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COUSIN CALEB'S THANKSGIVING.

BY HATTIE WHITNEY.

"DON'T want to cook," pouted Dolly, swinging her little slippered foot sulkily to and fro from the heights of the long-legged, old-fashioned wooden "settle" in the chimney-corner, "and I ain't going to learn, neither. 'Tain't nice to cook."

"'S mighty useful—long as mortals will eat," returned Aunt Delila, as with an undignified dive under the tall-legged table she rolled forth a bouncing pumpkin, a golden marvel of symmetry and richness, reserved for the crowning glory of a Thanksgiving dinner—pumpkin pies. "Gals 't can't cook ain't good fer much in my opinion. Ef you had a little grain of sense hit ud come mighty handy jest now. Yonder's Thanksgivin', not two days off, all Jeems's folks acomin' from the Caney Fork, an' cousin Jul'anny and her five gals, an' Adline Pike, an' maybe Caleb, an' all. Couldn't no *one* person cook for 'em, an' do ev'thing else too. How you reckon it's goin' to *git* done, Dolly Martin?" Dolly drew up her feet, doubled her arm on the back of the settle, and dropped her head peacefully thereon.

"I don't reckon," she answered lazily. "I don't 'low to cook—never. Cousin Caleb's coming for shore, and I ain't agoing to fool round in the kitchen and get all red and tumbled up. His wife won't never have to cook, 'cause he's rich now. And he's nice, too."

"You ain't his wife, air you?" asked Aunt Delila with exasperated sarcasm.

"Don't 'pear like I am—jest yet," answered Dolly, with imperturbable pertness. "Why don't you send for Cousin Cindy to help you? She can cook."

"You're too triflin' to live, Dolly," asserted Aunt Delila indignantly, as she carried the pumpkin out to the kitchen. "Looks like I'll *hev* to send for Cindy—Dolly's such a varmint."

"You'll go I reckon, Cindy?"

Mrs. Sol Crane paused in her occupation of chopping sausage meat, and turned a pair of round, inquisitive black eyes upon her sister-in-law who stood in the kitchen door-way, looking out across the lawn, sparkling white with the first heavy November frost.

"Ye-es," the young lady spoke a little hesitatingly, "I suppose—"

"But you ornt't suppose," interrupted Mrs. Crane, with a

sudden brisk chop of the knife that made the table creak. "You orto know. I'd think you'd be glad of the chance. Reckon they'll pay you something ef they *air* kin-folks, seein' they're goin' to hev sich a gang; an' you kin buy you them shoes you've been awantin', an' Sol won't hev to. We *air* kind of skimpy you know, Cindy, with all the young ones aneedin' a new dress an' hat apiece, an' me a bonnet with yeller flowers like Delily Martin's. Reckon you kin patch up your Newports to do till arter Thanksgivin', hey?"

"Very well." Cindy shut the door rather abruptly, and began to wash the dishes, stacked in a pan on the kitchen table. She had done the work of a hired girl for her brother's family for years, merely for board and clothes, neither asking nor receiving wages. But she was too proud to mention the fact now.

"I'd a little grain rather not go *there*," she said, a deep rose color glowing suddenly in her cheeks; "still—"

"The mercy sakes, *why*?" demanded Mrs. Sol sharply. "You ain't goose enough to mind 'cause that there Caleb Pike's acoming back, air you? You needn't, arter all this long time. He's forgot you long ago, I'll insure you. Reckon he's engaged before now; an' you're pretty near a old maid, ain't you?"

Cindy might have been held excusable, perhaps, for not answering this rather personal remark. But Mrs. Sol was one of those agreeable, tactless people who dwell longest on the least edifying topics.

"Twenty-nine, ain't you?" she persisted in her raspingly distinct voice.

"Twenty-eight," corrected Cindy briefly.

"Bless the world," commented her sister-in-law. "I was married and hed four children when I was twenty-eight. But folks is differ'nt; you ain't one of the takin' kind, I reckon. I s'pose you could hev Deacon Spermint an' his nine ef you was a mind to. I dono who else the' is—"

"You needn't worrit, Seliny," said Cindy quietly. "I don't 'low to pine away right off, nor yet to set in the sun, like little Sallie Water, weepin' an' cryin' fer a young man. So don't shorten your days by any oneasiness on my account."

The square low-ceiled kitchen of the substantial Martin farm house was all in trim for Thanksgiving preparations, with its glowing wood-stove, hospitable cupboards and

closets stretched wide, and a full assortment of pots and pans, kneading trays and molding boards, cutters and crimpers, graters and egg-beaters marshaled for service; while freshly opened cans and jars of fruit filled the air with the combined fragrance of summer and autumn, to which the half-bushel basket of October pippins contributed materially. A two-gallon crock full of hoarded eggs—big, cream-colored Buff Cochin eggs—stood beside the favored pumpkin on the window-sill, and in a broad, splint-bottomed arm-chair reposed the mighty form of the bronze gobbler, decapitated and curled up in the biggest dish-pan.

"Now, honey, jest go ahead," said Aunt Delila, bustling around with her apron on crooked and her hair in a state of one-sidedness, as Cindy, enveloped in a gingham apron, with sleeves rolled above her rosy elbows, stood ready for business. "You be chief cook, I've got sech a mess of other things to tend to."

"Aunt Delila," said Cindy, "I'm going to take away the fire-board and clear out the old fire-place. There's nothing like a fire-place to roast guinea chickens in front of, nor hot coals to bake gobblers in."

"Do what you like," said Aunt Delila; "hit used to smoke so whenever 'n the wind got in the east, hit's been shot up so long, folks has forgot it's there. But you kin open it ef you want to."

So Cindy removed the light fire-board, revealing the gaping cavity, all sooty and cobwebby, with a dreary heap of ashes between its brass-headed andirons. How desolately different it looked from the last time she had seen it, lighted by mellow flashes of flame that curled their gold-tipped red fingers about the now rusted chain and hook, and sent a rich, wood-scented warmth clear across the kitchen. And she had stood just there in front of it, she and Caleb Pike, quarreling ridiculously, all about a village drug clerk Caleb was jealous of, for whom Cindy really cared not a straw, and who had married some one else long ago. But it had all been sufficient to make Cindy return Caleb's betrothal ring, abruptly and rudely, and to make him cast it angrily into the ashes, after which he had departed, and never returned. He was coming at last, and Cindy dreaded the meeting.

"It's more'n likely he *has* found some one else to love, as Seliny says," she sighed; "and I *am* 'most an old maid." She sighed again, as she began taking up the ashes—they seemed so like the ashes of dead hopes to her. She dropped the shovel suddenly, with a quick breath. There was the ring, the little band of gold, nestling in the ridge of cold, gray ashes. She took it out, tenderly brushing away the powdery white ashes that clung to it, and slipped it on her finger; it was a painfully sweet comfort.

Dolly's rose-leaf face appeared at the kitchen door.

"Cindy," she said, coaxingly, "you don't want to go to church to-morrow, do you?"

Cindy looked down at her Newport, ornamented with a great darn across the top.

"I couldn't go if I did want to," she answered.

"How nice," said Dolly, with frank selfishness; "I do so like to have dinner all ready when I come home from church, and the rest never'll stay home. I reckon cousin Caleb'll be with us, too, if he don't come to-night. I wrote to him if he didn't come till Thursday to come right to church from the train. I want him to see me in my new white plush hat and velvet cloak. I know he'll fall in love right off. Cousin Caleb used to like *you*, when you was young, didn't he?"

"Good enough, I reckon," said Cindy, starting her fire with a shovel full of hot coals from the cooking stove.

"I was too little then, or it would have been me," said Dolly, placidly, tasting a spoonful of quince preserves; "I ain't a bit vain, but I don't freckle like you used to, Cindy."

They were all off at last, and quiet reigned in the big farm-house. Cindy had watched the deep, red wagon, as it jolted up the lane, until even Dolly's conspicuous white hat and training plume had melted into the soft, blue-gray atmosphere; she had brushed and dusted the sitting-room, and heaped fresh-scented oak sticks on the fire-place until the place was as attractive as cleanliness and warmth could make it; and now stood in the kitchen, bright with the red fire-light on the hearth, the boxes of tall yellow and purple chrysanthemums in the windows, and the substantial evidences of royal Thanksgiving cheer in savory array upon table and cupboard. There was a comfortable sizzling in the oven, suggestive of browning gravy and seething sage-dressing. A great pot hung upon the hook in the fire-place, cradling with a gentle, steaming lullaby, the gem and prince of plum-puddings; and various covered pans and skillets reposed amidst the ruddy coals in corners of the fire-place, musical with a slow bubbling as of fruit juice simmering down to sugary syrup in the hearts of rich-crustured cobblers and short-cakes.

Cindy stood for a few minutes, idly, beside the fire-place, gazing down at a little cluster of blue and yellow flames, twisting together with a serpent-like grace. But her thoughts were suddenly disturbed. It was hardly time for the folks to return from church, yet there was a sound of footsteps ringing along the hard path leading to the kitchen. There was a hasty knock, followed by an impatient twisting of the door-knob, and then a tall form in a rough, black coat, plunged into the kitchen, and before Cindy knew where she was, she found both her hands being energetically shaken, and Caleb Pike smiling down at her startled face, with twinkling brown eyes.

"I jest thought I'd find you here," he declared, in a loud, brisk, cherry voice, "and I shot right over—left them freight fellers amauling my baggage around like smoke—didn't keer fer anything so's I got to see you, Cindy. I've been wanting to come ever since I heard you wasn't married to that quinine feller, an' never got to till now, 'cause, you see, I wouldn't come no better off 'n when I left. I've been worried terrible, too, for fear you wouldn't make up when I did come. But you've got the ring—I seen that first thing when I came in. An' you'll keep it, won't you, honey? You won't pitch it at me like you did that time?"

"No," said Cindy, "I reckon you'd shy it in the fire ef I did, an' there ain't no use in wastin' a good ring, as I see. But, Caleb, kin you really an' truly love me yet? I'm older than what I used to be—"

"An' a heap better lookin'," responded Caleb, "you used to hev freckles, an' yer hair was kinder red. It's orburn now, an' you're as pretty as a red apple. You was always pretty enough fer me, but ef I loved you then, I love you twenty times better now."

They stood there upon the hearth, just as they had stood that night so long ago, in the mellow fire-light. Yet how different it seemed now.

"Cindy," said Caleb, with a solemn tone in his hearty voice, "we've always got a heap to be thankful for—more'n we've got gratitude enough to pay for half the time, I reckon. I feel like I'm always in debt to the Lord; but this time I'm run deeper in than common. I've got you extry."

"Better be extry thankful then, ef you think I'm worth it," said Cindy, with a low laugh. "I'm shore I'm thankful as I kin be. There now, you've made me forget that red raspberry short-cake; 'twould have scorched in another minute."

"Reckon 'twouldn't hev spiled *our* thanksgivin' ef it *had*," answered Caleb.

THE † ADMIRAL'S † WARD. †

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

(Continued from page 782, Vol. xviii.)

CHAPTER XXIX.

HAVING once opened his heart to Laura, the Admiral treated her with increasing confidence; but she could see that there was always an undercurrent of uneasiness on her account, especially after any prayer or committee meeting at the chapel of the "Brethren of the Kingdom," as the small sect to which he belonged called themselves. He asked her to accompany him to the service there, to which she readily agreed, but was far from edified by her experience.

The preacher, a brother gifted with an enormous flow of words, was apparently intimately acquainted with the devil and the regions below, on the terrors of which he dilated with a minute familiarity, at once horrible and grotesque. Sometimes an old ex-colonel of artillery conducted the worship; when, although he evidently held the same opinions as the chief brother (who was a butcher by trade), the tone was much more refined and less familiar. Laura wondered how educated gentlemen could sit and listen to the fanatical rubbish poured forth from the "Mount Morial" pulpit, or rather platform. She often thought it was too strong for the Admiral, but concluded that on the whole the doctrines set forth supplied some need of which she knew nothing.

Mrs. Crewe was greatly distressed at the unorthodox nature of the Admiral's opinions. "Why he cannot be satisfied with the prayers of the Church I can't imagine!" she would say. "It is altogether so much more gentleman-like and refined than those dissenting places. Fancy a *butcher* presuming to expound the holy scriptures! I should be sorry to buy my meat from such a man. It is enough to upset society."

Nevertheless, Laura was willing to submit to this, or even severer boredom, that she might draw nearer to her beloved guardian, and afford him the comfort of sympathetic companionship. His very doubts and weakness, the touching, simple faith with which he struggled towards the light he craved for, but could not always find, endeared him to her, and she felt with sincere delight that a real tie was growing between them—a relationship as truly filial as if they had really been father and daughter.

Meanwhile the snow and sleet of December was upon them, and no letter came from Madame Moscynski with the commission Mrs. Crewe had so confidently expected. Winifrid, indeed, wrote that the Princess had been greatly struck by dear Laura's decided talent, and hoped to see her again on her return to London. They were to keep Christmas very quietly, she said; only Mrs. Piers, Sir Gilbert, and Lady Jervois, a Miss Vernon—a distant relation of Mrs. Piers—Colonel Bligh, and an artist friend of Reginald's, both of whom had been with him in Egypt, were to form their party.

Another letter described the frost as very severe; that the ice on a small mere, or lake, in an exposed situation, was already strong enough to bear, and they had excellent skating; the performances of Madame Moscynski exciting universal admiration.

The quiet routine of the weeks before Christmas was broken by an occasional dinner at Mrs. Trent's, to which the Admiral was induced to go by Laura's representations—as his inclination was to shun all general society. But these peeps at the common-place world, Laura observed, did him good, and drew him out of himself.

Mrs. Crewe was so absorbed in the preparation of Christmas dainties that she had ceased to wonder each day why Denzil did not write, while the arrival of a huge hamper from Pierslynn, crammed full of game, turkeys, cheese, and all possible country goodies, did much to soften her view of Winifrid's conduct. So Christmas came upon them before they were aware.

New Year's Eve was a clear, cold, moonlit night, and after tea the Admiral had been drawn into an unusually long talk, indulging in many reminiscences called up by the season. Mrs. Crewe listened with various interjections of delight and interest. But Laura was a little *distract*. Echoes of her own past came back to her. Visions of the old happy childish Christmas, where no doubts or distrusts, or regrets for the past, or fears for the future, obtruded; when to-day was all sunshine, and to-morrow cast no shadow.

The Admiral never stayed out of his room after ten o'clock, and so soon as he had read prayers and invoked a blessing on the New Year about to dawn upon them, he bid both ladies good-night.

"Do you mind sitting up a while, Laura?" said Mrs. Crewe. "I feel strangely restless. I should like to see the Old Year out, and read a prayer or two for those at sea in that beautiful collection the Admiral gave me. I wonder where that dear boy of mine is this night. And she sighed as she turned over the leaves, seeking the special prayer she considered applicable. "I have rarely had him with me at Christmas-time since his early boyhood, and do what I would I could not always make his holidays happy in those days." She paused again.

Laura noticed with kindly sympathy the far-away look in her eyes, and thought what a hard life the warm-hearted, simple, shrewd woman must have had.

With a sudden expressive exclamation, "Well, thank God for His mercies!" Mrs. Crewe applied herself to the prayer-book, while Laura sat in silence, half thinking, half dreaming, and recognizing with infinite thankfulness the improvement in her own mental condition since the last New Year's Day, the dawn of which she had watched with such weary hopelessness, such despair of herself, such disgust at existence! Now, indeed, if there was little sunshine in her life it had at least a silvery moonlight, which, if not brilliant, had a beauty of its own. "See," said Mrs. Crewe, looking toward the clock and interrupting the low murmur in which she had been reading to herself, "in five minutes the poor Old Year will be over." She had scarcely uttered the words when the front door-bell sounded clearly, loudly. "Gracious powers!" cried Mrs. Crewe, "who can that be? And Collins is in bed these two hours! I am half afraid to open the door."

"I will go if you like," said Laura, a little startled as a

second application to the bell was heard. "The chain is up, there can be no danger."

"Do, dear, and I will come close behind you with a candle." She struck a match and lit a candle as she spoke.

Laura went on, unlocked and opened as much of the door as the chain would permit. "Who is there?" she asked.

"Will you let me in, Miss Piers?" said a deep but pleasant and familiar voice.

