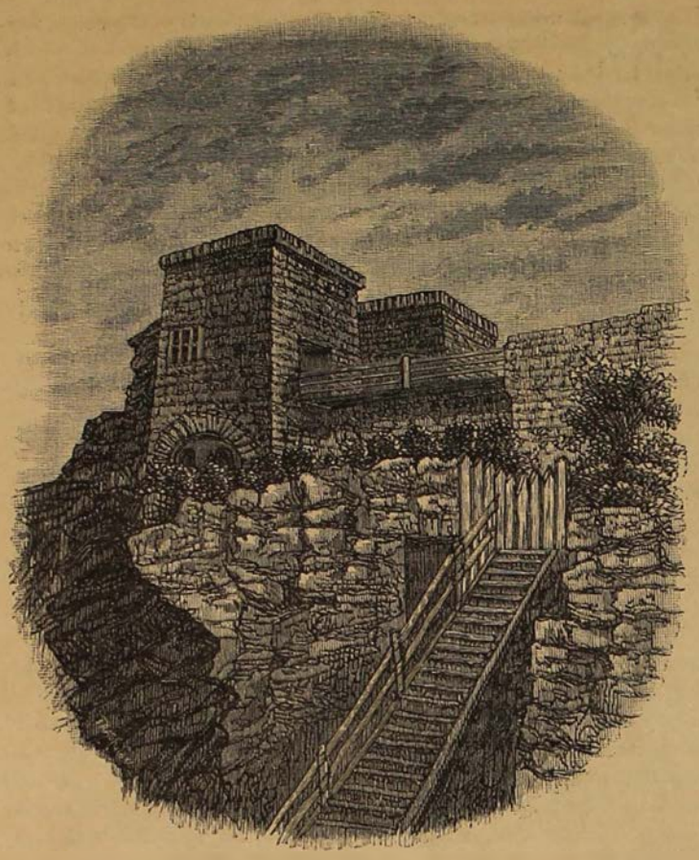
Who was the happy Poet
Whose verses filled the land ?
Did he among the noted
With bay-crowned forehead stand ?
The lofty and the lowly,
Did they seek the haunt of fame,
To yield the grateful tribute
Of their homage to his name ?
As guest within the castle,
As a friend by cottage hearth,
Was reverence and welcome
Token of his fancy's worth ?
Did shouts of glad applauding
On his honored presence wait ?
His country hail him proudly
'Mong her most cherished great ?

Lo ! desolate and outcast,
Far from fellowships and homes,
One, shunned and sadly stricken,
In desert places roams.
Like those no longer living,
Wrapped in gray and sweeping shroud.
And clasping mighty rattle
To give warning sharp and loud ;
Flies peasant at his coming,
Cursing noble turns aside.
Speeds maid and matron fleetly,
Little children run and hide !
Deserted, lone, and friendless,
While rings tuneful fatherland
With sweet songs of his making,
Does the poet-leper stand !

Is any soul so wretched
In this world so full of joy ?
What comfort for such sorrow,
For each pain, ah, what alloy ?
Though loathsome all his body,
Though bereft of hope and love,
Creative raptures raise him
All ills of flesh above !
Though nearest ties are broken,
Though left by comrades, kin,
Yet company most gracious
His free spirit has within !
And though for him at fireside
Is no welcome and no place,
Who lives in fairer mansions
All untainted with disgrace ?

Could mere fame alone uplift
From the slough of dark despond
The outcast of the human
Into realms this earth beyond ?
Could vanity have power
To sweep off his bitter state
And lead him with his numbers,
In his fancy, 'mid the great ?
Like soothing breeze of summer,
Fame but plays across his doom ;
Thoughts clothed in verse and uttered
Can their sway no more resume !
Forsaken, suffering, leprous,
His frail mortal is a shrine
Of joy's mystery immortal—
He incarnates the divine !

* This poem is founded upon an account in the "*Chronicle*" of Limburg, of the popularity of certain songs and the misery of their author. Leprosy, in the middle ages, was a horrible complaint, whose victim was cruelly treated as described in the verses.



SCHUBART'S PRISON TOWER ON THE HOHEN-ASPERG.

Christian Frederick Schubart.

IN a dreary cell in the old castle of Wurtemberg, through whose closely barred windows scarcely a hand's breadth of blue sky was visible, once sat a lonely prisoner. He was a young man, strong and well-formed, with high forehead, bright eyes and full, sensitive lips, which looked as if formed to sing a merry song in the companionship of congenial friends, or to kiss lovely maidens under the flowery shade of fragrant vines.

Behind him lay a life of adventure, checkered with waves of stormy excitement and of deep despondency; with high aspirations and mean errors; with sharp inward conflicts between the good and evil angels warring in his own breast.

Now he sat here, in this smoke-darkened cell, upon a pallet of damp straw, far from the sympathizing faces and comforting words of loving friends, tortured by hunger, cold, loneliness, pains of body and anguish of soul. All night he would toss restlessly upon his miserable bed, thinking of his desolate wife whom he had wronged and his children whom he so fondly loved, and tears of bitter remorse would flow over his pale and sunken cheeks. "An imprisoned man! a wretched man!" he sighed; and the sigh became a song which the unhappy man scratched on the wall of his prison with the pointed end of his shoe-buckle.

Christian Frederick Schubart was the son of a schoolmaster and cantor in Aalen, Suabia, and was born March 26th, 1739. Until his seventh year, he was extremely dull, seeming almost destitute of ordinary intellect; but quite suddenly his mind awoke, and he exhibited great talent, especially for music.

After attending for some time the Gymnasiums of Nordlingen and Nuremberg, he determined to go to the University of Jena, but the outbreak of the thirty years' war put an end to this plan, and he remained in Erlangen where he led a very irregular life.

Instead of the lecture rooms, he haunted the *wirthshauses* and fencing rooms, where he was maddest and merriest of the rollicking crowd. The usual consequences followed: his dissipations shattered his health, his creditors threatened him with prison, and to save him from utter ruin his father took him home.

Schubart promised amendment, and began preparations for the profession of theology, for which he had but one qualification—that of natural eloquence. While waiting for an appointment as pastor, he filled the place as teacher at Geislingen, where he married. The perpetual sameness of teaching pupils, all of whom were from the lowest order of society; the being forced to share his meager allowance with the superannuated master, an income which was indeed barely sufficient for one; the narrow-mindedness of the villagers, and the contentions of his young wife's family, to whom his easy ways and free life gave much offense—all these wearied and disgusted him beyond the bounds of prudence.

To divert his mind from his cares and annoyances, he made frequent visits to the taverns, where, warmed with wine, his discontent bubbled over, sometimes in prose, sometimes in verse. This gave occasion for just complaint to the good folks of the town, who showered rebukes, lectures and admonitions upon the thoughtless teacher who respected his dignified calling so little, and in course of time he was forced to leave the place. But one comfort was then left him—the Celestial Muse, who brightened his dreary life with her sacred fire.

His songs soon became known, and gained him many friends, among whom were Wieland and Haug. The latter found for him position of organist in the New Palace at Ludwigsberg, but, as it proved, only for his destruction. He went to the Wurtemburg Versailles, at that time one of the gayest and most aristocratic courts in Europe, with the best of resolutions; but the temptations there were too much for him.

Amiable roués and lovely ladies enticed the gifted man to their soirées, to which his wit, his poetic talent, and his musical ability proved great additions. French dancers and Italian singers laid snares for him. He was a leader in Bacchanalian feasts, made seductive by the attractions of genius; and so this new Tannhaüser lived in Ludwigsberg, falling an easy prey to a corrupt and dissolute court.

His long suffering wife struggled in vain to save him, till finding her prayers and tears of no avail, she returned to her father's house. Moved, however, by Schubart's earnest entreaties she soon returned to Ludwigsberg, but only to see her hopes again crushed as her erring husband plunged into still deeper excesses.

And now the court preacher felt it to be his duty to admonish the organist because of the immorality of his life, notwithstanding his wonderful music filled the church to overflowing. Schubart, furious at this, wrote a satirical poem upon the clergyman and a parody in verse upon the Litany.

The measure of his iniquity was now running over, and he was discharged from his office. For some months he led a jovial, vagabond life, wandering from city to city, often cold and oftener hungry, though sometimes banqueting at the tables of respectable people who tolerated his vices because of his genius.

He was hospitably received at the Palatine Court of Carl Theodore, and again a prospect of steady employment was offered him. But Mannheim Academy, the pride and darling of the prince's heart, interfered and the offer was reconsidered. Schubart again resumed the wanderer's staff, and after a time found himself in Augsburg, where a publisher, attracted by his eloquence, made him an offer of work, the

result of which was the birth of the *Deutsche Chronik*, a newspaper successful from its first number.

In this journal he waged war equally against Roman Catholic and Protestant Jesuits, fighting for freedom, tolerance and enlightenment. His success operated favorably on his family life and morals. All the nobler and worthier aspirations of his nature were aroused and shone forth, warming and vivifying his small home circle.

But fate, alas! was not yet weary of trying him. For some petty personal cause the Burgomeister of Augsburg placed hindrances in the way of his paper, and he removed it to Ulm, where it attained its greatest success and where he spent his happiest days. His name was honored throughout Germany, his talents were being daily more acknowledged, and his character was gaining in steadiness and manliness.

Suddenly by some trickery, Schubart was enticed into Wurtemberg territory, and by order of the Duke was arrested and taken to Hohen-Asperg, where he was illegally detained for more than ten years. In vain the chief men in Germany petitioned for his release. Duke Carl remained inexorable, hoping, as he said, to amend the poet's morals by this forced retirement. The Duke's aid in this work of reform was a Colonel Rieger, an offensive example of a military pietist—a despot and a bigot.

By tortures and lectures, assisted by prison loneliness, weakness of body and distress of mind, Rieger finally succeeded in breaking the spirit of his prisoner. After this his condition was improved. Books were allowed him; he received some visitors and was permitted the use of a piano. After ten years and more of this despotic imprisonment, the gates were opened, and he went forth, a free man. The Duke gave him an audience, and as if in expiation, offered him the position of poet-laureate and kapelmeister.

But Schubart's youth had vanished, and with it his taste for such a life. He returned to his *Deutsche Chronik*, devoting himself to it with fresh zeal. But he was allowed only one brief glimpse into the promised land of freedom, only a little period of rest by the side of his long-tried wife and children. His mental and physical sufferings during his long imprisonment, added to his early excesses, had completely shattered his constitution.

He died October 10th, 1791, four years after his release. No monumental shaft marks the spot where he lies, and a horrible story is told of his having been buried alive, as upon opening his coffin some time after his burial, he was found to be lying on his face with hands clenched as if in agony.

Like the wandering Jew, whose history he portrays in one of his most famous poems, his spirit found no rest, even in the grave. Yet, despite his errors and shortcomings, Schubart still lives in the memory and hearts of many of his countrymen, who at parting hours sing to-day, in preference to all other pathetic farewell songs:

"Auf, auf, ihn Brüder und seid stark,
Der Abscheidstag ist da!"

Celebrated Old Maids.

IN the category of celebrated old maids we find the great Diana of the Ephesians heading the list. The younger Vesta comes next, that "fair Greek girl," who asked her brother Jupiter to grant her the privilege of remaining an old maid.

We need not go back to the remote times of Grecian mythology, however, for a list of celebrated old maids, as we have instances nearer our own day. Queen Elizabeth, the "fair virgin throned in the West," remained single, notwithstanding the many offers of marriage she received. When the Commons petitioned her to marry, she replied: "Were I to tell you that I do not mean to marry, I might say less than I intend; and were I to tell you that I do mean to marry, I might say more than is proper for you to know; therefore I give you an answer, answerless." She did not marry, however, and went down to posterity as "the virgin queen."

Another royal old maid was Christina, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, and Queen of Sweden. She loved masculine pursuits, and attired herself in a garb more suggestive of a man than a woman. She was a learned woman; but take her out and out, she was what may be called "a queer old maid."

Of celebrated literary and learned old maids the record is quite full. Elizabeth Carter, of England, understood French, Italian, Spanish, German, Portuguese, and Arabic. So thoroughly had she mastered Latin and Greek, that Dr. Johnson, in speaking of a learned professor, said that "he understood Greek better than any one he had ever known, excepting Elizabeth Carter." In early life she resolved not to marry, but, it is said that, when about thirty, she would have accepted an offer approved of by her father, but the gentleman had written some verses displeasing to her, and she dismissed him. The lover, as is the wont of his sex, consoled himself by marrying another lady. Elizabeth Carter had a large circle of devoted friends, literary and noble. She was a writer of repute, among her productions being a volume of poems. She lived to be eighty-eight years of age, dying as she had lived, an honored woman and a contented old maid.

Hannah More was another celebrated old maid. She had, when about twenty-two, been engaged to a Mr. Turner, who was considerably older than herself. He does not appear to have known his own mind, for he showed a disinclination for matrimony when the preparations for the wedding had been consummated. At length the lady broke the engagement, and Hannah settled down into the grooves of single life with her four old maid sisters. "What!" said Dr. Johnson, "five women live happily together!" They did live happily together, the less celebrated sisters rejoicing in the fame that Hannah's pen won her. One by one the sisters died, leaving Hannah alone. We infer from her living to the age of eighty-eight that she had not pined to death on account of being an old maid.

Lady Hester Stanhope, niece of William Pitt, was not only a celebrated, but an eccentric old maid. She lived with her uncle, and did the honors of his house, and after his death she set out with a retinue of attendants to travel in the East. The Turks seemed to regard her as a sort of queen, paying her great respect and showering honors upon her. After journeying for a considerable time and meeting with many adventures, she concluded to reside on Mount Lebanon in Syria. Here she had her retinue of servants and her physician, and lived a strange life amid her household. She wore the costume of a Turkish gentleman and smoked a long pipe. She was a most uncomfortable person to live with—high-tempered, exacting, and tyrannical. Her habits were as peculiar as her ideas. She slept all day and sat up all night, calling her servants up at all hours to give them orders. She believed in the immediate coming of the Messiah, and declared that she was to ride on his right hand. She had two beautiful mares, on one of which she expected to ride on that occasion. No traveler was allowed to see them, until it had been ascertained whether their star was baleful to her

favorites. Her ideas and ways were so peculiar, that they conveyed the impression she was insane; but, on the other hand, her conversation was so eloquent and gifted, that none who heard her converse remained of this opinion long. Strangely she lived, lonely she died, surrounded by her retinue of Arabs, and was buried amid the flowers of the garden, the beauty of which she had created and which she dearly loved.

In her vine-clad cottage, in the Rue d'Assas, surrounded by her plants, her poultry, and the animals she loves, lives Rosa Bonheur, another old maid. Devoted to art, love and marriage are far away things from her thoughts. Suitors have crowded around her, but her answer ever was, "I am wedded to my art." She early decided that marriage was not her destiny; and giving all her heart to the profession she had chosen, she mounted, step by step, the ladder of fame, until she stood proudly on the height.

These are but a few of the long list of celebrated old maids. There was Fredrika Bremer, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Martineau, Miss Mitford, Florence Nightingale, and a host of others.

We learn from the career of these women, that to be single is not necessarily to be obscure and despised. We learn another thing, that a single life is often the deliberate choice of a woman, and that to be unmarried does not mean to be useless and unoccupied. The pitying word "poor" when coupled with "old maid," is simply a waste of sympathy on a class who are not at all miserable, and who, in the long run, are doubtless happier than the majority of married women.

Bathing Suits and a Beach Party.

BY DOROTHY HOLROYD.

A LARGE, low, upper room in an old Virginia farm-house—the June sunshine throwing long bars of light across the bare, polished pine floors. A tangle of roses and honeysuckle climbing up over the porch and fairly thrusting their fragrant blossoms in through the open windows. In one of the deep dormer windows sat Beverly Bayard, dividing her attention between the cackle of hens, being fed below, and the cackle of feminine tongues within.

The west wind, blowing in from across the salt marshes, brought a fresh and cool reminder of the surf, whose distant thunder could be heard if one stopped to listen. But nobody did stop, and all thoughts of the surf seemed subordinated to the consideration of bathing-dresses.

Bonnibelle Lee was prancing in front of a quaint old gilt-framed mirror, which reflected an animated representation of the confederate stars and bars. She made a pretty picture, and she knew it—a slender, brunette girl, with great dark eyes, and an air like an unbroken thorough-bred. She was visiting Lottie Denham, the quiet, brown-haired girl who lay curled up among the pillows of the great four-poster. Dolly Van Ness sat on the floor, struggling to get into a bathing-suit that was to triumph over Bonny's—it being a striking combination of red, white, and blue!

Dolly and Lottie and Beverly were first cousins, and very dear friends, though Miss Bayard was a New Yorker born and bred, and Dolly a Washingtonian, while Lottie Denham's visits from the old homestead had been few and far between. She had been at the head of her father's household ever since her mother's death, and was just the best and sweetest little housekeeper that could be found in all Virginia, her cousins declared. Dolly's special gifts were artistic, and her sketch-book and portfolio proved that not even a Southern summer could make her idle. Bev. was literary in a modest way, and she also was gathering "material," being in fact what the girls laughingly called her, "a chiel amang us taking notes."

But Bonny's gifts lay in none of these directions, though her talents were undoubted, nevertheless. She was the daughter of one of Mr. Denham's Richmond friends, and was, without exception, the most accomplished flirt to be found outside the pages of a novel. The girls all liked her for her frank, good nature, if she did manage to usurp the lion's share of attention. Her slang was amusing, and she was bright and clever, and ready (with the others) to make the most of any frolic that might be offered. The girls formed a merry and harmonious quartette, and if one was aware of a "little rift," it was as yet too little to "make the music mute."

Bonny gave a final twirl, and turned to regard her audience instead of herself. "We'll have the swellest bathing suits that ever appeared on Metompkin, Lotte—but they'll mob you and Bev., Dolly, if you persist in being so obnoxiously patriotic."

"I'll risk it," Dolly retorted, waltzing across the floor to display the flannel stars and stripes she had been fabricating. "It will be a new idea for construction and reconstruction, don't you see? Reconstruction wouldn't be a bad thing for you, Bonny,"—with a saucy flash in her blue eyes.

"Thanks,"—composedly, "I mean to try it—matrimonially, but not this summer, some other summer, if you please!"

"*Prenez-garde, cherie!* you'll find yourself caught in your own net some of these days."

"*Garde à vous!* I'll do the catching, thank you. And I give you fair warning, I mean to take possession of every single male man on this beach-party, from Marshall Page down. There's an open challenge for you!"

"Try it," laughed Dolly. "I've already promised the young gentleman named that he shall take me into the surf. Content yourself with Tom Adair, do."

"Tom Adair!" her red lips curved scornfully. "No, Mr. Page is the only man in the crowd worth having. I've warned you."

"Forewarned is forearmed! Besides, I reckon Lotte will have something to say there, anyhow. How is it, Charlotte?"

"Lotte has departed," said Beverly. You and Bonny were too busy quarreling over Mr. Page to be aware of the fact that it was time to give out supper."

"I'm not too busy to be aware that my appetite is ready if my toilet isn't. Come, Bev., you look too lazy! Help me out of this garment, and tell me what you're going to put on to-night."

"My blue lawn," said Bev., descending from her perch.

"White mull for me," remarked Bonny. "The boys are coming."

Half an hour later they fluttered down, a triad of "rare and radiant maidens," in cool, shimmering robes, to meet Mr. Page and Mr. Adair, who had come to make the final appointment for the morrow's merry-making. Lottie, who passed through the colonnade just at that moment, with the flush of the kitchen fire not yet faded from her cheeks, was obliged to come forward too. "Good evening, Mr. Adair—Marshall, you'll have to dispense with the ceremony of hand-shaking, for mine are full—and Tabby is waiting for me. I'll be in again presently." Then she left, but Tabby waited some time before her Miss Lottie appeared in the dining-room.

When she took her place, a quiet and self-possessed little maiden, at the head of the well-appointed table, no one suspected that she had been fighting all alone upstairs, a battle with the pain and distrust that waged war in her heart. "She and Marshall Page were not engaged," she said to herself, proudly, "and of course she had no wish, nor right, to find fault with any attention he might pay to Dolly, or Bonny Lee." Yet in her heart of hearts she knew there was a feeling of wrong. For months back every look and tone had said, more plainly than words, "the fullness of time has not yet come, but *we* understand," and the secret consciousness of being loved was all the sweeter for being wordless.

It was hard, that evening, to find herself so completely thrown in the background; hard to listen to Bonny's gay badinage, and hard to acknowledge Marshall's eager attention. Her music was cover for their conversation no less than her own uncomfortable thoughts, so she played on and on, and only Beverly noticed that the gay little waltzes and quicksteps had turned into nocturnes and reveries that were as plaintive as the pale face that bent over the key-board. "It's a shame!" thought Miss Bayard, indignantly, as she noted Bonnibell's glance of triumph in accepting Mr. Page's offer of escort for the next day. "Are men born blind, I wonder, or only senseless?"

Lottie was up betimes the next morning, flitting to and fro, from store-room to kitchen; giving her own personal supervision to the frying of the chickens that hissed and sputtered in the spider; slicing pinky ham; cutting sandwiches; packing ice and milk—it was no light task to prepare for one of these beach-parties, but the little woman accomplished wonders in a quiet way, and was ready to help her less industrious friends in the house. By nine o'clock the last basket of provisions was packed and stored away in the cart; the bathing-suits, with towels, combs and brushes, and pins and hair-pins. Lottie Denham rarely forgot anything that one was apt to need—all were ready; and the girls in their pretty blue boating-suits, and picturesque broad hats, waited on the piazza for some one to give the starting signal.

"Come, come!" said Mr. Denham, hurrying up. "Did you young people never happen to hear that time and tide wait for no man? Captain Carmine said we must be at the wharf by nine o'clock, sharp."

"Oh, there's no hurry! Captain Carmine knows his crowd," laughed Mr. Page; "he always makes due allowance. But we don't mind setting a good example, do we, Miss Bonny?"

"It would have all the charm of novelty, as far as I am concerned," that young lady retorted gayly, as she jumped into the carriage. "Association with you will make a respectable member of society of me yet."

"Society wouldn't have you other than yourself," was the last that was heard as they drove off. Mr. Adair and Beverly followed, and Lottie mounted into the wagon which was to stop on the way at Lealands and The Folly, for Margie Ames and the Wises. It was her place, of course, as hostess, but she couldn't help the little forlorn and wistful feeling that followed the carriages.

Down on the wharf were more people waiting for them; Harry Parker and his sister Sue, and the Mayos. "We're entirely too many for one boat," said Harry, "so I told Uncle Simon to take my boat round to Black Stump, and we'd better divide the party, don't you think?"

"By all means," assented Mr. Denham. "I meant to send round for Coxton's boat, but we don't want anything better than yours with Uncle Simon for captain. How many years do you suppose that old darkey's been cruising round in these waters?"

"A hundred or so, I reckon, but like the fellow in Randolph's 'Fish Story,' he's still 'a remarkably hale old nigger.'"

"A remarkably good boatman, anyhow, I know that, or I wouldn't consent to his taking these people. Come, let's get aboard, or we won't get out of the creek this morning."

It was a pleasant sail through the windings of Folly Creek, past the salt marshes, and out across the "broad water," but no one was sorry to see the low, brown line of beach ahead, and they disembarked merrily. Once on Metompkin every one followed his own sweet will. Mr. Page and Bonnie were seen only so long as it took them to round the point; Dolly settled herself with brushes and sketching-book to make a "study;" Mr. Denham organized a fishing party, and carried an uproarious crew out, who promised to bring back "spots and trout till you can't rest!" as Harry Parker shouted. Lottie, "on hospitable thoughts intent," busied herself with the baskets, and was helped by old Uncle Simon to build the fire and unpack frying-pans and coffee-pot.

Beverly sent Mr. Adair to assist, and threw herself down on the sand by Dolly's side. "Can't something be done to break up that monopoly?" she asked, with a glance toward two far-off retreating figures.

"I've done my best," said Dolly, putting in vicious dabs of chinese white which bore not the faintest resemblance to the crest of the wave breaking at their feet. "It's a clear case of infatuation; I only hope he'll see his folly before it's too late to return. Lottie's a proud little thing, and I don't suppose anybody else sees with our eyes."

"No, or they'd see she would rather be at home crying her eyes out than here, pretending to have a good time. Dolly, you'll have a chance by and by—when he takes you into the surf: make yourself fascinating enough to keep him afterward; a little counter-flirtation, you know."

"One's apt to be fascinating with one's hair in straight, wet locks, blinded, spluttering, gasping for breath, and a big wave knocking you down every other minute," returned Dolly scornfully.

"That's part of the performance; pshaw! Dolly, 'that woman that hath a tongue, I say is no woman, if with her tongue she cannot win a man.'"

"What an abominable misquotation! Try again, Bev., remarked Miss Van Ness coolly.

"I've done—"

"What are you two plotting?"

"Enough treason for a gunpowder plot, Mrs. Mayo, but if you're not afraid of being blown up, there's lots of room under my umbrella," said Dolly, welcoming the new-comer.

"You've just come in time to pass judgment on this remarkable sketch," observed Dolly's cousin. "View it, I beg of you, and tell me if it's like anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth."

"Well, if you want the honest truth," said that lady, surveying the drawing critically, "it reminds me of what that ridiculous Phil Derand used to say of his work, 'it might be worshiped without running afoul of any of the commandments, no provision being made for anything of the sort."

"This was the most unkindest cut of all!" exclaimed Dolly tragically, "fare ye well, poor sketch," and she cast the unhappy bit of paper from her. "But wait till you see what I mean to do next."

"That means we are to be victimized. Well, I'm too comfortably settled to move, but I tell you beforehand, I shall change whenever I feel like it."

"No you won't," replied Dolly confidently.

"She appears familiar with the situation," Mrs. Mayo said.

"You are right," answered Beverly with feeling. 'Age cannot wither it, or custom stale its infinite variety' of torture. Indeed, words fail to express half that she has made me suffer in the cause of art."

"Art suggests sunflowers in these æsthetic days. Miss Dolly, observe that yellow umbrella in the distance!"

"As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets the same look that she gave when he rose," quoted Dolly maliciously, as she recognized the buff pongee that Bonnie affected.

"Do you really think there is anything in it?" asked Mrs. Mayo.

"In what!" innocently. "I never think if I can help it, Mrs. Mayo; it's a very bad habit to form; it wrinkles one's forehead, and demoralizes one's bangs."

"What nonsense!" laughed Mrs. Mayo, "it appears to be a very delightful little flirtation, nevertheless."

"Here comes the boat," said Beverly, "let's go round and see how many fish they caught."

One needs to make a personal experience of these beach-parties, which are the chief local amusement in some parts of tide-water Virginia, to realize how hungry it is possible to be, and how good fresh fish and fried chicken can taste. Lottie Denham's reputation as a good housekeeper always gained new laurels on such occasions, and while she served coffee (with the usual picnic lack of cups and spoons), and offered inexhaustible supplies of sandwiches and rolls, no one noticed how little she herself ate. But at last it was all over; every one had eaten until he declared more an impossibility, and Uncle Simon nursed the fire and chuckled over the delights of his own dinner with true negro enjoyment.

The girls were grouped in lazy, picturesque attitudes under the improvised tent, and the gentlemen, some lying on the sands in front, some wandering idly up and down, lit their after-dinner cigars with the serene consciousness that nothing conducive to enjoyment was out of place on a beach party.

"Who's going in the surf?" asked Mr. Adair, by and by. "It's time we were thinking about it, for the afternoon is wearing on to sunset. Miss Beverly, you're not going to fail me, I know."

"Of course not," replied that young lady, promptly, "and the sooner we go the better I shall like it."

"But isn't it dreadfully imprudent so soon after dinner?" objected Mrs. Mayo.

"I reckon that doesn't make much difference," said Margie Ames, and Sue Parker and Hally Wise joined in the chorus, Nannie Mayo winding up with a decisive, "You know, mother, nothing ever hurts on the beach!" To which time-honored belief Mrs. Mayo succumbed.

Shawls draped the entrance to the tent, which made a sufficient, if confined, dressing-room. There was a general outcry when the patriotic bathing-suits appeared.

"Did you ever!"

"What, *never*—"

"Hush! Put her out. Who dares to quote Pinafore?"

"Whose idea was it?"

"Well, mine, if you must know," confessed Bonny, with audacious mendacity.

"I cannot tell a lie," said Dolly, ridiculously, "*I* did it with my little hatchet!"

"You needn't believe either of them," insisted Bev., "for you surely recognize my 'fine Roman hand'? But the fact is, though you needn't mention it, Lottie is responsible for this piece of nonsense."

"I think you must take turns, at your house, in seeing which can tell the biggest stories. Is there ever any time when you can be believed?" inquired Sue Parker.

"Yes," said Lottie, "you may believe that I'm ready. Come on, or we will only be able to take the orthodox twenty minutes in the water. I heard the gentlemen saying that we would have to start sooner than we intended to catch the flood tide home."

"Twenty minutes! I wonder who'd take all this bother for that amount of fun. You won't get me out in less than an hour," said Margie. "The surf is the thing I came for."

"Come along, then," Bonny said, girding herself with a blue and white scarf, and having an evident eye for effect.

The effect was striking to say the least.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Denham, "what will you girls be up to next?" And Cap'n Carmine ejaculated in a confidential aside: "Well, I'll be dog-goned! Take 'em by an' large, and if they aint the head set!"

"This lays over the deck," remarked Mr. Page slangily, as he came forward in a striking costume of white flannel decorated with bands of scarlet. "I flattered myself I was doing something remarkable—but it takes a woman!"

"Of course," Dolly retorted, "if a woman were not taking she wouldn't fulfill her mission."

"Some women never fail, then."

"I know that's a compliment, considering the source—otherwise it might be dubious."

"Truth must always be complimentary to you, Miss Dolly."

"Good! you're improving."

"I cannot return the compliment," said Mr. Page, "for perfection is incapable of improvement."

"You couldn't do better than that if you tried all night." Dolly threw back her long blonde braids, and flashed a saucy glance upward. "You're in excellent practice, Mr. Page."

That Miss Lee was not inconsolable for the loss of her attendant cavalier was evident from the interested and delighted manner in which she frolicked and sky-larked (as she herself would have expressed it) with George Wise and Harry Parker. Indeed, the secret of her successful good times lay, as she frankly confessed, in making every man she was with last believe that he entertained her most, and it was really not all a pretense. She was simply a bright, attractive, rather daring girl, who acknowledged no more serious duty in life than that of her own enjoyment, and if she possessed a heart, she certainly had not found it out yet.

The great white-capped waves came rolling in, and the fantastic suits of the bathers bobbed up and down, appearing and disappearing, while shouts of ecstatic happiness rose even above the noise of the waters. It was the maddest, merriest hour of the day, and was reluctantly left, only when repeated calls from Mr. Denham made longer stay an impossibility.

"I'm afraid that there's storm coming up," he said, as they came out, breathless and dripping. "Hurry and dress; Cap'n Carmine says we must get off as soon as we can."

The tent was nearly half a mile away from the cove where they had been bathing, and in the fatigue consequent upon the walk in wet clinging garments, and the discomforts of dressing on a sand-bank under a tent made by two sails, some of the girls began to think that they were paying too dear for the whistle, and did a little good-natured grumbling as they struggled into sandy garments, and wrestled with wet, tangled hair.

"What in the world shall I do?" exclaimed Hally Wise in despair, as she tried vainly to make her coiffure presentable. "Just look at Bonnibelle Lee; she looks prettier than ever, I declare."

"Thanks!" and Bonny made as profound a courtesy as the limited space would allow. She knew that the water had only made the little soft rings about her forehead more curly, and for the rest, she had discarded her big hat in favor of a knitted scarlet shawl that was even more becoming. "If I can't help anybody, I'll make more room by leaving," she added, going as she spoke.

Outside the tent Mr. Denham, Captain Carmine and Uncle Simon were hurriedly collecting the various belongings, for a threatening cloud warned them that there was no time for delay. The other gentlemen coming up were pressed at once into service. "Just hand me some of those things, Marshall," called Mr. Denham, and Mr. Page jumped on board the boat with an armful of shawls and wrappings.

"Oh, Mr. Page, is my circular there?" called Miss Bonnibelle.

"Your circular! What's it like?"

"Gray, with fringe—"

"There are half a dozen things answering to that description."

"Oh, how stupid! Here, help me in, and let me see for myself," she returned, clambering up the side of the boat. "There's my bathing suit out there on the beach—get it and stow it away for me, won't you?"

"Certainly, Miss Bonny," and the suit was brought.

"But it isn't all here," she objected, "the scarf—Oh! I remember now, I dropped it round there by the surf, when we came out. Don't you think we've time to go and get it? My suit will be just spoiled if that's lost."

"I don't know," replied the young gentleman, dubiously; "they're going to start pretty soon."

"They can't go till the girls are all ready, and that won't be for some time yet, I know."

"Very well, then." And so it happened that these two set off on a half-mile run in search of a strip of flannel for which Miss Bonnibelle cared never a bit. It was a mere whim on her part, but she was used to having all her whims humored, and the slender white hand she held out, and the look in her dark eyes made it seem no disagreeable jaunt. Marshall Page, though not in love with her, was by no means unwilling to prolong the tête-à-tête, and would have risked more than the probable scolding from the rest of the party for keeping them waiting. Every one being busy their departure was not noticed, and Mr. Denham hurrying the ladies' toilets with masculine inconsiderateness, one boat was speedily loaded and put off from the shore before anybody thought of asking for either of them.

"What's become of Page?" queried Mr. Adair.

"He was here a few minutes ago," replied Mr. Denham; "he must have gone in Parker's boat."

"And Bonny?" asked Dolly, "did she go too?"

"Reckon she did," said Captain Carmine with a chuckle.

"Are you sure?" inquired Mr. Denham.

"Well, yes—saw him help her into the boat anyhow, and take them things o' her's along too."

"It seems to me rather a queer performance," said Beverly. "She didn't come in that boat."

"That made no difference," said Dolly, rather sharply, for she saw the look in Lottie's eyes that made her feelings toward Miss Lee none too amiable. "You can't account for Bonny's whims."

"I didn't see them in the boat," said Lottie quietly.

"Nonsense!" replied her father. "Captain Carmine saw them get in, and if they're not there they would be here. Marshall Page wouldn't be fool enough to go off anywhere knowing that we were hurrying to start."

"I saw something very like Miss Bonny's red shawl in the stern of the boat," put in Nannie Mayo.

"Ah!" remarked Mr. Adair, meaningly; "Page was steering, I suppose; there's always a nice little corner for two behind the sail."

So with no further delay the second boat set sail, and followed in the wake of the first. Lottie Denham had an uneasy consciousness of trouble. She knew that *she* had not seen Bonnibelle Lee since she left the tent, but every one else seemed so positive that she could not give way to her vague fears in the face of a coming storm. Captain Carmine pursed up his lips and looked grave as he watched the dark, low-piled line of clouds.

"Reckon we'll be lucky if we get in without a wettin'," he said; "oughter ha' started a half hour back."

"You don't think there's any danger?" inquired Mrs. Mayo, anxiously.

"Well, no, 'm; but I don't like to run any risks when there's ladies aboard. I mean to get round P'int-no-p'int just as fast as I can, though. Mr. Denham, pull up that center-board a bit, will you?"

They were half way up Folly Creek before the two boats came within hailing distance of each other, and the first big drops of rain were beginning to fall.

"Oh, I say, Mar-r-shall"—called Mr. Adair at Lottie Denham's request—"Page!"

"What's up?" answered Harry Parker. "Isn't Page with you?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Denham in utter dismay. Is it possible they have been left behind? Surely Bonny Lee's there?"

But that Bonny was not soon became evident. The girls looked at each other in consternation. "Of course we must go back for them at once," said Beverly.

"Can't do it, miss," returned Captain Carmine. "I wouldn't risk takin' this boat-load out again. Listen at that, will you!" For a sudden and startling peal of thunder, preceded by a blinding flash showed every one that he was right. "Nothin' won't happen to them but a wettin', and we'll all get that anyways; but I ain't goin' to capsize this boat if I know it."

Mr. Denham groaned, "Good Lord! why didn't I make sure! I wouldn't have had this happen for five hundred dollars!"

The girls pulled their shawls up over their heads to make a little shelter from the fast-falling rain in dismal silence. "It's Bonny's doing," thought Dolly. "I wish she had never come down here. This sweet little performance will wind up matters of course. I hope she'll get drenched, and serve her right, too! Poor little Charlotte!" Beverly put her arm around Lottie with a tender feeling which could find no expression in words; but the girl's rigid figure, and set, white face betrayed no consciousness of the sympathy.

It was a dreary party that landed at last on the wharf from which they had embarked so gayly in the morning. Tired, wet, anxious and unhappy, they held a hasty consultation as to what was best to be done.

"Captain Carmine and I will get back to Metompkin as fast as we can," said Mr. Denham decisively. "The rest of you must go home at once and get dry clothes—and Lottie, have a fire, and get Bonny's things ready for her against she comes."

"No need to hurry, Miss Lottie," said Captain Carmine confidentially. "Wind and tide are dead ahead, and we ain't goin' to get that boat out of the mouth of the creek yet awhile. Reckon it must be goin' on nine now. We won't be up much before daybreak."

In the forlorn hours that followed no one felt inclined for much talking—there would be enough of that by and by. Of course no real harm beyond the exposure could be feared for either of them; but after the marked way in which they had sought each other's society throughout the day, this contretemps would be theme for a fortnight's gossip, and there seemed but one ending possible. "Poor Lottie!" thought Dolly again. "I wish there was anything one could say or do for her. I know she loved him."

