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Mascot, the Match-Maker.

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**E**ARLY in the summer of 18— there was a sad disquiet in the handsome residence on Murray Hill where Miss Flora Beauchamp lived, and where her English pug, Mascot, had his home. Her papa, Henry Marcy Beauchamp, Esq., lived there also; to be accurate, so did his maiden sister, Miss Aurelia, and Flora's fourteen-year-old brother, Marcy.

But so far as all sentimental purposes are involved, it was only the home of Miss Flora and Mascot. There was probably not a servant of the half-dozen who composed the domestic machinery, who would have mentioned, in large type, any other members of the Beauchamp family, than the young lady and the pug. For several months the house had been so unmistakably kept for their convenience, while papa, aunty, brother and servants formed merely requisite accessories.

Miss Flora Beauchamp was a tiny creature to completely pervade a three-story, brown-stone-front house; for that matter, so was Mascot. Happily, neither value nor influence depends on height, seize, or weight. Flora was scarcely five feet in her highest heels, and was dainty as a French doll, large-eyed and delicately tinted, as are those imported

marvels of artistic handicraft. Yet she filled the mansion; so true it is that

“ The many make the household,  
But only one the home ; ”

and to all in No. —, Murray Hill, the one who made the home was Flora.

Ever since her fairy-like mamma had faded away from her fond husband's arms, there had been no rival to Flora's reign. She ruled so supremely that she had never discovered that she ruled at all; papa had no eyes for any one but his fair child; Aunt Aurelia lived only to decorate and admire her darling niece, and even the brother yielded decorous deference. A girl of seventeen, who is not snubbed by a boy of fourteen, must be possessed of some remarkable characteristics.

It is not likely that the question ever arose as to the peculiar power this young princess wielded. It must have been the natural outcome of her loving soul: she loved them all so tenderly she wished no will but theirs; they in return divined her desires and made them their will. In such a home how could an atmosphere of disquiet have been produced? There had been a foreign influence introduced, that had wrought a woe. It was the pug. Thus it had transpired.

The previous winter Flora had taken cold returning from a schoolmate's Christmas dancing party; it had resulted in a sensitive condition of the young girl's respiratory organs, and her physician's orders had confined her to the soft, genial atmosphere of the steam heated house. This unwonted seclusion made Flora pine; her studies ceased to interest her, she began to sigh, the blush roses faded in her soft cheeks, her large eyes grew wistful, and their violet tints deeper, Aunt Aurelia dosed her with tonics in vain.

One day another aunt, the fashionable Mrs. Mark Martelle, noticed her absent, listless manner. Mrs. Mark Martelle was a young, middle-aged matron; she had recently returned from abroad, where she had remarked the beatific absorption of interest of foreign dames and demoiselles in the various canine pets, dictated by the mandates of fashion.

No one who had an object of interest was *triste*: to secure these objects for her relatives and friends, was the self-imposed mission of Mrs. Mark Martelle. In obedience to this dominant passion, she had married her two daughters in their first year “out;” one was settled in an aristocratic country-seat in a fine shire of old England; the other had a town house, and a villa at the sea-shore, and a rich banker for her husband, in America: she had thus provided them with the

requisite objects. Flora was soon to be introduced into society under her matronage; meanwhile she was deeply concerned to discover her pet niece with waning bloom. She regarded her with attentive and intelligent scrutiny. "Child," she said, with well-nigh brusque decision and emphasis, "I am convinced you are moping."

"Oh, no, auntie," remonstrated Flora, aghast at such an accusation, "it is only that staying in doors has made me dull,—stupid, perhaps."

"You are not dull, that is impossible," said Mrs. Martelle; "but you do lack animation—in fact, animal spirits. Animal?" she repeated reflectively. "Ah, that gives me the idea; you want a dog. I shall get you one at once." And she kept her word.

Flora had not been conscious of her need of a four-footed, hairy companion, but she loved all created things, "both great and small;" in her little heart there was an expansive tenderness that might have embraced an entire menagerie. So, when her aunt next day stepped from her carriage, followed by her maid bearing a live little bundle, and when over the floor waddled a roly-poly atom, with saucy tail and muffled bark, Flora sank down on her knees to hug the tiny beast who was to be her torment and her delight. There was, of course, as much discussion over the selection of a name for this new character in the home-drama of life at No. —, Murray Hill, as there might have been on the naming of a new baby.

Divers canine cognomens were suggested, one by one, to be rejected by the fastidious Flora as unworthy her new treasure, until at last, by a happy inspiration, she cried out: "Ah, I have it; he is to be my good fairy, the familiar genius to make me gay, well, and happy. His name must be Mascot."

The pug was of pure breed, and, considered abstractly, of most downright ugliness. Yet if perfection of anything, type, race, or style, signifies beauty, then he was beautiful; his ugliness was harmonious, well-considered; he was the assured result of a course of culture in which a careful "survival of the fittest" had not been neglected.

He was small, fat, well-marked, free from all canine vices; his face attractive from the expression of high-bred reserve and aplomb that spoke from his prominent eyes, his arched mouth, his ridiculous nose, his air of self-conscious dignity and calm self-appreciation.

He was a pug whom no one could snub; about him hovered the inherited *savoir-faire* of generations of petted progenitors; luxury was his natural element, and his homeliness was in the highest degree aristocratic. The moment his fascination was recognized he became beautiful, and the idealism of Flora in a few hours transformed her pet into a miracle of perfection, and he was soon regarded as an important addition to the family circle. Secure of the position to which he was born, Mascot, on nearer acquaintance, showed how simple, tender, and unaffected was the nature enclosed in his small body; he attached himself to his young mistress with a steadfast and chivalric devotion; they were equals—both products of a high civilization; neither had to descend to meet. Flora received and returned her little friend's affection with the ardor of her generous heart; she exalted him speedily from a pet to a companion and confidant. She whispered to him the longings and loneliness she could not have told her life-long friends; to him she disclosed, nay, rather unclosed, the hitherto sealed arcana of her virgin dreams: she was no longer alone, she had found a friend!

For his slumbers she provided the softest of down-lined baskets; the prettiest china, and even silver, was selected to hold his daintily chosen food; his bath, his daily exercise, were subjects of interest; his intellect thus aroused by attention and human companionship, he was taught many tricks, and

speedily became, apart from the verdict of enthusiasm, a most winning and accomplished dog.

There was only one member of the household who held aloof from the general admiration accorded Mascot. This was Mdlle. Hortense Du Bois. "Ah, quel monstre!" was her muttered greeting, one Mascot never forgot, although he was sufficiently magnanimous to forgive his inferiors.

Hortense had been brought over from Paris by Flora's mamma, whose maid she had been; after the death of Mrs. Beauchamp she had continued in the house as a nursery governess to the children, to whom they chatted charmingly in French, and she now held the position of personal attendant upon Flora. But Hortense had never considered that airing a pug was included in her duties in that capacity, although she did it without apparent dislike: who ever opposed the hint of a wish of her young lady? Yet in her inner soul, Hortense could not silence the conviction that daily attendance upon a dog was beneath the dignity of her thirty odd years of an irreproachable life, not to mention the valued possession of an accent, and also a figure, to be coveted even by a Parisienne of Le Beau Monde. For a cat she could comprehend infatuation, interest, sympathy; they were sleek, feminine, full of graceful allurements; but a dog, and that dog an English pug, a *monstre*—her French soul rose in revolt as if he were the representative of the entire British nation. Perhaps the walks were not sufficiently prolonged to ensure the preservation of Mascot's health, or else they were not enjoyed, and good authority has declared "no profit comes where is no pleasure taken," for after a time it became evident that he was either over-fed or under-exercised. Mascot grew fat and inclined to somniferousness. Now in addition to the morning stroll, he was ordered a twilight trot, and the soul of Hortense protested. At times she was none too amiable to her charge; she rated him soundly in her native as well as her adopted tongue; Mascot understood her in both languages, and he grew to dread the hour when his little mistress, after seeing that his harness and bells were secure and bright, would carol a "good-bye," and watch him depart with his enemy—he followed so closely that the indignity of a chain had never been offered him.

The momentous evening came, Hortense went forth moodily. The only alleviation to her hatred of these promenades lay in the fact that an ardent Italian, a waiter at a stylish restaurant not far from the Grand Central Depot, had learned the usual hours of her by-passing, and waited to speak fluent words of compliment when she came, and to gaze with eyes and attitude alike replete with admiration, as he watched her shapely form, when she departed. But this compensation was not equivalent to her sense of humiliation, in appearing before Lorenzo Luigi Sodaldi as a dog nurse. And in her mind she muttered, "I wish the beast would lose himself."

This evening she lingered, and had some most engrossing polyglot chat of a sentimental character with Lorenzo Luigi; the pug sat on his haunches near by for five full minutes; he shook his bells; Hortense ignored him; her eyes were either raised to those of Lorenzo Luigi as he volubly addressed her in the hyperbole of adulation, or else modestly cast down to show her really fine lashes. There is nothing so charming as the naive coquetry of a maiden of thirty odd years; she has practiced the art until it outrivals nature.

Mascot grew restless, then indignant, and then reckless and revengeful; he would give Mdlle. Hortense a fine fright—he would hide!

Watching his chance, he crept noiselessly along a few doors, turned a corner, and entering an open gate, he darted under a broad step, and shrinking into a dark corner, was silent.

Suddenly Hortense missed him; conscious of her mental

treachery to her trust, she was instantly tortured with self-accusing remorse ; she called, she blew the silver whistle to which he always responded. Mascot heard, but he closed his eyes with all the obstinacy he possessed.

"Let her blow," said his perturbed spirit, and he cowered still lower in his safe retreat. Lorenzo Luigi flew up and down the street with fierce gesticulations. "Some villain boy has him stolen, signora—they them steal *partout*, Mdlle. ; while we make de *converzasion*, the little boy he pick him up, ze place under his arm—presto ! he is gone."

It was nearly dark before she at last was reluctantly convinced of his theory, and not until she had whistled, wept, and had despaired, did she abandon her search. Excited and perturbed, she returned to Murray Hill, there to relate the tragic incidents of the loss of Mascot, and to change the happy home into the abode of dismay.

Flora heard the story, cast one look of sad reproach upon her maid—she did not dare to trust herself to speak—and went sobbing to her own room and cried herself nearly blind, refusing to be comforted.

It is a common thing to ridicule these so called misplaced affections, whose intensity has for its object an animal, but to some there is something both touching and tender in the regard of a young girl for a pet, which has awakened in her fresh soul the feeling which some day will have its perfect development in deep maternal love. A child with its dumb doll, the girl with her canary, or her dove, her kitten, her rabbit, her dog, rehearses with each new love the divine drama of maternity. Mascot was the first live thing that had ever appealed to Flora's strong need of self-devotion. She had always been the object, not the giver, of care and protection ; she had now tested the greater blessedness of the one who gives. Her loss was crushing and overwhelmed her ; how could she wait for morning ? Her fancy made her picture every ill that might befall her petted darling, and she tortured herself with vain imaginings until nature asserted her own rights, and at last poor Flora slept.

Meanwhile, where was the foolish pug ? In his folly he had forgotten all his wise young mistress had told him of the perils of the city for doggies such as he ; he had laid aside his own sense of caution, sharpened by several attempts that had been made by daring gamins for his capture, and all to meanly revenge himself upon an inferior—his attendant ! These thoughts began to be suggested to Mascot, and he even wished for Lorenzo Luigi that he might conduct him to his home.

He knew it was unsafe to attempt it alone ; had it been so, his gentle Flora would have given him the freedom of Murray Hill, secure in his fealty and desire to return always to her side. What could he do ?

It was growing late ; he peeped from his ambush ; he heard footsteps at intervals passing by, but turning the corner had led him into a quiet street. He crept out, and hidden by the gate by which he had entered, he waited : "I will follow the first gentleman who passes by," was his resolve. A newsboy came by, crying his papers. Mascot crouched out of sight. Then a laborer with his empty dinner-pail ; Mascot still hid ; he was growing hungry, too ; oh, for the warmth, the comfort, the light of his home on Murray Hill !

Presently a brisk step ; a young man with a light overcoat on his arm, a gold-mounted cane in his gloved hand, appeared in sight.

Mascot came boldly forth, and challenged his notice. The gentleman saw him, gave an appreciative whistle, and looked about to see to whom he belonged ; no one in sight. Then he walked quickly on, Mascot as quickly following him. Again he stopped, and stamped his foot to make the dog turn back ; Mascot came close to his side, and sat upon his

haunches. When he made the third effort, Mascot put on his most irresistible expression, struck the cunning attitude Flora had taught him, in which she could refuse him nothing, and uttered a plaintive and almost human whine for protection. "By George, puggy," said the young man, "I can't stand that. Are you lost ? Well, old fellow, I shall have to find you." As he picked him up, a clock struck. "Only five minutes to catch the train ; there will be one more passenger than I expected," and on he sped, Mascot held snugly on the overcoat.

Five minutes later Mascot was on an express train whirling through tunnels and dashing past stations, bound—he knew not whither.

Mr. Clifton Hastings Verplanck, into whose possession Mascot had thus suddenly fallen, was a person of gentle birth and breeding.

He had just attained his majority, and been graduated at college with fair honors the year before ; that day he had been summoned to the sick-bed of his uncle Hastings, whose namesake and presumptive heir he was. His mind, preoccupied by the one thought of not missing the train that would bear him to the side of his uncle, had not caught at the idea of what was involved in his impulsive adoption of the stray dog who had appealed to him. After he had settled himself in his seat, he began to realize his responsibility ; he regarded Mascot, who in his turn looked up into his face with an intelligence well-nigh human, uttering a series of short, suppressed barks and whines, which were plainly of an explanatory character. Clifton patted and replied to him in so reassuring a manner that Mascot, after several of these conversations, and having been regaled on sponge cake from the basket of an admiring child in the next seat, curled himself up on the overcoat and slept, dreaming he was being borne straight to the arms of his fair mistress. Mr. Verplanck had not enjoyed a wide experience in the domain of petdom, and it did not occur to his mind that his adoption of the estray pug would involve any mental distress to any one. Preoccupied as he was, he only considered the fact that the dog was lost ; that he was of some value, and it was better an honest person should find him than a rogue ; he would see on his return if he could discover and return him to his owner—some child or old maid, he fancied—and that would be the end of it.

Arriving at the station nearest the home of his uncle Hastings, in the early dawn, he was met by the carriage and a solemn-faced servant. His uncle's condition was most critical ; the drive in the hazy morning was dreamlike, and even poor little Mascot was company to the sad young fellow, to whom he nestled, shivering more with inquietude of mind than the chill of the unsunned air. A five-mile ride brought them to the stately old mansion where his uncle lived, the maiden home of his mother, where many of his boyhood's vacations had been passed. There was a hush about the place, and Clifton felt the chill of a presence he had never known there before, as he was shown into the dim chamber of the stricken old man. He was only conscious at long intervals, but in one he presently recognized his nephew, and spoke feeble words of welcome which were also those of farewell, for, ere the dawn of the next day, his flickering spark of life had gone out, and Clifton stood alone, the only near relative of the good old man. His mother, Mr. Hastings' only remaining sister, was absent in Florida, where she had passed the winter ; his seizure having been so sudden there had been no time for her recall.

It was a week later when, the last sad rites being over, the house left in the care of the trusty housekeeper, Mascot and Clifton were again whirled to the great city ; but in that time Mascot had gained another friend. Even in the midst of the subdued bustle ever attendant upon

death in a house, the pug had made his presence felt. Mrs. Strong, the housekeeper, declared "he was the very knowingest dog she had ever seen; and so gentlemanly! why he won't go into a room before me." And Clif had felt that the little creature offered him a sympathy which was more than mere pity, as he crept about so silently, and then approaching the young man would raise one tiny paw after the other to attract his attention, uttering sounds that were the expression of a knowledge that he knew there was a grief and he wished to share or console it. Clif would have been doubly dreary in the great spare chamber, had not Mascot, curled at his feet, given him a sense of companionship, awakening him with gentle nibbles at his finger ends, when the sun struggled through the closed shutters. They became good comrades in a few days, so Clif began to dread the time of their separation. Nevertheless, the day before his return he mailed an advertisement to the *New York Herald* of "FOUND, a week ago, in the neighborhood of Grand Central Depot, a small English pug, with blue harness and silver bells; the owner can hear of him by addressing C. H. V., Herald Office."

When he reached the city, he examined a file of that repository for the woes and wants of all the world. Fancy his dismay to behold in every issue an advertisement for the missing treasure, "who answers to the name of Mascot," with daily increasing rewards, until just above his own was the last offering, "One hundred dollars, and no questions asked." At the office, to his initials, he found a few curt lines:

"If C. H. V. will at once return the dog advertised during the week, to No. --, Murray Hill, he will receive the reward without delay. No higher terms will be offered. Inquire for Miss Beauchamp."

Clif felt he was taken for a dog thief, and his face grew pale with indignation. He could not live with an imputation upon his initials, and he speedily rang at the door of the house indicated, and inquiring for Miss Beauchamp, sent up his card.

The waiter, an acute member of his class, not considering that so young and handsome a gentleman could possibly call on Miss Aurelia (who had intended to be interviewed by the person returning the pug), did not disturb that elderly spinster from her afternoon repose.

The card was taken to Miss Flora, who, settling a riotous wave of her golden hair, shook out her draperies, and went to the parlor, entering with as much dignity as her seventeen years and five feet of altitude made possible. She saw a young man in deep mourning, hat in hand, who bowed with some perturbation before her; all his half-prepared speech, all his natural easy self-possession was routed before this lovely apparition in a tangled maze of pale blue flounces, and falling laces, and fluttering ribbons; above this shone the violet eyes framed in the wealth of her breezy hair.

She spoke first: "You are Mr. Verplanck?" she asked. "Pray be seated."

"I am Mr. Verplanck," he returned, still standing, "and I have called to tell Miss Beauchamp of the safety of her dog."

Flora cried out in the surprise of her sudden relief; every faint rose tint died out of the transparent cheeks; then she put her hands before her face, sank into a chair, and there was a quick shower of tears. Mr. Verplanck inwardly anthematized himself.

"Pardon me, Miss Beauchamp," he said, in great distress, "but I had no thought of startling you by my words; did you not know by the *Herald* that he was safe?"

"Oh, no," cried poor Flora, "I had ceased to look for any news; though papa still advertised for him. And have you

got him? Is he well? Has he missed me? Oh, please, please sit down and tell me all about him. Oh, you have made me so happy!" and she dried her eyes with a bit of cobweb, and Clif was conscious of a subtle sense of violet perfume etherealized by virgin tears, as she raised the dewy eyes and the now glowing face, and prepared to listen. Clif began and told the story of Mascot's finding, briefly as he was able, when the varying face before him tempted him to proximity, barely mentioning the fact of his own affliction, which had been the cause of his delay in taking steps for Mascot's delivery to his owner, but Flora interrupted him.

"Oh, Mr. Verplanck, I have been very selfish; I have thought no one was troubled but myself, and you have been very good to come so soon; my grief could have been nothing compared to yours. But I am very fond of him."

"I can readily believe it, Miss Beauchamp," said he; "Mascot has done everything except speak our language, and it did not need words to make evident that he was a petted favorite,—he has told me many things of you: how good and thoughtful you must have been to him. He could not understand any tones that were not gentle, and his tastes were so dainty, I knew he had but 'lain in the roses, and fed on the lilies of life;'" Flora laughed; "and had breathed only 'the simple atmosphere of all fair things.' We were quite intimate during these last days, and I think I may venture to say," he added modestly and with seriousness, "that Mascot honored me with his confidence and his friendship."

"Oh, how nice it is in you to say that," said Flora, with a low laugh of girlish delight; "you are the only young man I ever met who comprehended dogs, and recognized that they are in many respects the equals, nay, the superior, of men. Papa knows it, for I have told him, but you have found it out for yourself."

She was so innocent, and so certain of his entire sympathy with her in her fondness, that he was ashamed his words had not been those of unshaded truth, unmingled with a diplomatic desire to say an acceptable thing; for to be acceptable to Mascot's mistress had become in an instant after her entrance the ruling desire of the young man's mind, engrossing all of it that was not swamped in the overflow of a heart that had never before known what love meant.

"Yes, dogs are better than we humans," she resumed earnestly; "who of us always does his very best? who of us never repines or grumbles, is always willing to be taught, and eager to please? Pray do not conclude, Mr. Verplanck," poor Flora stammered, as if his conclusions must be of infinite worth, "that I am silly about my pet; but I have not been strong, and I was very lonely—having no mother," with a piteous pathos that sent a throb to the heart of her hearer; "and no sister, and my brother at school or skating where I could not go, and when my aunt brought Mascot, he seemed to fill all my hours with his gay good humor and merry pranks, and I could teach him anything. You cannot think how much he knows; and I really believe he loves me." [As if he could help it, exclaimed his smile, and I am afraid Clifton's eyes translated it, at any rate they grew green with envy of the happy beastie.] "Why, one day when I was at my singing lesson, he was to stay with my maid, Hortense; he grew restless as the hour was nearly over, and whined to come to me. Hortense brought his favorite cake and had put it before him, when he heard my voice. He would not touch the cake, but flew to the door, and refused to be quiet until it was opened. And then such raptures when he reached me. I must confess," she added, laughing, "that he went back to Hortense's room, after he had been petted, rapped at the door, found his cake, and ate it with relish. But I think, Mr. Verplanck, there are but few children who would not have eaten the cake first!" and they laughed together.

How enchanting Flora looked as she prattled on in pure excitement of delight over her soon-to-be-restored treasure; her varying bloom like the shadow of apple blossoms playing on her spotless cheeks; her lovely eyes dilating with pleasure, or deepening with feeling as she spoke of her mother and her loneliness; the graceful action of her slender hands, where only one diamond of her mother's shone; her sudden gleams of womanly dignity when it flashed upon her that she was betrayed into a freedom of speech unbecoming a maiden with one whom she should, but could not, regard as a stranger—well, that stranger alone could have been able to do justice to it all! Mr. Verplanck rose: "I am on my way home now, Miss Beauchamp, and I will tell Mascot you are waiting for him, and that he shall see you this evening."

"Shall I send for him?" asked Flora, "or will you send him to me, Mr. Verplanck? You will receive the grateful thanks of all the family; they have had a sad week of it, for my sake—and," she hesitated, and blushed, "what *shall* I do about the reward?"

Clifton Verplanck smiled down upon her from his six feet of manly height: "The reward I shall ask, Miss Beauchamp—if it be not too great a favor—is to be permitted to bring Mascot myself, and witness his joy at being once more in your possession."

"You are very kind," said Flora; "I am sure that papa will be pleased to see you." Then he bowed, and departed.

At 8.30 that same evening, Mr. Verplanck was again admitted into the parlor, where the family were assembled, being preceded by Mascot, who hardly permitted the ceremony of a formal presentation to papa and the dignified aunt of his mistress.

Truth demands the admission that in this instance Mascot showed himself utterly oblivious of the obligations of high-breeding, and abandoned himself to the wildest antics of rapture, performing every trick he had ever been taught, and walking around and around Flora on his hind legs, as if to practice natural motive power would have been unworthy the occasion, or at least an admission that he had forgotten her. Flora certainly laughed, and, it is suspected, also cried over her darling.

"If I am not mistaken, Mr. Verplanck," said Mr. Beauchamp, "I ought to have known you long ago; I had the pleasure of close acquaintance with your uncle, whom you have had the misfortune to lose so suddenly; we were fellow-students at Yale, and always recalled our wild pranks there, when we occasionally met in later years. You resemble him strongly, and I am happy to welcome you to our house."

From such an introduction it is easy to imagine how naturally the conversation passed into a talk of familiar friendliness, and how the formal call extended into an evening visit, and that Clifton felt on departing as if he had known Flora all his life; in fact, he could not realize that he had really ever lived until that blessed day when he had rung the door bell of No. —, Murray Hill, with all the vigor of youthful indignation. When Clifton lingered, loth to depart, there was enacted a pretty little episode, in which Mascot was chief actor. He had calmed down, in the evening, into a beatific state of pure content at Flora's feet; apparently oblivious of the young man who had regained for him that longed-for Paradise, but when Clifton rose to leave, Mascot roused himself, shook his bells, and prepared to follow. Then when he comprehended that Flora was to remain, he appeared to perceive a divided duty; he would go a few steps toward Clif, and then return and in dumb show implore Flora to go also. Producing no result after several of these efforts, he finally stood between them in his grand act of entreaty, and howled dismally, as if he were the

"stern parient" of modern drama forced to say, "Bless you, my children!"

Clif was obliged to lift him and restore him to Flora's arms, who exclaimed: "How he loves you, Mr. Verplanck; he never wished to leave me before!"

"Nor does he now," murmured that infatuated youth; "he is only pitying me that I have to go." And his eyes told Flora how hard already it was for him to close the door between them.

It was done at last, however, and Mascot lay down behind it and told his regret in a plaintive and touching series of whines, and Flora comforted him, and perhaps herself, also, saying softly: "Never mind, Mascot, you shall see him soon. He will come again. He has promised to come again."

He did not forget his promise, and the summer days were lovely days; the roses bloomed again on Flora's fair cheeks, while from her blushes peeped a troupe of laughing thoughts, as in her gentle heart nestled a first happy love. It was no rude passion with lurid glare to affright her tender womanhood; it was simply the sunshine of life that had come to her, and she opened the casement of her soul, welcomed it with songs, and basked in its life-giving gleams.

A few months later, a very serious conversation took place in the private office of Henry Marcy Beauchamp, Esq., of which this is a fragment: "Indeed, sir," said Clifton, "I cannot see how you can think it strange, or be surprised at my words. Who could know Miss Flora as I have, and not love her, unless he were a brute insensible to all that is perfect in person and character; I know, Mr. Beauchamp, that I am asking of you a treasure of which I am not worthy, but no man on earth could guard her more sacredly than I will, if I can only win her."

"I do not doubt it, Clifton," he returned, "but Flora is a mere child, nothing but a child." "That may be," replied the younger man, whom sudden love had gifted with sudden audacity, "but I always thought I should like to bring up my own wife; will you object to me, if Flora does not?"

"Ah, you are confident, my boy," smiled papa, "just like your uncle to whom no one could say nay—if Flora—well, we will see about it."

Clifton Hastings Verplanck shook his future father-in-law by the hand until that gentleman's eyes watered, such virtue is there truly in an "if." This was his reward for finding Mascot.

That intelligent animal exhibited the noblest traits during the somewhat exciting months of wooing and wedding that followed. No petty jealousy disturbed his mind; he was never suspicious of neglect, and there was certainly no cause for complaint; he was the chosen third in their walks and drives and talks; both the blissful beings regarding him as the fairy of their fate, and blessing him for his loss a thousand times a day.

Upon the *jour des noces*, even, he was not forgotten; in his white satin favor he appeared as witness of the ceremony, and at the minister's question of "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" Mascot lifted up his voice in suppressed response, and though others smiled at the incident, to the young couple it appeared as if he knew he was alone responsible for the event, and determined to set the seal of his sanction upon the rites that made them one.

Mrs. Mark Martelle—depriving both heaven and Mascot of their share—regards her niece's match as one of her own making, she having presented Mascot, who introduced Clifton to Flora. Her only regret is that she cannot matronize Flora, but as compensation her next season's salon will possess the novel attraction of a bride who is also a debutante in society. She has a new "object of interest" in an English grandson, and it is proposed that the young couple shall

accompany her across the Atlantic when she sails to behold him.

Hortense Du Bois will also go in young Mrs. Verplanck's service, and Lorenzo Luigi Sodaldi has been engaged as valet to Mr. Verplanck.

They will not return to America, but retire to private life in a suburb of her beloved Paris as Monsieur and Madame Sodaldi.

Mr. Beauchamp will not go abroad; nor yet the still comely and cultured mother of Mr. Clifton Verplanck. Their days of foreign travel are ended; but the gossips of Murray Hill declare that these devoted parents pass more evenings together than are absolutely requisite for the preservation of family harmony. Mrs. Verplanck adored Flora at first sight; the Verplancks were impulsive, and Flora felt no longer like a motherless girl when her arms had clasped her to her warm heart; while in young Marcy, Mrs. Verplanck has already found an enthusiastic lover.

As for Aunt Aurelia, to her supervision has Mascot fallen; his mission accomplished, he is disposed to rest upon his laurels, and some of his flippancy has disappeared, he is respectful and affectionate to his mistress' aunt, and in him Miss Beauchamp has a friend.

May none of us ever know a less faithful one than was Mascot, the pug.

## Esther's Love Story.

BY LOUISE ALEXANDER.

**E**STHER REMINGTON stood before her long mirror, the very picture of dejection.

Evidently her thoughts were not of the charming reflection centered in its clear depths; and yet the slender, erect figure, in its close-fitting satin robe, with filmy lace forming delicious shadows on the round arms and neck, was very pleasant to contemplate. But the small, proud head, with its daintily penciled eyebrows, and clear gray eyes fringed with heavy lashes, had an air of weariness and sadness now. Yet it was only three months since Esther Vane had stood in all the splendor of this very attire, and pronounced the words which had made her Arthur Remington's wife.

Just then the door was opened with noisy haste, and a young man entered.

"I forgot everything about this confounded party, Esther," he began in hurried explanation, "until a fellow mentioned something about it at Lang's; I see you are all dressed, but you know it never takes me long to get ready," and Mr. Remington commenced the preparations for his toilet.

"We shall be rather late, I think;" his wife responded, without turning toward him; but there was a tremulous resentment in the manner with which she clasped the wide band of gold upon her arm.

"'Tis a confounded bore, I know, this ball going," muttered her husband indistinctly as he proceeded with his shaving. "I always thought you women liked arriving at 'sensation time,'" he added carelessly; "but then I can see you have the bad taste to be 'huffy' again this evening," as Esther still maintained silence.

But now she confronted him slowly with flashing eyes. "I certainly should not go, at this late hour," she said in proud disdain, "except that it might appear a trifle odd to be absent from an entertainment given especially in honor of our marriage."

"At least you can decline all such invitations in the future," her husband retorted coolly, "or else provide your-

self with another escort." And Mr. Remington proceeded to arrange his tie with great deliberation.

Poor Esther! she walked proudly into the next room, and threw herself face downward upon the pretty blue lounge, regardless alike of lace, flowers, and daintily dressed hair. But there were no tears—only miserable thoughts that filled her heart almost to bursting, and took away the power to draw long breaths. She had looked forward almost with a child's pleasure to this one evening, and now it was all spoiled by those few words just spoken. But it would not do to think just now. Her husband was ready, and the evening must be got over somehow, and she must personate the happy bride. A wretched evening it proved to her; for she saw her husband as gay and unconcerned as though nothing had happened, devoting himself openly to pretty Miss Marston, and then she had overheard two or three young men making laughing remarks about Remington's "extra attachment." All the happiness of her life was over already, she thought to herself, as they rolled silently homeward in the carriage. And she had given up the old, free, home life, and come miles and miles away from the dear home faces, to meet only harshness and neglect. Oh! how she hated this cold New England home, where the watchword of life seemed work, with never any amusement, unless some dismal lecture or literary reunion equally tedious. And her husband! how changed he was since those happy days at Newport, when they first met and loved each other. Already he was accustomed to accept her affection and tender ministrations as ordinary events, while in her own home, it was always she who had received the homage and attendance. All this Esther Remington went over in her mind, with a sense of distress working at her heart, as she thought of the future that was to be so different from the life she had provisionally planned. Where was the lover-husband, with the constant, devoted attentions that had begun with their courtship? Where the sweet companionship and delightful home evenings together, with books and music, or still pleasanter conversation? But she knew the cause of it all. It was that stern, cold woman, whom she now called mother. A second Miss Murdstone, Esther considered her, with her inflexible will, and clock-like regularity of household discipline, so different from the luxurious "happy-go-day" life of her maiden home. Here it was breakfast at seven, dinner at one, and tea at six, and to get these meals well over, the chief business of the day. Esther felt how impossible it was for her to lead that old life of hers, while her husband's mother prepared to wash up the breakfast china and polish the silver. Her services were accepted as a matter of course, when she offered, rather timidly, to assist in these duties; but Mrs. Remington, senior, did not veil her strong contempt at the inefficiency with which the task was performed. It was all very different from what Esther had pictured; but she was determined never to betray it or complain—for had not her husband told her he was a comparatively poor man? And had she not declared, with the enthusiasm of a girl who loved the man she was about to marry, that his mother should be her mother? To do Arthur Remington justice, it was impossible for him to understand the depressing effect of this new home atmosphere upon his young wife. All his life he had been used to seeing his mother polish the silver, and move in the same dull routine with the same regularity. And truly she had been a good mother to him. She herself had prepared him for college and sacrificed many things to his advancement, but all this she had done in the cold, undemonstrative fashion that characterized her actions. It was a bitter shock, when her only son, taking his summer holiday at Newport, had written her a glowing description of the beautiful girl who had just consented to become his wife; and when Esther at length arrived, after their brief courtship—for Arthur

Remington had been a very ardent wooer—the proud mother's heart was hardened against the piece of girlish prettiness that had usurped the first place in her son's heart. The evenings that Esther had expected to be full of brightness and a sweet content, proved to be very dull affairs, with the elder Mrs. Remington endlessly knitting, and by her very presence putting a constraint upon Esther's most trifling words. So it ended, first in Arthur's yawning a good deal, then finally settling down to a book, and to Esther it seemed very dismal to pass evening after evening with no sound but the turning over of leaves and ceaseless clicking of knitting needles.

\* \* \* \* \*

Esther Remington was very ill—so ill they spoke only in whispers near her, and outside ropes were stretched, and sawdust strewn, to deaden all sound. Her father had just arrived, summoned by telegraph.

"And you tell me that Esther fell in going down the cellar steps?" he asked in a tone of incredulous astonishment. "And pray, madam, what necessity could there have been for my daughter to do such a thing?"

"It was her own offer," said Mrs. Remington quite as haughtily. "Esther was assisting me in my household duties."

Mr. Vane turned away without ceremony, and went quietly into his daughter's room. What a terrible change to him was this pale-faced woman with the purple shadows under the dull eyes, and the poor pinched lips all purple too. Where was the man who was responsible for it all? he asked himself in bitter anger, as he glanced around, and then he saw his son-in-law kneeling at the other side of the bed, with his wife's impassive hand in both of his.

"Do you think she will die?" he whispered hoarsely, when Mr. Vane had beckoned him out of the room, and surely any one could read the haggard misery in his face; but the father answered with a cruel directness, "I think that if she dies *you* have killed her."

Arthur Remington had come to believe this himself. The very morning of the accident he had come across a bundle of Esther's dainty love letters full of allusions to the future sweetness of their lives together, and it had suddenly dawned upon him the difference between the dream and the reality. And just then there came before him a pleasant vision of Esther as he had first seen her, in her dress of pale blue, with laughing eyes looking out from under her wide-brimmed and picturesque hat. While now how pale and quiet she had grown. And he distinctly remembered he had been cross to her that morning because of some trifle. He started up resolved to seek at once his sweet, patient wife who had answered him not a word; but as he reached the door a dreadful shriek rang out, and then his mother's terrified call for help. Mrs. Remington, at her inevitable cooking, had required some jelly taken to the cellar to cool. The one small handmaiden not being forthcoming, Esther had volunteered to carry it. But the small feet were more used to Axminster carpets than to creaking cellars. Her head swam around, she faltered, then fell down the whole steep flight. Arthur Remington scarcely knew how he reached her, or got her up those dreadful steps again. The hastily summoned physician looked very grave indeed over his new patient. And then in the terrible delirium that followed Arthur Remington began to realize all that his young wife had suffered in their brief wedded life. Her constant plaint was "I am so tired" in such pathetic tones it brought the tears to his strong man's eyes. It is a torturing experience to waken to a sense of our own deficiencies, too late for expiation or atonement, and this was Arthur Remington's condition. It had come upon him like a revelation that he had been a careless and inconsiderate husband;

but his easy-going nature had received a shock that developed all his higher nature. Hereafter he was resolved to lead a life full of consideration for all humanity.

When Esther came slowly back to life and strength again, her father insisted, with rather an imperious manner, that his daughter should accompany him home. "And you may depend upon it," he added in his sarcastic manner, "that I shall detain her as long as possible from a house where she is expected to do general housework."

To all this Arthur Remington submitted in proud silence when he found that it was Esther's wish to go back to her old home. And at parting, when he had clasped her in his arms and implored her passionately to forgive his past thoughtlessness, she had answered languidly, with the apathy of a statue, "Indeed, Arthur, I have nothing to forgive you." It was then, with an almost despairing sense of loss, that Arthur Remington parted from his wife. "At least you will write to me often, and send for me when you desire to come home," he asked her at the last moment, and in another instant he was alone upon the platform.

The weeks went slowly by and lengthened into months without bringing home again Arthur Remington's wife. Her letters were few, cold, and constrained. Her father needed her, she wrote; she was quite well and contented, and would write soon again. This was about the substance of each letter, and involuntarily Mr. Remington's adopted the same coloring of constraint. With his new sense of humility he had resolved on letting his wife choose her own time to return to him, but he failed to remember that it was impossible for her to read between the lines of his letters, or to gather from their contents the longing of his proud heart for her presence. In the meantime his home was very empty and his heart desolate. Fortune had smiled upon him in the year his wife and he had been estranged. A bachelor uncle had left him all his wealth, and so he resigned his position in the bank, and resolved on going abroad.

His wife's father had become his implacable enemy, for when Mr. Remington had expressed his intention of settling a part of his large fortune on his daughter, Mr. Vane haughtily declined the proposition in his daughter's name, so he intimated. It was after this that Arthur Remington determined on a tour of Europe, for he had made up his mind now to a life-long estrangement from his wife. But first he would gratify a long repressed yearning to revisit the place where he had first met his lost love. It was in the sweet early autumn, which brought back so vividly the old happy days, that Mr. Remington reached Newport. As he strolled idly along in the fresh early morning over the now solitary walk, the sweet laughing face of Esther Vane came before his memory with a thrill of positive pain. Surely he had been sufficiently punished. "Was there no atonement possible that could expiate the past, and regain him his sweet wife?" And as he thus pondered he turned a sudden curve in the path, and there stood, almost before him, a slender figure clad in pale blue with a wide brimmed and picturesque hat; but the gray eyes were not laughing now, they had filled suddenly with tears as their glances met. And so they stood gazing silently, like ghosts, into each other's faces. But only for an instant; the next Esther was in her husband's arms, held there with a passionate intensity that it seemed would never relax, while kisses rained down upon the sweet, tear-stained face. "Never shall we part again," he murmured brokenly. "Esther, promise me that pride nor estrangement nor anything but death shall separate us again in this life." And Esther's pale face lit up with the splendor of an April smile as she whispered softly "I promise." So they sealed it with a kiss of entire reconciliation; and after all Arthur Remington went abroad, but not alone—his wife went with him.

## The Queen.

BY HANNAH CODDINGTON.

MY throne is a low rocking-chair,  
My crown a baby's hands,  
And often do I sit in state,  
Yet have not gold or lands.

But rich the treasure that is mine,  
Of childhood's sunny grace—  
Many a merry play we have,  
Many a close embrace.

The little face smiles up at me,  
Through all my busy day,  
The laughing eyes are beautiful—  
So like the ones away.

And when the evening shadows fall,  
We watch for him to come,  
Whose tender love has ever made  
The sunshine of our home.

O eyes, O lips, O heart of truth!  
Unselfish, noble life!  
No title which the world could give  
Would equal thine—My Wife.

The monarch on his royal seat  
With haunting fear oft starts;  
I never tremble on *my* throne,  
For I am queen of hearts.

## The Poet's Vision.

BY HAL W. BETTS.

HE dreams: the poet-bard he stands,  
Touched with Homeric fire;  
And as he strikes the trembling chords,  
Euterpe tunes his lyre!