"My blessed boy!" screamed Mrs. Crewe, setting down the candle and rushing to embrace him, Laura having thrown the door open; and, as Denzil Crewe crossed the threshold and was clasped in his mother's arms, the joy bells of the neighboring churches rang out a welcome to the New Year.

"My dear, dear son!" murmured the mother, her eyes moist with tears of pleasure. "The best thing the New Year could bring me."

"Are you all right, mother? I have made all sail to spend some part of Christmas with you."

Laura had retreated to the dining-room, hastily roused the fire, and lit another gas burner; leaving the mother and son for the first few minutes together.

"And the Admiral. How goes the Admiral?" asked Denzil, as he shook hands with Laura and looked round the pleasant, cheerful, warm room. "This is home-like and delightful after such a long cruise. The mother looks blooming. You must have taken good care of her, Miss Piers. It was always a comfort to me when far away to know that she had your company."

Laura welcomed him heartily, and then came a rapid cross-fire of question and answer. "Had he dined or supped? How were they to manage about a bed, the house was so full? When did he arrive?" etc., etc. And Denzil replied that he left his ship at Gravesend, as he was anxious to make his report to his owners early next morning, in order to spend part of New Year's Day at home; and not wishing to put his mother to any trouble, he had secured a room in a neighboring hotel, and eaten his supper; then, remembering Mrs. Crewe's habit of seeing the New Year in, could not resist coming to give her what he knew would be a joyful surprise.

It need not be said how Mrs. Crewe bustled about to get out the famous sherry and some of her own equally famous cake, while Laura went with alacrity to the pantry to find glasses and plates, both vying with each other in their attentions to the returned mariner.

Denzil was looking browner than ever, but there was a brighter glance in his deep-set eyes, a happier smile on his lips—so far as his thick mustache permitted it to be seen—than when he left them."

"Well, dear, and I hope you have come home for good, now?" said his mother.

"I am not sure; I hope so. Home looks very tempting when one has a kindly welcome back," with an upward grateful glance. "How is Topsy? I hope she is in good health?"

"And which of my letters did you get last?"

"Oh! the July one—with all the bad news in it."

"I wrote one to Sidney, in August."

"Ah! that I never had. No more wine, Miss Piers, thank you. If I may remark it, you are looking ever so much better than when I bid you good-by."

"I am better," said Laura, simply; and as she said so her eyes met a glance from Denzil—so kind, so full of friendly interest—that she felt he had seen and comprehended the sore struggle she had silently endured before he left England. She colored at the idea of her humiliation and grief being thus recognized by a comparative stranger, yet there was something so grave and honest in the eyes raised to hers,

she felt such sympathy could not wound. "If I can do no more for you, Mrs. Crewe, I will go to bed. You must have so much to say to each other." And she left the room.

"I am glad to see her herself again," said Denzil, looking after her. "She has no common strength and self-control. I saw pretty plain what was the matter before I left. Your news about Piers's marriage with Miss Fielden was no surprise to me."

"Was it not really!" exclaimed his mother. "What extraordinary insight you have, Denzil! How could you ever imagine such a thing?"

"Oh! I saw how the current was running with Reginald Piers before Miss Fielden was a month in your house. I was rather sorry for him at first. She was such a charming creature—any man might lose his head about her; but Laura has just as good, even a finer nature. He ought to have kept true to her at all risks. He ought to have slipped his cable and run out into deep water if he felt his anchor tripping! But he tried for both; I saw it clear enough. He did not want to lose either—so it is better as it is. If Laura's eyes had not been opened somehow, it would have been cruelly bad for every one. Now I hope we shall see them all happy and forgetful of the storm they have weathered."

"I do not know," said Mrs. Crewe doubtfully. "I *should* like to see Reginald Piers paid out, in some way, for all the trouble he has given. Yes, Laura is greatly improved, I grant, but no one, save myself, knows how changed she is; so still and silent; so inclined to shrink from strangers, unless, indeed, in the way of business; and then she seems as calm and unmoved as if she was fifty-one instead of twenty-one!"

Denzil did not reply, and seemed wrapped in contemplation of the carpet; his mother, concluding that he had had enough of the subject, plunged into an elaborate description of the various changes brought about by the Admiral's misfortunes—being by nature more disposed to enlarge upon her own small personalities than to inquire into the wider topics of her son's adventures and experiences. He was there safe and sound and evidently prosperous, and she wanted no more at present. Denzil listened with apparently deep attention, but really in a sort of pleasant dream. To be at home again, having accomplished the work that was given him to do, to his own satisfaction and profit, to feel that a well-earned spell of rest was before him, was very delicious to the weary mariner. His was a nature peculiarly alive to the tranquil pleasures of home. Though full of manly strength and breadth of character he had a dash of almost feminine patience, and the extreme repose of his manner when there was no need for exertion, was apt to deceive those who had not many opportunities of observing him, few reflecting that force often takes the form of placidity. It is the slight, nervous, restless nature that is always in a state of feverish activity. A great cataract is most mighty where the mass of water bends its huge weight in a smooth and glassy arch to its first downward leap; not where it breaks into a thousand foaming eddies and currents raging against the rocks that oppose its progress. Nor could any casual observer readily believe in the extreme delicacy of a man whose exterior possessed so little the appearance of a fine gentleman.

His love and appreciation for his mother were strong and keen, and, besides his natural affection, he was always possessed with the idea that he was bound to atone for the sufferings his father had inflicted, by which also his own boyhood had been embittered.

This warm regard did not prevent his perceiving and being amused by her peculiarities, for Denzil Crewe was blessed with much quiet humor. He was, in short, one of those fitted by nature "to go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in the great waters"—silent, watchful, restful,

keen to see, tenacious of memory, deeply enjoying repose, yet prompt, resolute, vigorous, when demand for action came.

To a man of this stamp a trial such as that to which he had seen Laura exposed, borne as she had borne it, was an irresistible demand on his sympathy. Moreover, he was eminently fitted to feel a friendship pure and simple for any woman capable of companionship; and he would have rejoiced to know that Laura was really his sister. Not that Denzil Crewe was without passion; none delighted more in beauty, none were more fitted to drink deeply of its intoxicating influence; but his reason and conscience generally got the mastery, and his life, on the whole, would bear looking into.

"So," he said, when roused by his mother making a sudden pause, "the Admiral has nothing but his half-pay left. Well, it is not a bad provision for a single man. You and I, mother dear, have rubbed along, at one time, on considerably less; and as you say, Laura Piers is working her way to an honorable independence, and Miss Fielden is married. Why, he has really no claims upon him."

"Claims! My darling boy," cried his mother. "Why, he is just eaten up by a parcel of canting Methodists, who do not possess an ordained minister; but absolutely sit and listen to a *butcher*, who, when he can spare time from knocking unoffending sheep on the head, pretends to preach—yes, think of that! Imagine a man of education and old family, like the Admiral, listening to such a man! And Laura tells me there is a colonel of artillery and a peer of the realm who go there every Sunday and preach in the streets on weekdays. I think that sort of thing ought to be put a stop to; don't you, Denzil?"

"No!" he returned. "If there is any one point on which opinion ought to be especially free, it is on so purely personal a question as religion."

"But if this sort of thing goes on, there will be an end of—of good society—and everything," said Mrs. Crewe, with keen though not very distinct apprehension.

"Don't be afraid, mother. These are not the days for fanaticism to do much harm. Men are too well informed and too reasonable. Only a few ignorant or over-enthusiastic men will be carried away by such transparent delusions."

"But I *am* astonished at the Admiral."

"I am not," replied her son. "One can see from his very *physique* that he is exactly the sort of subject over which the religious idea would acquire great power. Nor is his reason nearly as strong as his conscience or his faith. It runs in his blood, too, you know; his uncle, the old Admiral, was always preaching. But *how* he fought his ship! He was one of those grand old fellows, who feared God and nothing else. Reason or no reason, in their day, they were the salt of the earth, but we begin to think that this earth of ours may be over-salted."

"Dearest Denzil, do not be irreverent."

"Certainly not, dear mother," said Denzil, laughing. "And now I must not keep you up any longer. The New Year is nearly two hours old. I don't expect to sleep much. I never can sleep the first few nights ashore; I miss the 'rocking of the deep.'"

"Good-night, dearest son. Heaven send you all prosperity and happiness in the opening year."

"The same to you, mother. I shall not come in to breakfast to-morrow, I want to be in the city early, and see to the ship; but I will be with you in time for dinner. Good-night."

The coming home of the widow's son gave an agreeable impetus to the tranquil life in Leamington Road. There was always something to be looked forward to in his re-

turn in the evening; something fresh in his conversation with the Admiral; something altogether apart from painful associations in his presence. He himself, too, was brighter and less silent than formerly—a quiet consciousness of success perhaps influenced his manner, and gave him just the touch of assurance he wanted to do himself justice.

He was a great favorite with the Admiral, who was always disposed to put off his time for quitting the family group when Denzil was there. Meanwhile he was much occupied for a week or two—reaching home late—after visiting the ship or the office, generally laden with curiosities gathered in his late voyage, among which were gifts for all. Laura was struck by the frank, unaffected kindness with which he presented his offering to herself. She was alone in the drawing-room, Mrs. Crewe having gone to inspect the proper serving of her son's late tea, when Denzil came in with a box under his arm. After some words of greeting, he said, "I saw a few things when we were at Yokohama that struck me might be useful to you, Miss Piers, as Japanese art is so much thought of now; even if you do not care for them they may suggest designs, or come in as bits of decoration. I am no great judge of such matters, so pray take them at what they are worth."

So saying he opened his box and proceeded to disentangle some small but charming vases of enamel, curious plates of green crackle china, and a few bits of rich gold, crimson, and purple embroidery.

Laura uttered an exclamation of delight.

"You have indeed brought me a wealth of ideas! How very, very good of you to think of me. These beautiful things are of the greatest value to me as suggestions, apart from their intrinsic worth. But you must be a remarkably good judge of such matters! You do yourself injustice."

"I cannot take all the credit of the choice," he replied. "I made great friends with the English consul, who is very learned in Japanese art and antiquities, and he was a capital guide."

"Well, I have reaped the benefit of your joint good taste," said Laura, holding out her hand frankly in token of her gratitude and delight. Denzil took it in the same spirit, and they shook hands like good comrades; on which episode Mrs. Crewe entered, and opened her eyes with some surprise.

She was of course lost in admiration of her son's excellent selection; but, being alone with him a few minutes afterward, observed confidentially, "They are all lovely, I know, dear, and must have cost you a heap of money; but would it not have been better to have brought her something to wear? A brooch and earrings, or a bracelet; girls like these sort of things."

"Not Laura Piers. I fancy I know her taste better than you do. I can see that at present, at any rate, she is wrapped up in her work, and what helps it is most acceptable to her."

"That is true; yet I am glad to see she takes more thought for appearance than she used to do. That dark blue serge dress, with black braid (I made her buy it) is quite becoming. She is very lady-like looking if she *is* plain."

"Plain?" returned Denzil interrogatively. "Well, she certainly is not pretty, but—"

Here the object of their remarks re-entered, with her sketch-book and pencil, and proceeded on the spot to draw a pattern for embroidery, in which, without absolutely copying the Japanese work, she adapted it cleverly to her design. Denzil looked on, and even ventured to offer advice.

"You ought to have a better painting room," he said, after she had worked for some time, occasionally accepting his suggestions. "You have not light enough in that little den downstairs."

"Oh! I manage very well," returned Laura. "And that little room has been a great comfort to me." She sighed unconsciously as she spoke.

"And I do not see that we can do any better," added Mrs. Crewe, who was making a pretense of knitting.

"I think we can, mother. I am going to propose myself as a permanent lodger, and you will then have a room at Miss Piers's service. We will talk about it, and you must dismiss Mr. Reid."

"I am sure I shall with pleasure," returned Mrs. Crewe. "He is a tiresome, low-bred fellow; punctual and precise enough, I grant, but I really would rather have that poor Holden, with his rackets ways and irregular payments."

"Oh, by the way," said Denzil, rising from his seat by Laura and going over to the fire, "I had quite forgotten to tell you that one day, walking down the principal street in Sidney, I came suddenly face to face with Holden."

"You don't say so!" cried his mother.

"It seems that he was nearly lost on his voyage out. They met with severe gales—ship sprung a leak, and the crew and passengers took to the boats. Holden's boat was nearly sucked down by the sinking ship, and only escaped to be afterward capsized. However, Holden and another man, one of the crew, clung to the keel, and managed to right the boat. They drifted he doesn't know how long, suffering horribly with hunger and thirst and cold, for they had been driven out of their course into low latitudes. At last they were picked up by a whaler, more dead than alive, and Holden's companion did die a couple of days after their rescue. Then, being out of the track of vessels, Holden was obliged to make the trip with the whaler, which was an American. On their return voyage they fell in with a vessel bound for Port Grey, which, you know, is in Western Australia, right the opposite side from Sidney. However, he was too glad to get the chance, and then he had no money—had to draw on a cousin of his who was settled somewhere in Wellington—and had all sorts of difficulties. In short, it was many months after the shipwreck that he succeeded in reaching this relation, and procuring money from England."

"It is a wonderful story," said Mrs. Crewe. "And what is he doing now?"

"I scarcely know. He seemed to have money, however, and was well dressed, but he looked awfully ill. The hardships he had undergone told upon him. He was eager for news, and curious about you, mother, and his former acquaintance, Miss Piers. He talked of coming back to England."

"Then you have no idea what he is about. He cannot live on air," said Mrs. Crewe.

"I suppose not. He said something about being in partnership with a relation who dealt in horses, but I do not think he can do much."

After a few more exclamations and speculations from Mrs. Crewe, the subject dropped.

A week or two later, Mrs. Trent, whom she had not seen since before Christmas, called upon Laura "to communicate," she said, "a great piece of news—at least, very important to me," added Mrs. Trent. "My dear Katie is going to be married!"

Laura made the reply proper to such an announcement, and inquired who was the intended bridegroom.

"Mr. Thurston's second son, a very promising young barrister. They have known a good deal of each other, and altogether it is a marriage in every way satisfactory to Mr. Trent and myself. I believe it will take place about the end of April, so you may imagine I shall have plenty to do. I have known him from the time he was about sixteen. It is quite amazing how fast these young creatures grow up and

rush into life. By the bye, we dined with Mrs. Piers (the Dowager, I mean) the other day. She was asking a great many questions about you."

"You surprise me," said Laura.

"She did, however. She had just returned from Pierslynn, and somehow (I can hardly tell why), I do not think she was quite pleased with her visit."

"I trust all goes well there," said Laura uneasily. "Winnie's letters are as bright as possible."

"Mothers-in-law are not perhaps the best authorities for the true condition of things in the *ménage* of a newly married couple. I have no doubt all goes well at Pierslynn," returned Mrs. Trent as she took her leave.

However, Laura mused long on her words, and could not shake off the disproportioned effect Mrs. Trent's observations had produced for many hours, not, indeed, until a long epistle from Winnie—describing a county ball, and all the fun she had had there—came to dissipate the impression she had received.

CHAPTER XXX.

MRS. CREWE'S happiness, now that she had her house to herself, to use her own phrase, would have been unalloyed had she been but sure of her son's movements.

On this subject he was in some degree reserved, as they depended on the plans of his employers. He himself seemed very composed and satisfied as to his future, and told his mother that he was now in a position to afford her more substantial help than hitherto, and that for the future she need admit no inmates, save those it pleased her to receive.

The little party in Leamington Road were tranquilly cheerful since Denzil had settled down amongst them.

Sometimes he was very busy, and only came home to sleep; but often he was free, and always ready to give his mother some of the "outing" her soul loved, in which Laura occasionally joined as her engagements permitted.

It was found that although Laura was not an accomplished musician like her cousin, she played simple airs, old ballads, and dreamy German waltzes with great taste. Her powers were frequently put into requisition in the evenings; and her simple readiness to oblige, her complete freedom from self-consciousness, from the smallest attempt to create an effect, gave a wonderful charm to her presence and conversation.

Between herself and Denzil a sincere and hearty friendship sprang up, which was the source of the purest pleasure to both. They differed on many points, but that was only a source of candid and perfectly well-tempered discussion, which gave an agreeable variety to their intercourse; and Denzil, somewhat to his own surprise, found himself often speaking out his innermost thoughts, his freest speculations to the quiet, attentive listener, busy with pencil or needle, who from time to time made some reply that showed she fully understood and sympathized with his excursions into the less frequented realms of thought.