Lottie busied herself with ordering a supper which no one wanted or could be persuaded to eat, and in having fires lighted and blankets and hot water prepared. No one went

to bed, though Dolly and Bev. took uncomfortable little catnaps on the lounge. But no sleep came to Lottie's eyes, and her cousins knew that through the dark hours of the night she was steeling herself to bear the blow that must fall; yet all their sympathy could only be shown in the "mute companionship," "the quiet clasping of the hand, or language of a kiss."

So the slow hours wore away, and the early morning twilight was creeping in at the windows before they heard the sound of wheels for which they listened. The drowsy servants started up to wait on the new arrivals, and with a flourish of trumpets Miss Lee was brought into the house, attended by Mr. Denham and Mr. Page.

"I never was wet till now," she cried gayly; "the surf was nothing to it. See!" and she held out dripping arms.

"She looks as if she was rather proud of the performance," thought Dolly, spitefully.

Mr. Page went directly over to Lottie. "Were you anxious?" he asked, taking her hand. But she drew it away immediately, replying in her own quiet tone, "We *all* were," and then carried Bonny off to find dry garments. He looked disappointed, the other girls noticed, but there was no chance to say anything further, for Mr. Denham was insisting that hot coffee was an absolute necessity, so Bev. and Dolly left the gentlemen to their own devices, and followed Bonny upstairs.

"That young gentleman's remarks wouldn't bear repetition, I'm afraid, when he found we were left," she was saying as they entered the room, "and he stalked off and sulked for a while. It was my fault, of course, but I didn't think it was very polite of him, do you? But he came back after it began to rain, and there, with no shelter between us and the heavens, and while I was wondering if my fascinator would ever look like anything again, I found he was proposing. I said if it was all the same to him I'd rather not. He persuaded, or tried to, for a decent length of time, but I assured him I hadn't the slightest desire to marry him—and then he told me he was glad of it!" Here Bonny made a dramatic pause, and watched with comical impertinence the pink flush that was creeping up into Lottie's cheeks. "And as a great secret—fact, I assure you—confided to me his love for another girl. What idiots men are! He really thought I didn't know it."

"You abominable little sinner!" exclaimed Dolly, placing her hands on Bonnibelle's shoulders, and accenting a vigorous shake with kisses. I don't know which I have least use for — beach-parties, bathing-suits, or men!"

"And I—I adore them all!" replied that young woman, enthusiastically. "Lottie, won't you celebrate your wedding with a beach-party and invite me to it?" But Lottie had disappeared.

"I don't think I'd trust you," remarked Bev.

"Well, it mightn't be safe a second time; but I *do* want another chance to sport my colors. Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!"

"Let's go to bed," said Dolly, practically.

"The curtain falls upon the usual tableau of 'Bless ye, bless ye, my children!' while the band plays the *Wedding March*. Hoop là! Good night!" and the young woman landed in the middle of a big feather-bed, and slept to dream of beach-parties.

From the Greek.

Success, like some soft fairy veil,
Covers the deeds of men;
It makes the ugliest wrong look well,
The dark seems fair again.

In thine own cheerful spirit live,
Nor seek the strength that others give,
For thou thyself erect must stand,
Not held upright by other's hand.

Ilta and Kuma.

THE Empress of Japan sent to the Empress of Germany, for a Christmas present, the two beautiful dogs with whose pictures we present our readers. Ilta and Kuma, as the tiny creatures are called, are representatives of a race which reminds one somewhat of the King Charles spaniel. They are snow-white in color, with deep black spots. Their tails, which they usually carry curled over their backs, are long and feathery. Their long, silky hair stands about their necks in thick ruffs, and their extraordinarily large eyes peep comically out of their small round heads. The largest of the pair is ten inches in height. Their portraits have been painted by order of the Empress, by the distinguished animal painter, *Sperling*.

A Bear's Court of Justice.

BY some nations the bear is held in peculiar veneration. The Laplanders call it the "Dog of God," and the Norwegians speak of it as "the old man with a fur cloak." The Indians regard the Bear Spirit as one of their gods, and after a bear has been killed a feast to its manes is held. The dead animal is borne to the lodge and decorated with armlets of silver and strings of beads, and laid on a new blanket. The principal Indian of the company makes a speech, in which he deplores the necessity he was under in killing the animal, but his flesh was required for food, and this is his excuse for the deed. On one occasion an old Indian woman, rushing up to a bear that had been killed, embraced it warmly, calling it grandmother, and begging it not to lay the blame of its death on her. Notwithstanding these affectionate demonstrations, the Indians are not at all backward in sending the bears to their long home, in order to utilize their flesh and fur.

Although not a sportive beast itself, the bear has been made to furnish sport for mankind. Even "the great Elizabeth" enjoyed bear-baiting, and on her visit to Kenilworth this was one of the amusements provided for her entertainment. Dancing bears are not uncommon; and in our own streets they are sometimes seen dancing for the benefit of some lazy man who is not ashamed to be supported by the labors of this beast.

As a general thing, the bear is not a savage animal. The most formidable of American bears is the Grizzly Bear, which is found among the Rocky Mountains and in California. It is from six to nine feet long, and weighs from four hundred to six hundred pounds. It usually lives in marshy places, and roves about day and night seeking food. So strong is this animal, that even the bison is powerless in its grasp; and after it has been killed, although weighing sometimes a thousand pounds, the bear will drag it to a pit in order to feed at leisure upon its flesh.

The Black Bear of America is smaller than the Grizzly, and is common in every wooded district. It is said to prefer berries, birds, fish and eggs to animal food, which it only eats on compulsion. The fur is black, smooth, and glossy, and is greatly prized by the trapper. In some cases these bears are of a yellowish or a cinnamon color, and when such is the case, they are known as the Cinnamon Bear, and the Yellow Carolina Bear.

Our illustration shows a bear-hunter in a very alarming situation. He is in a dark, thick forest, in which huge rocks loom up, and where savage animals abound. Not thinking of danger, suddenly he finds himself in the grasp of a powerful animal, and is brought to the ground, notwithstanding his efforts to preserve a perpendicular position. He soon discovers that he is in the midst of bears, one of which clasps him more affectionately than is agreeable, another points his own gun at him, while a third busily examines the contents of his hat, two bears standing smilingly by and evidently conversing in their own language about the plight he is in. In no less enviable position is his dog, which is powerless, like his master, in the grasp of a bear. He now finds that he is in a court of justice, presided over by bears, who are about to punish him for murdering their kinsmen and friends. Terribly alarmed at the prospect before him, for it is one thing to shoot and quite another to be shot, he screams aloud in his agony, and at this terrible moment awakes, rejoiced to find that he has only been dreaming. The artist, Oswald Waibl, has shown considerable humor in his production, both in the conception and the spirited manner in which it is carried out.

Autumn, a Gobelin Tapestry of the 17th Century.

CONSIDERABLE interest is attached to the history of tapestry, a manufacture which dates back to the 10th century. The early tapestries for hanging were embroidered, and were not, as was the case later, woven in a loom. The earliest loom tapestry was produced by the Flemish weavers, about the end of the 13th century. France emulated the example of Flanders, and in the 13th century the manufacture assumed considerable importance in Paris, but the wars with England put a stop almost entirely to the industry. In the meantime, that of Flanders prospered, especially the manufactory at Arras, which indeed gave its name to tapestry, and so celebrated had the Arras manufacture become that churches and palaces purchased all their tapestried hangings in Arras. Painters, such as Hugo van der Goes, furnished the subject which added greatly to the value of the tapestries. After Arras fell into the hands of Louis XI., of France, Brussels took the lead, and here were made some of the most celebrated pieces of tapestry, such as the reproductions of Raphael's cartoons, which were intended for the Sistine Chapel, and on being purchased by Charles I., were removed to England. These seven large cartoons are now the property of the Queen, and are regarded as great artistic curiosities. Subsequently Lille, Tournay, and Oudenarde became celebrated for their tapestries. Only landscape tapestries were made at the latter place, or as they were called, *tapisseries de verdure*. Subsequently, all landscape tapestry took the name of Oudenardes. Many of the pictures of Paul Potter were copied in the manufactories of Oudenarde.

In 1539 Francis I. established a tapestry manufactory at Fontainebleau, his favorite residence. His successor, Henry II., established several, that at the Hospice de la Trinité be-

ing very successful. Here 136 orphan children, who were being instructed in various trades, now turned their attention to weaving tapestry.

A colony of Flemish workmen established themselves in the buildings of the Palais des Tournelles, afterward moving to a house in the Faubourg Saint Marcel, where, for over 200 years, a family of dyers named Gobelin, had lived. Here eighty looms were set up, and designs furnished by Dubreuil and other painters, the manufactory taking the name of Gobelin. The superiority of the dyeing of the silk and wool used in this manufactory gave peculiar beauty to the tapestries, and they soon became famous. At a subsequent period, Colbert consolidated the establishments in Paris, and united them all with the Gobelin, which then became known as the "Royal Manufactory of furnishing for the crown." This gave great impetus to the manufacture of tapestries, and Lebrun was appointed director and art manager of the Gobelin manufactory. Celebrated painters produced cartoons to be copied, forty-nine being employed especially for this purpose, and the number of workmen amounted to two hundred and fifty. During the Revolution the manufactory was never entirely closed. In 1790 a school of drawing and one of tapestry was established in connection with the Gobelin, thus giving an opportunity to become well-skilled in the work. A conflagration, kindled by the Commune in 1871, destroyed the museum of tapestry, which contained patterns for the workmen, some of the tapestry, however, being saved. The greatest loss of all was the history of Napoleon I., seventy large pieces of tapestry, beautifully executed.

The following are some of the most admired tapestries produced in the Gobelin manufactory: The Acts of Christ and his Apostles, after Raphæl, ten pieces, embellished in gold and silver. The Months, with views of the Royal Châteaux, twelve pieces, woven in gold and designed by Lebrun. The History of Alexander, woven in gold; after Lebrun, eleven pieces; and the life of Marie de Medici, after Rubens; which were hung in the palace of St. Cloud.

Our beautiful illustration is a representation of Autumn in the famous tapestry of the seasons, after Lebrun and Ballin. This charming allegorical production was executed in the 17th century, in wool, silk, and gold, and still preserves its freshness and beauty. It is doubly interesting as being the work of the Gobelin manufactory and as one of the tapestries rescued from the flames of the communists in 1871.

Rhodia,

A STORY FROM THE FOLK-LORE OF MODERN GREECE,

RETOLD BY AUBER FORESTIER, AUTHOR OF "ECHOES FROM MIST-LAND," ETC., AND TRANSLATOR OF THE "SPELLBOUND FIDDLER," ETC.

IN the July number of the Berlin *Rundschau*, we find retold in German, by Adolf Bœtticher, a story from the folk-lore of modern Greece, whose resemblance to the Schneewittchen (little snow-white) of the Grimm brothers indicates a common origin with that charming Märchen. The heroines of both stories, notwithstanding the difference of surrounding circumstances, recall to us the Sleeping Beauty, and carry us to the Northern Brynhild. The Grecian story is called Rhodia; it is wholly unknown in English, and no complete version of it has ever before been published in German, although B. Schmidt refers to it in his "Griechische Märchen, Sagen und Volkslieder," in connection with the story of "Maroula and the Mother of Crotas," tracing them both to the same source.

Without further parley, it is now our purpose to introduce Rhodia to American readers.

Once upon a time there was an old man who had three daughters. The name of the youngest was Rhodia. She was so beautiful that she might well have been a king's daughter, and, indeed, it was the wonder of every one who knew her, that she had not the wings of an angel.

When Rhodia danced in company with her sisters and other maidens, her praises alone were on every tongue. "She is as beautiful as the sun," was the universal cry; "she looks like a pomegranate blossom swayed to and fro by the west wind." Rhodia's sisters were beautiful, too, but no one praised them when Rhodia was within sight, for she outshone them all. This greatly chagrined the sisters, for they esteemed their own beauty beyond that of all others, and they resolved to ask the sun which of them all was the most beautiful. So they took a mirror, held it up until they caught the sun, and then they cried:

"Tell us, oh sun, which of us is the most beautiful?"

The sun replied:

"I am beautiful, both of you are beautiful, but Rhoda is more beautiful than all three of us."

At this the sisters resolved that Rhodia should live no longer. Late that evening, when all three sisters were sitting by the blazing fire, engaged in tapestry work, the two envious ones asked Rhodia if she would not go with them to gather lettuce and sorrel for their father's supper. She good-naturedly complied, and they led her far, far away by a crooked path unfamiliar to her, although well-known to them. Suddenly they turned and fled home, leaving their beautiful sister alone.

Rhodia was too good herself to suspect her sisters of evil intentions; she merely thought she had lost her way, and she wept bitterly. She happened to have a citron with her, and with its juice she quenched her thirst. No other food or drink was at hand.

The night grew very dark, and the wolves began to howl in the mountains. Then Rhodia wept still more profusely, and seating herself beneath an olive tree, she clasped her hands and bowed her head on her knee.

When at last she looked up again, she saw a long, brilliant train approaching her. It was Nykteris, the night fairy, and her host, on their mysterious nightly expedition. And here it may be remarked, that Nykteris reminds us of the German Frau Perchta, or Berchta, the bright, luminous, glorious one, a being similar to, or rather the same under another name, as Frau Holde, or Hulda, the kind, benignant, merciful goddess, or lady. The Norse hulder has the same origin.

Nykteris wore a long garment of a gray silk, of brilliant lustre, whose train stretched over the ground at least forty yards behind her, and about her head she wore a black veil, in which glittered all the stars of the heavens. When she beheld the weeping maiden, she paused, and inquired the cause of her sorrow. Rhodia told her that she had lost her way, and knew not how to get home. Then Nykteris said:

"Come with me; I will adopt you for my daughter."

And Rhodia went with the night fairy. They came to a great palace, whose pillars were of white marble, with glowing serpents entwined about them, from which proceeded all the light that illumined the palace, and whose door-knobs were studded with silver and with diamonds.

Now Rhodia too obtained a costly garment, representing a meadow overgrown with hundreds of flowers, and in the place of her red sandals she got a pair of silver shoes, and for her head a fez, in which sparkled a thousand fireflies.

Here, the Grecian story-teller, who is fond of frequently

changing the scene of action, leaves Rhodia, and returns to her two wicked sisters. They took it for granted that the savage mountain wolves had destroyed Rhodia; and once more catching the sun in the mirror, they asked:

"Tell us, oh sun, which of us is the most beautiful?"

Said the sun:

"I am beautiful, both of you are beautiful, but Rhodia is more beautiful than all three of us. She wears garments like flower-beds, and silver and diamonds, for now she is the daughter of the night fairy!"

Then the sisters provided themselves with an enchanted scarf, that would cause any one about whom it was wound to fall over dead, and with it repaired forthwith to the palace of the night fairy. They found Rhodia alone. She was delighted to see them, kissed them on their eyes, and told them they might have all of her share of the patrimony. They, in return, presented her with the enchanted scarf. When they were gone, she wound it about her neck, and at once fell down dead.

When Nykteris came home, she found Rhodia lying dead on the floor. Loudly bewailing her loss, the night fairy tore her veil all to tatters, so that the stars went fluttering about the room, some of them escaping from the window. Such are the causes of shooting-stars. Finally, Nykteris flung herself on her daughter's body, and kissed her a thousand times. Then she saw the scarf entwined about Rhodia's neck, and at once suspected that it must be enchanted. She unwound it from the child's neck, and directly the spell was broken, Rhodia was roused to life again. Great was the joy of both, and Rhodia had to tell how she came into possession of the scarf. She neither thought nor spoke evil of her sisters, however, and was deeply grieved when Nykteris commanded her never to admit anyone to the palace during her absence, not even the priest.

Again the sisters questioned the sun, and the answer was the same as before. They went once more to the palace of the night fairy, and knocked at the door. But Rhodia was obedient to her adopted mother, and refused to admit them, sad as this made her feel. Her sisters called to her:

"See, we have brought you some delicious sweetmeats. If you will not let us in, lower a cord from the window and draw up this little basket."

Rhodia did so. Now, the sweetmeats, as the reader can readily imagine, were enchanted, and when Rhodia had simply placed one small sugar almond in her mouth she fell down dead.

When Nykteris returned home, she found her child dead on the floor. At once she concluded this to be the work of the wicked sisters; but let her search as she might, she could not this time discover the cause of the enchantment, and Rhoda remained dead.

Nykteris could not bear to bury her child, though, for she thought there might be another who was wiser than she, and who could break the spell. So she had made a casket of purest silver, in which she placed Rhodia, rolled in the softest of black velvet and decked with diamonds, and the casket she bound to the most sagacious and beautiful of horses. Without delay the horse set forth with its precious burden.

Now we leave Nykteris and Rhodia, and seek the presence of the king's son. He was the handsomest of all men. The month of May he bore on his shoulder, all spring-time on his breast. His eyes sparkled like the stars, and his brow was as highly polished as the raven's wing. Moreover, he was so strong, that he could overcome all the dragons in the land, and his father had long since given up the throne to him. Here we have a dragon-slayer like the Northern Sigurd the Volsung, or the German Sigfried, like the Indian Karna, and the Persian Rustem, all to be traced to one origin, all children of the great king—the sun-god.

This king's son of Greece, with whom we now have to deal, was out hunting one day, and saw a horse bearing a silver casket on its back. He had the horse caught, and led with its wonderful burden to the royal palace. When the casket was opened, there was revealed to the prince's charmed sight the fairest woman the world had ever seen, stretched lifeless there before him.

Such ardent love for the dead Rhodia was kindled within the prince that he forgot food, drink and sleep, and remained shut up in his room with the casket. Rhodia underwent no change; she retained her fresh, blooming color, but remained rigid and lifeless. The prince drooped and languished like a withered apple, and he held his head between his hands, as a wilted plum is held by yellow leaves. No one dared venture into his presence, and he went out to no one; he ceased to concern himself about his kingdom, so that thieves and scoundrels gained power there, and no one's life was safe.

This made the heart of the queen, his mother, exceedingly sorrowful, but she sought in vain to discover the cause of his trouble. One day, however, when the prince for once had left his chamber, she made her way into it, and found the dead Rhodia looking so like a living woman lying sleeping in the casket. The queen was at first overwhelmed by the maiden's dazzling loveliness; then she grew very angry to think that this dead beauty had parted her son from all others, and in her wrath she seized Rhodia by the hair of her head, and was about to drag her out of the casket. This violent movement caused the enchanted sugar almond to fall from the mouth of the maiden, who at once awakened from her death sleep.

When the queen saw this she was much alarmed; she burst into tears, fell on fair Rhodia's neck, and vowed that the prince, her son, should have no other bride. At this moment the prince returned, and was beside himself with joy on discovering what had happened during his absence. The wedding took place in seven days, and all the people in the land were invited. It was the greatest wedding that the world has ever known, and the festivities lasted forty days and forty nights.

But the happiness did not last long, for it had been decreed at Rhodia's birth, that soon after her marriage a great misfortune should befall her. When she had been queen for nearly a year, and the tortoises had brought spring to the land, there came a time when the queen was about to give birth to a child. Then the sisters hastened to the palace, and announced themselves as the most skillful nurses in the world, who had come to attend on the young queen. They were admitted, and after they had dismissed all others from the chamber, under the pretext that there might be one there who could cast a spell over the young infant, they ran into their sister's head an enchanted needle. Rhodia was transformed into a tiny bird, and flew away out of the window. One of the sister's then laid herself down in the queen's bed, and took the new-born son on her arm. When the prince came in to see his son and heir, he was horrified at the ugliness of his queen, who had hitherto looked so differently. The supposed wife cried: "Alas! my husband, see how my sufferings have transformed my face!" The deceitful woman had once been beautiful, but it was her wickedness that had rendered her so displeasing to the eye. The prince fled from the room, and from that moment lost all love for his wife.

The prince had a fine garden, in which the dew fell all the year round. There were in this garden many trees, with golden foliage, which had artistically arranged themselves in rows and groups, and in among them grew all the

flowers of the world; the young king had them watered every day by forty gardeners, with sugar-water and nutmeg. Here the young king breakfasted in the morning, entirely alone. One morning a little bird came flying to him, alighted in front of him, and said:

"Tell me, my dear, did the queen, the king, and the little prince sleep well last night?"

"We all three slept well," replied the king.

"Then the queen shall now sleep without awakening, and all the trees and flowers that I gaze upon in my flight shall wither and die," said the bird.

The bird flew about for days and weeks, and wherever it passed along the trees and flowers withered and died, and everything else in its course drooped and languished. The gardeners wanted to kill the bird, but the king would not permit this.

Every day the bird came, and it grew so tame that it ate the crumbs that fell from the king's table, and soon it began to perch on the king's knee. At last the king noticed that a very fine needle was sticking in the bird's head. He carefully drew out the needle, and, behold! his own wife sat, in bodily form, on his knee, fairer and more lovely even than before.

The king had the two sisters seized and condemned to death. But the good Rhodia, amid tears, begged for the life of her sisters. When the king refused to have mercy on the sinners, Rhodia wept still more. Then her adopted mother, Nykteris, came and added her entreaties to Rhodia. The king could hold out no longer. He gave the wicked sisters their choice, either to die, or to remain at court and have their younger sister's happiness constantly before their eyes. With one voice they declared that they would rather die. And they burst with envy.

Here endeth the story.

Stories from the Classics.

THE SEARCH FOR THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

NEXT to the siege of Troy, the voyage of the Argonautæ, as Jason and his band of famous heroes were called, from the name of their vessel, the *Argo*, is the most exciting of the tales of Greek mythology. Many different versions of the story are given by different poets; its date, however, is generally placed between the years 1263 and 1255 B.C.; and it is unquestionably the first naval expedition on record. As not unfrequently happens in Greek legends, the event which was the cause of so many remarkable and valiant deeds, by both gods and men, was a comparatively trifling affair.

Deferring for the present consideration of the inner meaning of a tale which has been called "a perplexing and unprofitable riddle"—which it probably is so far as the obtaining of any real or useful information is concerned—let us glance at the substance of the legend itself.

Athamas, a "tyrant" of Bœotia, had espoused Nephele, the fruit of the marriage consisting of two children, a son and daughter, named respectively Phrixus and Helle. Athamas divorced Nephele and married Ino, who, developing the not unfrequent hatred of a stepmother for the children of her predecessor, determined to cause the death of Nephele's children. To this end she compelled the women of the country to parch the corn which was reserved for seed, of which their husbands were ignorant, and as a result when harvest time came the fields produced no grain. King Athamas sent to the Delphian oracle to find out in what way the coming dearth might be avoided. Ino intercepted the messengers and bribed them to say that the god demanded Phrixus to be sacrificed to Jupiter. Much against his will, Athamas was driven by his people to place his son before the shrine; but Nephele interposed, snatched away both her children, and presented them with a golden-fleeced ram which would carry them in the air over land and water.

Their flight was successful till they came to the arm of the sea now known as the Hellespont, into which Helle fell, which event gave name to that body of water (Helle's sea). Phrixus proceeded till he reached Colchis, where Æetes received him kindly and gave him his daughter Chalciope in marriage. At Colchis he offered his ram as a sacrifice to Jupiter and presented the golden fleece to Æetes, who nailed it on an oak tree in the grove consecrated to Mars.

A few years subsequently Jason demanded of his uncle, Pelias, the crown of Iolcus, in Thessaly. Pelias had been warned by an oracle to beware of his nephew, so, hoping to get rid of him if he set him a sufficiently dangerous task, required of him, as conditional to his receiving the crown, that he should capture and bring to him the fleece of the ram which carried Phrixus. The challenge thus thrown down Jason promptly picked up. He applied to Argus for a ship, and Argus constructed for him a galley of fifty oars, named for himself, the *Argo*. Minerva contributed the beak or prow, made from the speaking oak of Dordona, which had the power of warning by oracles. When all was ready Jason invited the great heroes of the day to share the dangers and rewards of the expedition. In response, fifty sons of gods ranged themselves round the shield of Jason, and under favorable auguries they embarked. The mighty heroes each grasped an oar, and to the accompaniment of Orpheus' lyre their oars kept time.

The progress of the voyage to Colchis was marked by wonderful events and hairbreadth escapes, no two poets describing them in exactly the same way. Arrived at Æa, the capital of Colchis, Jason explained the object of the expedition to Æetes. In return the latter informed him of the conditions which he must fulfill ere the golden fleece could fall into his hands. Jason was to tame two bulls, which had brazen hoofs and belched forth fire from their nostrils; when these had been yoked, he was to plow with their aid a piece of ground and sow it with some serpents' teeth, which Æetes would give him; from the field thus tilled would spring up a crop of armed men, who would be sure to attack him, and whom, of course, Jason must defeat. All this was to be performed in one brief day.

So difficult, even to the sons of the gods, were these conditions, that the Argonautæ would certainly have been annihilated if they had not been re-enforced by a powerful ally. Medea, the daughter of Æetes, fell in love with Jason, and after an interchange of vows of fidelity, she promised to extricate the band of heroes from her father's impossible conditions if Jason would marry her and carry her back with him to Greece; for she was afraid to face her father's anger.

Jason promised, and Medea was true to her word. She gave him an enchanted ointment with which to rub his shield, spear, and body. Its virtue would last an entire day, and was proof equally against fire and sword. She also advised him to fling stones among the crop of armed men, who would each imagine that the other had thrown them, and while they were in this confusion Jason was to fall on and slay them all.

The hero did just as Medea had told him. He tamed the bulls, plowed the land, and dispatched with his sword the armed host it brought forth. But Æetes turned traitor, and refused to deliver the fleece, even meditating the murder of

the Argonautæ and the burning of their ship. But Medea, prepared for her father's treachery, led Jason by night to the golden fleece, casting the serpent into sleep who guarded it, embarked with him in the *Argo*, taking with her her younger brother, Absyrtus, and the ship sailed ere break of day. Æetes, when he discovered how he had been outwitted by his daughter, took ship and pursued the Argonautæ. Medea, perceiving that the pursuers were gaining on them, cut her brother to pieces, and flung his limbs one by one on the surface of the water, and Æetes, pausing to collect the remains of his son, the *Argo* escaped.

The adventures encountered on the return were no less wonderful than those met with on the outward voyage, the Argonautæ being condemned to undergo great perils for their crime in murdering Absyrtus. They finally arrived at Iolcus, after an absence of about four months. On the termination of the voyage, Jason consecrated the *Argo* to Neptune at the isthmus of Corinth ; but the more popular account states that Minerva translated it to the skies and made it a constellation.

Amid a mass of conjecture as to the probable meaning of this wonderful legend (for all of the Greek mythologies, though glossed and ornamented by many succeeding generations of poets so that the original truth intended to be conveyed is lost sight of and buried), the following seems to be the most probable explanation : The mountain streams of Colchis were believed to hold in suspension particles of gold, and that the natives used to collect these by means of a fleece suspended in the streams. It was thought not unlikely that the Argonautæ had been drawn thither by this golden wealth, and that the "golden fleece" was merely a poetical image of the means they had seen used, and perhaps practiced themselves. This interpretation, whatever its probability, is certainly a plausible one.

Another remarkable point is that the date of the narrative takes us back to the day when navigation and maritime exploration was in a stage of infancy among the Greeks ; and yet their very first attempt at discovery by sea is stated to have reached the very extreme limit attained in after ages by other adventurers, who sailed the same seas and obtained a foothold on the coasts which formed their borders. As has been ably said, inasmuch as the expedition was "incomprehensible in its design, astonishing in its execution, connected with no conceivable cause, and with no sensible effect, it closely resembled one of the romantic enterprises celebrated in the poetry of the middle ages, the object of which was imaginary and the direction uncertain."

Gertrude Whedon's Vocation.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

GERTRUDE and Lillian Whedon had received as liberal an education as the majority of girls receive. They had obtained a smattering of Greek, Latin, French, and German. They could play a little dance music, and sing a few ballads acceptably ; they wrote fair hands, and understood the rudiments of arithmetic, and they were accounted clever at crewel work and embroidery. But they had not learned any one thing thoroughly ; and when Mr. Whedon died very suddenly of a heart trouble which no one had ever suspected, and his affairs were found in a very embarrassed condition, the girls could only stare each other in the face, and ask over and over again, "What shall we do?"

They might well ask the question, for, after their father's business matters were in a measure straightened, and all just debts paid, they were told very plainly by Mr. Reed, the lawyer who had assumed the management of everything, that with the exception of their clothes and jewelry they had actually nothing left. And there was their mother, too, a confirmed invalid, to be considered.

They had no relatives in circumstances to aid them, and of course no friends from whom they could ask substantial help. They were thrown entirely on their own resources, and their condition was indeed a deplorable one.

With the exception of Mr. Reed, Mrs. Markham, a distant and much-disliked relative, who seemed to derive considerable satisfaction from the contemplation of their misfortunes, and Mr. Ackers, a gouty old gentleman who lived opposite, and who had often come in to play whist with Mr. Whedon and the girls, no one came to see them at all. They had every opportunity to find out how utterly alone they were, and to become convinced that they had no one to depend upon except themselves.

The creditors gave the widow and daughters a month's lease of the house in which they lived. It was expected that at the expiration of that time they would have decided upon some plan for their future support ; but a week passed and they were no nearer the solution of their difficult problem than at first.

"If I only knew just *one thing* well," said Gertrude, "I should see my way clear. But it is very plain to me that I haven't a vocation for anything. I can't hem a handkerchief neatly ; I'm not competent to teach even a primary class in a school even if I could get the chance, which of course I couldn't. I know actually nothing about the principles of music. It needed only this reverse of fortune to show me how ignorant I am in every way, and what a mistake my whole life has been. If I'd been a boy I'd have passed through college by this time, and been all ready to put my shoulder to the wheel. As it is, I am stranded. And yet poor papa thought I had a liberal education ! Lillian, what *can* we do?"

"That horrid Mrs. Markham suggested that we should stand behind the counter of some fancy store," answered Lillian, with a curl of her pretty upper lip and a toss of her golden head. "To think that she should *dare* insult us so, just because we've lost our money !"

Gertrude was silent a moment, then said bravely :

"I actually *did* apply for work at three fancy stores yesterday, Lillian. But it was of no use. The answer was always about the same : they had more girls already than they really needed, and they never paid inexperienced hands anything. And the experienced ones get only three-and-a-half or four dollars a week. Lillian, think of us all living on such a pitable sum as that ! Oh, dear, if I could only have foreseen all this ten years ago ! What a different girl I would have made of myself !"

"Father expected us to marry, of course," said Lillian. "He never imagined that the day would come when one of his daughters would apply for work at a fancy store."

"Of course not ; but all the same, shouldn't we have had some preparation for possi——," began Gertrude, when she was interrupted by the opening of the door, and the entrance of the only servant left to them out of the five they had considered necessary only a few weeks previous.

"Mr. Ackers, to see Miss Lillian," she said.

"I wonder why he wants to see me," said Lillian, as the girl withdrew. "He was here only last night, and bored me nearly to death with his prosy compliments and stilled condolences."

"Send him word that you can't see him," suggested Gertrude.

"No ; he is too rich for us to run any risk of offending him. I'll go down. I think I can endure him for ten or fifteen minutes."

But it was fully half an hour before Lillian returned, and then an unusual flush was on her cheeks, a strange brightness in her violet eyes. Gertrude thought she had never seen her sister look so lovely.

"Mr. Ackers must have become very interesting all at once," she said. "What did he want?"

"He wanted me to marry him,' answered Lillian coolly, and she walked over to the window and pressed her hot cheeks against the frosty pane.

"Insulting!" cried Gertrude. "I hope you let him know that you were not for sale. I suppose he thought he had enough money to buy even you. The very idea! He, with his wig, false teeth, padded shoulders, grey-bearded, and gout to even think ——"

"Stop! stop!" cried Lillian. "You must not say anything more about him, for—for—" hesitating, and suddenly falling on her knees before her sister and hiding her face in her lap, "I said—I said—*yes*—Gertrude."

For a moment Gertrude did not speak. She sat staring at Lillian with eyes in which amazement and disgust could have been plainly read had Lillian ventured to look up.

"You consented to marry him, Lillian; to sell yourself to that old man for his money," she said at last, very slowly and in a voice that trembled perceptibly. "It can't be possible."

"What else could I do?" asked Lillian, raising her head suddenly and speaking in a hard, tense voice. "Like you, I have no vocation. I can't support myself. I need a home, and this is the only chance I have to get one. I ought to be very thankful, I suppose, that this way out of the labyrinth of our difficulties is open to me—to us all, for you and mother will live with me, of course—I stipulated for that."

"I! never!" exclaimed Gertrude. "Don't make such a horrible sacrifice thinking I will ever take advantage of it, Lillian. Mother may live with you if she will, but I would rather *beg* my bread than accept it from your husband if that husband is to be old Mr. Ackers. O, sister, give it up. Don't sell yourself for the sake of ease and comfort."

"It's Mr. Ackers or the poor-house, as far as I can see," said Lillian, with a bitter little laugh. "I've not much of a choice, Gerty. And my mind is made up. Nothing you can say will change it. I shall swallow the pill no matter how bitter the taste, because I need the medicine."

She meant what she said. No arguments or persuasions Gertrude could bring to bear produced any effect, and at the expiration of two weeks the marriage took place. Grey December led blooming May to the altar one cold morning in February, and in the presence of half a dozen witnesses the sacrifice was completed.

There were many blind enough to look upon it as a piece of great good fortune that Lillian had secured such a rich husband just as she had lost wealth and position through the death of her father, and some actually envied her her position as Mr. Ackers' wife, considering his age and infirmities no drawback when his immense wealth was remembered.

Lillian's first act was to install her mother in one of the most comfortable rooms in her new home; but she could not persuade Gertrude to accept her hospitality even for a day.

"Very sensible girl," said Mr. Ackers. "She evidently appreciates the fact that no man wants a horde of his wife's relations eating him out of house and home."

Gertrude, after disposing of such of her personal effects as were salable, went to a second-class boarding-house a long way from her sister's elegant home, and secured a small hall room up four flights of stairs. Then began the weary hunt for work, the coming home tired and heart-sick, the rebellion of her fastidious appetite at the coarse fare spread before her daily. Yet she never envied her sister. She never wished herself in Lillian's place. She tried to keep up her courage by thinking that the longest lane always has a turning, and that bright days might dawn when this storm of sorrow and adversity had passed.

"There are too many women," she said to her mother when she called at Lillian's on her way home one day. "Too many without vocations, I mean. The proprietor of nearly every store where I have applied has told me that he receives on an average a dozen applications a day for employment, and nearly all from women who have seen better days."

"I trust you may find something before your money gives out," said Mrs. Whedon, sadly, "for I know you would never be happy here, dependent upon Mr. Ackers' bounty. He isn't a generous man, Gerty, and if *I* find dependence upon him so galling, what would it be for *you*."

"Terrible! I could not endure it an hour, mother," said Gertrude;" and he shan't have you on his hands forever. I mean to *make* the day come when I can take you away from here and support you myself."

But the days went by without bringing her the work she craved, and her money was melting away like snow before the sun.

But a very trifling incident often opens the way to happiness and fortune. So it was with Gertrude. She did not imagine one wet, disagreeable morning in April when she stood putting on her rubbers in the hall preparatory to going out, and heard her landlady asking the cook to go after a loaf of bread, that she was about to take the first steps toward that home for her mother for which both so longed. But so it was.

"You should have made more biscuits, Sarah. Not one left, and young Ingleberry and Mrs. Smothers still to come down. You'll have to put on your cloak and run around to the baker's after a loaf, that's all."

"And indeed I can't thin, ma'am," replied the cook. "My foot's that bad with the chillblains that I can't jest hobble, let alone run three squares."

Gertrude, ever ready to oblige, stepped to the open kitchen door.

"I am just going out, Mrs. Allen," she said, "and can get you the bread as well as not."

"You're a jewel," said the hearty landlady, and with a smile of relief she produced a five-cent piece from her capacious pocket and gave it to Gertrude. "I'd go myself, but I'm needed in the dining-room every minute," she added.

As Gertrude entered the bakery, the baker's wife came forward to wait upon her.

"This bread's just out of the oven," she said, as she rolled up a golden-brown loaf in a piece of paper.

"Do you bake it yourself?" asked Gertrude, more from politeness than from any curiosity upon the subject.

"Yes," answered the woman; "I've done about all the baking for our shop for these fifteen years. My husband does the kneading and waits on the customers. And just now I've got the cake on my hands, too, for Catherine, my cake-maker, has gone to Germany to see her folks."

"Don't you want help?" asked Gertrude, seizing eagerly at this loophole for employment. "I want work very much, and I'd do just as you told me in everything."

Astonishment and incredulity were plainly visible on the good woman's face, and she surveyed Gertrude with considerable curiosity.

"I mean it," said Gertrude. "I need the work—any work."

"Wait a minute until I speak to my husband," said the woman, and she stepped into a room in the rear of the store.

Gertrude anxiously awaited her return, trembling for fear the decision would not be favorable. She had looked for

work so long, that she was ready to accept almost anything, and looked upon the chance of becoming a baker's assistant as one worth seizing.

The woman came back to say that her husband had said that she might do as she chose, and to ask if the young lady could come at once on a week's trial.

"I will be back in ten minutes," said Gertrude, and she was off with all speed, returning in the time stated with a short, plain dress and a big apron to replace her mourning dress, which she took off as entirely too fine for a working woman.