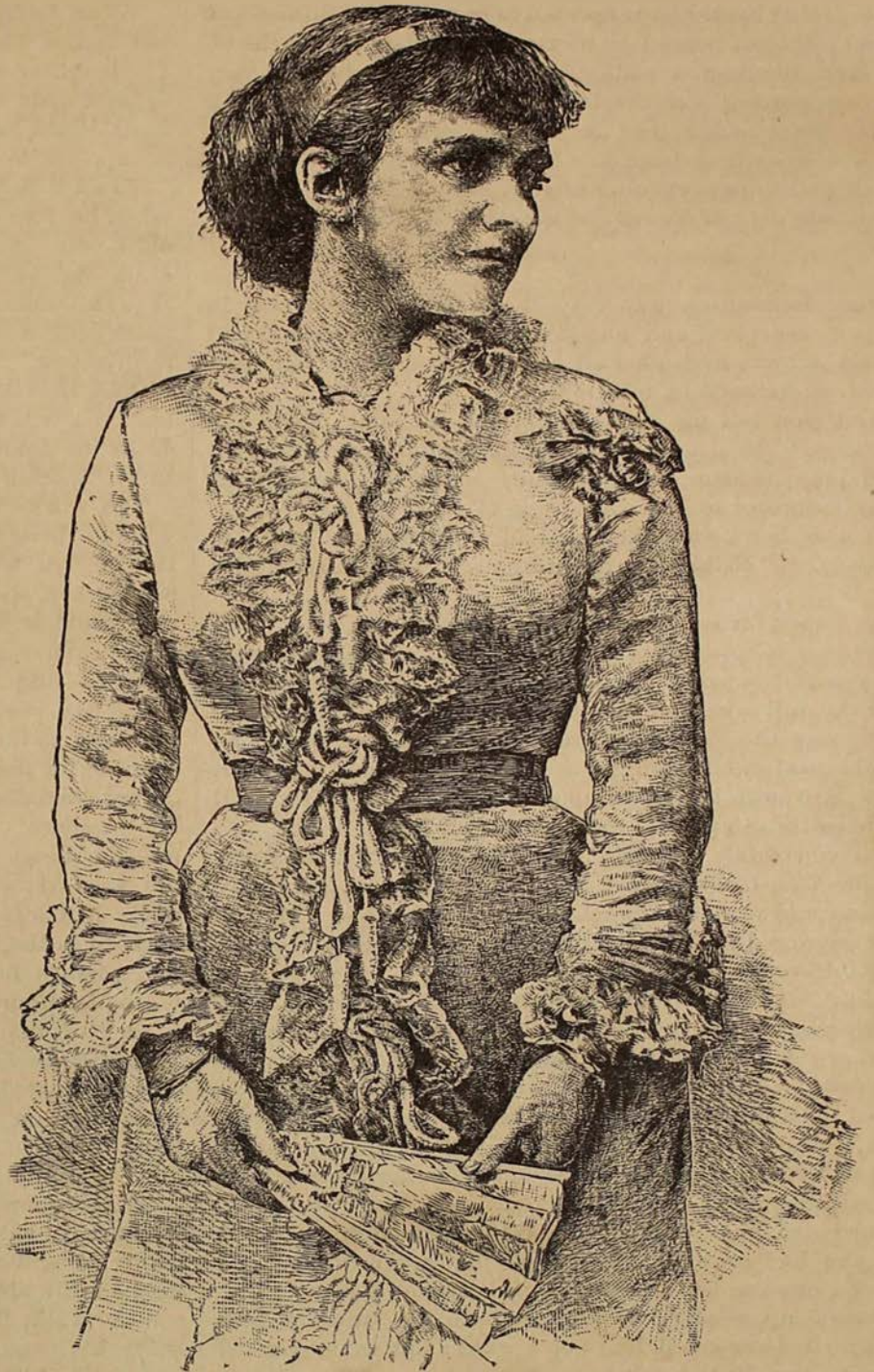
The listening millions lend an ear  
To symphonies divine,  
Seraphic melodies, like those  
Celestial choirs combine.

A human sorrow claims his pen—  
Responsive spirits weep;  
A Pæan lingers on his tongue—  
The joyous echoes leap!

An Elegy he sings, and now  
Earth's mourning ones attend;  
A simple Pastoral, and lo!  
Arcadian shepherds bend.

Now Fancy points, with magic wand,  
To honors and a name,  
And in harmonic numbers sings  
The siren-song of fame.

The mystic clouds that overhang  
The Future, melt away,  
And measures sibylline reveal  
*The laurel and the bay!*



*God rest the good King*\*

*Elizabeth*

\* Nothing or all.



## Carmen Sylva.

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

**I**N a recent number of the *New York Home Journal* there appeared a fine translation of the touching and poetic story (Märchen) or rather prose-poem, entitled "Sorrow," by Carmen Sylva, which is the pen name of Queen Elizabeth of Roumania. The story was originally in that valuable German monthly *Nord und Süd*, edited by Paul Lindau, brother of the gifted novelist Rudolph Lindau, several of whose stories I have translated for these pages. The same number of *Nord und Süd* (January, 1882) contains a portrait of Carmen Sylva, which is here reproduced, and a sketch of her life by Mite Kremnitz, of Bukarest.

Until I read this sketch, Carmen Sylva was a personage but little known to me, yet so deeply impressed was I by the life of this earnest woman, whose motto is the same as that given by Norway's famous poet, Ibsen, to his hero Brand, that I felt moved to make the readers of these pages acquainted with her. This motto of which I speak is, literally translated, "Nothing or All," or as we would be more apt to say, "All or Nothing." Mite Kremnitz is my main authority for the statements which follow, and I will quote the opening words of his sketch in introducing the Roumanian Queen to my readers, many of whom, I trust, read her prose-poem in the *Home Journal*.

"In one of those album-like bound volumes, to which, from her earliest youth, Carmen Sylva has been in the habit of committing her thoughts and experiences, in the form of songs, with that divine faculty of the poet for transplanting personal sorrow, as well as personal joy, into the impersonal province of art, there is written a prose poem, entitled: 'A Life.' It begins thus:

"I longed to find Truth, when Sorrow took me by the hand and said: 'Come with me, I will lead you to Truth, but you must not be afraid on the way!' 'No, I fear nothing, for I am so strong I could carry mountains!'

"Nothing could be more characteristic of the inner being of this woman poet than these words: 'I longed to find Truth, and feared nothing, for I am strong.'

"Sorrow viewed the Seeker with tender pity and led her to the Arts; to these she yielded herself and wished to become a musician. She played and sang until her hand became lame and her throat weak, but she failed to satisfy her own ideal, and in her little secret verses she bewailed her lot, because she was 'no artist.' Then Sorrow led her to Science, and she studied and toiled, striving to gain Wisdom to aid her in the search for Truth. But her eyes grew weary and her own thoughts came surging forward with restless activity, and refused to be banished by the thoughts of other minds. Then once more she took up the pen, and in 'little secret verses' she poured out her lament that she could not become learned, and that it was impossible for her to fathom Truth by the means of Wisdom. Sorrow, however, appeared anew and showed her Life. And she saw her dear ones die, saw the boundless anguish of existence and decay, saw the restless humanity of the North and of the South, and she said: 'I cannot live, even in Life there is no Truth.' Again she seized the pen, and it comforted her. Sorrow led her farther, led her to Love and Marriage, gave her work in a large sphere of action, and made her a mother. In the abundance of her joy, she again took up her pen in view of perpetuating this joy, but then inexorable Sorrow put in an appearance—and it was the pen which consoled the mother robbed of her only child.

"'Ever swifter flew my pen,' she writes, 'ever richer the stream of my thoughts, ever more extended the field of

my labor; and I wrote, and wrote, and did not know that I was exercising an art!'

"Thus it was that Carmen Sylva became a poet. The consciousness of talent that is forever seeking, amid suppressed torment and doubt, to find the outward form of that which lives within the heart, and which constant rebuffs only serve to strengthen and increase, had constantly pursued her, and as the arts are intimately related one to the other, and as she, the poetess, bore within her soul the germ for the comprehension of all, she devoted herself to one after the other until the word-language bore off the victory, and painting as well as music became henceforth helpers in its service."

Carmen Sylva was born in the castle of her forefathers at Neuwied, December 29, 1843. Her family was one that for generations had given to the world people of talent and worth. Her great-grandmother, Princess Louise of Wied, was no mean poetess; and among the brothers and sisters of her grandfather were the well-known traveler and naturalist Prince Maximilian, a great-uncle, painter, and a great-aunt who wrote songs and poems. This great-aunt the poetess remembers. Three of Carmen Sylva's great-uncles fell in the struggle for the freedom of the fatherland, and it was in accordance with all the traditions of her family, which was among those who refused to enter into the Rhine Confederacy, that our heroine was from early girlhood an ardent, patriotic German.

It may truly be said that all the talents and graces of a long line of ancestors had culminated in the child of genius with whom we now have to deal. All the good fairies were present at her birth to convey to her her full inheritance of the beauties of body, heart and mind; but neither was the bad fairy lacking to mingle drops of bitterness in the full cup, and dedicate the little one to a knowledge of sorrow.

Carmen Sylva's father was a man of profound and many-sided culture, who always had about him a circle of artists and men of learning to whose society his family had free access; her mother, who was but eighteen years old when the little girl was born, was a woman of rare qualities of heart and mind who, although for many years an invalid, was a wise and loving companion to her children. And these parents were well fitted for the happy task of guiding the early years of "the little wonder-child who was as full of active motion as quicksilver, as vigorous as a female Hercules," or better still as a female Sigurd the Volsung, or a genuine Brynhild, and whose courage, too, like that of these great personages, was unbounded. At three years of age the little girl was allowed to begin to learn to read, in order to satisfy her constant thirst for employment, and she very early began her labors in painting and music. She seemed to be a born ruler, and her parents sometimes felt troubled to see how, as a matter of course, she assumed the word of command among other children, and how promptly they followed her lead in the wildest plays. Her busy imagination planned the most exciting, fascinating and boisterous games. No harder task was ever found than to make her keep still a little while. In her fifth year she had to sit for an oil painting that was being made of herself and a brother, the present Prince Wilhelm, two years younger. Neither coaxing nor sternness could keep the little girl quiet, until finally she herself formed a resolve not to stir, and then, after sitting motionless in her chair for five minutes, she fell fainting to the ground. And yet the ideal of the little princess at this period was to be a school teacher.

On the whole her childhood was a happy one. Her surroundings were simple and true, and she felt the loving intention even in the strictness with which she was brought up. Her parents themselves directed her education, which was confided, among others, to Fraulein Lavater, a great-

niece of the celebrated physiognomist. The winters of the family were passed chiefly at the Castle of Neuwied, the summers at the hunting-seat Monrepos in the forest above. His family, however, traveled a great deal, and before Carmen Sylva was five years old she had visited Heidelberg and the Isle of Wight. In 1850, the family went to Bonn, in order to be near a physician from whom help was expected for the infant Prince Otto, who in spite of all efforts for his relief continued to be a terrible sufferer throughout the eleven years of his existence. During the stay in Bonn the little princess often sat for hours in the lap of the gray-haired poet Ernst Moritz Arndt, whose glowing words of patriotism found an echo in the child's soul, and who taught her to prize her baptismal name "Elizabeth."

The little princess, too, had a taste for genuine country life. Her mother had had a farm prepared in view of making it the special home of the little Prince Otto, her youngest child, in the event of his growing up to man's estate, and here the children passed much time. Here Carmen Sylva learned to dig potatoes and milk cows, and these are accomplishments of which Queen Elizabeth is very proud, although her delicate fingers show no traces of them. Amid all her wanderings, however, and all the variety of her various places of sojourn, Princess Elizabeth's heart always clung most fondly to her birthplace and the forest hunting-seat. She has often said that the forest and the Rhine were her first and dearest friends.

The sensitive princess was deeply attached to her invalid brother Prince Otto, and even her happy childhood was not untinged with sadness through her sympathy with his sufferings. He was a wonderfully precocious child and bore his afflictions like a little martyr. Carmen Sylva learned much from his patient endurance and unselfish efforts to spare others, and she also found in his ripe intellect a spur to her own efforts. His death left a painful void in the home circle, and yet even his sorrowing mother thanked God for little Otto's release. His death was speedily followed by that of Carmen Sylva's most intimate girl-friend, and in the spring of 1864, by that of Prince Hermann, whose lungs had been for many years diseased. Carmen Sylva was not with her father when he died. She lay ill of typhus fever in St. Petersburg, where she was passing the winter with the Grand-Duchess Helen of Russia, to whose loving, sensible care she had been confided by her parents, and with whom she had been permitted to take a delightful pleasure trip. Prince Hermann's last letter was addressed to his daughter, and was in answer to questions of her about his new philosophical work which was published by the Brockhaus firm, who had previously issued for him other works on philosophical subjects.

To this father Carmen Sylva largely owes her intellectual development, and after she lost him she always made an effort to carry on her studies as he would have directed. From him she gained the habit of carefully viewing all questions of vital importance from every possible point of view—no easy task for one of her stormy nature. It was he who guided her in an earnest course of reading, and who saw that she also received the most thorough drill in her language studies. English she learned with her mother-tongue, and French she early mastered. Since her marriage she has written a play in French for the ladies and gentlemen of Bukarest society, and previously she had written many sparkling aphorisms in that language. The firm foundation of ancient languages she possessed made it play for her to gain entire control of the idiom of the land whose queen she now is. The Roumanians find their own language doubly beautiful from the lips of a monarch who uses only its choicest forms, and they are very proud of the speech of their queen.

Carmen Sylva was always a rapid reader, and she has the rare quality of indelibly impressing on her mind all that she reads. Doubtless this faculty has been cultivated by her strict mental training. Her fertile imagination was ever busy weaving romances which would too often intrude themselves upon her in her hours of study. Feeling that it would be unwise to add further fuel to her glowing fancy, her parents made an effort to keep all romances and novels out of her way until she was eighteen years old, when she was permitted to read "Ivanhoe," and other similar works aloud after tea. Long ere this Miss Wetherell's "Wide, Wide World" had fallen by chance into her hands, and she had read it, concealed in her Ovid translation; she had besides often persuaded Fräulein Lavater to repeat for her folk-lore and nursery stories which delighted the eager child. Fräulein Lavater left before the little princess was thirteen years old. At eleven years the future queen had made her first attempts at authorship, at fourteen she had commenced a drama, and her highest ambition was to write a novel. When she had reached her twentieth year she had already made several attempts to carry out this wish, but had always thrown her efforts aside before she had proceeded very far. "I must wait until I know the world," she said; "I am now only a princess."

At a very early age, Carmen Sylva displayed a wonderful memory for verse. Often after hearing her father read a poem aloud once, she could repeat it without hesitation. It was customary in the castle for the children each to recite a poem of his or her own choice, in any familiar language, on Sunday after breakfast. Little Prince Otto was quite a master in declaiming; his elder sister could not have been far inferior to him, for she now is said to be a superb reader, and to excel all professional elocutionists. At nine years of age she recited, with marvelous comprehension of its force, Schiller's "Kampf mit dem Drachen!" She delighted in anything vigorous, and was ashamed of the tender little verses in which she strove to express the innermost emotions of her soul. To her grief for the loss of her beloved father, to her sympathy with her brother's sufferings, and her own loneliness when he was at rest, she gave vent in verse. Many years later, when she lay ill in her Eastern home, she wrote for her family the life of this brother, and a more touching narrative can scarcely be found. Unconsciously she had fashioned it with all the highest skill of authorship, for her pen was dipped into her own heart's blood. She passed some months of the winter and spring of 1861 at the court of Prussia, whose queen, the present Empress Augusta, took a motherly interest in her. Highly as Carmen Sylva appreciated this friendly care, and the opportunities for culture afforded her at Berlin, she was deeply oppressed with home-sickness, and her book of poetry of that time is filled with passionate laments in verse for her home, her beloved mother, the peaceful chamber of the dear invalid, the home forest, and the Rhine. It was the same when later she visited St. Petersburg. The forest had ever called forth bursts of emotion in verse. At sixteen she wrote in her diary a song, of which the following is a translation:

#### THE ECHO.

I shouted aloud a jubilant word,  
It floated back to me,  
Again and again through the forest I heard  
That sound of joy and glee.

A beautiful song I sang in the wood,  
Yet sweeter, far more clear,  
That gentler tone, as I list'ning stood,  
That fell upon my ear.

I shrieked aloud, in my grief and pain,  
The forest caught the tone,  
With double force gave it back again,  
And thrilled me with its moan.

In sorrowful mood of anguish I sang,  
 And joy that had fled from me,  
 The echo that now through the forest rang  
 Was freighted with misery.

Until her twentieth year she enjoyed unbroken health and strength, and she passed much time in roaming through the forest, bidding defiance to all weather and rejoicing in both glowing sunshine and majestic storm. She was a profound student of Nature in all its phases; she knew the name of every plant, the history of every animal, and from the time she could hold a pencil she could draw trees, flowers, leaves and animals, as well as the human form and face. With a few rapid strokes (everything she does is characterized by speed) she could always produce an accurate likeness. Of all arts, however, she was most devoted to music and singing, especially chorus singing was her delight. She was, therefore, always the chief singer in all rural festivals, and the enthusiasm for the schools she had experienced in her fifth year she retained through life. In her tenth year she had once been overcome with an irresistible desire to visit a village school instead of taking her early morning walk. She had asked her mother before leaving home if she might some day go to school with the farmers' children, and as the princess' mother, who had failed to hear the child's question, made no reply, the little girl took silence for consent and sped in stormy haste down to the farm. Finding that the children had already gone to school, she rushed onward to the village, and was soon singing with all her might with the village children, to the delight of the flattered schoolmaster. But ere the singing hour was ended the head huntsman appeared to capture the lost game, in search of which the whole forest had been ransacked. Thus ended Carmen Sylva's only school hour.

As soon as she had recovered from the illness in which news of the death of her father had found her, she sought consolation in music, and took pianoforte lessons of Clara Schumann, who was at that time in St. Petersburg, and of Rubinstein. In the summer she returned to her broken home circle, the father and brother Otto dead, the brother Prince Wilhelm, a great favorite with all, most of the time absent from home pursuing his studies, no one but the mother and the Princess Elizabeth left, and no one who did not know how ideal a family life the Neuwied household had led could appreciate the sorrow with which our heroine had now to do battle.

After her return home she and her mother retired to the hunting castle at Monrepos, which was thenceforth their home summer and winter, although every year Carmen Sylva traveled a few months with the Grand Duchess Helen of Russia. From the latter remarkable woman she unconsciously gained the rare gift of bringing out the best qualities of every one with whom she comes into contact, and she owes much of her knowledge of the world and of human nature to the opportunities afforded her by these journeys. The winter of 1866-67 she passed, on account of broken health, with her relatives in Naples, where she lived a very retired life, devoting herself chiefly to reading. Shakespeare, Dickens and Scott occupied her during that winter. And she continued to write poems in her diary and to keep them modestly to herself; and she continued to love music and to wander about the Monrepos forest, carolling forth her favorite folk-songs. In 1867 she visited the Paris Exposition with the Grand Duchess Helen, and during the summer of '68 made a visit with her mother to the Court of Sweden. With her usual facility, Carmen Sylva was soon at home in the Swedish language and could read the Fridthjof Saga in the original.

In the autumn of 1869 she became acquainted with Prince Carol of Roumania, who came to the Rhine on purpose to sue

for her hand, having long felt acquainted with her through the letters of her sister. Carmen Sylva had just made arrangements to carry out a cherished wish and found a school. She had resolved never to marry. She found it difficult to give up her freedom, but she was soon conquered by love. Her friends remember that long years before, when some one had been expressing the opinion that her talents and acquirements peculiarly adapted her to grace a throne, she had exclaimed: "Ah! what is a throne? The only one that could offer any attraction to me would be the Roumanian, for any one filling it would have something to do!"

And her people are proud to tell how much she has done among them. The great Roumanian benevolent society owes its origin to her; she founded a German Woman's Club, which employs several hundred poor women of all nations, and the Queen Elizabeth School, where the children of the people are instructed in all the old national employments, and which has been the means of restoring to favor the national costumes. This the queen especially honors as an expression of the rare native sense of the Roumanian people. Her own classic form is always draped during her summer residence in Sinaia in the rich colored materials of which this costume is composed, with their dainty and artistic embroideries. The queen displays the costume to advantage, for she is a very attractive woman; she is tall, slender and superbly formed; has large, dreamy blue eyes, delicately curved eye-brows, pearly rows of teeth, finely chiseled nose, luxuriant masses of hair, and exquisitely molded hands. She takes her place, as might be expected, as a natural leader in society, and is to those about her what the Grand Duchess Helen was to her, in an intensified degree.

Carmen Sylva's diary at the time of her betrothal contains a poem on the ring her affianced lover gave her, of which a translation is here added:

#### THE OPAL.

Pure as my lover's heart and clear,  
 Art thou, I see,  
 My heart will ever hold most dear  
 His gift to me.  
 Lie still and share my sweet content,  
 Translucent stone,  
 Thy mysteries, my gaze intent  
 To me has shown.  
 And boldly to the sun's hot beams  
 I thee expose,  
 Thy changeful color brighter seems  
 And richer grows.

She was very happy during her brief betrothal and the first days of her young wedded bliss, yet her cup of joy was not destined to be free from sadness and sorrow. A great change came into her life when after the wedding she journeyed to her new home. Earnestness and work held sway in the Bukarest palace; these were old friends to her, but they were clad here in new garments; and as her husband became at once engrossed in the duties of his office, she had to orient herself in her new surroundings alone. She did it well, however, in spite of many lonely, homesick hours.

In September, 1870, she became a mother; and by a glowing, passionate nature like that of our poetess, all those marvelous, those sacred emotions of joy called forth by a little child are felt to a degree not dreamed of by others. She believed her whole being to be transformed, the world in which she beheld the "beaming eyes" of her child looked differently than it had looked before, the wind which fanned the golden locks of this little one blew otherwise than it had done, and the flower-covered meadows which these "little feet had kissed" seemed richer and more beautiful than ever before. Life passed dreamily by until the Easter time of 1874, and then a pale spring sun shone down on the corpse of her beautiful darling, whose curly head she must pillow in the cold ground. Aye, then, indeed, that sorrow whose

acquaintance she had made in her youth, and whom she had forgotten in her intoxicating bliss of motherhood, was once more her companion. Now as ever she bowed her head in gentle submission, she uttered not a murmur, the stern teachings of her youth forbade that, but she poured out her grief in verse, and in verse preserved the precious sayings of her child.

Now she devoted herself more than ever to her pen. It was in the year 1874 that she began to translate, first making German versions of the Roumanian nursery songs her child had loved, then of those songs that treated of mother-love and mother grief, finally of all the prominent Roumanian poems. These began to appear in the German *Gegenwart*, under the pseudonym E. Wedi, later in the *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes*. Gradually, too, she began to permit her intimate friends to see her poems; in 1876 one of them was set to music, and has been sung in public, first of all in the National Theater at Bukarest.

She had filled many album-like volumes, however, with poems, stories (nursery stories and allegories), novelettes and part of one long romance, before she resolved to allow two of her long poems, "Sappho" and "Hammerstein," to be given to the public by her father's publisher, Brockhaus in Leipsic. Both poems have been warmly received by the critics. Since then she has published a volume of "Roumanian Poems" (volume 9 of the poetry of foreign lands, published by W. Friedrich, Leipsic, 1881), several such works as her Märchen "Sorrow," referred to in the beginning of this article, several librettos for musical compositions, and a sort of household chronicle, called "Meine Ruh'" (My Rest), which contains a ballad for every month of the year, a poem for every day. Her literary productiveness is almost incredible and increases from year to year, yet much as she has already accomplished she but stands at the beginning of her literary career. A brilliant future is doubtless before her.

Nor must I forget to state how active and useful she was during the terrible period of the war of 1877-78. She organized many hospitals, she received the wounded as they were brought from the field of battle, she inspired patients with courage during severe operations, she spoke words of consolation to many a dying man, and mingled her tears with those of the bereaved families. The people called her the "mother of the wounded," and during the coronation festivities which followed, these words sparkled in the illumination transparencies from many houses. She is in every respect a blessed helpmeet to her husband; for, although she never actively mingles in politics, her beautiful companionship affords him strength and refreshment, that enables him to perform the difficult duties of his position. She has in every respect fulfilled her mission.

It will not be long before Carmen Sylva is better known to the world than she is to-day. Her name is being constantly brought before the public. Only a few days ago I saw it in our New York *Nation* heading a list of the reigning sovereigns of Europe who have entered on the career of authorship. And this rare woman, who, as Mite Kremnitz tells us, unites "the beauty and dignity of the woman with the vigor and courage of the man, and the gentle, susceptible heart of the child," certainly promises to make her power felt. She rises early every morning and pursues her studies by lamp-light; her slender fingers, too, give frequent expression to graceful fancies with the aid alike of pencil and needle—for she is an artist with the latter as well as with the former—the keys of the piano alone her health has forbidden her for some years to touch, but she always has skillful musicians about her. When weary from work and care she has them conjure up for her refreshment rich treasures from the realm of tones.

## The Two Gourmands.

(See page engraving.)

**S**OME of the most celebrated painters have given their best powers to the delineation of children, and in their portrayal, Correggio, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lawrence, Gainsborough, Landseer, and Cosway, have excelled. Even when these pictures are merely ideal, there is a charm in them that strongly appeals to our sympathies, and the lovely grace of childhood, when transferred to canvas, always excites in the beholder pleasurable emotions. It may be that our admiration is excited by the intrinsic beauty of the subject, for there is always a charm about the innocence and freshness of childhood. Perhaps we see in the fair face on the canvas the features of some loved child now hid beneath the coffin lid, and the portrayal touches a chord of feeling in our heart. Or, perhaps, some mother thinks of the little ones that once clustered around her—the boys now fighting the battle of life in a distant land, and the girls lighting up some other home by the sunshine of their presence. Whatever it may be, certain it is that pictures of children are always popular, and draw out our warmest sympathies.

In our beautiful engraving, "The Two Gourmands," the original of which was painted by Dieffenbach, the simple grace of laughing childhood is most admirably portrayed. A little child, wandering through the garden with her rabbit in her arms, is attracted by some vegetables which have just been picked by the gardener, who has absented himself for a few moments. Seeing an opportunity for giving her pet a treat, she drops her bouquet and seizes a carrot, of which she begins to make a meal, her example being followed by the rabbit. She evidently thinks what is good for her pet is good for herself, and the gourmands share the delicacy with perfect satisfaction. That the dangers of a surfeit may ensue is quite probable, for children and animals are generally at a loss to know when they have enough of a good thing.

This composition is simple and charming, and exquisitely true to nature, reminding the spectator, no doubt, of some of the meals he himself has taken in this forbidden manner. The child is a model of beauty and health, with her laughing face, sunny hair, and sturdy limbs. She stands amid the flowers, the sunshine streaming upon her fair face through the opening in the trees, the wind tossing her golden hair, and her dimpled arms encircling her rabbit. We cannot bring ourselves to think of her as a gourmand; we only see a beautiful child, full of health and vivacity, ready to grasp at the flowers, the butterflies, anything that seems lovely. Of course, she is guilty of a misdeed, but her sin is not an unpardonable one, and children of a larger growth make even greater errors than this in their diet. The artist has certainly given us a picture, though the name is not attractive, of great beauty and sunny effect, and singularly truthful in conception, the affectionate regard shown by the little one for her pet not being the least agreeable feature of this charming production.

## The Rock of the Betrothed.

**H!**" exclaimed the poet Moore, in a burst of enthusiasm,

"There is nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream."

This dream is sweet the world over, and the world over it has its sorrows, too. Nevertheless, the possibility of the

shadows coming down to darken the pleasant prospect does not prevent falling in love and giving in marriage; and in every country considerable importance is attached to this matter.

The Japanese have some interesting customs on these happy occasions, for they too fall in love and marry, just as other people do. A Japanese young man declares his love by affixing a certain shrub (the *Celastrus Alatus*) to the house in which his almond-eyed charmer resides. Should she regard the young man favorably she accepts the shrub, and blackens her teeth, by way of still further testifying her pleasure at this declaration of love. The gentlemen and lady friends of the parties then proceed to arrange the terms of the marriage contract, present-giving and receiving playing a very important part. These presents being once received by the lady's family, they cannot revoke the contract; and thus the very unpleasant proceeding of returning presents is avoided. The usual betrothal presents of persons of rank are an embroidered girdle in gold, a white silk robe, several pieces of rich silk, fourteen casks of wine and

and seven sorts of eatables. To the future father-in-law is sent a sword, and the mother-in-law receives a silk robe, wine and eatables. But the present-giving is not all on the part of the gentleman, for he, too, receives gifts from the parents of the lady. All gifts in these cases are regulated by the purses of the donors.

"The course of true love," even in Japan, does not always "run smooth," and many a pair of Japanese lovers exclaim with Festus,

"The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love."

A curious custom prevails among them which shows their faith in the aid of a higher power to help them out of the "slough of despond" into which they have fallen. When the hopes they cherished of "living and loving together" seem about to be dashed to the ground, the unfortunate lovers repair to a rock in the vicinity of Yeddo, and affix to it a note containing their names. Every traveler passing by does the same, offering up a prayer that all obstacles to the happy union of the loving couple may be removed. Soon the "rock of the betrothed" is covered

with these little tokens of good-will, and in such respect are they held that it is considered impious to remove or touch them. As Coleridge says,

"There are more things wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of."

And who knows how many Japanese lovers have been made happy through the prayers of their well-wishers.

Our illustration, by the artist Hildebrand, shows a pair of unhappy lovers sitting beside the "rock of the betrothed." They are evidently not the kind of lovers who, when disappointed, say, "There is as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," for they seem too tenderly attached and too deeply pained at the prospect of a separation to take so consolatory a view of an eternal farewell. The deepest sadness is depicted on their faces, which excites the profoundest sympathy in the observer, prompting the wish to say, "Cheer up, loving creatures, you may yet get married, and, like many others, live to regret it."



THE ROCK OF THE BETROTHED.

## Talks With Women.

### THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

BY JENNY JUNE.

**I**T is common to speak of this age, and of this particular country as specially favorable to women; to their advancement, their protection, their happiness. It may be so, but if so, then women heretofore, in other ages and other parts of the world, are, and have been, very much to be pitied.

In the first place women seem to be, in the minds of man, always on trial. Their position in the world is never settled, their status never determined. They keep them on a sliding scale and run them up or run them down according to temper, habit of mind, amount and kind of prejudice, and the favor or service they may wish to get out of them. If a charity is to be provided with funds; if the church needs a new carpet, the library a new set of books; if a church, or charitable office is to be filled that requires hard work, and offers no emoluments; if self-sacrifice in any form is needed, then words are hardly sufficient to express the height and depth, the length and breadth, of the transcendent virtues of which women are announced, from the lips of men, to be the representatives.

But if nothing is to be made out of them, if they possess nothing that men wish to appropriate for themselves—if, on the contrary, they have something to ask for, the case is widely different; then they are reminded that they lack logic, that silence becomes them better than speech, that they are untrained, that they are incapable of severe mental training, and must therefore leave the direction of important affairs, themselves included, to man.

Women are accustomed to obeying the voice of authority, and they generally yield the point, whatever it is, partly to avoid the unequal contest, partly because, to the inexperienced, what has been, seems as if it always must be. But what have men a right to expect of the woman or the girl who is the hybrid their voice declares her; and have they any conception of the arrant nonsense they utter, when they declare a woman to be in her place when she is begging for charities, but out of her place when she is exercising the faculties with which she is endowed, in the only way in which they can perhaps be profitably employed? Is it because begging is so honorable or dishonorable that woman must be set apart, and dedicated to it?

A young girl growing up in this atmosphere of critical coldness, contemptuous indifference, or still more debasing adulation, is not to be blamed for not finding her true place in the economy of creation. Whatever fulfills its functions must be made or trained to its function: how is the girl of the period to discover hers? On the one hand, is a clamorous crowd demanding certain things for her in the way of education, and personal responsibility, which, if the lucky chance falls to her, she must represent willy-nilly—that is, whether she wishes to do so or not; on the other hand, is a still more clamorous crowd calling names, and declaring it to be disreputable for a girl to even possess faculties that her mother did not display before her, or that are not required in making a pudding, or rocking the cradle, and demanding that such girls and such women be read out of respectable society by the anathema maranatha. Is it any wonder the girl is puzzled, or that she asks herself, "Who am I? why am I here if I am not wanted?" I remember a little girl, whose mother, wishing to save her from harsh measures, begged her to endure a disagreeable infliction, and not "cry," for fear her father would punish her. The child was only two and a half years of age, but she was wounded to the very

heart, and sobbed out, "Oh, mamma, why you bring me here if my papa not want me?" And this is the cry to heaven of thousands of young girls to-day; of myriads of young women, bright, sweet, good, in harmony with all the truest and purest things in nature, who would willingly do their duty if they knew what that duty is, but who are stung into a cry, which is at once a question and a protest, by the injustice, the inequality, the cold toleration, and critical contempt of which they, as represented in their sex, are the victims. It is fortunate for them that few can possibly realize the situation to the extent that unfolds itself to the experiences of older women, or how naturally the masculine mind, even in cases where it has no right, and can assert no claim, lays down the law, and endeavors to regulate the code for women. How they would feel, how they would act, what would become of themselves if they were born into the world in this condition of uncertainty and inequality, they do not take into consideration, nor do they consider it germane to the subject, for it is a sort of understood thing; a figure of speech, a poetical fallacy, of which men themselves are not likely to disabuse the minds of the rising generation, that men take care of women, and that their interests are safe in their hands. Some years ago, I will not say how many, when I was a girl, I went with a party of young people, among whom was one married lady, to an entertainment, which involved a visit at its close to a restaurant where we regaled upon ice-cream. I myself was the guest of the married lady, and not very well known to the gentlemen of the party, and it annoyed me greatly that they were obliged to bear my part of the expenses. "Don't worry yourself," said my friend, to whom I imparted my anxiety; "ice-cream free is all we women get in this country for the sacrifice of our freedom; it is the mess of pottage, the price of our birthright to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and even the ice-cream *free* season is soon over for us; take it while you can." It struck me then, and it has always struck me since, that it was paying high for what had little real value—in fact might in some cases be positively injurious. The right to live, in the exercise of one's own faculties, and according to one's own conscience, is much better.

But how is the girl to know this, and how can she act upon such knowledge where all the habits and traditions of society are against her? Ice-cream is sweet in youth, it is the excuse for companionship, it is the evidence of attractiveness, it is a social food which has no solidity, it is true, which melts even while one is looking at it; but it serves its purpose better than a better thing. As we grow older, we come to distrust ice-cream, and resent its standing for human birthrights; we find, too, that even this poor substitute becomes limited in its operations, and that after a certain age the sweet attentions, even the toleration, of the other sex, must be paid for in service or in coin, or paper of the realm, if these are to be enjoyed, notwithstanding the legal fiction that all women are protected. By the time a woman has arrived at this age, however, it is too late to retrace her steps, and put herself in a position of independence; she must hang on the ragged edge of her "womanly" desire to always eat her ice-cream at some other person's expense.

Now, this is not a self-respecting position for young women to occupy, and it involves a supposition, which possesses only a slight basis of truth, and which yet affixes the stigma of perpetual obligation to the entire sex—to the woman who supports her family, including her idle or incapable husband; to the girl who takes care of her invalid father or aged mother; to the young woman teacher or writer who works night and day to keep a young brother at college; to the millions of hard-working, uncared-for young

and old women in this and other countries, who have never received anything for which they have not given a full equivalent in money or service, and who have found men quite as willing to take their ice-cream or any other luxury without paying for it when opportunity offered, as women could possibly be. Moreover, the ice-cream girl finds that for even the brief period allotted to her she is by no means freed from the penalty of obligation; payment may be deferred, but gifts of even the most trifling and transitory character must be paid for sooner or later, and the payment is usually out of all proportion to the gift. This is an axiom, and it affords one of the most cogent reasons why women should not allow their relations to men to be placed on this footing. Women are born into the world, as men are, without their own volition, and endowed with certain natural qualities. Why should not both exercise them in any way that seems good?

Heretofore it has been impossible for women to do this: the man-made laws—the Church—all the habits and traditions were arrayed against them; but these are giving way, and to day women can be and do what they please—that is, what nature and education will permit—if they only think so. It is hard for them to realize it, because as yet it is not common for girls to act independently. It is still considered worth while to make a note of the fact when a girl makes a success in an unusual line—when she becomes a farmer, or an architect, or a banker, or a merchant. A few years ago the advent of each new woman physician was chronicled; but these have become too numerous; they have taken their place in the profession as men, and practice upon their merits, the records only mentioning their names when they are assigned to some post of honor or dignity heretofore occupied exclusively by men. The profession of teaching, women are fast monopolizing, and the number of women teachers who have made a noble life-work of a most arduous occupation is proof positive that there is nothing in sex to prevent persistent and continuous labor in the highest direction. In fact, persistent and continuous labor is the lot of nine-tenths of the women in this world; the only question for them is—Shall it be drudgery, or shall it be intelligent, well-paid work? Naturally, one would suppose, under the ice-cream system, men would do the drudgery, and women take the easy places—the sitting in counting-rooms and offices, directing the machinery of great business establishments, and receiving their gains. But this is not the case; it is women who are bound by the hundreds of thousands to lives of incessant toil, or starvation, while the broad-shouldered men who employ them buy Indian clubs, health-lifts and what-nots, to work off their superfluous strength upon. Nearly 200,000 women in New York city earn their living; of these so small a moiety do it in independent business ways, that, as before remarked, their advent is made a matter of record in the public prints; yet there is no reason why all the retail business of the city should not be represented by women, the men being the employees. This is not a joke; it would be simply an economy of force. Women in business are not unknown, but, previous to a very recent period, efforts of this kind have been made to tide over emergencies, to accomplish some temporary object, and were to be apologized for and explained, especially in this country. Of late we hear occasionally of a girl going into business “like a boy”—beginning, working up, or being taken in by her father or a relative, and given a place that a boy would have occupied, if there had been one to put in it.

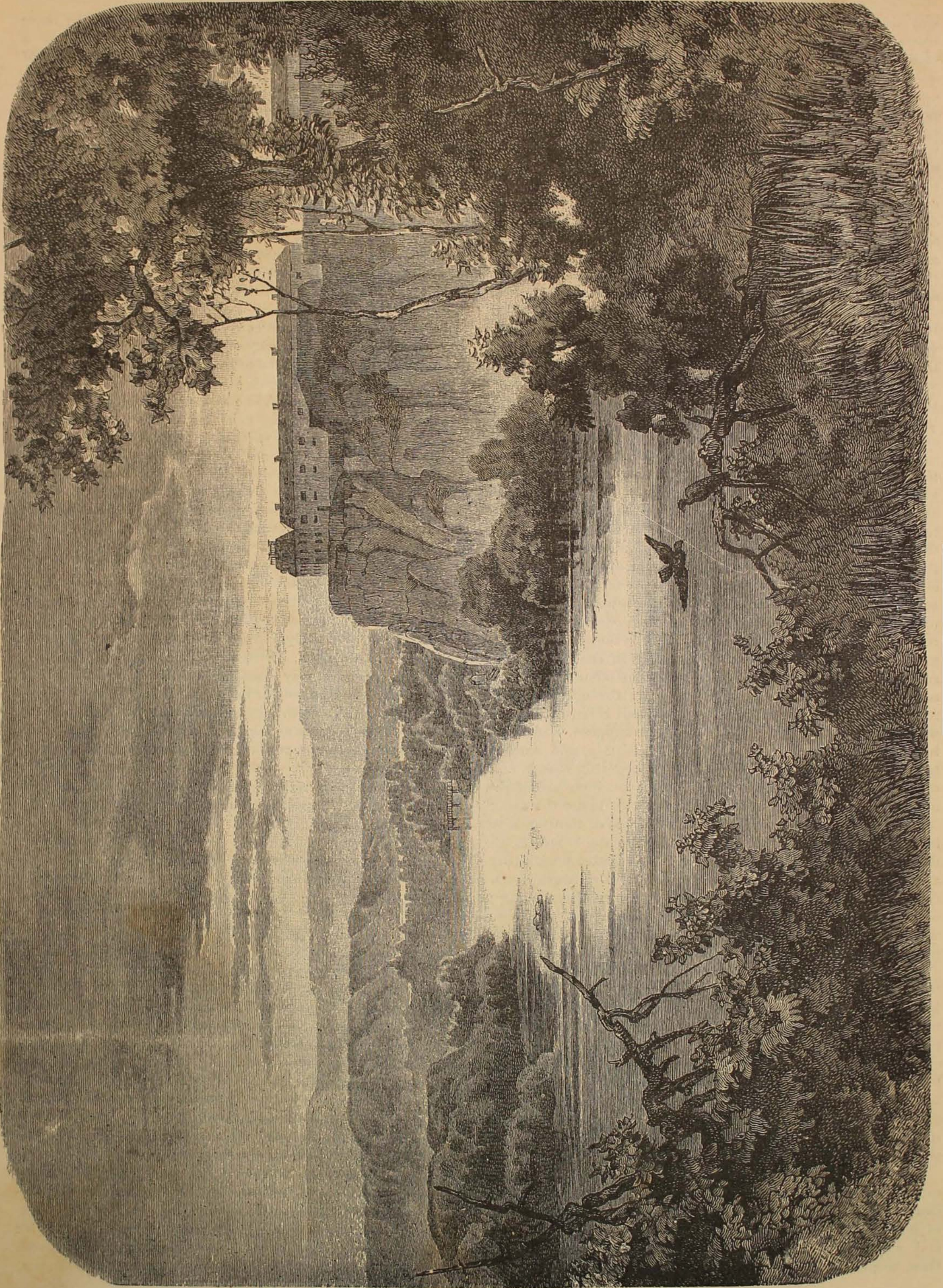
This is really encouraging. It is custom, not exceptional capacity, that puts men into the money-making and money-distributing places. Women who are ignorant of the details of business give men credit for a vast deal more knowledge and wisdom than they possess, or than it is possible for them to put into the management of affairs. The amount of

stupidity encountered among even successful men by those who have to do with them in a business way would be a revelation to many women, and relieve them of any fear of not being able to compete and “hold their own” in a contest of sense, judgment and intelligence. As for business “nerve,” women will be found to have fully as much when it is put to use; they may not be so reckless, so willing to take large risks, but still they will probably be found capable of “respectable” failure, that is, failure for a good round sum—and also of sometimes blundering into a “big” success, setting up picture-galleries, fast horses, and a fine house on the “Avenue.” Is this very dreadful? Is it so much better for women to ride behind horses which they do not own, bought with money they did not earn, and kept by men to whom they also owe the food they eat and the clothes they wear, and to whom in the nature of things they must be subjected?