Sometimes Denzil went straight from the city to the Kensington Museum, as the days drew longer; watched Laura at work for a while, and escorted her home.

The honest interest he took in her success, in her progress toward independence, was very cheering. He made no fine speeches as to the painfulness of a delicately nurtured woman being obliged to earn her own living. His clear common sense taught him rather to respect and encourage the individuality that demanded independence as a right, and only asked room to work it out. His strictures and criticisms were always sound, often severe; for though little

learned in art, he had a most correct eye and a strong instinct in such matters.

It was a fine warm evening at the end of April, and Laura had stayed unusually late in the gallery, trying to finish a copy ordered by her first employer. She was beginning to feel a little weary, and resolved to resist the inclination to finish "just that bit;" to "get in this shadow a little deeper;" to "add a touch or two to that foliage," when a quiet voice behind her said, "You are certainly improving very much; there is a great difference in your drawing, and especially in your color, since last year."

"Yes," said Laura in the same tone, without turning to look at the speaker. "I think I *am* doing better; but alas! what a difference between conception and execution. However in this humbler occupation I gain knowledge, and some day I may try my wings on my own account."

"True! one may earn the right to express one's self. I suppose it always takes time to know *what* you have to say, either on paper or canvas."

"No doubt," returned Laura. "There is a period when, like the great original creation, one's world is without form though *not* void, and darkness is upon the face of the deep."

"Ah, you will be an original painter yet! At any rate you have ideas."

"I am not so sure of that," said Laura, laughing. "At best they are, I fear, only the reflection of others." And she began to put up her brushes and belongings.

"I suppose, after all," returned Denzil, proceeding with deft fingers to assist her, "all ideas are the development of some primary inspiration which has grown into a thousand branchlets, each making its own special start from the parent branch, and esteeming itself a second creation."

"There is certainly nothing so bewildering as the effort to imagine the beginning of anything," replied Laura.

When all was packed away into the compact box constructed to hold such impedimenta, Denzil took it up, saying, "It is only half-past five. What do you say to walking across Kensington Gardens? There is lots of time, if it would not be too much for you, and it is such a delicious evening."

"I shall be delighted. I feel as if I wanted plenty of air and room. I have done a good day's work, and the idea of a long walk is delightful; but the box is heavy."

"I fancy I could manage more than that," said Denzil, taking it up.

The air was delicious; the gardens, gay with well-dressed groups, bright with sunny-faced children, were lovely in the first tender flush of green; the chestnut trees were all powdered with the fresh pinky white of their stately wax-like pyramidal blossoms.

It was a pleasant hour. The companions, with true sympathy, equally enjoyed spells of silence, as well as bright passages of easy unpremeditated talk; distance was nothing under such circumstances; and when they reached Leamington Road they found that both Mrs. Crewe and the Admiral were out.

Denzil set down the paint box in the hall, and naturally turned into the drawing-room, which at that hour was the coolest place in the house.

"Do you know," said Laura, as she took off her hat, "my next attempt at originality shall be a portrait of your mother." As she spoke her eyes fell on the table, and before Denzil could reply she caught up a yellow telegraph envelope, her cheek growing pale, then red, as she tore it open and read, "Pierslynn—11 A. M.—A son born at six this morning. All going well."

"Oh, Denzil," she cried, addressing him by the name most familiar to her in the emotion of the moment.

"Dearest Winnie has a little boy! a baby of her own! Oh, I am *so* glad. I do long to see it—I hope it will be like herself! How pleased Reginald must be!"

"And you are, I see, delighted," returned Denzil, with a kindly smile—looking at her, his dark eyes growing soft and dim. "Laura you *are* an original girl!"

"Why?" she asked carelessly, as she re-read the telegram.

"Because," began Denzil, and hesitated, "if I may say so without presumption or intrusiveness—because your peculiar circumstances scarcely account for such quick sympathy? Even for the best of friends you could not feel more."

"They *are* my good friends! Winnie is like my sister and my daughter, slight as the difference in age between us is. I know to what you allude, Mr. Crewe—and to-day I feel brave enough to talk of it all. I do not think any one was much to blame—least of all Winnie—and now this new young life sent among us to draw us out of ourselves—to give us fresh hopes—fresh views—seems to change everything. Reginald and Winnie as husband and wife, father and mother, seem transfigured—they are no longer the creatures that played an unhappy part in my poor fortunes—but once more my early playfellows endowed with new gifts and responsibilities, and I am their true friend."

Denzil Crewe made no reply for a minute, then he said in a low voice, "But you loved that man! I saw that—I saw much."

"Yes," returned Laura quietly, with a dreamy look in her eyes. "I loved him all my life—but I do not think he loved me; he thought he did—it is well for us both I found out the truth in time. Do not let us talk about that curious episode in my life. The sharp outline of it is already fading from my memory. I want it to vanish away quickly—with all its pain and bitterness."

"I dare say it was too free—too presumptuous—of me to broach such a subject to you," said Denzil, his brown cheek reddening, "but I did not seem able to keep back the words—and—I am a clumsy fellow at expressing myself, I should like you to know how heartily I respect and esteem you—my opinion may not be worth much—but I would be proud to be your friend! I wish you would look on me as a true brother—and treat me as one. Is it a compact?" and he held out his hand.

"That I will gladly," replied Laura, placing hers in it, a smile lighting up her face, and Laura's smile was very pleasant. "I am not so rich in friends or relatives as not to welcome such an acquisition. I must write to Reginald," withdrawing her hand and turning to leave the room. "It is a pleasant theme in which to renew our broken communications," she added, as she closed the door.

Denzil Crewe looked after her for a few minutes. "Women are wonderful creatures," he mused, "and not a bit logical. Why should the birth of this infant affect so quiet and sensible a girl as Laura Piers in this fashion? It is just a natural commonplace event. Yet I am not much wiser myself. Why did I feel a sort of glow at the sight of her generous emotion? There is no accounting for feeling, yet there is something truer than logic in instinct, and instinct tells me that Piers was a fool when he threw away the chance of such a wife, even for that charming, sweet Winifrid Fielden. What a mercy it is for humanity that those troublesome brats of babies have such an attraction for womankind! In short, we should have no humanity without it."

Here Topsy, who had been peacefully slumbering in one of the best chairs, woke up, stretched herself, and deliberately jumping down, came to rub herself against his legs. "Eh, Tops! and you, too! wouldn't you die in defense of the kit-tens, that you forget as soon as they are able to take care of

themselves? We only know how valuable and lovable instinct is when we see some monster without it."

It was a strange task for Laura to write and congratulate Reginald on the birth of his first-born; but before the sacredness of such a tie all the old feelings effaced themselves, and Laura knew that she was healed of her wounds, and set at liberty. She wrote then with an unembarrassed, hearty warmth that surprised herself, and still more the recipient of her letter—who replied quickly, but with less ease than his correspondent.

The exclamations, queries, and conjectures of Mrs. Crewe may be imagined. The Admiral took the intelligence calmly, and "hoped the good God would bless the babe."

In a day or two came a letter from the dowager, Mrs. Piers—very kind and friendly in tone—and giving more particulars than had hitherto reached Laura. The infant heir of Pierslynn had arrived most unexpectedly, and his "dear mother" was far from well—in fact they were very uneasy about her. She was very feverish and wandered at times, so much so, that they had telegraphed for the famous Dr. P., who had seen the patient that afternoon and advised—etc., etc.—and hoped that with extreme care, all need of anxiety would soon be over.

Then came a period of painful watching and waiting for letters and telegrams. How Laura longed to be with the sufferer to tend and soothe her—she knew she could do so better than any one else—but she could not obtrude herself, and no summons came.

It was about a fortnight after this event, and the reports from Pierslynn began to improve. "Dear Winnie was quite out of danger, but very weak, unaccountably low." Laura, though relieved, was still disturbed, and longing infinitely to see both mother and child.

When one morning, on returning from one of her lessons, Mrs. Crewe met her with a telegram in her hand. "The messenger wanted an answer, dear, but I could tell him nothing. Do read it." And Laura read.

"Pray come down by the 4.50 train this evening, if at all possible. Will come to meet you. She craves to have you with her. Do not refuse."

This was signed "Reginald Piers."

"I suppose you will go," said Mrs. Crewe, a little doubtfully.

"Go? Yes, most certainly. Let me reply instantly," and Laura put her hand to her brow while she strove to plan her preparations. "First of all, to reply!" she exclaimed.

"It is ten minutes past twelve," said Mrs. Crewe, looking at the clock. "You will scarce have time. You must not leave this house later than four."

"Oh! I have time enough—too much. I feel as if I wanted to be with her now. Dear Mrs. Crewe, do you think she is in danger?"

"It is impossible to say; the telegram seems urgent. But she is so young, so healthy, I do not doubt she will recover."

"Well, I will get your dinner ready for you. You must try and eat. And tell me, dear, which box you will take? I will have it brought down and dusted. Ah! you see they turn to you fast enough in their day of trouble," etc.

It was a hurried, feverish morning; Laura striving hard to keep herself cool and collected, to arrange all things so as to leave herself free for a week or two, and striving not to hear Mrs. Crewe's running fire of hopes, fears, and conjectures; or, still worse, the agonizing thrills of evil anticipation which ever and anon shivered through her heart. How quickly, and yet how slowly, went the moments till she was *en route!*

Great was the surprise of both gentlemen when they returned at dinner-time. Denzil was particularly late, so the Admiral had received a minute and thorough explanation of the whole circumstance, and retired to his room before the former came in.

"I see you are looking for Laura," said Mrs. Crewe, as her son sat down rather wearily to the dinner which had been kept warm for him.

"No, I am not," returned Denzil. "I suppose she is in the dining-room."

"My dear, she is miles away by this time!" said his mother, who loved a dramatic announcement. "There was a telegram here at half-past eleven o'clock, from Mr. Piers, and she was off post-haste. Ah! Denzil, I am afraid the poor young creature is dying. She must be far gone before that proud, heartless woman, Mrs. Piers, would allow her to be sent for. I mean Laura."

"Dying!" repeated Denzil, dropping his knife and fork and looking earnestly at his mother. "That bright, beautiful Winnie Fielden dying? Impossible! I wish you would not say such things, mother!"

"My dear boy, my saying so will not make her die! But, you know, with all the writing and telegraphing, they never breathed a word of inviting Laura before; so you may be sure there is some strong reason. I declare I never felt so much for any one as I do for Laura."

"I have no doubt the whole affair has been very hard on her; but I do not think she has any great loss of Piers. I never liked him?" said Denzil.

"Well, I did!" cried his mother. "I have seldom liked any one so much on a short acquaintance. And yet, I flatter myself my insight into character is rather remarkable."

"Believe me," returned Denzil after a moment's thought, "it is just as well things have arranged themselves as they have, for I am convinced that at one time they were drifting into a mess!"

"I shall be right glad to have tidings of Laura's safe arrival."

And Denzil lit a cigar and took up a book, which he did not read.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MEANTIME the train rushed away into the soft twilight of a spring evening, Laura bearing the suspense—the circling hopes and fears suggested by imagination and affection as best she might.

It was nearly night when she alighted at the Dairysford station, and as there was no moon she could but faintly descry the surrounding country.

She stood for an instant puzzled by the newness of her position, the next a well-known figure emerged from the darkness at the other end of the station, and advancing quickly, took her hand.

"How can I thank you enough, Laura, for coming so quickly!" said the voice she had loved so well, and which had something of restraint, something indefinable and strange, in its tones.

"Tell me is she—is she——" she could not finish her sentence.

"She is decidedly stronger. I am afraid I did not frame my telegram with sufficient caution. I thought of nothing but how to get you here. Winnie has worked herself into a fever about it ever since she was able to insist on anything."

He led her, while he spoke, to the entrance, where a close carriage awaited them, and an observant groom took Laura's directions about her luggage.

"Thank God," cried Laura—her sense of relief—her absorbing anxiety about Winnie swallowing up all embarrassment or awkwardness which might otherwise have attended this first meeting with Reginald.

"Last week," he continued, "we were in terrible anxiety, but she is rallying quicker than we ventured to hope. Her craving for you is extraordinary. The doctor said this morning that you must be sent for, or he would not answer for the consequences."

"What sort of a journey have you had?" etc., etc., and he went on rapidly to inquire for the Admiral, for Mrs. Crewe, even for Topsy, as if he wished to keep the reins of conversation in his own hands, while his careful civility was as different as possible from the frank cordiality of former days.

Soon they reached the park gates, then came a few minutes of anxious silence, and they drew up before an open door through which Laura could descry a handsome well-lit hall—a quantity of plants and hot-house flowers, and several servants; while in the background was a doorway draped with rich crimson curtains.

"You must be tired and in want of something to eat, Laura," said her host, addressing her by her name for the first time, as he assisted her to alight, and led her through the hall to a pretty luxurious morning-room which opened from it on the left. "Mother, here is Laura."

Mrs. Piers was half reclining in an easy chair, reading a newspaper. She rose immediately and came forward politely. "Very good of you to come on such short notice," she said, giving Laura her hand with tolerable cordiality, and the greetings and inquiries usual on such occasions were exchanged; then Mrs. Piers herself conducted her son's guest to her room, meeting *en route*, a staid, respectable-looking person, who said, "My mistress is very anxious to know if Miss Piers has arrived."

"She has," returned the elder lady, "and as soon as she has dined she will go to Mrs. Piers."

In her bedroom, which seemed to Laura at once grand and comfortable, she found a nice, kindly-looking girl—less redoubtable than the personage who met them on the stairs Laura thought, as she accepted her assistance in removing her cloak, and glanced in the long glass at her own attire, simple to plainness, and in no whit superior to that of the servant who waited on her. What a great gulf seemed to yawn between her own position and that of her near relatives! But this was only a passing impression; the absorbing idea was that dearest Winnie was out of danger, and that within an hour she should embrace her, and read in that well-known face the truth as regarded her well-being.

The dining-room was a fine apartment, rich with carved oak and bronzes, family portraits, and a huge, high chimney-piece; but the repast prepared for the late arrival being laid on a small table in a projecting window at the far end from the door by which Laura entered it, the larger half of the room was in deep shadow.

Mrs. Piers, only, awaited her coming, and attended with careful hospitality to her needs. Laura, however, had small appetite, and the dinner, or rather supper was soon over.

"I suppose you are equally anxious to see your cousin as she is to meet you," said Mrs. Piers, with a little anxiety in her tone. "I scarcely know what to say about it. Send for Harman," she continued, addressing the footman who waited on them.

"How does your mistress seem?" she asked when the lady's-maid presented herself.

"She is sleeping sweetly'm. She has been very restless all day, asking what o'clock it was every half-hour, but when I went back just now and said Miss Piers had arrived and

would come up as soon as she had dined, she seemed quite satisfied, and said, 'Oh! yes, she must have her dinner,' then she just turned her head on the pillow and went off into a sound sleep."

"That will do, Harman. If Mrs. Piers wakes let us know. Shall we go into the drawing-room?" she continued, "as you will take nothing more, and if you are not very tired we will not go to bed just yet in case Winnie wakes and asks for you; it is not quite half-past nine."

"I am not in the least tired," returned Laura, "and would much prefer waiting the chance to see Winnie before I sleep."

Laura followed her companion through what seemed an intermediate chamber, a mixture of sitting-room and conservatory—from which they passed into the room where Mrs. Piers had first received her.

"It is curious," said that lady after they had exchanged a few sentences, "Winnie never mentioned you at first—that is after she had rather eagerly inquired if we had told you of the poor baby's birth (it is such a poor weak little creature, and I can see Reginald is vexed about it). Indeed her illness has been altogether very distressing—she was either painfully silent or still more painfully wandering—the only one who seemed able to quiet her was Reginald, naturally enough. And oh! my dear Laura (you must let me call you Laura, I never heard of you by any other name)! *what* a husband my son is! So kind and thoughtful and attentive."

"It would be strange if he were not at such a time," said Laura, gravely. She was glad to hear this account of her quondam *fiancé*, for an odd nameless uneasiness about Winnie had been growing on her.