She found out very soon that she had undertaken no light work. She was expected to stone raisins, chop citron, wash currants, measure flour, stir cake, and make custards and creams from seven o'clock in the morning until six at night, with no period of rest except at noon, when she sat down to a hasty lunch which she was generally too tired to enjoy. And of course she was very awkward at first. Never having done anything before in the way of cooking she was amazed at her own ignorance, and at the ridiculous mistakes she made in the preparation of the simplest dishes. But in the course of a few days, as she learned her duties and acquired some knowledge of the composition of pies, cake, and puff paste, she became interested, and grew at last to like her work. There was given her the chance she had so craved, to learn one thing *well*, and she determined to master the bakery business if she never learned anything else. And then, she was paid five dollars a week for her services, a sum that formerly she had thought nothing of spending upon a tie or a fan, but which now seemed ample for all the absolute necessities of seven days.

She laughingly refused to answer any questions her mother and Lillian put to her regarding her situation, but always spoke of herself as singularly fortunate in obtaining it; and they, seeing how happy she appeared, were content to remain in ignorance as to the source from which she gained her livelihood.

Poor Lillian was very far from being happy. She was well clothed, housed, and fed; but she never had a dollar she could call her own, never a penny to give to a beggar. Her husband kept a close hand on his purse strings, and she was far too proud a woman to resort to any false arts, to simulate any feeling, by which she could win his money from him. And, after the novelty of having won a young and lovely wife had worn away, Mr. Ackers did not scruple to taunt her with the bargain she had made, or to regret openly that he had saddled himself with the support of her invalid mother. Poor Lillian had ample cause to regret the hasty step she had taken; and to wish herself free again. She often likened herself mentally to a bird beating its frail wings against the bars of a gilded cage; and only her pillow knew of the bitter tears she shed over the slavery into which she had sold herself.

Mrs. Evans, the baker's wife, was very much pleased with Gertrude, and found her of more value with every day that passed. And when, at the expiration of two months, Catherine returned, it was decided that Gertrude should remain also, though of course at smaller wages.

Catherine was a strong, honest, warm-hearted German girl, and she and Gertrude soon became fast friends, and Gertrude found it a great relief to have some one to whom she could speak freely of her troubles, and from whom she was always sure of a ready and earnest sympathy.

"Why not you and me go into business together?" asked Catherine one day, as Gertrude was sighing over the remoteness of the possibility that she would ever be able to support her mother. "Why not make the money for ourselves? We two know how it is to be done. Let us rent a shop, and sell the bread and cake. The 'Angel's Food' alone would give us a business. None can make it so fair as me."

Gertrude laughed at the idea at first; but thought of it nevertheless, and the more she thought of it the more feasible it appeared. There was, she reasoned, always a risk of one kind or another to run, and it must be taken sooner or later. And oh, what joy if she could but see the beginning of the way to remove her dear mother from the home where she was so unhappy, to one where they could live in love and peace together.

So, a day or two later, when Catherine again broached the subject of the shop, she did not laugh, but asked very soberly where the necessary capital for beginning business was to come from.

"Ah, I have not toiled seven years in this bakery for naught," said the German girl. "I haf nine hundred dollars in bank, and I would put it in your hands safely."

"I will think over the matter," said Gertrude. And the thinking resulted in her going to Mr. Reed and asking him for the loan of two hundred dollars, which he, after hearing of her plan of going into business, very willingly handed over to her.

Four hundred dollars was the capital on which they started, and they found it ample. They opened a bakery in a large town some distance from the city, noted for its gaiety and the hospitality of its citizens, and with hopeful hearts hung out their sign.

They slept in one of the three small rooms over the store, and rented the other two to two girls who worked in a printing office.

Business came in slowly at first, and sometimes they were a little discouraged when they had a good deal of stale cake and bread left over, and they realized how fast their little capital was melting away. But one happy day one of the grandees of the town ordered cake and biscuit for a party, and Catherine and Gertrude exerted themselves to such a degree that they woke the morning after the party to find themselves famous. The excellence of their cake, particularly the beauty and delicacy of their "Angels' Food," the composition of which was a mystery to most people, had been tested, and now orders flowed in upon them almost faster than they could fill them. The people of the town were quite willing to patronize home industry when it was proved so good.

A young girl was hired to wait in the shop, and Gertrude and Catherine spent all their time in the bakery, often working until late at night. They made it a rule to send out no cake or bread that was not perfectly fresh and light, no matter what loss they sustained by having stale things left on their hands, and in the long run this practice paid; for their bakery got a name which sent fresh customers to it every day.

And one day, oh, what a happy day it was! when Gertrude felt sure that there was no longer any doubt of the success of her venture, she brought her mother out on the flimsy pretext of exercise, to the town in which she had gained her independence, and there introduced her into as snug and cheerful a little home as any one ever had. It was small, and very plainly furnished, it is true, but it was to be theirs together, and that made it lovely in the sight of both.

Of course Catherine was made one of the happy family, and given cause to feel how dear she was to both mother and daughter. And the bakery business continued to flourish, *is* flourishing in fact, for all this happened only three years ago; and though Gertrude never took again her former place in society, she is far happier than when she was smiled upon and sought for the sake of her supposed fortune; for, as she says, laughingly, no one knows how sweet life can be until they have found their vocation.

A True Story of a Bee and a Bride.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above.

IT was a gem of a garden—the little music park and parterre—full of natural beauty, arranged and embellished by art, and open two nights a week, during the summer, to the public for promenade concerts, and this was one of the most glorious evenings of the season; the air was soft and soothing as the zephyrs of Araby the Blest; a thousand flashing jets of gas set up a vain rivalry to the cloudless moon; the assembly was large and gay and animated, and every instrument of the monster orchestra was present and in tune.

Tired of the busy scene about the music-stand, surfeited with a concord of sweet sounds, a pensive painter strolled around the miniature lake, along the winding walks, until he found a vacant seat beside the reëntering angle of the flowering hedge. Here he sat, communing with his own thoughts, not heeding the gentle whispering carried on the while on the other side of the projecting hedge. Presently a merry laugh, that had escaped the guard of the whisperer, brought him suddenly to his feet with the mental ejaculation, "*My daughter!*"

Two hours later he saw the lovers, from the sheltered window of his atelier, slowly approach the entrance door. The moon revealed the lovers' parting, and by the same illumination the father measured the manly form of the youth, as he moved off gaily from the domicile.

As father and daughter sat together at coffee, next morning, the former said:

"My daughter, last evening at nine o'clock I sat on the upper side of the angle of the flowering hedge, beyond the lakelet in the music park, and was aroused from a deep reverie by your laugh, which you were cautioned to restrain, by a masculine voice; and later I saw you permit a fine-looking youth to take a lover's *au revoir* at my door. What is the young man's profession?"

Blushes mantled the fair face of the daughter as, with downcast eyes, she answered:

"A blacksmith, father."

Silence for some minutes ensued, during which the roses of the young girl's cheeks were supplanted by lilies.

The pause in the colloquy was broken by the father saying, in measured tones, and with firm but affectionate emphasis:

"My daughter can never marry other than an artist." And rising, he walked slowly from the room, without observing his child's deathly pallor and gasping for breath.

Two years had elapsed. On a beautiful autumnal afternoon the maiden appeared at the door of the atelier and said:

"Father, you have wrought long and arduously at your easel; let us walk for relaxation and amusement."

Along the street they sauntered, until turning into the welcome shade of the "Green Square," they soon stood in the open space before the Cathedral, in the presence of the Iron Canopy of wondrous conformation. It was constructed of pounded iron. Some genius with his hammer had wrought out in most patient manner, perfect marvels of angels and humans, of flowers, fruits, and leaves, of animals, and of many real and mythical existences, and the whole was arranged and consorted with such artistic taste and skill that the painter stood wrapped in admiration. At length he inquired:

"Whose work is this, my daughter?"

The flush again surmounted her face as she answered, in subdued exultation:

"The young blacksmith, father; is he not an artist?"

They walked home in silence, and having entered, the painter kissed his daughter and said, tenderly:

'Yes, he is an artist, surely; but I meant my child should marry only a painter."

Another interval of two years has flown.

The painter has, for months, confined himself in concentrated thought and labor on his great picture of the "Fallen Angels," and at last it is finished.

Having taken his matutinal coffee, he leads his daughter to the atelier and, pointing to the painting, says:

"Behold my masterpiece."

The daughter responded enthusiastically:

"It is beautiful! sublime! But, father, you have wrought too intensely; you confine yourself too closely; you must take a little rest and recreation; it is yet early in the day, you shall take a carriage and drive through the luxuriant fields to the cottage of Mr. Moyeaux, and loiter the long summer day in the cool shade of his maple grove, and at six o'clock you shall return to a dinner worthy of the artist who could conceive and execute the 'Fallen Angels.'"

As the sun was verging toward the horizon the father returned, refreshed and strengthened by rest and the invigorating air at the rural retreat of his congenial friend, Mr. Moyeaux.

At the threshold his daughter received him and escorted him straightway whither she knew his heart was yearning to go, into the presence of his freshly finished and his greatest work.

Gazing in mute admiration, he drew forth his handkerchief and stepped to the picture to drive away a bee that had alighted on one of the figures. The bee would not be frightened, and he sought to brush it from the canvas, and then only realized that it was a painted bee, executed in his absence.

Turning to his daughter, who stood pallid and motionless by a curtained alcove, he asked:

"My daughter, who did this?"

"My blacksmith, father," she answered, trembling with emotion.

Turning again to the glowing canvas, the father said:

"The man who painted that bee can marry my child, if she wills it."

The blood rushed in torrents to the girl's face, the curtains of the alcove parted and the noble form of the artist, painter, blacksmith, stepped to the side of the blushing maiden, and knelt with her before the father, who laid a hand on each head in tender blessing.

It was late that evening when the happy trio arose from the dinner that had been a feast fit for artists, painters, and lovers.

To-day every visitor to Antwerp finds the garden of music, that nestles under the frowning battlements that protect the city, of frequent summer evenings, a fairy scene of natural beauty, heightened by art, populous with the best and brightest of society, while the ambient air floats saturated with music's most perfect and inspiring harmony. And every tourist passes through the "Place Verte," and in the open space before the great Cathedral he arrests his steps and stills his voice in admiration, as he contemplates the iron canopy, and feels it a marvel of artistic beauty, wrought by some cunning hand under the one only inspiration that could make its achievement possible.

And lastly every lover of art will find in the magnificent picture gallery the great painting of the Fallen Angels, the masterpiece of Fran Floris, and on it the bee painted by Quentin Matsys; and he will see other noted pictures by both artists in the same collection, but the sentimental visitor will linger in the presence of the bee that was painted in love, and won a painter's daughter for an artist's bride.

FAITH WYNNE.

Sea-Foam.

FERNANDINA by the sea. A pretty, quaint old spot where the sun shines and the birds sing all the day. It has no winter, but it has a history—a history which we must leave to æsthets. It is a fair picture that our eyes rest upon. Over there twice twelve tall masts tand outlined against the sky; red and blue and orange, slashed with rims and rings and jets of brightest gold, the live oak's somber green crops up and hides the anchored vessels from sight; but a graceful and picturesque little park, outspread at the feet of the trees, fills in the scene, with a peep of the water at our right, the Convent, the Roman Church, the Priests' home, and a ravishing little Swiss cottage bowered with roses, on our left.

God's creation is all perfect to-day—all except his own erring, jarring creatures. Yet the little golden-crested birdling, feasting his senses upon the orange blossom, what ails him? Is his heart sore? Was he ignored when notes of invitation were issued to the jubilee concert in the fragrant plum tree there? Is he sick of the scent of the plum? Not he! He is wise. He is biding his time, clever fellow that he is, and will enter later, after all the great company of birds have assembled. Birds in low neck and birds in swallow tail; birds of high and birds of low note, all congregated at the Bird-Patti-Concert. Is it the "Last Rose of Summer," or the echoes of "Home, Sweet Home," that thrill him at the last and send him flying thither, to express in operatic song his interest and enthusiasm along with the rest?

It is a very happy and jubilant little company that we look upon and listen to, at any rate, this fair spring afternoon, my friend, by and by; and you and I accept it, along with many other things we wot of, and hang it in our hearts for future reference. Along with the wretched rainy day when you first came to share my tenderness—along with that snowy, snowy day in the North, when you first looked down upon a woman's hopeless pain with sweet, reproachful eyes—along with the day at Dungeness, the evening of awakening from slumber.

When you first came to me, you could not dream what my trouble was. But you know now that I had come to love the man with great, splendid dark eyes that sent you to me; one little, graceful act of his life to compensate for so much of mine. I loved him very deeply, this splendid Trafford; there was no doubt of it. It was not the first time, but it was the second time in my life that I had ever cared for anything that lived like that.

The first had been years ago; and it was a dream sweet and tranquil, and true to the end. He had loved me, and had made me believe that I was stronger and nobler in every way than I really was, whilst he lived, and he had loved me until he died, and the daisies grew above him. Looking toward that past even now, his head seems to me like your head, with a halo all around it, and a clear, sweet, steadfast expression in the eyes, which means faith to the last. That was the first love—a memory now. The next was bitter-sweet.

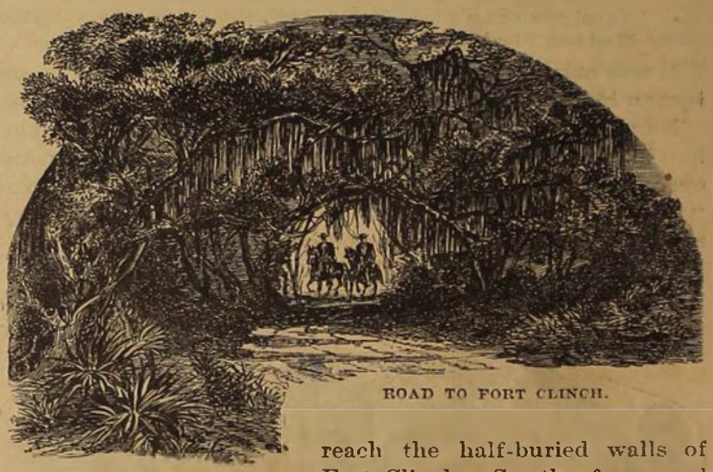
Is there such a thing, I wonder, as joining one's heart to some one unseen? I do not know. It seems unlikely. And yet is it stranger on the face than many another intricacy of Fate? I only know, that long before mine eyes had ever dwelt on Trafford's face I knew how it must be with him and me should we ever meet. And,

> "One summer Sabbath day, I strolled among
> The yellow mounds of a village burial-place,
> Where, pondering how all human love and hate
> Find one sad level,"

we met. For the first time, not the last. Fate does not ply at our heels for naught. Fate has some grudge against us, and is so unrelenting he will pierce us to the soul if we give way to him. So Trafford sought me out. I was wax in his slim white hands. Every word that he uttered, this dark-eyed genius, sank deep into a foolish heart, and disturbed its peace. Unlike the pebble thrown by a careless hand into the sea, which may ruffle the surface, but leave its great heart untouched, every word that dropped in amusement from him fell in solemnity itself to me. Think you I did not struggle when I found that I was drowning? I had known the humiliation of bitter human woe, and I knew that I was forging a chain for my own soul. Yet I loved him; admired, adored his genius. Warmly, wildly, day by day, I lost all thought save of him. I could see his eyes—dark, splendid—beaming everywhere; hear his deep, tuneful voice; feel the magnetic clasp of his hand on mine. For Trafford was kind as he was clever, handsome as he was cold.

Yet let us turn the page. The concert in the trees is ended. Golden Crest has been the distinguished guest, we see. His hopes have been realized.

The sun will soon be sinking; we will mount the waiting steed and away, down the shell road, two miles across the Island in the balmy sea air, till the roar of the surf breaks upon our ear: then lazily course along the narrow, shady, winding bridle path, beneath the twisted oak limbs, the drooping palmettoes, the swaying Spanish moss, until we



ROAD TO FORT CLINCH.

reach the half-buried walls of Fort Clinch. See the ferns, and the lichens, and the mosses by the way; the intervals of green; the great blocks of white granite, ordered during the war, and abandoned. See the guns frowning from the fort parapet. Let the Atlantic thunder in our ears, and the strong salt breezes fan one into forgetfulness of Time.

Trafford did tell me that he loved me. He told me, with something like lamentation in his tone, that I had stolen into his heart in spite of all; from the day we met in that old churchyard, my face like a star had shone on him. Had he seen such stars as we see here in the glorious heavens, perhaps he would never so have likened my poor face. It did not make me quite happy, even when he repeated it, for I felt that it was not entirely true. When he said that urgent matters called him off, and that he must leave me, I would not let him go until he assured me over and over that some time he would convince me that it had not been all a farce from the beginning.

I was mad, I think, to seek to chain the elegant Trafford by a vow. One dreary, dismal day, when hope was gone, he came back to me. Again he vowed he loved me truly, and with some fervor in his eyes. I was a child, while his voice moved me. I believed him. I could not be other than I was. I believed him and I kissed him, and then I sent him away. All through that dreary evening I sat and listened for his promised footstep, but it sounded not for me.

The next day you came, and on the card was simply written, "By and by." Was it that your angel face might guide me? Your pictured face has been a faithful friend to me, such as his has never been. I had walked upon quicksand from the time I had first dreamed of his dark, fateful face.

I saw Trafford once again; once only. He was cynical and cold, and he froze me. Then I knew that I would be glad to fly from his haunting presence—put mile upon mile between us. Did he send me the pictures I had asked for as earnestly as ever I did anything in life? Had he ever kept a promise to me? Ten times, no! So I came away, far away by the sea. I was grieved and wounded sorely. In time I did not grieve, but I had not forgotten.

One lovely day I sat here by the sea; how solemn the lovely angered waters were; just there the *City of Austin* had gone to wreck and lay outstretched upon the beach; the sea-gulls flapped their silvery wings in ecstasy, the heron and the water-duck joyfully rode the waves, the sea-foam came went, all flecked like lace or moire-antique upon the shore; merry parties of pleasure seekers were driving ten and fifteen miles upon the smooth hard beach, and reveling in the ever varying panorama of the ocean.

My heart was full of the sea and of Trafford. I remembered him and I sent to him my little plaint. It asked nothing in return; it only eased my soul to tell its mournful story. These were the idle words:—

"O, tiny laughing ripples, dancing on the shore,
O, mighty ocean waves, thundering your ceaseless roar,
Tell him I love him so well, I could not love him more."

It was only a silly little funeral requiem that my heart sent to his. It deserved a gentler fate.

No word ever came to me. I donned that armor of pride, best adopted long ago. Only if we, Trafford and I, should ever meet again in life, you had pledged to stand by me "by and by," as you had so often done and help me bury my dead. I should be calm and cold—nothing more.

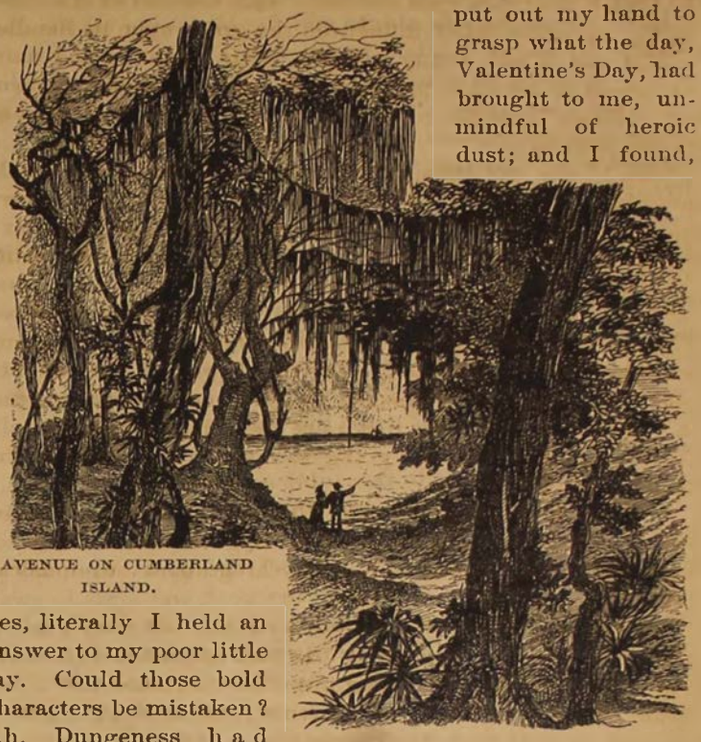
But the dead were not to be thus buried. Valentine's Day we were off for an eight mile sail to Cumberland Island and Dungeness. We strolled beneath the queer, crazy mystery

RUINS OF THE MANOR HOUSE, DUNGENESS.

of the Island's avenue; had a glimpse of the jetties, and then lingered about the grand old ruin Dungeness, once an earthly paradise. The ruin of the Manor House stands upon the south point of Cumberland Island. Here for years was the home of the family and descendants of a revolutionary hero, Gen. Nathaniel Greene, the friend and favorite of Washington. In the early spring the delicious odors of its orange groves are wafted by winds miles upon the open sea. The romantic ruin, with long avenues of olive, almond, and orange still green tell with mute eloquence a story of baronial splendor in the olden time.

Down beside a still bayou reached by the loneliest path, is the old burial ground. The remains of a noble soldier of the Revolution rest here in silence unbroken; General Henry Lee, known as "Light Horse Harry," the father of a peerless man, Robert E. Lee.

It was in the dear old garden, beneath a giant oak, that I put out my hand to grasp what the day, Valentine's Day, had brought to me, unmindful of heroic dust; and I found,



AVENUE ON CUMBERLAND ISLAND.

yes, literally I held an answer to my poor little lay. Could those bold characters be mistaken? Ah, Dungeness had made a red letter day for me! Trafford's own lordly pen! Eagerly I mastered the contents:

"To my dear lady beautiful,
I send a Valentine and kiss;
The Valentine because she has,
The loveliest hair and gentlest eyes;
The kiss because I love her more
Than any one beneath the skies.
Because she is the kindest, best,
The sweetest lady ever known,
And every year I'll say the same,
The very same to her alone."

How beautiful! echoed my beating heart.

"There, now it's finished. Who will do?
I've thought of one and then another.
Who is there like it? Why of course
I'll send it right away—to mother!"

I forgot Dungeness, the kind captain of the tug, who brought my letters down; now sheltered by a huge cactus plant, I rubbed my eyes this way and that; happily no tears came. I waited, and read again:

"I'll send it right away to mother."

Something had stung me? No. I had been laughed at whilst I slept. Everything came back to me clear as I saw it first when I knew that I was drowning. Dungeness—my friends wandering to and fro were new to me, for I was new to myself. The whole fabric which I had taken such pains to weave for myself from false, morbid hopes, shivered before me, like the *City of Austin* beaten by the waves until it went to pieces.

I was free, glad, happy, there in the old garden at Dungeness. I could see. I had been blind for many a long day. I had pined for what was not. Trafford had never cared two straws for me!

He had been quite too kind to me in his own way at the last. I flew from the neglected garden with its botanical remnants, down, down by the open sea and knelt upon the sand and thanked him, Trafford, my last love. I was unboundedly grateful to him for his Valentine. I thank him now by and by. Here upon the beach we made this compact, you and I are sweet, congenial friends enough to go this life together. "Now it's finished." B. P. L.

A Game of Cross Purposes.

THE door flies open suddenly with a sound as if a most energetic mind influenced the grasp upon its handle, and a tall young goddess, with bright ruffled hair, comes—or to use an expression authorized by Robert Browning, "flings" into the room, and pauses suddenly at sight of its two occupants.

"Oh!" she exclaims, with a petulant little gesture, half laughing, half vexed; "what mischievous wind has blown you here, Magpie? Did your prophetic soul tell you that I was rushing to Florence to unburden my mind of something 'new and strange?'"

"Well no," demurely responds Maggie Pine (dubbed "Magpie" by the school-girls, *apropos* of her gossiping propensities). "I am ashamed to say that it played me a shabby trick this time, and neglected to give me any information on the subject. It was just pure luck that brought me. I hope it's a *secret* you are going to reveal; I am famous for keeping secrets!"

"We all know that," laughs Florence Delevan, mischievously. "But I feel sure you will be good this time, if Joy lets you hear her news. Is it anything about our musical, Joy!"

"No. It is not news of any description, but simply a very provoking little incident that has just happened to me, and a new proof of the astounding impudence of mankind! I had meant to tell no one but you, Florence; still as Maggie is here, she may as well share the revelation, as it may be a warning of what every girl in school has got to expect presently. Please say nothing of it, however, as I have no desire to become a laughing-stock for the whole house."

"There is no danger of your ever being that, dear," protests Florence, looking with admiring affection at the proud, beautiful face of her friend, who stands in indignant school-girl majesty just before her. "You really look quite ferocious."

"I think that I have reason to be so. It is too bad that this should have happened to *me*, almost the only girl in school who has set her face against flirting with the college students. I quite feel as if it were an intentional insult."

"You have not told us what it is yet. Come! our feelings are sufficiently harrowed up to begin with!" Maggie cries, patting her little plump hands together impatiently.

"Read that, Florence," commands the girl they have addressed as "Joy," drawing a crumpled letter from her pocket, and holding it towards her room-mate, with rather a tragical air. "It is almost too ridiculous to be angry at!"

Maggie lays a dimpled chin comfortably on Miss Delevan's shoulder, and scans the paper (which is scrawled over with a "spread-eagle" masculine writing) although Florence is beginning to read aloud.

"MY DEAR MISS MONTJOIE:—

"We students can find no greater refreshment after our wearisome mental toils, than in poring over the catalogue of Madame De Pew's most select and elegant seminary (or 'feminary,' as a certain wag among our number sportively terms it) and in calling up before our minds' eyes as we read, the charming girlish forms to whom appertain the charming names which cause our 'hearts'' commotion. I confess myself an ardent lover of oddities (provided they be pretty ones) and therefore you cannot be surprised when I tell you that your strangely beautiful name appealed directly to my heart; and on observing it for the first time in the catalogue, I instantly registered a resolve to make myself acquainted with its proprietor, could she be brought to consent. 'As you are *fair*, be merciful' (I don't quite know if that quotation be correct, but at any rate it expresses my meaning well) and answer this my petition. Why should we not begin a correspondence, which may in future be the one ray of brightness to gild our dark and studious paths?

"Yours till the end (of the term),

"HUGH AVERILL LENOX."

Joyce Montjoie's indignant "what do you think of that precious distillation of nonsense!" is drowned in Maggie Pine's laughter. "What a particularly nice fellow Hugh Lenox must be— and what a grand name he rejoices in! I wish I were in your place, Joy. Nobody would ever call Maggie Pine's a 'strangely beautiful' name, and be moved in spirit to write to the owner—more's the pity!"

Instead of smiling at the girl's nonsense, Joy seems almost angry. "You are very silly to speak so," she says. "A *nice fellow*, indeed! I can fancy him;—a little mincing creature, with sleek hair parted in the middle, and one of those insufferable mustaches that curl up in a perpetual smile. His name is exactly like himself, too! Now, since his letter has contaminated the atmosphere long enough, I shall proceed to purify it by cremation!" and taking the paper from Florence's passive hand, she bears it in the tips of her fingers toward the stove.

"Oh no, no!" Maggie protests, eagerly springing forward, to make of herself a plump barrier in Joy's way. "If you don't want it, give it to me. I—I would like to keep it, just for fun!"

"What do you want to do with it, Magpie?" Joy asked, suspiciously, loth to resign her fiery vengeance.

"Oh, nothing. I would like to preserve it to show to my grand-children, who are sure to be naughty—when I wish to impress upon them the heinousness of the sins men are capable of against poor unprotected damsels!"

Joy laughs, and gives up the letter.

CHAPTER II.

A STRONG hand is laid upon Dean Swift's shoulder, from behind, as he stands before the mantelpiece, contemplating with silent satisfaction a pretty girl's photograph that is displayed there. He wheels about hastily (for Dean is rather nervous), and raises his oddly twinkling eyes to the face of the intruder. It is a notable fact that Mr. Swift's eyes twinkle on every occasion, and would do so, in all probability, in the face of a man about to dispatch him in cold blood.

"You, Lenox? What do you mean by thus ruthlessly disturbing me in the contemplation of my patron saint, I want to know?"

"Didn't suppose you had one. But joking aside—if I am not out of my reckoning, I've a bone to pick with you, my boy!"

"I hope it's a wishbone, then, with plenty of meat on it!" grins Mr. Swift, bestowing his elbow upon the mantel-piece, much to the disturbance of simply masculine nick nax."

"See here—I have got a letter from a girl at the seminary yonder, purporting to be an answer to one from me. Of course I never wrote such a thing—I believe nobody knows that better than you; and if it is not all a fabrication on the part of this silly school-girl, somebody must have been taking a liberty with my name. I ask you, Swift—had you any hand in the matter?"

Lenox stands facing the other, with his hands thrust into the depths of his pockets, his feet rather apart, and an ominous light in his gray eyes.

"Well, I had not exactly my whole hand in the thing, Lenox; nothing more than a thumb and forefinger, I do assure you—enough to hold a pen. It was never intended for anything but the merest joke, of course, though I had the whim to use your name as being one more likely to strike the paltry female imagination than my own. I give you my word, I hardly expected an answer to the trash I sent."

"That is rather a poor way of getting out of it—that last. She has sent an answer, which is certainly as poor trash as yours could have been. A bold girl! and I don't like it, I can tell you, Swift, to have my name mixed up in the matter!"

"Oh well, it ends here, of course; and since you take it so, I'm sorry I did the thing. I ask your pardon, old boy!"

"You have it, heartily. But I hope this will teach you to play off no more of your practical jokes—on me, at any rate." And Hugh Averill Lenox releases his hands from their temporary confinement, allowing a more genial expression to dawn in his eyes.

"You haven't got this girl's letter anywhere about you, have you? I should like to see it—and, after all, it is more mine than yours," Swift says, laughing, and twinkling more than ever.

"I grant you that. And as the girl can have little delicacy of feeling, I suppose I need not hesitate on her account to let you see her pretty production. Here it is, I believe." And after searching for a moment among various documents unearthed from divers pockets, he brings to light a small, pink-tinted envelope, and hands it over to his companion. "I can't stay to hear you laugh at it; I've got my Greek to wrestle with," he says.

Not till Dean Swift is alone, does he open the pink, patchouli-scented thing, and attempt to make himself master of its contents. And then, as he reads, his whole form shakes with silent merriment, and his eyes twinkle in a way astonishing to behold.

"DEAR MR. HUGH AVERILL LENOX" (runs the note):—

"I address you by your whole name, because it is too pretty to have a syllable omitted. I am sure you know that yourself, or you would not have signed it across an entire line of the page, with so many loving flourishes. I am glad to learn that you young gentlemen make a study of our catalogue, as I am sure nothing could be more improving, or afford better drill for your minds—and am equally certain that the fact must be to your sage professors a deep source of satisfaction. We have not such privileges, alas; but, though we may not look upon your catalogue, we bear you in our minds, and our vivid imaginations enable us to coin names for our favorites among you. I feel sure that my prophetic soul has pointed you out to me already, and that I know you by sight. I am glad you think my name pretty—and I hope I may often see it in your handwriting, appearing from the capacious mouth of our mail-bag; for, as you justly remark, our correspondence may indeed serve to brighten our dull pathways, and I already descry its light—far more radiant than the kerosene lamp by which I am writing.

"Yours (in the catalogue),

"JOYCE MONTJOIE."

"This is too rich! It won't pay to give it up! I'll write and tell her the name was borrowed for the occasion, but that I would like to keep up the correspondence all the same. That will make it right with Lenox—though I shall say nothing more to him about the affair," reflects Mr. Swift, as he carefully puts the letter away in a cigar case.

And so it came to pass that another letter finds its way into the school mail-bag, directed in a bold and manly scrawl to "Miss Joyce Montjoie," but, luckily or unluckily, Joy is not present at the distribution of letters (as indeed she seldom is), and Maggie Pine, coming forward, quite timidly asks permission to carry Joy's letters upstairs to her.

Somehow, that particular letter does not find its way to Joy's hands with its fellows, but is presently laughed over, blushed over, and pouted over, in the privacy of Miss Maggie Pine's room. She hardly knows whether to be angry or pleased; but finally decides to be the latter, and to confess to her new correspondent that she also has been sailing under borrowed colors. Joy, however, must *never* be told, as she doubtless would be transported with anger; and after all, this is no sin against her, as it now stands!

CHAPTER III.

MAGGIE PINE'S correspondence with Dean Swift (now carried on under the true colors of each party) progresses finely, and the girl's sole remaining anxiety is that Mr. Lenox and Joy may possibly meet at the exercises of the school commencement, which are to take place before those of the college—and mutual discoveries and unpleasantnesses ensue.

Mr. Swift has informed her by letter that he and other members of his class (Mr. Lenox being one) will take advantage of their senior privileges to witness the interesting ceremony of the girls' graduation, "that we may learn how to do the thing gracefully when our time comes, a week later," he puts it;—and though her confederate in mischief has no cause to dread such a meeting, having on his part made such confession as he deems necessary, Maggie is haunted by the fear of it, and is consequently transported with guilty pleasure when she is told that "poor Lenox has got news that his father is seriously ill, and is starting for home immediately."

She does indeed experience a faint thrill of pity for her unconscious enemy, thus disappointed in his cherished hope of graduating with his class—but she can now feel assured that her friendship with beautiful, proud, fascinating Joy is secure against all accidents—and therefore everything else is forgotten.

Graduation day arrives; Maggie Pine acquitting herself well in her small share of the day's proceedings, and Joyce Montjoie looking so radiantly lovely as she reads the valedictory, that Mr. Swift's fickle heart well-nigh repines, because the fictitious joy and the true Joy are not one and the same, belonging to him as his "boon-correspondent"—if the expression be admissible.

Miss Montjoie is to spend the summer in a mountain village of the Catskills, with an uncle and aunt—for Joy has no nearer relatives, and has hitherto spent her vacations "promiscuously" in the bosoms of several families, more or less bound to her by ties of blood.

Once, when Joy was a tiny child, she was told that she must be thankful to possess so many "blood-relations," and her infant veins curdled at the words, which called up before her distorted imagination sanguinary and appalling visions sufficient to make her shrink from meeting with any of the designated individuals—but she has long outgrown the recollection of her strange illusion, and is well contented with her lot in life.

She expects, of course, that her Uncle and Aunt Hazlitt (who by the way are rather eccentric in their movements as well as ideas) will be found waiting for her to join them, before proceeding to the mountains.

And she has planned a few ravishing costumes, imperatively necessary for her summer campaign, and which must be completed before she can think of starting. But, as it is now only the middle of June, she will doubtless have plenty of time, as she understands *nobody ever* goes to the mountains before July. However it is not only the plans of "mice and men" which "gang aft aglee," but those of women also—and Joy is dismayed to learn, on reaching New York, that Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt are on the eve of departure, and she must join them later on, as soon as she is ready, and can leave the society of a few other uncles, aunts, and cousins.

"You will enjoy the little journey alone, far more than you would with us," Mr. Hazlitt informs her apologetically, for you will only have yourself and the scenery to think of—

and you know your aunt is just a *trifle* hard to get along with, in travelling."

Bnt Joy is hardly consoled by this doubtful argument, and even the glowing descriptions she hears of "Tannersville" and its beautiful surroundings, do not fill her with the delightful enthusiasm she has expected.

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It is five o'clock on the evening of July 3rd, when the mountain stages are ready at the Catskill station, to begin their long journey to Tannersville and other far off villages. Joy, after ascertaining that her two formidable "saratogas" are safe in the wagon which is to follow in the stage's dusty wake, allows herself to be assisted into the latter elevated vehicle—and then feels, resignedly, that she has need of wings if indeed she ever hopes to descend to earth again.

She is just trying to fancy what her existence is likely to be, if indeed she can *never* get down, when a slender, feeble looking old man is lifted into the stage by a tall young fellow who seems to think nothing of his heavy burden.

Father and son! she decides instantly, as she observes the tender solicitude of the latter; and immediately her kind heart is filled with pitying interest. "I was told that this seat would be the easiest, and freest from jolting," she says rather shyly to the younger man. "Please let me help you to make it as comfortable as possible for—your father; and I will take the one behind."

The young man looks at her, and although almost too preoccupied to be struck by her loveliness, is yet unconsciously influenced by it, in his exceeding gratitude.

She is quite overwhelmed with thanks from father and son, and feels more than repaid as she clambers with difficulty to the back seat, and prepares to be half jolted to death in the interests of humanity.

When the old gentleman has been made comfortable, among numerous shawls and air-pillows, the young one takes the farthest end of the seat Joy occupies, saying, apologetically, that he can there attend to his father's wants more easily than from the one in front.

Joy offers no objections—and from time to time she is able to render still further service to her fellow travellers, in the way of vinaigrettes and palm-leaf fans, so that, by and by, the two young people drift into conversation; the invalid falls into a doze, and his son gently and faithfully fans him as he reclines among his pillows.

The young man now thinks this fair chance acquaintance, the loveliest, as well as one of the sweetest-mannered women he has ever seen, and determines that the acquaintance shall ripen into friendship in the coming summer days—always provided his father's health permits of friendship-making. Of course everything depends upon that—as it is the sole cause of their present trip to the mountains. He knows that they are destined for the same hotel, as the stage is the property of "Maynard's," and none other; but—were he not a man, and therefore placed above such weakness—he would be feeling decidedly curious as to the cause of this charming young lady's lone and unprotected state, and would gladly learn if her name be as excellent as her person. This last seems rather difficult to ascertain, however, without intrusiveness, although they are now conversing in quite a friendly manner; have found out each other's favorite authors; have discovered that they possess several tastes in common, and have each decided mentally that the other's presence will materially enhance the summer's enjoyment.

It would be rather abrupt to inquire "What is your name?" catechism fashion, as if he expected her dutifully to reply "N. or M."—and yet he can at present devise no other plan of accomplishing his design. However, it cannot be long before he learns how to address her, and at present her society is enough to content him.