But all women would not care for fast horses, probably few of them would. The majority of women, who by inheritance or by work become possessed of money, make good use of it—a use that is helpful to others, or that assists such agencies as they believe are doing good in the world. Men will grow in strength, and in the knowledge and love of what is best and truest, if women and girls will think and act for themselves, use their own judgments, and do what they believe to be right, irrespective of opinions that represent no responsibility. The wrong things in this world are those that degrade the character, that lower the moral tone, that weaken the moral forces, that prevent the development and free use of faculty, and, finally, that place one human being in an unreasonable subjection to another. A free girl, or a free woman, is the proper companion for a free man; but subjection on the one side must imply humiliation and mastery, which will make themselves felt some time. Fathers have it in their power to help girls more than mothers: let them see to it that they do it. Instead of scolding, and fretting, and speaking in a way that makes them feel that they have no place in the world, let them help to find a place, as they do for their sons. Encourage them to go into business, pay them salaries as bookkeepers, take them into partnership, start them in a pursuit for which they have a talent, and in every way help them to be useful and honorable in the world—not by talking, but by doing. Give the girl of the period a chance, and she will prove herself worthy of the period.

## Fort Snelling and Junction of the Mississippi and Minnesota.

HERE are few portions of our country which have made more rapid strides from savagism to civilization than Minnesota. Not so very long ago the red man held undisputed sway in this charming region, his war-whoop echoing through the forests, and the smoke of his wigwam curling up to the blue skies. Save a few traders and missionaries, no white men ventured among these savage tribes, and it was a long time before the music of the church bells floated over the wooded slopes, or the sounds of civilization broke upon the ear. It was not likely that the red man would be allowed to occupy forever this fertile and charming region. His fate, however sad, was inevitable, and he was destined to disappear before the resistless march of civilization. Gradually, travelers ventured into this hitherto unexplored region, and men of science journeyed thither for the purpose of geological research. Settlers, too, arrived, and the sound of the busy axe echoed through the forests.



FORT SNELLING.




The country filled up rapidly with emigrants, and in a short time towns and villages arose, church spires glittered in the sunlight, schools were opened, and the hand of civilization transformed all things from a state of savage nature to a condition of cultivation and civilized comfort. The wilderness was really made to blossom like the rose, and the rich plains forced to yield an abundant harvest. Owing to its superior climate and varied industrial resources, Minnesota has gone on with the strides of a giant, and now fine cities are seen, railroads traverse the country, and steamboats ply the lakes and rivers.

The scenery of Minnesota is of great interest to the traveler. Green forests stretch far away; blue lakes, girdled by verdure, reflect the beauty of the skies; extensive falls pour their crystal streams over tall rocks; broad rivers float on, pouring their waters into larger rivers; huge bluffs rise up from the shores; and lovely slopes and green hills combine to form a panorama of great beauty.

For some miles above its confluence with the Mississippi, the Minnesota river has a whitish appearance, which gave rise to its Dakota name of Minnesota, or water tinted like the sky. Situated at the confluence of these rivers is Fort Snelling, a military post which was established in 1819. It is upon a high bluff, about two hundred feet above the river, the surrounding scenery being picturesque and beautiful. When this tract of land was purchased from the French, a fierce tribe of Indians were scattered along the shores of the river. Difficulties arose with these Indians from time to time, making the establishment of this military post a necessity. In 1862 and 1863 Little Crow passed through this region and murdered eight hundred whites. Fort Snelling has played an active part in several bloody battles, and during the war it was the headquarters of the Army of the Northwest.

### Friedrich Froebel; His Life and Work.

 LITTLE more than a century ago, Friedrich Fröbel opened his eyes, April 21st, 1782, upon the light, in the pleasant village of Ober-Weisbach, Thuringia. His mother was not long allowed to rejoice over the "man-child born into the world," for she died after a long and painful illness, before the babe was a year old, taking with her all light and sunshine from the Pfarrhaus.

Froebel's father was an over-busy man, to whose care seven churches were entrusted, and who was so entirely absolved in his parochial duties as to completely forget



*Friedrich Fröbel.*

that he also had duties to fulfill toward his motherless children.

In 1786, he married a second time, but this was not a happy change for little Friedrich. From the beginning his new mother seemed to feel a repugnance for him, as was manifested by her always addressing him by the cold and formal "sie," instead of the familiar "du."

Impetuous and variable in his temperament, and a rather difficult child to manage, he was almost constantly in disgrace. He was rarely allowed to go outside the garden, which was closely shut in on all sides by high stone walls, nor was he permitted to have play-fellows of his own age. As soon as he was able to distinguish between vegetables and weeds, he was required to take charge of the garden, and so from a very early age his attention was given to the world of plants, whose every blossom excited lively interest in the mind of the lonely and imaginative boy.

Fröbel senior was extremely punctilious in religious observances, and during the long hours of daily devotional exercises in his own house, required each member of the family to be present and to take part; and not only was each child expected to go to church twice on Sunday, but also to be able to repeat, almost verbatim, the sermon upon his return.

From year to year the relations between Fröbel and his parents grew more unpleasant, until fortunately for Friedrich, a brother of his mother, Superintendent Hoffmann, of Ilm, came to visit the Pfarrhaus. Observing the unnatural relations existing between Fröbel and his father, he requested to be allowed to take the boy home with him, which request was quickly granted. And what a change it was! Instead of distrust and severity, love and sympathy; instead of repression, freedom in thought and word; instead of solitary hours of study, lessons with forty boys of his own age; instead of close confinement within garden walls, full liberty to explore the neighboring country at his own sweet will, the only stipulation being his return at a regular hour.

Under these circumstances the boy not only grew gay and lively, as became his age, but strengthened in body also. He felt, however, his awkwardness in gymnastic sports when contrasted with his comrades, and set himself seriously to work to make up his deficiencies. It was doubtless this experience which caused him to place such stress in his Kindergarten system upon the regular and sympathetic development of body with mind.

Fröbel remained at Ilm until his confirmation, when he returned to Ober-Weisbach. His elder brother's education had cost so much that the pastor refused to allow Friedrich a University course, and sent him to a Förster to study for the business of *rentbeamten*. There he was left very much to his own devices, especially in the matter of study.

In 1799 his apprenticeship expired, and he was sent with money to his second brother then in Jena. Charmed by the bubbling life of the students, he implored his father for permission to remain in Jena at least one term. This was accorded upon condition that he should use the small inheritance, left him by his mother, to defray his expenses. But although he lived as a student, with no society except his brother, who was also a student, and no amusement except an occasional visit to the theater, he was in pecuniary distress before the end of the third semester.

The money which his father allowed him, he had shared with his brother, and there was no more forthcoming. He begged his father to send him thirty thalers to discharge his debt for food, but instead of money, he received hard and bitter words, and he was finally thrown into prison, where, after nine weeks, his father sent him the desired amount, stipulating that he should renounce all right to the paternal estate!

After this abrupt ending of his University career, his life became very unsettled. Sometimes he was secretary, sometimes book-keeper, sometimes surveyor. At last he resolved upon becoming an architect, and went to Frankfort with this object in view.

Here he fell in with Grunert who was just establishing a model school upon the Pestalozzian plan, and who offered him a position as teacher of drawing, physical geography, and mathematics. This proposition he accepted after some delay, and found it to be his real vocation, as he said in a letter to his brother: "After a long time I have found that work for which I longed, I am as contented as a bird in the air, or a fish in the water."

In 1813 he joined the army, where he made the acquaintance of the two men who were to be his

faithful collaborators in after years—Langechat and Middendorf. At the close of the war he became custodian of the Museum of Mineralogy in Berlin, but he remained there only until 1816, when he founded a school at Greishelm, which he removed the following year to Keilhau, in the neighborhood of Rudolstadt.

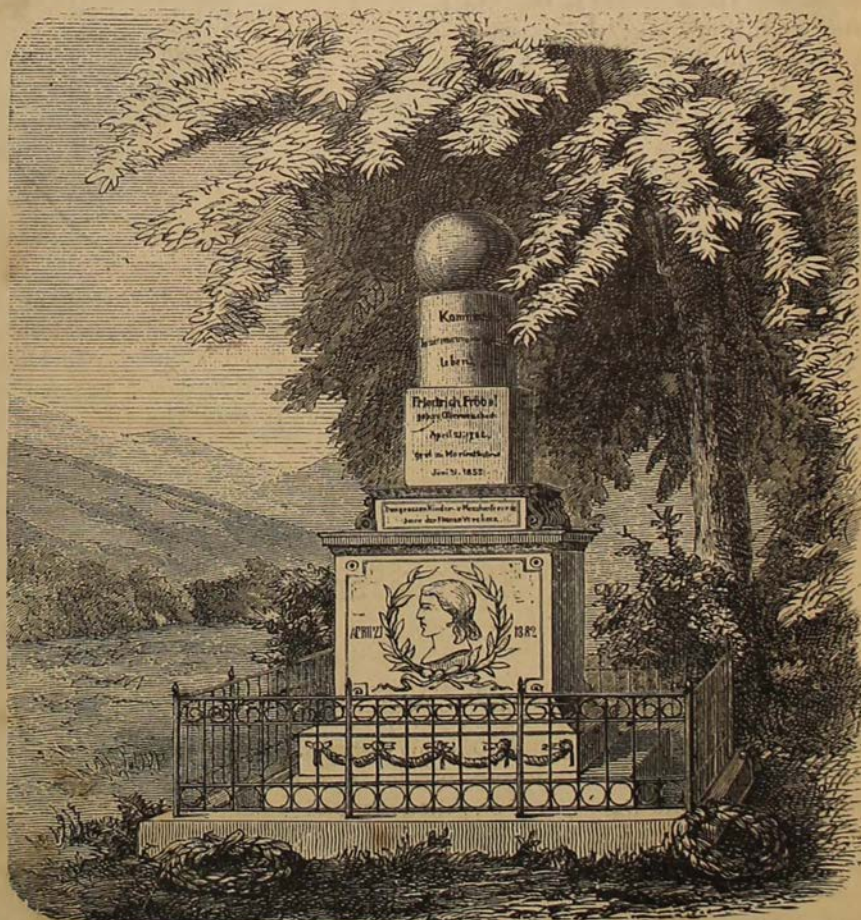
It is not possible to enumerate the difficulties which beset Fröbel in his undertaking, but he bore all with patience and courage, happy when there was no lack of bread for the large family of teachers and pupils.

In 1818 he married Henriette Wilhelmina Hofmeister, who exchanged her comfortable and luxurious home in the Court city, for the monotonous and laborious one at Keilhau, because of the love she had for Fröbel, and the enthusiasm she felt for his work.

In 1820, Christian Fröbel, Friedrich's second brother, a wealthy fabricant, gave up his business and joined the Keilhau establishment, placing all his property at the disposal of his brother, which for some time lightened the household distress. But only for a few years; for partly on account of political influences and partly because of Fröbel's incapacity for business, the affair made shipwreck.

Fröbel then went to Switzerland, with one of his nephews, where a house and support were offered him in Willison, if he would there propagate his educational ideas. His house was speedily filled with pupils, and it was there he began to work out his Kindergarten system.

In 1839 his wife died. She had been a faithful sharer of his work and his cares, and his only comfort after her death seemed to be found in persistent, never-resting labor. His desire was now to have a model educational establishment, especially for the preparation of teachers, and in this undertaking he counted upon having the sympathy of all Germany. He fancied it would be easy to find one hundred



THE TOMB OF FRÖBEL.

women who would give ten thalers each, and also find ten others to give the same amount, thus making a capital of one hundred thousand thalers.

An appeal was issued the 28th of June, 1846, but what a disappointment was in store for him! Up to June 28th, 1843, only fifteen hundred thalers had been promised and three hundred and seventy paid! Notwithstanding, the Kindergarten was opened in 1848 in Liebenstein.

Frau Von Marenholtz, who has probably done more than any one individual to propagate Fröbel's ideas, both in Germany and in foreign lands, says in her "Recollections" of her first meeting with the master: "The way to Fröbel's house led across a beautiful meadow, upon which Liebenstein, with its picturesque views, was spread out most attractively. I found Fröbel in a kind of dell near his dwelling, surrounded by thirty or forty peasant children, who, led by eight or ten young ladies, were moving in circles and singing. That was the Kindergarten! The children were most of them ragged and barefooted boys and girls of two, eight, and ten years of age, and playing games which I afterward learned to know under the names of Dorehouse, Little Fishes, and The Mill. After an hour the children paired off, the teachers taking the youngest by the hand and singing a merry song, they made their way back to the village."

In 1850 Fröbel removed to a hunting castle, called Marienthal, in the vicinity of Liebenstein, which was offered him by the Duke of Meinengen. In his seventieth year he married Louise Leurin, one of his pupils, and just as he had begun to feel that he might enjoy some rest after his years of labor, like a flash of lightning in a clear sky came a rescript from the Prussian Minister of Public Worship, forbidding the establishment of Kindergartens in Prussia, and ordering the suppression of those already in operation, on the ground that Fröbel's meetings had an atheistic tendency.

Attempts were made to modify this decree, but in vain, and it remained in force until 1859. In June, 1852, Fröbel sickened of gastric fever, and after a few days' illness passed away. It was a lovely summer day, June 21st, when he felt himself to be dying, and requested to be carried to the open window. His physician told him it would hasten the end. "Friend," was Fröbel's reply, "I have my life long made a companion of nature; let me pass my last hour in her society."

On the 24th of June he was buried in the lovely churchyard of Schweind, where a characteristic monument has been erected to his memory, consisting of balls, dice, and cubes, with his name and this legend: "Kommt, lasst uns unsern Kindern leben!"

## A Soul to Heaven.

(See Oil Picture).

**T**HE artist could not have selected a more tender and touching subject than he has done in his exquisite painting "A Soul to Heaven." It tells of sorrow, but it breathes of hope; it shows us not the shadows of the grave, but the glorious sunlight of heaven; it brings before us not the grim King of Terrors, but that

"Death which opens her sweet, white arms,  
And whispers, peace!"

A beautiful and happy girl, the light of her home and the

pride of her friends, has been stricken down by the dart of the "insatiate archer." To those whose wings of faith were too weak to lift them above the grave, her fate seemed a cruel one. She had not yet drunk the wine in life's golden cup to the lees; nor had one bud faded in her chaplet of happiness. Young, gay, happy, loving and beloved, surely she, of all others, should not have been snatched away and consigned to the silence and darkness of the grave.

But faith came, and, lifting the veil from sorrow's eyes, showed her that heaven which lies beyond the grave, and pointed out the angels bearing the soul to its glorious destination. In the words of Byron,

"Immortality o'ersweeps  
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peals  
Like the eternal thunders of the deep  
Into my ears this truth—Thou liv'st forever!"

And this truth the artist seeks to teach—a life beyond the grave, that immortality of which "Plato reasoned well," and which is the star of hope ever shining above the troubled waves of life.

Our picture shows us a lovely young girl who has just passed away from this life, clasped in the arms of two "beautiful immortals," who are flying with her to heaven. Another angel, bearing the green palm of victory in its hand, precedes to announce the coming of the precious soul to its glorious abode. It raises its arms, as if to bid the jeweled gates fly back, and let in the newcomer. The girl reposes in marble beauty in the fond clasp of the angels, one of whom looks toward the "mansion not made with hands" that glitters in the distance.

It would be impossible to conceive anything more touchingly beautiful than this picture and the sentiment it conveys. Had Correggio himself painted it, it could not be more full of beauty and sensibility. The action of flight on the part of the angels is remarkably well expressed, reminding us of the flying angels of Raphael and Rembrandt. The still, calm beauty of the dead girl, from whose nerveless grasp the white roses are falling; the loving care with which the angels bear her through the opaline and golden clouds; the triumph expressed by the gesture of the palm-bearing angel, and the look of expectation with which the other glances toward the distant heaven, is charmingly rendered, the lovely production inspiring hope and deepening faith. In looking at this charming picture we do not hear the bells that toll

"The passing of the sweetest soul  
That ever looked with human eyes,"

but we catch the songs of the angels and the triumphal music of the glad welcome that rings through the heavens,

"Joy, joy forever, thy tasks are done,  
The gates are passed, and heaven is won!"

We buried her with tears, the beautiful and young  
While mourning for love's ties thus riven,  
Heard angels singing by the open grave,  
"A soul, another soul to heaven."

Our hearts leaped up with joy intense,  
We who with doubts had striven;  
What better could the angels do for her  
Than to ear her in their arms to heaven?

And thus it was that sorrow ceased to weep,  
And peace unto our hearts was given;  
For who would jar that glorious refrain,  
"A soul, another soul to heaven?"

# ✠ THE ✠ ADMIRAL'S ✠ WARD. ✠

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T," "HER DEAREST FOE," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

**W**HEN Winnie was quite gone a dull despair settled down on Laura for a week or two, at which she herself at length took fright. It would never do to give up the mastery of self, which she had early learned to believe was the key to much of the success, and nearly all the happiness of life.

She therefore by a strong effort of will and conscience forced herself to take up her old employments, each day the repugnance to them diminishing. Then, after Denzil's departure, Mrs. Crewe had a severe attack of bronchitis, which gave her much to do and to think about, and drew her nearer to her kind hostess, who declared her to be an incomparable nurse.

The dreaded explanation with the Admiral, too, had been shorn of half its terrors by the old man's grief for his sister.

Laura saw little of him for some months after this event ; for having been recommended to try change of scene and air, he decided on visiting Piedmont, where he had heard a very remarkable work of evangelization was going on.

So Mrs. Crewe and her dear "young friend" settled down to the quiet routine of their winter days. Laura seeking every means of occupation, and so far taking the direction of her life into her own hands, that without consulting either Mrs. Crewe or the Admiral, she ventured to offer some designs at a high art fancy work establishment, and to her surprise and pleasure they were accepted and others ordered.

Thus the current of her existence flowed on slowly, tranquilly, as it were between dull sedgy banks, instead of the foliage and flowers that had beautified it a few short months ago. Yet through the dim gray mist of this dreary time she perceived that her strength was coming back to her, and that her faith in the inexhaustible riches of life was reviving.

To Winifrid Fielden the months that intervened between her last agitating interview with Reginald and the first spring days were less painful and monotonous than she had anticipated.

With Lady Jervois she soon felt at home. There was something almost pathetic in the gentle resignation of her aspect and her life.

A superincumbent weight, beyond her power to resist, had gradually crushed out life and individuality till existence was to her "without form and void."

Her one link with life was her daughter, whom she loved with a painful, half-distrustful love, fearing the child might find her dull or wearisome, clinging to her with an utterly dependent affection, which the young and hopeful are more ready to despise than to reciprocate.

But destiny was not too cruel to Lady Jervois.

Her child, by some subtle, mental, or moral chemistry, had assimilated something of her father's obstinate purpose in the form of firmness, with her mother's soft tenderness, and loved that mother with deep, watchful, protecting affection.

She was a grave little creature, precocious in some directions, but wonderfully simple and ignorant in others.

The atmosphere in which she lived was oppressive, and not calculated to foster the joyous heedlessness of childhood.

Her father was quite indifferent to her. He had never

forgiven her for being a girl. Not that he had any of that love of name and race, which in spite of its selfishness is not without a strain of nobility, and which makes a man pine for a son, an heir sprung from himself to stand in his place and occupy the home he has dignified and adorned, but he had a sound, hearty hatred of the man who would come after him.

Into this silent, somber household Winnie Fielden came, not like a sunbeam ; she was too cast down and sad herself for such a simile, but like a breath of fresh fragrant air bringing with it a perfume as of grass and blossom lately bathed in summer showers.

Frank and fearless from her upbringing in a tender refined house ; there hung just that tinge of soft sadness about her, that was peculiarly attractive to Lady Jervois, while her gentle, kindly, intelligent method of instruction first revealed to Sybil that lessons—at least some lessons—might be enjoyed.

As to Sir Gilbert, in his own coarse way, he liked the presence of handsome women, and as time enabled him to judge of Winnie's capabilities and accomplishments she found still further favor in his eyes as a decided bargain.

Winnie, who was quick and observant enough, soon saw that her society was even of greater value to the mother than to the daughter. Lady Jervois quite revived in the congenial companionship of her daughter's governess. The long vacant days became gradually filled up, Winnie induced her to try duets with herself and Sybil, and found that Lady Jervois had been well and thoroughly taught, but music like everything else had ceased to interest, in the dead monotony of utter loneliness. Then Lady Jervois was tempted to take up German again, and in the first flush of his contentment with the new member of his family, Sir Gilbert permitted her to coax him into the extravagance of a subscription to Mudie's. Meantime Laura's letters grew longer, fuller, warmer ; and Winifrid felt a degree of rest, and even satisfaction, beyond what she had dared to hope.

Though she lived with Reginald's sister there was little to remind her of him. His name was rarely mentioned ; when it was, Sir Gilbert was generally the speaker, and his tone anything but complimentary.

But this was of small importance to Winifrid ; struggle as she would with herself, resist as she would, he was ever before her ! The sense of blame attaching to him also grew fainter as time rolled on. The treachery to Laura was miserable, deplorable ! but was *she* to be cruel in her judgment of him who erred from sudden irresistible love for herself.

Like all reasonable persons oppressed with a grief or a longing that ought not and must not be indulged, Winnie sought relief in occupation, nor did she show much outward sign of sadness or mental conflict. Had Lady Jervois known Winnie in her unclouded days, she would have recognized a change in the bright girl so instinct with life and joy and hope ; as it was she seemed cheerful enough in the dull surroundings of Ashley Grange.

Sir Gilbert Jervois managed to live his life wonderfully apart from those under the same roof with him. He generally got up at cock-crow, and had a ramble of inspection round the home premises before a solid if rather homely breakfast, and had mounted his shooting pony either to visit some distant preserves, or examine into some farming opera-

tions, if he had not retired to his study and justice room to write letters, before the ladies had left their rooms.

He always had a good deal of correspondence, as a large part of his time was occupied first incurring lawyers' bills, and then disputing them. He did not always come in to luncheon. In fact it was a source of keen pleasure to him to enjoy that meal at the expense of some tenant who had asked for repairs, or wished for some small favor respecting ground game, or better still disputed his landlord's rights in any way. He was always too early or too late for dinner, and the ladies of the family had adopted the habit of making the midday their principal meal. Winnie had proposed the usual school arrangement of tea with her pupil at the late dinner hour, but both host and hostess had negatived the suggestion.

"Pray come to dinner with us, Miss Fielden," said Lady Jervois; "ours is such a very homely establishment, and Sybil is so accustomed to come in before dinner is half over, that if you stay away we shall only lose you both."

"Hang it, no!" cried Sir Gilbert with a complimentary grin, and turning up his crumpled face with its snub nose to look at Winnie. "Hang it, no! It's not every day we catch a handsome girl to light up our Darby and Joan repast, and by George you mustn't leave my lady and me to our matrimonial *tête-à-tête*—it isn't the liveliest concern, I can tell you! If my lady would even show fight now and again it would make a change, but it is not in her!" So Winifrid soon came to be one of the family, to its decided advantage.

The only place in which Lady Jervois saw anything of "The County" was at church. Sir Gilbert was more unpopular with his equals than with his inferiors, and his wife had grown morbid in her nervous avoidance of society—and would shrink and change color if in their walks any of their neighbors overtook or encountered herself and Winifrid or Sybil.

One of the more daring and experienced of the rare visitors at Ashley Grange, the eldest son of a wealthy squire, home for the hunting season on leave from his regiment, absolutely contrived on one occasion to interest Lady Jervois and draw her into conversation, while he walked for more than a mile, his horse's bridle over his arm, beside her and her fair companion, who gave him a flattering amount of attention; for the subject of his conversation was his acquaintance with "your brother, Lady Jervois, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Lord Dereham's last autumn. It was a very jolly party, and after some of the bores had gone (there must be a few bores in every party you know), we all went over to Pierslynn, a charming old place, and delightfully comfortable. We had capital sport, and great fun. Lord Dereham's niece, Madame Moscyński, a first-rate woman, up to everything, did hostess; you can't think how jolly it all was. Piers himself is a capital fellow. Have you heard of him lately?"

"I had a few lines from Cairo," said Lady Jervois with a little more animation than usual, "the yachting expedition seemed to be breaking up, only himself and a Mr. Everest, an artist, I think, remained with Lord Dereham. They intended going as far as the Second Cataract. I think he mentions this lady, he calls her Princess Moscyński."

"Just so," put in her companion, "she is a Polish princess."

"I think she joined them at Cannes or Nice, and went as far as Fiume, I believe."

"I dare say. She is great friends with a lot of Austrian swells, and talked of visiting Graf something or other, this winter; she is a deuced keen politician, up to every move on the European chess-board. You must have met her in town last season, Lady Jervois. She was a great deal with the Marchioness of Harborough and that set.

"I was in town certainly, last spring," returned Lady Jervois, smiling, "but I saw nothing of the season."

To this conversation Winifrid listened with intense, painful interest. Who was this fascinating personage who had appeared upon the scene? Had Reginald, from the simple, unpretending strata in which their lives, hers and Laura's, were embedded, risen into higher and more brilliant regions, and should they never again enjoy the happiness of intimate intercourse? Alas! all chance of that was gone in any case, but though she honestly prayed that he might be reconciled to Laura, she could not give him up to another. But had she any choice?—here she became aware that Lady Jervois was speaking to her.

"I do not think Reginald cares much for politics, eh, Winifrid?" (She had been Winifrid and Winnie for a considerable time, both with mother and daughter.)

Young Dacres listened with devout attention to her reply, and noted the quick sweet blush with which she answered:

"Oh! yes, I think he cares a good deal for politics. I cannot fancy an Englishman not caring for politics. It is quite different with Frenchmen or Germans."

"Miss Fielden, you see, is prepared to follow in the steps of your charming princess," said Lady Jervois, for the sake of saying something, but their companion chose to take it as an introduction, and lifted his hat with profound respect.

"Perhaps when Miss Fielden is as old as the Princess Moscyński she may be as keen a politician, but I doubt it," he returned smiling.

This speech brought them to the park gates, where Lady Jervois made a decided stand, and there was nothing left for her cavalier but to wish her good morning and ride away, mentally consigning Sir Gilbert to warm quarters, for a confounded curmudgeon, who did not deserve to have the companionship of two charming women, "one of them a regular beauty, by Jove."

Lady Jervois and Winnie walked on slowly through the woods which intervened between the road and the Grange, a picturesque, two-storied, gray old house, wide spreading, and surrounded by a moat, long since dried up. This moat was now converted into a pretty, quaint shrubbery with occasional beds of flowers, which throve well in the shelter of the grassy banks. The side next the house was crowned by the ivy-grown fragments of a low wall, which further defended the mansion in former times, when the Grange had stood more than one siege. Reaching the causeway by which the road crossed to the house, Lady Jervois turned down a short steep path leading to this sunken shrubbery. "Go on, Sybil, dear," she said, "look for some crocus and violets; we have often found them here weeks before they appear elsewhere; try and find enough for a bouquet for Winifrid."

Sybil started at a run, and was soon out of sight.

"I have often wanted to ask you about your cousin and Reginald," began Lady Jervois, a slight hesitation perceptible in her composed well-bred voice, "but have scarcely liked to touch so delicate a subject. This conversation with young Dacres just now has suggested a reason for the coolness that has evidently come between my brother and his *fiancée*. He has been very reticent about it, but we have not met since I was in town, and so little can be written! Do you think that this Madame Moscyński had anything to do with the present state of things? Had Miss Piers any reason to think Reginald faithless?"

At this home question Winifrid turned first hot then cold, she was quite unprepared for such a thrust; fortunately, Lady Jervois, not too deeply interested in her answer, was looking after Sybil and not at her, and with a resolute exertion of self-control Winnie was able to reply, "I am afraid Laura has reason to doubt him, but perhaps they may make friends again; I wish they would, they are both so unhappy."

"I do not think they will," said Lady Jervois thoughtfully, "for, though I can hardly account for the impression, he never gave me the idea of being *in love* with her."

"Indeed! why?" exclaimed Winifrid, her heart beating painfully.

"I say I cannot account for the impression," repeated Lady Jervois, smiling, "but I have it nevertheless; yet when I saw him last he was all eagerness to be married. I confess, my dear Winifrid, I am rather glad things are *as they are*, I always doubted if a marriage with your cousin would be very happy for either party—not that I mean to disparage Miss Piers—but Reginald ought to marry a woman of the world, and he ought not to marry yet; not that I am at all disposed to fancy this Polish princess, there is something unreal in the very words, and Lord Dereham too has not the highest reputation for steadiness. However, I have always believed Reginald quite able to take care of himself, and I am sure it would be better for him not to make what is called a love-match, it *is* so often a mistake," and Lady Jervois sighed. Winifrid listened with deep attention to this speech, an unusually long one for her companion. It gave her time to calm and collect herself, so she answered quietly, "I am sure if he had sought through the world he could not find a better wife than Laura would be; you do not know how good and clever she is; it seems to me that she is a woman of the world too, she is so wise and calm. Reginald was always fond of her, I remember when I was quite a little thing, his first question when he came into the house always was, 'Where is Laura?' Oh! he was very fond of Laura."

"I dare say she is a very useful, excellent girl," returned Lady Jervois, thoughtfully; "but—" she stopped, for Sybil ran quickly back.

"Oh! come, mother, come, Winnie, there are such quantities of violets under the wall behind the clump of oak-trees—do come."

"It is very early for them—at least here in the North," said Lady Jervois, as they followed the little girl to see the treasures she had found. When they had been duly admired and gathered, Sybil hastened away to the house to divide her spoils equally between mother's room and Winnie's, while Lady Jervois and her companion continued their walk round the moat garden.

"When did you hear last from Miss Piers?" asked Lady Jervois, after a pause.

"Not for more than a fortnight; I have been wondering at her silence."

"Did she mention my brother?"

"No, she never does. She said something about the Admiral having met with a great loss—loss of money I mean. She says she will tell me more when she has seen him."

"That is very unfortunate so soon after his sister's death, and men think more of money losses than any others."

"Not the Admiral, I am quite sure; he only cares for money to give it away."

"Well, if he has it not even to give away it is a terrible loss—at least to him."

"I suppose it will not make any great difference to him; I believe he is rich."

"That I do not know; his remarkable benevolence proves nothing. I, too, begin to wonder when I shall hear from Reginald; his last letter from Cairo is quite two months old. My mother begins to be uneasy about him."

A few minutes more brought them to some moss-grown steps which enabled them to ascend to a space of pleasure-ground which surrounded the house, and to enter it by one of the modern French windows of the morning-room."

This conversation set Winifrid thinking with a curious mingling of sweet and bitter feeling. From Lady Jervois's point of view, Reginald was more unfortunate than faulty. Faithless to Laura, but not to love; many a wiser than he had been mistaken in their own feelings, and paid forfeit even with the heart's blood of remorse and humiliation. He had been led astray by his tender friendship for Laura, and—he had not seen herself! But this princess—involuntarily Winnie decked her with all imaginable charms of beauty and grace, accomplishments and courtly refinement, her only drawback that youth had nearly fled away—but even so, to a clever and brilliant man like Reginald, this intellectual maturity might be but an additional attraction. Certainly Lady Jervois seemed to think that she might have drawn him from Laura and made him faithless, and that was bad enough; but what would Lady Jervois say if she had known the truth, the double faithlessness of friend and lover? At the thought, though in the silence and retirement of her own chamber, Winnie covered up her face and wept.

The next morning's post, however, brought her a letter that put these thoughts to flight.

She was a little late for breakfast, that is, she came into the dining-room after, instead of before, Lady Jervois. Two letters lay beside her plate, one from Herbert, the other addressed in Laura's well-known writing. Winnie soon dispatched the first, which was principally taken up by a request for three shillings, which his sister might "send in postage stamps, for I can sell them to the fellows here."

She hardly glanced through Laura's before she exclaimed: "Oh! dear, dear Lady Jervois, listen to this," and then read: "I have delayed so long writing to you because I could not send you a letter till I knew certainly what to tell about our dear good friend, Admiral Desbarres. I fear he has lost everything. It seems that he had shares—a great number of shares—in a company, and because they did not ask for the whole of the money at once he went on taking more, and now everything has failed, and the company has no funds, so the few shareholders are obliged to give up all they possess, even the Admiral's house and furniture is taken, or will be, and he has nothing left but his half-pay. He was here yesterday, and though as calm and kind and dignified as ever, he looked ill, and his eyes had that far-away expression we have often noticed, as if he were seeking painfully for light and guidance and could not always find it. I cannot describe Mrs. Crewe's state of mind. Her indignation against the 'miscreants,' as she calls them, who have robbed my dear guardian, with Mr. Trent, for having let him give his money to such wretches, and, indeed, with every one. She has rearranged her house, and has made up her mind that the Admiral is to live here as her guest, if she could manage it, or persuade him to stay on such terms, or, at all events at some very low rate of remuneration. We have had a great turn-out of the furniture in the two best rooms, and Mrs. Crewe has advertised for another inmate, 'for,' she said to me last night, 'some one *shall* pay the rent of my house for me, or nearly pay it.' I have, of course, given up my room, as I would not hear of Mrs. Crewe going into the garrets, and we have made it so nice, with one of the best easy chairs and writing table, etc., for I believe it is nearly settled that when the Admiral has given up his country place he will come to us! Is it not fortunate that I had begun to look for something to do? I have just succeeded, thanks to Miss Trent's drawing master, in finding an engagement to teach the junior drawing class in a large school near this—a Ladies' College, as they call it—this, with my designs for needlework, will be a help. I get very little for teaching, but it is a beginning. How

glad I am you are with Lady Jervois, and that she is so kind——"

Here Winnie broke off suddenly, while her listener observed: "And Lady Jervois is very glad to have you! But this is bad news indeed, especially for your cousin Laura—poor girl! she is really very unfortunate!"

There was a pause, Winnie continued to read her letter, then looking up suddenly with distressed eyes and pale cheeks, said: "She is indeed, and so am I. We have always felt each other's griefs—and I—oh! I would give anything to help her, to comfort her!" she stopped abruptly, her voice breaking.

Lady Jervois looked at her curiously, though kindly. "You are quite real in your sympathy, Winnie, I can see that," she observed; "I suppose there is warm friendship between women sometimes, though I cannot say I have ever met any instance of it before."

"Oh! yes! there is plenty of affection and kindness between women, I am quite sure," cried Winnie with the boldness of ignorance which hopes and believes all things; "at all events it will be delightful to be able to help the Admiral."

"But I imagine an Admiral's half-pay is not so bad a provision for an old bachelor," said Lady Jervois thoughtfully.

"I am glad of that," cried Winnie. "I suppose it cannot be taken from him."

"It is hard to say; these mysteries of money-making and money-losing are quite beyond my comprehension; that men can understand them and enter into them is one proof of their intellectual superiority."

"What! is it superiority to believe stories and lose their money?" said Winnie quickly.

Here their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Sir Gilbert, who wanted some information respecting the conveyance of a parcel, as he often made use of Winnie's eyes and quick perception to hunt up fares, rates, and rules, through the intricacy of Bradshaw.

Then came the usual schoolroom duties, a long walk as the weather was fine, and dinner, so it was late in the evening before Winnie could escape to her own chamber to pour out her heart to Laura, in a letter of many pages.

About a week after the receipt of this letter the weather had changed, and the violets and crocuses which had ventured to put forth their venturesome heads, were beaten to the earth by sudden short fierce showers of hail, while vicious bitter winds tore vehemently through the gorges and rifts of the hills, howled and moaned in the chimneys of the old house, and beat its rugged front with pitiless wrath, dying away with gradually increasing sobs into temporary silence, only to gather up its strength and fury for another burst.

Sybil had a slight cold, and for perhaps the first time during her sojourn at Ashley Grange, Winnie and her pupil had been two whole days in the house. The second, and worst of these days, Sir Gilbert, moved by his inherent disregard of man and beast, determined that it was absolutely essential to return a visit made to Lady Jervois quite three months before by a distant neighbor, whose co-operation might be useful, thought the worthy Baronet, in deciding on the repair of a road much used by the Grange carts and wagons, at the county's expense.

Accordingly, as soon as luncheon was over he started in an open carriage, as well defended as circumstances would permit from the weather, attended by his obedient wife.

"Poor mother! how cold she will be," said Sybil, who with Winnie stood watching the departure from the dining-room window. "I wish papa would not make her go out! but he must always have everything his own way; he does not care for the weather himself, and so——"

"We do not know what his reasons really are; they are stronger than we think, no doubt," interrupted Winnie, whose most difficult and uncongenial task was to check Sybil's tendency to comment unfavorably on her father. "Come, as it is such a miserable day, as soon as you have finished your practicing we will make up a good fire, and I will read you 'The Talisman,' while you go on with your needle-work."

"That will be delightful," cried Sybil, darting away to get her task finished and secure the reward.

Winnie followed her, and tried in the intervals of correcting false notes, incorrect time, and faulty passages, to finish a letter to her brother in Bombay, which she had begun the day before; then, after a shuddering look at the wild weather without, governess and pupil settled down to a pleasant, quiet afternoon together.

Dinner was later than usual, as the master and mistress did not return till considerably past the time anticipated. Lady Jervois was chilled and tired, and Sir Gilbert soon, and with much deliberation, settled himself for a sleep; Sybil had gone to bed.

"Play something soothing and sleepy," said Lady Jervois to her young companion. "I feel unequal to do anything but bask in the fire-light, and listen."

Winnie went to the piano more readily, as she could dream and think while her fingers wandered over the keys. She played on, straying from old Scotch ballads to dreamy waltzes, while her eyes were filled with vividly-remembered scenes in Germany and in the dear old rectory home. Her brothers, Laura, Reginald, she conjured up each and all, while the wind whispered, and moaned and roared without.

How long she had played, half unconscious of the present, she did not know. At length an opening door, an exclamation from Lady Jervois, a sudden inarticulate growl from Sir Gilbert startled her; she rose, turned from the piano, and saw standing on the hearth-rug, his hand in his sister's, Reginald himself!

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

Yes, Reginald stood there. How had he come? No sound of approaching wheels or opening door had warned them of his arrival.

The shock—aye, and the delight—was almost too much for her strength and self-control; for a brief second a painful darkness seemed to quench her sight, a noise of rushing waters in her ears dulled all other sound, and she instinctively clutched the back of a chair beside her to keep herself steady. But the strange faintness soon passed away, and, as her senses cleared themselves, she heard Reginald's voice saying:

"You fancied I was in Egypt? Oh, no, I have been a week in town, and thought of going down to Pierslynn, but on second thoughts I felt I ought to look you up, eh, Jervois? I have brought you some wonderful Turkish tobacco; it will make you dream of the Houris. What made me so late? Oh, the bridge; just before you come in to Aldingham, you know it, had been injured by the flood yesterday, and the train was obliged to stop at the other side. I had some difficulty in finding a trap, and the roads are in an awful state. I have been two hours and a half driving from the cross roads at Thirlston."

This was spoken rapidly, without a glance at Winnie.

"I suppose you are frightfully hungry?" said Lady Jervois, ringing as she spoke.

"No, not very. I had something to eat at Aldingham while they were trying to find a conveyance for me."

Sir Gilbert burst into exclamations against the weather, but, without heeding him, Reginald turned and walked

across to where Winnie stood, pale and still, her simple black dress falling in straight folds to her feet. How greedily his eyes took in every detail of her face and form, and rejoiced in the natural noble grace of her figure, the beauty of her half-averted face, the tremulous sweetness of her parted lips!

"Winnie"—he said "Winnie," only her name, yet what rapture and passionate tenderness the word conveyed, and how expressive the pause that followed, while he took her hand in one of his, and then laid the other over it also, all unnoticed by Sir Gilbert, who was denouncing the weather, or by Lady Jervois, who was speaking to the butler.

Winnie felt compelled to raise her eyes to his, and then felt her heart stand still with a strange terror, not unmixed with delight, at what she read there.

"So," resumed Reginald, in a different and more guarded tone, as he let her hand fall, "I find you in a totally new character, Winnie. You are the grave and reverend preceptress, the severe imparter of all the 'ologies.' Why, I can fancy Sybil and yourself more a couple of playfellows than pupil and teacher. How have you contrived to tone yourself up or down to the solemnities of the school-room? I cannot imagine the wayward—may I say spoiled?—pet of the rectory sufficiently *rangée* for your new *rôle*."