"Still," Mrs. Piers went on, "such good feeling is not common among men, and indeed Winnie ought to consider herself the most fortunate of women to have made such a marriage and won *such* a husband. Of course my son might have chosen whom he liked."

"And," returned Laura quietly, "he *did* exercise a tolerable liberty of choice."

"Ah! yes—yes, of course," said Mrs. Piers hastily, as she recollected herself. "But talking of Winnie, she is a dear sweet creature—and very handsome! As I was saying, since she got a little stronger and more herself, she was always wanting you. At first, to tell you the truth, both Reginald and I thought it would be rather cool just to send for you because we wanted you."

"The best reason you could have," replied Laura.

"But she was so feverish this morning," continued Mrs. Piers, "that we sent over for the local doctor, who has of course been in constant attendance, and he said we must telegraph for you at once if we wished to avoid another crisis; now she is evidently soothed by the knowledge that you are in the house. It is very curious."

"It seems very natural to me. You know I have been an elder sister to her all her life, and latterly a substitute—a poor one, no doubt—for her dear, dear mother."

"Exactly. You must have known her thoroughly. Pray did she ever show any symptoms of a jealous disposition?"

"Jealous! Oh no; not the least! She is far too frank and generous and unselfish to be jealous."

"Oh! indeed; but young women change so much under the conditions of a new life, and —"

Her speech was interrupted by the entrance of Reginald in the evening dress his overcoat had before concealed. He lounged in with an air of being rather weary and bored, but with a something of elegance of "*mondé*" grace Laura had not observed in former days, yet his expression was changed. It was colder, darker, more guarded; nevertheless she ac-

knowledged to herself that he was even better looking than formerly.

"I hope my mother has been taking care of you, Laura," he said, with one of the sweet, pleasant smiles Laura knew so well, and which, she thanked God, did not stir her pulses as of old. "Are you very tired?" and he drew his chair near to her as he spoke. Mrs. Piers went on with her tating which had progressed but slowly while she talked with Laura. "How well you are looking. London must suit you better than it does me. Have you seen Winnie yet? she was so wild to see you."

"She fell asleep as soon as she heard Miss Piers had arrived," said his mother.

"I suppose I must wish her to sleep on," said Laura; "but I should like to see her before I sleep myself."

"I will go and see if she is awake," returned Reginald; "she seldom sleeps long." He left the room, but soon returned, says that his wife was still sleeping profoundly, and as there seemed no likelihood of her being summoned, Laura, who was somewhat exhausted by the events of the day wished Mrs. Piers good-night. Reginald accompanied her to the foot of the staircase.

"Good-night, my dear cousin; believe me you are most welcome to Pierslynn," he said, shaking hands with her, and speaking in a tone not quite so easy as formerly, while he did not exactly meet her eyes. It struck her as remarkable too that he should call her "cousin" for the first time in all these years of intimate acquaintance. He was no doubt awkwardly placed with her, and probably anxious to convey an impression that his kinsmanly regard was still unshaken, in spite of his faithlessness in another direction.

Laura was awake and stirring early. Her sleep had been refreshing, for her fears for Winnie were allayed. She employed herself in writing a few lines to the Admiral, and looking out of the window.

The view was very pleasant. Immediately below was the gravel sweep before the entrance; beyond this was a semi-circular lawn, from the center of which opened a stately avenue, bordered at each side by a double row of large old lime trees, arching over like the aisles of a cathedral. The grass was of the freshest green, the tender hues of spring had not yet deepened into summer richness; there was inexpressible peace and quiet beauty in the outlook, far better than stateliness of grandeur, thought Laura, a place indeed to be at home in! While she gazed and dreamed some one tapped at the door; on opening it she saw Winnie's maid, a tray spread with the materials of a dainty breakfast in her hands.

"If you please'm, Mrs. Piers desires her kind love and would you mind taking your breakfast now? because she will be quite ready in half an hour, and longs to see you. Mrs. Piers hopes you slept well?"

"Thank you, remarkably well! If you come back in a quarter of an hour you can show me the way to Mrs. Piers's room."

It was with almost trembling eagerness that Laura followed Harman across a landing and along a gallery to a door which shut off some charming apartments occupied by the lady of the house. The first, furnished as a boudoir, in rose-colored silk and white lace, with Dresden china ornaments, ingenious work-tables, and beautiful water-color sketches; a cottage piano in black and gold occupying one side of the room, an exquisite writing-table of marquetry at the other; the whole producing a startling effect on such a novice in all matters of grandeur and luxury as Laura.

Passing through this and a dressing-room, she was ushered into a large bedroom, the details of which she did not notice in her eagerness to kiss the pale fair face that rested on lace-

edged pillows in the splendid bed which was opposite the door.

"Laura, dear, dear Laura, at last!" murmured Winifrid, stretching out her arms. Laura could not speak. "I thought you would never come," returned Winifrid after a loving embrace which lasted for a minute or two.

"Dearest! I came directly I had your telegram."

"I know that, but they made all sorts of difficulties; they said you would not like to come, that I ought not to ask you; but now that I am stronger and happier, I seem to have more courage. Sit down by me, Laura; you are *my* guest, you know, and you must always be with me."

"Yes, of course, dear love! I will do whatever you wish, only keep very quiet or they will say I hurt you; you are trembling all over now."

"I am infinitely better, and I shall get up presently. And, Laura dear, tell me about every one, the Admiral and Mrs. Crewe. And so Denzil Crewe has come home; I should like to see them all again; you must talk and tell me everything and I shall be quite quiet."

Still holding her hand, Laura talked for awhile softly and deliberately, but the young mother soon interrupted her.

"It is time for baby to come in. You must love my poor baby, Laura. It is such a funny, miserable, little creature. I was so disappointed when I saw it first, and so was Reggie, though he is too good to say so; but when they let me hold it in my arms, and I thought how weak and ugly the poor little soul looked, and that perhaps few people would care for it, oh! Laura, I felt as if my heart would burst with a great wave of love and pity, and tenderness, that suddenly welled up; and I vowed to myself that I would devote my whole life to make the poor little mite happy and comfortable; since that, he has seemed somehow to be prettier and more interesting."

"How can we possibly judge him now?" returned Laura. "He may yet be strong and beautiful. I imagine very little babies never are pretty—I have seen but few."

"And you never cared for them; now I did. Have you had your breakfast, Laura? and is your room nice and comfortable? Things are seldom all right when the mistress is laid up, and I am and will be mistress here."

"Of course, you are, you have no one to interfere with you."

"N—no," returned Winifrid, with a little hesitation.

"I am sure Mrs. Piers is too well bred to interfere," continued Laura.

"She is," said Winifrid, thoughtfully. "She does not really like either you or me, that is, she thinks me infinitely beneath my high fortunes; but she is not unjust, and she is really kind, only she has not much penetration."

"And *you* are so deep," added Laura with a kindly smile.

"Ah! much, much deeper than I used to be," she replied with a slight shake of the head. "What o'clock is it, Laura? I cannot see the pendule."

"It wants a few minutes to nine."

"Baby ought to be here now. The nurse is rather formidable; she has brought up two earls and several viscounts by hand, she says; I hope she has led them in the way they should go. I was a good deal afraid of her at first, but one day I got very excited, and—oh! I cannot tell a long story, then I seemed suddenly lifted over everything; since, I have laughed at some of her nonsense, and she respects me more. Hush, here she is."

Whereupon enters a very stately, well-dressed, stout woman with a fashionable cap and a bundle of very fine lace and flannel and embroidery.

She performed a solemn curtsy, and, advancing, laid the bundle beside the invalid. For the next few minutes the

conversation was strictly technical, and then Winifrid, after a long, loving look at the kernel inclosed in all these wraps, said, as if conferring a favor, "Would you like to hold it, Laura?"

Of course Laura would, and so took the little morsel of humanity with some trepidation. She looked earnestly at the tiny, dusky, weird face, and wondered how such a pinched and unlovely an atom could be the child of so fair a mother. It suggested legends of infants stolen by malignant fairies, who leave their own ill-favored offspring in their place. But while she looked and wondered, the object of her thoughts opened a pair of deep blue-gray eyes, that changed the little face marvelously.

"Ah! he will be a beauty yet, Winnie!" she cried; "he has your eyes."

Here a still higher functionary appeared upon the scene and took command of every one and every thing; this was the temporary nurse. Mrs. Piers had already talked enough, she said, too much, indeed. "She was quite flushed, and see! her eyes looked feverish. Baby had better be taken back to his own apartment. After Mrs. Piers had had an hour of complete repose and some chicken broth, etc., etc., she might exchange her bed for the sofa, and be wheeled into the boudoir; then, of course, the dowager would expect to be received, and, as excitement was to be carefully avoided, the young lady had better not return until late in the afternoon."

This dictum was uttered in a strong, heavy voice, which rather impressed Laura, but Winifrid replied with careless decision: "Nonsense, nurse, Miss Piers came down here especially to be with me, and she will do me more good than all your nostrums. I will be quiet and try to sleep, for I want so very very much to be well again, to ride and walk once more with Reggie! Do not bring me broth or anything else, nurse, until I ring. Laura, dear, you will come to me when I am dressed, and bring your work and stay with me; I will let you go now. What shall you do all the long morning?"

"Well, I have a letter to write, and then—"

"Oh! Reginald must show you the gardens and take you to the waterfall. Pierslynn is such a sweet place."

"Do not trouble about me, dear Winnie, I shall be at hand when you want me."

During the *bouleversement* of the house consequent on the illness of its mistress, there was no regular breakfast. Mrs. Piers, senior, took hers in her own room, and Reginald in his study or private-sitting room; Laura, therefore, found no necessity for leaving hers. After returning from her short but interesting interview with her cousin, having seen mother and child, she devoted nearly an hour to an elaborate description of everything for Mrs. Crewe's gratification; more than once she paused to reflect on her own curious position. A guest in the house which had been so nearly her own; a mere distant kinswoman without the slightest claim for more than civility, on the man who had been for nearly three months her affianced husband; brought into closest contact with the woman whose opposition had marred her life. It was all very strange; perhaps the strangest of all, the subtle change she felt, rather than perceived, in Winnie and her husband. In the former especially.

There was a tinge of irritable self-will in her manner that seemed unnecessary where everything was, or appeared to be, at her disposal, as if she had won a kind of victory, and was determined to keep it. Her graceful arrogance (if such a contradiction may be written) was amusing to Laura. To see her girlish impulsive cousin, who yesterday was afraid to contradict the Admiral, and was not indifferent to Mrs.

Crewe's disapprobation; whose joy at the acquirement of a dress, or a new and becoming hat, was wont to express itself by a wild dance round the narrow limits of her room, thus take unhesitating command of persons so much older and more experienced than herself, and that all the beauty and luxury round her seemed mere ordinary incidents of her life. To notice that in spite of childhood and youth spent amid the humble surroundings of mediocre fortune, she took the luxury, the observance, the refined and costly surroundings of her present state, as if they belonged to her of right—all this was almost too much for Laura's gravity.

Yet she felt there was something real under it all; some experience through which Winnie had passed,—could she but know it,—that would give the word of the enigma.

She had almost completed her letter when Mrs. Piers's maid knocked at the door, and said her mistress was in the yellow drawing-room if Miss Piers would like to join her there. Laura only waited to close and address the envelope. Then, with a slight rearrangement of her dress, she descended.

It was a pleasant room, opening on a conservatory which ran along the south side of the house, and the delicious perfume of the flowers filled the air with fragrance. The furniture was rich and comfortable, but rather old-fashioned, though a sprinkling of "modern instances" showed the hand of the innovator. Mrs. Piers was sitting near a work-table, stately and well dressed, reading a letter. Reginald lounged on an ottoman, almost hidden by the *Times*. He started to his feet when Laura entered, and inquired, with every appearance of interest, how she was, how she had slept, etc. Then, as she passed on to speak to his mother, he added, in another and a genuinely anxious tone, "How do you find Winnie?"

"Very much better than I expected—and looking better still."

"Ah! yes, her looks have been wonderful all through," said Mrs. Piers. "If we can but keep her quiet she will do well, but she is terribly excitable. I fear she has herself to thank for much of her sufferings."

"I do not know that—people cannot help their natures, and I do not think we want to change Winifrid's—eh, Laura?" remarked Reginald, with a pleasant confidential smile that comforted her in some unaccountable way.

"Certainly not," she returned.

"It is quite right and proper that you should think your wife faultless, as she is no doubt charming," said the mother-in-law coldly.

"And what are you going to do with yourselves to-day?" asked Reginald. "It will be awfully dull for you, Laura, but we cannot help it just now."

"You need not trouble yourself to amuse me," returned Laura with a smile. "The sights and sounds of the country make a feast for me."

"We can give you plenty of that, at any rate," said Reginald. "Suppose, mother, you take Laura for a drive after luncheon by Dairysford, through the park, and—"

"Thank you," cried Laura, "but I have promised Winnie to be at hand when she sends for me. A stroll round the garden will be pleasure enough."

"But I fear, my dear, that your presence for several hours at a time will be rather too much for our dear invalid."

"No!" exclaimed Reginald, "you do not understand the sort of tie that exists between Laura and Winnie. Laura will be a soothing influence. What is it that milk-and-water American fellow, Longfellow, says:—

'God gave a different gift to each—
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.'

You see Laura unites them all."

"A very pretty compliment, indeed," said Mrs. Piers. Laura smiled with a little unconscious disdain, for there was something in the speech that struck her as forced and insincere.

"Well, if you like, we can take a little walk in the grounds before luncheon," added Mrs. Piers.

"I should like it very much," cried Laura, who was panting to be out among the trees and flowers.

"I am sorry I cannot accompany you," said Reginald, "but I must ride over to Oldbridge. I promised to meet Dereham at Humberston's. I shall be back to dinner."

"I have just had a letter from Princess Moscynski," said Mrs. Piers. "She is still detained in London, and is far from well. She is going to Ventnor for a little change, but is uncertain of her movements after."

"Ah, indeed!" returned Reginald carelessly.

"Well, I shall go and say a word to Winnie before I start, Laura, and tell her you kindly hold yourself ready to go to her. *Au revoir, mesdames?*" and he lounged towards the door. "By the way," he said, pausing as he reached it, "if you don't mind, mother, I will take the letter with me. Dereham was saying yesterday that he didn't know what had become of his niece."

"There," said Mrs. Piers, handing it to him. "It contains no secret."

Reginald took it, bowed slightly, and left the room. "I will send for my bonnet and yours, and we shall have a pleasant stroll before the sun is too strong, for really the days grow quite summer-like and warm," said Mrs. Piers.

They were soon strolling through the nearer woods, and Laura deeply enjoyed the quiet beauty of the scenery, the glimpses of a fine rich stretch of lowlands, fading away into blue and indistinct distance on the one side—and on the other a line of picturesque hills, one of the outlying spurs of which was occupied by the Pierslynn domain.

The air was unspeakably sweet and fresh, and the woods full of song and perfume, while Laura, relieved of her most pressing anxiety respecting Winnie, gave herself up to an enjoyment peculiarly delightful to her, drinking in the beauty of nature which she loved so well; albeit Mrs. Piers was not the most sympathetic companion.

Conversation did not flow very freely, and some of Laura's reflections were occupied in devising how she could escape the following morning to enjoy this charming place alone.

Then came luncheon. The rest of the day was given to Winnie, and passed in pleasant, restful, open-hearted talk, and sympathetic silences.

Mrs. Piers joined them for a while, and then excused herself on the plea of an imperative necessity to return the visit of some distant neighbor.

"I do not think Mrs. Piers likes me much," said Laura, when they were alone once more.

"I do not think she cares for you, but she is not unkind, only she likes rank and grandeur and aristocratic surroundings, and they *are* very nice, Laura. Now I have no doubt she is quite happy driving out in the Pierslynn carriage as the Pierslynn dowager; but I have nothing to complain of. She loves dear Reggie too well not to be polite to me, and she is quite a gentlewoman, a little fond of titles, just the sort of woman to expect her son to put an ornamental mistress at the head of his house."

"Dearest Winnie!" returned Laura laughing, "you have grown worldly wise, and a 'wee' conceited, all in one short year."