Thus the time passes away so quickly, that they are both surprised to learn from the driver that their progress has been unusually slow, on account of the bad state of the roads, and that it must be long after the appointed time when they reach the hotel.

And indeed his prophecy is so far correct, that many of the hotel habitués have considered it not worth while to wait for the crowning event of the day—the distribution of the mail—and have gone to their rooms in despair; so Joy is not surprised, but only a little disheartened, when she sees no waiting forms on the piazza, ready to come forward with a welcome for her. She will probably find them prudently remaining within doors, and hear that "your aunt considers the evening air very injurious; and you know when she makes up her mind to a thing, she is *rather* set in her way!"

"Good night!" says her young fellow traveller, holding out his hand, as they are about to part at the hotel door; and she cannot refuse to touch the outstretched fingers, even if she wished it. "Once more allow me to thank you for your kindness to my father," he adds, "for by saving him much discomfort, you may also have saved him a return of his illness, which I have been dreading for him. May I know your name?—Mine is Hugh Lenox."

Silence for an instant; and then Joy viciously snatches her fingers from his cordial pressure, with a start of dismayed recollection, and flashes a glance of mingled surprise, scorn, and reproach into the handsome eyes gazing down upon her.

"Ah!" she cries, involuntarily, recoiling as if from a sting of a noxious insect, and then pausing ominously before adding, in a tone highly suggestive of the frigid zone—"I am Joyce Montjoie!"

Without waiting to note the effect of her shot, she walks quickly away into the house, the very lines of her back silently expressing—Do not speak to me. Do not follow me. I wish to have nothing more to do with you! And she does not even remember to bid good night to the unoffending father of her "wolf in sheep's clothing."

CHAPTER IV.

As Miss Montjoie rises and looks out of her window in the hush of early morning, next day, she is thrilled with self-gratulation that her good genius has brought her to such an altogether desirable place. It is lovely—this beautiful "out-of-doors"—so large, and grand, and still; but—the serpent has already found his way into her Eden, for this occasion only in the guise of a *man*.

"Lo! every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!"

she hums, appropriating the sentiment embodied in the lines to her own particular case.

"Everything is spoiled for me now, I fear," she reflects ruefully. "If only my skeleton would recognize the advisability of confining himself to his proper place—the closet, things would not be so bad; but he is far too conceited to realize the fact that he *is* a skeleton, and hence I foresee that he will forever be dogging my footsteps, in feeble revenge for his fancied injuries. Only how utterly different he is from what my 'fancy painted' him, when I had only his letter to judge from! Too bad that such a small, vain mind should be the tenant of such a noble temple! Well, it only shows that it is never safe to judge from appearances!"

At breakfast, she shows herself quite slavishly attentive to the least wishes of her uncle and aunt, to the utter neglect of Mr. Hugh Lenox (whose place she regrets to find directly opposite her at table); and she even denies herself one or two tempting dainties for which she has a special fancy, because it will be necessary for him to be asked to pass them. She feels that she would literally "loathe the honey-comb," were she to receive it through his agency.

To do him justice, however, he shows no sign of an overweening desire to obtrude himself upon her notice—even ignoring her presence, after the first coolly civil salutation (for his father is not present); but once or twice when involuntarily she glances in his direction, she finds his eyes fixed upon her in something very like cold disapprobation.

Towards noon, after a long "gossip" with her Aunt Hazlitt, she saunters out upon the broad, shady piazza, and finds the invalid Mr. Lenox established there in a great easy rocking chair—a footstool at his feet, and a small collection of magazines and papers piled in his lap; though evidently he is unable or unwilling to avail himself of his literary advantages, for he sits with folded hands, and eyes that only unclose as Joy approaches.

"I have been trying to read, while my son is away, but have found it impossible," he says, with mournful resignation. "My eyes are not as strong again as I wish they were. I have no doubt, though, that he will soon return;—I find it rather lonely without him."

"So do I not," she responds mentally, "though really it is a great shame he should so soon begin a course of neglect!" Then she says aloud: "Will you not permit me to read to you, till your son returns?"

"Thank you; if you will be so kind. But read something in which you yourself are interested. That book in your hand, for instance."

"Oh, that is only my sketch-book. I have a mania for carrying it about with me, you see, whenever I can have the slightest hope of making it useful."

"Would you let me look it over? I used to be very fond of sketching, in my younger days, and am still interested in others' work. My eyes are not too weak to let me enjoy pictures, I know," the old gentleman says, quite eagerly extending a thin white hand—and of course the sketch-book is instantly placed within it, albeit a little reluctantly.

Just at this inauspicious moment, Hugh Lenox appears, walking rapidly up the long, straight road.

Joy's first impulse is to snatch her possession, and beat a hasty retreat; but she does nothing of the kind. She merely holds herself very haughtily erect, until she appears several inches taller than the Venus de Medici; allows her eyes to look vaguely through the young man for an instant, and then says, with admirable calmness—"I will leave you to look over my book at your leisure, sir," before she turns to depart.

At dinner, Hugh returns the article which she has thus rashly abandoned in the camp of the Philistines. "My father desired to give you this, with his thanks for the enjoyment it has afforded him," he says courteously; and she receives the little volume with due dignity, although she has suddenly recollected with poignant mortification, that one of its pages is adorned with a fantastically idiotic sketch, branded as "An imaginary portrait of H. A. L.," done in a mischievous mood, many weeks ago. Has he presumed to open the book lent to his father, and so seen and recognized the initials? she wonders—and darts a keenly suspicious glance at his half-averted face. It would serve him right, if he did see it—but how terribly humiliating for her, that he should be led to suppose she had spent so much thought upon him!

"I have not given myself the pleasure of examining your attractive looking little volume," he says, as if in answer to her suspicion, and with a smile which she cannot quite understand.

"Indeed I hardly supposed you had done so," she answers. "It was loaned, I believe, to your father"—and then is angry with herself for her uncourteous words, which certainly he has not provoked.

On his part, he finds it hard to avoid watching her at intervals through the dinner hour (the only time when he is likely to see much of her, he tells himself), and endeavoring to reconcile for his own benefit, the conflicting elements in this haughty, pure-faced maiden, and those he thinks must go to make up the madcap school girl, who boldly ventured upon a flirtation with him so short a time ago—and to realize that they are not two, but one and the same.

It is rather an interesting study, though worse than unprofitable—and he sternly resolves to abandon it henceforward and forever, as well as to avoid all unnecessary meetings with the feminine anomaly who provokes it. It is even possible that her very kindness to his father may have originated with some coquettish purpose! he is unjust enough to fancy, although he is immediately ashamed of himself for tolerating the idea; but, if a flirtation be an object with her, what an exceedingly original way she takes to begin it!

"Maynard's" hotel at Tannersville is not strictly a resort for the "butterflies of fashion," and after the lapse of a week Mr. Hugh Lenox is still the only youthful representative of the masculine element; though several young ladies, (who venture "up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen" in French boots with particularly slender heels, and white Gainsborough hats which ruthlessly expose their fair noses to the sun's warm caress) go about seeking whom they may astonish by the splendor and variety of their costumes.

As Joy feels no yearning for the companionship of these she is necessarily thrown a great deal upon her own resources, and is sometimes even weak enough to wish that fate had not forced her to look upon Mr. Lenox in the light of a "skeleton;" for, "if things had been otherwise, how otherwise they might have been!" and if, even at this late day, he would make the *amende honorable* by confessing a consuming remorse for his one sin against her in the past, she might magnanimously forget and forgive, and they might spend some pleasant hours together yet.

But Hugh, so far from contemplating such a course, has well nigh forgotten that he is still supposed to have begun the obnoxious correspondence, and is heartily striving to dislike the "artful little flirt" whose rôle it now is to appear as modest and unassuming as before she was frivolous and bold.

One glorious afternoon Joy sallies forth for one of the long, solitary tramps that she is so fond of—in spite of old Mr. Lenox's warning that a gypsy encampment is rumored to have sprung up not far away—and delights in the reflection that she has a long afternoon to do with as she will; a book to read when she is tired of wandering—and is even at liberty to lose herself if she so elects. But, though she is above a foolish fear of dark-browed gypsies, and even quickens her step quite eagerly when she fancies she sees the distant smoke of their camp-fires; she does not reckon upon the chance of their permitting their favorite canines to wander about unchecked, seeking whom they may devour, and consequently she is transfixed with alarm when a beast of that nature is seen approaching, in a most leisurely and reflective manner.

A horrid, grisly canine apparition he is, with legs which seem to have been recently untied from a tight bow-knot, and a mouth which has only stopped gnawing, barely in time to leave a place for his ears to begin.

Joy's one great weakness is her fear of dogs, even the most formidable of the race—and now her heart beats so fast that she can scarcely decide what is best to be done. Shall she turn and flee, or shall she endeavor with siren blandishments to win his treacherous regard? In a moment he will spy her—and her resolution must speedily be taken!

A tree—a steep impassable rock—a jump of ten feet down—a sheer precipice at the road-side—which shall she attempt?

A yelp, and a long, husky growl—he has seen her! and

she decides upon the tree, which certainly has the one merit of being nearest.

Her short kilted mountain-skirt leaves full scope for the exercise of her climbing powers, and she very speedily finds herself gazing down at her enemy from a position of safety, and acute discomfort—while her cherished volume lies below where he may make a jest and plaything of it. "Oh dear!" she thinks, ruefully, "this is far worse than the man who 'sat on the stile, and continued to smile'—for I have not the courage to smile, and this brute has no heart to be softened, even if I had! Now how long is this to last, I wonder?"

For an indefinitely protracted period, evidently—for after many futile launchings of himself against the bole of the tree, and one or two attempts to make a meal of Joy's pretty boots which dangle temptingly just out of reach, her Cerberus seems inclined to challenge the blessing which comes to those who only stand and wait—and composes himself to tire his opponent out.

"I will scream," Joy decides. "Perhaps sombody may hear, and come and drive the hateful wretch away;" and suiting the action to the word, she raises her voice, and shouts lustily.

But oh, when she thus essays to" call spirits from the vasty deep," would she desire her wish to be granted, did she know that none other than Hugh Lenox is destined to respond to her call?

As fate ordains, however, it is he who presently approaches, alpenstock in hand, when she is well wearied of the sound of her own voice. He glances about as he strides rapidly along in search of the invisible suppliant for his aid—and his astonishment knows no bounds when he catches sight of Joy's gold-brown head, and familiar dark-blue dress, shining through the green network of the tree branches.

What wild feat has the girl been attempting now? he thinks—but he shouts encouragingly. "Here I am! What has happened?"

"A dog!" she makes answer promptly. "A horrible dog! Don't come near him—he may bite you!" Though what else she has desired when she called for aid, it would be difficult to tell.

"Don't be afraid of that!" he cries—and prepares to do battle, if necessary, with the foe, who waits sulkily till the new-comer is very near him, and then sets up a deep-mouthed baying, which he evidently considers enough to put the most daring of human creatures to flight.

"I tell you not to come nearer!" exclaims Joy, imperatively. "I am perfectly safe where I am, and—and—I did not know *you* were coming when I called!"

He vouchsafed no answer, save an odd little smile, but comes a few steps nearer to aim a blow at the dog with his stout mountain-stick—and Joy shuts her eyes, and sets her teeth tightly together for a moment.

Only for a moment—since in so short a time the enemy has suffered utter rout: and she knows that he has turned coward, and is running away. "Are you bitten?" she asks faintly, peering down upon the conqueror.

"Of course not!" he says, laughing. "The beast did not come near me. Now let me help you down, please, and take you home as quickly as possible."

She resents this masterful tone of his, and feels altogether out of humor—with herself and the world in general, and Mr. Lenox in particular; now that her adventure has collapsed into ignominious, not to say ridiculous, conclusion. "You have been very kind," she says, grudgingly; "but you can add to your kindness by leaving me now. I really require no further assistance." And to show that she has spoken nothing more than truth, she slips down from her perch, and stands beside him. "Please don't let me interrupt your walk any more than I have already done."

She is lovely to look at in her vexation and excitement—which have brought an exquisite color to her cheeks and lips; and he has never seemed so handsome as now, when he looks down upon her with that unmistakably defiant light in his gray eyes, so that they are even obliged to accord a reluctant tribute of admiration to each other, in the midst of their anger and displeasure.

"As I came out expressly in search of you," Mr. Lenox makes answer, with outward coldness and inward heat, "it can hardly be an interruption of my walk, if I return with you. And I think it best to do so—at least as far as the road is lonely and unfrequented."

"As you please," she returns, beginning to walk very briskly, "but it is rather odd that you should have come in search of me."

"It was at my father's desire, as he was fearful lest you should come in contact with the gypsies, rumored to be encamped somewhere about. And as it has turned out, I am glad that I obeyed—although you did say just now, I think, that you would not have called for help, had you known I should be the one to give it."

Joy is fully aroused now, and resolves that he shall learn her reasons, and know once for all, that she is not a girl to forget the insult (as she considers it) he once put upon her, without receiving the humble apology he seems so little inclined to give.

"You mistake—I did not say quite that," she replies with ominous calmness. "But even if I had, could you have thought it very strange, after—after—the position in which you yourself have placed me?"

"I believe I scarcely understand you, Miss Montjoie."

"Perhaps not. I do not know how men look at such matters; but to me, your offense seemed a serious one—so much so, that I am not able to forget it, even at the moment when you have saved me from a great annoyance—if not danger."

"She takes an odd view of the affair!" Hugh thinks, half amusedly. "Women are more inexplicable than I used to fancy; even the genus 'flirt' seems a many sided problem, too abstruse for me to solve."

But he says, aloud, "I am sorry you think I have been to blame. I supposed by this time you were ready to thank me because I took no advantage of what could only have been a school-girl caprice, regretted as soon as committed." And he flatters himself that he has expressed his meaning with as much delicacy as clearness.

"I—I don't know what you mean!" Joy falters—for it is her turn to feel astonishment. "A school-girl caprice? Why I simply did nothing at all! You wrote to me—and you cannot have forgotten!" and her cheeks burn at the recollection.

"I really did forget that you still believed such to be the case, Miss Montjoie. That was all a mistake, you know. A mischief-loving fellow borrowed my name for his own purposes, signing it when he wrote to you—as he confessed when I received your answer."

"*Received my answer?* How dare you make such an assertion? I would have died sooner than write you one!"

Hugh stops short, and looks at her eagerly. "You say you did not write to me? That is very strange—for I certainly received a letter signed with your name."

"Oh, what a shame! what a shame!" utters Joy, in little gasps. "It must have been Magpie who did it—nobody else would have done it! Yet how *could* she be so mean and wicked?"

The whole expression of Hugh Lenox's face changed, and his eyes kindle with pleasure, as he says, "Then it has all been a mistake, on both sides? We are neither of us guilty!"

"So it seems," Joy responds, glancing at him a little shyly.

A POSITION OF SAFETY AND ACUTE DISCOMFORT.

"And I should feel very glad to know it, if—if I did not feel so hurt about little Maggie!"

"I am glad—most truly glad—to know it, for both our sakes. I ought to have known all along that *you* could not be guilty of such foolishness."

"Certainly you should have known it. Your very instinct should have told you," Joy smiles, mischievously—for she is recovering her spirits, and feels a strange lightness of heart, she is at a loss to understand. "*My* instinct, I believe, did try to plead your cause, (for I had fancied my unknown correspondent to be an altogether different person from what I found you) but I could not, of course, afford to pay attention to it."

"Will you forgive me?" Hugh asks, with an irresistibly frank pleasantness in his eyes, as he puts the question; and, like a true Yankee, Joy answers by another: "Need you ask it?"

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"I have just received a letter from Miss Maggie Pine," Joy tells Mr. Lenox one day, after they have been friends and comrades for a couple of weeks or more—"and it contains the oddest news!"

"I should think you would now consider nothing odd that Miss Pine elected to do or say," Hugh answers, smiling—and glancing a little curiously at the pink-tinted sheet she holds in her hand. Yes, the very paper is familiar, and the little spiky characters are unmistakably the same as those he deciphered with so much distaste, a few months ago! How could he ever have fancied for a moment that this glorious Joy Montjoie would be guilty of using patchouli-scented paper, pink as if blushing for its own unworthiness—and of writing such a meaningless school-girl scrawl?

"She tells me that she and your very eccentric friend, Mr. Swift, kept up that shocking correspondence regularly, until about a month ago, since when he has been staying at the hotel near her home; and that now—they are *engaged!* Is it not too ridiculous? They can scarcely know anything about each other, in such a short time. I have really no patience with Maggie.

Hugh throws back his head, and laughs heartily. "That is exactly like the 'Dean!' He used to say his should be a '*Swift*' courtship, I remember! And I should think, from your account of the young lady, the two were created for each other. I have no doubt the time has seemed sufficiently long for them. Why—does it not seem as if *we* were already friends of long standing? At least we have climbed the hill together, many a time and oft, in these last two weeks."

"Yes, it does certainly seem as if we had known each other far longer than we have. But then ours is an entirely different case, you know."

"I only wish that it were not!" Mr. Lenox boldly remarks—and so causes a flush to spread from Joy's pretty chin even to the soft love-locks that stray about her forehead.

"At least that unfortunate correspondence has brought happiness to somebody!" she hastens to say, by way of changing the subject.

"Yes. And what would I not give if it might sometime bring *Joy* to me!"

"Who knows?" she answers, smiling archly.

ALICE K. HAMILTON

The Plant-Seekers of the New World.

THE Cordillera Mountains (pronounced Cor-de-yér-ra, literally a long ridge) have always been a point of interest for scientific research. This mountain range is built up of granite, gneiss, and porphyry, which is sometimes broken into battlements and turrets. The rocks are not solid, but present a cracked appearance; and in many places are exceedingly steep, and most dangerous and difficult to climb. The roads are narrow and rough, and the venturesome climber of these rocky staircases stands in danger of falling below. Nevertheless, he is amply compensated for the risk incurred by the splendid view that bursts upon him, and the treasures he secures in the way of botanical specimens.

The flora of these mountains is varied and beautiful. Creeping plants, thick beds of mimosae, orchids, and a variety of ferns abound. The slopes of the mountains are covered with a peculiar shrub called *chuquiragua*, which is very valuable, the twigs being used for fuel, and the yellow buds medicinally. Along the roads the castor oil plant is seen and aloe is abundant. The fuchsias found in this region are remarkably beautiful, many of which are never seen elsewhere. It is said that the higher the altitude, the brighter the flowers, and some of the flowers, such as the *Gentiana sedifolia*, which in the lowlands is a small, light-blue flower, on the mountain heights is much larger and brighter. When the Spaniards penetrated this region, they were struck by the wonderful beauty of the flowering orchids; and no less beautiful are they now than then. The finest species growing on these mountains is the *odontoglossum*, which has long brown petals, edged with yellow.

Many are the travelers to whom we are indebted for bringing the flowers from their native haunts and introducing them into our own gardens. It is not thirty years since an English gardener grew, for the first time in England, an orchid, of the genus *cattleya;* and now orchids thrive abundantly in that country. The magnificent water-lily, *Victoria Regia*, was discovered by Schömberg in 1837, in the lakes that border the Amazon.

"The pursuit of science possesses a man like a passion," says a philosopher; and thus we find men encountering danger and death itself even for what some think so insignificant a thing as a flower. Our illustration is a sketch of two German botanists, who traversed the Cordilleras in search of rare flowers. One of these crawled on all fours to the extreme edge of a rock, to gather the species of orchid known as *Schomburgkia rosea*, which is of a dark red, and very beautiful. The danger he incurred can readily be seen, as he might easily have slipped off and been dashed to pieces on the rocks.

MORNING AND EVENING.

BY HENRY FAUNTLEROY.

The evening sun shed forth his brightest ray,
As if he wished to signal earth good night:
So none might frighten at departing day,
But see his pledge of coming morning light.

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

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

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

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

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

"Thanks, thanks," spoke Durley, as his hand he grasped,
"Now, darling Grace, grieve not in sorrow long;
For while your parents are in Heaven clasped,
Think not your joys will do our mem'ries wrong."

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

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

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

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

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

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

They two, together oft would stroll or ride,
When Kate in whimsy, hid and played recluse,
And in the parlor whispered low, aside,
Or in love-songs, their courtship found excuse.

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

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

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

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

She first turned pale, then gasped, then shrieked and cried
"O, why forsake me! Take me, take *me*, too!
For naught but death shall tear me from your side,
You pledged me your life; mine I pledge to you."

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

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

"O, love celestial, beauty, truth divine!"
He cried, and strained her madly to his breast:
"While thy sweet morning love shall on me shine,
My evening's glowing love shall make thee blest.

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

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

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

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON EVENTS OF THE DAY.

INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH. — CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR POINT OF VIEW.

1. Music for the Million.

The great musical festival held in New York and repeated in two Western cities, drew great throngs of people but hardly paid expenses either in an art or a pecuniary sense. The Seventh regiment armory has space enough, but its acoustic qualities are bad, and it was quite impossible to have proper training of the immense choruses and orchestras. These great choral and instrumental gatherings of musicians will never be entirely enjoyable until immense halls, having good acoustic qualities, have been constructed in all the large cities. And then the drill of the choruses should be so thorough that no disappointment would be felt when the performance took place.

2. The Music of the Future.

There is a great deal of musical cultivation in the United States, but it is confined to the middle and higher classes. Singing in unison should be taught in our public schools, and the elements of music made a part of every boy's and girl's education. Singing is not only a cultivation of the ear and the taste for melody and harmony, but it is a wholesome exercise, as it strengthens the lungs and the throat as well as the organs of speech. The great majority of singers grow stout as they grow old, and the stars of song have often to guard against obesity in old age. Our climate is admirable for developing fine resonant voices, especially among women, and our people would be improved morally and physically if they paid as much attention to music as do the Germans.

3. The great Bullion Nation.

People interested in mining say the average American does not begin to realize the enormous development which is to take place in our mining industries within the next ten years. We are, they say, to witness a repetition of the wonderful outpouring of silver and gold which took place after the Spanish conquest of Central and South America. The great production, especially of silver, in those days, stimulated immensely the industries of the then civilized world. It put Spain to the forefront of nations, and made Charles V. the arbiter of Europe. This country is already the greatest bullion producer in the world. More than half the annual product of the precious metals for the whole earth are mined in the United States, but we are only in the beginning of the development.

4. Uncle Sam as a Mining Sharp.

We have now been so long in the business of hunting for gold and silver, that we know all about it. We have the miners, the experts, the prospectors, the machinery, and the capital. During the past ten years our railways have been constructed to and through the principal mineral regions, and one of the chief obstacles to bullion production is now removed, for it was the cost of transportation of machinery and supplies to the mines and of the ore from mine to the mill, which called for so much capital, that working even rich mines was not profitable. But now a perfect army is at work prospecting, while tens of thousands of shafts are being sunk in localities which give indications of yielding gold and silver.

5. How it will End.

But let us not deceive ourselves. Should the stream of gold and silver pour out of the sides of the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains as copiously as the most sanguine expect, it will undoubtedly be a good thing for the country. Trade will be stimulated and all our industries will be the better for the additions to our metallic currency. But all history shows that periods of prosperity, based upon sudden wealth derived from mines, is demoralizing. The history of Spain tells the story. The flood of wealth which came from Mexico and South America resulted in the degeneration of the Spanish people. Nations cannot bear sudden wealth any better than individuals. However, it is no use to borrow trouble before it comes. If this great outpouring of bullion is about to commence, our business is to get as much as we can of it, provided we don't part with our integrity in so doing.

6. Still they Come.

The emigration is simply phenomenal. If we have good crops this summer and prosperity for the rest of this year, there will be an addition of a million foreigners to our population. It is easy to point out the advantages of this influx from over the ocean, but there are some drawbacks. Instead of a million of customers for our food in Europe, we shall have a million of consumers in their stead, and therefore less to export. And then, are there not rather more newcomers than we can assimilate immediately? Will not this foreign element cause political and social disturbances in many localities? Among the least desirable emigrants will be the Chinaman, who will be imported into California before the new anti-Chinese law goes into effect.

7. Pigtail Johnny.

At length Congress has passed a law, and the President has approved it, prohibiting Chinese emigration for the next ten years. So far in this country we have never proscribed foreigners, nor have we had an odious passport system. Hereafter Chinamen must have papers to show they have a right to remain in the country. They will be subject to arrest unless they have the documents. In the meantime they will doubtless try to evade the law and will come into the country through other ports than San Francisco. California, too, will miss their labor, for after all a great part of the development of that State in an industrial way is due to the cheap and efficient handiwork of these despised Asiatics.

8. A New Wheat Region.

The opening of the new Suez Canal has led to many unexpected developments in the commerce of the world. Heretofore Russia and Eastern Europe shared with the United States in the monopoly of the surplus wheat of the world. Western Europe, especially Great Britain, has had to depend upon these sources for the supply of grain food. But now it appears that Northern India has an immense surplus of grain, especially wheat, which she can send to Europe through the Suez Canal. All that Hindostan needed was good roads to be able to send vast quantities of grain to the seaboard, and these accommodations she is now getting. In 1881 $35,000,000 worth of Eastern wheat was sold in Western Europe, and this year it is believed that $50,000,000 worth can be spared for European consumption. This is a matter that should interest our farmers, for it may serve to cheapen grain permanently.

9. Grain in America.

The surplus wheat region steadily goes West. In the early history of the country our finest wheat fields were on Long Island. Still later the surplus wheat came from Northern New York. Then the Genesee Valley had the call. Subsequently the surplus wheat was raised in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; but of late years Wisconsin and Minnesota have sent the greatest surplus. But the great wheat fields of the next few years will be in Dakota and Manitoba. Repeated crops of wheat exhaust the soil, and then the farmer turns his attention to other crops or to dairy and stock raising. The time cannot be distant when America will need all the wheat she grows. There is every reason to suppose that the trading, manufacturing, and mining classes of our population are relatively growing faster than our agricultural class. In other words, there are more mouths to eat the wheat than there are hands to produce it.

10. Hung.

Dr. Lamson was hung, as he deserved to be, for the murder of his brother-in-law, despite the efforts of the American Government and people to have his life spared. He confessed his guilt before he died, his only excuse being that he was a victim of the opium habit. The English people believe in hanging murderers, and do not like technical pleas intended to save them. The trial of the miserable wretch, named McLean, who shot at the Queen, occupied only one day, and as he was clearly insane, he is to be imprisoned for life. His trial and conviction were in marked contrast to the delay and trivialities attending the court proceedings in the case of Guiteau.

11. Plundering Courts.

The examination of Judge Westbrook in New York recently, shows how little protection there is for the funds designed to help the widow and orphan. In case of the insolvency of life insurance companies it is the understood thing that receivers and lawyers shall scoop up all the assets. Provident heads of families who love their wives and children and wish to provide for them after death, take out policies in life insurance companies. So far the bulk of these organizations have failed, but when once they fall into the clutches of the courts, the assets are deliberately divided among the lawyers. The painful feature of these cases is the acquiescence of the bar in the plunder, and the

apathy of the public. Matters are not in a proper shape when funds collected for the benefit of the needy are looked upon as a legitimate prey for licensed plunderers.

12. A Lion Tamer Dead.

Martin, the famous lion tamer, died at the ripe age of 90. He was a man of education, and it was by an accident that he first attempted to soothe the savage breast of a wild beast. He performed some astonishing feats in his day, and was several times severely injured, but unlike other exhibitors who generally get killed, he died in his bed at last. His collection of wild animals is the nucleus of the splendid Zoölogical Gardens in Amsterdam.

13. Burning the Dead.

A woman named Miss Williams has been fined in England for cremating a corpse. Italy, it seems, is the country where cremation is in most favor. There are thirteen societies helping on the reform, and three distinct incinerating ovens are in active operation. There will soon be crematories in all the principal Italian cities. In Milan alone 180 corpses have been reduced to ashes by fire. Germany takes the most interest in this matter after Italy, while France is a bad third.

14. Such a Little One.

The smallest baby probably ever born, first saw light in Candelaria in Nevada. The father was a miner and weighed 190 pounds, while the mother weighed 160 pounds. The baby was a boy, perfectly formed, but at its birth it weighed only eight ounces. Its face was about the size of a horse chestnut and the limbs were so small that the mother could slip a ring from her little finger over the foot nearly up to the knee.

15. Creating a Sea.

The French Government is fully committed to the project of cutting a canal between the Mediterranean and the desert of Sahara, so as to overflow the latter and convert it into a vast inland sea. Among the advantages claimed for this enterprise is the opening of commercial relations and cheap communication with all parts of Northern and Central Africa, an immense addition to the arable lands of the dark continent, and a new source of supply of grain, fruit, and provisions for Western Europe. When Rome was in its glory, Africa was the greatest grain-growing country in the then known world, and it will be again if this improvement is carried out. The French Premier, M. de Freycinct, also claims that it will be a splendid protection for a French fleet in case of war, as the vessels could pass through the canal into this land-locked sea. Western Europe would become colder, should this body of water cover the hot sands of the great desert. The heat which radiates from them has so far served to raise the temperature of the European continent. If France carries out this great project she will have accomplished the greatest physical feat know to the history of the world. It will exceed in importance the opening of the Suez Canal, also a French enterprise.

16. Now For the Pole.

The right means to solve the great Arctic mystery has at length been undertaken. Signal stations have been established at Point Barrow and Lady Franklin Bay. These are small, permanent colonies. Their present work is to take weather observations, explore the country, and tell all about Arctic life. But the design is eventually to push further north, keeping open a road to the supplies. The pole will thus be gradually approached. Some fine summer may come along which these permanent explorers can take advantage of and make a dash for the center of the axis around which the earth spins. Relieving ships have gone to these stations to bring home those who are sick or discontented and to furnish supplies. If this effort is kept up it is simply a question of time when the pole will be reached. These are both American enterprises, and there are three chances in four that the Stars and Stripes will be the first flag floated on the very top of the world.

17. Venus and Mercury.

Mercury has recently been seen in the heavens very close to Venus. These two inner planets are very rarely visible together. On the 30th of June the two planets will be in the very unusual height of 30° above the horizon. This occurs but rarely in a life time, but they will be seen only for about two hours after sunset. Venus may support life, but from our present knowledge it does not seem probable that Mercury is cool enough to permit the existence of either animals or plants. So far as we at present know, only the Earth and Mars are fitted by temperature to be the scene of animal and vegetable forms, having the powers of growth and reproduction.

18. The Heat of the Sun.

In every second of time the sun gives out as much heat as would come from the cousumption of ten thousand millions of millions of tons of the best anthracite coal. Of all this tremendous heat not one part in two thousand millions reaches the earth, and all the planets of the solar system together do not receive more than one ray of solar light and heat out of two hundred and thirty millions. So says Richard A. Proctor. And the wonder among scientists is why this vast heat-producing machine does not burn out. It must get materials for combustion from somewhere, and Dr. Siemens has a theory to account for the supply of fuel to the sun. He claims that the interplanetary regions are occupied by a very tenuous atmosphere of aqueous vapor, carbonic acid gas and hydrogen. The heat of the sun decomposes this atmosphere and the chemical materials are sucked in at the poles of the sun, to be given out in the form of heat in the equatorial regions. Dr. Siemens is the inventor of a regenerative furnace which is kept going by some such machinery as he ascribes to the sun. When we recall the fact that our sun is only one of millions and millions of suns quite as prodigal of heat and light as our great luminary, the imagination is fairly overpowered in trying to grasp the enormous forces that play in the universe. How small is the earth and man measured against the background of immensity!

19. The Greatest Farm States.

According to the census of 1880, Illinois had over 250,000 farms, Ohio 247,000, New York 241,000, and Missouri 215,000. These four States lead the Union in the number of farms and in the acreage. There is a general disposition to underrate the crops of the Middle and Eastern States, and to pay the most attention to the new States of the Northwest and the extreme West. Undoubtedly grain, especially wheat, raising is most profitable in the extreme Western States, for the soil is virgin and the land is cheap. In the oldest settled States, which have diversified industries, farming is not so attractive, because it is not so profitable. It is doubtful if, taking the country through, ordinary grain crops pay interest on $50 an acre. But grain-growing is very profitable where the land is rich and not worth more than $10 an acre.

20. Zuni Wives.

Much attention has been attracted to a tribe of Indians in the Southwest, known as the Zunis. They are descendants from some semi-civilized Indians who occupied a considerable portion of the country before the Spanish conquest. They have some superstition about salt water, and a party came East to procure a supply from Boston bay. It is said that in the Zuni household the woman is the chief. She owns the home, and if the husband misbehaves himself or does not suit her, she has the right to order him out and take another spouse. The result is said to be satisfactory, for the man is on his good behavior. It would be hard to naturalize this practice in any ordinary community. The matrimonial partner who makes the money is very naturally the head of the household. It is the breadwinner—the one who holds the purse strings—who is the master of the situation. However, in many civilized countries it is the woman who makes the money, and when that is the case the husband is very apt to play second fiddle in the family orchestra.

21. A New Cabinet Officer.

Hereafter we are to have a department of agriculture, presided over by a Cabinet Secretary. This, it is to be hoped, is the commencement of a change for the better in our Government. We live in an industrial age, and it is the business of the Government to foster the material and educational interests of the people. We need a Secretary of State to look after our foreign affairs, and a Secretary of the Treasury to receive and disburse the money of the nation. But why give Cabinet positions to the army and navy? We might have a department of public defense, with army and navy bureaus; but it is quite safe to predict that in the course of time our Cabinet will represent a Secretary of Transportation or Commerce, as well as labor, manufactures, mining and education. The destiny of this country is to become a great industrial republic.

22. Landholding in the United States.

According to official data, 75 per cent. of the farms owned in the United States are occupied by the owners, while some 25 per cent. are cultivated on shares, or let out at fixed rentals. So long as the land in this country is worked by those who own it, there is no danger of repeating the unfortunate experiences of Western Europe. Poverty is the fate of every community where the few own the land and the tenants are forced to compete for its possession. The distribution of ownership in land is one of the best safeguards in the State. There is no fear of Communism where the land of the country is farmed by its owners.

23. Free Trade and Protection.

The politics of the country for some time to come will turn very largely upon discussions as to the tariff. President Arthur has appointed a commission, under an act of Congress, to prepare a new tariff bill, while a free trade league has been organized which has in view the elimination of protective duties from our tariffs, so as to make trade as unrestricted between us and the rest of the world as it is now between the several States of the Union. When Congress reassembles in December an effort will be made to effect vital changes in the tariff, provided the commission is ready to report. The Congressional elections this coming fall will be largely influenced by the tariff discussions. The present tariff was passed as a war measure, and under its

provisions our shipping interests have fallen to a very low ebb. But it should be remembered we had prosperous times after the war, and no reasonable person can complain of the state of business for the last three years. France is one of the most prosperous nations in the world, yet its industries are highly protected. Both sides have good arguments, the one for free trade and the other for protection.

24. A Tremendous Future.

M. Richet, a French publicist, is calling the attention of Europe to the dangers which menace it from the phenomenal growth of the United States in population and wealth. He declares that if the rapid multiplication in population and power goes on, in fifty years, perhaps at the beginning of the next century, the United States will be in a position to crush Europe by its commerce, agriculture, industry, if not by its army and all-powerful navy. In 1801 the population of the United States was 5,305,925; in 1880 it had increased to 50,438,950; consequently in 80 years the population had increased ten times. Should the population increase at the same ratio, even without the absorption of adjoining States, such as Canada and Mexico, our population in 1960 would be over 500,000,000, that is, more than the total population of Europe. In 18 years, that is, by the year 1900, the United States would have a population of 85,000,000, which is more than Germany and France combined.

25. What this Increase Means.

Of course some terrible calamity may retard the growth of our country, but so far as human foresight goes, there is nothing to prevent us being in a position to give the law to Europe within the next quarter of a century. We will have a new foreign policy by that time, and will have our say in all matters in which the people of the United States are interested. We may find it necessary to hint to Great Britain that she is not governing Ireland wisely. Before the 20th century our flag will be seen on every sea, and our commerce will be world-wide. New York will be the center of the money transactions of the world instead of London, while its population will probably surpass that of the metropolis of Great Britain. In short, we will be potentially and actually the most powerful nation on earth.

26. A Novel Affair.

Berlin is holding a sporting exhibition. There are eight sections. The first comprises shooting and hunting of all sorts; the second horsemanship; the third water sports, including boating, swimming, and angling; the fourth, athletic exercises, including gardening; the fifth, novel inventions; the sixth, sportsman's implements; the seventh, literature and art in sport; and finally, a bureau of information. There is some talk of a similar exhibition somewhere in this country.

27. A Specimen Kentucky Marriage.

In 1877, E. L. Hendricks was secretly married in New Albany to a beautiful young woman, Maria B. Morton. After the ceremony they separated and left for their respective homes. One friend, a witness, only knew of their marriage. The reason for the separation was to enable the husband to secure sufficient means to give a grand wedding-feast. They expected to bring their friends together, and, instead of a minister marrying them, to produce the certificate as a surprise to the assembled guests. For three years the secret was kept, when the parents and friends of the bride were astonished by the announcement that the bride had succeeded in procuring a divorce from this husband whom she had left at the altar. But the sequel was a happy one. Very recently Mr. Hendricks offered himself again to his old wife, and was accepted. They were married in Madisonville, Kentucky, according to the rites of the Episcopal Church. This time they did not separate at the altar, but are now living at St. Louis.

28. That Morganatic Wife.

The Princess Jouriewskaja, which is the name of the widowed morganatic wife of the murdered Czar Alexander II., is now in Paris. She is said to be a most beautiful woman, of the purest German type in appearance. Her three children are with her. According to rumor, she was banished by the Russian Premier, Count Ignatieff, who feared she might claim the throne for her son. But the ubiquitous interviewing reporter has been to see the Princess, and she declares that she was not banished at all. She took the newspaper man into her confidence, and read to him a letter from the present Czar, in which the latter said he could never forget that she had been his poor father's wife, and as such his palace would be ever open to her. If the Czar wrote this he must have had little self-respect, for this woman was his father's mistress, and the cause of great annoyance and anguish to the pious Czarina, his mother.