"I have had a great deal to tone me down, you know, since those days," replied Winnie, in a low voice, which she could not keep quite steady, and she moved forward to the fireplace to avoid the appearance of standing apart with Reginald. "I hope Lady Jervois feels satisfied with my system and discipline," she added, with a smile.

"Your work seems to agree with you," said Reginald, still gazing intently at her.

"Aye," cried Sir Gilbert, raising himself from the act of placing a fresh beech log on the fire, "I can tell you Miss Fielden has bloomed out, and no mistake, since she came to the Grange—brightened us all up, by George! into the bargain. My lady has taken a fresh hand at the educational bellows, and is growing quite lively. As to me, I brush myself up every day for dinner to no end, and all the young fellows about are cap in hand to me, hoping for invitations to the Grange to meet the new beauty, hey, Reggie? Don't they wish they may get it! I can tell you, Miss Fielden is giving lessons, right and left, all day long."

A quick gleam of contempt and aversion flashed from Reginald's eyes as he answered, "It is no light task to civilize you rugged Northerners. I observe a look of care on Miss Fielden's brow in spite of the bloom. Tell me, Winnie, how is—every one——" the little pause conveyed much.

"All are well in health," returned Winnie coloring vividly, "but we are greatly troubled about the Admiral! He has lost a quantity of money, all he possesses, I believe, in some company, I scarcely know what."

"So I heard from Trent," said Reginald. "How very unwise to be tempted by so doubtful a bait. I fear the Admiral is a little touched in the upper story; at least, his religious craze and general pig-headedness in money matters looks like it."

"Reginald!" exclaimed Winifrid, shocked by his irreverence.

"Have I desecrated the sanctuary?" asked Reginald, smiling.

"Gad, Sir!" cried Sir Gilbert. "He is a born idiot. His friends ought to put him under restraint! a man of that kind ought not to be left at large—setting such an example of—of—of—"

What, was never ascertained—for the butler announced that supper awaited Mr. Piers in the dining-room.

Lady Jervois accompanied her brother, and Sir Gilbert resumed his arm-chair and the county paper.

"I wonder what has brought that young jackanapes down here—when there's nothing to shoot—and I know he doesn't fish," he said after a few minutes silence.

"I suppose he wished to see his sister, naturally——"

"No; it ain't natural! Men don't care for their sisters! deuce a bit! Women, who are queer unreasonable creatures, are fond of their brothers sometimes—God knows why! Now, you are an uncommon sensible, reasonable girl, by Gad! I have a very high opinion of you—you don't care for your brothers?"

"I do, indeed, Sir Gilbert. I am very fond of them!"

"Pooh! you think it right to say so, but would you tear away three hundred miles nearly, in infernally bad weather too, just to see them, when a month hence would do as well? Not you! I think better of you—and it's not to borrow money—he can't want that *yet*—besides even in his beggarly days he never attempted that dodge. Gad, he knew it was no use. Ah, ha! Miss Fielden! Is it your handsome face that is the magnet? Lord! we men are such fools! tell me, my dear! but no! of course you will not—look at me and I will find out for myself!"

Receiving no reply, he raised himself in his chair and turned to look for her, but Winnie was gone.

Sir Gilbert sank back again with a chuckle. "Ha!" he muttered half aloud. "Gone to help cram the devoted brother! Ah! there's the clue to the riddle of Reggie's break with the other one—the platonic concern! Lord, what lies and rubbish men pretend to believe, aye, and do sometimes! What an insolent, contemptuous, empty-headed windbag that brother-in-law of mine is! A good looking blockhead though, just the man to get the best of every woman's belongings out of her! He will come to grief yet! It's my belief he has come here after that pretty governess of my lady's—that's his little game. Well, well! I am not so surprised, by George! Where have I put my keys? I don't want them to get at any of my port for him, and my lady would just take all I possess to make a blaze for him to warm his hands by!—aye!—but she'll get precious little for him or herself either. Oh! here they are—safe in my pocket—the only safe place,"—and his grumblings died away into silence—as sleep gradually stole over him and the paper slipped from his hand.

Meantime Winnie—who never thought it necessary to pay very great observance to the little baronet—stole noiselessly from the library, where their evenings were generally passed—and ran quickly to her own room, locking the door with eager haste, as if she feared pursuit. Then she stood quite still in the fire-light, her bosom heaving, her breath coming quickly, trying to think, yet unable to form distinct ideas, for the multitude of fancies, memories, anticipations that came crowding thickly through her brain.

What should she do? What could she do? She ought to avoid Reginald if she would be faithful to her friend—she ought not to stay on in the same house with him when his eyes told her so plainly why he had come. Ah! how foolish of her to fear that Polish woman! There was no unfaithfulness in Reggie; he was unfortunate, not willfully faithless as regarded Laura. Still, she, Winnie, ought not to stay—yet how was she to leave? She was quite without funds for a journey—and where could she turn to procure money? Perhaps, after all, she was premature in her conclusions! Perhaps she made too sure that Reginald's feelings for herself were still the same as on that miserable day when she had parted with him in London, and felt she would almost rather fly from home and kindred and all she had ever known and loved than face Laura again, perhaps——"

And then the sound of his voice—when he uttered her name—came back to her as proof positive that he loved her



as well as ever. So her thoughts worked round the same circle again and again. Whatever she wished, she must remain at the Grange. She took out her purse; it barely contained, between gold, silver, and copper, three pounds. She had sent a present to Herbert on receiving her last quarter's salary, and a few necessary purchases had reduced her slender resources to their present condition—not enough to pay her railway fare to London—and when there—. No, it was useless to think of flight; she must no longer count on any help from the Admiral, even if she dared to say *why* she required it—which she dared not. No, she must stay where she was, and strive to avoid Reginald as much as possible; perhaps he would see and understand her intentions—perhaps. Oh, it was impossible to foresee how the current of events would set; only she was thankful she had dispatched a long letter to Laura only the day before yesterday—so for a few days she need not write—a blessed respite. Heaven alone knew what those few days might bring forth.

How heartily, how passionately, she prayed for guidance and help, and how, in spite of all anticipations of pain and trouble, her last waking thought was that she would meet Reginald at breakfast, and see his face and hear his voice. Ah! should she ever see the day when her intercourse with him would not be delight and misery commingled?

But Reginald did not appear at breakfast. He was late, and Winifrid and her pupil were enabled to escape to the school-room before he came from his room; for which Winnie told herself she was very glad.

It was a great effort to go through the routine of the morning's lessons, and she felt awfully tremulous when luncheon time came. Here, again, her tremors were thrown away. Reginald had gone out with Sir Gilbert—an unusual indication of friendliness—and they did not return till after the luncheon hour was past.

The fact was that Sir Gilbert had a colt to dispose of, and Reginald wished to see it, with a view of buying it if it suited him. In the light of a possible purchaser, Reginald became a favored guest, and by the time the "partie carrée" sat down to dinner, the host had reached an unwonted degree of hospitality and hilarity.

Winifrid felt strangely weary and unhinged by the alternations of fear, expectation, and disappointment she had gone through during the day.

She changed her dress as usual for dinner, but rigidly refrained from adding a frill, a bow, a flower, a morsel of lace to the very simple decorations she had worn for the last three or four days. She found the party assembled in Lady Jervois's morning-room, Sir Gilbert standing with his back to the fire playing with his daughter's long blonde plaits of hair.

"Oh, Winnie," cried Sybil, "Uncle Reggie has been telling me such a delightful story of a crocodile he shot near Thebes. You will let him come up to the school-room tomorrow, and show us all the places on the map. I mean the places he was at in Egypt. He has seen so many wonderful things."

Winifrid was saved the necessity of answering by the announcement of dinner. Lady Jervois took her brother's arm and led the way, followed by Sir Gilbert and Winnie, Sybil returning to her own apartments to tea.

After the first quarter of an hour the conversation grew more animated, but Winnie felt quite unable to take any share in it; the sense of her trying and difficult position pressed heavily upon her, and the consciousness that Reginald's eyes constantly rested upon her, and were as constantly averted, completed her embarrassment and uneasiness.

"So you left Dereham and the yacht at Alexandria.

What route did you take returning?" asked Sir Gilbert, as the servants changed the plates previous to the cheese course.

"I took the P. and O. steamer to Marseilles, and so on to Paris. I had sundry parcels for a niece of Lord Dereham's, who had been with us at first, and had returned to Paris."

"Did you make any stay there?" asked Lady Jervois.

"About three weeks. It was rather amusing, and Madame Moscynski is a capital cicerone; she knows heaps of people of all nationalities."

Winifrid's attention was almost painfully keen, and she listened eagerly to what followed, although it was commonplace enough. Lady Jervois attempted some leading questions touching Madame Moscynski, which Reginald answered very scantily; and Winnie was a good deal impressed by the vague, yet perceptible change in Reginald, of which, as she sat there watching and listening, she was distinctly conscious.

He seemed to be older, larger, darker than he was six months ago, with something bolder and harder in his expression, a tinge of careless hauteur in his bearing, when silent or thoughtful, but his smile was as sweet, and his voice as pleasant as ever. He was kindly and courteous in his manner to Lady Jervois, and veiled his irrepressible contempt for her husband under an air of good-humored banter. As the moments glided past a curious conviction grew upon Winnie that her old playmate lover was in some inexplicable way master of the situation, that without a word of explanation he was exercising a strange powerful influence over her, that she was in his hands—a foolish morbid fancy, as she told herself. It was a terrible ordeal that long dinner; would it never end? At last at the end of a rambling sentence in which Sir Gilbert expounded his views respecting the d—d folly of bothering about pyramids and inscriptions, and the slave trade, and all that sort of infernal nonsense! Lady Jervois looked at Winifrid and rose.

"Let us adopt foreign custom for once," said Reginald, rising also, "and accompany the ladies, if you have no objection, Jervois."

"Oh, I don't mind," said the courteous gentleman. "I have said my say, and am good for an hour's snooze, as soon as I have had a cup of tea." They accordingly adjourned to the library where Sybil awaited them and tried to take possession of her uncle, but he was very silent.

"Do you never play now, Winnie?" he said at last. "I have scarce heard any music since I saw you, except some very ear-splitting compositions at the Grand New Paris Opera House."

"Yes! play us something," said Lady Jervois who seemed not quite at ease, and made small observations from time to time as if she were bound to break the silence. Winifrid readily complied. The employment was most welcome, the music soothed and strengthened her—it seemed to evoke a nobler spirit from the mist of doubt and fear which had oppressed her,—so she played on and on, recalling all kinds of musical memories, solemn German marches, and tender ballads—wild Hungarian dances, Jacobite and Russian airs, till Sybil stole to her side to kiss her and say good night.

She started up. "I had no idea it was so late! I did not think I had inflicted so much music upon you," she exclaimed.

"You played with true inspiration," said Reginald. "I could listen all the evening."

"Yes! she plays delightfully," remarked his sister.

"Stay, Sybil, I will go with you," said Winnie, laying her hand on her pupil's shoulder.

"So soon," cried Lady Jervois, "it is only nine o'clock!"

"If you will excuse me, I have a headache, I should like to go with Sybil."

Reginald rose and opened the door. "Till to-morrow then," he said, "good-night."

Returning to his seat, which he drew nearer to his sister, he said, "Now Nellie for a long and confidential talk."

The next morning rose bright, balmy, spring-like, as if to atone for the roughness and unseasonable rigor of the last few days.

Sir Gilbert announced his intention at luncheon of riding over to the little town of Thirlston, and scarcely expected to be back before seven. Reginald did not appear either at breakfast or the midday meal, till Winifrid and her pupil had left the table. Indeed, the former took care to retreat as soon as she decently could.

"Come, Sybil," she said when they had regained the shelter of the school-room, "try and do a very good half hour's practice, and then we will go out; you can finish your time before dinner, as I think Sir Gilbert will be late."

"Very well, Winnie; don't you think we might go as far as Birkbeck water: we have not been there since the autumn."

"I think we might," returned Winifrid, and applied herself to some needle-work, taking her seat on an old-fashioned sofa which filled one side of a projecting window, whence a superb view extended over hill and plain.

Here then Winnie sat dreaming over her work, and not perhaps attending as she ought to Sybil's scales and exercises. She saw the master of the house ride away alone, and half wondered that Reginald had not accompanied him. Then her thoughts wandered to her future. It was very dark and unattractive, little remained to her save—

"Sybil, the mother wants you," said a voice that sent the blood back to her heart and scattered her thoughts to the winds.

"But I have not quite finished my practicing!" cried the little girl, starting up joyously.

"Oh, Miss Fielden will excuse you. Run off; your mother wants you to carry 'sugar and spice and all that's nice' to a new baby somewhere in the village."

"Oh that is delightful!" cried Sybil. "Where is my mother?"

"In her room. Run away with you." And Sybil was gone.

"Does not Lady Jervois wish me to go too?" said Winifrid, emerging from her window as Reginald closed the door, while she trembled in every limb.

"No, she does not! Ah! Winnie, I do not know how I have lived through yesterday—burning as I was to speak to you, to know how I stood with you! Look at me!—no, do not turn away. Why do you shrink back? You knew before how I loved you. You must have known I would come back for you as soon as I had worked out my term of banishment. And now, look at me! How often I have seen those eyes in my dreams by day and by night!" He took her hand, and, kissing it fondly, drew her back to the sofa she had quitted.

"Reginald," began Winifrid, and stopped, unable to put the thoughts which crowded upon her into words.

"Well!" he asked, after an instant's silence, during which he gazed upon her eagerly—greedily. "Have you no more to say than my name? Tell me—am I welcome? Are you going to give yourself to me? Do you love me?"

"Ah! Reginald, I do not know what to say, or what I ought to do. Oh! yes, I am glad to see you, very, very glad! but I wish you had not come!"

"Wish I had not come! Why? You must have known I would come. You remember our last meeting?"

"I do remember it well; but, Reginald, that is nearly six

months ago—and you have seen others—and as it would be wiser, and less hurtful, perhaps, to Laura, if you—if you married some one else—I thought you might change, or think it wiser——" she broke off.

"I have seen others? What do you allude to?" asked Reginald, knitting his brow somewhat impatiently.

"I mean you have seen a great many people, and— Ah! Reggie dear! Let my hand go; I do not seem to be able to think clearly while you hold it, and I want to speak frankly and truly to you as if you were a friend and nothing more."

"But *am* I something more?" he asked, in a low, entreating tone, that thrilled Winnie's heart with a strange pain and delight. She covered her face with her hands.

"Oh! I wish you had never seen me!" she exclaimed. "You would have been better and happier."

"I doubt it!" interrupted Reginald.

"Do hear me, dear Reggie? Just think how I shall appear in Laura's eyes—if—if I listen to you. Think how you will probably reproach yourself later, when—when, perhaps, you will think less about me; and, even if you never make it up with Laura again, it would be less hurtful to her if you married some one else—and it would look better for me. Do you not see it yourself?"

Reginald listened intently, his eyes fastened upon the speaker, utterly charmed by the candor, the unconscious tenderness, the trustful courage of her words and manner.

"My sweetest life!" he exclaimed, again possessing himself of her hand. "You are cruel and illogical. The mischief as regards Laura is done; nothing can make it better or worse; and your insinuation that I may change toward you is a cruel reminder of what you are really responsible for. Now, hear me, Winifrid. I will never let you go—unless you can look in my eyes and say, 'Reggie, I do *not* love you!' I have risked everything for you—and—by Heaven you shall be mine, my wife!"

There was a tinge of fierceness in the passion of his speech, that affected Winifrid strangely. She turned pale and faint and cold for an instant. Reginald had great power over her, and she loved him well, but for that instant she would have gladly escaped out of his hands.

Her change of color and expression struck Reginald. "I am too rough, too vehement for you, darling!" he cried, softening his tone. "But I have been so miserable, such an unlucky beggar, that you really must make up your mind to give me a little sunshine! It was, I confess, an awful blunder to mistake my feelings for Laura as I did; but I was quite willing to take the penalty. We were both betrayed by the most decided ill or good luck into our present position. Neither of us intended to be false to Laura, and *you* were true as steel. In compliance with what I knew was your wish, and what I myself thought was due to Laura, I wrote to her from Paris, offering to fulfill our engagement. Read her reply!"

He let go Winnie's hand, and drew a letter from his breast pocket, which he opened and handed to her.

With a sort of reluctance Winnie took it and read as follows:

"I have your letter of the 10th, dear Reginald. I did not reply at once, because I waited to reflect how I could best and most decidedly answer it.

"You must have felt, even while you wrote, that you were going through an empty form, although perhaps in your place I might have done the same!

"You cannot believe that I could deliberately choose a course that would insure your misery and my own. No! I do sincerely thank God that I was enabled to know the truth before it was too late. Do not think that I write this with anger or bitterness. My only reproach to you is that

you did not take time to understand your own feelings toward me. However, that is all over, and, so far as I am concerned, you are perfectly free—free to marry our dear sweet Winifrid if you can win her. And *if* you do, Reginald, be true and loving to her, as she will, as she does deserve. I have no more to add. I confess I would rather not meet you now; later on, time will have worn down the jagged edges of the rent between us, and we may be good friends once more. I trust there are brighter, happier times before us both, for there is no reason why an unfortunate mistake, for which, probably, no one was really to blame, should entail perpetual sorrow and remorse. 'To bear is to conquer our fate.'

"Always sincerely yours,  
"LAURA PIERS."

"How like her!" cried Winnie, her eyes sparkling with sympathetic admiration. "How noble she is in her quiet common sense! I wonder you can bear to give her up!"

"She is a fine creature," returned Reginald, thoughtfully, "and deserves a better fellow than I am. But there is no use in reasoning about it. She might be an angel, or the noblest of human beings, and yet unable 'to strike the electric chain with which we're darkly bound'—*this* magic, Winnie, was given to you—and my whole being vibrates to your presence, your voice, your eyes! Ah! Winnie, why trifle any longer with me, and lose precious hours of heavenly happiness for overstrained scruples?"

"But, Reginald," she said in a low, almost awe-struck voice, and trembling from head to foot as the overpowering idea that union with Reginald was not only possible but imminent, dawned upon her. "If you persist in this—this determination—what will Lady Jervois say?"

"My sister already knows that nothing short of a resolute rejection on your part will prevent your being my wife, and even then—" a laugh contradicted the fire that lit his eyes as he spoke, "I should feel tempted to try what a revival of the old half-savage plan of carrying you off might do." A slight shiver, more of dread than pleasure, passed through Winnie's veins; she almost feared the passion she had evoked.

"But your mother, Reggie, dear! she objected to Laura, what will she say to me?"

"She is prepared to receive you as a daughter; I have settled all that. Whether my poor mother's powers of opposition were worn out, or that she objected to some flaw in Laura from which you are free, I do not know, but she is quite willing to receive you; you see, dearest, you possess the passport of beauty."

"Ah! how unjust it all is: Laura is worth much more than I am."

"Possibly," returned Reginald, smiling, "but not to *me*. Now, my own, my love, my life! I have disposed of every objection, you can have nothing to urge against our speedy marriage."

Winnie rose suddenly from her seat and walked a little way from him, then turning, stood with clasped hands dropped before her. "I can scarcely believe it possible," she said almost in a whisper, "how can it be—I am so alone—I cannot stay here—I have no home to go to."

"Come to mine," cried Reginald, starting to her side and drawing her to him in a long tender embrace. "By heaven, I will make it a happy one to you. My sister is your friend, and you must only leave her house as my wife; your loneliness, the fact that my attachment to you has cut you off from your nearest friends, all demand an immediate marriage; within a month all preliminaries can be arranged, and we can leave the Grange as man and wife."

"Here! to be married here! in the house with that horrid Sir Gilbert! Oh no!—dear, dear Reggie, that is quite impossible, and to be married without seeing Laura and the Admiral! It would be too disgraceful. It would indeed look like guilt; you do not see it yourself—think for me."

"I will; let us consult my sister, but my own, my sweetest life, I have your promise, your full free consent? you will be mine so soon as matters can be arranged?"

Trembling in every limb, too dazed by vivid light against a dark background, to keep her judgment clear, Winnie yielded to her lover's caress, and folded in his arms, sobbed against his breast. "It is too wicked to be so happy, and yet I think, oh! so bitterly, of Laura, she is left alone and poor and deserted, while love and light and all things seem heaped upon me! Ah! Reginald, I am strangely fearful of the future."

"Why," he whispered passionately, "your future is mine, and it is mine to repay the happiness you give—for you love me, Winnie."

A deep sigh, a slight pressure of the hand which lay upon his arm, and Reginald laid his lips on hers with the first fervid kiss of permitted love.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE sudden and complete ruin which had overtaken the Admiral was probably the best tonic that could have been administered to Laura. It roused her and drew her completely out of herself. To be able to help and comfort her guardian, who was more than a father to her, because he had voluntarily undertaken a parent's part, was something to live for. She had a work, an especially congenial work given to her, and she felt new energy and courage spring up at the unexpected demand for them.

The evil tidings were first communicated by their neighbor, Mr. Brown, in his character of a city man well versed in stock-exchange mysteries.

Mrs. Crewe disdainfully refused credence to the tale of woe.

"The Szolnok Canal Company," she cried, "I never heard anything about it, I don't believe it! The Admiral is much too solid and God-fearing a man, to put his money into any such trashy concern. Hey, Laura?"

"I am not sure," said Laura, thoughtfully. "I have a recollection that Mrs. Trent said something about her husband feeling uneasy because Admiral Desbarres had been tempted by a doubtful investment."

"It would be awful and woeful for us if he has," said Mrs. Crewe, looking very grave; "I must see how much of the money he gave me for you is left in the bank, and keep it as the apple of my eye. It may prove a useful store for that good, blessed man. Eh! Laura? I wish I knew for certain how the land lies, for if the worst comes to the worst, I will let that first floor again, and this is just the best season for letting."

"We shall soon see the Admiral. He will soon be in town again. Is it not a little strange that he should not have come to see us when he was last in London?"

"It was *very* strange, Laura dear," emphatically, "and in my opinion a very bad sign. I am afraid it is a *very* bad sign, Laura."

"Perhaps it is," returned Laura, thoughtfully; an undefined fear of coming trouble pressing upon her. It was too true, the Szolnok Canal Company closed up with an utter crash.

The only other considerable shareholder besides the Admiral, having any liabilities, thought it wiser to "go under" for awhile, and disappeared from view. The Admiral,

having invested nearly the whole of his available funds in the purchase of shares, only the half of which were called up, was liable for something little short of nine thousand pounds; all that he possessed in the way of capital, his pretty little property near Tunbridge Wells, some small savings of income effected almost in spite of himself, all was swallowed up.

Messrs. Thurston and Trent talked largely of proceeding against the directors and promoters, of unmasking nefarious transactions, and inflicting summary justice on a certain secretary absent without leave; but the Admiral would hear of nothing to this effect. When he had somewhat recovered from the sort of stupefaction which at first dulled him, he said he had not been deceived in any way. He was aware the scheme had been in embryo. He had been informed that the company awaited the decision of the Hungarian Chamber, and if he was deceived, he had deceived himself. Why should he revenge his self-deception on others? He was mistaken, they all had been mistaken, and all must suffer; he was willing to take his share, and asked no more.

Mr. Thurston was touched by his self-abnegation.

"I do not think there is another man quite up to the Admiral's mark in all London," he said.

"So much the better," growled Mr. Trent. "Impositors and blacklegs would have it all their own way, if many Admiral Desbarres existed, to be a prey unto their teeth."

"I am not so sure," returned the dignified head partner. "A large number of Admirals would leaven the whole lump."

The news of the catastrophe spread like wildfire, and brought Mrs. Trent to condole with Laura. She was too much engaged to see her young relative often, yet she never quite neglected her, and her present visit was paid with the object of ascertaining if she could in any way assist Laura in obtaining employment, or pupils; "for," she said, "I fear the Admiral's power of helping you will be sadly crippled. Have you seen him since his return?"

"No," replied Laura. "He wrote to tell me he was in town, but too much engaged to come here for a few days, adding that he had met with severe losses."

"I do not imagine they would affect him, but for the necessity of holding back his bounteous hand! many will feel them more than himself."

"Quite true, my dear Mrs. Trent," said Mrs. Crewe, who caught the last words as she came into the room, "and I earnestly hope the wretches who have robbed and plundered our dear friend may be brought to justice."

"So do I," replied Mrs. Trent, rising to shake hands with her. "But I fear there is little prospect of punishing them."

"It seems to me," cried Mrs. Crewe, "that the law is framed for the express purpose of sheltering evil doers."

"You must not let Mr. Trent hear you say so," said his wife, laughing, "but I am sometimes inclined to think so myself; however, I have just been discussing with Laura, what is to be done, as our good friend's means now will be so limited, that her very charming talent for painting may prove most useful."

"I have always wished to help myself," returned Laura, simply, and proceeded to recount her success in selling her designs for needlework, and adding, "yesterday I ventured to take one or two of my smaller sketches, and showed them to the head of the establishment for which I have worked. He is a man of some culture and much taste. He seemed pleased with them, and asked me if I cared to copy, as there were two or three pictures in the South Kensington Museum of which he would like copies. Of course I said I should

be glad to try, and he replied that he would think about it."

"This might turn out very pleasant and profitable," cried Mrs. Trent. "We must find out what price you ought to ask."

"As a mere beginner, I had better leave the price to my employer," said Laura.

"That is always her way," exclaimed Mrs. Crewe; "always undervaluing herself."

"Which will never do, Laura, if you intend to enter the labor market," said Mrs. Trent, pleasantly. "Now, as we are all friends, and talking confidentially, let me ask, with the sincerest interest, What *has* become of Reginald Piers?"

"I am sure you do not ask from idle curiosity," returned Laura, looking straight at the speaker, while Mrs. Crewe listened intently. "And I am sure your kindness to me entitles you to an answer; but I can only say, that beyond having seen in the paper that he was one of the party in Lord Dereham's yacht, I know nothing."

"Absolutely nothing!" echoed Mrs. Crewe, despondently.

"Then," persisted Mrs. Trent, "excuse me, dear, if it give you pain—but *is* it a lover between you?"

"Quite over," said Laura, with surprising firmness; "our difference of opinion was too deep-rooted to be reconciled, and once the pain of separation is over, we are better apart."

"You amaze me," replied Mrs. Trent. "I guessed, of course, that there had been some quarrel, but never thought matters had gone so far. If anything will bring Reginald Piers back to you, it is the Admiral's ruin."

"I do not think so;" she spoke very quietly. "Not that I doubt Reginald's generosity and disinterestedness."

"I should think not!"—emphatically from Mrs. Crewe.

"And," continued Laura, "I hope hereafter we may be good friends—more is out of the question."

"I am sure," cried Mrs. Crewe, with a sudden surprising burst of tears, "I never thought our bright happy days of last summer would end in all this cruel disappointment; that nice, charming, agreeable Mr. Piers sent off at a tangent, and the dear, blessed Admiral reduced to want! Not that he ever shall want while I have a crumb or a roof. You tell your husband, Mrs. Trent, that I can manage for him better than any one else; and, although I never did it before, I will put a card in my window *this* day (you'll print it for me, Laura, you do all those things so well), and see if I cannot nearly make my rent out of those two best rooms up stairs. I have two more for my kind, good, revered friend, and Laura and I can be quite com—comfortable in the attics" (more tears).

"Dear Mrs. Crewe! you are all I imagined you were!" exclaimed Mrs. Trent. "I assure you it will be a great comfort to Mr. Trent to think you can accommodate our friend—for he is deeply concerned about him—and you know he is not destitute—he has his half-pay."

"A very short way that will go—to do all he has been accustomed to do, and which it will break his heart to leave undone."

"I hope soon to be quite off his hands," said Laura; "my unexpected success gives me hope of independence."

"Independence, indeed!" quoth Mrs. Crewe, indignantly. "I have no patience to hear you speak, when you have thrown away independence, and fortune, and happiness, and everything for a crotchet—a bit of bad temper, I suspect."

Laura colored and her eyes filled—but she kept silence.

"Come, come," said Mrs. Trent, soothingly. "We do not know the facts of the case, and I have strong faith in Laura's judgment and true-heartedness. Now I must run away.

You will let me know if the Admiral decides on staying with you—but I shall hear through Mr. Trent. By the way, somebody told me that Reginald was in Paris; I should think he must be on his way home by this time,” and Mrs. Trent rose to depart. “I will remind Katie’s drawing-master that you would like some pupils. I think he could help you, Laura.”

With much graceful cordiality Mrs. Trent took leave of her kinswoman and Mrs. Crewe; and as soon as the door had closed upon her, Laura exclaimed, “I have a bad headache, Mrs. Crewe; I think the first air of spring affects me; I will go and lie down till tea-time,” and she made her escape up-stairs. Mrs. Crewe stood for a moment gazing after her, and shaking her head solemnly; then she called vigorously for “Collins.”

Safe in her own chamber, Laura strove to brace herself for the inevitable. Reginald in Paris! Then he was on his way home! Then he would see Winnie, and their marriage would inevitably take place. After that she could no longer disguise the whole truth.

When at length Admiral Desbarres understood his own position sufficiently to form any plans, his first step was to explain it thoroughly to his ward, or, as he considered her, his adopted daughter. She was shocked to see how careworn his fine, high-bred face had grown, and how much grayer his abundant dark hair had become.

No deposed monarch could have been received with more profound and tender reverence by his most devoted and hopeful adherents, than was the noble old sailor by his *protégés* when at length he made his appearance in Leamington Road.

“We have long anticipated this pleasure,” said Mrs. Crewe, advancing to meet him with grace and dignity, having made a most careful toilette for the occasion. “Your presence is always a *fête* to us.”

Laura could only murmur, “Dear, dear guardian,” embracing him with unusual impulsiveness.

“Now, my dear sir,” cried Mrs. Crewe, “before anything is said or done, tell me, *have* you had luncheon? You will forgive my remarking it, but you have rather an exhausted air.”

“Thank you,” he replied, “I was obliged to leave my lodgings early, and have not eaten since.”

“Then let us go to luncheon *at once*,” cried Mrs. Crewe, highly delighted with this reply, and she led the way into the dining-room, where a neat little repast had been laid out with great attention as to details, and the hospitable lady of the house pressed all that was choicest upon her honored guest.

“Try a glass of this sherry, Admiral Desbarres! I am no great judge, but my dear son purchased a few dozen before he left, that I should always have a good glass of wine in the house.”

“I thank you, but I do not find wine at all necessary. I never took much, and latterly I have suffered from a dull pain and confusion in my head, so that it is perhaps wiser to avoid everything in the shape of alcohol.”

“Give up your wine, my dear sir!” exclaimed Mrs. Crewe aghast, “you must allow me to protest against such imprudence, for imprudent it really is. It is more than ever necessary! The feelings you complain of are more probably the result of insufficient alcohol than too much!”

A long and thoroughly confidential conversation ensued, in which Mrs. Crewe expounded her views, and made many practical suggestions; the deep interest and warm regard which she unconsciously displayed evidently touched and gratified the Admiral, who agreed with much that she offered for his consideration; finally, she announced triumph-

antly that she was in treaty with a new “inmate” recommended by her good neighbor, Mr. Brown.

“I think much of Winnie,” the Admiral resumed suddenly. “She is a dear child, and I would fain act a father’s part toward her, but it does not appear to be God’s will that I should do so. I have explained matters fully in a letter to her brother at Bombay, who seems to be a worthy young man. He has some time back signified his intention of maintaining his brother at school for another year and a half, after which his London correspondent would take him into his counting-house, to learn business, and finally he is to go to Bombay to join his brother. Herbert therefore seems provided for. But Winifrid! I confess Winnie’s destiny troubles me.”

“At present she seems very happily placed with Lady Jervois, and likely to remain with her,” cried Laura.

“Need I add,” remarked Mrs. Crewe, “that at Christmas holiday time, and at such intervals, I shall be most happy to receive the dear girl for a little relaxation.”

It was after this interview that Laura wrote the letter we have seen Winnie receive, and her reply had more of cheerfulness and content than any of her previous communications. She was full of warmest, tenderest sympathy, and Laura felt that they were once more, or *nearly* once more, on the old footing of affection and confidence. Then a long break occurred in their correspondence. Laura was excessively occupied, and Winnie did not write.

The days were now longer and brighter, and one of the best effects of the necessities of her own and her guardian’s position was that Laura, in her anxiety to turn her accomplishments to some use, forced herself once more to use the little painting-room, the scene of so much happiness, and so rude and sudden a disenchantment; and here the Admiral would sometimes visit her, for day by day he grew fonder of his grave, gentle, capable ward, while she felt freer and more at home with him than she had ever hoped to be.

The changes and preparations, too, necessitated by the advent of so important an “inmate” as the Admiral, proved a wonderful relief and occupation to Laura.

A note of punctuality and carefulness was struck in the already regular household, and Collins was subdued into noiselessness.

“After all, my dear, there is nothing like a man in the house,” said Mrs. Crewe, when Laura and herself had planned out the slightly-altered routine of their day’s work and duty; “it gives a sort of center to one’s ideas, an object to keep order for. For real punctuality and right management, there is nothing like working for some one who can’t quite understand your machinery.”

“How is that?” asked Laura. “I should imagine it is better to work for some one who understands and can make all allowances for your difficulties.”

“That is just it,” exclaimed Mrs. Crewe. “People who are always making allowances never get anything rightly and well done, and then one gets careless oneself. I confess I like a man in the house, provided he is quiet and regular; and to have a man of the Admiral’s position and character as an inmate, casts a sort of halo over any home; I am sure that Mr. Reid ought to esteem himself fortunate to be in such an establishment.”

“That Mr. Reid” was Mrs. Crewe’s new lodger, a very respectable, accurate personage, recommended by Mr. Brown, who carried his business habits into the minutiae of private life, and insisted on receiving the fullest value for his money.

The absolute daily presence of so peculiar and saintly a man as the Admiral in the house, naturally brought about a considerable change in the tone and conduct of the house-

hold. Collins no longer executed all her manœuvres at a run, nor could Mrs. Crewe utter rebukes in audible tones from the top landing while the object of her objurgations was at the bottom of the kitchen-stairs.

Her remonstrances were probably none the less energetic because half whispered close to her victim. Moreover, in consideration of so magnificent an inmate, Mrs. Crewe, after mature calculation, admitted a diurnal boy, who smeared the boots and took the edge off the knives for some weeks, till practice made perfect, when he immediately struck for higher wages, and Mrs. Crewe, though deeply indignant, compromised matters; thus Collins was able to be severely neat at an earlier hour.

Then the Admiral read prayers morning and evening, and this changed the aspect of the ceremony considerably. Passages of holy writ were no longer selected with reference to Collins's iniquities, but both prayers and passages were read with tenderness and complete devotion—simple, unstrained, that breathed a blessed sense of peace and goodwill on the hearts of his hearers.

To Laura the hour of family prayer acquired a charm such as it never had before, even in her earlier days. She sometimes found herself wondering if repetition would not weaken its effect, but it did not, so marvellous is the power of sympathy in conveying to others the deep and warm convictions of an ardent spirit.

Sometimes the good Admiral was moved to expound a portion of Scripture, in a very child-like manner, slowly and with considerable searching for words, striving to show forth his own convictions, as the spirit gave him utterance; sometimes he sought to illustrate sacred history by his own experience in Eastern lands, when he was apt to enlarge upon his reminiscences, until suddenly some phrase would remind him that he was exalting himself, and he would come to an abrupt conclusion.

Mrs. Crewe herself was largely influenced by the presence of so exceptional a personage. One thing only troubled her. Her illustrious visitor rarely showed himself in the church affected by his *protégée*. He generally attended divine worship in a remote tabernacle, where the authority of mother church, "as by law established," was not recognized, and where one or two old naval and military officers of strong religious tendencies were wont to congregate, and occasionally give discourses when the regular minister was ill or absent, the outlines of the sect being wide, and admitting all kinds of variation in the routine of its services.

Laura had taken upon herself the care of her guardian's sitting-room, carefully dusting it when opportunity offered, and replenishing a couple of vases which adorned his mantelpiece with flowers—more, she soon became her guardian's secretary. Composition was a labor to the Admiral. He wished to be short, yet polite—distinct, yet kind, in his letters, and, to his own dismay, he generally made his epistles hard and abrupt. This gave him infinite trouble. He would not willingly hurt a fly, and he was wont to touch and retouch his letters till they were curiosities of correction.

It was a fine, warm morning in the first days of April. Laura was in her guardian's room, taking some last instructions before he went out to keep an appointment with Mr. Trent, when Mrs. Crewe entered with a biscuit and a glass of sherry for the Admiral's refreshment.

"You must not go out fasting, my dear sir! And, oh! Laura, here is a letter for you; it came about an hour ago, but seeing it was from dear Winnie, I knew there was no hurry." With an amiable smile, she handed it to Laura, whose heart gave a wild throb and then beat hard. She

could not venture to open it before witnesses, and taking advantage of an animated conversation which arose between Mrs. Crewe and the Admiral on the subject of luncheons in general, she left the room and ran up-stairs to her own. After looking intently a moment at the address, she opened it and read as follows:

"DEAREST LAURA—I do not know how to write to you; how to tell you what is to be told—what no one but myself must tell you. Some days ago—I do not know how long, for everything seems vague and confused to me—Reginald came here. He showed me a letter from you, setting him free. He said he was unhappy. He pressed me to marry him; I consented. We are to be married immediately.

"There, I have told you everything, I do not know if I have done well or ill, but I do not seem to have any power to say no to him. Oh, Laura! am I very base? I only know that I am very unhappy, though I am going to marry the man I love! *you* know how I must love him! Must I, therefore, lose you? Ah! if you knew how I value you, how ardently I wish either that Reginald had never met you, or myself, you would see that, however I may act, my heart is not false to you. Will you explain all this to the Admiral? Will you tell Mrs. Crewe? How will they judge me? How shall I dare to see them? Is it not dreadful, dearest, to begin a new life under such auspices, and yet I cannot say no. I long to see you, yet shrink from the meeting. But you are so strong and good that I can trust you still. Write to me, help me, as you have ever done.

"I am coming to town with Lady Jervois in about a fortnight. She is most kind to me, she seems to have no will save her brother's. I shall stay with her till I am her sister; write to me then, dear, and if you will come and see me, I will let you know where we are. I dare not come to Leamington Road. I feel as if the stones there would cry out against me. Write and tell me how the Admiral is, how he has received this strange news.

"Dear, dear Laura, do not turn against me, you are the one creature I can trust except —! Ah! he must love me well to be false to you! "Always your loving,

"WINIFRID."

Laura sat for some minutes holding this letter in her hand, and gazing with brimful eyes at the well-known writing, while the past rose up and unrolled its canvas before her. The sweet monotony of those school-room days when they worked and played and rambled together, without a thought or a fear for the morrow! and nearer times, not yet a year gone by, when they had wept together the loss of one who was father to both! How vividly their farewell look at Dresden, the silent kiss with which each pledged herself to the other, came back to her. And since, was it all real?

It would not do to sit dreaming there. She must acquit herself of Winnie's commission. She must break this news to the Admiral and Mrs. Crewe. What a task! She shrank from it with inexpressible reluctance. It was cruel to lay such a burden upon her. Yet who else could bear it for Winnie?

The Admiral would be gone in half an hour; should she disturb him with this letter now, or wait till he returned? She would wait.

And Mrs. Crewe, when should she tell her?

"Not before the Admiral. Why, it is barely half-past twelve; there is yet time before he goes out; I will see if he is alone."

She went slowly, the letter in her hand, to her guardian, and found him alone, and putting up his writing things.

"I will do all that for you, dear guardian, if you will sit down and listen to me." She felt she was very white and that her mouth was parched.

"What has happened, Laura?" asked the Admiral, looking earnestly at her.

"I have a letter from Winnie," she replied, leaning her hand on the table, as the Admiral resumed his seat, "and she is going to be married."

"To be married," repeated the Admiral, "this is very unexpected. Who has she met? Who does she think of marrying?"

"Reginald Piers," returned Laura, gathering up her forces.

"Who?" exclaimed the Admiral.

Laura repeated the name.

"Impossible," said her guardian. "It cannot be possible!" he repeated.

"Listen to me, dear sir," urged Laura. "I have long expected this! months ago accident proved to me that Reginald had mistaken his kindly friendship with myself for a warmer feeling, that he had engaged himself to me too hastily, and that he had fallen passionately in love with Winnie. You can imagine there was but one course left for me—to release him! He did his best to persuade me against this resolution. While Winnie, who is, I am certain, innocent of any intentional treachery, refused to see him or hold any communication with him; then he went away. A curious fate guided *her* to Lady Jervois. More than a month ago I had a letter from Reginald, from Paris, offering to renew our engagement. I refused. He soon after went to the Grange, and to-day I have *this!*"

The latter part of her speech was uttered hurriedly, and in a low voice, as if she distrusted her own strength. The Admiral looked at her, bewildered for a moment. "May I read it?" he said, looking at the letter in her hand. Laura hesitated, and then, thinking it would tend to exonerate Winnie, she gave it to him; the Admiral read with great deliberation, while Laura watched him eagerly, her heart beating a little less painfully than when she began to speak; the first desperate plunge was over, and she experienced a certain measure of relief.