"Have I? perhaps yes," said Winnie, laying her head back among the cushions of her sofa. "The last year has been like a strong light behind the life I have hitherto be-

lieved in; showing the cracks and the pins, the little patches of inferior stuff, the spots and the stains. I have seen a greater variety of people in a few months than in all my life before; but, thank God, there are heaps and heaps of kind good honest souls too, and so long as I can believe in Reginald and you, I do not care much for the truth and morality of the rest of the world, at least till Baby begins to grow up."

Contrary to all anticipation, Laura exerted a calming influence on Reginald's young wife. She grew quieter, less impatient, less talkative, and improved in strength and evenness of spirits as if satisfied and at rest.

Reginald professed himself delighted, and elaborately thanked "his cousin" for the good she had done.

The first few days passed much in the same way. An early visit to Winnie in her room; a little talk with Mrs. Piers; a ramble if possible alone; a long pleasant afternoon *tête-à-tête* with the young mistress of the house; an hour or scarcely so much of not very easy conversation with the master and his mother before he retired to smoke and write letters.

Once or twice he went out to dinner, and indeed appeared to be much sought after by his neighbors.

At length young Mrs. Piers was permitted to drive out, and great were the preparations for the event. Reginald himself took the reins of the low pony carriage, which was the vehicle selected, and certainly it would have been hard to find a fairer or more radiant face than Winnie's when she returned to her boudoir after this first delightful foretaste of restored health and strength.

She was a good deal exhausted, however, and could speak little till next day.

"I am so pleased to see you are making such strides toward complete recovery," said Laura, the following evening, as she sat beside her hostess waiting for the dinner-bell to sound.

"Yes! I am far less tired after my drive to-day. Then I have such an excellent charioteer, so careful, and so kind."

"I am sure he is! But as you are getting on so well, dear Winnie, I fear I must think of leaving you."

"Now, Laura, you really must not be odious and disagreeable. I have been so happy since you came, I cannot part with you. Why need you go?"

"Well, I don't think you want me so much now; and remember, I must not lose my pupils or neglect my work."

There was a pause, and then Winifrid, taking Laura's hand in both hers, said in a broken voice, and with a little sob, "Ah! Laura, Laura! but for me you would never have been forced to work for your bread. You do not know the pain it gives me to think of this;" she paused a moment. "I should like to tell you something, but it would not be kind—it would not be generous—still your opinion would be of the greatest value. However, it is all over now."

"Perhaps you might regret too unbounded confidence."

"Yes, perhaps I might," returned Winnie thoughtfully; "at any rate, you must not leave me for a week or ten days. Reginald is obliged to go to town, he has only waited until I was stronger, he ought to have gone before. Now it will be such a comfort to have you with me—and we can take such charming drives together."

"Very well, dear Winnie. I will stay till Reggie comes back."

Winifrid held out her arms, and drawing her cousin to her kissed her heartily. "There is the gong," she said; "ask Reginald to come after dinner, and my love to Mrs. Piers. I hope she will take her tea with me this evening."

(To be continued.)

In the Cave of the Guapacos.

TRAVELERS over the Andes, who are resolved to see all that is to be seen, must make up their minds to meet with some alarming adventures. Moreover, if not possessed of a certain amount of courage, they had better turn their footsteps away from this picturesque, yet dangerous region.

A traveler gives us an interesting account of an encounter he had with the sea-birds—the Guapacos—whose cave he invaded. After passing over some dangerous mountain paths, in a remarkably wild region, the party came to a dark and frowning abyss, inclosed by steep rocky walls, a foaming river roaring and dashing in its stony inclosure as if it would escape its bounds. As the party stepped from rock to rock, gradually descending, their progress was arrested by an immense number of birds, screeching hoarsely and flapping their wings wildly. One of the party, nothing daunted, resolved to enter the abode of these birds, and accordingly was let down by strong leather thongs, fastened around his shoulders and his waist, ten strong men holding on to the other end. He carried with him a gun, a hammer, and a knife, also a thin line, to the end of which was fastened a stone and a piece of paper. In case the roar of the waters should overpower his voice, this line was to be pulled at so that the attention of those above should be drawn to his wish to be hauled up.

On reaching the cave or grotto, he found every rocky ledge occupied by the nests of the birds, eggs and young birds being in all of them. The scared birds, unused to a visitor, fluttered and screamed around him. Having secured a bird which he placed in his pouch, and some eggs, he descended to a lower grotto, where the birds were even more turbulent; and here a projecting rock hid him from his companions. Swinging himself lower down, he landed in the third grotto, and found himself in the midst of thousands of infuriated birds. They attacked him furiously with their talons and beaks, and crowded so closely around him that he could scarcely breathe. With all his efforts, he could not beat them off, and to add to his misfortunes, he accidentally cut the small cord, therefore could not communicate with his friends above. He shouted incessantly until exhausted, but the noise of the birds and the roar of the waters prevented his

voice being heard. He remained for some time in his perilous position, beating at the birds and shouting loudly for help. At length, to his great joy, he felt the rope moving, and himself with it, and it was not long before he was safely landed among his companions, terribly bruised and lacerated by his visit to the cave of the Guapacos.

Humboldt found a cave of these birds, which he calls Guacharos, in the valley of Caripe, in Venezuela. This cave has an entrance fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and extends four thousand feet into the heart of the mountains. This cave is inhabited by thousands of these nocturnal birds, which are about the size of a common fowl. The Indians avoid entering this gloomy cave, believing that the spirits of their ancestors dwell in the mysterious depths of the dark abode. When they are in pursuit of the young birds, which are boiled down for the sake of their oil, they hover about the entrance of the cave, but, unlike the venturesome traveler, are wise enough never to enter it.



THEY ATTACKED HIM FURIOUSLY.

A Rosebud.

It rained yesterday, and the pleasures
Of visits and drives were denied.
So I brought out my casket of treasures
O'er which in times past I have sighed:
And I sat down and looked them all over—
Such a mixture you never did see;
There were letters from Tom, my old lover,
An "ode" Harry Blake wrote to me.

My own tender notes, (Tom returned them
When we parted in anger one day,
And now I have finally burned them
They were silly enough I must say).
A pretty guard ring, 'twas a token
Of love from that handsome St. Nere,
Yet you know, dear, tho' no vows were spoken,
We were lovers the whole of one year.

A programme of Maudie Gray's party ;
That one where the girls were all wild
Over elegant Austin McCarty,
Who only had eyes for this child.
A curl of Maud's hair (how I scorn her
And hate her to-day), an old glove,
And off by itself in one corner
A rosebud.

"To Kate with my love"

Was inscribed on a ribbon tied to it,
I hunted in vain for a name.
And I suppose once that I knew it,
But I don't know it now all the same,
And I sat there and wondered and wondered,
That box held heart treasures alone ;
And that rosebud o'er which I now pondered
Meant some joy, or some grief I had known.

I had worn it no doubt on my bosom
To somebody's joy and delight,
And then I had treasured the blossom
To remember the giver and night.
For some lover by whom I was jilted
Or whom I had jilted, 'twas kept,
And over those petals so wilted
No doubt I had frequently wept.

And I think that I sat there an hour,
And puzzled and pondered in vain,
And then in a fret, threw the flower
And the ribbon out into the rain.
As the wind blew it into the gutter
I sighed that a dream which one day
No doubt was quite "utterly utter"
Should end in so vexing a way.

ELLA WHEELER.

Wanderers of the Heavens.

BY JAMES GRANT.

"When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

Julius Cæsar, Act iii, Sc. 2.

HE above embodies a superstition rife in all ages, and which survives at the present day, that the appearance of a comet or "hairy star" in the sky portends celestial or terrestrial disturbances, or widespread trouble and disaster. The ancients beheld their erratic course among the stars with fear and trembling ; as time sped on,

and the wise came to know something of the laws which governed their coming and going, the dread connected with them took a more definite shape ; and it is only in our enlightened time that men have been convinced that a comet's influence over things terrestrial may be stated as *nil* ; and that the chances of the earth's colliding with one of these bodies is not one in ten million : indeed some observers have gone so far as to affirm that our world might pass through the tail of a comet and not know it, so filmy and unsubstantial is its composition. So much for the superstitious aspect of the subject.

All comets are known to be outside of our atmosphere, and without exception their orbits or lines of motion are ellipses. This last fact explains why it is that there is such a great difference between the short time a comet is visible and the great period it is absent from the gaze of persons on our earth. The orbit being egg-shaped, it is only when the comet is circling the sun at its shortest curve or perihelion that it is visible to terrestrial observers. In some comets one end of the ellipse is open, or shaped like a letter U. ; so that after having appeared to us at its perihelion it has started off on its apparently endless path into space never to return, and so becomes what is known as a lost comet.

Nearly seven hundred of these eccentric visitors to our system have been seen ; but only of a very few have the orbits been calculated—that is, the times of their appearing, disappearing and re-appearing figured out. A comet's period may range from a few years to upward of a century. Thus, Encke's comet makes its revolutions in three years and fifteen weeks ; and Halley's comet travels its orbit in about seventy-five years, it having appeared in the years 1456, 1531, 1607, 1682, 1759, and 1835. It is next due in the early part of the year 1911. This comet, though not as large or brilliant as many of its predecessors and successors, is interesting from the fact that it was the one which led the great Halley, in 1682, from a comparison of its appearance, orbit, etc., with that of the comets which had shown themselves in 1456, 1531, and 1607, to conclude that a periodical return was a feature of most comets. From this fact it has been thought not unlikely that many of these bodies which have been, in former days, classed as new and distinct appearances, were but the periodical returns of comets identical in every respect.

The length of a comet's orbit varies, of course, with the time of its revolution, though these data are not always proportionate, some traveling at a much higher velocity than others. The great comet of 1861 was found to be moving at a rate of 10,000,000 miles in twenty-four hours.

The shapes of comets are very different ; some have long, sweeping tails ; others have short, club-like tails ; others have none at all ; the nucleus or head of others is round, oval, or elongated, transparent or opaque. Some comets move head first, others sideways, others tail first. The last phenomena may be likened and explained by a reference to the motion of two persons dancing a certain figure in a Virginian reel, where both advance and pass each other back to back, retiring to their respective places backward. If one of these persons be taken for the sun (which of course is stationary) and the other for the comet, an idea may be obtained of the manner in which the comet advances to the sun head first, but recedes from him tail first. To most persons this looks as though the hairy, attenuated tail would become doubled up or crushed by the head ; but if we reflect that the head is frequently of not much greater density than the tail our surprise will be considerably abated. Anciently, when a comet moved in this way the tail was dubbed the beard, but this distinction has now disappeared, and the luminous train is called a tail whether it precedes or follows the nucleus. It may also be stated

here that all celestial bodies having an orbit of elliptical shape, whether tailless or otherwise, are now called comets by astronomers.

Some of the superstitions respecting the signification of these blazing couriers of the heavens are amusing. In 1456 the Turks entered Constantinople to stay, and all Eastern Europe became frenzied with fear. Their threatened advance into Europe was regarded by Christians with dread and horror, and in all the churches the prayer was offered up: "Lord, save us from the devil, the Turk, and the comet!"—a trio of evils which the crude science of the period believed to be inseparable, and working together to compass the overthrow of Christendom.

When the great Mithridates was born, 135 B. C., two gigantic comets appeared. They were seen simultaneously for over seventy days in opposite quarters of the heavens; their brilliancy was such that the sun was fairly outshone at noonday. During the subsequent career of the mighty conqueror men did not fail to refer to these majestic appearances at his birth, and to predict for him a glorious life and death.

Donati's comet, which appeared in 1858, will be remembered by many now living. Its tail was computed at 40,000,000 miles in length, and great fears were entertained, not that it would collide with the earth, but that it would cross some part of the earth's orbit, and so create great terrestrial disturbances. Fortunately this did not occur, but on the 18th of October a collision between it and the planet Venus was near taking place. Its distance from the earth was computed at about 230,000,000 of miles, and fully one-fourth of the sky was covered by it.

On more than one occasion the appearance of a great comet excited the utmost fear and consternation among men, and influenced not a little the course of human affairs. The mediæval chroniclers, speaking of these phenomena, describe them as of "horrible aspect," as "celestial monsters of prodigious magnitude," or, as "fearful and terrible stars." Of course, such feelings of terror were not conducive to any great degree of accuracy in observing their movements. In this last respect the Chinese astronomers were far in advance of their European brethren; while they had some fanciful notions concerning them, they were far too sensible to attribute to them any malignant influence over sublunary affairs.

In 837 a comet became visible in the south of Europe, which so alarmed King Louis I. of France that he, in order to propitiate the anger of heaven, began the erection of churches and monasteries in all parts of his realm. The custom of ringing the cathedral bells at noon in Catholic countries dates from the appearance of Halley's comet, in 1456, before alluded to. At that time the reigning pontiff, Calixtus III., regarding it as a warning of approaching calamity, caused prayers to be said and the bells to be rung in all the churches at mid-day, as a signal for the populace to supplicate divine forgiveness. One hundred years after, in 1556, Charles V. of Austria was terrified by the advent of a comet into ceding the kingly crown to his son Ferdinand.

Certain comets have their tails curved in the form of a saber. One that appeared just preceding the great battle of Salamina, A. D. 479, had this shape; the Chinese compare this peculiarity to an elephant's tusk. One instance, that of the comet of 1769, has occurred where a second bend or curve was observed at the extremity of the tail. A phenomenon which once caused great wonder and terror consists of wavy undulations or pulsations in the tail of comets, extending throughout their whole length in a few seconds of time. For a long time it was supposed to proceed from the nature of the comet, but Albers has discovered that such effects are solely attributable to our own atmosphere. In fact there is a great

diversity both in the shapes and appearances of the tail. Kepler tells us that the tail of the comet of 1607 was short at one instant, but extended itself many degrees like a flash of lightning; the comet of 1618 had a motion as though it had been agitated by a violent gale, and in 582 a comet appeared whose train resembled the smoke from a large fire blown out by the wind.

As is generally known, the planets move in regular orbits, and the stars are, to our sight, at least, pretty nearly stationary. Now, the comet is untrammelled by any such laws. Its orbit may extend in any possible direction, up, down, across, or parallel to the orbit of the earth, and they are seen equally at the poles as well as the zodiacal or equatorial regions of the firmament. Hence, it cannot be denied that there is some possibility of the earth's coming into contact with one of these erratic bodies in the course of ages. But the chances are greatly against such a catastrophe happening—according to Arago more than 250,000,000 to one. It is known that in 1680 and 1832 comets crossed the earth's orbit, though at the time she was fortunately many millions of miles distant from the fatal spot. The comet of 1770 approached to within 1,438,000 miles of our globe.

Some further account of a few remarkable comets may be interesting. The comet that attended the birth of Mithridates, before alluded to, is said to have occupied four hours in rising, and when entirely above the horizon its train reached nearly to the zenith. In A. D. 389 a comet appeared whose nucleus or head appeared to be composed of a bunch of stars; the tail was in form like a curved and pointed scimitar, and its whole appearance was said to have resembled a burning lamp, the flame streaming upward from the horizon. This celestial visitor also inspired the greatest terror among men. In 582 a singular object appeared in the heavens soon after sunset. In the midst of a great dark pall a comet was to be seen, as though through an opening. Its tail was fiery red in color and of great brilliancy. In 1402 appeared what must be regarded as the most brilliant cometary visitor that ever visited our system. At first it was of medium size, but on Palm Sunday it increased by great strides, so that in three days it appeared to be fully two hundred fathoms long—more than one-half the expanse of the sky, from east to west. This feature may be explained from the relative angle which its orbit occupied to that of the earth. It must have been moving nearly at right angles, which accounts for its coming so rapidly into sight. It was seen at mid-day while the sun was shining, and at night it was brighter than the full moon. The great comet which showed itself in 1680–81 was proved by Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Halley to have grazed the sun's surface at the time of its perihelion passage, and not the least of astronomical puzzles is to know what the actual effects of the contact were.

Precisely as to what are the physical components of a comet—nucleus and train—scientists are at a difference, some affirming them to be solid, others nebulous, and still others gaseous bodies. That they shine by reflected light we know, and Sir John Herschel pronounced it as his opinion that they were "masses of thin vapor," which would agree with the fact that stars have been seen shining through both the nucleus and tail with no abatement of their brilliancy, and this in the case of comets from 50,000 to 100,000 miles in diameter. But the observations upon the comet No. 2 of 1881 may yet cause a change of opinion upon this subject. Although not a very large specimen, the one referred to has had a most extensive literature, and the spectroscopic and photographic observations of Professor Draper and others have been sufficiently important to cause astronomers to withhold for a time any positive opinion upon this department of cometary science.