29. About Old Cities.

Not long since Boston celebrated its 250th anniversary; but how modern this seems with the still more recent anniversary at Rome, in which the 2635th birthday of the eternal city was suitably commemorated. Of course the exact date of the founding of Rome can never be known, but it must have been nearly a thousand years before the Christian era.

30. American Beer.

We are fast becoming a great beer-drinking and beer-exporting nation. Some 60,000 persons are employed directly or indirectly in the manufacture of beers, principally lager, and the industry pays $14,000,000 tax annually to the Government. Ten glasses of beer are sold to-day for every one that was sold ten years since. Formerly we imported a great deal of German lager, but now we export very large quantities, and the foreign demand is increasing. Strangely enough, our beer generally goes to hot countries. Despite all that is said in its favor, beer is not a wholesome drink. It creates bilious disorders and deranges the liver and kidneys. But if people must have alcoholic drinks, wine or beer may be partaken of as a choice of evils; but alcohol in any of its forms and in any quantity is always an enemy of the human race.

31. A Miserly Millionaire Philanthropist.

A curious case is that of Miss Sarah Burr. She died worth $3,500,000, the greater part of which was devised to various philanthropic and religious organizations. She left little or nothing to her relatives, and of course they are now contesting the will. From the evidence it seems this very rich woman lived a life of extreme economy. She went to bed at five o'clock in the afternoon to avoid the expense of lighting her house; she wore a calico dress on all occasions, and would not use her parlor to avoid the expense of a fire in it. She lived in her kitchen, the furniture of which was a washtub, four chairs, and a table. The old saucepan in which she made her coffee was produced in court, as well as the cheap jewelry, all plated, which was her only adornment. She never used a bath-tub. Her relatives are trying to prove her insane, but it seems she was simply a miser, with no natural affection, who gave away the money she could not use, as much out of malice against relatives, as good-will to the religious and philanthropic bodies to whom she donated her vast possessions. But what a miserable life the old woman lived when she had wealth enough to gratify every taste. What a world of good she might have accomplished, had she been kind and charitable.

32. Ice in Plenty.

It really seems as if the secret of making artificial ice economically, has at last been discovered. This is not the place to give any scientific details, but the new method is to produce intense cold by the use of ammonia and glycerine. Ice has got to be almost a necessity in tropical climates. There is a constant demand for it also in various important manufactures. Breweries, pork-packing establishments, and meat-preserving vaults require vast quantities of ice. A great saving will be effected in storage if machines are employed in making ice, instead of having natural ice stored, as has heretofore been the custom. But is it not wonderful that glycerine, which in conjunction with nitric acid produces one of the most powerful explosives known to chemistry, should in conjunction with ammonia refrigerate the atmosphere so thoroughly as to produce solid ice in abundance?

33. Go-as-You-Please on Rollers.

At Dayton, Ohio, they have had a new kind of a go-as-you-please race. It took place on roller skates, and was kept up for twenty-four hours. A man named Clark made 213 miles, which is better time than that made by any pedestrian.

34. A Widowed Opera Singer.

Christine Nilsson, the famous opera singer, lost her husband under very sad circumstances. He failed for a very large amount, and his losses so overcame him that he lost his reason and died in a mad-house. His widow, much against her will, has been forced to return to the stage, and she sang recently at Albert Hall, London, Her *rentrée* was to be made in the famous garden scene in *Faust*, but instead of the conventional dress she appeared in a black silk evening dress. Her noble voice has not been impaired by years or grief. She may visit this country next year. It is doubtful which is the greatest singer, Christine Nilsson, Madame Materna, or Adelina Patti.

35. A Shaking Rock.

Near the town of Crawfordsville, in Georgia, there is a curious freak of nature called the shaking rock. It rests on a pinnacle not two feet square, and so evenly is it balanced that a child can cause the huge mass of stone to oscillate. But so great is this mass that a hundred horses could not pull it from its socket.

36. Again Flying Machines.

The inventors say that if $100,000 could be appropriated for the purpose, the problem of aerial navigation could be solved. There are plenty of practicable schemes, but there is no money available from any quarter to make the necessary experiments. It seems, however, that the military authorities of Russia and Germany are spending money to solve the problem of air navigation for war purposes. Balloons were in constant use during the Franco-German war, for purposes of observation, but the new experiments set aside all gas bags. Baumgarten in Germany and Baranovski in Russia adopt the principle of the inclined plane pressing against the air after the manner of a kite. But this is not the place to discuss the scientific part of this problem. It is pretty sure that the navigation of the air will be a fixed fact before the opening of the 20th century.

37. Chris and Katie.

Twelve years ago they loved each other in a small village in Germany. Chris came to the United States to make his fortune. He went out to the mines and accumulated a sufficient amount of money to enable him to send word to Germany that he was able to marry his old love. Katie had remained true, and when the word came she took ship and sailed for New York. When she arrived at Castle Garden, Chris was ready to receive her, accompanied by a friend who had been intimate with the family in Germany for the past few years. The lovers met, but did not recognize each other until introduced by the mutual friend. There was bitter disappointment on both sides. Chris, instead of being the blonde and awkwark boy of twenty when he left his Katie, was a bronze-faced and bearded man, who had been roughing it in the mines, and the buxom, rosy-cheeked girl of eighteen was now a lank, faded, old maidish-looking person of thirty. But Chris had made up his mind to have a wife, and he proposed immediate marriage, to which she consented in a dazed sort of way. But here was a new shock. Katie had been used to the ceremonial of the Lutheran Church, and when, after a few words from the magistrate, she was told she was a wife, she would not believe it, and refused to go home with her husband. It took long explanations and entreaties by the husband, but at length, full of trepidation, she followed her new lord to the western country. How fortunate it is that lovers are not often separated for twelve years. Time is a pitiless dispeller of illusions, and were it not for the ties which grow up while living together, many couples would separate if nothing stronger held them together than youth and good looks.

38. A Venerable Historian.

George Bancroft's history of the United States has been brought down to the election of the first President. Although 82 years of age, this patient and painstaking historian hopes to be able to bring his history down to the end of the time of the Mexican war. Mr. Bancroft's case, and that of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Darwin, Longfellow, and others of the recent eminent dead, shows that literary labor is conducive to a long life. People who die young, either come of poor human stock, or are subject to health-destroying habits. Mr. Bancroft writes as well as at any previous period in his life. Age does not seem to have chilled his enthusiasm, or abated any of his natural literary force.

39. Whisky-drinking Horses.

Some of the animals are as partial to alcohol as are members of the human race. Jumbo, Barnum's elephant, will drink whisky by the bucket-full if given to him. Orang-outangs and monkeys are greedy for liquor of any kind, and even horses soon acquire a fondness for it. Indeed, one of the races won on the English turf this year by American horses was due to the stimulation of liquors. Mistake, one of Mr. Lorillard's horses, after having failed twice, was given a double draught of whisky, whereupon he won the race. Fortunately for the race-horses, they cannot get whisky when they want it, and what a blessing it would be if there was some superior power that would control the supply of liquor so that men could not get it in quantities that would do them any harm.

40. In Academic Gowns.

When Tennyson wrote about the sweet girl graduates with the golden hair, he little dreamed that in his time young lady students would get degrees in the famous seats of learning in Great Britain. This year, for the first time, the young girl graduates of the London University appeared in the public exercises in their academic gowns. Both Oxford and Cambridge now give degrees to women students. An effort is making to induce Columbia College in New York to admit young women to the privileges of that rich institution. The faculty seem to be willing, but the students object to having girls for competitors and the trustees say no. But the great city of New York ought to have some great institution for the higher education of women.

41. What constitutes a Marriage.

It has been settled by the courts that if a man and woman live together and acknowledge one another as husband and wife, the alliance is good in law and the children legitimate. But a curious case has come up, which shows that even an agreement of this kind under certain circumstances may be invalid. A man named Baxter lived in New York with his mother and sisters. He passed for a rich bachelor, and his friends never suspected that he had any relations with women that would establish a claim upon him. But he lived, it seems, a dual life. In Brooklyn he passed as John Baker, and had a wife which he acknowledged under that name, also a family. Upon his death, to the surprise of the family, Mrs. Baker came forward to claim the dower right in the estate. The case was adjudicated by several courts, but the judges are clearly puzzled, for Mrs. Baker never claimed to be Mrs. Baxter, and Mr. Baxter never claimed that Mrs. Baker was his wife. The relation was probably an illegitimate one at the beginnig, but was kept up through habit and such personal regard as is apt to grow up even among the vicious. Whatever disposition may be made of the claim of the woman, it is quite clear that in equity the children should inherit a fair share of the property of their father.

42. Divorce in France.

The French Assembly, by a very large majority, has passed what is known as the Naquet divorce bill. France has heretofore been under the Roman Catholic rule with reference to marriages, which permits separation from bed and board, but which prohibits the remarriage of divorced persons until the death of one or other takes place. A great many scandals have resulted from this denial of any right to a separation, even for the gravest reasons. But up to the last five years there has been a prejudice in France against any divorce law, because the last one was passed to enable Napoleon to get rid of Josephine. It is lamentable but true that all over the civilized world the bonds of marriage are relaxing. Every change in the law permits more freedom of separation. If things go on in this way, by the 20th century the law will not interfere at all with the relation of the sexes, except, perhaps, to decree that the father shall support his children.

43. Grisel.

A number of French gentlemen recently gave a banquet in France to Grisel, a poor engine-driver. It was in recognition of his successful efforts to save the lives of 156 persons. He knew that a certain railway bridge was in a rotten and dangerous condition, but the directors and superintendent of the road ordered him nevertheless to haul his train over the bridge. He refused to obey the orders, as he said he would not have it on his conscience to imperil the lives of so many people on the train. While the dispute was going on, a freight train passed over the bridge, which gave way under the weight. No lives were lost, but Grisel was vindicated, and the lives of the passengers were saved. This was in 1877. He lost his position for his disobedience, but some of the most eminent men in France, including Gambetta, were present at the banquet to do him honor.

44. Only a Cat.

Philip Speyer lost his life in New York recently by the bite of a cat. After giving birth to kittens, the animal would not go near them. Speyer attempted to force her to attend to her maternal duties, whereupon the enraged animal bit him in the finger venemously. Inflammation followed, erysipelas set in, and the man died. Such cases are rare; but this is not by any means the first death that resulted from the bite of a cat.

45. A white Monkey.

One of the most beautiful and curious animals in the world recently arrived in New York from Ceylon. It is an albino ring-tail monkey. It is pure white from the top of its ears to the end of its tail, and it is a remarkably intelligent and vivacious animal. The king of Siam has paid as high as $3,500 for an equally rare specimen of an albino monkey. Jack, as he is called, eats and drinks everything that is put before him, is very playful, weighs 40 pounds, and is not yet two years old.

46. Honoring a Scientist.

M. Pasteur is one of the benefactors of the human race. He has made a study of parasitic life and has been worth millions of francs to France, pointing out ways to preserve the vines of that nation. He is now engaged in discovering the secret of hydrophobia, and of laying bare the processes by which typhus fever is propagated. He confidently hopes to be able to point out a way in which all contagions may be avoided or contracted. M. Pasteur has just been made one of the immortal forty of the French Academy of Science. When one of these Academicians dies, the remaining 39 elect a successor, and they are generally selected from the ranks of the most eminent men of science and letters in France. M. Pasteur, in his address, differenced himself from the skeptics of the day by announcing his belief in an infinite and absolute God. This admission is significant, because the speaker succeeded M. Littré, who was an agnostic if not an atheist.

47. Can it be True?

An old Irishman in the Ulster County, N. Y., poor-house, claims that he is an uncle of John Mackay, the celebrated bonanza millionaire. He says that he sent young Mackay to school and educated him at his own expense, but that the latter neglects him in his old age. Mackay is supposed to be worth $30,000,000. His wife is in Paris, spending money lavishly and has gained some credit as well as achieved much notoriety lately by notifying a Spanish prince that she did not desire any titled person for a son-in-law. If her daughter must marry, it should be a commoner, not a nobleman or a prince.

48. Mother and Child.

Mrs. Mary Loupie went to live in the family of a Mr. Winans, in Orange, New Jersey. She had with her a child to whom the family became very much attached. The mother finally consented to surrender all her right and title to the little one to her employer. At the end of five years she was discharged on account of her bad habits. In revenge, she stole away her child, but the family discovered its whereabouts, and the courts had to decide

to whom the child should be surrendered. Chancellor Runyan finally decreed to give the little one to Mr. Winans. The decision was based upon the future of the child itself. If given to the mother, it would have been brought up in poverty and might fall into evil ways, but if restored to Mr. Winans it would be well educated and its future reasonably well assured. The child itself repelled the embraces of its mother. But it seems hard that the mother, under any circumstances, should be deprived of the comfort and care of her own offspring.

49. A Seductive Drug.

Ten pounds of opium are used to-day in the United States where one pound was consumed ten years ago. There are said to be 400,000 victims of the opium habit in the United States, and so great has been the increase of the slaves of this pernicious drug that the Society of Friends have called upon the churches to utter a cry of warning to all their congregations. The great Chinese emigration will doubtless account for some of this increase, but the main reason for the growth of the opium habit is the criminal use of that drug by physicians. Opiates are now given for every ailment which involves physical pain, and invalids when cured of some trifling disease often find themselves, by the partaking of too much morphine, the victims of a deadly vice. Some years ago the craze among physicians was the stimulant treatment, which consisted in giving alcoholic compounds to their patients. Ten person became drunkards where one person got well under this treatment. It would be well to avoid all physicians who give large doses of liquor or opium, or, indeed, large doses of any drug.

50. A Mahommedan Messiah.

The Oriental world is in a ferment. According to an old Mussulman legend, the year 1300, according to their calendar, will witness a reform of Islamism and the beginning of a union with the Christian church. A Medhi will arise, who will come either from Ialulka, the city of the West, or from Islulsa, the city of the East; and he it is who will be the John the Baptist to proclaim the birth of the Messiah. There is to be a new revelation from heaven, which is to be accepted alike by Mussulmans and Christians, and then the monotheistic believers the world over will belong to one church. Strangely enough, a prophet calling himself Medhi is now writing and speaking on behalf of a new revelation throughout northern Africa, southern Egypt and Arabia. His words carry great weight with the more uncivilized classes, and it is his followers who are raising the commotion in Egypt.

51. About Skim Milk.

General Robert C. Schenck, formerly Minister to England, was for some time on the sick list, and it was supposed he was going to die of Bright's disease of the kidneys. After the physicians had given him up he concluded to try the efficacy of skim milk, not only as a diet, but as a curative agent. He has been so much benefited by this treatment that he thinks skim milk a specific for many kidney disorders. Surgeon-General Barnes says that skim milk and buttermilk are of the utmost value in fevers, especially typhus fever. It will be remembered that the Prince of Wales was saved from death by drinking milk, when under what seemed a fatal attack of fever. It requires great resolution on the part of an ailing person to confine themselves to one article of diet.

52. The Irish Trouble.

Ireland is indeed unhappy. The island is capable of supporting twenty millions of people in comfort, but the 5,200,000 people who now occupy that fair land are steeped to the lips in misery because of bad government and vicious land laws. The true solution of the difficulty would be for the Government to purchase the land from its owners and resell to the actual occupants of the soil, giving long terms, say fifty years, for payment. But instead of this the effort is to preserve the landlord and keep up the chronic irritation of the Irish people.

53. Murder.

The killing of Lord Frederick Cavendish and his secretary, Mr. Burke, should not be laid to the account of the whole Irish people, and the senseless fury of the people of England is discreditable to that nation. The new coercion act is an infamous measure to pass through any Parliament in the 19th century. Its enforcement will only add to the bad blood between the two races. Mr. Gladstone's Government has accepted the amendments to the land laws proposed by Mr. Parnell, which are that all arrears of rent, except those of the last three years, shall be discharged. As to the three years, the tenants are to pay one, the Government the other, and the landlords the third. The arrears, it is supposed, will amount to about $30,000,000 in all. The objection to this scheme is that, while it perpetuates the landlord, it gives the tenant the hope that by getting up an agitation he can get still further concessions in the way of rent. How strange it is that England, which governs so well and wisely all over the globe, should never have been able to administer the affairs in Ireland to the satisfaction of its people. Does the cause lie in the people, or the Government?

54. Premier Gladstone.

One of the men most to be pitied is the Prime Minister of England, the "people's William," as he is sometimes affectionately called. He is really desirous of treating the people of Ireland fairly, and doing what he can to heal the wounds of that unhappy country. But his difficulty is with the people of England, who never did like the Irish, and who, while swift to endorse repressive measures, are reluctant to give any heed to the wrongs of the Hibernians. Mr. Gladstone was forced to imprison Parnell and his associates, and to pass coercive acts, although he knew he was doing wrong in the one case and producing unnecessary strife in the other. But Mr. Gladstone will pass into history as one of the ablest, most eloquent, and best intentioned Englishmen who ever occupied the position of Prime Minister.

55. Egypt.

More trouble in the land of the Nile. The natives, led by Arabi Bey, are demanding that the offices of profit and honor shall be filled by natives; the French and English commissioners are determined to keep their hold upon the country, so that the interest on the debt shall be paid. The upshot of the whole matter will doubtless be a protectorate by Great Britain and France over Egypt and the government of that country by foreigners. No doubt in time the people of Egypt will benefit by the change of rulers.

56. Club Manners.

The Union Club of New York has two members, both rich men, who have come before the public in a singularly disgraceful way. One of them, it seems, spoke rather coarsely about a well-known wealthy widow, whereupon the other denounced the speaker as a blackguard. Not satisfied with this rebuke, the defender of female reputation boasted of his exploit, and the matter finally became a public scandal. A duel was talked of, but did not take place. Both of these so-called gentlemen have been criticized contemptuously by the press, the one for speaking loosely about a woman, and the other for making the matter public, for it was the latter who did the lady the most injury. No such remarks should be tolerated in any club of gentlemen, and if spoken should never be revealed outside of its walls. The Union Club is disgraced in not having expelled both members immediately when the matter became public. Perhaps this affair will have one good effect. It may teach loose-tongued men to be careful what they say about the ladies of their acquaintance.

57. A Dismal Outlook.

Vennor, the weather prophet, says we are to have frost every month in the year 1882. The season is late, and the weather was abnormal up to the end of May; but Mr. Vennor, while he has made some lucky guesses, has no accurate means of predicting the weather for more than a few days ahead. His claim to foretell it for one, two, and three months ahead is certainly without foundation. The weather bureau does the best possible for us in that way. A forecast is not good for more than 48 hours, and is simply based upon the climatic conditions in every part of the country, as collected by the telegraph. When a snowstorm commences in Washington on Monday it is due in Philadelphia on Tuesday, and in New York on Wednesday. Science may in time be able to solve the problem of the weather, but Vennor is not a scientist, he is a humbug.

58. Their Number.

There are, it seems, 3,800,000 farms in the United States, the great bulk of which are cultivated by their owners. Notwithstanding the opening of new farms in the Northwest and Southwest, it is not believed that the number of landowners is increasing very rapidly. Land is passing into fewer hands in the Middle and Eastern States; in all the older communities the disposition is to sell the farms and move to the towns and villages.

59. An Anti-Woman Governor.

The New York Legislature having passed a bill permitting women to serve on managing boards of public charitable institutions in which women and children were inmates, Governor Cornell interposed with a veto. He does not think that the great State of New York has any women who are competent to act on such boards. The tendency in all civilized countries is to admit women to these functions. When Samuel J. Tilden was Governor he appointed Mrs. Lowell and Miss Schuyler to serve on State boards. If the women had votes, Governor Cornell would not be a candidate for renomination.

60. A Great Traveler.

Christian F. Schaefer recently died at Sidney, Australia. He was probably the greatest traveler of his age. He spent his life in perambulating around the world. He has visited all civilized and semi-civilized countries. This feat he accomplished without any money of his own; he begged his way when on land and worked his way at sea. He was, in short, a great international tramp.

Hanging Hat-Rack.

THE rack is of polished wood, and gilt. In the center is an oval, filled up with dark green velvet, on which is a flower pattern, embroidered from the design given, enlarged. Trace the pattern upon the velvet, then the flowers are worked with white, and the buds with pink silk in satin stitch. The inner parts of the flowers are worked with olive silk in knotted stitch. The calyces are worked in satin stitch of a pale olive, crossed with a darker shade. The foliage is embroidered in several shades of bronze and olive, in satin and overcast stitch, and in point russe. When the work is completed, lay a flannel over and press lightly, then draw the velvet tightly over a piece of cardboard, and cover the back with dark green muslin. The embroidery design is very pretty, traced and painted on satin, for cushions, etc.

Mantel Valance.

COVER a board the desired size with Canton flannel or felt. Then cut a valance the desired shape, tacking it round the edge of the board with white or brass headed nails. Finish the edge of the valance with a large cord covered with a bias piece. Then trim it round with long peacock feathers, laid in clusters.

Velvet Frames for Plaques.

OLD gilt frames that are tarnished or damaged can be covered to great advantage, also mirrors with plain wooden flat frames, by puffing velvet or felt over them. Another way is colored muslins with dotted Swiss puffed over, and finished with colored ribbon bows. China tiles look well set in flat, square, velvet-covered wooden mounts, from two to four inch margins, according to taste. The wood is not difficult to cover, and is done by stretching the velvet well over, turning in the edges neatly with tacks, and then gluing with strong glue, removing the tacks when dry.

Nursery Pin-Cushion.

TAKE a doll ten inches high, make a gored skirt the length of the legs to form the cushion, then cut a round piece for the bottom, cover it with some dark material and overhand it to the skirt; put the doll's legs through the top of the skirt and fill the cushion with bran, and fix firmly round the waist. The top skirt is of scarlet cloth, notched out round the bottom. The leaves on the skirt are of black velvet notched round the edges, and the tendrils embroidered with floss. The bodice, sleeves and apron are of white muslin, the latter worked in coral-stitch. The ceincture is of black velvet embroidered. The head-dress is narrow ribbon velvet made into bows finished at the center with a gilt buckle or ornaments.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

EMBROIDERY.

"My heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."
—WORDSWORTH.

A CORNER design for a table cover is sometimes more graceful if each side does not balance too exactly. The shape of this page is suitable to such a design with irregular sides. The shorter side has stalk lines to which a bud may be added from border No. 2, if desired. I think, however, it is more graceful to omit the lines and add at once the side border, beginning with the two first buds of border No. 2, then repeating the border continuously for the side of the table cover. On the long side of No. 1, the side border is added from the open flower of design No. 2. If this design is worked solid in stem or Kensington stitch, the flowers of the side border can be placed a little farther apart and so save considerable work, and yet not injure the effect of the design. These flowers may also be embroidered in any of the methods of darned or outline work given in former numbers. The flowers may be useful for a lawn tennis apron. The yellows always work up well on linen. The petals of the flowers should be embroidered with light yellow, shading toward the center to a deep yellow, and a yellow-green close to the crown of the flower. This crown of the flower must be in a deeper color than the petals, and shading on the outer edge to a yellow-brown. The pistil is yellow-green, the stamens yellow-brown. The flower calyx or sheath should be of a yellow-gray shading to a yellow-brown. The leaves should be celadon greens, occasionally tipped with yellow-brown. Take a daffodil leaf and select your green by the leaf itself. If these flowers are done in outline only, the coloring will be simple, but if shading is attempted, the full front flowers will be somewhat troublesome. The tube of the flower inside the calyx is green, shading from yellow-green to dark myrtle-green.

The daffodil is a favorite flower for decorative purposes. A plaque or a tile with daffodils, if only fairly drawn, is almost sure to find a purchaser.

The flower has always been a favorite with poets. It holds in its heart the sunshine of spring. Herrick gives us his "Golden Daffodils," and Wordsworth, in his delightful poem, the lines with which this embroidery lesson begins.

"My heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

TABLE COVER BORDER, DESIGNED BY HETTA H. L. WARD.

There is no lack of mottoes for this flower. Besides many others, there are these two useful ones:

"Oh fateful flower beside the rill,
The daffodil, the daffodil."
—JEAN INGELOW.

And—

"Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."
—SHAKESPEARE.

HETTA H. L. WARD.

CORNER FOR TABLE COVER, DESIGNED BY HETTA H. L. WARD.

What Women are Doing.

Two young ladies are now studying law at Paris.—*Gazette Des Femmes.*

More than a thousand women are now teaching in Switzerland. Girls are admitted to the high schools only in Zurich and Berne.

A New Woman's Society is being formed at Paris by the efforts of Mme. Virginie Corroy, The Workwomen's Union. Victor Hugo is Honorary President.

More than half of the institutions in the United States which profess to give University education and confer degrees, now admit women on equal terms with male students.

The Duchess of Sutherland and other ladies have established and opened a "House of Rest" for "Women in Business," in Babbacombe, in Devonshire.

A Woman Dramatist.—An Italian lady, Signorina Clara Toselli, has composed a play called "The Orphan," which has been represented with great applause in Turin.

Signora Claudia Antona-Traversi has been appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction Honorary Inspector of the Normal Female Schools in Naples.

Atlanta boasts of a young, attractive, and industrious cobbler of the female sex, who both mends and constructs all kinds of shoes to the satisfaction of numerous customers.

Municipal Councillors.—*La Donna* says:—A Commission of the Diet of Croatia has decided that women are eligible as members of Municipal Councils. It will be remembered that it was only last year they became electors. Croatia moves quickly.

Dr. Anna D. French has been appointed by the Equitable Life Insurance Company one of its medical examiners.

A Marble Bust of the Empress Augusta of Germany, executed by the Crown Princess, daughter of Queen Victoria, has been placed in the Hohenzollern Museum, Berlin.

Sophia Bernina is said to be the only woman who ever succeeded in escaping penal servitude in Siberia. She was condemned to twenty years' hard labor, but succeeded in making her escape to Switzerland, where she is now living in safe seclusion.

Mrs. Fawcett's "Political Economy for Beginners" is being translated into two of the native languages of India, Canarese, and Marathi. Her "Tales in Political Economy" is also being translated into the latter language and into Swedish.

Mrs. Frances Grant, of Liverpool, has placed in the hands of trustees a sum of upward of $500,000, the interest of which she has directed shall be devoted to the relief of the deserving poor, without reference to class or creed. The interest amounts to about $20,000, and Mrs. Grant takes a lively personal interest in its distribution.

Miss Ella Dietz has succeeded in establishing a branch of the "Church and Stage Guild" of London in New York City. Miss Dietz is an actress and a church member, and her object is to vindicate the right of the church to participation in the education of the stage, and establish sympathy between them. Miss Dietz is an author of repute as well as actress, and a sincere, conscientious woman of exquisite manners, and slight, attractive personal appearance.

Miss Genevieve Ward was the recipient of an ovation on the occasion of the 600th performance of "Forget-Me-Not," which was given as a testimonial benefit performance at the Union Square Theatre previous to her departure by the *Gallia.* The parts were taken by amateurs, except her own; the theatre was packed with people, the stage with flowers. It was an unprecedented triumph.

Miss Dora Abbott has won the admiration of sculptors, and the promise of lasting fame by a figure of "The Stone Age." It represents a man who has been hunting and dropped his weapon, a stone axe, which has fallen down the precipice at his side. When the inhabitants of the earth lived in caves, their chief treasure was the stone axe, with which they killed their game and protected themselves from beasts and fellow-men. The preparation of this axe was the work of months, for the stone was rubbed into two sharp arrow-headed points at either end, whilst by means of a groove in the center a wooden handle was inserted and held by sinews.

Women can vote at school meetings or hold offices on school boards in 26 different States and Territories; the laggards in this matter are: Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Nevada, North Carolina, South Carolina, Ohio, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia, Alaska, Arizona, Indian Territory, Montana, New Mexico, and Utah.

Mary Tucker Magill, a Virginian lady, has in press an illustrated aid to the study of facial expression, which she calls "Musical Pantomine." Its object is to teach the student of elocution the power of facial expression, and also how to exercise the muscles of the mouth so that they shall be under control. The exercises consist of seven pantomimic scenes, accompanied by the appropriate music and figure, expressive of the sentiment to be conveyed. The arrangement and illustrations are very fine, and the originality of the idea promises success.

Miss Minnie Swayze is perhaps the most interesting and forcible parlor lecturer, as she has long been one of the most successful teachers of reading and elocution, now before the public. The series of six lectures delivered in New York during the past lenten season, on the "Domestic Institutions of All Nations," attracted most intelligent and discriminating audiences, and several were repeated by request. Miss Swayze's pleasant appearance, clear, vibrant voice, admirable method, and modest manner, add to the charm of her intelligence and cultivation.

Important to Married Women.—An important change has been made in Massachusetts in the legal property rights of wives. Hitherto all the personal property of a wife dying intestate has descended to the husband. Hereafter one-half only will go to the husband, and the other half to her children or other heirs. The law is still unequal, since the wife only inherits one third of the personal property of the husband, who dies leaving children, the children inheriting two-thirds. A motion was made to have this inequality removed by making the wife inherit one-half instead of one-third. But it was defeated, on the ground that the husband is legally liable for the support of the children, and therefore should inherit more; a spurious objection, since the mother is practically quite as much bound to provide for the children as is the father, and in fact the mother is more uniformly faithful to the obligation.

The Misses Steven, of Bellahouston, have presented to the University of Edinburgh, the sum of £2,000 for the foundation of a scholarship in agriculture. With the view of the holder making himself acquainted with the general state of the agriculture of different districts of his own country, and the advanced practices as evidenced by the exhibition of live stock and of improved implements and machines for farming purposes, he will be required to visit personally the annual exhibitions of the four leading agricultural societies, or such of them as the professor of agriculture in the said University for the time being shall appoint —viz., the Royal Agricultural Society of England, the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, and the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, and to furnish a report on the several departments of the respective exhibitions, which report shall be sent for publication to the agricultural journals, if approved by the professor for the time being. The first award of the said scholarship will be made at the end of the winter session 1882–83.

Typical Western Girls.—The Misses Kollock are four typical Western girls, of Madison, Wis. Dr. Mary Kollock Bennett, the eldest, graduated at the Woman's Medical College of Chicago, and for years has been practicing successfully in that city. The next, Dr. Harriet Kollock, graduated in the medical department at Ann Arbor, Mich., nine years ago, since which time she has been pursuing her professional work. The third, the Rev. Florence Kollock, graduated at Canton Theological College some years since, and is now doing a good work as pastor in a beautiful church, built for her by her parish during the last two years, at Englewood, a surburban town of Chicago. Dr. Jennie C. Kollock, the youngest sister, graduated in the dental department at Ann Arbor, Mich., last March, together with a class of thirty-six gentlemen, she being the only lady, and passing the highest examination of any in the class. She is now establishing herself as a dental practitioner in Chicago.

Sixty Recipes.

I.—**Infants' Food.**—Four spoonfuls of boiling water to one spoonful of sweet cream, loaf sugar to sweeten.

II.—**Milk Toast.**—Sprinkle some salt over a nicely toasted piece of bread, and pour rich milk over it while it is still hot.

III.—**Milk Porridge.**—A large spoonful of flour mixed with cold water, stir it into half a pint of boiling water, boil fifteen minutes; add a cup of milk and a little salt.

IV.—**Tapioca Stirabout.**—Tapioca soaked over night in cold water, boiled in milk and stirred constantly till tender.

V.—**Breakfast Biscuits.**—One quart of flour sprinkled with salt, wetted with milk, a fresh egg beaten into it and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Knead well, cut into shape, and bake fifteen minutes.

VI.—**Lichfield Crackers.**—Rub a piece of butter the size of an egg into a quart of flour, mix an egg with it and sprinkle in a little salt; knead it till stiff, then pound it with an iron pestle for an hour; roll it out very thin, cut into rounds, prick it and bake twenty minutes.

VII.—**Coarse Wheat.**—Put a cupful of coarse wheat and a teaspoonful of salt into a double boiler, pour over it three cupfuls of boiling water; let it boil two hours without stirring. Serve with milk and sugar.

VIII.—**Gluten Cream Wafers.**—Stir gluten with sweet cream salted, until the dough is thick enough to roll out very thin; cut into rounds and bake a delicate brown.

IX.—**Fried Biscuit.**—Take light bread dough made with milk, and into a pint bowl put one egg and an ounce of butter. Let it rise light again, then roll it out thin, cut into square pieces and fry like doughnuts. Eat with a little salt.

X.—**Graham Cakes.**—To a teacupful of sour milk put a teacup of brown sugar, two teacups and a half of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of saleratus, some nutmeg or the grated rind of a lemon. Add, if liked, some currants.

XI.—**Soda Griddle Cakes.**—One pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one of soda, flour enough to make a batter not very thick; butter the griddle; fry quickly. Spread over the cakes a little butter, nutmeg and sugar, or, if preferred, serve plain.

XII.—**Scrambled Eggs.**—Take six eggs and beat them up thoroughly, season them with pepper and salt; put a lump of butter in the frying pan, and as it melts turn in the eggs, stirring them all the time they are cooking. As soon as they begin to set turn them out on to a slice of hot buttered toast. Serve at once.

XIII.—**Chicken Panada.**—Boil a young chicken till tender, cut off the white meat and pound it in a mortar with a little of the liquor in which it was boiled, until it is a paste. Season it with pepper and nutmeg; return it to the saucepan, add more of the liquor, and let it boil two or three minutes.

XIV.—**Tomato Broth.**—Stew tomatoes in a quart of white stock; strain it to get rid of the seeds, return it to the fire and add a cupful of rice. Let it boil until the rice is fully swelled, then dish and serve with more cut up chicken in the tureen.

XV.—**Vegetable Soup.**—Take a shin of beef, six large carrots, six large onions, twelve turnips, six tomatoes, and one pound of rice or barley, parsley, leeks, summer savory, a bunch of sweet herbs in muslin; put all the ingredients into a soup kettle and boil all slowly together for four hours.

XVI.—**German Pancake Soup.**—Make a batter with a pound of flour, a little salt and half a pint of milk; stir it well and add two beaten eggs; mix till it is of the consistency of cream. Make into pancakes and fry it a light brown. As each one is fried lay it on a board and cut it up into narrow strips. Beat up an egg and put it in the tureen; add the strips of pancake, and pour over them a quart of boiling stock, stirring all the time.

XVII.—**Green Pea Soup.**—Boil a shin of veal in four quarts of water, with two onions, two carrots, pepper and salt. Let it boil for four hours; then add two quarts of green peas not very young; let it boil another hour and a half. Strain through a seive or soup strainer; add a quarter of a pound of butter; stir it up, and let it boil fifteen minutes.

XVIII.—**Julienne Soup.**—Put an ounce of butter into the soup kettle; stir until melted; cut three young onions small, fry them of a nice brown; add three quarts of beef stock, a little mace, pepper and salt. Let it boil for an hour. Then add three young carrots and three turnips, and a head of celery; cut them all into small pieces; add a pint of string beans and a pint of green peas. Let it boil gently for two hours. If not of a bright, clear color, add a spoonful of sey.

XIX.—**Calf's Head Soup.**—Strain the liquor a calf's head has been boiled in and set it in a cool place. When cold remove the fat; fry an onion in a little butter, dredge some flour over it, and stir till it is brown. Cut up two carrots, two onions, two turnips and any meat of the head, and put all in with the stock; add cloves, pepper and salt, and boil for two hours. Thicken with a little flour, and add a glass of red wine.

XX.—**Broiled Shad.**—Scrape and clean the fish, split it down the back and wash it clean; wipe it thoroughly dry. Lay the flesh side upon a well greased gridiron, and broil from ten to fifteen minutes. Turn it, broil another ten minutes, and when it is dished have ready some hard eggs chopped very finely and some minced parsley, which sprinkle over the fish. Let a piece of butter melt upon it, and serve at once, garnished with slices of lemon.

XXI.—**Cusk a la Creme.**—Boil the fish till tender, then remove the flesh from the bones. Mix an ounce of flour with a quart of milk and cream; add the juice of a lemon, an onion chopped very fine, a bunch of parsley, a little nutmeg, pepper and salt. Stir it over the fire until it makes a thick sauce, adding two ounces of butter. Strain the sauce and put a little on a dish. Lay the fish on it, and pour the remainder over it; beat the whites of six eggs to a froth, spread over the fish and bake half an hour.

XXII.—**Baked Cod.**—A small cod should be baked whole. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, pepper, salt, parsley and onion; add a little pork chopped very fine, blend it together with an egg, stuff the fish with it, and sew it up. Put a pint of water and a little salt into a pan, lay the fish in and bake for an hour and a half, basting it constantly with butter and flour. After dishing the fish thicken the gravy, and add two spoonfuls of tomato or walnut catsup. Let it boil, and pour over the fish.

XXIII.—**Chowder.**—Fry three slices of salt pork in a deep kettle, take them out and lay in slices of potatoes; flour and pepper them; then lay in slices of fish—cod or haddock—also floured and peppered. Continue to put in alternate layers of fish and potatoes until you have sufficient. Slice a fresh lemon and lay it on the top. Pour over it boiling water enough almost to cover it, and as it boils dredge in flour. Dip a few crackers in cold water and lay them over the top. Boil for three-quarters of an hour.

XXIV.—**Curried Fish.**—Put into the pot four onions and two apples sliced and some sweet herbs, with a quarter of a pound of butter, salt and a very little sugar; fry for fifteen minutes; then pour in three quarts of water and one pound of rice; boil till the rice is tender; add about a tablespoonful of curry powder, and cut up any fish you have into small pieces, let it boil for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, and serve all together.