"This letter confirms your view," he said, a slight huskiness of voice showing that he was much moved. "It bears the stamp of good feeling, but it was too heavy a task to set you to tell me such a tale. Reginald Piers ought to have done it himself. It is all very disastrous for *her* as well as for you. I am grieved for you, Laura. God has seen fit to try you in a fierce furnace. I cannot know how your heart has stood the fire, but externally you have borne yourself well." He rose, and drawing her to him, kissed her solemnly on the brow. Laura's bosom heaved at this unwonted recognition.

"I am so surprised and pained that I can hardly think distinctly," continued the Admiral. "I can see, however, that for such a misfortune there is no help. I have no patience with young Piers; he ought to have allowed a longer time to elapse before he avowed all, by this hasty plan of marriage! It is disrespectful to you."

"We ought to remember," urged Laura, "that Winnie has no home and no means of support. Reginald must feel anxious to shelter and protect her. In short, dear sir, we cannot undo what is done; let us not add to poor Winnie's uneasiness."

The Admiral looked at her and smiled tenderly. "My dear, you have suffered much, and I believe you will yet reap a rich reward. Be of good cheer; there is a love beyond all that any human heart can give, waiting for you, if you have not already grasped it. I must not delay any longer; I am late. God be with you, Laura!"

He took up his hat and stick, and left the room. Laura stood looking after him for some seconds, and then turned

mechanically to arrange his papers, writing-book, etc., infinitely thankful that so much of her task was over. By the time she had put her guardian's room in order, however, she was quite composed, and able to decide on the best mode of proceeding as regarded Mrs. Crewe. Finally, she decided on waiting till the hour of after-dinner repose before opening the flood-gates upon herself, more especially as Collins and Mrs. Crewe were deep in the weekly cleaning of *that* Mr. Reid's apartment—an undertaking, like all others in the house, "begun, continued, and ended" under governmental inspection.

Dinner was nearly half an hour late in consequence, and Laura was glad of the delay.

"It is a good opportunity to get all that done when the Admiral is out," said Mrs. Crewe, coming quickly into the room. You do not mind having dinner a few minutes later, my dear? But now I am sure you must be quite hungry. Pray sit down. For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful—Collins, you have forgotten the salt spoons! I have not a *recherché* dinner to-day, Laura dear. Cold roast-beef and salad is a great resource on cleaning-up days; but with macaroni and some preserved apricots will, I trust, suffice to sustain nature till tea-time, when I have a *picture* of a steak, with pickled walnuts, for the Admiral; I am certain it is as tender as a chicken. I observe that he is obliged to be careful with his teeth—though I would not notice it for the world. Well, we have made those rooms like a new pin! Yet I dare say *that* Mr. Reid will take no notice of it; or if he does, it will only be to grumble if any of his stupid old papers have been put out of their places! I do not want him to know that I stood over Collins the whole time (she is really not to be trusted for a thorough cleaning). But that man looks on me as his landlady, and nothing more. Laura, dear, you are not eating a mouthful! What is the matter with you? Come, now, you must have a glass of wine. You are looking like a ghost, and it is just absurd to live on a crust of bread and a glass of water!"

"I am sure water suits me much better than wine," replied Laura at the end of this long speech, which had been a good deal interrupted by dispensing the beef, mixing the salad, and cutting up Topsy's dinner.

"Don't tell me!" cried Mrs. Crewe, performing an energetic fantasia on the hand-bell. "I hate all that abstemious nonsense. You generally find the sort of people who make a merit of starving themselves, cross-grained and cold-natured. It is the duty of a Christian to enjoy in moderation the good things that his heavenly Father provides so plentifully for us miserable sinners. Collins, I have been ringing this half-hour. Here is your dinner, my girl. Go—go, and eat it up; you have had a hard morning's work. There are some cold potatoes on the lower right-hand shelf of the larder; warm them up for yourself, and—stop, here is some mustard—bring a saucer for Topsy; I have a little piece of cake for her; she does not like apricots. Run away now and eat your dinner; Miss Piers and myself want nothing more.

A pause ensued, while Topsy's second course was arranged and presented to her. Then Mrs. Crewe arose, unlocked a special cupboard, and took from thence a decanter of the sacred sherry.

"Now I insist on your taking a glass, Laura; you are looking miserably ill."

"You need not insist, dear Mrs. Crewe. I am quite ready to take it," returned Laura, who felt quite nervous and tremulous.

"That's right, my dear," cried Mrs. Crewe, pouring out a bumper. "I will keep you in countenance; as it is not every day that you and I indulge in this fashion, let us drink my

precious son's health, and dear Winnie's; may they both be happy and prosperous!"

Laura felt almost startled at the curious coincidence of Mrs. Crewe, thinking of Winnie at that moment, and associating her with Denzil. Did she still dream of a possible union between her adored son and her admired young friend? She, however, only murmured "may they indeed be happy," and fell into a deep painful silence, while Mrs. Crewe talked on cheerfully.

At last the dinner things were cleared away, the crumbs swept up, and Mrs. Crewe prepared for her period of repose, when with the *Standard* in hand, or now the Admiral was installed, *The Times*, which, as she observed, had an aristocratic tone about it; she dozed over the Fashionable Intelligence or the Police News, or was roused into keen attention by some thundering article against ministerial iniquity in high places; then Laura girt up the loins of her resolution, and as in her first essay that morning, plunged into her subject.

"I am glad you thought of drinking Winifrid's health," she began, "for in the letter I had from her this morning she tells me she will probably soon be married."

"Married!" almost screamed Mrs. Crewe, sitting upright in her arm-chair, "you do not say—why, she has never said a word to lead you to suppose that there was a chance of such a thing, not, at least, that *I* (with strong emphasis) was allowed to hear of. Why I thought that no one ever crossed the threshold at Ashley Grange. Who in the world is she going to be married to?"

"You could never guess," returned Laura, hurriedly, "and I am almost afraid to tell you, for I know you will be vexed at first; she is to be married almost immediately to my cousin."

"Your cousin," repeated Mrs. Crewe, unable to take in the idea, "what cousin?"

"Reginald Piers," said Laura in a low voice.

"What—your own fiancée—Winnie going to marry him! Well! of all the base, vile treachery I ever heard of, this is the worst. Why——" a pause of wordless indignation, "nothing that I ever read of in the *Family Herald*, or elsewhere, equals it; and you can sit there and tell me coolly. I declare it seems as if you had no feeling yourself."

This was a little too much. Laura's eyes filled with tears, a quick sob heaved her bosom, and caught Mrs. Crewe's ear. "Laura, dear, forgive me! I spoke thoughtlessly, Heaven knows what you must have endured! But I do not seem to be able to understand it. Is this the cause of your breaking with Mr. Piers? Ah! I see it all. Well, to think that Winnie, whom I loved like a daughter (indeed I hoped at one time she might have been), should have stolen his heart from you, who were like mother and sister in one to her, it is more than I can bear. Oh! the bright, beautiful viper! Never let her come near me again."

"But, Mrs. Crewe, Winnie is no viper, she is more sinned against than sinning!" Laura proceeded to plead for her as she had done to the Admiral, and ended by offering the letter she had received that morning to Mrs. Crewe for perusal, as the best defence of the delinquent she could offer.

Mrs. Crewe read it with knitted brow, and afterwards wiped her eyes as she returned it to Laura. "Oh! it is all very fine," she said, "but between them they have cheated you out of the sunshine and prosperity of your life: of all the selfish creatures on the face of the earth young men are the worst! But, Laura, my love, I consider that you have been decidedly ill-judging and imprudent. From your own account, Mr. Piers was more than willing to fulfill his engagement with you, and you should have held him to it. These sort of violent fancies, such as he seems to have for

your cousin, die away very soon; in a few months all would have been right, and *what* a position you would have secured for yourself, while Winnie would not be a penny the worse. I really think——"

"No! Mrs. Crewe! It is impossible you can believe me capable of such meanness as this," interrupted Laura with much animation. How could any man respect a wife who could so act."

"Ah! my dear! men care very little for anything in a woman but what contributes to their own comfort and amusement; that is, the greater number of them—and ten to one the first quarrel he has with that handsome cousin of yours" ("our dear Winnie" no longer), "he will say he wished she had never drawn him away from you."

"Good Heavens!" cried Laura, horrified, "you do not think he could be such a wretch."

"May he never be worse," returned Mrs. Crewe, with prophetic solemnity. "To think of all this tragedy going on under my very nose—and I never knew a word of it—I must say you were all very deep. Ah! there was one thought, now I think of it, you could not blind—clever as you both were. I remember sitting here talking to Denzil one night not long before he sailed, and he said to me, talking of Winnie—'That dream of fancy is over, she is a sweet creature, God help her, for she will need help,' or words to that effect; and then speaking of you, he said how pleased he was that you were to be with me; and adding, 'If I am not mistaken, she is a grand woman.' Depend upon it, *he* saw how matters stood—only *I* should call you a foolish, instead of a grand woman."

"Did Mr. Crewe say so?" exclaimed Laura. "I remember once thinking he perceived more than we thought. Ah! it was a terrible time for both Winnie and myself. Come, dear Mrs. Crewe, you are, after the Admiral, my best, my only friend; help me over this rugged bit of my road, 'Let us bury the past and accept the present.'"

"I will do whatever you like, Laura, dear," cried Mrs. Crewe, holding out her arms to her, "and am too glad to help you in any way, for if ever there was an angel of a girl, you are; only do not ask me to send messages to your cousin. I am a poor, insignificant widow, and I daresay what I think is of little matter, but if either of those creatures that have broken your heart and blighted your fortunes come near me, they will hear more than they would like."

"My heart is *not* broken," said Laura, firmly. "Wounded nigh unto death, I confess, but living still. This life of ours is wide enough and rich enough to afford more than one way to happiness, or at least content."

"Well for you you can think so!" exclaimed Mrs. Crewe, with warm sympathy. "In your place I should long to tear their eyes out, were it not for the purifying power of divine grace," she added, remembering herself. "Now, Laura, dear, you must be quite worn out; go and lie down for a while, and, as you have not eaten a mouthful of dinner, I will bring you a strong cup of tea and a nice round of buttered toast about four o'clock."

"You are too kind and thoughtful," said Laura, kissing her. "But you know I am to be in B. street with my Cheddington picture at quarter-past four, so I must go and get ready now. Wish me good luck, for if Mr. Deacon likes it, he may not only buy it, but employ me to make the copy of which he spoke."

"And *this* is to be luck for *you*!" exclaimed Mrs. Crewe, tragically.

Laura smiled, nodded her head pleasantly, and left the room to prepare for her expedition.

(To be continued.)





SWEET FERN.

## Home Art and Home Comfort.

### NEEDLE-WORK—DOYLEYS.

**T**HE little doyleys used between colored finger-bowls and the still choicer colored fruit-plates below them, give a rare opportunity for most exquisite and nice needle-work. These things are really for no use save decoration. They may perhaps protect the painting on the plate from the rough touch of the glass bowl above; but for actual "use with fruit and wine," as the dictionary defines the word "doyley," these are useless, and woe to the absent-minded man, who ignorantly crushes these little vanities in his strong, wet fingers, thinking to use them. "I will never forgive him for that—never," said a delightful lady to me not long ago when looking at some of these useless things, most daintily embroidered. These little doyleys come to sight at the comfortable end of the dinner-hour, when hungry nature's wants are satisfied, and kindly good-nature is warming the company into cheerful talk. There could be no better time to favorably examine a nice bit of needle-work, and if this same embroidery have some happy thought, some new idea over and above the nice handiwork, so much the better.

There are numberless ways of embroidering these doyleys. If the design is slight, with little work, a border of pulled work and hem-stitching can be put first about the doyley.

could discover the authors of the dozen quotations. A monogram can be put in the opposite corner to the quotation.

As a rule, embroidery, it is said, should be more or less conventional. I have seen one set of doyleys done absolutely naturalistic in most elaborate shaded solid stem-stitch, with the finest of split silks, setting at naught conventional rules, and these same doyleys were exquisitely dainty. The success was due to perfect needle-work and a nice eye for color.



OXALIS.

This can be done with advantage with some of the Japanese designs. If the border is careful and elaborate, a single Japanese figure of a man or woman in one corner, done with very few lines, is enough. If a larger design is used, the border may be less, or wholly omitted. The willow pattern has long been in use, done in two shades of old blue. This design has held its own, because, when well done, it means a great deal of labor and time devoted to the work. Moreover, the blues are a durable color, and the doyleys wash well. I know a set that have been in use two years, and look as fresh as new. This design can be taken from a small willow-plate. It can often be stamped at the shops, as it is a well-known design.

A set of mottoes carefully selected, then carefully printed in Old English letters, stitched with greatest care, make an exceedingly interesting and literary set of doyleys. It might be doubtful if many of the dozen about a dinner-table

The designs could not possibly be given to any one not at home with a paint-brush to embroider.

In this number I give four simple flower designs to be done in stem-stitch. These may be done in silk or in split crewels. If silk is used, see that the silk is boiled and faded before using. Many of the greens of the fibrils change considerably, and often for the better. It is very safe, if you are not sure about your colors, to keep to two shades of old blue, the darker for leaves, the lighter for flowers. If your silk is very fine, you may find it best to double the stem-lines, as in the "Viola Pedata" design. If you use crewels or heavier silk, the single stem-line, as in the Starwort design, will be better. If you use your pencil at all, do not hesitate to take any small wild flower, and try other designs for yourself.

HETTA L. H. WARD.

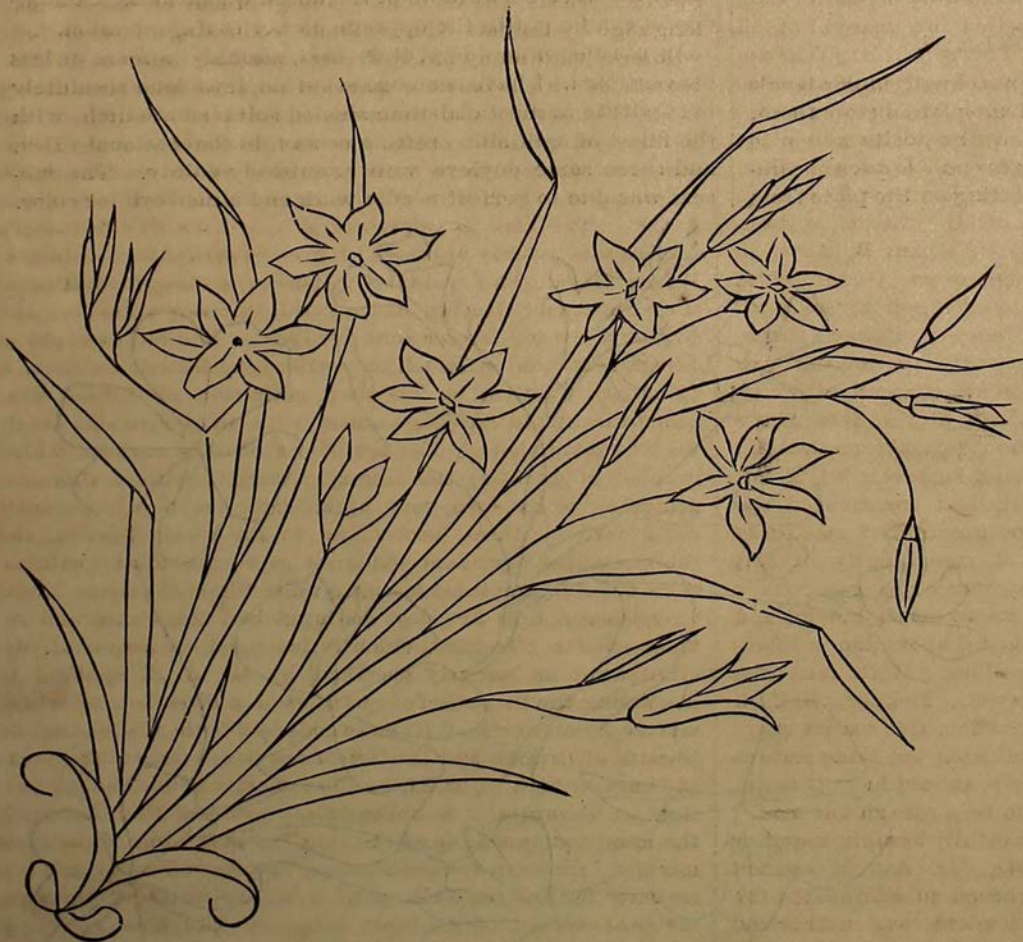


VIOLA PEDATA.

### The Tambourine.

SOME of the finest private collections of pictures are to be found in England—a country that has always been a liberal patron of the fine arts. Among the most attractive galleries is that of Lieut. Col. Ratcliff, Wyddrington, Edgbaston, where the original of our charming engraving, "The Tambourine," is found.

The history of individuals is sometimes told by their faces, and in that of the young tambourine player we can easily trace her story. Thrown on her own resources, perhaps the eldest of a helpless family, she goes forth daily with her tam bourineto earn a precarious living. Wearily she plods from door to door, through the sunshine and through the storm, patient, hopeful, and enduring. Kind hearts, touched by her beauty and gentle bearing, render her assistance; and thus she goes on her way gathering in a little store for the dear ones at home. Notwithstanding her weary calling, she is a cheerful worker, for she has youth, health, and a heart full of that sunny



STARWORT.

hope which ever lights up the pathway of the young, even if they are not the prosperous. Her experience of life may, perchance, have made her thoughtful beyond her years, and given a pensive, but by no means a gloomy expression to her lovely face.

The artist has seized the moment to depict her when, weary with her wanderings, she rests awhile, leaning on her tambourine in an attitude at once natural and expressive. The wistful face with "its eyes' dark charm," the rich masses of black hair, shading the brow and shielding the neck, the expression so fraught with thoughtfulness, intelligence, and goodness, impart to the young musician an irresistible charm, and create in every heart admiration and sympathy. The picturesque costume heightens the force of expression, and gives striking individuality to the figure. The artist, Pierre De Coninck, evidently had a beautiful model, and he has set her before us with the charming skill and graceful beauty which characterizes all his efforts.

### Enlarged Astor Library.

**W**ITH the recent important and distinct stage of growth in the Astor Library, the facts at this point in its history indicate a natural division and passing away of a generation of American bibliophiles. A final severance of official relations coincided with the recent death in September last of Mr. Samuel P. Ruggles, the latest surviving of the original trustees named in John Jacob Astor's will. The appointment of Mr. William W. Astor has filled the vacancy in the board caused by the death of Mr. Ruggles. The latter has discharged also the duties of secretary of the organization for a continuous period of more than twenty-six years, and until compelled by reason of ill health to resign that office in 1876. Thereafter Mr. William I. Happin served in that capacity until his resignation also was rendered necessary, consequent upon his diplomatic appointment for London. The duties of the position then became next incumbent upon Mr. Daniel D. Lord, and thus continuing until the final election of Prof. Henry Drisler of Columbia College. The nomination of Mr. Alexander Hamilton in 1876, as the successor of Mr. William B. Astor in the presidency, was made by Mr. Ruggles and General Dix, then the remaining original trustees, and of whom the latter is finally succeeded by Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter. From events like these it has resulted that with the present year an entirely distinct generation of men are charged with conducting the affairs of the library, which, at the date of its founder's death, in 1848, was yet without formal organization.

Fully ten years previous to that time, however, Mr. Astor, with the assistance of Dr. Cogswell, had commenced the collection of books, with the ultimate intention of establishing a bibliographical institution of rare quality in this country. It was here, that the projector of so generous a plan had acquired a competence for its accomplishment, and here had wisely and fortunately gathered about him a scholarly company for friends and counsellors. With men like Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Dr. Cogswell, Ticknor, Halleck and Ripley, held first for advice and office, the reason is apparent that the need of minds of somewhat the same serious order and rank in learning as their own, should have been intimately understood as well as felt to be a paramount one.

As an addition to what had been carefully brought together during the several preceding years, Mr. Astor's learned friend and agent who had been chosen to administer the affairs of the library as its superintendent, was authorized in 1848 to purchase books in Europe to the value of \$20,000, and, before the opening of the library, two later foreign

tours had been accomplished by Dr. Cogswell in the pursuit of literary acquisitions of value. Previous to the completion of the building, of which the corner stone was laid in 1850, a house was used temporarily for the purpose of verifying the invoices received, and arranging and classifying the volumes. The indefatigable and judicious collector spent the winter of 1852 in making the selections of 25,000 books, including a mathematical section numbering 3,000 volumes, purchased in Berlin, and another of 5,000, chiefly of philosophical character, obtained in Florence. This method of pursuit was diligently continued from 1849 to 1854 in various European libraries and book markets.

The character of these original collections, amounting to 70,000 or 80,000 volumes when the library was opened in 1854, was analytically described by Irving in his first report as president of the board of trustees. In that connection the departments of Theology and Jurisprudence were mentioned as being provided with good collections, while that of natural sciences was considered one of the richest and best furnished in the library, having been also very costly. It then contained nearly 5,000 volumes, among which were such works as *Palmarum Genera et Species*, by Martius; Wallien's *Plantæ Asiaticæ Rariores*; Roxburgh's *Plants of the Coast of Coromandel*; a complete set of Gould's *Birds of Europe, Australia, the Himalayas*; Audubon's *Birds of America*; Sibthorp's *Floræ Græce*, and many others of similar character. Quite an extensive range had been realized in Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics, yet literature appeared in preponderant strength, represented in more than a hundred different languages and dialects. This department already included many of the most admirable works on Egyptian hieroglyphs and cuneiform inscriptions; the best vocabularies of the Mexican and South American Indians, published by the early Spanish priests, the dictionary and grammar of the Persian language by the late King of Oude, consisting of seven folio volumes, with many more of corresponding interest in this branch, of which also the expansion has since been remarkably full. The historical department constituted a fourth of the library, yet the most costly was that of the fine arts; including archæology, there were provided as its nucleus 2,500 volumes, of which fifty of the large folios had cost about \$3,000. The class is represented by works like Piranesi's *Antiquities*, twenty volumes; *Musec Francais*, four volumes; *Musec Royal*, two volumes; Raphael's *Loggie Vaticano*, three volumes; *Grecian Antiquities*, thirteen volumes; and Gruner's *Fresco Decorations of Italy*. The bibliographical department was enriched, or rather established, by the gift from Dr. Cogswell of his own collection of 5,000, or as sometimes stated, 6,000 volumes, with many rare and costly works among them. The influences of this earnest bibliographer in investing the library primarily with a character according to his own very high ideal, has been constantly recognized by those succeeding to its administration, and there remains abundant evidence of the peculiar qualifications of bibliographical learning united in enthusiasm in its exercise which in his day distinguished this exact and refined scholar. To him evidently belonged the power of discrimination as recently specified by Mr. A. R. Spofford in discussing the most useful qualities of a librarian, of whose service he observes, "If he cannot buy both the *Manuel du libraire* of Brunet, and the *Trisor des livres rares et precieux*, of Graesse, both of which are dictionaries of the choicer portions of literature, it is unimportant to know that Brunet is the more indispensable of the two." Something of the ideal mind, "infinite in comprehension," seems indicated by such capacity for fine selection, carried to the result of the symmetrical creation of a library designed like this to collect works in every department of human learning.

While the claims of every variety of knowledge were to

be regarded without preference, the plan of the Astor library was in a measure adapted to supply deficiencies in other collections, whereby effort has been least directed to the complete expansion of those divisions in which other libraries of the city were known to be strong. Yet with the needs of the community considered duly in this respect, with reference to a basis of selection, this library was by no means intended to correspond to the level of the uncultivated class. Its character has been well defined as strictly that of a high school of letters, providing sources of information for literary scholars, artists and scientists, with but few duplicates of works, and very little matter of any ephemeral kind, and in considering its degree of usefulness there is always to be kept in mind the distinct purpose for which the original grand bequest of John Jacob Astor the elder was made. This liberal donor and his distinguished associates conceived of an institution in some respects different from all those of the primarily popular kind by which the country is greatly benefited. Although it was proposed to make this a library for general use, it was to be as a source of superior information, to promote the foremost scholarship and to encourage research. This would also lead to its occupying a position somewhat different from that of the college libraries, which, growing up in connection with the demand of the regular work of the college, are found to take a special character of which such a library as indicated naturally continues independent. Its benefit was intended to be more like that of the libraries of older countries, answering to highly advanced inquiry, and presenting the latest results of intellectual activity.

Such was the scheme to which the attention of the Legislature of 1849 was invited in the message of Mr. Hamilton Fish, as Governor of the State; referring, in connection, to the death of Mr. Astor, the document presented the application of the trustees for an act of incorporation, and with the charter granted, the business of establishing a free library in the city of New York went prosperously forward. A perfect and sympathetic adherence to the testator's ideas was practiced on the part of his original associates, with the undertaking continued in the same feeling by their successors. The will of Mr. Astor, bequeathing \$400,000 for the foundation of the library, stipulated that the cost of the structure for storing the books should not exceed \$75,000, an amount considered hardly sufficient for the plainest structure of the dimensions required. Of the reason of this peculiar limitation no one has ever professed to have an exact understanding, yet the conditions imposed were not, on such account, to be carried out with any less fidelity of spirit. There was considerable difficulty, however, in finding any builder who would undertake the erection of the library on those terms, but this was finally accomplished.

On the site secured for the purpose in Lafayette Place, a plain building of brick, raised upon a lower story of rustic ashlar brown-stone, was erected. Its style is Byzantine, with massive entablature, brown-stone mouldings, and deeply-recessed windows, with semi-circular tops. An addition very soon became necessary, in anticipation of which a deed of the land adjoining had been presented to the trustees as early as 1855, by Mr. William B. Astor, the son of the founder of the library. The second building, of the same style as that originally built, was completed in 1859, Mr. Astor becoming in that year also the President of the Board, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Irving. This newly-added space provided for the departments of history and literature, with the south hall occupied entirely by those of science and the industrial arts, with the latter also increased by a gift from Mr. Astor of \$15,000 to be applied to the purchase of new works of this class.

The collection was again tending to soon transcend the capacity of the building when the trustees, in their annual

report for 1879, voted another gift of land on the north, coming from Mr. John Jacob Astor, Jr., the son of William B. Astor, with the proposal for the erection thereon of an additional structure. It is this building which has recently been completed at a cost of nearly \$200,000, and in a style corresponding with that of the earlier construction. The new portion is 65 feet in front, by which increase the triple structure has a frontage of 200 feet, with an average depth of more than 100 feet.

The library was necessarily closed for a longer period than usual during the past Summer, while connections were being made with the formerly existing library. A new and enlarged entrance hall has also been constructed in the center of the building, approached by a double flight of steps, with also a double ascent at the other side within, terminating at a landing from which a single flight in white stone leads to the middle hall. A room for the use of the trustees occupies the former place of the staircase. An additional height has been given to the middle building by an attic story, which much improves the exterior effect. The spacious new vestibule, which is 60 by 40 feet, is finished with an appropriate style of wainscoting and frescoes, and further adorned by a series of twenty-four marble busts from the antique, procured from Florence and presented by Mrs. F. H. Delano.

The interior arrangement follows the traditional form of a large library as having source with old monastic ideas, when the seclusion of alcoves suited the habits of students who were exclusively monks. It is recorded that in the West, from the time of Charlemagne, no monastery was founded without a library. The alcove system, which came to be adopted, giving convenient access to books shelved about the recluse, is still found most desirable when employed with a collection for an exclusively scholarly use, with students allowed access to the shelves. This library, however, is not dim or strange, but of most open and cheerful aspect within. It is of lofty height, lighted by an extended skylight formed of carved panes of glass, and by large windows both in the front and rear, facing eastward and westward. A new skylight was provided, about three years since, in the south hall, to replace the old one which had become cracked and injured by time, the cost of this repair, amounting to \$1,500, being defrayed by Mr. Astor.

By the recent arrangement the work of delivery of the books has been concentrated in the middle hall instead of being carried on, as formerly, in separate departments. Both the north and south halls are thus rendered quiet reading rooms, with the service of books in special charge of one librarian aided by one adult assistant and by four boys. The rearrangement of books is not yet completed, but is in progress, and to result in the fine arts and belles-lettres being situated on the main floor of the south hall; and the natural sciences and professions dependent upon them on the upper floor of the south hall, and the other sciences and professions on the upper floor of the north hall. The middle hall is intended to receive the overflow from these four great divisions, besides containing special collections. The patents, comprising a remarkably valuable list, are here arranged within the rail at the front side, and opposite the staircase.

The completion of the catalogue continuation down to 1880 has not been accomplished, as there was hope it might be by the time of reopening the library. Yet the work of preparing this catalogue can hardly be considered slow, viewed in relation to such work in other libraries. The completest and most extensive catalogue in the world is acknowledged to be that of the British Museum (MS.), now extended to more than 1,600 folio volumes, yet this is reported as not completed so as to embrace the entire contents of "that rich repository of knowledge" in a single alphabet. The continuation of the catalogue of the Astor Library relates to accessions

for the past twenty years, the entire period since the catalogue arranged by Dr. Cogswell was printed. The work was termed by its author a perpetual catalogue, the system of classification being that of Brunet. Its arrangement is such as never to require any change except that of enlargement as the library increases. This catalogue, issued in four octavo volumes in 1857-1861, with a supplement of 1866, is, briefly, a dictionary of authors, with a condensed index of subjects in the final volume. The plan of card catalogues, very closely representing accessions down to the present time, has been in satisfactory use since 1876, with additions placed by this means before the public within a few days after the purchase and arrangement of books on the shelves.

The additions have become considerable in recent years, with an annual expenditure from the regular fund appropriated to the increase of the library amounting, at present, to several thousand dollars, the sum expended last year for books and bindings being \$8,362.13. Of Mr. William B. Astor's bequest of \$249,000, the sum of \$49,000 was applicable to the purchase of books, and of which the last instalment was paid by his executors in 1876, within a year after his death. The same year Mr. John Jacob Astor donated to the library the amount of \$10,000 to be devoted to the same use, and in 1878 bestowed another \$10,000 to be applied in like manner as the former. For that year the trustees gave the preference to American history and oriental literature, apportioning a liberal amount to the increase of those branches, as in the preceding year, with purchases of books amounting to \$27,815.66. The additions had been particularly great in the departments of art, architecture, archæology, numismatics, natural science and linguistics. By way of direct donations of books, the library is in receipt of sometimes several thousands annually, as in 1878, when the contributions of that kind amounted to 2,342.

The number of books reported in the collection is 195,094, its contents being thus nearly the same numerically as those of the Royal Library of Madrid, the Magliabechiana Library, Florence, the Library of the Museo Borbonico and the University Library of Bologna, each of which, according to recent estimate, contains 200,000 volumes. Its extent is half that of the Royal Library of Munich and the University of Göttingen, containing 400,000 each, while it is less extensive than the Bodleian Library, Oxford, which numbers 310,000, with farther disparity in relation to the collection of 500,000 volumes in the Royal collection at Dresden, the 550,000 belonging to the Royal Library of Copenhagen, and the 700,000 in the Berlin Royal Library; and this is, of course, a small library in comparison with the Imperial St. Petersburg, numbering 1,100,000 volumes, the British Museum Library, believed to contain 1,800,000, and the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, represented as possessing an even larger number. Yet allowance is always to be made in regard to reports of libraries, for in relation to even such eminent statisticians as Pétit-Kadel, Villenave, Malchus, Schnabel, Bailly, Boismarsas, Bisinger, Ebert, Eustace, Hasael, Laborde, Amati, Stein, Haendel, Meidinger, and others of their rank, we are reminded by M. Balbi of certain causes of faulty statement:

The imposing and scrupulously minute details so frequently published by statisticians, geographers and travelers, offer only a delusive exactitude, since authors who are contemporaneous, sometimes writing even in the same year, assign to the same library number of volumes which differ from each other by a fourth, a third, a half, and even by more than four times and ten times as many.

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Before the revolution everybody in France estimated at 300,000 or even 500,000 volumes the Bibliothèque du Roi. A judicious bibliographer, the late M. Barbier, had reduced it to 200,000 (in the *Annuaire administratif et statistique du département de la Seine*, 1805.) But already the learned librarian at that very time, Mr. Van Praet, having in 1791 counted one by

one the volumes then embraced in the collection, had found only 152,868, of which 23,243 were of folio, 41,373 of quarto, 88,252 of octavo and smaller sizes.

The author of an able article on the library of the city of Lyons, not long since reduced to 90,000 volumes the 106,000, 110,000 and 120,000 that for several years some people have been pleased and still choose to accord it.

St. Mark's library in Venice was once reported as having 150,000 volumes. In 1822 the number was placed at 90,000. Then the learned librarian, Abbé Bettis, reported that it did not count more than 65,000 volumes and 5,000 MSS.

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One of the principal causes of this astonishing disparity of opinion is undoubtedly the different manner of calculating the literary wealth of the same library. One author will count only the printed books, another adds to these the number of manuscripts; another reduces to a certain number of volumes the dissertations, pamphlets and fugitive pieces, which are preserved separately in pasteboards or bound in volumes, which the first entirely excluded from his estimate. a fourth adds in the same way a certain number of volumes for engravings, maps and plans, which, not forming any work, could not be included among the printed books; a fifth, looking upon the dissertations, pamphlets and fugitive pieces as so many volumes, thinks he should add their numbers to that of the printed books in the library.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two or three thousand volumes preserved in the War Dépôt at Paris, or among the military archives at Vienna, a few hundreds of the precious MSS. of the Vatican Library at Rome, the Laurentian at Florence, the Ambrosian at Milan, the Royal at Paris, the Bodleian at Oxford, or merely a thousand of the incuriabilia, these libraries and those of the other capitals of Europe possess; a thousand even of those which form the principal part of Lord Spencer's magnificent collection (justly regarded as the first of all the libraries at present owned by individuals) considered either with reference to scientific value and the special subjects of which they treat, or with reference to their high price, are undoubtedly equivalent to this or that library of Italy, Spain or Portugal, which contains twenty or thirty thousand volumes relating only to ascetic subjects, scholastic theology, and the old Aristotelian philosophy. How many thousand volumes of the latter class would it not be necessary to accumulate to represent the value of even a few of those portfolios which form the magnificent collection of His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, of His Imperial Highness, the Archduke Charles, or of the cabinets connected with the royal libraries of Paris, Munich, Dresden, London, Amsterdam, Copenhagen or the Imperial Library of Vienna? How many of these also would it not be necessary to amass to represent the value of some small special libraries; for example, the libraries of the celebrated Oriental scholars, Morrison, Klaprath, Neumann, and Hammer, or that which the noted Baron Schilling collected during his voyage to Kiachtu, which scholars wish to see united to the library of some public establishment at St. Petersburg, where it is at the present time; or the valuable botanical library of M. De Candolle, at Geneva, joined to the magnificent herbarium of this first of living botanists, or even the collection of Japanese books that the celebrated traveler, Siebold, has just brought to Europe—a collection which, in spite of its meagreness (it consisting of only 1,500 volumes), is the largest that this portion of the world possesses, independently of the importance of the works it contains.

The views of this author may also aid as illustrating the general motive of selection, operating in the increase of the Astor Library, the class of books sought here being not alone those of intrinsic and permanent value, but such as are of the widest usefulness. Although, of course, immature, probably no collection of the same universal character in any country is of higher quality. It has never, however, been thought desirable by the trustees to expend the purchasing fund largely in the direction of extremely rare and costly antiquarian books and manuscripts. Although there has been acquired a fair proportion of such works, a great many of these have come as direct gifts. Several of rare value have been presented, from time to time, by members of the Astor family. Some of the most noted among recent additions of this character, made by Mr. John Jacob Astor, are *Epistolæ Apostolicæ Græce*, a fine Greek manuscript of the eleventh century, on Charta Combicina, in quarto, handsomely bound, formerly in the library of the Duke of Sussex; *De Diciplina Perfectione Monastice Conversationis*, an illuminated manuscript on vellum, dated 1350, and containing several religious treatises; *Biblia Sacra Latina*, a magnificent manuscript of the Vulgate, on vellum, dated in the fourteenth century,

and enriched with miniatures and decorative initials in gold and colors; Boethii, De Consolatione Philosophiæ, a curious manuscript of the fourteenth century, in quarto, with the original wooden binding; Aristotelis, Liber de Virtutibus et Vitiis, Græce et Latine, a beautiful vellum manuscript of the early part of the fifteenth century, embellished with illuminations and Arabesque borders; Claudiani, De Raptu Proserpinæ, a manuscript volume on vellum, belonging to the period of the Italian Renaissance; Janua (J. De) Catholicæ edicio princeps, 2 volumes, folio, 1460, a valuable specimen of early printing, attributed to Gutenberg; Die Heylige Bibel, 2 volumes imperial, folio, 1460, the first German bible with a date, printed by Zainer, of Augsburg, in Gothic type, with illuminations in gold and colors, and wood cut initials colored by hand. Mr. Astor has also bestowed the rare and interesting collection of seventeenth century tracts, made by the late Hepworth Dixon, and another collection of volumes and pamphlets, Temp., Charles I., acquired by himself in England during the summer of 1880. Several other recent accessions received by gift are of great interest and value. Among these is a copy of Rymer's Fœdara, in 20 volumes, folio, in excellent preservation, donated by Mr. Charles O'Connor; the American State Papers, 21 volumes, folio, completing the library set, presented by Judge Albert S. Bolles, of Norwich; the fourth folio edition of Shakespeare, and 120 sheets of the Ordnance Map of Great Britain, the gift of the president of the library association, Mr. Alexander Hamilton; the valuable work of Professor Owen upon the Extinct Mammals of Australia, presented to the library by Mr. William Astor; a complete set of the publications of the United States Hydrographic Office, including about 1,000 marine charts, presented through the bureau of Navigation in the Navy Department; and a gift from Mr. F. H. Delano of an Ethiopic manuscript from the Abyssinian convent at Jerusalem. The latter interesting work contains the psalter, the prayers of the prophets, the song of Solomon, and the wedase Mariam or praises of Mary, written on parchment, with leathern satchel and strap and old Abyssinian binding. The class of early editions, illuminated works of the middle ages, and precious manuscripts, while not extensive, contains several unique examples. During the past five years, the accessions by purchase have included several important groups of artistic character, frequently consisting of books of plates and engravings, being large and expensive folios. An example of this kind acquired most recently is that of L'Œuvre de Rembrandt décrit et commenté, par M. Charles Blanc, a work comprising the reproduction of all the prints of the master. Much has recently been accomplished toward completing sets with reference to the new catalogue, and with this purpose in view there have been added all of the later publications of the Institute of Archæological Correspondence of Rome; a similar set of Documents inédits sur l'histoire de France; fifty-two tomes of Migne's Patrologia Græca; the back volumes of several important scientific serials; and seventy volumes of Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, completing the set of the library. The management of the daily affairs of the institution, under the direction of the present superintendent, Mr. Robbins Little, has proved remarkably able and beneficial, and subordinate offices from that of the senior librarian, Mr. Frederic Saunders, down, have long been efficiently discharged by the same persons, with rare changes, except in increasing the number of boy assistants, as becoming necessary from the number of readers being nearly doubled within the last ten years. In all respects the condition of the library is thoroughly prosperous, and while the increase of its collections may be unequal to that of older foreign libraries with vast sources from government munificence, its advancement as a scheme of private generosity is truly remarkable.

## A Church Sociable.



HEAR that candles are becoming fashionable. Is that so?" asks Miss Nolan.

"Oh, yes," says Miss Bently. "In New York everybody uses candles."

"That is rather sweeping," I say, "for I think their use is confined to particular occasions. I do not know of any one who makes ordinary use of them."

"I don't think they give a good light," says Miss Nolan.

"It is not for their light that they are valued, although that is not to be despised," I say, "but for their decorative use. A dozen or so of lighted candles, in tall candelabra, adds wonderfully to the appearance of a table, and when each candle is decorated with a tiny crimson shade the effect is quite fairy-like."

"It must be lovely," says Miss Nolan, "but isn't that kind of table decoration open to the same objection that épergnes and tall floral ornaments have, cutting off the view of opposite neighbors, etc.?"

"It certainly might at a dinner or lunch, but it is for evening parties and afternoon receptions that they are so popular. Then, you know, the table is handsomely arranged without any provision being made for people to seat themselves thereat, but the guests are supplied as they stand, or sit, if they can find accommodation, in some other part of the room."

"I have wondered," says Miss Maltby, "whether we could introduce that fashion in our church sociables."

"Oh, I wish we could," say several voices together.