AN OLD MAN.

AFTER AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT.

IN some accounts of this etching by Rembrandt, it is called "The Man in the Chair." In Vosmaer's list of Rembrandt's etchings, however, it is mentioned as

"An Old Man in a cap and a furred robe." It is evidently a portrait, but who sat for it we are not informed.

Rembrandt was not only a very diligent painter, but he

was a most industrious etcher too, and, so far as can be ascertained, left over three hundred etchings. Among the most celebrated of these are "The Descent from the Cross," "The Flight into Egypt," "The Good Samaritan," "Portrait of a Man with a Saber," which is one of his finest works, and the celebrated etching, "The Angels appearing to the Shepherds." Perhaps the finest of all his etchings is the "Ecce Homo," which has been pronounced "a marvelous composition." Other celebrated etchings are "The Triumph of Mordecai," "The Presentation in the Temple," "The Rest in Egypt," "The Burgomaster Jan Six," a most striking production, "Blind Tobit feeling for the Door," and "The Hundred Guilder Print," the latter taking high rank among Rembrandt's etchings.

Etching has been called "an artist's art," and many ancient and modern painters practiced it. For a long time, however, it was almost unknown, but suddenly again became popular in the present century. It is admirably adapted for transmitting the sheen of satin, the delicacy of lace, the lightness of feathers, and the rich pile of velvet. For certain substances, such as jasper, bronze, crystal, and onyx it is excellent. Gustave Greux has given fine specimens of its adaptation to the portrayal of furniture in his contributions to *L' Art*, of artistic furniture.

In etching, the line is bitten into metal by an acid. While an etching can be made upon any kind of metal, and even upon stone, the best substance for the purpose is copper. The copper-plate is covered with a mixture of gum mastic, bitumen, and wax, which is made in the form of paste, softened with oil. After the ground has been well smoked over the flame of wax candles, the drawing is then done with a steel instrument called a needle. As the needle traverses the plate, the copper is exposed and only scratches are seen when the picture is finished. Then the acid is used for biting, and after one or more applications the etching-ground may be removed by a bath of turpentine, the plate is cleaned, and a proof taken, which shows where the shades require darkening, and after several repetitions of the biting process and again covering the plate with the etching-ground, the varieties of shade have been secured and the plate is complete.

The Galley Acalephas.

Who live on the land, amid the glory of the flowers, the wonder of the giant trees, who look up with awe at the starry world above, and around us at the marvels of the animal creation, are apt to forget that under the mighty sea, far down in its mysterious depths, there are marvels as great as any that daily greet our eyes.

"The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea,
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are budding like corn on the upland lea ;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid the bowers of stone."

Among the curious creatures of the deep there are none more so than the *Acalepha*, so called from the stinging sensation they are capable of producing. Under this head are stinging nettles and sea blubbers as they are popularly known. Many of these Medusæ possess this stinging quality to a great extent, especially the *Cyana capillata*, which is found in British waters, and from whose long arms the unfortunate victim finds it almost impossible to escape. The animal itself moves off from the object which impedes its course, leaving one or two of its limbs, which continue to sting with a vigor that, under the circumstances, seems remarkable.

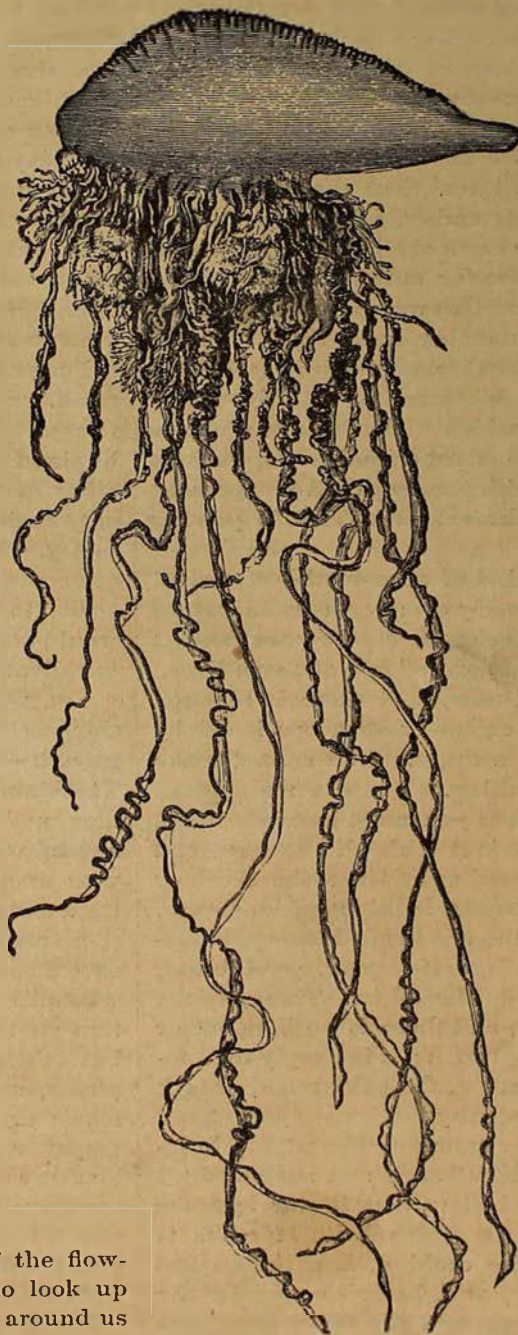
The forms of these strange creatures are numerous. The *Medusa aurita* resembles four long leaves set in a shallow bowl. This disc, as it has been called, is possessed, in different forms, by all, and when they swim the disc is seen to dilate and contract.

The *Favonia octonema* is remarkably curious, being shaped like an umbrella with a handle, around which cluster eight delicate branches. Another species is the *Cuvieria carisochroma*, which has the appearance of a plate hung around with innumerable small fibers.

The Medusæ of the order *Steganophthalmata* attain gigantic growth, a British species measuring more than two feet in diameter. In calm weather they can be seen swimming sometimes in such numbers as to impede the progress of a boat. When the sun shines upon them they show all the colors of the rainbow, making a beautiful spectacle.

Our illustration gives an idea of the appearance of the *Galley acalephas*, one of the strangest of these creatures. They are very brilliant in their blue and red colors, and when in great number impart their hues to the surrounding waters. Their feelers, which are of enormous length, are violet and red in color. They are found in the Atlantic Ocean, as far as the tropics, and a company of them, sailing along in all their glory of color, is a splendid spectacle.

Many of these creatures shine with phosphorescent brilliancy, and illumine the waters through which they pass. They appear, when examined, only a mass of jelly, and few would imagine that they had life and power in them—such power as makes them the dread, not only of the smaller inhabitants of the sea, but the unfortunate bather around whom they wind their long, stinging arms.



Talks with Women.

BY JENNY JUNE.

THE AFTER-MATH.

THE second or "Indian" summer is so commonly known as to be little thought of in this country, particularly as it cannot be depended upon for duration. Still, it has been a theme with American poets and novelists, and it is a feature of the year that has a great attraction for the dwellers in lands where the summer beauty is cut off sharp as with a knife, and lingers not, much less returns for another hand-shake, a parting word, a loving embrace, an opportunity to fling out from its liberal arm, more of its golden fruitage; its sweet and welcome abundance.

But our second summer cannot always be depended on for a stay. Sometimes it merely throws out a few rays of sunshine—a cobwebby net of mist—fine lace, behind which it roguishly hides and peeps—breaking forth in effulgence for one tantalizing moment, to retire in affright at the hurried approach of its grim father, winter. But there are years, some of which we can all remember, when the summer returned, as if loth to leave the earth she had beautified, and even remained until grass grew for autumn mowing, and fruits ripened a second time, and this was called the "After-math." We can all of us remember some royal summer that departed, and returned in this way—some specially beautiful season—when snow-flakes fell on still blooming flowers and the fallen leaves which violent winds had not yet dried or swept away. We can remember the curious blending of summer radiance with the gray chill of approaching winter, and how precious these days became in passing as well as in retrospect.

But there is more than one kind of after-math—of second summer, and let us see how nearly every process in nature corresponds to our human experience, and how we can put the gentle influence of the "after-glow" into our own lives.

It is pretty well understood now, that there is no such thing as luck; that nothing exists or develops itself by growth, or otherwise, without a cause. You cannot make three in mathematics out of nothing. You can make it out of two and one, or three ones, but you must have the units in some form or other. Just so is it with all the good and evil that exists; back of that good or evil lies the cause or condition of its being—carelessness, indulgence, ignorance, bad parentage, or ancestry on the one hand, honesty, industry, steadfastness, loyalty, truth, self-respect, good blood, and healthy, wholesome living on the other. These lay the foundations of one or the other, and there is no accident or want of certainty about the outgrowth; it is simply the product of the seed that has been sown, the cultivation, or lack of it, in its progress towards maturity.

It is only children, or the very ignorant, who will now declare that they do not know "how" such and such a result came about, and expect you to believe that it was by some occult agency that could not be controlled. If china is broken, or a dish spoiled in the cooking, if a thief takes advantage of an open window, or a horse escapes by the forgotten door, the cause is simple and not far to find; yet there are still ignorant and superstitious persons, who will endeavor to shield themselves by placing such occurrences on mysterious or supernatural grounds, and expect a false declaration to release them from responsibility. This effort to shift obligation, and resort to deception to escape the penalties of a fault, is not to be put down altogether to the discredit of those who resort to it. It is partly the result of our habit of disregarding natural laws, and supposing that supernatural agencies can, would, or should control or inter-

fere with their working. All the experience of our lives teaches us that these are fixed, and their results inevitable. Fire burns always; water runs always. Whatever has weight falls down, not up, always; and so on. You cannot plant a plum-tree and get apples, nor a pear-tree and get grapes; nor can you plant disease and get health.

It is remarkable, however, that men and women who understand exactly what is required to produce good crops of corn, wheat, and fruits—who know how carefully the breed has to be selected, housed, kept, and reared, to produce a high race of animals, should give hardly a thought to these subjects in connection with the much more important race of human beings, or the influences of bad conditions, as they affect the morals, the health, and the happiness of individuals. When these things are thought of, the wisest among us do not begin at the fountain-head with the improvement of the individual, but with the creation of new and strange conditions, with which his habits and degree of intelligence have nothing in common. Ignorance, dirt, and squalor may be put into clean houses, and taught to draw and play the piano, but it will be dirt and squalor still; the work must begin with the individual, and it must be principally executed by the individual, or it will not be genuine; there is no such thing as growing, or changing, or grafting on qualities for another. We may discover those that were latent, but we cannot create them; they must have previously existed in the heart or mind if they are brought out.

For example, to return to the original figure of the after-math. Suppose an artist should endeavor to paint its beauties on the premature frost and deserted features of a blighted and disappointing season, would he succeed in creating even a shadow of the reality; no, indeed. He would only excite wonder at the sublimity of his vanity or his stupidity. The after-math must be the natural outgrowth, the after-glow of the summer itself; a perfunctory performance—an effort to produce a semblance of it without the reality would only expose the witless individual who attempted it to ridicule.

Yet, we constantly do this very thing. We preach one thing and practice another, and expect the results—the outgrowth—to come from our talking instead of our doing. There are mothers who expect to scold children into gentleness, and fathers who lay down laws for the family every one of which they break themselves; there are daughters who weep over tales of abstract goodness, while allowing tired and over-worked mothers to die in their service; and there are sons and brothers who recognize no tie, no duty, save those which bind them to their own selfish instincts, who still demand the recognition of every claim and obligation on the part of others. The age is materially strong, but ethically weak, because the virtues grow best in shady places, and shrink from the glaring light and the showman's art of parade, which is now exercised alike upon patent medicine, religion, and philanthropy. From the planting of words, we look for a harvest of good deeds; and are surprised because we do not get it; but ought we to expect it? An ounce of example is worth a pound of precept. says the old saw, and it is as wise and true to-day as ever. Talk simply breeds talk, not work; it is the example of a worker, and a knowledge of his method which inspires others with a desire to accomplish something in the same direction.

Doubtless, words have value, as the honest expression of ideas, as affording a means of presenting a subject, or making a statement clear to the mind of another; but they are worthless, and worse than worthless, when they are made to stand in the place of the real thing, and instead of being used to mirror an object, are falsely set up as the object itself. Out of shallow and wordy pretenses, we cannot make a life

that will mellow and grow into richer beauty with age. One by one its thinly veneered and merely glittering surfaces drop away leaving the poverty of the reality exposed to view. All this we constantly see, and for all these results a thousand reasons are given, a thousand specious excuses made; but they rarely mean any thing, or contain a grain of the real truth, which is always, that good foundations were not well laid, that the best seed was not properly sown or wisely cultivated—that the life itself, just as the season, the tree, or the grain, contains all the elements of its own success or failure—of its own beauty or deformity—of its own splendid fruition and beneficent influence; or its disappointing deformity, and failure to realize the hopes that were built upon it.

The seasons we cannot control; we can only accept them—we can be thankful for the good and gladness they bring, and make the best of their occasional short-comings; but our lives are partly within our own power, we can at least cultivate them as we would trees in a nursery; we can repress tendencies to evil, and encourage the growth toward the good. Above all things we can set ourselves to the performance of our duty instead of exhausting time and strength in a critical outlook for the faults and short-comings of others. Because when the season, or the day, or the life is ending it does not matter to it how last season, or yesterday, or some other life terminated; the interest for this year, for the work to be done, and the existence that is vanishing from our sight, centers in this one; and what a glorious thing it is, when the sunset glory reflects only the serenity of a perfect past, an existence wherein all duties have been royally done, a radiance which has gathered into itself all the strength and sweetness, all the labor and achievement, all the growth and ripened excellence that has accrued from high purpose and conscientious endeavor. Longfellow wrote—

*“Oh what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent.”*

The after-math of such a life is rich in every blessing; in love, honor, the respect of the good, and the peace which is the halo of age. Oh, life! how beautiful it is when strength and every natural gift is put to best uses; when acts are prayers, that serve as the wings to our best thoughts, our truest aspirations.

But we must not mistake the aim of life which is to bring us such fruition, nor work for the semblance of the thing instead of the thing itself. Life, a true, good, noble life, is just as possible to one as to another, so far as circumstance, place, and condition are concerned. We can be true to ourselves if we are sufficient to ourselves. Emerson's greatness began at thirty, when a brief experience had taught him that there was nothing in the contact with crowds, in the mere acquisition of money, in simply working for popularity; that could compensate him for the loss of himself to himself; and his work is the evidence of what the loss would have been to others. It is not so great in quantity, he did not spread it over space for bread and butter, or that he might live in a fine house; but it is absolute, every thought is like an atom of creation itself; it is fitly embodied, and contains a germ of the whole. When Emerson retired from the world, not as a monk, or a hermit, but to be a good neighbor, a good citizen, a faithful friend, a tender husband, and a true lover of the philosophy which he put into his writings, he became a king. He lifted himself above the world that he did not feel was necessary to him, and that he knew he could help apart from its turmoil; better, and more truly than if hampered by its vanities, and distressed by its turbulence. Some must live in the glare, but they are to be pitied;

do not count them among the fortunate ones, for the exposure is not conducive to happiness, and does not always end in honor. What is it that is most valuable to us? what is it that leads to permanent tranquillity, and that sunset brightness we all must desire to anticipate. The cultivation of gentleness, of toleration, of freedom, and largeness,—the recognition of the relations which exist between ourselves and the rest of the world; and also of the entirety of every human existence, as separate and distinct from the world, and its right to that existence in its own way, provided that way is not hurtful to others.

Imagine a life that is true to itself, that is honest and independent, yet kindly and considerate towards all, and everything that differs from itself, and you will see how rare it is. It does not ask the opinions of others in regard to what it shall say or do; it has its own and lives them. It does not depend on any self constituted authority for its taste, or imbibed prejudices which have no reason to support them because they find expression in foolish speech. It is a calm, wise life, which thinks its own thoughts, solves its own problems, exercises its own faculties, fulfils its own obligations, is severe only to its own short-comings.