XXV.—**Oyster Patties.**—Line some patty pans with a good puff paste and bake them. Beard the oysters and cut them up into quarters, put them in a tosser with a little nutmeg, pepper, salt, and grated lemon peel, a little cream, and some of the oyster liquor. Simmer them for a few minutes, and then fill the patties with them. In baking the patties, put a small piece of crust into each to keep them hollow; remove it, of course, when they are done.

XXVI.—**Asparagus.**—Should be cooked while very fresh. Tie into small bunches and boil in slightly salted water: they will take about twenty to twenty-five minutes. Have ready two or three slices of toasted bread, and lift the asparagus out carefully; lay their heads all in one direction on the toast, and either spread thin shavings of butter over them, or make a sauce with flour, butter and milk to serve with them.

XXVII.—**White Beans**—Are very nice as a vegetable if prop

erly cooked. They should be boiled for half an hour and the water then be thrown away; a second water also rejected after twenty minutes boiling. Let the beans boil rapidly for an hour in the third water, and do not put salt on them until they are almost done. Drain them thoroughly in a colander, and serve with a lump of butter and chopped parsley sprinkled over them. They are very nice if, after draining them, they are returned to the saucepan, sprinkled with flour, a little butter, pepper and salt added, and thoroughly shaken up.

XXVIII.—**Spinach**—Requires great care in cooking, or rather in the preparation for cooking. Wash in several waters, and carefully pick off all decayed leaves and all thick stalks. Put it in a saucepan of boiling water with salt and a little soda, and let it boil rapidly with the lid off the pot. Drain it into a colander, and either chop it very finely on a board, or rub it through a hair sieve. Amalgamate some butter and flour in the saucepan, return the spinach to it, and let it heat thoroughly. Serve with hard boiled eggs cut in slices.

XXIX.—**Stewed Red Cabbage.**—Cut the cabbage into thin strips as if for pickling, and lay it in a deep saucepan, with a quarter of a pound of butter or fat. Let it become thoroughly soaked, then add water enough to cover it, an onion stuck full of cloves, two potatoes and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Let it boil slowly for an hour, and just before serving add a little more vinegar.

XXX.—**Cauliflower**—Should be placed head downward in strongly salted water for an hour or two before cooking. Have ready a pot with boiling water; place the cauliflower, still head downward, in it, and let it boil for twenty minutes. Serve with melted butter, or with cheese grated over it. Some people prefer to cut up the flower and serve it with the leaves and stump.

XXXI.—**Green Peas.**—To preserve the flavor peas should be placed in a closed bottle, in a saucepan full of boiling water. In this way they require about an hour to cook them, and they will lose their color, but retain the full flavor of the vegetable, which is lost if they are boiled in water. A little sugar makes a pleasant addition to the taste. Serve with a lump of butter, and mint if it is liked.

XXXII.—**Potato Purée.**—Boil the potatoes with salt until they are about to break, then drain them thoroughly, and return them to the saucepan. Mash them with a wooden spoon, and mix two ounces of butter well in with them. Then beat up an egg in some milk and stir it in very slowly, adding a little at a time until the potatoes are thoroughly mixed with it, and quite free from any lumps. As it boils beat it back and forth with the wooden spoon. Serve sprinkled with fried bread crumbs.

XXXIII.—**Mayonnaise Salad.**—Rub through a sieve the yolks of four hard boiled eggs, add the yolks of three raw ones, a teaspoonful of salt, a large spoonful of mustard, a little cayenne pepper, if liked. Mix in three tablespoonfuls of oil, welding it all the time and rubbing the yokes against the side of the bowl with the flat wooden spoon; lastly add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and cream or milk. Wipe instead of washing the lettuce, and break it into pieces rather than cut it with a knife.

XXXIV.—**Browned Tomatoes.**—Choose large tomatoes, and halve them; place them skin side down in a frying pan, with a little butter; sprinkle them well with pepper and salt, dredge them with flour. Place the pan over a brisk fire, and let them brown thoroughly. Turn them and let the other side brown. Serve them on buttered toast.

XXXV.—**Roast Pigeons.**—Have a dressing made of bread crumbs, grated lemon peel, chopped hard-boiled eggs, sweet herbs and a beaten egg. Stuff the pigeons with it, having first wiped the insides very thoroughly; truss them very tightly, and roast them for half an hour, basting them constantly. For the gravy take the drippings, a cup of meat stock, a piece of butter, with a little flour; add a little lemon juice, and some cloves; give it one boil and strain.

XXXVI.—**Pigeon Pie.**—Cut the pigeons in halves, put them into a saucepan with meat stock enough to cover them, a little pepper, salt and cloves, and cut up two tomatoes and put in. Stew from half an hour to an hour, according to size; line the sides of the pie dish with paste, lay the pigeons in the dish and fill it with the gravy. Shake in a little flour to thicken it, and put in a piece of butter to add richness. Cover it with a nice crust, and bake about three-quarters of an hour.

XXXVII.—**Birds in Jelly.**—Bone the birds and stew or roast them. Place them in a mould that will just hold them, and make a jelly in this way: Boil four calves' feet, two onions, one dozen cloves and pepper corns, salt, two nice carrots and a head of celery in six quarts of water. Strain in an earthen pot to cool. Skim off the fat and put the stock into a preserving pot, with two lemons cut up, the whites and shells of six eggs, and let it boil twenty minutes. Draw to the side of the fire and clear with a cup of cold water. Let it stand a quarter of an hour. Strain it through a jelly bag over the birds. Let the mold stand on ice, and when thoroughly cold turn the birds into a dish.

XXXVIII.—**Vol au Vents of Chicken.**—Cut up the white meat of a boiled fowl and put in a saucepan with a little flour, a piece of butter, a little mace, and half a cup of cream. Stir well until it is thoroughly heated through, then fill the vol au vents which have been pended by the confectioner.

XXXIX.—**Roast Turkey.**—Make a stuffing of bread crumbs, pepper, salt, butter, and sweet herbs, and, if liked, chopped sausage meat: fill the body and sew it up. Rub the bird thoroughly with flour. Push a skewer through the tail end, and tie the ends of the legs down close upon it. It requires to roast slowly. When half done flour it again, and as it browns baste it thoroughly, first with butter and then with drippings from the bird. Make a gravy by boiling the heart, gizzard, and liver for an hour, and adding gravy from the turkey to it; dredge in a little flour, add butter, pepper and salt, and serve in a sauce bowl.

XL.—**Fricassee of Fowls.**—Cut the fowls up into small pieces, wash and dry them well; put into a saucepan with a pint of water, an onion cut up, a little mace, pepper and salt. Let it boil twenty minutes, then take out the chicken: strain the gravy into a bowl; put into the saucepan two ounces of butter; mix into it a large spoonful of flour, add the chicken, stir till it is hot, then add the gravy, a gill of cream, two eggs well beaten, and a little chopped parsley. Stir till it comes to a boil and serve at once.

XLI.—**Pilaff.**—Take five cupfuls of good beef stock; season it with pepper, salt, and tomatoes; add to it three cups of rice, set it over a moderate fire and simmer until the rice has absorbed the soup. Cut up a chicken, season it with pepper and salt, and fry in butter. Make a hole in the rice, and place the chicken in and cover it with rice. Melt half a pound of butter and pour over it, and as soon as it is absorbed serve it in a deep dish.

XLII.—**Potted Pigeons.**—Lay slices of salt pork at the bottom of a pot, chop an onion very fine and fry it to a nice brown, add the pigeons, and, having sprinkled them with pepper and salt pour over them water or stock enough to cover them, and stew gently for an hour, adding stock as it boils away. Split six crackers; dip them in cold water, cover the pigeons over with them and stir another fifteen minutes. Dish in a deep dish and turn the gravy over them.

XLIII.—**Sweetbreads**—Should be larded with strips of pork. Boil them in clear water for fifteen minutes, then put them for ten minutes into cold water. Place them in a pan, dredge them with flour, add half a pint of hot water, a little mace, pepper, and salt; set them in the oven to brown for twenty minutes. Dish them, add a little butter and flour to the gravy, and let it boil up. Turn it over the sweetbreads and garnish them with sliced lemon and parsley.

XLIV.—**Beef a'la Mode.**—Put the beef with pepper, salt, ground cloves and sugar mixed together, make a forcemeat of crumbs, sausage meat, an onion chopped fine, sweet herbs, salt, and two beaten eggs. Make holes in the meat, fill with the stuffing and sew them up. Stuff an onion full of cloves and put it in the pot, add a quart of good stock. Lay the beef in the pot and let it stew gently for four hours. Thicken the gravy and serve over the meat.

XLV.—**Roast Veal**—Requires stuffing with bread crumbs, grated lemon, sweet herbs, minced pork, and a beaten egg. Butter the joint well, and cover it with paper if roasted. Baste continually. Veal requires more time than other meats. To make the gravy, dredge flour into the dripping pan, and add good stock and a couple of cloves. Strain and serve in sauce bowl, not over the veal.

XLVI.—**Blanquette of Veal.**—Half a breast of veal, cut in small pieces and put into a saucepan with water to cover it, and a little

mace, pepper, and salt. Let it boil until quite tender, then take out the veal and put it in cold water to bleach: break up about a pint bowl full of macaroni in small pieces, boil it in milk till tender: knead up a quarter of a pound of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour; stir it into the gravy: put in the meat and macaroni, and give it one boil. Serve in a deep dish garnished with lemons.

XLVII.—**Italian Steaks.**—Have some tender steaks cut into strips about an inch and a half in width, lay upon each a strip of bacon. Roll them up and tie them with a thread. Place them in a stew pan with a chopped onion, some sweet herbs, a little lemon juice or vinegar, some cloves, and allspice. Dredge them with flour and add water enough to cover them; let them stew very slowly for a couple of hours. Take them out and arrange them in a pyramid on a dish. Thicken the gravy and strain over them.

XLVIII.—**Stuffed Roast Beef.**—The ribs of beef should be boned by the butcher. Make a stuffing of bread crumbs, chopped onion, sage and parsley, the latter minced very fine, blend with an egg. Unroll the beef and lay the stuffing along it, roll it up again and tie very securely. Cook in brisk oven, basting frequently and serve with thick brown gravy.

XLIX.—**Baked Ham.**—Ham is much better baked than boiled. Make a dough of flour and water, and wrap the ham up in it. Place it in a slow oven for a couple of hours. Remove the paste, and if it is to be eaten cold let the ham cool very slowly. If baked without a crust, the ham should be placed over a pan of boiling water, so that it will cook in the steam, water being constantly added as it boils away.

L.—**Lamb a la Bordelaise.**—Take a leg of lamb and sprinkle it with finely minced mint. Put it down to a brisk fire or in a brisk oven, and when half done, sprinkle it well with bread crumbs, and a little more mint. When it is done, make a gravy by dredging flour into the dripping pan, and add a tablespoonful of vinegar to it, some stock or water. Strain and serve over the meat.

LI.—**English Apple Pie.**—Pare and core the apples, slice them very fine, and place them in a deep dish, grate a little lemon peel over them, and add sugar to taste, and about half a cup full of water. Make a good puff paste and lay over the top, pricking it well. Roll out some paste and cut strips about an inch in width, which lay on the flat edge of the dish, make a pattern on it either by pressing it with the prongs of a fork, or turning it up at the edge with a teaspoon.

LII.—**Apple Meringue.**—One and a half pounds of white sugar in one quart of water boiled down to a pint and a half, to make rich syrup, beat the white of six eggs to a froth, add the syrup, slowly stirring in the eggs; if not stiff enough add a little sifted white sugar; have ready a dish of preserved apples, leaving space to spread over the froth. Sift a little fine white sugar on to it, set it in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour, until of a nice golden brown.

LIII.—**A Sweet Omelet.**—Beat up six eggs very light; add a spoonful of flour, a little fine sugar and nutmeg. Put this into an omelet pan; stir until it sets; then loosen the edge with a knife; have ready any kind of preserve; spread it over the omelet with a spoon as quickly as possible, roll it over, slip the omelet from the pan on to a long dish, and sift a little fine sugar over it while hot.

LIV.—**Lemon Pie.**—Grate the yellow part of the peel of two large lemons, and add it with the juice to two-thirds of a cup of sugar; mix smoothly one and one half tablespoonfuls of flour in three-quarters of a cupful of water; stir all together and add the well-beaten yolk of two eggs; bake with only an under crust to a nice golden brown color; when done pour over the top the white of two eggs beaten to a froth, with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, set on the oven a few moments to harden.

LV.—**Cocoanut Pudding.**—Break the cocoanut and save the milk, peel off the brown skin, and grate the cocoanut very fine. Take the weight of the cocoanut in white sugar and butter; rub the butter and sugar to a cream, and add five well-beaten eggs to a cup of cream, the milk of the cocoanut, two tablespoonfuls of farina, corn starch or rice flour, and a little grated lemon; line a dish with rich paste put on the pudding, and bake for an hour.

LVI.—**Soft Custard.**—Boil a quart of milk or cream, and beat up eight eggs with half a pound of sugar. Turn the milk on the eggs, boiling hot, stirring the eggs all the time, and flavor with lemon or peach; strain it through a gauze sieve into a pitcher; set the pitcher in boiling water and let it boil till it thickens. Stir it most of the time, for if it curdles it is spoiled; serve in custard glasses.

LVII.—**Mince Pie.**—To one beef's tongue allow a pound of suet, a pound of raisins and of currants, a pound and a quarter of sugar, eight large apples, half a pound of citron, salt, nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves, the juice and pulp of a lemon and the rind cut fine and a quart of cider. Chop the meat fine and add the other ingredients, chopping the apple, &c. Boil the sugar in the cider and pour it over the other ingredients.

LVIII.—**Rich Pudding.**—One pint of flour, half a cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, half a pint of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; stir well together; place these ingredients in a round tin, and steam for an hour over fast boiling water. Serve with a sauce made of half a cup of butter, ditto of sugar and of vinegar, half a pint of hot water; let it come to a boil, remove it from the fire, and stir two well beaten eggs into it.

LIX.—**Christmas Pudding.**—Equal quantities of bread crumbs, chopped suet, raisins, currants, and muscatel raisins; a quarter of the weight of candied peel, a cup full of molasses, a quarter of a pound of blanch almonds cut up, an apple grated, and six eggs to every pound of the ingredients; mix all thoroughly well together, and boil for four or five hours.

LX.—**Birthday Cake.**—To one pound of flour allow one of sugar, one of butter, one and a quarter of raisins, two of currants, quarter of a pound of citron, half a grated nutmeg, some cinnamon, and a little mace. Rub the fruit into the flour, and blend the ingredients with ten beaten eggs.

Scientific.

To Remove Dandruff.—Jamaica rum, one pint; bay, three-quarters of a pint; glycerine, two ounces; carbonate of ammonia, one ounce; borax, two ounces. Wash the skin of the head with a piece of sponge dipped in this solution, after which thoroughly rinse with tepid water. This should be used once or twice each week, supplemented by an occasional application of carbolic pomade.

To Clean Marble.—Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice-stone, and one part of finely powdered chalk. Sift it through a fine sieve and mix it with the water. Then rub it well all over the marble, and the stains will be removed. To finish the work, wash the marble over with soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was at first.

To remove coffee or milk stains from silk, woolen, or other fabrics, paint over with glycerine, then wash with a clean linen rag dipped in lukewarm rain-water until clean. Afterwards press on the wrong side with a warm iron as long as it seems damp. Delicate colors are unaffected by this treatment.

To Preserve the Teeth.—Use flour of sulphur as a tooth-powder. Rub the teeth and gums with a rather hard tooth-brush, using the sulphur every night; if done after dinner, too, all the better. It preserves the teeth and does not communicate any smell whatever to the mouth.

Brunelli Process of Embalming.—The process of embalming is as follows, and is called the "Brunelli process": 1. The circulatory system is cleansed by washing with cold water till it issues quite clear from the body. This may occupy from two to five hours. 2. Alcohol is injected so as to abstract as much water as possible. This occupies about a quarter of an hour. 3. Ether is then injected to abstract the fatty matter. This occupies from two to ten hours. 4. A strong solution of tannin is then injected. This occupies for imbibition two to ten hours. 5. The body is then dried in a current of warm air passed over heated chloride of calcium. This may occupy two to five hours. The body is then perfectly preserved, and resists decay. The Italians exhibit specimens which are as hard as stone, retain the shape perfectly, and are equal to the best wax models. It will be observed in this process that those substances most prone to decay are removed, and the remaining portions are converted by the tannin into a substance resembling leather.

An Improved Method of Embroidering.—An apparatus has been patented by Mr. Joseph Halter, of Rebstein, Switzerland. The object is to make different kinds of lace, guipures, and other varieties of machine embroidery that can be made on ordinary embroidery machines with cotton, flax, wool, silk, or other thread upon a ground of paper or other material that can be easily washed away or removed when the lace or other open work is completed; also to provide apparatus to support the paper when it would by itself be torn by the embroidery needles and thread; and to connect the embroidery figures by strong thread passed through each figure, so that they are suspended to each other; and to wash away or remove the paper or other easily destructible ground on which the embroidery has been made.

When washing oil-cloth, put a little milk into the last water it is washed with. This will keep it bright and clean longer than clear water.

It takes thirty pounds of beef to make one pound of Liebig's extract of meat. Twelve pounds weight of strong extract represents the nutritive portion of a whole bullock.

The rose of Jericho, which is found in sandy places in Egypt, Syria and Arabia, when dry, curls itself up into a ball, and is thus blown about until it finds a damp place, when it uncurls, the pods open, and the seed is sown.

The wearing of veils prematurely weakens many naturally good eyes, on account of the endeavors of the eye to adjust itself to the ceaseless vibration of that too common article of dress.

A little glycerine added to gum or glue is a great improvement, as it prevents either becoming brittle. It also prevents gummed labels from having a tendency to curl up when being written on.

The Java process of shaving the bark of the cinchona, which was introduced into Darjeeling by Doctor King, has proved a decided success. The bark renews itself perfectly within about a year, and the trees do not appear to have suffered the least check.

Any wall-paper design which shows prominently any set pattern, or spots which suggest a sum in multiplication, or which, in a half light, might be likely to fix themselves upon the tired brain, suggesting all kinds of weird forms, should be avoided. The design should be of such a description that, saving as regard color, it should offer no specially marked pattern.

A good durable waterproof liquid stove-polish: Purified black lead (graphite) reduced to a very fine powder, one pound; perchloride of iron, half an ounce. Moisten with just enough water to form a stiff paste, and mix intimately by trituration in a mortar, and gradually add water sufficient to reduce the paste to a thin cream. Shake before using.

The taste of ginger cookies can be improved by using half a cup of cold coffee instead of water. There is almost always at least so much left after breakfast; or, if not, put a little water in the pot and let it boil for a minute or two, and strength enough will be given to flavor the cookies.

A young fowl may be known before plucking by the largeness of the feet and leg-joints; after plucking, a thin neck and violet thighs may be taken as invariable signs of age and toughness, especially in turkeys and fowls. The age of ducks and geese is tested by their beaks, the lower part of which breaks away quite easily when they are young.

One of the readiest and simplest tests for ascertaining if water is free from organic pollution is to cork up a small bottle nearly full of it, into which a piece of lump sugar has been put. If, by thus excluding the air and letting it stand in the light for two or three days, there is not a milky cloud seen, but the water remains clear, it may be considered free from the phosphates with which sewage water is impregnated.

To Make Steak Tender.—Put three tablespoonfuls of salad oil and one tablespoonful of vinegar, well mixed together, on a large flat dish, and on this lay the steak. Salt must now be put on the steak before it is cooked. The steak must lie on the tender-making mixture for at least half an hour to a side; the toughest steak will succumb to this and be perfectly tender when cooked.

To remove grease-spots from paper, scrape finely some pipeclay on the sheet of paper to be cleaned. Let it completely cover the spot; then lay a thin piece of paper over it, and pass a heated iron on it for a few seconds. Take a perfectly clean piece of India-rubber and rub off the pipeclay. In most cases one application will be found sufficient; but, if it is not, repeat it.

The Removal of Scars and Cicatrices.—The cicatrices, scars, or marks left by various diseases, burns, or wounds of divers kinds, are often less obstinately permanent than is generally supposed, and from some facts which have lately come under our notice, we are inclined to think that their prevention or removal in many cases may be accomplished by some mild but effectual antiseptic.

Among the exemplifications of the efficacy of the formula we are enabled to lay before our readers, in the case of a gentleman of our acquaintance, whose face was so severely burnt by the violent spurting of a quantity of melted lead.

At first, of course, carron oil was the sole application, and as for *weeks* afterward particles of the granulated metal had literally to be dug out of the flesh, a deeply-scarred countenance was naturally predicted by all, except the patient himself. One mark of an almost imperceptible character alone remained after the expiration of six months, owing, as our friend says, to the whole face being bathed twice or three times a day, as soon as the oil treatment could be discontinued, with a lotion of the simplest character.

Lint soaked in the same solution and allowed to remain on some little time, will frequently mitigate the visible results of small-pox, and we have known one case of ringworm, treated in this way, to leave no scar whatever, while a sister of the latter patient, who had had the same disease in a lesser degree, but had not employed this lotion, still retains the evidences of the fact.

The following is a convenient formula: Borax, half ounce; salicylic acid, 12 grains; glycerine, 3 drachms; rose water, 6 ounces. Make a lotion.—*Magazine of Pharmacy.*

Rice-Glue Statuary.—Mix intimately rice-flour with cold water, and gently simmer it over the fire, when it readily forms a delicate and durable cément, not only answering the purpose of common paste, but admirably adapted to join together paper, card, etc. When made of the consistency of plastic clay, models, busts, basso-rellevos, etc., may be formed, and the articles when dry are very like white marble, and will take a high polish, being very durable. In this manner the Chinese and Japanese make many of their domestic idols. Any coloring matter may be used at pleasure.

Glycerine Leather-Polish.—Mix intimately together three or four pounds of lamp-black and half a pound of burned bones with five pounds of glycerine and five pounds of sirup. Then gently warm two and three-quarter ounces of gutta-percha in an iron or copper kettle until it flows easily, add ten ounces of olive oil, and, when completely dissolved, one ounce of stearine. This solution, while still warm, is poured into the former and well mixed. Then add five ounces of gum senegal dissolved in one and a half pound of water, and half an ounce of lavender or other oil to flavor it. For use it is diluted with three or four parts of water. It gives a fine polish, is free from acid, and the glycerine keeps the leather soft and pliable.

It is reported that a revolution will soon be effected in the consumption of lard by pure refined cotton-seed oil taking its place.

Water Bugs.—Powdered borax and equal parts of pulverized sugar will rid any house of them. They will not eat the borax alone, but with sugar they will, and either die or leave, if scattered about.

A correspondent of the *Journal d' Agriculture Progressive* suggests a method of getting rid of these pests, that has the advantage of having been most successful in his own case. It is to fill their holes with chloride of lime and oxalic acid, when a violent disengagement of chlorine takes place, their holes are filled with this gas, and they are suffocated.

There are some kinds of cotton cloth which almost invariably turn yellow after the first washing; this can be prevented if two days before the regular washing the cloth is soaked in clear water. This is worth trying if you have any doubts about the cloth.

In determining what a light supper really is, bear in mind that some of the articles of diet which are deemed light and digestible really take a prodigious time for their disposal. For example, fine wheaten bread requires fully three hours and a half, and the farinaceous foods generally fall into the same category. For a speedy relief of the stomach from its labor and difficulties with a view to sleep, many of the descriptions of food which are justly esteemed for their nutritious value are unsuitable.

To produce a good finish, gloss, and stiffness on collars, cuffs, and shirt-bosoms, put the fabric through a pretty stiff clear boiled starch; dry and dampen with the following—fine raw starch one ounce, gum-arabic quarter of an ounce, water one pint; heat the water to dissolve the gum, let it cool, stir in the starch, and add the white of an egg. Beat well together before using. Apply lightly with a sponge, and use a polishing-iron to develop the gloss.

A time and trouble-saving invention is to have a piece of sheet iron nearly the size of the bottom of the oven; a trifle smaller, so that it will slide in and out without difficulty; have the edges turned down so that the iron will be slightly raised from the bottom of the oven. On this nearly the whole of an ordinary quantity of cookies can be baked at once. It is nice also to use when baking cream puffs, kisses, or lady fingers. When baking the two latter put a white paper on the iron. Have a small hole cut in one side of the iron so that it can be hung up.

Indelible Aniline Black Inks for Marking on Linen, etc., with a Pen.—Dissolve one ounce of cupric chloride in three and a half ounces of distilled water, and add one and a quarter ounces of common salt, and one and an eighth ounces aqua ammonia (C. P.). One volume of this solution is then mixed with four parts of a solution prepared as follows: Aniline hydrochlorate, three and three-quarter ounces; distilled water, two and a half ounces; gum arabic solution (gum one ounce, water two ounces), two and a half ounces; glycerine, one and a quarter ounces. The greenish liquid resulting is an excellent indelible ink for linen, although the characters written with it do not develop a full black color until after exposure to the air for a day or two if not hot pressed.

A solution of common salt given immediately is said to be a successful remedy for strychnia poisoning.

Lime has a powerful affinity for carbonic acid, and to this cause is due its preservative effect upon iron and other materials.

To make a waterproof varnish, take four ounces of clear gutta-percha and dissolve it in one pound of rectified resin oil; then add two pounds of linseed oil varnish, boiling hot.

To relieve pains in the joints, dissolve two ounces of camphor in one ounce of spirits of turpentine. Rub the part affected near the fire. This will often give relief, and sometimes remove the pain altogether.

One of the hardest woods in existence is that of the desert ironwood-tree, which grows in the dry washes along the line of the Southern Pacific Railway. Its specific gravity is nearly the same as that of *lignum vitæ*, and it has a black heart so hard when well seasoned that it will turn the edge of an axe and can scarcely be cut by a well tempered saw. In burning it gives out an intense heat, and charcoal made from it is hardly second to anthracite.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

Steel likes to be called gray silver.—RUSSIAN PROVERB.

Young, one is rich in all the future that he dreams; old one, is poor in all the past he regrets.—ROCHEFEDRE.

Bachelors are providential beings; God created them for the consolation of widows and the hope of maids.—DE FINOD.

He is the true conqueror of pleasure who can make use of it without being carried away by it; not he who abstains from it altogether.—ARISTIPPUS.

Excepting a bad promise, the heart is the only thing that is better by being broken.—PERSIAN PROVERB.

What can a man do more than die for his countrymen? Live for them; it is a longer work and therefore a more difficult and nobler one.—KINGSLEY.

Nothing is more difficult than to choose a good husband—unless it be to choose a good wife.—ROUSSEAU.

The smallest children are nearest God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.—RICHTER.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky, indeed, if he has not one too many.—DEMOCRITUS.

Paradise is open to all kind hearts. God welcomes whoever has dried tears, either under the crowns of the martyrs, or under wreaths of flowers.—BERANGER.

There is no hopelessness so sad as that of early youth, when the soul is made up of wants, and has no long memories, no superadded life in the life of others, though we who look out think lightly of such premature despair, as if our vision of the future lightened the blind sufferer's present.—GEORGE ELIOT.

What does cooking mean? It means the knowledge of Medea, and Circe, and of Calypso, and of Helen, and of Rebekah, and of the Queen of Sheba. It means the knowledge of all herbs, and fruits, and balms, and spices; and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savory in meats; it means carefulness, and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means much tasting and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, French art, and Arabian hospitality.—RUSKIN.

Table Manners.—The law of the table is beauty—a respect to the common soul of all the guests. Everything is unseasonable which is private to two or three or any portion of the company. Tact never violates for a moment this law; never intrudes the orders of the house, the vices of the absent, or a tariff of expenses, or professional privacies; as we say we never "talk shop" before company. Lovers abstain from caresses, and haters from insults, whilst they sit in one parlor with common friends.—EMERSON.

Intellectual Recognition.—Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it. Many will read the book before one thinks of quoting a passage. As soon as he has done this, that line will be quoted east and west. Then there are great ways of borrowing. Genius borrows nobly. When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies: "Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them to life."—EMERSON.

The Girls.—When there are girls at home, it is an excellent plan to allow each one in turn to assume the responsibility of housekeeping for a certain time. It does not hurt girls to be made to take a measure of responsibility concerning household tasks; far otherwise—it does them immense good. Let them in succession have, a week at a time, charge of the chamber-work, the mending, the cooking, the buying even for the family—all, of course, under proper supervision—and their faculties of reason, perception, judgment, discrimination, and continuity will be more developed in one month of such training than in six months of common schooling.

Words.—Words are not the natural outgrowth of thought and feeling, as the plant is of the root. If they were, we could trust them to attain their full perfection by simply keeping the mind vital and healthy. Some of the greatest thinkers of the world have been poor speakers, while some men with shallow minds can talk brilliantly. It is indeed the deepest thoughts and the most exalted feelings that are the most difficult to translate into words. Simple ideas find easy expression; but as they grow more complex the task of giving them form in words grows harder. Ordinary emotions can be described with tolerable accuracy, but when we are transported by hope or fear, joy or sorrow, love or hate, words are all too tame to convey our feelings.

SPICE BOX

Sixty.—What word is there of five letters that, after taking two away, will still leave six?

Josh Billings: Truth is mighty--mighty scarce.

Query.—If wit is badinage, what must it be in youth?

What would you call a millionaire's daughter? Why, a millionairess, of course.

Musical.—Why is a march called *sole*-stirring? Don't all speak at once.

"**What** is love?" asks everybody; and somebody replies, "It is a feeling that you don't want another fellow around her."

But!—A Scotch professor once said to his class. "It may be expedient at some time to take a bull by the horns, young gentlemen; but it is always well to keep in mind the fact that the horns belong to the bull."

Fresh.—"May I have the pleasure?" *Miss Society*—"Oui." *Fresh.*—"What does 'we' mean?" *Miss S.*—"O, U and I."

Beware! he who courts and goes away
May live to court another day;
But he who weds and courts girls still,
May get in court against his will.
—*Salem Sunbeam.*

A Modern Young Man.

A perpetual-thirst young man,
In many-drinks-versed young man,
A step-on-his-neighbor's-toes,
Bleared-eye-and-shiny nose,
Come-back-with-a-clove young man.

See the critic. He is tired. He has closed his eyes. His chin touches his breast. He murmurs through his nose. He will say that the violins were flat, and the conductor was out of tune to-morrow. This is a violinist. He has long hair. Why does he squirm so? Is he sick? Oh, no! His hearers are sick. This is a prima donna. She is in a dress made by Worth. This is about all she is worth; she cannot sing, but she kisses in G minor. She is performing a hymn: some notes are so soft that you cannot hear them. These are her best notes. This is a pianist. Why does he look so queer? He is in love. With whom? With myself.

INTELLIGENT SLAVE (to caller).—"She's gone to 'Urup, mum—to pass the summer, mum."

CALLER.—"Indeed! When will she return?"

SLAVE.—"Well, I don't know, mum; but if you'll wait a minit, I'll go right up-stairs and ask her."

Review of Fashions.

IN the whole range of fashion there is nothing upon which women are more to be congratulated than the gradual appreciation of the fact that they are in a certain sense emancipated from any bondage to particular forms, colors and fabrics in their clothing.

Heretofore it has been common, almost universal, to have them ask: "What is fashionable?" not, "What is becoming?" Now it is quite as common to hear them say: "Yes, that is very pretty, but it would not suit me." This independence, this thinking for themselves, and acting upon it, is an enormous advance, it is a great step in the formation of character, as well as the working out of good and true ideas in dress; for nothing can ever be expected of women who slavishly accept any absurdity offered them, as if they were born without the power to choose between good and evil. Indeed, the dress of to-day has many admirable qualities, at least many which can be appropriated by those who have the intelligence to perceive them, and there is above all a steady growth in the direction of the sensible, the practical, and the tasteful, if not the strictly artistic.

Naturally, the latter must always be more or less exceptional; it studies originality, it delights in differentiating itself from the ordinary, and what we term the "conventional," while to the majority the conventional is the necessary, because it is the usual, the accepted, that which is most readily obtainable, which does not excite observation, and can be worn at all times and places. There is no reason, however, why even this conventional or ordinary style of dress should lack color or variety; nor any why it should not represent thought and care, intelligence and taste. In reality, its strong point and its universal acceptance are gained from the thought that some one has bestowed upon it—the pains that have been taken to adapt it to different individualities, and its generally practical and useful character. Artistic people may copy old pictures and historic portraits; may reproduce Van Dyke, and Rubens; the luxury of the seventeenth, or the grace of the early part of the eighteenth centuries, in their dress, but it requires time and money and must be for the benefit of a few on special occasions; the majority of women must content themselves with the outcome of current ideas, and even for such social seasons as may come within their range, select costumes that can be easily adapted to every-day needs when they have served the exceptional purpose.

There is one thing, however, that ladies can do—that the representatives of work, as well as ease, can do—and that is, make their indoor dress more joyous, more cheerful. There it no object in carrying the funeral procession of the street in-doors; and spreading black, like a pall, over our homes, our children, every act of daily life. Use the dainty cottons for indoor wear, the soft satine, the pretty lawn, the fine gingham. Select simple styles and cheerful colors; tone down with a bit of embroidery, or white lace, and put a ribbon at the throat, and you have a dress fit for an empress. Who does not recall a charming portrait drawn by a clever pen of the Princess Alice in her favorite woolen dress of wine color, with deep plain collar and cuffs of linen; or the pretty picture of another royal princess in a pale pink lawn, with a bouquet of daisies at her throat, and in her belt.

Undoubtedly the compositions of satin and lace, of silk and embroidery, and other expensive fabrics have their charms, but they also have their difficulties, and they are not desirable when they are out of place; but the brightening and inspiring effect of lightness and color can be obtained just as well from far less expensive materials, and it is well to secure this for our indoor dress which does so much to refine and beautify, or roughen and darken domestic life. The short dress we may rejoice in, not alone because it has relieved woman's skirts of the necessity of cleaning the streets, but because it has also got rid of the draggled, untidy cotton wrapper, which a few years ago was the common badge of the slattern; copied in vulgar fashion and the coarsest materials from the dainty *robe de chambre.* The substitution of a dress that clears the ground is something to rejoice in, no matter what its shortcomings may be, for we no longer see its soiled length trailing in the gutter; or in front of crowded tenement houses. The acquisition of lovely shades of color is most conspicuous in the new woolen materials; and it is to this fact perhaps that we owe the fashion of "all wool" costumes without combination, or mixture of trimming, silk or satin. The material is so exquisite in shade, that well cut and finished, it is trimming enough in itself. These shades are as yet expensive, because they are imported, but they will doubtless soon be reproduced by our enterprising manufacturers, and then perhaps we may get them at more reasonable prices.

A feature of dress which ought to be preserved is the bonnet that shades the face. The very small bonnet is, in this climate particularly, destructive to the complexion, and provocative of many ills, neuralgia among the rest, and it should therefore be confined to reception and theater purposes, for which its susceptibility to dressy styles of decora-

tion, and its appearance of being a mere coiffure, not used for protection, eminently fit it. Bonnets with protecting brims may dispense also with the irritating veil, which is so injurious to the eyes; and render the constant use of the parasol or sun-umbrella less obligatory. Ladies who can afford great variety, and such luxurious dressing as adapts itself to every change of circumstances and condition, need not study so closely the relations of dress to sanitary and other requirements, but to the majority, the simplifying of methods, and the increase of usefulness in the necessities of our daily life, means the avoidance of some difficulties, and extended means of enjoyment.

Illustrated Designs for the Month.

THE torrid heat of July calls for the lightest fabrics, and prettiest, most delicate of designs. As a model for a much needed accessory to out-of-door sports, we give the "Tennis" apron, which forms in reality a simple overdress, and may be utilized for a dusting apron in the country by young ladies who are old-fashioned enough to lend themselves to such homely duties. The side-seams and a little shirring in front and at the back shape it to the form, while the gathered pocket in front may be utilized for many things besides tennis balls.

The "Arrietta" costume is a good model of a short dress, and may be used for satine and washing materials, as well as silk and wool. A kilted skirt of plain satine, for example, may be made with an overdress of figured satine, or a plain silk skirt with an overdress of Spanish (woolen) lace, or the design may be used for grenadine, striped and plain, or for cambric, and trimmed with a border, or for pongee, and trimmed with embroidery.

The "Gilda" basque is peculiarly stylish and effective in gold or wine-colored brocade, and may even be made in crimson or old-gold satine. The cut, it will be observed, is very high upon the shoulder, and the top of the sleeves must be slightly padded, to give them the requisite height and fullness. The front is laced with silk cords over a shirred plastron, which also fills in the square at the throat, and is of mull or silk muslin; the shirred cuffs are formed of the same dainty material. The sash proceeds from the side-seams, the graceful bow and ends falling upon the drapery at the back.

A charming toilet is composed of a skirt of nun's-veiling (cream-tinted) trimmed with finest knife-plaitings and lace, "Gilda" basque of tiny feather-figured gold and crimson brocade, with shirring of thin cream silk mull, and lacing of fine gold cord. The brocade collar and shirred cuffs should be edged with fine gold-wrought lace, which should finish the throat; outside a crimped triple ruffle of *crêpe lisse*

The "Cyrilla" walking-skirt is an example of the puffed and paniered drapery, which has been introduced this season, and employs the very light materials, such as nun's-veiling, the lace-like woolens of the finest texture, grenadines, gauzes, silk muslins, foulards, and soft, washing silks. The puffing and paniers may be draped in soft red artistic silk over a plain black velvet skirt, the shirred bodice of red silk belted with black velvet, or forming a pointed basque, the trimming consisting of white lace; or the skirt may be of kilted surah, and the drapery of woolen lace, matching in color, the bodice of surah, and a straight fichu, fringed, but made of the material of the drapery, and knotted in front, used to complete a very pretty summer toilet.