"It fairly makes life a burden," pursues Miss Maltby, "to prepare table after table every night we have a sociable. The last time we had one at our house seventy-five people came, and the table had to be set four times. The last tableful were not seated till ten o'clock, although we began to have supper at half-past six."

"I think the last set must have been tolerably hungry."

"Yes, or else so tired waiting that they didn't want anything. Mrs. Platt, I know, suffered from waiting so long, for she nearly fainted, and had a headache all the next day. Her health is poor, and she has to be very regular about her meals."

"Where is the next sociable to be held?" I ask.

"At our house," says Miss Brett.

"Suppose then you be a pioneer, Miss Brett, and inaugurate a new style. What sort of a supper is generally supplied—anything very elaborate?"

"There are no restrictions, but there is a sort of tacit understanding," says Miss Bently, "among the few people whose houses are large enough to have the gatherings that there shall be nothing very grand."

"But even simple things involve a great deal of trouble when you have a succession of tables."

"We try to have cold dishes as far as possible," says Miss Brett, "but gentlemen seem to enjoy oysters, and unless they are pickled, of course they must be served hot."

"Suppose we dispense with the oysters, and have scalloped chicken at your next. That is a dish that can be prepared in the morning and put in the oven half an hour before it is wanted. If you want something less expensive veal will make a good substitute for chicken."

"We have any quantity of chickens," says Miss Brett, "but I don't know how to make the dish you speak of."

"I will tell you how presently," I say, "but let us talk about the table first; contract it a little so as to leave room for people to stand in the room, and set it as tastefully as you please, but put on the plates in piles, or pile them on a waiter with a supply of forks also upon it, and pass them

around to people as they sit without formally inviting them to enter the dining-room."

"Then nobody would see how pretty the table looked," says Miss Nolan.

"That is true," I say, "well, intimate to a few people that supper is ready, and let them move toward the supper room, then others will follow till the room is full. Help people as soon as they come near the table, and as soon as any finish let them give their places to others, or you may send supplies to those who have failed to find accommodation in the first place, and I should advise you to take all the small stands and tables you can into the parlor, so that those who sit in there to sup, instead of going into the dining-room, may make use of them. It is a great convenience, even if people do not sit around a table, to have one at hand to place a cup or plate upon. People who entertain a good deal have whole sets of small, light tables to use on such occasions."

"I should think at our sociable," says Miss Brett, "the dining table might be made very small and leave a good deal of space in the room."

"So it can, but if it is too small it will look overcrowded when the things are all on it."

"Tell me just how it should be set, please."

"Cover it with a nice table-cloth, just as you would for dinner, unless you have the good fortune to possess one of the old mahogany dining tables so much coveted at present. In that case by no means conceal its polished top with anything larger than mats to place hot dishes upon. A high centerpiece of flowers is admissible, as no one will take a place at your table, and, as I am sure I remember seeing handsome old silver candelabra on your mantle, you can fill them with candles and put one on each side of the table. So much for purely ornamental arrangements, and then we have to think of what might be considered the more important part of the banquet. At one end of the table put the tea and coffee, with the necessary cups. Opposite place the most important dish, whether it is salad, oysters, or something else, and arrange as uniformly as you can all the sweets and salads you have provided, keeping such dishes toward the middle of the table to leave room for an outside circle of piles of plates and napkins, groups of forks and spoons and large plates of thinly-sliced and buttered bread, or biscuit, or sandwiches."

"I should like to have bouillon if I knew how to make it," says Miss Brett.

"That would be an innovation for a church sociable," says Miss Nolan.

"It does sound party-fied," says I, "but why wouldn't it be a very good idea, for some of the company come from a great distance, and have a long drive home after their supper, and I suppose a good many old and delicate people attend who would certainly be glad of anything so stimulating and strengthening as bouillon. It is very easily made, and as it can be prepared several days before it is wanted it would not add much to your labors on the night of the sociable. It is served in small cups which are only a little more than half filled. To make enough for thirty-five cups take fifteen pounds of beef and bones, cracking the latter into pieces no larger than hickory nuts, add six quarts of water, and stew slowly for five hours or until all the good is extracted from the meat. Set it away to cool, then skim off every particle of fat, and strain through a cloth or hair sieve. When it is wanted you can warm it and serve in a large pitcher, previously heated, with a folded napkin laid over the top to keep in the heat."

"I have been wondering," says Miss Jones, "how Miss Brett can get plates and cups enough to feed everybody at once. When we have served tables ever so many ladies always set to work and wash up the dishes between times."

"It is a serious thought," I say, "but won't it be possible to hire some at the store, the commonest ware would answer, for every one would understand the circumstances."

"Perhaps it would," says Miss Maltby, "but it would be necessary, for all the neighbors will lend dishes, glass and spoons with the greatest pleasure. Thank goodness, we all like to help each other here. We have that merit if we have no other."

"And that is not a small or very common one, I assure you," I say, "and if your new style of supper-serving is a success and is approved by the participants, allow me to suggest that you take measures to raise money enough to buy an ample supply of dishes and plated spoons and forks for your future sociables. The things can be the property of the church, and can be kept at the house of one of the officers when not in use or can be left at the house where the last sociable occurs till they are needed at another house."

"What a perfectly splendid idea!" exclaims Miss Bently. "But how shall we collect money?"

"Have a fancy-work table at the next anniversary supper in the town hall," says one of the young ladies. "You know we have been half inclined to have one."

"Capital," assents Miss Bently. "I shall set up a Macramé lambrequin the minute I get home. If we make as much money as we did at our last year's table we can get colored plates and cups."

"I dare say you can get them in town for less than you would have to give for white ware here," I say, "and I should try to have them, for when the ware is coarse a pretty decoration helps to redeem it, and the ugly shade of the white ground is not noticeable when there are colored figures upon it."

"Well," says Miss Maltby, "if we succeed in raising the money we will appoint a committee to go into town to buy the things. But we must work very hard, for there is really very little time to prepare our fancy things."

"Don't confine yourself to fancy work," I say, "but put some useful articles on your table, such as aprons, caps, children's collars and other things which people may be glad to buy, even if they resist the temptation to secure pin-cushions and tidies. We all like to help ourselves while we are helping others, and so useful things often have a better sale than merely pretty trifles. And now I will tell Miss Brett how to make scalloped chicken, and then let you resume the subject of your fancy-work table."

"Please wait till I get pencil and paper to write down the recipe," says Miss Brett, "for I have such a splendid forgettery that I shouldn't have an idea how to make it ten minutes after if I didn't write it out."

"Chickens that are not very young are better for this use than others are," I say, after the pencil and paper are found, "but they must be boiled for a long time slowly and with but a little water. When they are done, put them in the oven to brown, and when you take them out pour the liquor in which they were boiled into the pan they were browned in and make it into a gravy as if for roasted fowl. Chop the chickens into small dice and put into a deep baking dish with alternate layers of bread crumbs broken into pieces about the size of the bits of chicken. The gravy should be nicely seasoned with salt, pepper and celery seed, thickened with flour, and poured into the dish till it nearly covers the contents. Sift powdered bread crumbs over the top, put on a plentiful supply of small bits of butter and bake three-quarters of an hour. It is better to let it stand fifteen or twenty minutes at least before cooking, to let the bread-crumbs absorb the gravy, and as I said before, it can be left all day. It should not be too dry, or sufficiently moist to be half liquid when it is dished."

MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

# 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.

#### Antiquity of the American Man.

How long has man been on this planet? is a question often asked, but the answer is always unsatisfactory. The remains of implements and articles used by human beings have been found in strata hundreds of thousands of years old. Ages must have passed since the savage man first emerged from a semi-brute condition. Mr. Wiggins of Waverley, New Jersey, found on the top of the Alleghany Mountains in Perry County, Pennsylvania, a piece of metamorphic limestone upon which was clearly visible the print of the right foot of a human being. The impression is about an inch deep and shows the five toes and the perfectly formed foot of a man. This piece of stone has been sent to the Smithsonian institution. The rock is of great antiquity and must have antedated the oldest memorials of Egypt. It certainly is the earliest trace of man in America.

#### Hydrophobia.

Three physicians of Milan, Italy, declare they have discovered a cure for hydrophobia. So confident are they that if a pecuniary reward is offered sufficiently large, one of them will allow himself to be bitten by a dog in the presence of witnesses so as to test the value of the antidote. They ask that a fund shall be raised to test this important matter publicly. In the meantime an American physician declares that he has successfully treated hydrophobia by giving medicines which brought on profuse perspiration. There ought to be prizes for antidotes to maladies which are dangerous or are usually considered incurable. Hydrophobia is the result of specific poisoning and there should be some way of neutralizing the virus.

#### A Cure all.

Dr. Déclat, a French physician, is now in this country with a remedy for most of the ills to which flesh is heir. Disease, according to him, is due to the presence in the body of morbid germs. Kill those germs, he says, and you cure the disease. Hence he recommends the use of phinic acid, a preparation of pure carbolic acid. Dr. Durant of New York cured Edwin Booth of a dangerous tongue malady with pure carbolic acid. It is soon seen what value Dr. Déclat's phinic acid will have in curing disease, for physicians are now everywhere testing it.

#### A Novel Cure for Smallpox.

A boat which was conveying sixteen Chinamen sick with the smallpox, to an hospital in San Francisco Bay, suddenly upset. The Chinamen were thoroughly drenched in cold salt water, and it was a full hour before they could be placed in comfortable quarters. The physicians and attendants of course supposed that they would all die, but to every one's astonishment they all got well. If Chinamen with the smallpox are cured by the application of cold salt water, may it not show that the previous treatment was all wrong. The people of San Francisco would very willingly dump all Chinamen, sick and well, into the bay, and would not cry much if they never got out of the water.

#### Electric Light Stock.

The speculative craze of the day in England and America is in the stock of electric light companies. In London alone over \$10,000,000 has been invested in this manner, and the shares of electric light companies in this country must represent double that amount of money. It was always thus. Every invention intended to benefit the race is at first neglected and then over appreciated. When railways became popular in England the shares reached fabulous figures. The first successful cables represented high values, and now there is an over-estimation of the value of electric lights, yet undoubtedly in large cities they are destined to replace gas and will return handsome profits on money legitimately invested.

#### Regenerated Italy.

The Italian peninsula is coming to the front again as a great power. Rome in olden times was the mistress of the world, and in the middle ages the Italian cities held the keys of the commerce of the civilized globe. Italy, in fact, lies between the opu-

lent east and the civilized west, and she is once more in a position to control the commerce between the Orient and the Occident. The two great engineering feats of the age will finally turn to the advantage of Italy. The opening of the Suez Canal makes the Pacific and Indian oceans and all their shores tributary to the Mediterranean. The natural landing place for all the vessels which pass through the canal is some port in Italy which communicates by rail directly with the great centers of population. The Mont Cenis and St. Gothard tunnels furnish this railway communication direct with France, Switzerland, Austria and Germany, and the natural result in time will be the building up of the trade of Italy at the expense of England and France. There has been a rapid development of Italian shipping of late years; indeed all the Italian immigrants that land here reach these shores in Italian steamships direct from Italian ports.

#### The Unity of the Universe.

It is now reasonably certain that the composition of other stars and planets is the same as that of our own earth. Spectrum analysis has shown us that the sun and stars are composed of iron, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and other materials found upon this globe. But recently a still more wonderful discovery has been made. The meteorites which fall upon the earth are known to come from the inter-planetary spaces. They represent, as it were, the chips and debris of the universe; they are specimens collected from ten thousand worlds. The German chemists and scientists have just been examining a great collection of meteorites, and they have found in them the fossil remains of insects which were born and have died at the bottom of the ocean. In other words, they have discovered the coral insect, or rather its shell, in these remnants of other and distant worlds. It is said that if you could give Cuvier a toe nail, he could reconstruct the animal entire from which it was taken. The scientists have drawn many deductions from the insect remains in the meteorite. These came into existence evidently at the bottom of a warm ocean, in water which was never chilled by ice. They must have helped to build up islands in those oceans as the coral insects do in ours. They must have had stores of limestone and silica to draw from, and were fed by the protoplasm which is the basis of all physical life. If so much can be proved, is it not probable, nay, almost certain, that other life must exist, not only in those warm oceans, but on the land which they surround. Given life in any of its low forms and the Darwinian theory will supply the links which lead up to man. Hence we have excellent reasons for believing that, not only is the universe about us similar to our own earth, but, with the same variations in living forms that we see about us, also people in other worlds than ours.

#### The Alchemists All Right.

It seems that chemists now say that it is possible to make gold. Dr. Norman Lockyer has made such discoveries with the spectro-scope which lead him to suppose that all substances are identical in essence, and their different properties are due to some chemical changes in the composition. Gold, it is supposed, is merely an allotropic form of the metallic variances of this substance. Silver is supposed to be the carbonate of lead, and the chemists do not despair of being in time able to make either gold or silver. Very probably, the manufacture will cost more than the original metal. It is well known diamond dust has been produced through the agency of chemistry, but at a far greater cost than the stones themselves. In their composition diamonds are simply crystallized charcoal. So it seems the old alchemists were justified in their search. They were right in thinking that in the progress of science gold could be produced by human means, but in the slang of the day they were a little "too previous."

#### Is the Condition of the Poor Improving?

Mr. Mulhall says it is. He is an English lawyer who has been looking over the lists of income taxpayers, as well as other legal and trade documents, and he has reached the conclusion that while the number of very rich have increased, the number of well-to-do have also increased, while the ranks of the very poor have been cut down. His figures are exhaustive, and a summary of them cannot be given here, but he declares that the working classes have decreased in England from 74.6 per cent. of the whole population to 67 per cent. In Scotland the working class has diminished from 89 to 87 per cent., and in Ireland from 95 to 82 per cent. Since 1840 the average wealth per family has increased from \$220 to \$330—that is, it has nearly doubled. Forty years ago Scotland swarmed with beggars, and the average wealth per inhabitant was \$400; it is now \$1,385, while beggary has greatly abated. Even in Ireland there has been an improvement. Three-fourths of its people were barefooted forty years ago, and the average wealth was \$190 per inhabitant; now shoes are generally worn, and the average wealth is \$419. In France, wealth has multiplied three-fold in 40 years. Since 1840 the large estates have diminished by 10 per cent. No less than 1,536 large estates have been cut up in 425,000 peasant holdings. It is very certain that in Western Europe the apparent wealth of the lower classes has increased, but then its purchase power is not so great as it was.

#### Kangaroos and Rabbits.

A rabbit is an object of great interest to children, while the kangaroo is justly regarded as one of the most curious of all the lower species. But in Australia both of these animals are looked upon as unmitigated curses. Their fecundity is so great that



they fairly overrun the country, and annually put all the crops in peril. There are no lions, tigers, leopards, or panthers in Australia, in short, no carnivorous animals to feed upon the kangaroo in case they should get too numerous. In former times there was a species of wild dog who was the enemy of the kangaroo, but he had an unfortunate taste for mutton, and Australia is the greatest grazing country in the world. So the people waged war against the dog, and now they have their reward in such enormous numbers of kangaroos and rabbits that every crop is put in danger by them. They are slaughtered in vast quantities. Kangaroo hunts are constantly under way, but the animal multiplies more rapidly than it can be killed off. Killing kangaroos is poor sport. They cannot fight nor be followed by dogs and horses; they must be headed off and shot in passing. A gang of kangaroos unobstructed would ruin a large farm in a few hours. Frederick the Great once said that he never could understand why the Almighty put so much sand in Prussia, and the Australian farmers are quite as much puzzled to account for the kangaroos and rabbits in their country.

#### Artificial quinine.

The various preparations of cinchona are the only known specifics for malarial poison. So great is the demand for this drug that it was found necessary to start regular plantations in South America, India, Ceylon and Java. The forest supply would long ago have been exhausted were it not for these cultivated varieties of the Peruvian bark, as it is called. But now a distinguished French chemist, M. Maumeni, announces that he has discovered how to make a compound not only indistinguishable from this vegetable alkaloid, but possessed of all its medicinal virtues. If he has accomplished this feat it is one of the marvels of modern science, and he will rank as a benefactor of his race. The various preparations of quinine are now very costly and often impure, but an artificially made, chemically pure preparation of quinine, would be hailed by physicians as a boon to their malaria stricken patients.

#### A triumph of science.

Chemists and scientists are literally performing miracles nowadays. Not many years since it was supposed that it was quite beyond the bounds of chemical knowledge to make artificially organic compounds, that is to say, it was impossible to reproduce any of the products of animal life. It was supposed that the chemistry of nature could never be imitated in the organic world. In urea was the first product of the kind actually brought into existence by chemical combination, and now quite a number of organic products can as it were be recreated by the scientists. This being so, it is not impossible that the time may come when food will be created by chemical means out of the materials in the world about us, and without utilizing plants or the flesh of animals. If that time should ever come there will be no need to grow crops or slaughter cattle. But the chemist in his laboratory will be able at a trifling cost to furnish us with aspasian viands, at once toothsome and wholesome.

#### The dead of China.

In view of the myriads of human beings which have lived in China from time immemorial, scientists say that every ounce of soil must have passed through the bodies of human beings in that empire not only once but hundreds of times. China is a densely populated country and its records are very, very ancient. If all born were still alive they would cover the country completely and extend miles into the air. It is a suggestive idea that the soil of every populous country must represent the remains of myriads of animated beings who once lived and loved.

#### The Empire of the dead.

According to M. Maspero, the soil of Egypt is thick with mummies. Dig in any part of the country and the preserved corpses of the ancient Egyptians are brought to light. Indeed at some distance from the Nile the soil is rendered unproductive and therefore cannot support population because of these artificially preserved dead bodies. It is after all a wise provision of nature which decrees that the body shall molder away after death. The preservation of the dead is unnatural and if universally done, would in time make the world uninhabitable except by dried corpses. The cremationists have a new argument in the lesson taught by the burial of the Egyptian dead, but after all would it not be better to place the bodies at once in the earth, so that the component parts would assimilate naturally with the soil to which it belongs. Cemeteries and graveyards violate the intention of nature as much as did the burial customs of the Egyptians.

#### Marriage Brokers.

Two Viennese have started a Marriage Brokerage in New York. For a small fee they agree to introduce men and woman to each other who may want to marry. They claim that on the continent of Europe there are many such agencies, and that they fulfil a useful purpose. Many marriageable men and woman lead isolated lives, and while they may be anxious to secure life companions, are often so situated as to be unable to do so. In ordinary society match making women perform a useful social function, but still they do not cover the whole field, as there are many persons in every community who would willingly marry if they could find suitable partners. In New York State, however, the law discountenances Marriage Brokers. Very many years ago, Susan Crawford helped her friend Christina Roe to marry a wealthy gentleman

named Russell. Christina signed the contract agreeing, in case she married Mr. Russell, to pay Susan two thousand dollars in cash, give her a piano and gold watch, as well as educate her daughter Kate Crawford. These payments were to be made after the death of the husband. This did not occur for twenty years, but when Susan presented her bill Mrs. Russell declined to pay it. Upon this a suit was commenced and the contract put in evidence. It was proved on the trial that Susan spent time and money in bringing about the marriage; but the judge decided that according to common law, such bargains were immoral, as they had a tendency to degrade marriage by bringing pecuniary considerations into play. In such States however as recognize the civil code, this kind of brokerage would hold good. In country districts there is little need of these agencies, every Jack in time finds his Jill, and that too without brokers or professional match-makers.

#### John Bright.

All honor to the English Quaker statesman who is not willing to countenance unnecessary bloodshed. He regarded the bombardment of a modern city like Alexandria, as being an unnecessary act of war, and so he refused to keep his place in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet. On questions such as these, Mr. Bright has been nobly consistent. He opposed the Crimean war for the same reason, while he protested with all the eloquence he could command against the war which Great Britain waged against China, to force that empire to admit the opium which was poisoning its subjects. Indeed the only war which John Bright has ever countenanced was the one waged by the North to preserve the Union of the United States.

#### Another Prosperous Year.

Although the corn crop is deficient, we have so large a surplus of wheat, rye, oats, grass, and edible roots, that, disasters excepted, we are tolerably sure of another prosperous year. The harvest promises to be satisfactory, and the railroads will have all they can do; the immigration is immense, money is easy, and manufacturing activity very great. Ours is, indeed, a fortunate nation, for there is nothing in the future to interfere with our prosperity except our own folly or a foreign war.

#### The Moral of Alexandria.

The ease with which the British iron-clads destroyed Alexandria, ought to be a warning to the American people. We have cities on our sea-coast of enormous wealth which are utterly defenseless. We have no navy, and not a gun in the country to drive away a hostile fleet. It would take eighteen months to prepare the machinery for casting guns capable of coping with those now mounted on the decks of the British, French, and German ships of war. The stupid apathy of the American press and public on this important matter is simply phenomenal. Potentially, we are the greatest military nation on earth, but actually at present we are wholly unprepared for a contest with a tenth-rate naval power. The Turkish or the Chinese fleet could ravage our shores, and we have neither the guns to defend ourselves, nor the ships to beat them off. In the war of 1812 we had war ships superior to those of Great Britain, and they saved us from national humiliation. Yet even then the British troops captured Washington and burnt the capital.

#### Summer Schools.

Recreation is necessary, and families are not to be blamed who demand change of scene and recreation during the summer season; but time is wasted at most of the so-called pleasure resorts. We have so few years to live, that it seems wicked to pass a whole season in frivolous pursuits. Summer schools should be encouraged, the young especially should be taught to occupy their time in acquiring some useful information. Excursions would be no less pleasant if made use of to impart information. The world about us is full of objects of interest, and geology, mineralogy, botany, and zoology might be taught during the summer rambles. Sketching from nature is also a useful accomplishment. The schools at Lake Chautauqua are a step in the right direction. Even the philosophical school at Concord doubtless has its uses, but American fathers and mothers should wake up to the wickedness of allowing their young people to spend so large a part of the year in time-killing devices and trivial pleasures.

#### Railroad Building.

Nearly 10,000 miles of railroad were built in the United States last year, or to be exact 9,358 miles. The nominal cost was \$233,750,000, which was probably double the actual cash expended. In addition nearly \$200,000,000 was spent in extending old lines and improving them. This is the greatest mileage and the largest expenditure of any year since railroad building began. During the coming year it is believed that 12,000 more miles of road will be constructed. At present the total mileage in the United States is about 108,000 miles, which is larger than that of all Europe. The American roads earned last year \$725,325,119, an increase over the previous year of \$110,000,000 or nearly 16 per cent. This is equal to \$13.60 for every man, woman, and child in the country. It is estimated that there are 1,200,000 persons employed on the roads, and 400,000 engaged in construction; that is to say one person in every thirty-two of our population is employed by the railroad system. Our transportation lines, it will thus be seen, are of enormous value to the country, and wield a tremendous power over the industries and finance.

of the nation. The owners of our railroads, it is not too much to say, are all-powerful politically in nearly every State of the Union. The time must come when the nation will subordinate this mighty force to the interests of the community; so far the railway system has been too much in the interest of favored individuals who have accumulated gigantic fortunes at the expense of those who were forced to do business with them.

#### Dishonest Uncle Sam.

Eighty years ago certain citizens of the United States claimed that the government owed them large sums of money. Twenty years were taken up in examining the claims, by which time they were declared to be just, and a bill was passed by one House of Congress to indemnify the claimants. But here it is the year 1882, and these honest debts have never been discharged, and the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the original debtors are still vainly pleading for their due. Among those, who should have been paid, was the late General Meade, who won the battle of Gettysburg. These claims originated in 1798 and 1799, when French cruisers seized vessels and cargoes belonging to Americans. Our government made a claim for damages, and finally, President Andrew Jackson forced the government of Louis Philippe, of France, to recognize the justice of the demand, and the money was paid over to the American treasury, where it has remained ever since. Year after year some action is taken by Congress, but the bill never gets through. The reason for the non-payment is a disgraceful one. The lobby can see no money in it, the heirs are scattered, and it is impossible to get an agreement to hand over the bulk of the money to the congressional lawyers, who control legislation on such matters. So Uncle Sam figures in the roll of a thievish shyster lawyer who collects his clients' claims, and pockets them himself.

#### How It Will End.

The issue of the Egyptian complication will probably be the conquest of that country by England and France, which nations will then be responsible for the government of that province. Arabi Bey and his followers were entirely right in the war they provoked. The country was being plundered by a syndicate of French and English bankers, who were given control of the finances of the country, and who cared for nothing but sucking all the juice they could get out of the orange. They neglected every Egyptian interest but their own, and added insult to injury by appointing to all honorable and lucrative positions, the young English and French relatives of the bankers who owned the bonds representing the Egyptian debt. The country was scandalously misgoverned. But wars do not result always to the satisfaction of the oppressed. It is the heaviest artillery and the longest purse which generally determines the issue of campaigns. Should Egypt become a province of England, a better state of things would prevail. The military and the civil representatives of Great Britain would have some higher aims than collecting burdensome debts, and the poor peasants would probably be better off than under their own rulers. We are peculiarly interested in Egypt, in this country, for the Nile region grows annually 600,000 bales of cotton, equal to the best American, as well as great quantities of wheat. The ruin of Egyptian industries would remove a rival from our path; but this is not a point of view which a generous American would care to take. The world suffers when any section of it is badly governed, and the sympathies of our people go out to the Egyptians in their struggles against oppression.

#### Worlds With Double Suns.

It has now been ascertained that many planets in the universe are illuminated by two suns. While astronomers are certain of the fact, they are puzzled to account for the orbits of these planets, which must describe irregular courses in their revolutions. These suns are often very different in their appearance, often one is yellow, and the other purple. It follows that sunrises and sunsets on such planets must be far more beautiful than here on this earth. The blending of different solar rays must give rise to many and varied phenomena of the natural forces not known to us. In such solar systems light, heat, and electricity must assume new phases. As yet we are ignorant of some of the deeper mysteries of the starry heavens, but it is wonderful how much man has found out about the distant stars.

#### An American Diamond.

An old German geologist living at Norcross, in Georgia, recently found a stone half the size of a hen's egg, of an irregular shape, which proved to be a diamond. Forty-six thousand dollars were offered for the stone, but of course it must be worth much more. Who knows? Perhaps we may have a diamond field somewhere on the South Atlantic Coast. What an excitement it would create should such prove to be the case.

#### A Long Reign.

Queen Victoria has ruled forty-five years. This is longer than the period covered by Queen Elizabeth; but Henry the Third reigned fifty-six years, Edward the Third fifty years, and George the Third sixty years. This is an average life, and it is quite possible that Queen Victoria may match it. The royal family of England have shown amazing aptitude, and are good in adapting themselves to modern ideas, and "earn" their money, for no paid servants of the nation work harder.

#### Tree-Planting.

93,000 acres of land have been planted with trees in Kansas under a new law relating to arboriculture. This is done to supply wood to the future generation, and, if possible, to increase the moisture of the atmosphere. This example ought to be followed very extensively, for, since the country was settled, the waste of woodlands has been enormous. Immense sections of the earth's surface are barren to-day, because of the removal of the ancient forests, and the droughts and freshets of this country are in a great part due to the same cause. Every farmer and land-owner should regard it as a duty he owes to his country and posterity to plant more trees than he cuts down. Then every municipality, every State, and the nation should combine to encourage tree-growing, and to check the reckless cutting down of wood.

#### Gambling in the United States.

While lotteries, and some of the old phases of gambling, are not much practiced in this country, still it is true that Americans wager money in other ways. We speculate in stocks, grain, and provisions. During the last ten years a certain section of our population have taken to making bets on their favorite horses. During the past year enormous sums have been lost and won on the turf, so called, though really there is no turf in this country. There is no form of gambling so silly as betting on horses. It is well known that the backers of the "favorite" are sure to lose in the long run. In other words, the horses which are picked out by the very shrewdest turfmen are those on which the most money is lost. The national and State authorities should do something to check gambling on the race-course, which is fast becoming an evil of immense magnitude.

#### How to Save the Crops.

Rainy weather during harvesting has always been the dread of the farmer. Untimely summer rains have done literally incalculable damage since agriculture was first practiced as an art. Mr. R. Neilson, of Halewood, near Liverpool, has invented a method, which, it is said, will save the grain and grass crops no matter how wet the weather. It is the heating of the stack which causes the mischief, and this he prevents by a simple device. The stack is made so as to leave a large hollow space in the center, the lower end of which is connected with the outer air by a pipe. The end of this tube is connected with an exhaust pan, which draws out the hot air, and reduces the temperature of the stack. A thermometer is used to gauge the temperature. Mr. Neilson's invention, will, it is believed, save the farming-class millions of money every year.

#### The Greatness of Ancient India.

In our own abounding prosperity we are led to believe that the past has nothing to compare with it. But historians now agree in thinking that the people who lived under the sway of the Roman Empire about the time Christ was born, and for a century afterwards, were in more comfortable circumstances than those who came before or after them. The civilized world was rich in gold and silver, wars were infrequent, and comfort abounded. But there were other epochs in the world's history, of a still more ancient date, when vast masses of human beings were in very comfortable circumstances. At the recent meeting of the Concord School of Philosophy, Dr. H. K. Jones spoke of the former glory of Hindostan. We are apt to forget, he said, that there were once in that country empire, wealth and civil government on a scale which has not since been equaled. The Hindoo of several thousand years ago was finely cultivated, not all idolatrous, and he worshiped one God. Dr. Jones traced the glory of the ancient Hindoo empire, one city of which had 675 towers. For years the wealth of the world poured into her lap, exceeding computation and belief. They possessed a standing army which made use of 6,000 elephants of war. These reports are not at all incredible when we consider the absorption of the wealth of China, Japan, and other countries, which was going on. The amount of her commerce, for which Carthage, Greece, and Egypt entertained great projects, was simply stupendous. The arts were also in a very advanced state. In the polishing of the diamond, an art which is generally supposed to be of modern growth, they were proficient. They were an agricultural, commercial and manufacturing people. However low and debased the Hindoo may now appear, there can be no doubt that he then surpassed in civil government and glory. We are apt to disparage the past, because we only see its ruins.

#### A New Political Issue.

The large popular majority in Iowa, in favor of a law prohibiting the sale of ardent spirits, settles the question, that, for many years to come, prohibition will be a leading issue in all our local political contests. It is now over thirty years since Maine outlawed the sale of liquor, and a whole generation has grown up in that State which has never seen ardent spirits openly sold. Of course, in the large cities, some liquor could be procured in an underhand way, but not over a gallon was disposed of, where a hundred gallons would have been sold had the traffic been open and unrestricted. The laws of the neighboring States, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts, have also discriminated against the sale of liquor, and consequently, the evils of the traffic have been less felt than in States like New York, where free trade in ardent spirits is permitted. The Western States

have now taken the matter up, and prohibitory laws prevail in Kansas and Iowa. In other States the law gives towns and counties the right to issue licenses or refuse them, and in many localities throughout the West, liquor selling is practically prohibited. In several democratic counties in Indiana, no liquor can be bought. Soon an effort will be made in every Western State to prohibit the sale of liquor. The prohibitionists think they can easily carry Indiana on a popular vote. Ohio and Illinois are more doubtful, because of the wealthy distillery interest, and the influence of large cities like Chicago, Cincinnati, Columbus, and Cleveland. It is a peculiarity of the politics of this country, that questions having a moral or reformatory bearing are those that excite the keenest interest. The anti-slavery question was a case in point, and now the temperance issue is destined to be a leading one on the hustings of the North and West. Nor is the temperance agitation unknown at the South. In North Carolina, Georgia, and Texas, there are powerful influences at work to limit the sale of ardent spirits. The evils of liquor drinking are so apparent that there is no gainsaying the arguments of those who wish to put a stop to the free selling of intoxicating drinks. It is noticeable that the agitation takes no step backwards, a State secured for prohibition continues the policy, after over a generation of trial; the anti-liquor law of Maine is indorsed at the annual conventions of every party. Kansas has tried a prohibitory law for several years, and no political organization dreams of agitating for a repeal. It is idle to say the law cannot be enforced, for, even in New York City, the selling of liquor on Sundays, on which day it is prohibited by law, has been often very rigorously enforced, and it could be always, if the police and local magistrates were not manipulated in the interests of the retail liquor dealers.

#### Sectional Americans.

This is a great country with varied interests, and many public works are needed to develop our resources adequately. The Mississippi River should be improved so that navigation would be unimpeded the whole year round, and the lowlands near its banks protected from freshets. A ship canal is needed to connect the waters of Lake Michigan with the Mississippi River. Our chain of Northwestern lakes should also be connected by canals. It would be a great benefit to the country if the Erie Canal was widened and deepened, so as to allow the grain barges of the lakes to reach New York without breaking bulk. Then we need artesian wells in the arid regions between the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains. Irrigating works would redeem tens of millions of acres from sterility, and destroy the locusts at their birthplace. Then we ought to have a navy to protect our sea-coasts. But when any of these measures are proposed, an angry cry of opposition arises from such sections of the country as fear they will not be benefited by them. The Southern press, and the representatives of that section in Congress, opposed the Henupin Canal and the improvement of the Lake water system. Eastern Congressmen vote against the improvements of the Mississippi River. East of the Rocky Mountains there are no advocates for artesian wells and irrigating works to render productive and populous a very large section of our country. The representatives of our Central and Western States persistently refuse to vote appropriations for our navy, or for the defense of the rich cities on our sea-coasts. In short, sectionalism of a very mean and shortsighted kind is dominant in the higher counsels of the nation. It is a pity that one-third of our House of Representatives is not elected upon a general ticket. A representative body so constituted would consider, first, the nation, afterwards, the locality. Peewaukie and Podunk would then be relegated to their native obscurity, and the interests of the United States, as a whole, would be the first consideration. Then we would have a navy, a merchant marine, the improvement of that great "internal sea," the Mississippi, a ship canal from the lakes to the sea, a telegraph system in the hands of the government, and, in every way, the legislation of the country would be shaped to the advantage of its greater, rather than of its minor, interests.

#### A New International Line.

Early in December of this year a train will start from New York, which will not stop until it reaches Guaymas, on the west Pacific coast of Mexico. In other words by that time a railroad will have been constructed in Mexico, which will connect its west coast with the railroad system of the United States. When this first train reaches Guaymas, mails and passengers will be transferred to a steamer that will sail direct for Melbourne, Australia. Capitalists interested claim that five days can be saved between New York and Melbourne over the route by way of San Francisco. This matter was arranged when Sir Henry Parkes, prime minister of the Australian cabinet, was in this country last winter. The Atcheson and Santa-Fe road will be used, which will connect in New Mexico with the road now being constructed, and soon to be completed, in Mexico itself. The fact of the opening of this line has been kept very quiet, and the project first sees light in a printed form in Demorest's Monthly. The opening of railroads through Mexico is a very important matter for that country. It will put an end to insurrections, give it a stable government, and develop its great resources.

## The Baby's Name.



IN some countries there are very curious methods resorted to, in order to select a name for the baby. When a baby makes its appearance in a Copt family and the parents wish to bestow a name on the little stranger, they light three candles, to each of which they give a name, the name of a saint being the last of the three. The light that burns the longest is the name given to the baby.

Among the Mohammedans the names are sometimes written on five slips of paper, which are placed in a book called the Koran; the first slip drawn out contains the name that is bestowed on the child. The Hindoo parents place two lamps over two names, and the name over which the lamp burns the brightest is the one selected.

In some countries the names of infants are changed after they have been given to them. Among the Germans this was sometimes the case if the baby was ill. The Japanese are said to change their names four times, according to the different periods of life. The Chinese give the baby a name when it is one month old; and then, when the baby grows up and gets married, his father gives him a new name. At one period, the Greek girl baby, when she grew to a woman and married, was obliged to resign her first name and take another.

In the early days of Rome, the girl babies were not treated very politely. Instead of calling them by names, they designated them by letters. Little Valeria was called V., Marcia was M., and Cornelia was C. This was not very respectful to these Roman girl babies. But the Chinese were still more impolite to their little girls, for they were known in the family as 1, 2, 3, 4, according to their birth.

There are a good many superstitious ideas about giving names to babies. Among the ancient Greeks the baby was named when it was seven days old. There was a great feast held and sacrifices made to the gods. Names were attached to tapers, and it was considered an omen of long life to select the name attached to the taper which burnt the longest. At one time it was considered unlucky in Ireland to give a boy baby the name of his father, supposing it might shorten the parent's life; and some people thought that if they called the little girl baby Agnes she would certainly become crazy. An old philosopher, who ought to have known better, as it was Pythagoras himself, thought that it was very unlucky to give the baby a name that contained an uneven number of vowels. In Scotland it was supposed that if the baby died before it had been baptized and received its name, it would not rest quietly in its grave, but would wander about the dreary solitudes lamenting its fate.

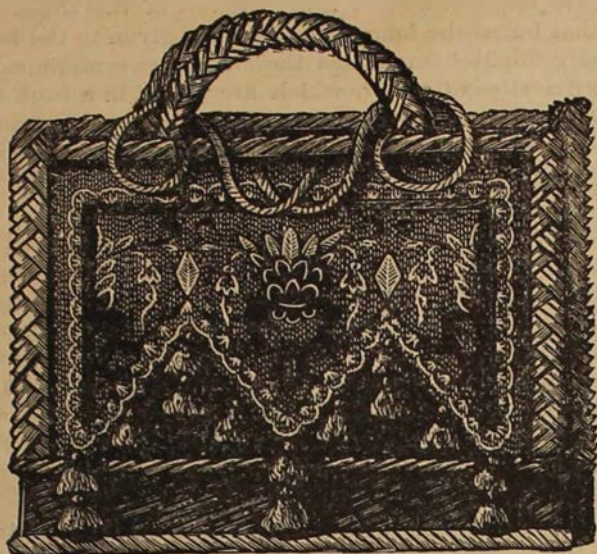
In olden times people thought much more of names than they do now. There are not many gentlemen who would refuse to marry a lady because her name is not pleasing to them. Yet this was done by a king. Louis VIII. of France sent to the court at Madrid for a wife. The elder daughter was selected by her parents to marry the king; but when he heard that her name was Uricca, which means magpie, he refused to marry her, and chose her less pretty sister Blanche, known as Blanche of Castile. When the parents of Uricca gave the baby this name they little thought that it would lose her a throne.

## From the German.

FROM thought's fair tree the critic takes  
Blossoms and worms together.  
Till he at last such havoc makes,  
There is no fruit to gather.

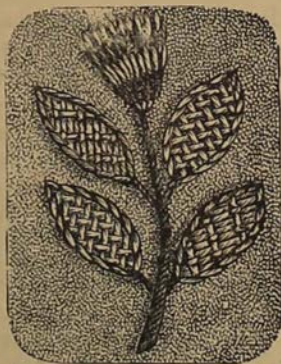
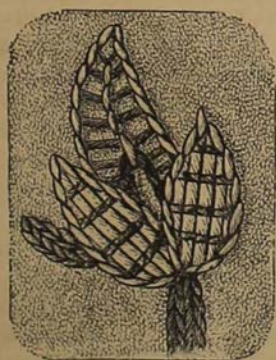


# FANCY WORK



Music Portfolio, or School Bag.

**T**HE foundation is a common school-bag. The sides are ornamented with a valance of olive-colored felt and crimson plush cut out in figures and appliqué. Fine vines worked in feather, satin and point russe stitches. The edges of vandyke are corded and finished with olive, blue, old-gold and red worsted and silk tassels. Twist the handles heavily with the cord and loop some, to hang down, fastening it so that it will keep in place. If the bag is intended for music slip two sheets of cardboard in, the size of the bag, and the music will remain straight.



Fancy Stitches for Embroidery.

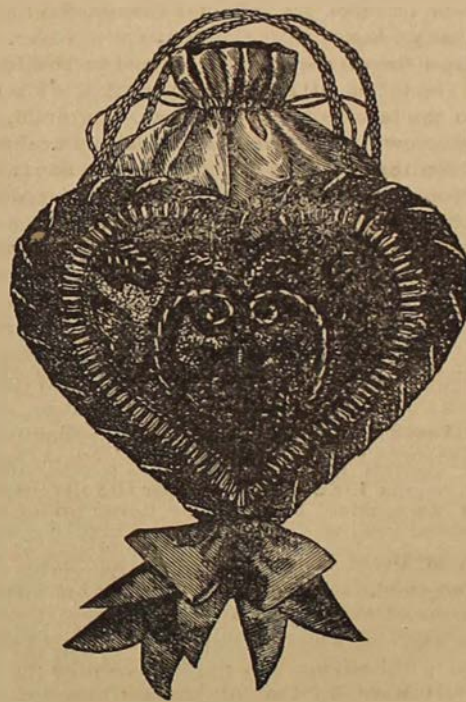
**T**HESE stitches are quickly worked and are good open patterns for covering leaves on appliqué. The silks used must contrast with the ground-work in color.

## Work for Invalids.

**M**ACRAMÉ work will be found a pleasant occupation for invalids. It is work easily learned, and there are several books published on the subject, with illustrations and hints for beginners. Macramé is pretty, made with colored string, such as pink and gray.