Do we any of us know of many such lives? Yet there is not necessarily anything extraordinary in them. Such a life may be lived by a shoe maker, a mason, a carpenter, a farmer, a dress-maker, a school-teacher, a busy wife, and mother of children, or almost any worker; the only almost insurmountable obstacle would present itself to the woman of society and fashion, fenced about with false ideals, with traditions that are time-honored and respected, and conventionalities which are supposed to form the foundation of our whole social superstructure. Still the real woman will put some true life even into the driest of bones. She will bring pleasant and strengthening life with her wherever she goes; in her presence masks fall and truth is not obliged to hide its head. She sees the good in things, and it naturally finds its way to her, and surrounds her like an atmosphere. She passes through the fiery furnace of society unscathed, for she knows and believes only in the bright side which it has shown to her, and she carries with her all pleasant and sunny memories, to make the later loveliness of her days, which have not been spent without yielding their precious influence upon the lives of others. The fairest woman I ever saw was the queen of a brilliant assemblage gathered in her own home. Her social position was a high one, she had many duties in connection with her husband's public office and rank, yet no one spoke of her beauty or her wealth, or her position, but every one of her devotion as a mother or her admirable qualities as wife, of her faithfulness as friend, of her truth as a woman. Her glorious after-math had begun, but it grew out of the qualities which belonged to herself, and which might be common to us all, not from adventitious circumstances.

The Nondescript.

SHE is in her fifteenth or sixteenth year, too old to be treated as a child, not yet advanced to the dignity of the title of “a young lady” and bitterly resenting that of “a miss,” under which name she buys her gloves and shoes. Often she is a thorough student of the mathematics, languages, and music; oftener, we fear, only a giddy school-girl, with her mind running on dress and beaux.

She holds no position in society and a very insignificant one in the family circle. Her big brother twits her on her round shoulders and awkward gait; her elder sisters com-

plain of her advance in stature, because of the inference of outsiders as to their respective ages; her mother frets because her elbows "come through," and her dresses need constant remodeling to adapt them to her growing form.

Her brother of a year or so older, the "Hobble-de-hoy," shares some of her miseries but has no sensitiveness which a hearty dinner or a game of base-ball will not totally overcome.

The school duties and friends of our Nondescript absorb all her attention except at meals, where her elder sisters discuss last night's party or to-day's engagements; her big brother talks over the contested election with her father; her mother meditates on the orders to be given to Biddy, and the Hobble-de-hoy devotes himself to the problem of consuming the greatest amount of eatables in the shortest quantity of time. And to whom does our heroine listen? If thoughtful, to her father; for she is an interested observer of politics (will she ever be more?) but does not advance an opinion which may be met by derision or silent contempt.

If she be frivolously inclined, the gossip about people and dress enlists her attention and her spicy participation.

Happy for her if there be a nursery into which she can bring the light of her merry laugh and ready wit and where she can find sympathy and pure admiration!

How does she pass her evenings? This question is often confined to the young man for whom the Christian Association does so good a work. Ah, it is pertinently applied to another class of neglected young life-voyagers! If our Nondescript be at the head of her class in school all her time is employed in preparation for the morrow's session; far into the night she prolongs her mental struggles with grammar, history, algebra, and lays her aching head upon her pillow to reënact the battles of the day.

But alas! if she realizes no affinity with the great minds of former days and no friendly hands uphold, how can she climb the weary road to knowledge? Ordinarily, she does not try but over the pages of an easily comprehended novel or in the mazes of a "sociable" hop; with others of the nondescript age, her evenings whirl away, and she reaches the age of full-fledged young lady-hood, already blasé to its pleasures and with no conception of its possibilities of character and culture.

What blessedness for our heroine if she meet some broad-minded, generous-hearted woman who shall see beneath her failings the genuine good of her character, the warmth of whose nature shall woo the neglected, frost-pinched bud into lovely, fragrant bloom!

O, anxious mother! busy with the wherewithal of clothing, food, household arrangement, what shall it profit if your daughter grow up estranged from the sweet, sacred tie of family affection, seeking enjoyment in more congenial, perhaps unsafe, companionship of which you know naught?

O, fathers! worried with the gold decline or the rise in cotton, at what per cent do you rate your daughter's affection?

It is nothing to you, parents, that her health fails under this course of frivolity or of persistent study? Is it nothing that she is living for self just as truly in her ambition to be a cultured scholar as in her aim to be the belle of her small circle? Will you not awake to her necessities and give her the consideration she merits, the affection she craves? Provide for her rational means of amusement, lectures, concerts, intercourse with your refined guests. Interest yourself in her reading. Guard her on the one hand from the influence of the whirling frivolity of fashion; on the other, from our modern forcing system of education. Teach her household tasks as a means of health and helpfulness.

Treat her thus rationally, and it shall be your highest joy and reward to see the immature Nondescript growing into symmetrical, useful, happy womanhood.

J. B. A

Winter Resorts in Southern Europe.

SO those Americans conversant with the varied climate of our native land there is a charm for every season of the year in each section of the country, but a few years suffice to surfeit the taste and weary the mind; while on the continent of Europe, there is such an everchanging scene that *habitués* of the most frequented winter resorts never tire, and year after year finds them enjoying the ruins of Rome, the art treasures of Florence, or the gay carnival of Nice.

While each of these large cities is well known to every tourist, there are many of less note where the invalid or the sated pleasure-seeker may while away months of placid existence amid luxuriant foliage and balmy airs that seem laden with the odors of Arabia.

Commencing on the Bay of Biscay, the tourist will find Arcachon a delightful place of residence. Situated on the south side of the "Bassin d' Arcachon" and sheltered by the picturesque dunes, its temperate climate invites to a lengthened sojourn. The rains fall mostly at night, fog and damp cold are rarely known, the period of cold in winter is brief, and the forest affords sheltered walks where one may promenade without fear of being driven in by any sudden change of weather. One may live comfortably and rather luxuriously at the hotels here for the reasonable sum of \$2 per day, while, if one prefers house-keeping, a pretty villa may be hired for from \$10 to \$150 per month, plate and linen extra. Of course, by this latter arrangement parties are expected to supply their own provisions, which may be done on as liberal or economical a scale as one chooses.

Among the resorts known to the old Romans is Dax, or Acqs, situated about one hundred miles from Bordeaux, among healthy pine forests, in view of the Pyrenees. There are celebrated hot sulphur springs here which attain a temperature of 150° F., and are used for cooking, drinking, and bathing. Mud baths for diseases of the joints, paralysis, rheumatism, and old wounds are administered here.

Pau is, perhaps, one of the winter resorts in this same section of the country most patronized by English families. Here the season begins the 1st of October, and continues until May 31st. The streets are clean, there are good schools, an English club, promenade concerts, polo, cricket, golf, and lawn-tennis clubs, fox hunting thrice a week, and a skating rink. Nearly every denomination may find its favorite form of worship here, and a large circulating library affords abundant occupation to those disinclined to participate in the various forms of amusement so liberally provided by the "Union Syndicate" of Pau. Furnished apartments are to be had at prices ranging from \$100 to \$3,000 for the entire season, while board and lodging ranges from \$10 per week up to \$25, according to the locality and class of rooms.

Space will not permit an enumeration of all the inviting nooks that nestle amidst the projecting shadows of the Pyrenean range, for, from the Atlantic sea-board on the one hand to the mild shores of the Mediterranean on the other, Nature seems to have opened her fountains for the healing of the nations. On the Atlantic border lies Biarritz, and as one traverses the valley, Lourdes, Luchon, Tarascon, Prades, Belgarde, and Perpignan present their claims, and one is loath to quit them for the gayer attractions of those cities that bask in the balmy breezes of more Southern seas.

On the Gulf of Lyons, Marseilles stretches its broad thoroughfares and opens its natural harbor to the world, from whence one may seek retirement in less busy but charmingly seductive quarters. Aix, within eighteen miles, is the birthplace of Thiers; ten miles off is the castle of Mirabeau; a Roman wall still exists near the spot where Marius defeated the Cimbri, B.C. 125; and the student may find ample food in a library of one hundred and twenty thousand volumes.

Hyères is called one of the "Gardens of the Mediterranean," and is but two hours distant from Marseilles. Broad avenues, shaded by palms, form one of the great features of this resort, while the eucalyptus and pine forests fill the air with an odor grateful and invigorating. Excursions are frequently made to some picturesque islands that lie in the sea three miles away from this sheltered spot. Farther on, in a lovely bay, Toulon rises upon a ridge of hills and presents expansive views of sea and shore, while its extensive dock-yard contains a workman's village with a special museum, library, and baths for the ten thousand men who are employed there.

Cannes is noted for its fine beach and as being the residence of many English, who delight no less in its orange and lemon groves, than in the fact that Lord Brougham is the acknowledged "founder" of the place. Near by is Antibes, where Napoleon I. landed in 1815, behind which rises the picturesque hills of Esterel with a peak two thousand four hundred feet high, where the energetic climber is rewarded with widespread views of forests, smiling landscapes, sunny islands, and stretches of sandy shore bounded only by a limitless expanse of placid water over which gentle breezes float, laden with the breath of flowers.

Nice is the Mecca toward which the gay world hies, some weeks before the lenten season begins; for here the carnival flourishes in greater vigor than at Rome or Venice. Prices are high, and Fashion flaunts her brilliant banner a brief while, in rout and ball, taxing her votaries no less here than in the crowded capitals of the world. Let those who seek *rest* look elsewhere than here, for recreation seems to be the aim of the majority, although one may find all desirable repose in the environs and still enjoy the advantages, medical, clerical, and literary, which are so liberally dispensed in the city.

Mentone, twenty-four miles from Nice, is said to possess all the attractions so lavishly bestowed upon its neighbor, its exclusiveness being amply assured by the high prices which prevailed during the brief sojourn of Queen Victoria, last season, although it is by no means certain that the visit will be repeated. Still the exquisite quality of the atmosphere is of so enticing a nature that tourists and invalids should not omit a ramble amid its pleasant vales, while the more adventurous will find a panorama of surpassing loveliness laid at their feet if they accomplish the task of mounting heights which rise four thousand five hundred feet above; Corsica, which lies one hundred miles away, being in full view.

As most of our readers are familiar with Italy, we conclude by offering a few hints as to clothing, etc., for a tour of the places named above.

An excess of luggage must be avoided if one wishes to thoroughly enjoy the journey. Sixty-six pounds is the allowance free, all excess being paid for at a fourth part of third-class fares in France.

Spun silk stockings and underwear of all kinds occupy little space, are light, warm, and healthy, and cost no more, often less in London and Paris, than do good merino garments in New York. Tussore silk night-dresses, chemises, drawers, or combination suits are very serviceable, and may be obtained by *order* at some of the larger shops in London and Paris, at about the same cost of fine cotton garments in New York; underskirts of the same material are quite as warm as flannel. A walking length skirt of a good, soft quality of gray or black Surah is the best for warm days, and another of gray, blue, or crimson camels' hair serge is desirable for cool and rainy weather.

One good silk dress and a camel's hair serge of any desirable or modish color, both short, with linen collars and cuffs for ordinary occasions, and lace ruffles, or frills, and a fichu for dinner or evening toilet, will amply suffice for a six weeks' or three months' journey. Half a dozen white Chinese

silk handkerchiefs are quite as useful and pretty as linen, and they can be washed in the toilet basin with cold water and toilet soap, clapped or shaken until nearly dry, folded, put in a towel and pressed under the trunk or valise.

All of the spun silk and Tussore garments can be treated in the same manner, only allowing the garments to become nearly dry over the back of a chair, before folding them. If time permits, the cleaners will do the work better, but they require three days; charges, for undervest, seventy-five centimes, fifteen cents; drawers, one franc, twenty cents; hose, fifty centimes, ten cents, per pair; night-dress or underskirt, one franc fifty centimes, thirty cents, if plain, more if trimmed.

Buy boots, overshoes, gauze water-proof, rubber pillow, and one quart rubber hot-water bottle in America, all being indispensable, and much cheaper and better than can be procured on the continent. A double Chuddah shawl, bought in London or Paris for \$10, will be of twice the service and a fourth the weight of any railway rug. Soap and towels are indispensable in one's hand baggage, and one must guard them carefully in all railway dressing-rooms on the continent, as they are liable to be appropriated and difficult to replace.

Equal Development.



THIS is a plea for the left side of the human body,—from the brain down to the toes.

The dual person incorporate, should be even and symmetrical. To discover how much more adroit is one whole set of members than the other, make a point of using your left hand to unlock the door, light the gas, pick up the handkerchief, reach for a book; and in dressing, let the right hand merely assist the left, which shall do the principal work, instead of vice versa.

The piano pupil, to become a musician that needeth not to be ashamed, has to give the amount of an actual year or two to the practice of left-hand mechanical exercises, in order to attain equal strength and equal quickness, which is intelligence, of the two hands. With limitation, there is a minor personality in each member of the body.

In the great art galleries of Italy may sometimes be seen a no-armed artist who paints beautifully with his toes. I remember a man's left hand which was small and delicate; while his right hand was muscular and considerably larger than the other, all through use. His occupations often made him go aboard ships that were anchored in deep water; when he was climbing up the ladder let down on the outside of the vessel, all his safety from falling into a turbulent sea, lay needlessly in his right hand.

The dress-maker will tell you that she generally finds an inequality of the arms and shoulders; no wonder, for one side does two-thirds of the exercise.

The dancing master finds it harder to make his pupils take the reverse steps of the waltz—simply because there is less intelligence on the left side; simply because in kicking, getting in or out of a carriage or car, getting over a fence, stepping up or down stairs, we depend on the one side, and have not the same nimbleness on the other.

The shoe merchant, who tries shoes on hundreds of feet in a week, will tell you what a difference there is in almost everybody's right and left foot. The men at the kid glove counter will have equally as much to say on the subject of hands and gloves.

Consumption generally attacks the right lobe of the lung; because consumption usually being hereditary, and the right

side doing the most of the work, it overdoes its limited strength.

Veteran clerks and pen-holders of all sorts, need have no apprehension of "pen-paralysis," if half the time they would write with the left hand.

There is horseback-riding, which is all on one side; and which hurts the horse more than it does the rider. When a fair *equestrienne*, properly skirted, is about to spring upon her steed, I fancy that I hear the inner utterance of the animal, "Oh, dear! do give me that equalized kind of being that sits squarely upon me; that has as many of his legs and clothes on one side as on the other.

It can scarcely be doubted that in horseback-riding on the long journeys through Palestine and among the American Rocky mountains and in Switzerland, the riding astride makes the fatigue far more endurable by men, and the exercise often beneficial. Native Egyptian and Syrian women always ride astride; and it seems most oddly incongruous on one of these journeys, to meet a nun—most scrupulous of women—riding astride, in the mountains of the Lebanon.

Some persons talk with one side of the mouth, the other side being scarcely used, and perhaps not opened; which is ugly, awkward, or clownish, and implies some undesirable motive, or deceptive habit, or else a physical mal-construction of the mouth, jaw, or teeth.

One side mouthing in speech or in laughter, has neither beauty nor frankness.

The seamstress, the nail-driver, could often work more easily, and do things more cleverly, if they had the equal command over their two hands; then they would not say of some little job: "It is unhandy to get at it."

The Benjaminites, in Jewish history, were distinguished as being left-handed.

Grant that there may be some reason why we are so partial in the treatment of our limbs; making one side the chief worker, and the other the mere helper; a long traditional method of management. Grant that the right hand seems more graceful at the eating-table. Grant various reasons for this prestige of the right side. The cultivation of the two equally, might effect a symmetry of body which rarely or never exists. We are miserable one-sided creatures, physically and mentally.

To acquire equal development, no special exercises are necessary. Life is a constant movement. Hang up the towel, lift the pitcher, pour the water, lift the basin, open the door, button the garments, drive the nail, with the left hand, until it is as agile and capable as the right. Let not the infant be made invariably to use its right hand. Nature in infancy acts more symmetrically than that. The attitudes of very young children are graceful.

I have found by attention that we may form habits of using either side as it happens. This is attained only by stubbornly using the left whenever the impulse is to use the right, and the right only. When impulsive action comes to be an even thing, then we have conquered.

Thanksgiving Day.