The "Amaldina" is an elaborate design for rich flowered silks, which are not brocaded, nor can they be called printed, for the colors are dyed in the silk before it is woven, and the utmost skill is required in the weaving to produce the perfect designs, which are yet shaded to wonderful beauty, and to an accuracy quite equal to painting. The design is a princess train, with a pointed basque over a short, plain front, ornamented with a paniered drapery of a rich, gauzy character, intersected with gold or silver threads, which reappear in the fringe. This fabric forms the puffing, below which are narrow plaitings of silk or satin in the groundwork of the body part of the dress.

The "Adelina" overskirt is a pretty, graceful style of an irregular design, which may be usefully employed for any light and easily draped materials. It would suit muslins, lawns, cambrics, as well as thin wools, and may be trimmed, if liked, with the bordering of the goods.

The close-fitting "Jersey" basque is a fine model for the elastic stockingette, and a good design also for beige, thin camel's hair, and other traveling dress materials. It is also very handsome in dark blue cloth, with small gilt buttons, and a minute quantity of gilt introduced into the military braid, with which it is neatly and accurately ornamented.

The "Rhona" mantelet gives a good idea of the simple style of outdoor wraps. It consists of a perfectly straight piece of China crape; silk, satin Rhadames, chuddah cloth (fine, and softer even than cashmere), or piece-lace, shirred in at the neck to fit the shoulders, and knotted in front, the ends falling in square tabs. The model is of satin Rhadames, with handsome border of "crushed" chenille fringe.

Arrietta Costume.—Simple, and at the same time stylish and graceful, this costume is very well adapted to the requirements of a stout figure, while not unbecoming to slender forms. It is composed of a tight-fitting polonaise, gracefully draped over a kilt-plaited skirt. The waist 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. A pointed *plastron*, high, rolling collar, and deep cuffs complete the design, which is suitable for any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed with fringe, as illustrated, or in any other style, suited to the model and material selected. The front view is illustrated on the plate of "Costumes for Summer Pastimes." Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Amaldina Toilet.—Graceful and elegant, this toilet, suitable for the most dressy occasion, is in Princess style, extending in a long, flowing train at the back, and forming a basque over a separate skirt in front. Shirred paniers are draped across the front and over the hips, and fall in pointed draperies over the train. The neck is cut out in a square in front, and a high, rolling collar is arranged in a novel manner, giving a modified Medici effect. The elbow sleeves are finished with a band and narrow plaiting. This design is adapted to the richest fabrics, and may be trimmed as illustrated, or in any other suitable style. The back view is illustrated on the plate illustrating "Dressy Toilets." Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Costumes for the Mountains.

THERE are three different kinds of all-wool costumes which are specially adapted to weeks spent in the mountains. The first are of flannel in navy blue, gray, bottle green, and the like. They are made with a trimmed skirt and basque, very simply, and finished with buttons and a facing of farmers' satin; the flounce is kilted, the basque usually plain, round, and not very deep, for these are the cheapest all-wool suits made; but they are serviceable and neat; to cost from twelve to fifteen dollars.

Another style is of all-wool American suiting—a soft and durable, yet light, make of cloth, which has won reputation abroad as well as at home. This appears in finer colorings—blue gray, robins'-egg blue, stone color, gray green, lichen green, wood brown, and others. It is made up in better style, with deeper basques—sometimes double-breasted—the kilting and finish finer, and the buttons more artistic, such as in the form of fluted shells, or with beads wrought in bronzed metal. These suits range from twenty-five dollars each.

The third style of cloth dresses are of still finer quality; they are English tailor-made, and imported. These are of the finest English cloth, have habit, or coat bodices, are draped closely to the figure, and finished with the precision of a gentleman's dress coat. The facing is of French twilled satin, the buttons of an artistic character, and the stitching most exquisite. These suits are really a modern invention, and the best evidence of refinement in taste, for they ennoble the useful. The cost is from fifty dollars.

All these styles are remarkable for one thing: the simplicity of their structure and composition, no combination of materials and no trimmings being required, or considered any addition to the finish of the dress. With either of the suits may be worn a cloth coat or jacket, which is finished in the same way, without contrast of color or material, and a cloth or felt hat to match, with a band of narrow, thick galloon, is the regulation covering for the head.

The dress is an excellent one for a sea voyage, but too warm for ordinary summer traveling, which, in this country especially, needs to be light, changes of temperature being provided against by the addition of jacket, or ulster, or waterproof, which are part of the wardrobe of every woman who possesses a wardrobe at all.

PAINTED SATEEN DRESSES.—A few sateen dresses have appeared with painted flowers, and some with cretonne, and stamped velveteen flowers cut out and appliqué skillfully with silks.

Climène Polonaise.—This stylish and gracefully arranged polonaise is double-breasted and tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in each front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back which is cut all in one piece, forming the upper part of the back drapery. The lower and longest back drapery is cut in extension on the left side form, while the lower part of the *right* side form is looped over a portion of the extension on the back drapery, forming a sort of a bow at the *right* side. The sleeves are cut rather shorter than usual at the outsides, and finished with a narrow plaiting headed by a drapery and bow. This design is suitable for any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed as illustrated, with fringe, or in any other style preferred, according to the material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

COSTUMES FOR SUMMER PASTIMES.

FIG. 1.—A simple, but especially stylish, costume, suitable for traveling, yachting, or any ordinary use, made of cadet blue, cloth-finished flannel, trimmed with frogs on the front of the basque, and braid on the overskirt of the same color as the material. The designs used are a gored walking skirt, finished on the bottom with a deep, box-plaited flounce; the "Adelina" overskirt, trimmed on the pointed side and in the back with braid, and the "Jersey" basque ornamented with frogs on the front. Manilla hat of the same color as the dress, trimmed with plumes and Surah silk to match. Undressed kid gloves of dark tan color. Red parasol. The basque and overskirt are both illustrated among the separate fashions. Skirt and overskirt patterns, thirty cents each. Basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

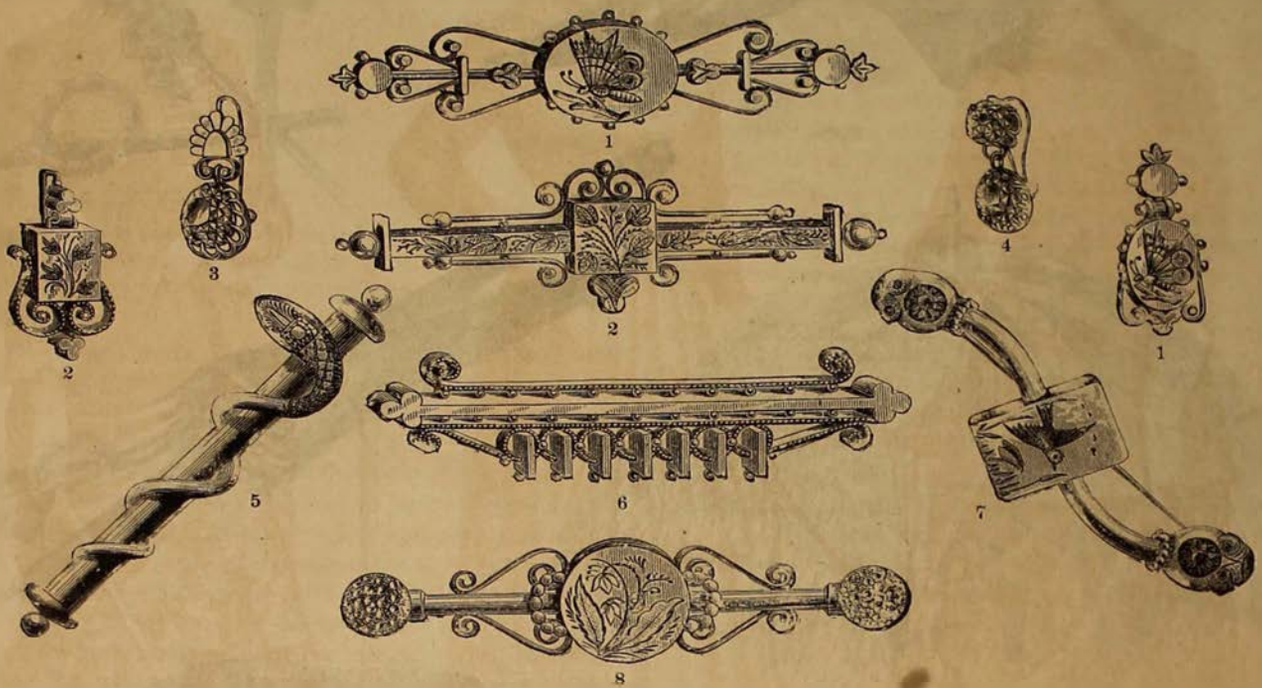
FIG. 2.—Lawn tennis costume, arranged with a dress of bright red cashmere, over which is worn a "Tennis" apron made of *écru* momie cloth, trimmed with ruffles embroidered with red and blue, and having sprays of wild flowers embroidered on the shoulders and the lower part of the skirt. The dress is made with a round waist, not too tight, and a gored skirt trimmed with narrow box-plaited flounces. Red straw hat, trimmed with cream-tinted mull and Oriental lace, and large red roses. The "Tennis" apron is illustrated among the separate fashions. Pattern in a medium size for ladies. Price, twenty-five cents.

FIG. 3.—This stylish costume, which can be appropriately worn on almost any occasion, is made of *écru* pongee, combined with *bayadère* striped louisine silk; the stripes blue,

old gold, and red. The louisine is used for the kilt-plaited skirt, and the *plastron*, cuffs and a band on the back drapery of the polonaise, which is of pongee, and the front drapery is trimmed with a ruffle of the pongee embroidered with red and gold. Hat of English straw, trimmed with cream-tinted lace, and a half wreath of the Jacqueminot, tea, and yellow roses. The double illustration of this costume is shown among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

No. 5.—A unique style of lace-pin in "rolled" gold. The bar is a thick cylinder of satin-finished Roman gold, capped with a polished gold ball at each end. A serpent is coiled around the cylinder, with engraved head and ruby eyes, and a brilliant white stone is set, *en cabochon*, in the top of its head. This stone is pure white, and has a patent foil back, which renders it as brilliant as a genuine diamond set in a similar manner. Price, $2.50.

No. 6 —Lace-pin of "rolled" gold in knife-edge work



LACE PINS AND EAR-RINGS.

No. 1.—This pretty set, of "rolled" gold, consists of lace-pin and ear-rings of a very graceful and delicate design. The pin has an oval raised medallion in the center, of highly polished gold engraved with a butterfly in delicate relief, and from the sides of the medallion spring voluted scrolls on both sides of a bar in knife-edged polished gold, while at each end is a small *plaque* of polished gold. The ear-rings match in design and have solid gold wires. All the polished gold on the outer surface is solid. Price, $5.50 for the set.

No. 2.—This chaste and beautiful design comprises a set of lace-pin and ear-drops in "rolled" gold. The pin is a slender, square bar of highly polished gold, with light scrolls in knife-edge work above and below, and a round ball at either end. In the center is a square raised medallion of highly polished gold, and upon this and the center bar is engraved a delicate leaf pattern. The ear-drops match in design, and have solid gold wires; and all the polished gold that is seen on the outer surface is solid. Price, $5.50 for the set.

No. 3.—Pear-shaped solitaire ear-drops of pure white stones set in solid gold. The setting swings from a frosted gold ornament, with wedge-shaped medallion of polished gold, forming the top of the ear-ring. The stone is set in the latest style of diamond mounting, with patent foil back which greatly adds to its natural luster and makes it appear the fac-simile of a genuine diamond of finest water. Price, $6 per pair.

No. 4.—Double solitaire white stone ear-drops set in solid gold. The stone forming the upper part of each ear-ring is round, the swinging one pear-shaped, and both are set in diamond setting, with patent foil back, increasing the brilliancy of the pure white stones materially, and giving them the luster and fire of genuine diamonds. Price $5.

and highly polished gold, with scrolls of beaded filigree. The design is extremely chaste and delicate. All the polished gold that is seen on the surface is solid. Price, $2.

No. 7.—This singular design composes a very stylish lace-pin of "rolled" gold. The center is a square medallion of highly polished gold, with an engraved bird upon it, and from each side of the obliquely placed square springs a serpentine round bar of highly polished gold terminating at the ends in a snake's head with emerald crest and ruby eyes. The emeralds are sunk, *en cabochon*, in each head. All the polished gold that is seen on the outer surface is solid. Price, $2.25.

No. 8.—A lovely lace-pin of "rolled" gold. The bar is a slender cylinder of burnished gold, and at each end is a ball covered with a network of filigree. A circular medallion, of highly polished gold, the surface engraved to represent lilies-of-the-valley and leaves, is set in the center. All the polished gold on the outer surface is solid. Price, $2.50.

All of these goods are of first-class material and workmanship, and many of the designs are fac-similes of those made in solid gold.

RUSSIAN EMBROIDERED DRESSES.—A great many Russian embroidered dresses have appeared this summer, in shrunk flannel and fine oatmeal cloth. The skirts are either plain and full, with a broad insertion worked with ingrained silks or cottons, at a little distance from the edge all round, or with a plaiting of the material, and a strip of the work above. A skirt, recently made, had two deep gathered flounces, both edged with coarse Russian lace with a row of cross-stitch between each. The collar and sleeves were worked, but the panier tunic was only edged with the lace. The two colors were ingrained dark blue and red, and the lace matched.

FASHIONABLE PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS.

Fashionable Parasols and Umbrellas.

No. 1.—Parasol of plain red serge silk, with the lower end of the handle formed of fine bamboo sticks laid parallel, and bound together with silver wire cord.

No. 2.—Black satin parasol, edged with Spanish lace, lined with old gold silk, and having a handle of bamboo bent to form a ring by which it can be carried on the arm. A black satin bow ornaments the handle.

No. 3.—Parasol handle of natural wood, carved to represent a dog's head with broad rolling collar, and burned to give the color of a tan terrier.

No 4.—Parasol handle of light-colored natural wood with fine Indian carving, ornamented with a bow of satin ribbon.

No. 5.—Parasol handle of bamboo, bent at the end to form a bow.

No. 6.—Parasol of black satin lined with red Surah. One of the divisions is embroidered with a scroll design in red, blue, and gold thread, and the handle is of natural wood bent to form a shepherd's crook, and ornamented with a bow of red satin ribbon.

No. 7.—An umbrella of dark brown serge silk, the handle a curiously shaped root, finished with a silk tassel.

No. 8.—Carriage shade of red silk, lined with white and trimmed with a fringe of fuschias. A bow of satin ribbon and a cluster of flowers ornament the light wood handle.

No. 9.—Parasol of white silk muslin, with almost imperceptible polka dots, shirred over a lining of rose-pink silk and edged with a flounce of Oriental lace. A bow of pink satin ribbon ornaments the top, and a bow to match is tied on the bamboo handle.

No. 10.—Parasol covered with puffings of pale blue mull over a pale pink lining, a bow of pink and blue satin ribbon tied on the light-colored natural wood handle, which terminates in a highly polished cube.

No. 11.—Parasol of black satin, lined with white, and trimmed with two rows of handsome thread-finished lace, one forming a flounce and the other reversed. A bunch of shaded poppies is fastened to the sliding ring, and the handle is of black polished wood, the lower part movable, and in the shape of a triangle.

No. 12.—Umbrella of heavy blue-black silk, the massive handle of natural wood, with the root attached, and ornamented with a dark red tassel.

No. 13.—Parasol of cream-colored satine with sprays of small pink and blue flowers. Shepherd's crook handle of light wood ornamented with a blue satin ribbon bow.

No. 14.—Umbrella of black silk, the handle carved to represent an old lady's head with poke bonnet.

TUSSORE PARASOLS are trimmed with open embroidery four inches deep; the lining crimson Surah, the tassels crimson Spanish pompons. Another, called the "Claremont," is of broché satin of the new ficelle color, trimmed with a double row of Marguerite lace to match; the lining is ficelle Surah; this, with its quaint crutch handle, is especially handsome. A third example is black satin, lined with scarlet Surah and covered entirely with black granade blonde, which falls in double scollops· scarlet pompon and satin bow. There is also a novel-shaped sunshade with square corners.

To those who cannot arrive at a "fashionable" silk, lace-trimmed, flower-decorated parasol, let it be suggested that the pretty figured satine parasols, and the plain ones of pongee, with bamboo sticks, are by no means vulgar; in fact, they are in the very best taste in the country, and for slender purses; and they are good styles for young girls, whether they can afford the more elaborate ones or not.

Gilda Basque.—Novel and unique in design, this stylish basque is pointed back and front, 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 sleeves are a modified *gigot* shape, and are ornamented with shirred cuffs; and the front of the basque is laced over a shirred vest *plastron*. A sash proceeding from the side seams is tied in a careless bow at the back. The neck is finished with two collars, one standing and the other turned down and falling in square ends in front. This design is suitable for the most dressy materials, and is most effective in a combination of goods, as illustrated. This basque is illustrated in combination with the "Cyrilla" skirt on the plate showing "Dressy Toilets." Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Adelina Overskirt.—Extremely graceful and unique in effect, this stylish overskirt is arranged with a double apron, the outer one slightly looped at the left side, and draped high at the right over the under one which falls in a deep point; and the narrow back drapery is cut with an extension on the left side, which is plaited and draped to give a "capuchin" effect. The design is appropriate for almost any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed according to taste and the material selected. Price of pattern thirty cents.

1

No. 1.—Broad brimmed hat of fine, black English straw, the crown rather high and tapering, and the brim slightly rolled all round and indented in front. The brim is faced with black velvet and finished at the edge with facetted gold beads. A large bow of black satin ribbon is placed directly in front, fastened with a clasp representing a golden wheat ear, and two long black plumes encircle the crown, drooping at the back.

No. 2.—Black Leghorn hat, with a straight brim slightly bent at the left side in front, and the crown of medium height and slightly tapering. Both inside and outside the brim is covered with plaited black Spanish lace, held in place on the outside by large cut jet beads. A half wreath of silk poppies, shaded red and yellow, is placed around the crown and finished at the back by a large bow of black *moiré* ribbon.

2

3

No. 3.—Bonnet of dark blue English straw, in a modified poke shape with a small pointed crown. The brim is faced with blue velvet; a large bunch of buttercups and pale-blue wild flowers is placed on the left of the crown, a bow of blue *moiré* ribbon at the left, and ribbon to match forms the strings.

SUMMER MILLINERY.

No. 4.—Bonnet of very fine straw, the brim composed of alternate braids of black and white, and the crown all black. The crown is rounded in shape and not very high, and the flaring brim is bent upward in front and faced with black velvet, and has a large bow of black Spanish lace, held by a jet clasp, placed inside. A scarf of black Spanish lace is arranged in an enormous twist on the left side, falling over the back, and a full spray of yellow corn flowers and forget-me-nots is placed at the right. The strings are of black satin ribbon.

4

5

No. 5.—Hat of black chip in sailor shape, the brim edged with black Spanish lace, and raised at the left where it is apparently fastened with a large bow of black satin ribbon. A half wreath of shaded red poppies is placed at the right side.

No. 6.—Bonnet of dark green straw, the crown rounded in shape, and the front a modified poke shape. The brim is faced with crimson *crêpe*, shirred, and the outside is trimmed with a large cluster of crimson roses and loops of green *moiré* ribbon held down with gilt pins. Strings of *moiré* ribbon.

SHADE HATS.—A Tuscan or Leghorn hat, lined with satin, large brim, becomingly bent in at the back, has a white feather curled round the front, and a bow of moiré ribbon on the left side. A coarse straw of the same shape has a large bow of lace, half concealing a spray of pink-tipped daisies. Another shape, wonderfully light and shady, is of Ispahan mull muslin, with plaiting of the same, and lace edging the brim, folded crown and trimming of lace.

6

Royal Bridal Costumes.

THE bridal toilet of the Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, on the occasion of her marriage to the Duke of Albany, Queen Victoria's youngest son, was remarkable for its simplicity. It was composed of a petticoat of white satin, the skirt opening in several places over orange blossoms and myrtle. It was trimmed with two robings of Alençon lace, and the round train was embroidered with raised bouquets of *fleur-de-lys*, and edged with *coquilles* of white satin and Alençon lace. The low bodice and short sleeves were trimmed to match. The veil was lace, and the wreath orange flowers and myrtle.

The costumes worn by the eight bridesmaids, all unmarried daughters of dukes, marquises, and earls, were first designed, and submitted to the Queen before being completed.

The bodice, train, and paniers were of rich white *moire Francaise*, the train edged with a plaited trimming of very novel make, though really a reproduction of one of Louis Treize date; the petticoats, of white satin Duchesse, were trimmed with flounces of tulle embroidered in pearls, each flounce headed with garlands of shaded Parma violets and white heather in festoons, with bouquets of primroses, violets, and heather at intervals; the train and paniers were lined with white satin, and draped high on the hips; the low pointed bodices were trimmed with narrow folds of satin and stomachers of pearl embroidery, also forming a *berthe* at the back, finished by garlands of violets and heather, with a bouquet of primroses and violets on one shoulder. The headdresses were composed of small but high wreaths across the head of the same flowers as were used for the dress, the white tulle veils, which fell low on the skirt, being fastened to the hair by an *aigrette* of flowers, worn on the left by four of the bridesmaids, and on the right by the others; two rows of pearls encircled the neck, long white gloves reached to the elbow, and the white satin shoes had old paste buckles on the bows. The eight bridesmaids' brooches, presented by the bridegroom, bear in the centre the monogram "L. H." in diamonds and sapphires, surmounted by a coronet with rubies, sapphires, and diamonds; a diamond arrow intersects the monogram.

The Princess of Wales wore a dress of the palest blue brocade, embossed with roses, blue bells, and white flowers, richly trimmed with silver, jupe of palest blue antique satin, veiled in fine Brussels lace (bearing her royal highness's coronet and monogram); train of the brocade, lined in the pale satin, also richly trimmed with silver, over which fell a train of the same exquisite lace; bodice to correspond; tiara of diamonds and dress profusely ornamented with the same; magnificent garniture of diamonds on her royal highness's neck; plume and veil; bouquet of red roses in her hand.

Princess Beatrice wore a train and bodice of rich satin brocade, the ground of which was of yellow shot with white, producing a beautiful effect of rich cream color. Exquisitely embroidered bouquets of lilies, forget-me-nots, and roses were in raised relief on the satin; the train lined with pale salmon-pink satin Duchesse, with a bordering, *à la* Louis Treize in the same material, surmounted by a thick garland of full-blown roses in the same delicate shades of pink and cream color. The petticoat was of salmon-pink satin Duchesse, almost covered with the finest Point d'Alençon of great antiquity, having originally belonged to Queen Katharine of Arragon; the lace was draped at the side with bouquets of roses to correspond with the embroidered flowers on the train.

Among the dresses supplied for the trousseau was one consisting of a train and bodice of turquoise-blue velvet brocade, on satin ground, the design of the brocade being roses and their foliage, the train lined and edged with *plissés* of Gloire de Dijon satin Duchesse; petticoat of blue satin, trimmed with fine Honiton lace, the deep lace headed by a rich passementerie trimming of fine design in gold thread and pearls, the petticoat slightly opening in front to show an underskirt of Gloire de Dijon satin, the edge of the blue skirt scalloped over a *plissé* of the same pale yellow satin; the paniers, cut with the train and falling under the point of low bodice, are full on the hips *à la* Watteau; the bodice trimmed with lace and pearls to correspond with petticoat.

An evening dress was of pale blue satin, trimmed with iridescent embroidery, the low bodice being satin, brocaded with silver roses.

The traveling dress was of rich ivory embossed velvet, the skirt, which just touched the ground, trimmed with a wide plaited flounce, edged with lace, made to match the velvet; the tunic gracefully draped with bows of the same material, and so arranged as to have the effect of being made in one. The bodice of a coat shape of novel form, the basque crossing over the side, and fastened with velvet bow; jabot of lace and ruffles completing the dress, over which a mantle *en suite* was worn. The bonnet was of fine ivory chip, very simple in shape, setting close to the face, and the only trimming a thick wreath of orange blossom, myrtle, and jasmine; the strings, of a new make of lace, Breton blonde, were tied and fastened by a small bouquet of the same flowers; a short veil of tulle, spotted with chenille, was worn with the bonnet.

A picturesque short dress, was of Oriental blue and yellow brocade, the jacket bodice opening over a waistcoat of cream satin sublime; paniers and drapery of the brocade are arrranged over a petticoat of cream satin, the whole being trimmed with cream lisse embroidery.

Among other dresses is a tea gown of pearl-white silk shot with pink and blue, and trimmed with pale pink satin and the new ficelle lace. A dress of Pekin French grey and gold shot silk, striped with grey satin, brocaded with pink flowers, is trimmed with cream lace. A simple yet beautiful dress is composed of the finest slate-colored alpaca, the coat bodice being lined, and the skirt trimmed with ruby satin.

THE EFFECT OF BLACK AND WHITE.—Worth, the dressmaker, has a recipe for ladies' red noses. It is a black and white striped silk dress, made with great simplicity, and under the chin he placed a great garnet bow, and another in her hair. The friends of the lady who obtained this costume were gratified at her distinguished appearance, and observed with pleasure the purity of her complexion. The genius of Worth has succeeded in doing what doctors and hygiene had vainly tried.

THE PANIER BODICE is the success of the season for light and dressy toilets, the "coat" or "Jersey" bodice being the leading styles for woolen dresses. The latter are now made perfectly plain with silk or satin finish, or combination.

THE DRESS IN WHICH the bride of Prince Leopold left her home was of brown woolen, with hat to match, and ulster of a lighter shade, faced with silk, but finished exteriorly with stitching and bronze buttons only.

A "JULIET" DRESS.—The gown of blue damask, with nut-brown border, worn by Ellen Terry during the scenes directly following the ball, in Mr. Irving's London revival of Romeo and Juliet, is reported to have cost thirty-five dollars a yard. In the bed-room scenes she wears a sort of night-gown, in the Japanese shape, of soft, sheeny-white silk, which clings to her frail form and delineates every outline like a bath-wrapper. Her ball-room dress is a sort of over-dress of white satin, quite loose at the waist, and with large arm-holes, through which appear the neatly-puffed Velasquez sleeves of an under-dress. A full wreath of white daisies, set low on the forehead and completely surrounding the golden-haired little head, is most artistically simple and gives the beautifully sad face a half-angelic touch.

Tennis Apron.—This design is, as its name would indicate, especially adapted for use as an apron to be worn while engaged in the game of lawn tennis, but it is a model well suited for ordinary home use. It is adjusted to the figure by shirrings at the waist line in the middle of the front and back, and has a deep shirred pocket placed across the front. Linen, Holland, or any of the materials usually selected for this purpose, may be utilized, and it may be trimmed, as illustrated, with embroidered ruffles, or in any other style to suit the taste and in accordance with the material employed. It is shown *en costume* on the plate illustrating "Costumes for Summer Pastimes." Pattern a medium size for ladies. Price twenty-five cents.

FLOWERED SATEENS are made up prettily with flounces, tunic, and fichu, or small cape of a plain color matching the ground. The ruffles of the sleeves are also of the plain color.

Fête Dresses.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most elegant fête dress of the season is an all cream toilet of nun's-veiling, daintily trimmed with lace and ribbons, or a dress of cream Spanish lace over cream Surah, with lace bonnet and parasol to match. The only difficulty about these charming costumes is that they are out of the reach of all but the most favored children of fortune ; that the materials of which they are composed must be rich, the design faultless, the details characterized by the most exquisite refinement, and that they must be worn amid appropriate surroundings.

The "simple" muslin is a thing of the past. There have been efforts to revive it, but unless worn by some triumphant young beauty, whose supremacy is acknowledged in spite of, and not because of, her dress, we fear it will have little chance of ever again being tolerated in the midst of the intricate mazes of drapery, the "floating clouds," illuminated with "rainbow hues," to which we have become accustomed.

A pretty garden-party dress is of cream Surah covered with flounces upon the front of nun's-veiling, embroidered with several shades of China blue, in forget-me-not pattern. A Camargo bodice is draped at the back above two flounces which extend all the way round the skirt, and is trimmed up the front and around the neck with a ruffle of the embroidery. The sleeves are shirred lengthwise, and a wide sash of forget-me-not blue moire is made a part of the drapery. The large hat is faced with a shirring of Surah and bordered with cream lace, laid on flat. The trimming consists of a soft twist and bow of Surah, and bouquet of forget-me-nots. The same flowers ornament the parasol, which is covered with scant ruffles of cream Spanish lace upon a Surah foundation.

The same style may be arranged over pale pink, blue or canary-colored Surah, the embroidery being cream-color ; and the flowers and sash the shade of the silk, or it may be all cream, with dark red sash and red roses—a very striking combination.

Less expensive than these are the cheese-cloth costumes, which are very pretty, and come with hat and parasol *en suite*. But then it must be said they are picked up as fast as they are brought out, and it is difficult to get one just when it is needed. Many of these imported costumes look as if they were embroidered, a costly style of ornamentation for inexpensive material. But they are not. The effect is produced by cutting out patterns from cretonne, and outlining them with button-hole stitch upon the light groundwork. The design is used as a heading across the front, above the rows of fine knife-plaiting and lace, and is repeated upon the basque, the parasol, and as a trimming for the bonnet.

Cheese-cloth is one of the beneficent institutions that can be utilized by girls who want to attend summer festivities, and must do so on a very moderate allowance. It is very cheap, can be trimmed with itself in knife-plaitings without the addition of lace, and with a few knots of ribbon and a ruffle of lace at the neck and wrist, will pass muster anywhere, even at a Saratoga garden-party.

A Novelty in Shoes.—The Roman shoe, a novelty, is made of Suéde kid, and would match the gloves so universally worn at present. The heels are covered with the dull Suéde kid, likewise the strap that buttons round the ankle. The toe is ornamented with a small steel buckle. The stockings worn with the Roman shoe should be almond-color.

Hints for the Making of Dresses at Home.

WOOLEN dresses are made with the deep Jersey, or the coat basque, the pointed bodice is reserved for more dressy toilets, and it is outlined with folds of trimming, which form a sash in the same, or a contrasting color ; or in a different shade of the same color ; or in colors which appear in the figure of the fabric of which the dress is composed.

Basque bodices are very fashionably finished with two collars ; one narrow and standing, the other flat and cut off square, as in the "Gilda" basque. The insertion of a square shirring, or fine knife plaiting in the casement opening at the neck, is favored for princess dresses because it gives a dressy effect without much trouble, and is almost universally becoming except to very stout figures. Shirred bodices are less employed than last year, partly because of the difficulty of making them stylishly, and so as to produce a good effect. They are still seen occasionally, however, and look best in washing materials on slender young girls, who can belt them in with ribbons ; and who are improved by the fulness, and the additional breadth given to the shoulders.

It is important to remember that basques and bodices of all kinds can hardly be cut too high upon the shoulder, and that the sleeve requires them to be equally well rounded *in* on the front of the arm. It is quite common to see dresses made at home or by inferior dressmakers, the effect of which is spoiled by the bad shape of the arm-hole ; just at the top, where the highest part of the sleeve touches the shoulder seam, it will form an almost abrupt point, simply because the sides are not well cut in and rounded. The result is disastrous, not only ruining the outline of the arm, but creating a mass of wrinkles, leaving an ungraceful breadth at the back, and a want of ease, as well as smoothness in the fit of the front. The modern dress sleeve is shaped like the coat sleeve, and the dress, like the coat, is narrowed by the sleeve extending over the top of the shoulder.

Sleeves should be adapted to their purpose ; fancy "elbow," and half long sleeves are absurd for the useful, every-day dresses of young Amazons, whose muscular development cannot always be encased in pink silk mitts, or long tan-colored gloves.

Lace Trimmings.

LACE as a trimming takes the lead of everything else this season, and it is not surprising, considering the great varieties, the beauty and effectiveness of even the cheaper imitations, and the durability of many of the modern revivals of the lace manufactures of fifty years ago. There is no other trimming so handsome or so effective for the price as the modern "Spanish" laces, and the laces in thread patterns, with what is known as the Spanish finish. To enumerate the different kinds would be an impossibility, for each one receives a new name, and often a different name at each shop at which it is sold, or from the modiste who uses it ; but there are at least certain leading styles which most shoppers are acquainted with, and their experience soon teaches them that money is better expended in lace which can be used over and over, and always possesses a certain distinction, than in cheap fringes and passmenteries, which are hardly worth the trouble of sewing on. There is no doubt as to the brilliant effect of beaded trimming, provided it is fine, profuse, and distinguished by richness and harmony. But a patchy trimming of beads upon one garment which has no relation to the rest of the toilet is as absurd as to wear a moccasin upon one foot and a shoe upon the other.

DRESSY TOILETS.

FIG. 1.—Short evening toilet of black, velvet brocaded grenadine arranged over crimson *faille*. The design is a combination of the "Gilda" basque and the "Cyrilla" walking-skirt. The basque and draperies are of grenadine over the red silk, while the shirred vest-plastron and the remainder of the skirt are of the silk without grenadine over it. The front of the basque is laced over the *plastron* with a fine silk cord. A deep box-plaiting headed by a shirred puff trims the underskirt. Long, pale primrose color *Suède* gloves, and black and gold fan; a Maréchal Niel rose is worn at the left corner of the corsage. The double illustrations of the basque and skirt will be found among the separate fashions elsewhere. Price of basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size; skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—This elegant dinner or evening toilet, of pale terra-cotta satin and brocade, is an illustration of the graceful "Amaldina" toilet, which is in princess style, the entire dress being of the brocade, trimmed all around the foot of the skirt and train with plaited ruffles and a puff; and the drapery, consisting of a scarf tunic of the satin, is edged with a deep ruffle of Malines lace, and draped in shirred paniers across the front and over the hips, falling in two loose sash ends on the train at the back, each terminated with a pearl-headed satin spike. Medici collar of the satin, and cuffs of the same, with Malines lace ruffles at the neck and sleeves. The double illustration of the "Amaldina" toilet will be found among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Cyrilla Walking Skirt.—Graceful and elegant, this walking skirt is a stylish illustration of the shirred side paniers and puffing, now so popular. The gored underskirt is trimmed all around with a deep box-plaiting, headed across the front and sides with a shirred puff. The drapery consists of draped paniers shirred across the tops, and a rather *bouffant* back drapery. Any class of dress goods that drapes gracefully may be made up after this model, which is very suitable to be worn with a basque pointed in front. No trimming is really required, but the paniers may be trimmed with lace or fringe, if desired. It combines nicely with the "Gilda" basque, and is so shown on the plate of "Dressy Toilets." Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Straw Hats and Bonnets.

IT is in straw that the wildest vagaries in shape and color are seen. All shades of cloth or silk almost are matched in red, brown, green, olive, blue, ficelle, écru, bronze, old-gold, drab and black straws, and in chip hats and bonnets. The one brand that retains its character is the Panama, and these in the new poke shapes are perhaps the most distinguished of the season's straw importations.

It is remarked, however, that in the cities the modified shapes are much more worn than in the country. In what are called the "rural" districts the most exaggerated hats and uncouth bonnets find favor, and when they are simply broad in the brim, and well adapted for protection, are suitable as well as picturesque. But too many are merely efforts to make a large amount of material as little useful and as unwieldy as possible.

Shawl Fichus.

LADIES who have small shawls of French or Spanish lace, can utilize them as fichus by gathering them up slightly upon the shoulders, and at the back, across the waist-line, and belting them in over the points, front and back. The larger lace "points" can be used in the same way—by gathering up more of the depth into the fullness upon the shoulders.

Rhona Mantelet.—Extremely simple, but very stylish as a light wrap for summer and *demi-saison* wear, this model consists of a perfectly straight scarf or *fichu*, shirred at the back of the neck to fit. The ends form square tabs, and are knotted together at the waist line in front. This design is adapted to any of the goods usually employed for light wraps, as well as to any class of dress goods; and may be of the same or a different material from the costume with which it is worn. As an independent garment, black *satin merveilleux*, *satin Rhadames*, Surah, cashmere, or any of the lighter qualities of woolen goods are most suitable. It may be trimmed, as illustrated, with fringe, or with lace, as desired. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price twenty cents each.

Black Lace Toilet.

PERHAPS no dresses that have been worn within the past decade, have possessed greater distinction than some of the all black toilets of silk, and lace displayed during the present season. The supreme effect is produced not alone by the combination of rich Spanish lace, with a soft, thick make of silk, but also by the depth and beauty of the new lace patterns and the perfection with which the details are carried out in every part of the toilet. For example, above a scant puffing of silk, lace covers the skirt as one wide flounce, and in paniered festoons, arranged flat; and terminating in drapery at the back. Over the bodice a cape or fichu will be formed by two rows of lace; and the magnificent fabric will be repeated again in the overlaying and border of the parasol. The same stylish effect is produced in cream Spanish lace over light silks, but it lacks the high tone of the black, though it is perhaps more refined and charming for *fête* occasions.

Spanish Lace Mantelets.

THE slightest kind of outdoor covering is considered sufficient addition to summer costumes; and in the entire range, which is necessarily limited, there is nothing prettier or more available than the small Spanish lace fichus, black or white. In making the purchase it is better to buy a good quality—the stiff coarseness of the cheaper kinds soon giving way to a limp *wornness*, which is very forlorn.

Flower Bonnets and Lace Bonnets.