## Pillow for Macramé Lace.

**T**HIS may easily be made by covering a large brick with flannel and list, then an outer cover of some dark material, or by making a strong case of linen, nine inches long, cutting two circles of five inches in diameter, and sewing together as a bolster. This must be filled very full and firmly with wool, placing a little bag of sand in the center, then covered with an outside cover of cashmere. The threads are fastened to the pillow by winding round large pins; these are pinned firmly into the cushion. The ravelings of flax, when used for crewel work, are better than any material for effect, as they are crimped, which is very pretty. Still another cushion is made out of an old cigar-box. Add a firmly-stuffed cushion on the top for putting the pins in, then cover the whole with pink twill, stretching it tightly; weight the box with lead, to prevent its slipping off the table when working, fixing the lumps well in, so that they cannot move about. In the lining make a pocket at the left side of the box, and also on the near side when holding it. The former for keeping the macramé in as it is finished, bit by bit, and the lengths continued on the pillow; the latter for scissors, packages of large-headed pins, thread, etc. Over all add a small muslin square, to keep the work from dust.



Work Bag.

**C**UT two pieces of cardboard the desired size, heart-shape, slightly wad one side of each, and cover with red velvet, cut out in the center, where it is filled up with light green plush.

The latter is outlined with silk, woven with silver, and between the outlines the space is filled up with satin and feather-stitch and point russe of blue, red and olive silks. Round the green plush a double line of the silk and silver cord is sewn on with chain stitches of blue and point russe of yellow silk. The outer edge of the velvet is finished off with a thick cord of silk. Make a straight bag of silk the desired length, frill it at the top with a drawing string. Lay the two hearts one on either side of the bag and sew them against the silk, then run a coarse thread round the bottom of the bag and draw it together and finish with a full bow. The handles are of heavy cord shot with silver.

## What Women Are Doing.

**Alice A. Freeman**, President of Wellesley College, has received the degree of Ph.D. from Michigan University. Miss Marion Talbot was awarded the degree of A.M. at the recent commencement of Boston University.

**Miss E. A. Ormerod** has been elected consulting entomologist to the Royal Agricultural Society. This lady has for years devoted herself to the study of insects injurious to agriculture, and is considered a very high authority upon the subject.

The **John Wanamaker** prize for the best essay on "What is the Best Way to Wait on a Customer," has been awarded to Miss Mary Brewer, of Philadelphia. The value of the prize is \$50.

**Miss Bradwell**, who was valedictorian of her class at the twenty-third annual commencement exercises of the Union College of Law in Chicago, is famous as an athlete, and has climbed every mountain worth climbing in Colorado.

Two ladies have been elected members of the Board of Education of Baraboo City, Wisconsin.

There are now twenty-four high schools for girls in and around London, England.

**Miss Lena Gall, M.A.**, Professor of Greek in the University of Des Moines, has been elected to the same position in the Central University of Iowa, at Pella. As a graduate of the Iowa State University her scholarship reflects great credit upon the institution.

Recently the Waltham W. C. T. W. presented their secretary, Miss Sarah A. Osgood, with a gold watch and a sum of money in testimony of their respect and esteem. This lady, who is the daughter of the late Dr. Osgood, of Peabody, has occupied her position for many years.

A new college for women will be opened in 1884, that of Bryn Maur, which is to be established by means of a bequest of \$900,000 from the late Dr. J. W. Taylor. The college building, which is to be known as Taylor Hall, is already near completion.

**Miss Leila Robinson**, of Boston, has taken advantage of the law recently passed by the Legislature admitting women to the Bar, and has been sworn in as attorney-at-law.

Are the days of the ducking-stool reviving that we read in a Philadelphia paper that a certain "Annie McConnell was charged before a magistrate with being a common scold"?

The author of the successful novel, "The Recovered Idol," Miss Lucretia Noble, lives in Wilbraham, Mass. There her father retiring from the ministry settled some years ago for the purpose of educating his children at the Academy.

**Miss Mary Beecher** is forewoman in a department containing two hundred girls in the Naugatuck Rubber Shoe Company, and although she is the only woman in authority in this large establishment, her department is admittedly the best conducted of any.

The Queen of Great Britain recently purchased three very beautifully designed tapestry panels, which have been worked upon the looms of the royal tapestry factory at old Windsor. The subjects, each of which is woven upon a gold silk ground, are allegorical: "Religion," being represented by a figure of St. Agnes; "Honor," by that of Richard Cœur de Lion; and "Purity," by Joan of Arc.

The success of the Exhibition of Silk Weaving is a reminder that Mrs. Hart made the first silk ever raised in the State of Rhode Island, and brought the industry from Connecticut, where between 1800 and 1812 she raised silk worms, reeled and spun silk, besides making it into garments, some of which were pure silk, some mixed with wool. She also made a silk dress of her own raising and weaving. This, however, is not the first instance of the kind on record. In 1755, Mrs. Pinkey, of South Carolina, carried to England silk which she had raised and spun in the vicinity of Charleston. There was enough of it to make three dresses, one of which she presented to the Princess Dowager of Wales, another to Lord Chesterfield, and in 1809 the third was in possession of her daughter, Mrs. Howy, of Charleston, and, though more than fifty years old, was still firm and beautiful. The success of the recent Exhibition of American Silk Rearing is largely due to the exertions of the wife of the President of the North American Silk Exchange, who, as Miss Louisa Capsadele, interested herself greatly in a consideration of the practical industry of silkworm culture.

**Miss Mary Obren**, a former student of Vassar College, is associate editor of the largest and most influential paper of St. Joseph's, Mo., writing under the *nom de plume* of Julia Scott. She is the only lady editor of her State, and is of rare intellectual and literary abilities.

In England it is comparatively rarely that women obtain public appointments. Two such appointments have, however, recently taken place: Miss Agnes Mary Markwich has been appointed secretary to the Uckfield Building Society, registrar of births and deaths for the district of Isfield, and assistant overseer and collector of the poor rates for the parish. She succeeded her father in these positions which had been held by him for many years. The second appointment to which our attention has been called is that of Mrs. McAllister to the registrarship of births and deaths in West Leicester, the position having become vacant through the death of her husband.

The **London Truth** says: "The invasion of Oxford by the ladies is advancing apace. A new wing has been added to Somerville Hall, in which twelve new students will be accommodated next term. Oxford has determined, too, to follow the lead of Cambridge, and it is announced that in future the final class-list of the lady students will be published in due form in the *University Gazette*. Several of the college lectures, also, are to be thrown open to ladies. The announcement will, at any rate, lead to a gratifying increase in the number of undergraduates at these particular lectures."

"Even on Sunday the Princess of Wales is ever ready to do some kind act toward those who regard a sight of her as one of the red-letter days of their lives; and so this week H.R.H. with her daughters attended the Children's Flower Service at Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, and then, laden with flowers and fruit, proceeded herself to the Children's Hospital to distribute them to the patients. Such a wealth of fruit and flowers I never saw as was literally piled up in the chancel of the church when all the small people had left their offerings; nor did I ever see such crowds of lovely little faces, who no doubt in a few years' time will be among the London beauties of their day."

"The 'Association of Collegiate Alumnae' has issued a circular calling attention to the fact that the 'physical status of American women of the educated class is painfully low,' which means, we suppose, that American women are not so strong as they ought to be. The association calls upon our colleges for women to remedy this evil by insisting on sufficient exercise and regular habits. The evils, or some of them, which help to make sickly women, are these: Social dissipation, and excitement that is neither recreation nor amusement; habitual loss of sleep; irregularity and haste in eating; devouring candy and omitting breakfast; tight, heavy, and insufficient clothing; too little college instruction in laws of hygiene and physiology. An interview with the girls of a New York academy showed that in a class of sixty, between the ages of twelve and eighteen, the usual time of retiring was twenty minutes before midnight, and the students, as well as the teachers, thought they did remarkably well. The principal of a large girls' school in Philadelphia says that so many of his pupils come to school without having eaten breakfast that he compels them to take a warm lunch in the middle of the morning, and, as to the manner of dress, a well-known doctor asserts that barbarous garments alone have incapacitated more women than over-study and over-work of all kinds. These are all proven facts, and they furnish food for thought."

The question of admitting women to our colleges and universities upon the same terms as men is a mere question of time. The propriety of doing so is already under discussion among the Alumni of the University of the City of New York, and there is no doubt that the Council will take it up at an early date. There is also a considerable majority in favor of the admission of girls to the classes of Columbia College. In a recent address before the Alumni Association, Dr. Crosby proposed an arrangement which may ultimately be adopted, viz.: that the morning hours might be given to the young men, while in the afternoon the young ladies' classes might assemble, or *vice versa*, thus securing the same lectures and training for both. The only objection to that course would appear to be that it would entail double work upon the Professors.



## Preserves, Jellies, Etc.

**Rhubarb Marmalade.**—Peel fine oranges, removing the rinds, white and pips; put the pulp into a stew-pan, with the peel cut very small; add five pounds of rhubarb, cut small, and four pounds of loaf sugar; boil the whole two hours, and the fruit half an hour, before adding the sugar. Three lemons may be substituted for the oranges.

**French Marmalade.**—Take the entire rind of twelve oranges or lemons; put it into plenty of fresh water and boil until quite tender; then throw it into a pan of cold water; let it remain from eight to ten hours; drain it, mash it smoothly, pass through a sieve, weigh it, and to each pound of pulp add one pound of white sugar; put it into a preserving pan, and stir it well over a moderate fire until it is a rather thick paste; put in small pots for use; the juice and pulp are not used.

**Mince Marmalade.**—Take the quinces that you have boiled for jelly and mash them with a spoon; to a pound of quinces take a pound of sugar; boil them together until they are well softened; then strain through a coarse sieve, and put up in small jars.

**Apple Marmalade.**—Take any kind of sour apples, pare and core them; cut them in small pieces, and to every pound of apples put three quarters of a pound of sugar; put them in a preserving pan and boil them over a slow fire until they are reduced to a fine pulp; then put in jelly jars and keep in a cool place.

**Crab Apples.**—Select perfect ones; pour boiling water over them, which removes the skin; lay them in water enough to cover them; let them simmer slowly until soft; take them out and drain; make a clear syrup, pound for pound; boil them in it till clear, lay them on dishes to cool, and place them in jars; cook the syrup a little longer, and pour it over the apples when hot; seal.

**Quince Jam.**—Peel the quinces and grate them on a coarse grater; and to one pint of quince add three-fourths of a pound of sugar; boil it half an hour; put in small jars and cover as other preserves.

**Preserved Oranges.**—Take any number of oranges, with rather more than their weight in sugar; slightly grate the oranges, and cut them round and round with a knife, but not very deep; put them in cold water for three days, changing the water two or three times a day; tie them up in a cloth, and boil until soft enough for the head of a pin to penetrate the skin; while they are boiling place the sugar on the fire with rather more than a half-pint of water to each pound; let it boil a minute or two, then strain through muslin; cook the oranges in the syrup till it jellies and is of a yellow color; try the syrup by putting some to cool; it must not be too stiff; the syrup need not cover the oranges, but they must be turned so that each part gets thoroughly done.

**Pineapple Jam.**—Peel, grate, and weigh the apple; put pound for pound of pineapple and sugar; boil it in a preserving kettle thirty or forty minutes.

**Tomato Jam**—Peel ripe tomatoes, taking out all seeds; put in preserving kettle with one half pound of sugar to each pound of prepared tomato; boil two lemons soft, and pound them fine; take out the pips and add to the tomato; boil slowly, mashing to a smooth mass; when smooth and thick put in jars and tumblers.

**Unique Preserves.**—Gather young cucumbers a little longer than your middle finger, and lay in strong brine one week; wash them and soak them one day and night in clean water, changing this four times; line a bell-metal kettle with vine leaves, lay in the cucumbers with a little alum scattered among them; fill up with clear water; cover with vine leaves, then with a close lid, and green as for pickles. *Do not boil them.* When well greened drop in ice water; when perfectly cold wipe, and

with a small knife slit down one side; dig out the seeds; stuff with a mixture of chopped citron and seedless raisins; sew up the incision with a fine thread; weigh them, and make a syrup allowing a pound of sugar for every pound of cucumbers, with a pint of water; heat to a lively boil, skim, and drop in the cucumbers; simmer half an hour; take out; spread upon a dish in the sun, while you boil down the syrup with a few slices of ginger root added; when thick put in the cucumbers again; simmer five minutes and put in glass jars, tying them up when cold.

**Green Tomato Preserve.**—Take one peck of green tomatoes. Slice six fresh lemons without removing the skins, but taking out the seeds; put to this quantity six pounds of sugar, common white, and boil until transparent, and the syrup thick. Ginger root may be added if liked.

**Pear Butter.**—Cut the fruit in small pieces, removing the core, skin, and all imperfections; allow a quarter of a pound of light brown sugar to each pound of the fruit, and half a pint of cold water to every two pounds of the pears; do not add the sugar until they have cooked an hour or so; then put it in with a quart of cider to each two pounds of sugar, and let all cook slowly, until a thick, marmalade-like substance is formed, which will be in about four hours. If it should seem too dry while cooking, add more cider.

**Preserved Grapes in Bunches.**—Take out the stones from the bunches with a pin, breaking them as little as possible; boil some clarified sugar to nearly candying point; then put in sufficient grapes to cover the bottom of the preserving kettle, without laying them on each other, and boil for nearly five minutes, merely to extract all the juice; lay them in an earthen pan and pour the syrup over them; cover with paper, and the next day boil the syrup, skimming it well, for five minutes; put in the grapes, let them boil a minute or two; put them in pots, and pour the syrup over them, after which tie down.

**Blackberry Jellies.**—Bruise and boil the fruit, then strain; add half a pound of sugar to each pint of juice; then boil from ten to twenty minutes.

**Peach Jelly.**—Wash without removing skins or pits; cover with water; boil until soft; strain; add one-half pound of sugar to a pint of juice; boil twenty minutes.

**Plums.**—Plums are excellent preserved in molasses, but if sugar is used take an equal portion of fruit and sugar; make a clear syrup and boil the fruit gently forty minutes; they will require heating over once if they are to be kept.

**Quince Jelly.**—Slice the quinces without either paring or coring; put them into a preserving kettle and just cover with water; put over the fire and boil until soft; remove from the stove and strain off the liquor; to every gallon add four pounds of white sugar, and boil very fast until it becomes a stiff jelly.

**Quince and Apple Jelly.**—Cut small and core an equal quantity of apples and quinces; put the quinces in a preserving kettle with water to cover them, and boil till soft; add the apples, still keeping water to cover them, and boil till the whole is nearly a pulp; put the whole into a jelly bag and strain them without pressing; add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pint of the juice, and boil together until it jellies.

**Flavoring Syrups and Fruit Juices.**—In making syrups, simply express the juice by squeezing the ripe fruit in some porous though strong cloth; linen toweling is an excellent thing for this purpose; this requires some strength, and it is best to prepare small portions at a time; to every pint of juice thus obtained, add two pounds of the best white sugar, and dissolve by a gentle heat; strain through flannel while hot, and bottle. The best receptacles for syrups are demijohns or flasks, wrapped in wicker-work. Light affects the color, and perhaps makes some other chemical changes, injuring the taste; they should be kept in as cool a place as possible. After the above formula syrups have been kept the whole summer, and are useful for a variety of purposes. In flavoring ice-cream no more sugar is needed than that contained in the syrup.

**Baked Cabbage.**—Boil two firm white cabbages fifteen minutes, changing the water then for another from the boiling kettle. When tender, drain and set aside until perfectly cool. Chop fine, and add two beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, pepper, salt, three tablespoonfuls rich milk or cream. Stir all well!

together, and bake in a buttered pudding-dish until brown. Eat very hot.

**Potato Pie.**—Skin some potatoes, cut them in slices, and season them; also some lamb, mutton, beef, or veal. Put layers of them and then of the meat. Cover with gravy and sliced tomato under a short crust.

**Spinach a la Creme.**—Pick over and wash the spinach, and cut the leaves from the stalks. Boil in hot water, a little salted, about twenty minutes. Drain, put into a wooden tray or upon a board; chop *very* fine, and rub through a colander. Put into a saucepan; stir until it begins to smoke throughout. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, for a good-sized dish, a teaspoonful of white sugar, three tablespoonfuls of milk, salt and pepper to liking. Beat, as it heats, with a silver fork or wire spoon. Flavor with a little nutmeg. Cook thus until it begins to bubble up as you beat it. Pour into a deep dish, surround with sliced egg, and serve.

**Potato Pastry.**—Chop cold boiled beef fine; season with pepper, and add a little drawn butter, putting in parsley and onion-pickle, chopped. Pour this mixture into a greased bake-dish; cover with hard-boiled eggs, sliced. Work a large cup of mashed potatoes, soft, with a cup of milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add prepared flour until you can just roll it out—the softer the better, so long as you can handle it. Roll into a thick sheet. Spread upon the surface of your mince, printing the edges, and bake in a moderate oven to a fine brown.

**Cucumber Toast.**—Peel fresh crisp cucumbers of medium size; cut lengthwise into slices, and place in cold water for a few minutes; drain, and dip each slice into flour; then fry quickly, until of a light brown, in butter or beef drippings. Place the slice of buttered cucumber, hot from the pan, between slices of buttered toast, and serve at once. The cucumbers may be seasoned with pepper and salt, and a little mustard may be added when taken from the pan.

**Potato Puff.**—Take two cups of cold mashed potatoes; stir into it two large spoonfuls of melted butter, beating to a cream. Beat well; pour into a deep dish, and bake in a quick oven till nicely browned. It will come out light and puffy.

**Salsify Fritters.**—One bunch of salsify, two eggs, one-half cup of milk, flour for thin batter, lard or drippings, salt to taste. Scrape and grate the roots, and stir into the batter made of the beaten eggs, milk and flour. Grate the salsify directly into this, that it may not *blacken* by exposure to the air. Salt, and drop a spoonful of it into the boiling fat, to see if it is of the right consistency. As fast as you fry the fritters throw into a hot colander to drain. One large spoonful of batter should make a fritter.

**Potatoes and Eggs.**—Remove the skins from some boiled Irish potatoes, and when perfectly cold, cut up in small pieces about the size of a grain of corn, and season with salt and pepper. To a quart of potatoes thus prepared, take the yolks of six eggs and the whites of three, and beat them well together. Have some butter in a frying-pan, and when it is melted put in the potatoes. When they are quite hot stir in the eggs, and continue stirring so as to mix them well with the potatoes, and until the eggs are set. Season and serve hot.

**Squash Fritters.**—A pint of cooked squash, or less, one egg, two spoonfuls of flour. Fry in a spider or on the griddle for breakfast.

**Fried Squash.**—Slice thin, dip in egg, then in flour, and fry in hot butter.

**To Bake Tomatoes.**—Season them well with salt and pepper; flour them over; put them in a deep paste with a little butter, and bake in stove.

**Scattered Potatoes.**—Whole cold boiled potatoes; lay on live coals and turn until the brownness of toast is acquired. Eat with salt, butter, etc.

**Stuffed Tomatoes.**—Choose a dozen large round tomatoes; cut them off smooth at the stem end; take out the seed and pulp; take a pound of lean steak and two slices of bacon; chop them fine with inside of the tomatoes; season with a finely-chopped onion, fried. A dessert-spoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of white pepper, as much cayenne as you can lift on the point of a knife, and a tablespoonful of finely-chopped parsley; add four rolled crackers, and, if too stiff, thin with stock water or cold gravy. Fill the tomatoes with this force-meat, packing tight. Sift

cracker-crumbs over the top, and bake for an hour in a moderate oven.

**Forced Tomatoes.**—Two ounces of mushrooms, minced small; a small quantity of parsley, a slice of lean ham chopped small, with a few savory herbs, a little cayenne pepper and salt. Put all the ingredients of this stuffing into a saucepan with a lump of butter, stirring all together until quite tender. Then set away to cool. Have ready some bread-crumbs, and the yolks of two eggs well beaten. Choose large tomatoes, as near the same size as possible, and cut a slice from the stalk end of each. Take out carefully the seeds and juice, and fill with the mixture. Strew them over with bread-crumbs and some melted butter, and bake in an oven until they have a rich color. Serve with baked calf's head or cold veal.

**Baked Turnips.**—Pare and cook until nearly tender in salted boiling water; drain and lay in a baking dish, and pour over them a sauce made as follows: Two large tablespoonfuls of butter, and two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, stirred together in a skillet; when thoroughly heated and mixed, add a teacupful of milk, stirring it in gradually, with a little pepper and salt. Add little bits of broken butter over the top of the turnips. When you have poured on the sauce, bake in a brisk oven twenty minutes.

**Asparagus Omelet.**—Boil two pounds of tender, fresh-cut asparagus in a very little salt; better still, steam the asparagus till tender. Chop it very fine; mix it with the yolks of five and whites of three well-beaten eggs; add two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream; fry, and serve quite hot.

**Baked Egg Plant.**—Wash the plants and bake as you would potatoes. When baked tender, remove the skins, and while hot, mash to a paste, and season with butter, pepper, and salt. A raw onion, chopped fine, may be added.

**Carrots and Cream.**—Trim a quantity of the smallest new carrots that can be obtained, and boil them in salted water. When done, drain off the water. Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan; add to it a dessert-spoonful of flour, pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, a pinch of powdered sugar, and a small quantity of cream. Put in the carrots, simmer gently a few minutes, and serve.

**Peas au Sucre.**—Boil the peas and throw into cold water; then put them in a pan with a little butter, a tablespoonful and a half of sugar, a tablespoonful of broth, one yolk of egg; stir fast, and they are done.

**Parsnips Somtes.**—Parsnips are put on the fire in water, and they are done at the first boil. Skin them and slice them across, and set on the fire with a little butter and salt till brown. Add a little parsley chopped fine, turn into the dish, and serve.

**Vegetable Porridge.**—Scrape and peel the following vegetables: Six carrots, six turnips, six onions, three heads of celery, and three parsnips. Slice up all these very thin, and put them in a two-gallon pot, with four ounces of butter, a handful of parsley, and a good sprig of thyme, and fill up with water or pot liquor—if you happen to have any; season with pepper and salt, and put the whole to boil very gently on the fire for two hours. At the end of this time the vegetables will be done to a pulp, and the whole must be rubbed through a colander with a wooden spoon, and afterward put back into the pot and stirred over the fire, to make it hot for dinner.

**Vegetable Soup.**—Time: Four hours and a half. Three onions, six potatoes, six carrots, four turnips, half a pound of butter, one head of celery, a spoonful of catsup, a bunch of sweet herbs. Peel, slice, and fry the vegetables, etc., in half a pound of butter, and pour over them two quarts of boiling water. Let them stew slowly for four hours, then strain through a coarse cloth or sieve. Put the soup into a stew-pan, with a head of celery. Stew till tender.

**Green Pea Soup.**—Take some young turnips, carrots, onions, celery, cabbage, lettuces; cut them in slices, and put them in a stew-pan, with a little butter and some lean ham cut in pieces. Cover them closely, and let them stew for a short time. Fill up with stock sufficient for the soup required, and let it boil until the vegetables are quite soft, adding a few leaves of mint and the crust of a roll; pound all, and having boiled a quart of peas as green as you can, strain them off and pound them also. Mix them with the rest of the ingredients, and pass through a sieve. Heat it, and season it with salt, pepper, and sugar; add a few young boiled peas, and use the spinach to restore it.

## Scientific.

**How to Keep Flowers Fresh.**—Mr. John Drew, of Old Mission, Mich., has patented a novel flower-tray, for keeping cut flowers fresh during transportation or exposition. The invention consists in a box open at the bottom and provided with an aperture in its top, and with a closed cup attached to the under side of its top, into which cup the stem of the flower is passed through the aperture in the top. The tray has devices for holding the stem of the flower in the cup attached to the under side of the top of the box. The box has a water-reservoir passed into the bottom of the box for the purpose of supplying the cup with water to keep the flowers alive and fresh.

**The Best way to Disinfect.**—Boiling is the surest way of disinfecting contaminated clothing, or it may be baked in an oven heated to about two hundred and forty degrees, Fahrenheit. After the disease is over, the patient should be kept isolated for about ten days after all the scabs fall off in small-pox, or after desquamation (that is, "peeling" of the skin) is complete in scarlet-fever; for the last week of his seclusion, daily baths, each containing one ounce of strong carbolic acid, should be given, and every square inch of the body must be thus carefully disinfected, especially the scalp, as the disease-poison is apt to linger among the dandruff at the roots of the hair.

**To Purify Rooms after Sickness.**—Wash the furniture, woodwork, floor, and walls (scraping off the paper) with the carbolic solution and soap. Then shut up tightly, and burn in it a pound of sulphur for every hundred cubic feet of space it contains, and allow the fumes to remain in the closed room for twenty-four hours. Lastly, open doors and windows so as to ventilate freely for a week, at the end of which time disinfection may generally be considered complete.

**Dangerous Anæsthetic.**—Under the name of *Bändiger* or "Tamer," an Austrian chemist some time ago offered to sell to his government the secret of an anæsthetic which he had discovered. This compound had, he claimed, the property of rendering a human being utterly prostrate and defenseless in the space of a few seconds. The Austrian government not only refused to deal with the matter, but forbade the inventor, under pain of criminal proceedings, to divulge the secret to any one, or to continue his experiments in the same direction. Writers of sensational romance have thus lost a most useful auxiliary in carrying out their plots; they must therefore still continue to credit chloroform with the same attributes, in spite of the well-known fact that chloroform is far from instantaneous in its effects.

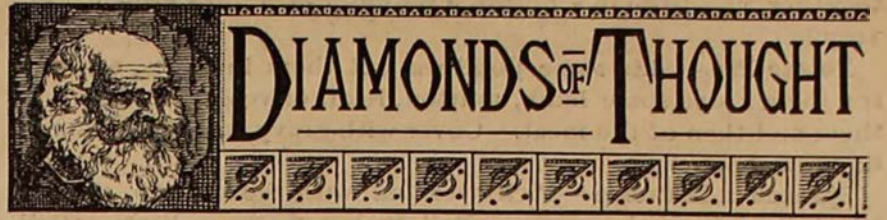
**How to Eradicate Scars.**—Sometimes the scars and cicatrices left by disease can be almost entirely obliterated by the use of a simple lotion for which we give the formula, and which is obviously perfectly free from any injurious element: Borax, half an ounce; salicylic acid, twelve grains; glycerine, three drachms; rose-water, six ounces. The way to apply it is to soak lint in the lotion and bathe the scars frequently.

**A New Process of Preserving Wood.**—M. Jaques, a Frenchman, has invented this: He first impregnates the timber thoroughly with a simple solution of soap, mixed with an acid—preferably phenic acid. This causes the fermentation, in a few days, within the wood, of a fatty acid, which is insoluble in water, and impregnates the remotest fibers. The reaction of the acid on the soap does not take place until a portion of the water has evaporated. It is claimed that more perfect impregnation can be had in this way than with creosote, and there is no danger of the washing out of the preservative from the exposed surfaces, as when sulphate of copper is used.

**Rubber-Stamp Ink.**—The following proportions are said to give an excellent ink, which, while not drying up on the pad, will yet not readily smear when not impressed upon the paper: Aniline red (violet), ninety grains; boiling distilled water, one ounce; glycerine, half a teaspoonful; treacle, half as much as glycerine. The crystals of the violet dye to be powdered and rubbed up with the boiling water, and the other ingredients stirred in.

**The very latest suggestion** in the matter of hygienic clothing comes from Germany, some genius there having recently invented and patented a line of underwear manufactured from the porous substance. It is now claimed that it can be more easily cleansed than woolen goods, and, being more flexible, does not chafe the skin so much. It is a bad conductor, and tends to keep the temperature uniform. One who wears this underclothing is not liable to take cold, for it absorbs the perspiration without checking it. After the mineral and vegetable impurities in the sponges have been sufficiently beaten by a heavy hammer to admit of being readily washed out, the sponges are dried and pared with a sharp knife. These parings are then sewn together. The fabric is prepared without the use of the poisonous dyes which, as incorporated in cloth underclothing, sometimes prove very deleterious to the system.

**Marking-Ink Stains.**—Cyanide of potassium is the only thing that will remove marking-ink from linen. It may be procured at the chemist's if the rules for the purchase of poisons are complied with. Wet the stain with water, then with a camel's-hair brush apply the solution of cyanide of potassium, and, when the stain has disappeared, rinse well in several waters. The highly poisonous nature of cyanide of potassium renders it imperative that it should be used with the utmost caution.—X.



"Men need not try where women fail."—*Euripides.*

**Every** part of the soul, if it comes to any largeness or any strength, goes through discipline.

**People** are to be taken in very small doses. If solitude is proud, so is society vulgar.—*Emerson, "Society and Solitude."*

**Everywhere** endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you will be at home.

**The** rock not moved by a lever of iron will be opened by the root of a green tree.

**A** hundred men make an encampment, and one woman makes a home.

**Good** style is good sense, good health, good energy, and good will.

**To** live long, it is necessary to live slowly; to live happily, to live wisely.—*Cicero.*

**Where** woman is held in honor, there the gods are well pleased; where she receives no honor, all holy acts are void and fruitless.—*Orient.*

**Opposition** is what we want and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.

**One** watch set right will do to set many by; but, on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood; and the same may be said of the example we each set to those around us.

**All** praise wrongly directed, or suggested by selfish motives, is an injurious element in society. It perpetuates much that ought to be repressed, it fills silly minds with vanity and egotism, it panders to some of the worst features of human character. Insincere flattery especially does this.

**Real** foresight consists in reserving our own forces. If we labor with anxiety about the future, we destroy that strength which will enable us to meet the future. If we take more in hand now than we can do well, we break up, and the work is broken up with us.

**Nothing** helps the memory so much as order and classification. Classes are always few, individuals many; to know the class is to know what is essential in the character of an individual and what least burdens the memory to retain.



**Always** pay your bills. Young once sang:—

"The man who builds and wants wherewith to pay  
Provides a home from which to run away."

**The** only true religion is personal religion. "Make yourself a good man," said Carlyle, "and then you'll be sure there's one rascal less in the world."

**A Six Button Kid:** A little boy, proud of his new jacket, informed his sister that he was a six-button kid.

**That** kind of religion is most popular which does not interfere on Sunday with what you intend to do on Monday.

**Wherever** there is power there is age. Don't be deceived by dimples and curls. I tell you that babe is a thousand years old.—*Emerson in "Old Age."*

**Some** people are always late, like the Duke of Newcastle, "who lost half an hour every morning, and ran after it all day without being able to overtake it."

"I'm in favor of women voting, if they want to," said a political orator. "I'd like to see the man who'd make us vote if we didn't want to," exclaimed a female auditor.

**Philosophy:** "What is philosophy?" It is the something that enables a rich man to say there is no disgrace in being poor.

**A** very rich man said: "I worked like a slave till I was forty years old to make my fortune, and have been watching it like a detective ever since, for my lodging, food, and clothes."

**Don't** say a mean thing about any one, and it may possibly happen that some time some one may be able truthfully to say a kind thing about you. The experiment is worth trying for its novelty.

**Advice Gratis.**—Ask no woman her age. Never joke with a policeman. Do not play chess with a widow. Never contradict a man that stutters. Be civil to rich uncles and aunts. Take your oldest hat to an evening party. Always sit next the carver, if you can, at dinner.



# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE

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

## Review of Fashions.

THE summer fashions of 1882 have been distinguished not only for great variety, but also for their beauty, and adaptability to diversified needs. If women do not now wear convenient clothing, it is because they cannot, or will not, obtain it; there is nothing in fashion to prevent them from doing so. One of the features has been the almost universal adoption of the hip panier as a drapery, or continuation of the over-dress, and another, the extent to which white, in its different tints, has been employed.

The seasonable fabrics have been particularly well devised, and capable of simple and useful arrangement, with little expense save the first cost of material, this being so full of dainty color and character. New shades of blue, gray blue, "electric" blue, "old china" blue, and others, have come to the front, and been so widely adopted that their reign cannot be a long one, though it has undoubtedly been a popular one. Blue is well called a holiday color; it is very bright and cheerful, and usually puts blondes, and women sensitive to atmosphere, in a holiday humor. Gray blue is used in wools; robin's-egg blue, or old china blue, in lawn, foulard, and the like, electric blue in satin and beaded trimmings, and also in cloth. Nasturtium yellow is another color very fashionably used, also a light, clear yellow with blue, and a deeper yellow with brown.

Dark browns, such as seal-brown, chocolate-brown, and others, have been replaced by lighter *écrus*, and tints in which there is a shade of yellow, and which harmonize with wine-color, and maroon. The more delicate shades of pink have been revived and are associated with cream and maroon. One of the most elegant dresses worn at a garden party at Saratoga was a fourreau of shrimp pink brocade, with plaitings of exquisite lace let into the seams at the bottom of the skirt, a very full cascade of cream lace at the throat, and clustered loops of maroon velvet at the sides of the plaited back, which was cut with a small train.

The short dress has been universally worn, and will continue to be the vogue for street costumes, for traveling, for toilets used for dancing, and almost every purpose except ceremonious dinner dresses. These cannot be short, but the trains are nearly always plain, the front of the dress displaying the trimming, and are often of very rich design and fabric.

Among the prettiest materials used this season is em-

broidered nun's-veiling, made over silk of the same shade, and draped with a wide scarf of very rich brocade in the same color. Sometimes the skirt is of the plain material, and covered with three to five flounces, bordered with several rows of stitching, and laid in fine knife-plaiting. The bodice, scarf, drapery, and trimming upon the sleeves (if any), is of the embroidered material, or the bodice is composed of the pretty silk-wrought tissue, and a wide scarf of cream brocade forms the drapery, which is arranged as a short overskirt, instead of knotted, as formerly.

The fourreau dress promises to be one of the most useful designs for autumn, for cloth suits, as well as handsome indoor wear; and lace (plaited very full) is applied as lengthwise insertions over a ruffled petticoat, and also as full cascades, and jabot for the front.

An ancient style has been revived in the short, plain, scant skirt of a remote period, edged with a thick ruche, and worn with a short, bunched-up polonaise, or what is now known as a "paniered bodice." The skirt may be plain satine, satin, or velvet, but if plain, it must be of a thick and effective material, and dark, or striking in color. Flowered satines are very much used for the upper part of the dress, the designs being carnation richly shaded, jonquils, honeysuckle, and chrysanthemums, on a ground the color of the skirt.

Charming garden-party dresses consist of an overskirt (draped), and plain, deep basque of lovely dotted foulard, over a skirt of cream nun's-veiling. To the *Directoire* collar is added a jabot of cream and Aurillac lace.

Straw hats have been used altogether this season in place of chip, and only white straw, red, and black trimmed with feathers, are seen at the watering-places.

A pretty fall novelty in yellowish straw, has a falling cap-crown of brown velvet, encircled by a graceful twist of brown satin ribbon, with a bow on one side. The brim is faced with brown velvet.

The latest fans are of moire-antique, with morocco sticks traced with gold, and one huge flower, exquisitely painted, as decoration. Moire-antique is to be used as a trimming for wool the coming autumn.

Many orders have been sent abroad for plain velvet dresses. One of these is not a suit, but a dinner dress; and the front and sleeves are to be capitoned upon satin with very small, round gold buttons. A thin sheet of wadding is laid between the lining and the satin, so as to give the proper effect.

## Illustrated Designs.

THE designs for the present month, which is practically a summer month, give many hints that may be useful in the making up of early fall costumes. The "Florine" is a good design, suitable for summer or light autumn materials, and very stylishly made up in fine camel's-hair, with India camel's-hair border.

The "Blandina" overskirt is a good design for satine or foulard, but it is still more effective in silk or satin, and may be used with the "Odama" basque, in the finer qualities of wool, such as camel's-hair and Chuddah cloth. The "Diantha" is an overskirt of the kind which has been most fashionable during the past summer. The hip drapery is draped away from a perfectly plain skirt, which may be made of a striped material, and trimmed with one kilted flounce, and the back drapery is short and quite *bouffant*. It is a favorite design for a lawn-tennis skirt, and looks very pretty made in blue stripe (two shades), with blue basque with white or red dots, or coral designs.

The "Doretta" morning dress is quaint and very pretty. It may be made in soft silk, in flowered satine, in printed lawn or cotton, or in plain wool, in old-gold or wine-color, in pale blue, or fawn with maroon trimmings. It is a pretty design for a breakfast dress at home, or for one's room in a hotel, and is easily made by any lady who is expert with her needle.

The three garments for out-door wear are all of the mantelet description, and suitable for early fall, in cashmere lined with twilled silk, or in figured silk with satin Surah lining. The "Priola" is very suitably made in light cloth, with a shirred ruffle, and silk and passementerie trimming; the "Cordova" may be elegantly reproduced in heavy silk or sicilienne, with plaited satin back, and pendent loops with tasseled ends of satin; and the "Drusilla" in lace lined with silk, or in brocade with Spanish lace for trimming. Neither of these designs requires a great amount of material, so that a rich fabric may be used, and the trimmings are effective, and in the case of the "Cordova," singularly graceful. The "Paolina" basque is a very suitable style for cloth, with partly draped and partly kilted skirt, a style likely to be employed again this fall for the dark cloths, plain, checked, and intersected with gold threads, that have already made their appearance. The fine lines of color and of gold are scarcely perceptible upon the surface, so nearly do they sink into the depth and softness of the fabrics; but the effect is a sort of interior illumination of the fabric.

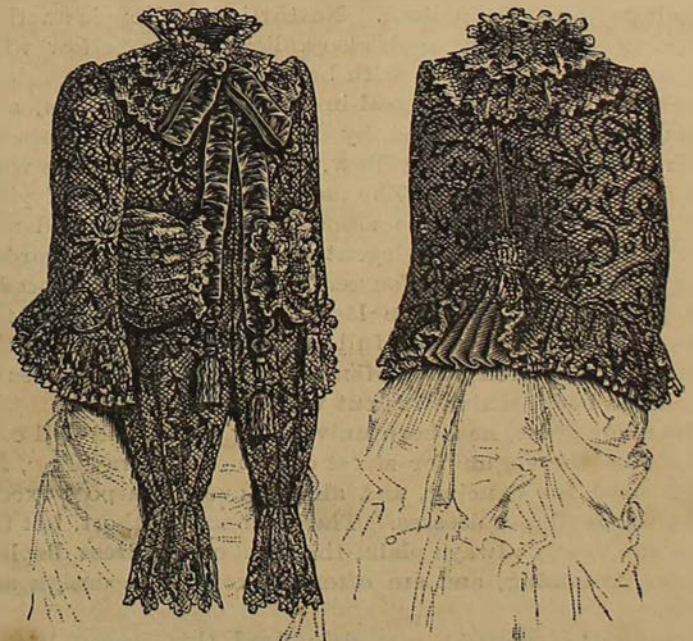
**Drusilla Mantelet.**—Stylish and unique in effect, this graceful garment is arranged with mantilla-shaped fronts, and shoulder-pieces cut in one with the back, which is slightly fitted with a curved seam down the middle, and has a plaiting inserted below the waist-line, imparting additional fullness to the wrap. Shirred sleeves are inserted in front, and the shoulder-pieces are gathered full at the top, giving a high effect to the shoulders. This design is suitable for all excepting the heaviest goods used for wraps, and is especially adapted for fabrics for summer and *demi-saison* wear—silk, cashmere, *satin Rhadames*, *satin meroilleux*, *Surah*, etc. It is especially stylish made of Spanish lace over thin silk, as illustrated, which may be either black or a color, a plaiting of the silk being used as a support for the lace ruffles. For most materials ruffles of lace will be the most appropriate trimming; but fringe or any other garniture suitable for the material can be used. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price twenty-five cents each.



**Florine Costume.**—A stylish costume, composed of a tight-fitting basque with draperies mounted upon it and falling over a plaited skirt arranged in a rather novel manner. The front and sides of the short skirt are arranged in a kilt-plaiting mounted upon a yoke, while the back breadth is gathered at the top and falls full below. The basque waist is ornamented with a pointed *plastron* collar, and the standing collar is arranged so that the neck may be worn either perfectly close, or slightly open in pointed shape, as illustrated. The sleeves are finished with deep "Mousquetaire" cuffs. This costume may be made in any class of dress goods, and the most effective garniture is bands of contrasting material as illustrated, although any other style of trimming suitable may be adopted. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

**BROCADED MOIRE** is the most fashionable and elegant of the incoming fabrics.

**WAIST-COATS.**—White piqué waist-coats have reappeared, fastened with small, round pearl buttons. They will probably be a feature of the incoming fall fashions.



DRUSILLA MANTELET.



Black and White.

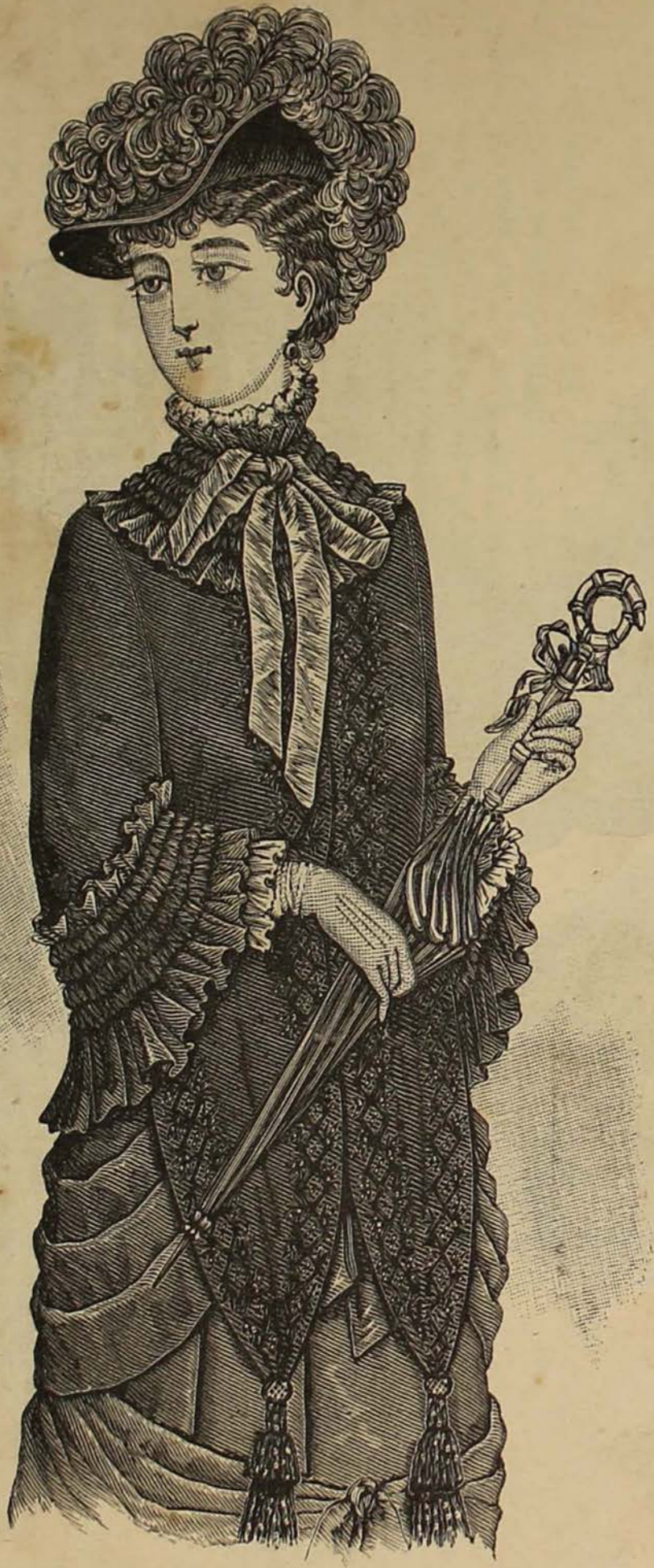
**T**HERE is quite a revival of black and white in such combinations of satin and velvet, silk and lace, as were so fashionable twenty years ago, and the probability is that many beautiful black and white costumes will appear during the coming season. For example, there are fourreau dresses of black silk brocade on a watered ground, and having insertions, or coquilles, of white lace round the bottom of the skirt, or more strictly, upon its sides above the

narrow, thickly-plaited satin flounces, lined with white lace, which extend entirely round the bottom of the skirt, forming its edge; the back forming a close, triple watteau plait. The bodice is finished with a full jabot of lace.

Some black satin dresses have been made recently, trimmed with flounces of white lace across the front, over others of black lace, bands of rich silk and jet embroidery forming the heading. This embroidery outlines the bodice, which was also trimmed with white and black lace, and formed the entire front of the elbow sleeves.



STYLISH COIFFURES.



PRIOLA MANTELET.



CORDOVA MANTELET.



DRUSILLA MANTELET.

EARLY AUTUMN WRAPS.

### Early Autumn Wraps.

**PRIOLA MANTELET.**—This is very stylishly made in black camel's-hair cashmere, the back and sleeves trimmed with a shirred flounce of *satın merveilleux*, the fronts ornamented with jet *passementerie*, and the neck finished with a shirred collar matching the flounce. It is an essentially practical design, suitable alike for simple and dressy fabrics, and the double illustration, showing the arrangement of the back, will be found among the separate fashions. Hat of dark blue English straw, trimmed with a profusion of feathers, and a velvet facing, all matching the straw in color. The mantelet pattern is in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

**CORDOVA MANTELET.**—Made in rich, black *Sicilienne*, with the plaiting at the back of black *moiré-antique*, and trimmed with jet *passementerie*, and fringe composed of loops of *moiré* ribbon tipped with jet tassels. This is equally as practical as the "Priola," and adapted to the same class of fabrics. The neck is finished with a full ruche of lace, and the square tabs in front are fastened with bows of *moiré* ribbon. Hat of fine black English straw, trimmed with Spanish lace having the pattern outlined with gold thread, and black and gold-colored tips. The mantelet is illustrated among the separate fashions. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

**DRUSILLA MANTELET.**—This elegant garment is made of black, hand-run Spanish lace, lined throughout with terracotta Surah, and trimmed with broad Spanish lace, falling over plaitings of the Surah. The design is simple, yet stylish, and quite as suitable for other fabrics; and the double illustration, showing the arrangement of the back, is given elsewhere. Bonnet of terra-cotta straw, trimmed with full *coquilles* of cream-colored lace, and pink and tea roses. The pattern of the mantelet is in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Odama Basque.

BUST MEASURE, 36 INCHES.

**T**HE characteristic feature of this model is the arrangement of the back of the basque, one side of which is laid in plaits below the waist, and the other draped over it. The basque is quite short and cut-away in front, and is tight-fitting with the usual number of darts, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. A deep collar forming square ends in front, and a full drapery coming from under it with the end gathered and fastened in an opening cut for the purpose in the front, ornaments the basque. This design

is suitable for almost any class of dress goods, and is very desirable for a combination of materials.

The pattern, *which will be found in this number*, consists of thirteen pieces—front, side gore, two side forms, two back pieces, two collars, drapery, two pieces of the cuff, and two sides of the sleeve.

Join the parts according to the notches. The darts in the front are to be basted and fitted to the figure before they are cut off. The extension on each side form is to be joined to the corresponding extension on the back piece, according to the notches, and laid in a plait turned toward the back on the inside. The seam down the middle of the back is to be closed only as far down as the lower notches. The holes near the lower edges of the side form and back piece for the *right* side denote five overlapping plaits turned toward the back on the outside, and then lifted upward on the outside and tacked over the *left* side of the back at the place marked by a cluster of holes in the back piece for the *left* side. The joining is to be concealed by a bow of ribbon, or of the material. The small collar is to be sewed to the neck according to the notches, and left standing all around. The large collar is to be sewed to the back of the neck according to the notches, and brought down the front in a line with the row of holes. The upper edge of the drapery is to be gathered and drawn in to fit between the single hole in the front and the row of holes, and sewed to the basque just under the lower edge of the large collar. The lower edge of the drapery is to be gathered and drawn through the opening in the front of the basque cut for that purpose, and tacked to the inside. The notched edge of the pointed piece of the cuff is to be sewed to the bottom of the sleeve, according to the notches, and turned upward on the outside. The other piece of the cuff is to be laid, according to the holes, in three lengthwise plaits, and placed on the lower part of the sleeve with one end sewed in the inside seam and the other fastened underneath the pointed cuff. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed at the shoulder seam.

Cut the fronts lengthwise of the goods on their front edges, and curve them in a little at the waist line in fitting, if necessary. Cut the side gores, side forms and back pieces, with the grain of the goods in an exact line with the waist line; the collars bias in the middle of the back; the cuffs and drapery straight, and the sleeves so that the parts above the elbows shall be the straight way of the goods.

This size will require three yards and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide. Three-quarters of a yard of contrasting material of the same width will be sufficient to make the collar and cuffs. The pattern is furnished in a smaller, and larger sizes. Price, twenty-five cents each.

### Aprons.

**A**PRONS are becoming quite a feature of modern costume. In addition to the variety of protective aprons invented for amateur cooks, there are aprons for lawn-tennis, aprons for gardening, aprons for wear at the stalls of a fancy fair or bazar, and morning or dusting aprons, which are accompanied by loose, gathered sleeves of the printed material of which the apron is composed, which can be drawn over others. The tidy little aprons of black silk which were formerly put on in the afternoon, with a clean collar, over a print dress, have disappeared, the "apron" of the overskirt and trimmed skirt having rendered it superfluous, but there is still the school apron of black or gray alpaca, an excellent model for which is the "Selina," and which furnishes not only an excellent apron, but a capital overdress for plain school gowns, which we recommend to teachers as well as pupils.



## DRESSY LINGERIE.

No. 1.—*Fichu* of India silk muslin, trimmed with deep, gathered ruffles of white Oriental lace. This is intended for dressy wear, and is a most graceful adjunct to the toilet. It is shirred at each side, and falls in a *jabot* in front. Price, \$4.85.

No. 2.—This dainty tie or *jabot* is composed of a knot of pale pink shaded satin Surah ribbon. "Fan" lace, three inches wide, is arranged with a fringed end of the same ribbon to form a bow. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$1.85.

No. 3.—A lovely *fichu* collar of wide, flat Valenciennes lace, gathered on a band of blue satin around the neck, and forming *fichu* ends by being arranged upon a *jabot* of net in front. Price, \$3.75.

No. 4.—An exquisite *jabot* of cream-tinted silk Spanish lace, figured with large moon-like spots. Price, \$2.50.

No. 5.—Collar of pale pink *satin merveilleux*, trimmed with wide, flat Valenciennes lace. The satin is arranged in shirred ruffles, and the lace is gathered around the edges and forms a *jabot* in front. Price, with *satin merveilleux* of any desired color, \$5.00. A rose may be added to the right side, as illustrated, and will cost 50 cents additional.

No. 6.—A pretty throat-knot of white silk mull, shirred to form two falling ends, which are trimmed with wide Newport lace. Price, \$1.85.

No. 7.—Pale pink satin Surah shoulder-cape, cut in circle shape, and adjusted to the shoulders by shirrings. It has a collar of the same, turned down, and is trimmed with two

gathered ruffles of wide Oriental lace, all around, and is tied in front with pink satin ribbon. Price, made in any color, \$6.75.

No. 8.—This dainty collar is composed of alternate gathered ruffles of white Mirecourt lace, and puffs of *ciel* blue satin, folded double. The satin ruffles are ornamented with pearl beads set on at regular intervals. A bow of blue satin ribbon fastens the collarette in front. Price, with ribbon and satin of any desired color, \$3.00.

## A Novel Fancy Fair.

**T**HE "Lilliputian Fancy Fair," given at the Duke of Wellington's riding school, is said to have been one of the prettiest sights of the London summer season.

"The impression the mind carried away was that of brilliant-eyed children, with cheeks and lips like flowers, in a variety of picturesque and quaint disguises. Heroines of nursery rhymes, children of bygone days from ballad and history, tiny folk of various climes and nations were here. The young people were all too much in earnest, too full of business, to be embarrassed by their strange attire. It was amusing to watch how careful they were of their change, how honest in giving it back, and alert to see they had their due. Margerie Daw, in a mob cap and a flowered gown, was at the see-saw. Little Bo-peep at the swing; the shepherdess, crook in hand, was here attired in pale blue satin, looped over a white muslin petticoat, her dress and large hat, laden with field flowers. Dame Trot, some way off, might be seen leaning on her stick, wearing a knowing, pointed red cap, a red shawl, and a flowered skirt. Mother Hubbard was there, too, bustling about in a cosy bonnet and cloak, and very short petticoats. Among these fairy folk pattered in and out a little figure in a Kate-Greenaway costume. The place was fragrant with the smell of flowers from the stall presided over by little misses in white satin hats and dresses, trimmed with coffee-colored lace and sashes, and their assistants, looking like pictures by Gainsborough stepped out of their frames, offered nosegays and screens laden with blossoms to passers-by. There was a 'dairy' stall, with 'real' cream, and fruit, served by a blue-eyed, golden-haired dairymaid, in a mob cap with blue ribbons, wearing a Pompadour chintz looped over a light blue petticoat; a stall of 'live pets,' and one of German, Florentine, and Russian wares, the *rendezvous* of a crowd of picturesque figures, belonging to all nations and ages.

"A feature of the affair was the performance of the third scene (the screen scene), Act IV., of 'The School for Scandal,' by the Misses Webling and the Masters Irving, the latter the sons of Henry Irving, the great actor. It was throughout unconventionally and intelligently acted. Master Henry Irving, as Joseph Surface, showed himself an apt imitator of his father. He wore a handsome costume of olive-green velvet, embroidered with steel, green silk stockings, and a white wig. Master Lawrence Irving was very bright and less imitative in his acting of Charles Surface. He wore a red stamped velvet coat, with white satin cuffs, white satin breeches and tights. 'The Toy symphony,' conducted by Miss Cowie, was very creditably performed by the lilliputian orchestra, and the musicians, artistically grouped in their various costumes, made a very pretty *coup d'œil*. The proceeds for two days of this charming fair amounted to nine thousand dollars, for the benefit of the Hospital for Incurable Children."

## A Wedding in the Country.

**P**EOPLE living in the country, who are little used to the city ways, and possess only rare opportunities of seeing how things are done by persons accustomed to society, are often puzzled upon the occasion of a marriage, or other important festivity; how to arrange the proceedings, —how, in short, to combine good taste with limited means, and country resources. A charming wedding occurred recently in a small, remote town, which it may be worth while to describe, because it was conducted with the strictest economy, yet was highly successful, and characterized by excellent taste.

The trousseau was home-made, and very pretty; it consisted mainly of "improved," that is, whole garments, made of fine long-cloth, and trimmed with needle-work and tuck-ing. The finest flannels were pink or white, and were hand-embroidered, and trimmed with lace. The wedding dress was to be the "best" dress afterward, and was selected for usefulness, as well as beauty. It was really a reception dress of pale fawn-colored satin, combined with a darker shade, in which was a minute figure, composed of the two shades, and flecks of white and black. The front of the skirt was of the plain satin, and it was trimmed with knife-plaitings of the fabric, alternating with ruffles of Irish point. The basque and sleeves were of the figured satin, and the trimming, in addition to the collar at the neck, consisted of ruffles, and jabot of Oriental lace.

This was the only dress that was not home-made; the others consisted of a black silk, a pink gingham, trimmed with white embroidery, a gray blue traveling dress, with straw hat and feathers matching in color, an ivory cheese-cloth, and a pale blue damasse trimmed with white lace, a pretty "left-over" from last winter's finery.

The dwelling in which the wedding took place was a wide, low, one-story and a half country house, with a long parlor, having a bay window filled with plants at one end, and dining-room, sitting-room, and one sleeping-room opening out of it. Kitchen, and "buttery" back of the dining-room. Flowers were sent in by neighbors, and two corner *etagères*, mantel-pieces, and fire-place were banked with them. Vases also were filled for every bracket, and enough white flowers were saved to cover the wire frame of a Japanese parasol, with the addition of smilax, and other greenery, under which the young couple were to be married. There were no brides-maids, or grooms-men; and as the bride's father had been dead some years, her elder brother gave her away, she entering the room upon his arm, while her mother followed upon that of the groom. After the ceremony, small tables were set in the parlor, and on the piazza; camp-chairs were brought in, and the guests were served, comfortably seated, with a delicious lunch of cold chicken, ham, tongue, buttered biscuit, sandwiches, chicken-salad, and coffee, followed by plenty of strawberries, ice-cream, ices, jelly-cake, mountain-cake, orange-cake, lemon-cake, and lemonade. Plates, forks, spoons, and cups and saucers, had been hired for the occasion, and were rapidly distributed, so that every one and everything was served with great promptitude. The food was home-made or contributed by friends, several of the cakes being sent in this way, and it was delicious, with an entirely different flavor from that of the usual caterer, and so fresh and clean as to stimulate the most jaded appetite. The presents were numerous, and were displayed in the sitting-room, a fine pair of blankets, and a handsome "blanket" shawl being among the number, and a thoughtful hundred dollars in gold furnishing the bride with pocket-money, or a nucleus for a bank account.



Ladies' Costumes.



## Ladies' Costumes.

FIG. 1.—Suitable either for house or street wear, this stylish costume, the "Florine," is made of very dark green camel's-hair serge, trimmed with velvet of the same color. There are many desirable features about this costume: the kilt-plaited skirt is mounted upon a yoke in front, thus avoiding unnecessary fullness, and the back drapery is arranged in an especially graceful manner; the basque waist is ornamented with a pointed *plastron* collar of velvet, and the standing collar is lined with silk, and arranged so that the neck may either be perfectly close, or the dress worn open a little in pointed shape. Velvet cuffs, and bands of velvet on the plaiting and draperies, complete the garniture. The double illustration of the "Florine" costume will be found among the separate fashions elsewhere. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—The "Odama" basque, and "Blandine" overskirt patterns are illustrated in this costume of blue and red check cheviot. The underskirt is trimmed all around the bottom with a plaiting headed by a *coquille* plaited ruche of the same material. The overskirt is shirred across the front and at the sides, and is trimmed with an embroidered edging of blue cashmere, embroidered in silk of the same color, laid on *en revers*. The basque is very prettily arranged at the back, one side being looped over the other in a most graceful manner. A rolling collar, and cuffs of dark blue *faillie*, and a drapery of cheviot, ornament the basque; and the plaitings on the skirt are faced with blue silk. French felt hat, dark blue, faced with garnet silk, and trimmed with dark blue and garnet ostrich-tips. Tan-colored mousquetaire gloves. The basque and overskirt will also be found among the double illustrations elsewhere. Price of basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Overskirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 3.—A charming morning home-toilet of garnet cashmere, trimmed with narrow plaitings of garnet *faillie*, and long-looped bows of garnet ribbon. The front is double-breasted, and forms two box-plaits its entire length; while the back, cut in princess style, is shirred at the waist and plaited in to the neck. A turned-down collar, and deep cuffs of white linen trimmed with lace, and a pretty mull morning-cap trimmed with a full ruche of Mirecourt lace, complete the toilet. The model illustrated is the "Doretta" morning dress, practical, as well as graceful in design. The double illustration will be found among the separate fashions elsewhere. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



**Doretta Morning Dress.**—A charming model for a morning home-toilet, practical as well as graceful in design. It is a princess dress, not quite tight-fitting, with side-forms back and front, those in front reaching to the shoulders, and those in the back rounding to the armholes. The front is double-breasted, and forms two box-plaits its entire length, while the back is shirred at the waist and plaited in to the neck. A turned-down collar and deep cuffs complete the design, which is suitable for almost any dress goods usually selected for home wear, especially light summer fabrics. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

## Artistic Dresses.

At a ball given by the representative of the American Exchange in London, Mr. Henry T. Gillig, Mme. Mojeska wore a pale pink satin skirt, over this a Madras muslin embossed with blush roses, descending in a Watteau plait at the back; and a sleeveless bodice, with two bows, each with innumerable loops and ends placed on either shoulder, so as to fall over the arms; her gloves were tan mousquetaire, caught in at the tops with pink satin ribbons. Mrs. G. H. Boughton, the wife of the artist, wore a costume of dull yellow satin, embroidered with red flowers, and Miss Flossie Boughton was dressed in white, her hair arranged in approved classic fashion, with imitation laurel-leaves twisted in among the knot of curls which surmounted her head. Mrs. Alma Tadema was in gold broché with tea-roses, and two esthetic ladies were in cream broché and yellow, with hair thick and bronzed, worn *à la Ellen Terry*, and lilies for ornaments.



**Diantha Overskirt.**—A pretty style of overskirt for light materials and summer wear, arranged in a somewhat novel manner. The front has two panier draperies open to the waist, and the back drapery is very *bouffant*, with a different arrangement at each side. This model is suitable for almost any class of dress goods, except the heaviest, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with embroidered ruffles, or in any other style in accordance with the material and design. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

## Summer Fabrics.

THE choice of summer materials has been so great that there has been no excuse for falling back, as some have asserted, upon velvets and plushes for costumes in July and August. In our country there are climates where winter clothing can be used the whole year round, but we do not envy the wearers, nor consider such a uniformly chilly temperature desirable. At any rate, the rules that would apply to those regions do not apply here, where the thermometer has a trick of going up among the nineties, and of staying there for days at a time, despite all that can be said and done to the contrary. To talk about velvet being fashionably worn under such circumstances is, of course, to talk nonsense; it is as much as one can do to wear linen and lawn: while under the most favorable circumstances summer dust accumulating upon velvet would quickly render it unfit for wear in summer or winter.

There are certain fabrics that are good and suitable for summer, and certain others that are good and suitable for winter, and the better way is to keep each to its place, or at least not endeavor to transfer the manifestly unfit from their naturally colder regions to a Southern temperature. There are certain light woolen fabrics that answer every purpose for warmth and substance required by variations in temperature, and these are not only convenient and comfortable, but healthful; for the rest, the change to cottons and cool, thin washing-silks, is delightful, and produces a feeling of freshness and happiness in harmony with the season.

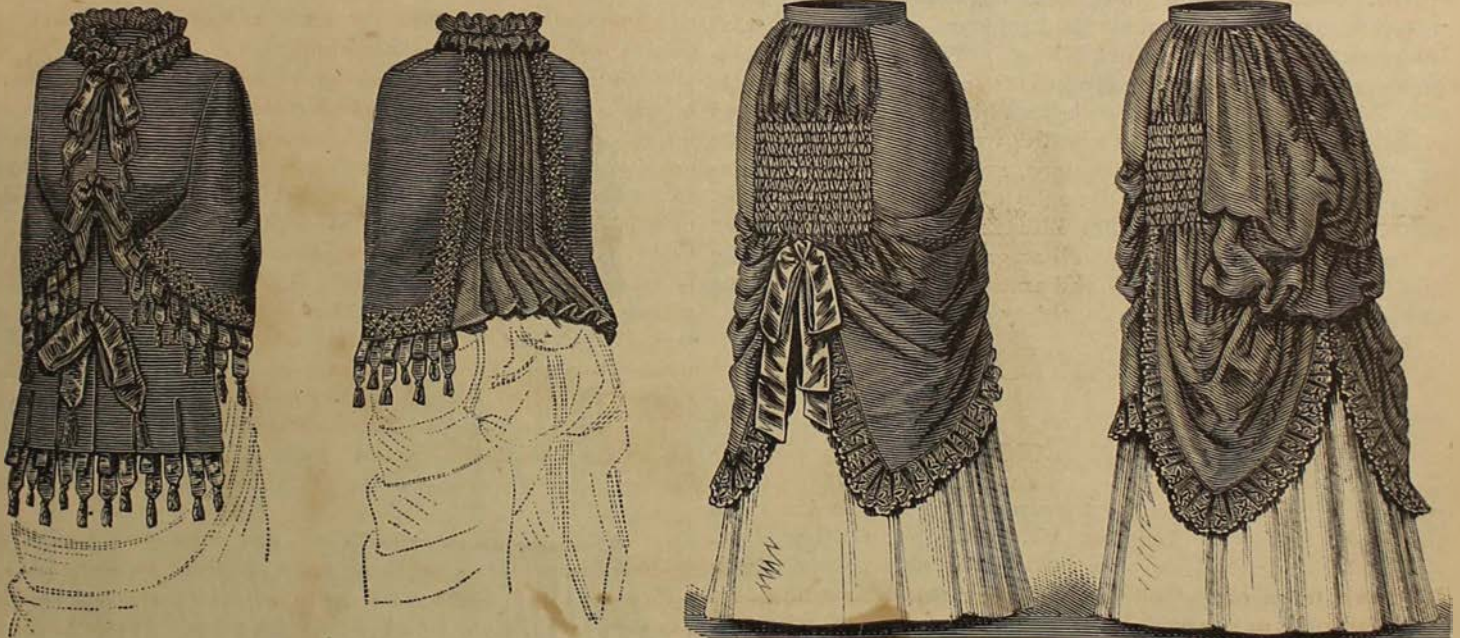
Newport ladies wear cotton a great deal in summer, and

almost altogether for morning and lawn-tennis purposes. Nor do they require great variety in the style of making. A good, simple design is very apt to be repeated, and we know of one rich family for which eight cotton dresses were made exactly alike. "Why not?" remarked the sensible woman who ordered them; "the pattern suits us, and is adapted to a simple material. Why should it not be repeated?"

Among the prettiest summer materials are now the cottons—which are so soft and so much like silk—the cotton foulards, and flowered satines, the fine close muslins—imitations of silk muslin—and the crimped cottons, which are something like, but finer than, the old-fashioned dimity. The silk muslins have advanced no less than the cottons, and are now enriched by lines of color and gold thread, by small embroidered figures, and decorative designs, which add greatly to the effectiveness for decorative and combination purposes. Of course they are used for the gay toilets at the Springs, and summer-evening dancing-parties; but the material is not one easily spoiled, and if embroidered by hand, can be used as a scarf upon the skirt, and drapery for the bodice, upon several costumes.

Hand-painted silk, satin, and crêpe de Chine are very stylishly used to drape toilets of silk, satin, and lace, or in combination with lace over satin, or satin surah. The soft silks are all favorites during the warm weather, and are often combined with ivory silk muslin, and trimmed with a mixture of cream lace and lace the color of the surah.

Very pretty linen lawns have made their appearance this summer, printed in charming leafy designs, shaded in pink and black, and made up with ruffles in waved needlework, executed upon linen lawn also.



**Cordova Mantelet.**—Novel, yet simple in design, this mantelet displays a unique feature in the arrangement of the back, which is draped below the waist and forms a plaited *quille* above. The sleeves, or shoulder pieces, extend half way across the back, and the fronts are cut in mantilla shape and slashed to form square tabs across the lower part. Any of the goods usually employed for summer and *demi-saison* wraps are suitable for this model, and the trimming may be selected to correspond. *Passenterie* and ribbon fringe, as illustrated, forms a stylish garniture for *satin Rhadames*, *surah*, *satin merveilleux*, or similar goods. Pat-

terns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

**Blandina Overskirt.**—A design uniquely graceful in effect and quite elaborate, although not difficult in arrangement. It is composed of an apron shirred and draped in the middle of the front, and a rather *bouffant* back drapery, with a side gore shirred and draped in with the back. Nearly all classes of dress goods, except the heaviest, are suitable for this design, especially summer fabrics and those which drape gracefully. It may be trimmed, as illustrated, with lace or embroidery, or in any other style to correspond with the material selected. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



**Priola Mantelet.**—This graceful and dressy little wrap is especially appropriate for summer and *demi-saison* wear. It is slightly fitted by a curved seam down the middle of the back, and has sleeves or shoulder pieces inserted in dolman style, while the front extends below the waist in full tabs finished with tassels. The neck is ornamented with a deep shirred collar, and a shirred flounce plaited on the edge trims the back and sleeves. The design is adapted to any material appropriate for *demi-saison* wraps, silk, *satin merveilleux*, *sicilienne*, and light qualities of cloth or cashmere, as well as summer fabrics. The trimming used on the front may be selected to correspond with the material. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.



**Paolina Basque.**—Unique in design this model represents a tight-fitting basque, pointed back and front, with a separate basque skirt composed of two rows of plaiting placed under the point at the back. The basque is fitted with the usual number of darts in front, side-gores under the arms, side-forms rounded to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A shirred drapery, confined at the waist by a strap, ornaments the front, and the neck is finished with a collar arranged so that it may either be worn close, or open in pointed shape, as illustrated; while the coat sleeves have deep plaited cuffs. This design is suitable for almost any class of dress goods, and is admirably adapted to a combination of materials. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

## Straw Parasols.

JAPANESE parasols are not any longer a novelty; they are used at watering-places and in the country very commonly in place of the expensive-lined and lace-trimmed silk ones, which it is now considered necessary to use in cities. There is a novelty in parasols, however, and it is made in yellow straw, of the same kind used in the making of fans and "satin-straw" bonnets. It is finished around the edge with a lace-like border, in which ribbon is sometimes run, or which shows a lining of pale pink or blue silk, or sustains pendent loops of pink or blue satin ribbon.

## Out-Door Wear.

THE summer is on the wane, and soon the light lace wraps, the gathered collars, the beaded capes, and other graceful little accessories which have done duty as out-door garments, will be succeeded by designs adapted for warmth and protection. There was a time when a shawl, or something equivalent, was considered necessary to out-of-door dress at any and every season of the year; but the more complete dress of modern times has gradually removed the idea of its necessity, and now it is only middle-aged women, persons of "old-fashioned" ideas, who have been accustomed to the feeling of protection and security which the out-door garment gives, that cling to the summer mantle or alternate it with the enlarged fichu. Young women rarely appear in any out-door garment whatever, unless it is made necessary by cold or storm, and, indeed, the finish of the modern costume, as before remarked, renders it independent of such addition.

A pretty mantle has, however, appeared in lace, which will be likely to find favor in light autumn cloths, on account of its simplicity and graceful appearance. It is a mantle merely, rounded at the back, and shaped to the figure by its cut, as well as by the gathering at the neck. It is finished by a finely kilted flounce, and several rows of narrow gold braid as a heading (when made in cloth), and has ends which are gathered in front. The long coat known as the redingote will appear again this autumn in light fawn and *écru* cloths, with rolling collars and collars of plush (same shade), facings of satin, and buttons of pearl, or metal with figures in relief; enameled buttons, onyx buttons, and buttons of smoked pearl are also in demand for these garments, which are exceedingly useful for walking or driving in the country, and for autumn travel in the mountains or lake regions.

In the large Eastern cities it is not often cool enough until November for a walking-coat of this description, and light or cloth or silk wraps are therefore in demand that are less weighty, and do not cover up the dress. Mantelets in the *visite* form, and small "Mother Hubbards" in silk or cashmere are favorites; but there are also many ladies who find an India cashmere shawl exactly what they need for between seasons, and avoid the somewhat deceptive little silk and satin and cashmere wraps, which, though so small, eat up vast quantities of expensive trimming, and are not "dressy" without it. The "Gossamer" has become the almost universal waterproof since the practical disappearance of the ulster, which still survives in remote districts and among a class in cities, that is not greatly disturbed by fashion. Rows of narrow braid are to be revived as a trimming for cloth jackets. Cloaks will be cut long.



### MISSES' COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—A stylish costume, illustrating the “Ninette” basque and “Queenie” skirt combined, and made up in soldier-blue ladies’ cloth. The basque, which is extremely simple, is closed with rows of black military braid and tiny black crochet buttons down the front; while the underskirt is composed of overlapping rows of kilt platings, and the drapery is trimmed with rows of narrow braid to match the basque. Blue Manilla hat, with long Amazone plumes of soldier-blue ostrich feathers. Collarette of white mull, with edging of Newport lace. Mousquetaire tan-colored gloves. The basque and skirt are illustrated separately

elsewhere. Patterns of basque in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each. Skirt patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—This pretty costume is made of dark gray woolen, with embroidered self-colored selvedge. The design illustrated is the “Olivia” costume, which is arranged with two rows of kilt-plaiting across the front, headed with scarf draperies edged with embroidery; the lower row of plaiting extends all around the bottom of the skirt, and the back drapery is looped to form a bow at the back below the waist. The collar, cuffs, and ends of the drapery on the

waist are embroidered to correspond. Narrow, turned-down collar of white lace around the neck. The double illustration of this costume will be found among the separate fashions elsewhere. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each size.

FIG. 3.—Street costume of garnet camel's-hair cloth, and jacket of gray check cheviot. The models illustrated are the "Zara" jacket and "Queenie" skirt, the front view of the latter being illustrated on Fig. 1. The side panels and band on the back drapery are of striped fancy woolen goods in old-gold and red. The rest of the dress is a dark garnet. Tailor-made jacket of cheviot, single-breasted and tight-fitting, with large pockets and rolling collar. Large hat of *cru*-tinted coarse straw, trimmed with a scarf of garnet *faille* caught down with a gilt ornament, and a long, red ostrich plume. The brim is faced with garnet velvet, and edged with cut pearl beads of red Roman pearl. Patterns of "Zara" jacket in sizes for from eight to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each. Skirt patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

### Dress in the Mountains.

**S**UMMER dress in the mountains, where the thermometer seldom reaches eighty, where blankets are regularly required at night, and fires not unfrequently in the day, differs widely from the summer dress upon the plains and in the valleys, demanding, in fact, more or less warmth the whole year round. Occasionally people go to the mountains who do not realize this difference, and their experience is rather severe. Evening dresses, and the white dresses in such demand at Saratoga, fichus, and scarf draperies, may be dispensed with; but the flannel suit, the extra jacket, the stout shoes, and thick stockings, are indispensable to comfort, and if they are forthcoming, the rest will hardly be missed.

The dark red straw-hat is a feature of mountain dress which is well suited to the costume of dark blue flannel with which it is worn, or the finer cloth suits flecked with color, such as old-gold, red, and black, forming no distinct design, but only making a sort of "heather" mixture, which is brightened by its interwoven color, but not disturbed by it. Some of the very best suits are made of these cloths, either plain or in combination with the intersected gold cloths, which are used for trimming and drapery.

The favorite method of making mountain dresses is with a mixture of kilting and slight drapery in the skirt, and a deep, well-cut basque, which may or may not be finished with kilting upon the sides or at the back. Another method is to drape a deep, paniered bodice over a perfectly plain skirt, which is only finished with a few rows of braid above a narrow plaiting round the bottom, and this design may be made more or less dressy by inserting in the front a plaited vest or shirt, which may be brought down to a point, or made to hang loose.

But this paniered bodice is rapidly giving way to the basque with long coat-tails, cut like a coat, indeed, with rolling collar and lappels rather narrowed toward the ends, and lined with satin or moire of the same shade as the cloth. For dinner-wear at the hotels in the mountains, the jacket of velvet, or plush, or figured stuff, over a silk skirt, retains a certain amount of favor, probably because it is so convenient, and wears out half-worn skirts of a quality too good to throw away. Old-gold and wine color are the favorite shades, and if the fit is good, and a pretty jabot of real lace, or cream-colored imitation of good quality, added to the throat, nothing more is required, and no prettier toilet is needed for evening gathering, game, or dance.

### Summer Shade Hats.

**N**OTHING more unbecoming or more hideous in the shape of hats has been seen for a long time than the tall, peaked-crown straws, with broad, drooping brims which have been seen this summer in high colors, which emphasized their deformity. Of course such designs have a very short lease of life, and there are peculiar-looking people—girls and women—all angles, and built up to an exclamation point, whom they seem to suit, but they are the exceptions; the majority are better suited by less startling head-gear, and fortunately know it. For summer bonnets of a dressy or expensive character there is much less demand in cities than for shade hats of an informal description, that are convenient for excursions, can be worn in the country, and the trimming of which is easily replaced. The large hat of white straw, plain or fancy, with wide, straight, or indented brim, and trimming of mull and flowers, or lace and white ostrich feathers, seems to about fill the bill; for at all summer resorts, and everywhere that well-to-do women most do congregate, these hats are in the ascendant; while at the watering-places proper, a lady, young or old, is *de trop* without one.

Residents of small towns and villages, on the contrary, pay more attention to the cost and character of the bonnet for summer than for winter wear. In the first place, it is seen by city people, it is the crown to a pretty summer church toilet. It is capable of more variety, and can be put to better use than the eternal velvet bonnet, which has hardly, as yet, been exchanged for the beaver, or the velvet felt, with soft furry front, which is so becoming, and is specially adapted to winter in the country, that they ought to be in demand always, like straw.

For a summer hat nothing prettier or more picturesque has ever been devised than the black or white, with rather low crown, broad, indented brim, and trimming composed wholly of large, wide, soft French ostrich plumes, which do not come out of curl. The facing of the brim, for black, should always be black velvet; for white, shrimp pink, ivory, or pale blue.

### Children's Fashions.

**I**T is really a providential circumstance that children cannot realize the lovely pictures they make in the quaint and graceful costumes, the charmingly simple and novel designs which it is the delight of their mammas to array them in, and which render them the moving figures of a story or a play rather than the commonplace little copies of their elderly relatives which we used to see.

In the country, and especially at the fashionable watering-places, the dress of the little girls shows all the esthetic tendencies of the age, the styles which are considered quite "too too" by their elders being eagerly employed for the little ones, whose Guido faces and golden hair fitly crown the picturesque attire. Of course, in some instances, it is carried to extremes. Tots a foot high look like mushroom in the immense, all-round "Mother Hubbard" collars, and like small wizards in the enormous peaked hats, which it is an outrage to compel them to wear. But usually they are dressed charmingly in dainty pink and blue gingham or white muslin, in linen lawn or silken surah, the square-cut "Greenaway," the "Early English" puffed sleeve and belted waist, the gathered "Mother Hubbard," or simple princess designs with Spanish flounce furnishing

the suggestions for the shapes and patterns of their costumes.

A curious effect, and one characteristic of the season, is produced by the delicacy and daintiness of their dresses, which are made very short; and the darkness of their hats and hosiery, which are preferred in the deepest and most sombre shades of wine, olive, and brown, when they are not black. As drawers are not allowed to show in the least, and low "Oxford" ties, or strapped shoes are preferred to boots, there is no break in the length of the (generally) long thin legs encased in their solid coverings, and the effect is peculiar, or it would be thought so, if it were not so "stylish."

Our illustrated designs for the present month, for children, are not numerous, but they afford some good and practical suggestions for early fall outfits for school and general wear. The "Olivia" costume is well adapted to a combination of plain fine dark wool, with a dark check in green and brown, or the new-gold striped or speckled material for scarf drapery and trimming for the bodice. The drapery at the back should be of the plain fabric.

The "Tina" dress is pretty in flannel or camel's-hair, in linen or soft silk, in satin surah or satteen for a girl of six to eight, and needs neither sash nor trimming. It is improved by the bow upon the side, which may mark a pocket, but even this is not essential. The "Queenie" skirt is a short combination design built up on a lining and excellent for a "making-over" pattern. The stripe may be new; the draped overskirt, at the back, bordered with it or merely stitched, and the "Ninette" basque made to accompany it of some of the plain material, which may be trimmed with the stripe instead of with cords down the front. The "Zara" jacket is one of the useful little garments for outdoor wear which are always in demand with the approaching cool weather, and may be made in cloth or flannel, with no trimming save the buttons, and several rows of stitching.



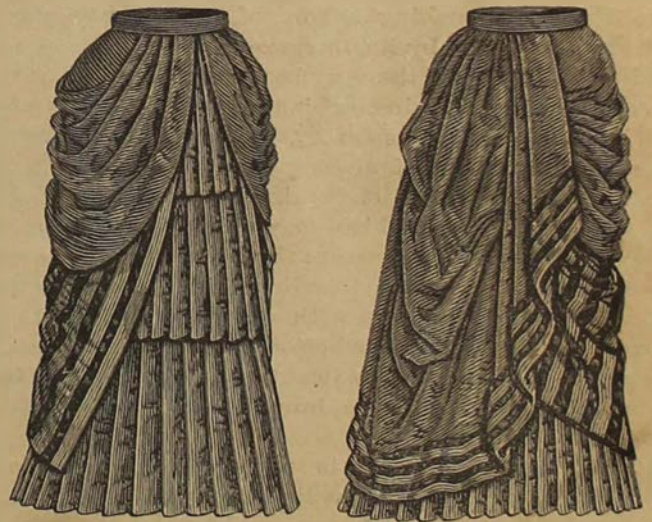
**Olivia Costume.**—Stylish and elegant, this costume is also a practical design easily arranged. It consists of a short, gored skirt, trimmed with two rows of kilt-plaiting across the front, headed with scarf draperies, the lower plaiting extending all around the skirt; and a polonaise with basque front, the upper drapery concealing the lower edge of the basque, which is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, side-gores under the arms, side-forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The polonaise is draped to form a bow below the waist behind. A rolling collar and drapery on the front of the corsage complete the model, which is adapted to any class of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials, as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

### Tina Dress.



TINA DRESS.

**T**HIS charming little dress, of dark blue Saxony flannel, consists of a full blouse plaited in the middle of the front and back, and draped over a kilt-plaited skirt which is mounted upon a half-fitting underwaist of silesia or some other lining. A deep collar and turned-back cuffs of embroidery, plaited, and bows of crimson satin ribbon ornament the dress, which is modeled after the "Tina" dress pattern. Broad-brimmed hat of coarse, dark blue straw, bound and trimmed with blue satin ribbon. Laced boots, and blue and red checked stockings. This dress will also be found among the double illustrations elsewhere. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, twenty cents each.



**Queenie Skirt.**—Stylish and graceful in effect, this design is composed of a gored skirt trimmed with kilt-plaitings, over which is arranged a drapery forming short paniers draped over long panels at the sides, and a slightly *bouffant* back drapery with plaited side-pieces. This model is suitable to any class of dress goods, and is very desirable for a combination of materials. It is shown in combination with a basque and jacket on the plate of "Misses' Costumes." Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.