THE bonnets of the season represent the widest extremes, the "Gypsy" and the poke being well represented in all varieties of straw; but there is still a decided liking evinced by many for the small shapes, such as the Virot "Cottage" and the "Empress," which latter has become more diminutive than ever, and probably suggested the revival of little flat-cap shapes, known twenty years ago as the "Fanchon" and "Saucer," and covered then as now with shells of delicate lace, or blonde loops of satin ribbon, or entirely with flowers—shaded violets, pink-tipped daisies, and the like. These caps and very small bonnets are not becoming to low, broad people; they require height and length rather than breadth of countenance, and elegance or daintiness of costume. The "Empress" bonnets are simple masses of iridescent beads, or jet—the white or black "jet"—the opaline shading or bronzed combinations being the most effective.

The flower bonnets are smallest of all; they are mere head-dresses, set upon the top of the head, the back resting upon the coil of the hair. Cowslips, mustard in different stages of growth, and mignonette are used in their formation.

A very pretty one, formed of rows of white lace and loops of ivory satin, and moire ribbon, is enlarged in appearance, and made more graceful by drooping branches of white lilac.

A lovely bonnet is of cherry blossoms, upon a foundation of ivory crepeline, the strings being of lace, with a bouquet of cherry blossoms at the side of the chin, or under, as preferred: another old fashion revived. But now the bouquet is frequently repeated on the fichu of lace which serves as a covering to the shoulders, and the height of experiment is reached when the flowers are natural—the stems enclosed in a tube for preservation.

Jersey Basque.—A long, tight-fitting basque, in cuirass style, perfectly moulded to the figure over the hips, and fitted with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The sleeves are close-fitting, and the front of the basque is ornamented with military braid, placed in rows with trefoil loopings at each end, but any other style of trimming may be substituted. This design is adapted to all classes of dress goods, and requires very little trimming; or it can be made up perfectly plain if desired. The front view is shown on the plate of "Costumes for Summer Pastimes," in combination with the "Adelina" overskirt and a gored skirt. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Children in the Country.

TO dress children in hot weather so that they cannot lie in the grass under the trees, follow the cows, climb cherry trees, and "live" out-of-doors, is a sin. Children that are dressed up in silks and laces, and kept under the ignorant iron rule of servants, at fashionable watering places—made to eat with them, sleep with them, walk with them, talk with them, and, of a necessity, quarrel with them—are as much to be pitied as the poor little ones who cannot see the country at all, or only see it for one day in the year, by the favor of some good and charitably-disposed persons. If there are mothers so weak and wicked as to wish to spend their summers in such places while their children are young, why do not the fathers enter a protest, and insist that the growing boys and girls, who need space, abundance of fresh air, plenty of healthy, wholesome food, and participation in a beautiful natural life, shall go where they can have it—shall go into the *real* country, wear plain clothes, rise with the lark, and go to bed with the sun; wear blouse waists of linen or flannel, like the "Arthur," and stout aprons over plain print or gingham, with nothing better than the "Gertrude" or "Ronnie" dress can afford them, for Sunday-best. Brown mixed hose, good shoes, well-made, whole underwear—that is, the "Combination" styles—wide-brimmed hats, and covered wrists and necks, are the essentials for their summer clothing, goods that will wash, and at least one suit of flannel for cool days, rubbers for the rain, and well-made shoes at all times. Let them revel in these, and plenty of milk, fruit, brown bread, and cookies, and if they cannot content themselves, and come home rejoicing in color and flesh, it will be because there has been something radically wrong in the start they received from father or mother, or both.

Rachel Costume.—This pretty costume is arranged with a short gored skirt trimmed with gathered ruffles, and a polonaise with draped side paniers and a coat-shaped back. A rolling collar and deep cuffs complete the design, which is adapted to almost any class of dress materials, and is very effective, trimmed with a contrasting fabric, as illustrated. The front view is shown on Fig. 1 of the plate, showing "Misses' Dresses." Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

THE ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS of the season are small sunflowers, carnations, primroses, violets, mustard, mignonette, honey-suckle, cowslips, and the homely thistle. Currants are also in great demand, and large French plums, upon which the bloom rests so naturally that one can scarcely resist the temptation to eat them.

Ronnie Dress.—A simple and pretty costume for a miss of from twelve to sixteen years of age. The model illustrates a tight-fitting basque, and a short gored skirt trimmed with three gathered flounces, having a scarf drapery heading them, which conceals the meeting of the skirt and basque, and gives a princess effect to the dress. The basque is fitted with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and is fastened down the back. The elbow sleeves are trimmed to match the skirt, and a shirred collar completes the design, which is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, especially those which are embroidered on the selvedge; or embroidery may be used as a garniture on plain material. This is illustrated on Fig. 2 on the plate of "Misses' Dresses." Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Gertrude Dress.

A SIMPLE and pretty little dress for summer wear, made of Victoria lawn, trimmed with Irish point lace or Carrickmacross embroidery. The model illustrated is the "Gertrude" dress, which is a loose blouse, shirred into the figure just below the waist in the middle of the front and back. Sash of wide eglantine pink surah ribbon tied in an enormous bow at the back. The front view of this dress is shown on the plate illustrating "Misses' Dresses." Patterns in sizes from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.

Gertrude Dress.—This pretty little dress is very simple in design, consisting of a blouse shirred a little below the waist and mounted upon a circular yoke composed of insertion. It is a model adapted to any class of goods suitable for the dresses of young children, and may be trimmed with lace or embroidery, as illustrated, or made up plainly, as desired. This is illustrated on the plate showing "Misses' Dresses." Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.

Arthur Waist.—A convenient and practical style of shirt waist for boys. It may be worn either with or without a jacket, and either with knee-pants or a kilted skirt. The back is laid in three box-plaits, and the front forms three side-plaits or tucks on either side of a box-plait in the middle. White linen, or cambric, with linen cuffs and collar, or any pretty washable material suitable for the purpose, is appropriate for this design. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, twenty cents each.

Linen Lawns.

THESE are the coolest of all washing materials, and the most delicate and dainty-looking for indoor dresses in the country, or the afternoon wear of young girls. The grounds are always white, and the patterns are lines in zigzag, small flowers, or leaflets, in a single modest color, or in coral, or small broken twig-like fibers. The lines are faint, the colors quiet—there is nothing loud in linen lawns. But they are delightfully cool on a hot day. They make pretty morning wrappers, trimmed with torchon lace, and are lovely for little children, for they wash like white linen itself. Above all, they are economical as well as refined, and should be used more than they are by women of cultivation and intelligence.

DARK POPPY RED, robin's egg, and old blue, black, old-gold and bronze, are the favorite colors for hosiery, and there are popular styles in which the upper part of the leg and the soles of the feet are of solid color, while the rest of the stocking is in fine clustered stripes and several colors. The hosiery is usually selected to match dresses, but the art shades, such as black, Pompeian red, old-gold, and peacock blue, are popularly supposed to "go with everything."

MISSES' DRESSES

FIG. 1.—This pretty costume, of dark blue percale with white polka dots, is arranged with a skirt trimmed with full gathered ruffles of the same, and a polonaise with draped side paniers and a coat-shaped back. A rolling collar, and deep reversed cuffs of palm-leaf figured blue and white percale, with a *plastron* and bands of the same on the polonaise, compose the trimming. A *ruche* of white lace and a bow of crimson satin ribbon is worn at the throat. The design illustrated is the "Rachel" costume, the double illustration of which will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—An illustration of the simple and charming model, the "Ronnie" dress, made in saffron-tinted nun's veiling, embroidered on the selvedges in gay *jardinière* colorings with silk. The dress is made with a gored skirt trimmed with three gathered flounces of the embroidery, with a narrow knife-plaiting of plain goods at the foot, and a basque with a scarf draped around it and tied in a large bow at the back. This conceals the heading of the upper flounce, and gives a princess effect to the dress. The elbow sleeves are trimmed with embroidery, and a shirred collar of the same, with a ruffle of white Oriental lace, finishes the neck. A crimson rose is worn at the right. The double illustration of this design is given among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 3.—A simple little dress of white French nainsook, trimmed with white Oriental lace. The model is the "Gertrude" dress, which is in blouse style, shirred at the waist in the middle of the front and back, and falling in a full flounce below. A wide sash of baby blue satin reps ribbon is fastened on each side of the shirring in front, and tied in an immense bow below the waist at the back. This model is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.

LADIES' CLUB

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—There is only one thing for you to do, cut your hair short, and wash your head thoroughly with clear cold water three times a week. Had your hair been cut at the time you had the fever, it would have saved it; for it would in time have been restored to all its former luxuriance. But all you can do now is to arrest its decay by cutting it short, and keeping it short for perhaps two years, or until it regains strength, and washing the head as directed; drying thoroughly, and when dried, rubbing into the scalp a little vaseline, which will assist in strengthening and restoring the hair to its former conditions.

"MAGPIE."—The saying you quote comes from Chaucer, who, in his Troilus and Creseide, says:

"*One eare it heard,*
At the other out it went."

Which is easily resolvable into "in at one ear, and out at the other."

"HAUSE FRAU."—Try and get rid of the habit of wearing black all the time, as your husband does not like it; it is really gloomy, and depressing to the spirits. It is undoubtedly useful for the street, and no woman should be without one or two black dresses in her wardrobe; but indoors more cheerful colors are desirable, and produce a brighter, livelier atmosphere. The pretty clustered, and *chiné* striped ginghams are useful and economical, and if made in some simple short walking dress design, and trimmed with embroidery (mahline), will answer for street and house wear also. A polonaise of flowered satine (small figure on black ground) over black silk skirt looks well, and the lawns are lovely in shades of blue and olive on cream ground.

"DEFRAUDED."—Do not cast blame too quickly. It is very possible that your friend paid the price charged for the goods, and quite as possible that the same articles were bought later at a "little over half the price." Reductions are always made on certain articles and designs, when they cease to be novelties, and this season they were made earlier than usual, and heavier, on account of the dullness of the season.

"RUSTIC."—You might very profitably make a visit of a week or two to New York in the company of your friend, and not find it so very expensive either. We should advise an application to the Young Women's Christian Association, 7 East 15th Street, for board, because, though the living is not luxurious, it is clean, comparatively inexpensive and safe. Then, instead of spending all your time in wandering about the streets, and visiting shops, devote one day to this purpose, and make a business of getting acquainted with more important things, the Lenox Library, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Art Decorative Society Rooms, the Woman's Exchange, the Astor Library. Take bird's-eye views of the whole city, from the elevated roads, sail down the bay to West New Brighton, drop in at Syphers, and see Meyer's wonderful clock, and curiosities of bric-a-brac, all the shops and book-stores, Fifth Avenue and Central Park, and many other things, and you will not feel that your time has been thrown away by any means.

"EDITOR LADIES' CLUB."—Allow me to correct some errors which appear in the answer to the 4th question of A. M. W. in the May Number.

The first Lancastrian king was Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke, son of John of Gaunt.

He reigned as Henry IV. after the death of Richard II. who died, or was killed in the Tower, where he had been confined by Henry.

The earl of Richmond ascended the throne as Henry VII. after the death of Richard III. in the battle of Bosworth Fields.

A. I. TAYLOR.

"FONDA."—You have indeed been punished for the folly of trying to "blondene" your hair, which, if of a "tawny" brown, was much richer in color naturally than it could have been made by any process of dyeing. Time and patience only will help you. Keep your hair well brushed, wash it with cold water, with a little soda in it, that is all you can do.

"DANAE."—Pompeii was buried fifteen centuries before it was discovered by the accidental turning over of some of the ground which lay above it, by a countryman, and the unearthing of the top of a bronze figure. The earthquake which engulfed it occurred on the night of the 24th of August, A.D. 79, eighteen centuries ago.

"MARGARET."—Religious persecution has not been an unmixed evil; though for this we are not to thank bigotry, or intolerance. The Huguenots driven from France, the Jews from Spain, and the religious wars of the Netherlands, carried the industries of one nation to others, and enriched them greatly, by adding to the permanent sources of prosperity.

"SAMPLES"—There are some stores in New York that have a sign, announcing, "no samples given." This is in consequence of the enormous aggregate demand, principally from the country, for samples of expensive goods, by persons who have no intention of buying, but send for them to gratify curiosity. Persons who would not wish to pay fifty cents per yard for a dress fabric, will send unblushingly, year after year for samples of silks, satins, and fine wools, costing from one to five dollars per yard. These are now necessarily, and very properly, refused in the best stores, excepting to accredited persons who are accustomed to buying largely.

"LITTLE MIME."—A walking skirt of black velvet would be very useful with an over dress, or polonaise of grey wool, but we doubt if you find much use for a white bonnet. Large hats would be the most suitable, and useful, with broad brims, one black with black feathers, the other a grey trimmed with a full scarf of white mull, and bouquet of white carnations. Grey beige would be very suitable for your traveling dress, or grey ladies' cloth with ulster to match. You could wear white linen, or wool with black ribbons, and you would find a dress of thin black wool, or black, and white washing silk, very useful. Long-wristed wash leather gloves, or grey, or undressed kid will be good for traveling.

"LONE WANDERER."—You would stand a poor chance in a great city of bettering your condition, particularly if your health is not good. Still we agree with you that it would be better to get something to do, earn some money in some way, even if it was a hard way, rather than have nothing, and be nothing. Why do you not seek for a summer situation in some favorite resort in western New York, and thus get a change, a little money, and see what that would lead to?

To "CONSTANT READER," who wishes for directions for a pretty rag carpet, I will tell her of one that has been much admired.

Cut rags not more than one-third of an inch in width, take white and color any color you prefer, then twist with rags of same width, sewed, hit, and miss, this for center of rooms, then have a bright stripe woven from one-fourth to one-half yard wide, have warp woven between each stripe two or three inches in width, so it will hem nicely, then cut every stripe apart, and border your center all around.

One I have seen is green with hit and miss with border, mostly red and green, another was center of white woolen blankets, cut very fine with old stockings raveled out and colored red to twist with it.

RIVERSIDE.

"L. L. T."—There was an article on "graduating dresses" in the June number, which we hope proved of use to you.

"MOLLIE A. G."—Make a walking skirt of your trained summer silk, using the fringe, if you choose, as part of the trimming, though it will not be required. Make a close-fitting basque or jacket of dark garnet or peacock blue satine, plain, or in a small figure, and wear it with the skirt. You will find the combination very pretty and useful for occasions, and not expensive.

"AZALEA."—If a gentleman should ask an "engaged" young lady to correspond with him, she should make some excuse, want of time, or the like, unless the circumstances were exceptional and their correspondence was of a limited literary or scientific character. If a correspondence has grown up through years of intimate friendship, that is another matter; there is no reason then why it should be broken off, for perfect confidence would exist between them. For an "engaged" gentleman to ask a young lady to write to him, is unfair at least to his fiancee, and looks mean and treacherous. Should neither be engaged, however, correspondence is a natural and proper enough way of pursuing an agreeable acquaintance.

"F. L. B."—We should not advise the wine-color on black; all black, or black and white, would be better. If your steel skirt is short and trimmed, make a wine-colored jacket to wear with it; if it is plain, a steel-gray polonaise will look best, with gray and garnet bows.

"C. A. M."—You can say, "You are very welcome. I am equally obliged in being well suited."

"MISS L. B. H."—Kate Greenaway is an English artist who won her reputation by carving the quaint little figures of old-fashioned children, and exaggerating them for illustrating children's books.

"ZENELLA B."—Attach a card with "loving wishes" to the headboard of the bedstead. Under the circumstances lace would be most suitable, lined with pale blue, pink or old-gold twilled cambric, that is, silesia of the best quality. Make a toilet set for bureau to match, and cover for the mantel-piece, a pretty clock, a pair of vases, and a dainty toilet set (bottles and covered box) of decorated glass or pottery, would be most suitable and quite sufficient, unless you add to these a whisk with satin holder, and book-shelves with portiere.

"AN OLD BABY."—You must have patience with yourself and not expect too much at first. Certainly the memory can be cultivated. Stop reading books, and forgetting them. Read a little at a time, and force yourself to go over what you have read, and note down what you remember. Wherever you go, whatever you see, whatever you do, take pains to remember, and try to describe it; if you cannot do it to any person put it down in writing; it will be some trouble, but it is worth taking trouble to overcome a defect. Your writing is very good, and indicates refinement. You cannot be incapable of any effort you choose to make. A habit should be of one material throughout. It need not be dark; it may be of light (ficelle) cloth, but dark green, or blue, or wine color, looks and wears better. The basque may be double or single-breasted, according to taste, but should be cut with lapels and lined; the trousers may be faced at the bottom, and the skirt also, but need not be lined throughout. The seams should be stayed, and the whole outfit well and strongly finished. "Pull yourself together, and keep yourself well in hand," as the English say, and move and speak slowly and quietly until you have acquired courage and control.

"Mrs. A. B."—Sar-a Bairn-hart.

"A. B."—Upright pianos have the preference. Grand pianos are only chosen for very large parlors and concert use. Square pianos are little used now compared with either of the others.

"Mrs. L. B."—It would hardly pay you to send your curls to have them darkened, or indeed to have them dyed at all. The coloring process would cost nearly as much as new ones. Better get new curls. The large, light garden hats are most suitable for you, and can be obtained in chips from $1.35 to $2, and in fine Milan straw from $2.50 to $3. The trimming should be mull and pink and white carnations.

"Mrs. Alice N."—The corded waist would suit you. Comb your hair simply; allow it to wave over the temples, and arrange it in a broad knot at the back.

"Mrs. C. S. H."—You probably gain as much for your work as the poor women who work for Mrs. Chapman. Better find a market nearer home; Chicago ought to be a good one.

"Mrs. A. N. C."—Your best way would be to make a walking-skirt of your silk, and wear with it a striped basque, very narrow stripe of black and old gold; the stripe should reappear in the trimming on the skirt, or from the bow at the back. The "Jersey" basque in the present number would be a suitable pattern.

"Moina."—The "Mad River" was Mr. Longfellow's last poem.—A small-checked washing silk. Two ginghams; a polonaise of satine over a black silk skirt; a white thin barege, or nun's veiling, a dotted muslin, or a robin's-egg blue lawn, (white embroidery or linen lace trimming), and a summer beige for traveling should be an abundant supply of dresses for a girl of sixteen for summer wear. Two large hats, one dark or black, the other white Milan straw or chip. One trimmed with colored Surah, the other with mull and lace and hedge roses.

"Nell Neptune."—Manners and the etiquette of social life at Washington is much the same as elsewhere, excepting that there are certain formulas to be observed in making official calls which you can only learn through some well-informed person on the spot. Dem-or-est.

"Mrs. Dr. J. E. S."—The discoloration is occasioned by the conditions of the stomach and liver. Use sulphur internally, and sour buttermilk and flour of oatmeal as external applications. But it will not disappear all at once.

"Texas Girl."—Do not wear light blue, or green, unless the latter is dark, and combined with garnet. Old gold, cream, terra cotta red, wine-color, ecru, and fawn with crimson, would be becoming to you. Black and white are becoming to nearly every one.

"M. H. E. K."—Our illustrations in the June and recent numbers have given various simple and pretty ways of wearing the hair. Your sample would combine very nicely with garnet. Use the "Waldeck," or "Adelina" over-skirt and "Jersey" waist.

"Pearline."—Your idea for a black summer dress is very good, but the nun's veiling, made over silk, and trimmed with handsome Spanish lace, would be prettier. Long tan-colored gloves of un-dressed kid would be more fashionably worn; you could alternate them with long black mitts. Your cape, or small wrap should be a Surah, trimmed with passementerie and fringe, or thick ruching of silk, and ruffles of lace. Hats of dimity are sold for infants of that age, but there are pretty straw hats also ruched with lace, and loops of ivory satin ribbon, that are very pretty.

"Pansy."— Your sample is rather gloomy, and not of sufficiently good quality to be worth making over silk, or in such a way as to essentially improve it. We should advise you to make a ruffled skirt of it, and Jersey bodice over Silesia, and wear with it a hip sash made of a Roman scarf.

"Mrs. E. A. P."—You would require fifteen yards, and can get what you want for from $1.50 to $2.25 per yard. Trim with satin and moire, or with a jetted passementerie, and have a white straw bonnet trimmed with cream Surah and lace, and azaleas to wear with it, or a small jetted bonnet to match.

"Subscriber."—You can wear your crimson canton crape shawl with as perfect propriety as ladies wear their India shawls; do not cut or dye it, for it is always handsome.

"Mrs. E. B."—We do not furnish hair dyes, or recipes for coloring hair. Do not believe in them.—Tennyson is the author of "Mariana."—Certainly it is known from what direction wind storms may be expected, and it is quite accurately told how and where they will expend their force. What the power that makes the wind no man has been able to fathom.

"Mrs. W. S. W."—Wash them in tepid water, prepared with curd soap. Do not let the water be too *warm*; do not let the soap touch them. If not curd, white castile; but curd is better.

"Ruth Holabird"—Your "taste" would require severe training before it could be turned to pecuniary advantage. If you are already an expert in mechanical drawing we should advise you to apply to an architect for a chance to study practical architectural design in an office. Use simple designs for your dress; the colors, as now worn, are varied and beautiful; they afford plenty of opportunity for choice, and the fine dark and creamy tints would suit you as well as the warm garnets and wine colors.

"Ignoramus."—It is proper to address a doctor by his title. The lady should be as nearly ready as possible, but she need not have her wraps on, particularly if wearing them indoors, would occasion her inconvenience. In summer, when a shady hat and some light covering of lace are sufficient preparation, there is nothing to prevent her from being "ready" and waiting; and this is better than to keep her escort waiting.

"Miss D. E. S.—You must have mistaken a recipe for washing prints, (colored cottons), for a recipe for the complexion. Outdoor air and sleep will do more for your complexion than anything else; combined with abstinence from unhealthy articles of food. Use fruit, plain bread, cream, well cooked oatmeal or wheat, and simple vegetables grown above the ground. Avoid coffee and pastries.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

It seems singular when we consider Mr. Emerson's early and long career on the lecture platform, as well as his various celebrity, that we have not, before this, had some volume setting forth his life and literary work. Except the two attempts to do this service which have been made the past year—Mr. Guernsey's and Mr. Cooke's—we do not now recall any document about Emerson larger or more important than an occasional magazine or newspaper eulogy. Mr. Guernsey's book is so slip-shod, impertinent and erroneous, that very little need be said of it. If it had been well conceived or wisely written, its multiplied and inexcusable errors of typography should dismiss it from hopeful consideration.

The field of Emerson on explication and biography, therefore, has been left practically free for occupancy to Mr. Cooke's elaborate and thorough book before us. After reading it carefully through once, and partially through a second time, we have every praise to give it for its comprehensive character, its fine appreciation, and its delicately modest treatment. The book is, in fact, the ripe result of several years' honest and loving study of its subject by one who, while not entirely agreeing with Mr. Emerson's philosophy, is yet a warm admirer of his work and literary quality. It was written, as the author himself intimates, neither as a defense nor as a criticism on Mr. Emerson, but rather, to be a considerate and careful interpretation of him. In every place possible, which is in nearly every chapter, Mr. Emerson's writings are permitted to tell their own story, and only so much biography is given as is needed to round into completeness the account of a life and work which has left, and is yet likely to leave, a mighty impress on contemporary thought.

The volume opens with an insight into the long line of picked ancestry which foreran Mr. Emerson's New England birth, and which, in a measure, accounts for much which his life has fulfilled. If heredity had no exceptions, his would be an admirable instance of its laws of operation. He is such a man as might be looked for in the case of such an ancestry, or turning the phrase about, you can as well say that "his is such an ancestry as we would look for in the case of such a man."

About all there is that has been valuable and progressive in New England thought, will be found to cluster around or radiate from the history here given. Free speech and free thought are the highest subjects of human concern; anti-slavery; the broadening of religious faith; a stern fidelity to the moral law in man; a thought for higher thinking and improved social methods, as in the publication of *The Dial* and the establishment of Brook Farm, are all noted and signalized in this volume with suitable emphasis and prospective.

So far as Mr. Emerson's philosophy and writings are concerned, it would be unreasonable to ask for anything better than our author has given. To the whole work he has brought a natural attitude and taste that showed he was naturally elected to it; and he has had, besides, every advantage in the opportunities afforded by Mr. Emerson's family and friends that could be desired even by a literary executor. The result is that those who think they know Emerson well, will find something to learn in this worthy book; while to a new or strange constituency, it offers the best accessible introduction to a study of his character and writings. We speak these words so liberally because the book is one we should like to see circulated wide among intelligent and enquiring readers.

The orderly classification of topics, and the succinct index, are valuable accompaniments to the text; and the clear steel portrait will give pleasure to those who desire to see the true face and autograph of Mr. Emerson in his patriarchal years.

Joel Benton.

The Ladies' Art Association, 24 West Fourteenth street, New York, has arranged a course of summer study which students may avail themselves of by addressing the President, Mrs. E. J. Sterling, or Mrs. Jessie Curtis Shepherd, at the rooms of the Association. The work here is thoroughly practical, the pupils being aided to fill positions which give them pecuniary independence.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

"**The Summer, and Its Diseases**" is a timely little work, in which, however, all the ills that flesh is heir to in hot weather are exhaustively treated. The author is James C. Wilson, M.D., physician to the Philadelphia College, and to the Hospital of the Jefferson Medical College, and the publishers are Lindsay, Blakiston & Co., of Philadelphia, to whose Health publications we have so frequently called the attention of our readers. The present manual offers for thirty cents (in paper covers) a mass of seasonable suggestion and information, arranged and classified under different heads, and including in its survey summer difficulties and annoyances, and hints for treatment, as well as important summer maladies or "diseases." We recommend this admirable little work particularly to the residents in hot climates.

The Famous Address of Governor John W. Hoyt, of Wyoming Territory, delivered at Association Hall, Philadelphia, upon the results of Woman Suffrage in that section, has been printed in tract form, and widely distributed. It is a very able argument, fair, candid, and based upon facts. It should be read by every thinking man and woman.

"**Kith and Clan**" is the title of a very interesting and thoughtful lecture delivered by Prof. E. Bandelier, before the Historical Society of New Mexico, upon the Characteristics of the Indian Race, and which has been published by the Society. More exact than the information usually given, and highly interesting, are the facts furnished in regard to social organization, division of property in families, and between men and women.

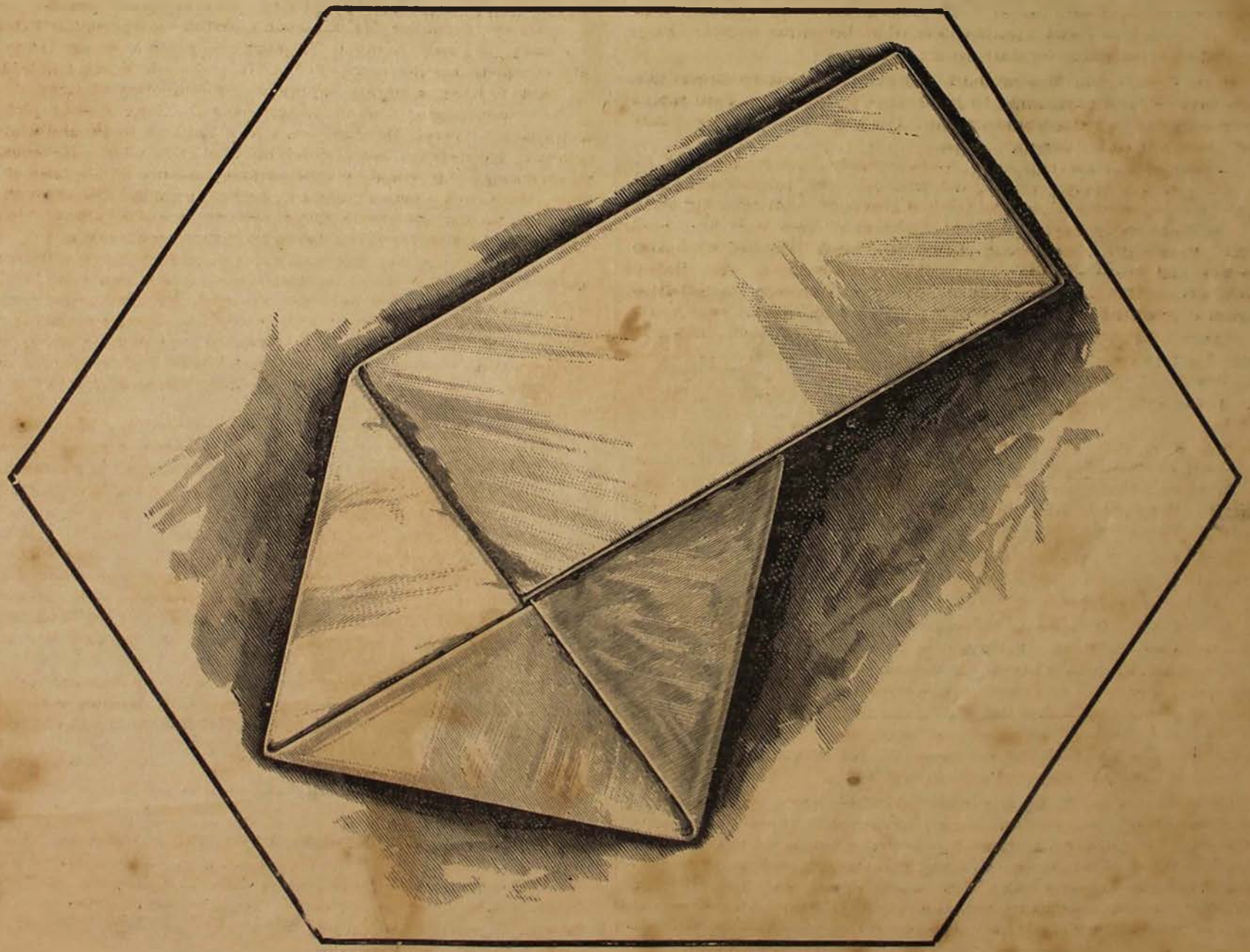
The Art Magazine for June (Cassel, Petter, Galpin & Co.) is a valuable number for its beautiful reproductions of ancient art. It pays also a well-deserved tribute to one of our oldest and best American artists, Mr. J. G. Brown, by giving an illustrated sketch with portrait, and his last and best group of street boys.

"**Training of Children.**"—Most mothers know how valuable is the advice of Rye Henry Chavasse, the English scientific physician, once physician in ordinary to the Queen, and author of several exceedingly valuable works in regard to the special functions of wife and mother. The little work whose title is given above, consists mainly of a series of aphorisms, which form as a whole a manual of hygienic science and culture as adapted to the training of children. All who are familiar with the style of the writer will know that it is a most charming book, and in fact we cannot do better than recommend its instant acquisition by all conscientious young mothers who would be informed in regard to a thousand little points of vital importance in the rearing of children. The work is printed uniform with the series of Health Primers by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia, and costs only fifty cents. For the same price can be obtained

"**Health Hints from the Bible.**"—This little work, "by a Physician," is a collection of the rules, regulations, suggestions, hints, and remarks found in the Bible in regard to health, sickness, clothing, cleanliness, diet, and the like, and is interesting as showing how uniformly the teaching is in favor of the best methods—those which tend to health, length of life, and its true enjoyment. It is from the same press, Lindsay & Blakiston, of Philadelphia, to whom the public is indebted for the preceding work, and a valuable series of Health Primers.

The Quarterly Elocutionist, edited by Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl, appears for the Spring of 1882, with a most interesting page of contents. Among the authors represented are Boyesen (Brier-Rose), Tennyson (Charge of Heavy Brigade), Whittier (Bay of Seven Islands), Jean Ingelow (Song of a Nest), Max Adeler (Mrs. Dr. Magrude's Object Lesson), and many others of almost equal interest and eminence. This is the 28th number of this useful work, which is well adapted to the requirements of reading societies.

Help for Utah.—One of the most effective journals against polygamy is the *Anti-Polygamy Standard*, published at Salt Lake City, Utah—the organ of the Woman's National Anti-Polygamy Society. Every woman in the land who is desirous of aiding to free many thousands of her sex from a cruel and degrading bondage, and abolishing the curse of Mormon polygamy from our land, should send ten cents to P. O. Box 385, Salt Lake City, Utah, for a sample copy of the *Standard*.



INVITATION WITH SIX FOLDS. ENVELOPE WITH SIX FOLDS.

Literary News.—George W. Harlan & Company have published one of the most brilliant tributes to the beloved poet, Longfellow, that this year will witness. The book is a quarto, entitled *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a Medley in Prose and Verse*, by Richard Henry Stoddard. It includes the impressions of a number of literary celebrities, and is dedicated to John Greenleaf Whittier. An artistic steel-plate portrait of the deceased poet, from a photograph by Sarony, of New York, accompanies the volume.

This firm have removed their offices from 19 Park Place to 44 West Twenty-third street, where they will find congenial company in the Putnams, Henry Holt, and Dutton, all of whom have handsome stores on this now famous publishers' thoroughfare.

Cassel, Petter, Galpin & Co. have recently published a popular work on the Constitution of the United States, which includes among its contents chapters on The History of the Articles of Confederation, as well as on The Constitution of the United States—The Legislative Department—The Executive Power—The Judicial Power—Current Questions productive of Changes in the Constitution, etc., etc. The work will also contain a full index, and an appendix embracing the Original Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the States, passed July 9th, 1778. Also the Constitution of the United States of America, with all the Amendments. To place this work within the reach of all, the publishers have issued it in the popular 12mo style, at the low price of $1.25.

Sunshine and Summer Beauty.

(*See Oil Picture.*)

Our superb double picture, "Sunshine" and "Summer Beauty," is in harmony with the glowing month of July, when the sun's golden urn pours forth brighter streams, the flowers are clothed in more radiant hues, and, as Tennyson says:

"A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea."

"Sunshine" is the lovely child, with long golden hair tinged with bronze, eyes as blue as the heavens, rosy lips, and a smile full of sunny sweetness. Her picturesque hat of crimson and amber colors, encircled by a wreath of dainty flowers, throws a glowing shadow over her fair face; a string of amber beads is around her neck, and a bunch of flowers attached to her white dress gives grace and finish to her attire. Not less lovely is her young companion, "Summer Beauty." Her face possesses the same characteristics, while her dress slightly differs from that of the radiant beauty, "Sunshine." Her head is covered by a richly-jeweled cap, her long hair is plaited and tied with a blue ribbon, and a string of red coral beads adorns her neck. She presses to her lips a lovely bouquet of roses, glowing with the rich beauty of midsummer.

The artist has invested these lovely children with all the charms of youthful beauty. The blush of the rose, the dewy sweetness of the violet, and the exquisite purity of the lily is theirs, and the golden glory of the Summer seems to throw a gleam of splendor on their fair young forms. These are evidently not the children of the factory, of whose woes Mrs. Browning wrote, children "that look up with pale and sad faces." These are the children that make a home glad with their sweetness and merriment, whose feet roam among the flowers and over the green lawns, who chase the butterflies in sportive glee, and on whose gentle heads the sunshine falls like a benediction. On the fair pages of their life no sorrowful record has yet been written; and who does not wish that it may be so to the end?

The artist has been very successful in depicting these lovely and happy children, so emblematic of sunshine and summer flowers. The coloring is rich, glowing, and sumptuous, the brightness of tone making the picture one of rare and striking beauty.

A Brilliant Anniversary Number.

Although we have run into the "sixties" like sixty, the matter of the Magazine will not be found to have suffered in quality because increased in quantity. Our sixty "Current Topics" are bright and readable as ever. The story from "Sixteen to Sixty" is attractive and interesting; the sixty receipts in the kitchen department are all excellent, and will carry a person from infancy to age without dyspepsia if he has a clear conscience and takes plenty of exercise and cold water; and lastly, those who do not like them can omit the more personal matters. There is surely enough without them.

Interesting Coincidences.

There are numerous coincidences in the Demorest family in regard to the sixes and sixties, which are interesting at this date. The family consists of six members, Mr. and Madame Demorest, and four children, the youngest of whom is sixteen. The business in which they are engaged was begun just half of sixty years ago, and has progressed up town to its present location, by six removals, where it has been stationed during the past six years. It is also, to be minute, six doors from Union Square, occupies the six floors in a house sixty feet high, upon sixteen thousand square feet of ground, is sixty years old, and gives employment to six superintendents, and twice sixty employees.

A Group of Star Writers.

It is not often that one number of a Magazine can show so brilliant a group of star writers as will be found within the covers of out present issue. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Louise M. Alcott, T. W. Higginson, Miss Kate Field, Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, the eminent historian of the city of New York, and others not less known to fame. All the articles, too, are of exceptional interest. Mr. Higginson deals with the Brook Farm Period in New England, interest in which has revived by the death of R. W. Emerson. Miss Alcott's is intensely interesting because it is the personal tribute of a loving friend to the great departed. Miss Kate Field has given us "English Women in Bondage," Mrs. Lamb sixty curious statistical facts not easily obtainable; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe furnishes a characteristic poem, and Mrs. L. C. Moulton a retrospective poem entitled "Her Portrait." Other features are more than usually interesting, so that the July may well be set down as a star number.

Our Anniversary Celebration.

It is too early to describe an event which has not yet taken place, but which will have occurred before the next issue of Demorest's Illustrated Magazine. In addition to issuing an anniversary number, it is proposed to celebrate the sixtieth birthday of the publisher of Demorest's Monthly, by a gathering at his residence near Sixtieth street, of sixty guests, all, excepting his immediate family, as nearly sixty years of age as their date of birth will permit. The festivities will begin at six in the evening, and continue six hours. There will be sixty variations of the musical and other exercises, six souvenirs will be presented to each guest, and every one is expected to enjoy themselves "like sixty." In fact, the celebration is to be unique in this as in every other respect, enjoyment at modern entertainments of a social character being rare indeed. Should expectations in this respect be realized, the fact will be chronicled in the August number.