THERE are some things that are so good in themselves that they are not amenable to change, and one of these is Thanksgiving Day. As a matter of convenience, and to prevent it from interfering with the equally potent festival of Christmas, it ought to come in the first week, rather than the last, of November, but this question of time is a minor matter—the great fact of Thanksgiving Day being an interesting occasion, anticipated by nine-tenths of the American people with pleasure, remains the same;

and we only perform an annual duty in suggesting some of the causes which always exist for its observance, without reference to individual circumstances, which cannot be relied upon for cause for happiness or thanksgiving at special dates or seasons.

Still, a great deal of our discontent, and even our sorrow, would disappear, or be greatly mitigated, if we were accustomed to look for causes of satisfaction and thankfulness, instead of causes of trouble and misery. With a great many, enjoyment of any kind, and even the ability to look upon the bright side, depends upon digestion. Others are born with a natural faculty for grumbling; they appear to think it a personal grievance if weather, and every minor circumstance of life, is not made to suit them; yet, as a rule, these chronic grumblers would not be any better suited if things could be eternally changed, or the world turned topsy turvy for their benefit every five minutes. A good test of the value of much with which we find fault, is to ask ourselves if we would rather be without it. Deprive ourselves of it, even in imagination, and we shall realize a little, how irrational and baseless is our fault-finding.

For nothing is perfect; at least, there is nothing that can be made and kept perfect to the mind of any one individual, through all its evolutory development and changes. People are not always satisfied with themselves, how can they be with what is outside of themselves, and not entirely within their own control? Accepting, therefore, the fact that the conditions of our lives and the attitude of others toward us and them cannot be always satisfactory; also, that difficulties and sorrows are the lot of all, at some period of their existence; let us see if there are not still some causes of thankfulness left, both special and general in their character. You still cling to life, to the possession of friends, to family ties, to home surroundings, to social opportunities; is it not cause for thankfulness that all these, in measure greater or less, are still left you? You have also sight, hearing, the use of your faculties, the power to work, to accomplish something—perhaps the privilege of providing for others. For if you have the power, it is a privilege—at least you would consider it so if you were deprived of it, if you suddenly became helpless, and saw those dear to you, and dependent, suffering for lack of support.

Oh, be thankful if health crowns your days, and labor brings to you maintenance, and comfort to those whom you love. Life is hard, but it is harder than it need be, because we do not sufficiently estimate the blessing of being able to do something for others, if it only place them in a fairer light, or give them the benefit of the doubts we entertain in regard to the validity of our own prejudices.

For the rest, if ever there was a country on the face of this earth whose inhabitants had reason to be thankful, it is this. Illimitable in its extent, rich in resources, beautiful and fertile wherever the foot of man has penetrated—with every variety of climate, and every inducement that reward can offer to enterprise and endeavor, it is the fault of the individual alone if he does not thrive, and multiply his causes for thankfulness year by year. The republican institutions, the individual freedom that other nations are fighting for, we possess. The opportunities that the inhabitants of other parts of the world look forward to with longing, as a promise and an aspiration, here exist on every hand. Wealth is distributed, and by the law of equal right in the family, and the natural law of increase to the most steadfast and industrious workers, changes hands in the course of a few generations, so that the poor become the rich, and the rich, the poor—a truer and more just basis of equality than could ever be worked out by any arbitrary system of social or political subversion. Thus it becomes the duty of every good citizen to be thankful and express

his thankfulness. It becomes his duty to guard the magnificent inheritance which our forefathers won at such great cost, which has been kept intact, and only needs the honest allegiance, the hearty co-operation of every good man in the efforts to preserve it honored and honorable; free from taint of illiberality and corruption—free from secret wickedness, and the danger of greed, to be in truth the “flower of the earth,” the “gate of Paradise.” Let us be thankful.

Fruits of Italy.

(See Oil Picture.)


“LIKE a young sunbeam in a gloomy wood,
Making the darkness smile,”

there she stands, the dark-eyed, brown-hued child of Italy. Her bronzed cheeks are tinged with a healthy red; her rounded limbs are full of health; and her black eyes are like a starry midnight. She knows none of the trammels of a city life, and none of its restrictions have ever kept her wild spirits in check. Free as the mountain wind, she roves over the rocky hills in her tattered dress, happy in her liberty; and joying in the sun that kisses her cheeks, and the wind that throws into a tangle her hair. She lives in a region of beauty where Nature holds high carnival. She darts in and out of the rose thickets in the garden and rests herself under the fragrant white blossoms of the orange trees. Against the walls of the cottage the pomegranate hangs its scarlet bells, and the pink and white oleanders gleam out from amid their green leaves. Every-where she finds beauty. Above, she sees the rosy-red flushing the blue skies, and great billows of gold that the sun rolls over the azure plain, as it sinks behind the hills to rest, while at her feet the flowers spring up in wild profusion and throw their fragrance abroad. On the hills the purple grapes hang on the vines in rich clusters, and how pleasant to gather a store and carry them to the old grandmother, whose feeble steps never stray beyond the cottage door.

“Poor” is what the world calls this child of Italy; and yet how many would gladly accept that fate which carries them far from the turmoil, the dust, and glare of the luxurious city to the soft shade of the cedars and the oak, where the flowers and the birds are daily companions, and the breeze that kisses the cheeks is full of health and fragrance. Happier far is this brown-hued child, in her gay tattered dress, climbing the hills to gather the purple grapes, and listening to the song of the birds that carol around her, than many a petted child of fortune, whose life is spent amid “the city’s ceaseless hum” and the cheerless monotony of its heated bricks.

The artist has given us a very attractive representation of “the fruits of Italy,” in this dark-hued child and the rich clusters of purple grapes. It is a pleasant revelation of that land of sunshine and of fruits and flowers, that land full of romance and song where the fair Juliet heard the lark sing on the pomegranate tree and thought it was the nightingale.

The Poetry of Motion.

 DANCING has been called “the poetry of motion,” and Fordyce, in his “Sermons to Young Women,” asks, “What is dancing, in the most rigid sense, but the harmony of motion rendered more palpable?”

Dancing was the expression of three feelings, that of religion, war, and social life. After the passage of the Red Sea, the damsels of Israel, led by Miriam, danced in celebration of that event. David danced when the ark was inducted into the tabernacle.

Not only the Jews, but the Egyptians had solemn dances, the principal of which was the astronomical dance, afterward adapted to the stage.

The Greeks had their military as well as domestic dances. The Pyrrhic dance was performed by young men, and was a military dance. This dance was most cultivated by the Spartans, who exercised their children in it from the early age of five. By degrees the use of weapons in this dance was abandoned, and wreaths of ivy substituted. Homer mentions dancing as one of the chief delights of the feast, and also praises the artistic dancing of the Phaiakai, a dance performed by young men with a circular movement around a singer. The chain dance of the Greeks was executed by young men and girls holding each other’s hands.

The Saxons had a war dance, which was performed with shields and swords.

Plyades and Batheyllus were the first to introduce what the French call the *ballet d’action*, in which the performers both act and dance. They disappeared and the art was forgotten for many years. In the 15th century ballet dancing revived in Italy. At first women did not dance in ballets. The Princess de Conti and other ladies of the court of Louis XIV. danced in a ballet in Paris so successfully that, after that, women joined men in ballet dancing. The first French ballet dancing in New York was in 1827 at the Bowery Theater. So shocked were the audience at the unusual spectacle that many left the theater, and the following day the newspapers severely denounced the performance as “shameful and indecent.” Not long after its introduction, however, the ladies as well as the gentlemen, flocked to the ballet and its success was assured.

In the middle ages, dancing was considered a genteel accomplishment necessary for both sexes. At the coronation dinner of Richard II., there was a great dance in Westminster Hall, at which not only the king but the prelates danced. Henry VIII. was a good dancer; and during the reign of his daughter Elizabeth, so highly was dancing prized, that Sir Christopher Hatten was rewarded by the gift of the chancellorship for his skill in dancing.

We are told that Don Juan, of Austria, set out post-haste from Brussels and went to Paris incog. to see Marguerite of Valois dance at a ball, this princess being considered the best dancer at that time in Europe.

A favorite dance in England was called the pavon, from *pavo*, a peacock. This was a stately dance, performed by the gentlemen wearing caps and swords, and the ladies in trains. The lavolta was a dance that passed from Italy to France, and thence to England. In this dance the gentleman turned the lady around several times, and then assisted her in making a high spring. By some this dance is supposed to point to the polka.

The cushion dance of 1721 may be called more properly a kissing dance, for before the dance had been finished the ladies and gentlemen had kissed each other all around.

Country dances, or *contre danses*, were so called from the parties being placed opposite to each other. They were afterward called quadrilles, from having four sides, and approximated nearly to the cotillon. It was introduced into France in the reign of Louis XV., and at first was danced by four persons, four more being afterward added. The figures of the early quadrille were unlike those of the present day. Another dance popular in France was the gavote, which was first danced at a fete in Paris in 1797.

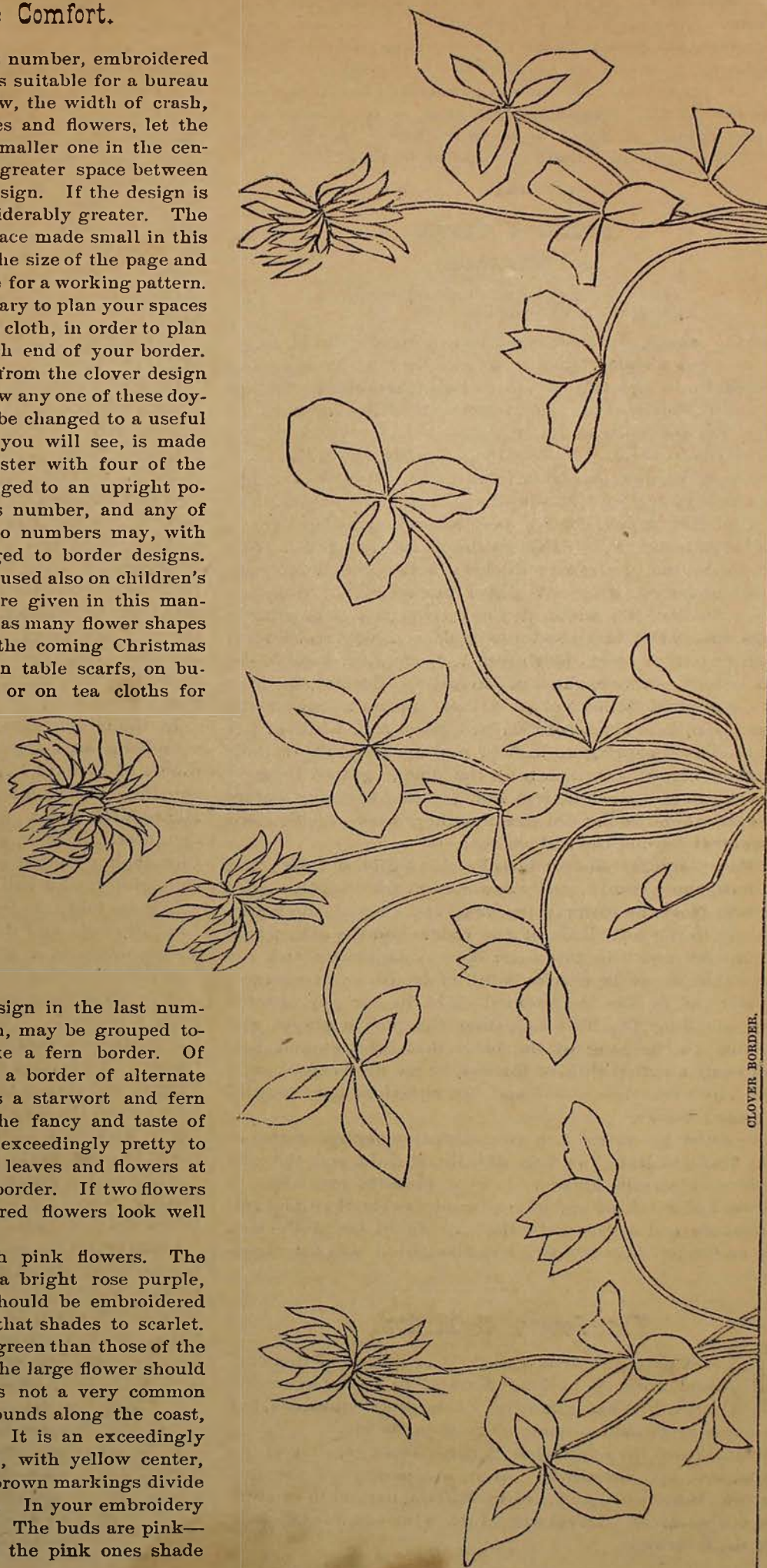
In Japan great attention is paid to dancing. It is not regarded there as a mere pleasure, but a useful art, whereby a woman may acquire that easy grace and elegance which lends attractions even to beauty itself, and without which beauty loses much of its charms.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

THE clover border design in this number, embroidered with silks or wools on linen, is suitable for a bureau cover. If the bureau is narrow, the width of crash, will allow only three clusters of leaves and flowers, let the larger bunch be at each end and the smaller one in the center. You may allow, if you wish, a greater space between the clusters than that given in this design. If the design is worked solid the spaces may be considerably greater. The smaller cluster is repeated, and the space made small in this design, in order to accommodate it to the size of the page and still have the flowers of a size suitable for a working pattern. In borders like this it is always necessary to plan your spaces before transferring your design to the cloth, in order to plan for the same cluster of flowers at each end of your border. This border design, which is adapted from the clover design in the last number, is given to show how any one of these doyley designs may with some little care be changed to a useful border design. The smaller cluster, you will see, is made of the lower flower of the larger cluster with four of the smaller leaves, only the flower is changed to an upright position. The two new designs in this number, and any of the eight designs given in the last two numbers may, with a little work and planning, be changed to border designs. They may also, with little changes, be used also on children's dresses or aprons. These designs were given in this manner as doyley designs, in order to give as many flower shapes as possible. They may be used for the coming Christmas embroidery as borders on silk or satin table scarfs, on bureau covers, on pincushion covers, or on tea cloths for the table, as well as for the outline doyleys. The colors for the clover design were given in the last number. This clover may be either pink or white, worked with pale yellow pinks, or with pale yellows, shading to green. White flowers are best embroidered largely in pale yellows. The center of the large flower must shade green or a deeper pink. The leaves are worked with the center marking of a lighter shade of green than the outer border.

The two outer leaves of the fern design in the last number, and either of the two next them, may be grouped together for the small cluster to make a fern border. Of course, if you choose, you may make a border of alternate flowers, or of flowers and leaves, as a starwort and fern border. All this must depend on the fancy and taste of the needlewoman. Remember it is exceedingly pretty to scatter small sprays, as single clover leaves and flowers at regular alternate distances, above the border. If two flowers are used in the border, the two colored flowers look well scattered above.

The new doyley designs are both pink flowers. The polygala is a very common flower, a bright rose purple, sometimes pale or even white. It should be embroidered in crimson pink, not the yellow pink that shades to scarlet. The leaves are of a somewhat darker green than those of the sabbatia. The dots in the center of the large flower should be done in yellow. The sabbatia is not a very common flower, and is found in sandy, wet grounds along the coast, from Plymouth, Mass., southwards. It is an exceedingly lovely flower, a delicate yellow pink, with yellow center, and deeper yellow pistils. Little red-brown markings divide the yellow center from the pink petals. In your embroidery do not let this marking be too strong. The buds are pink—the very small ones green-yellow, and the pink ones shade



CLOVER BORDER.

Finishing Touches.



VERY one who has carried out an elaborate design by the needle or brush, knows the value of those magical touches which seem to convert it all at once from a mere piece of work into a thing of beauty. What wonderful effects are produced in the pupils' drawings by a few touches from the master's pencil; yet how difficult it often is to recognize exactly where they have been put. All at once the amateur performance becomes an object worthy of admiration, and only those who are in the secret realize how the metamorphose has been brought about.

And the same thing is true in a great measure in more important matters, and notably so in all that regards home decoration. In arranging the furniture of a room, for example, how much the general effect depends upon those scarcely noticeable details which are carried out only when all the principal arrangements are completed. Some persons seem to have a natural gift for finishing; they will take possession of some cold, bare room, and apparently without an effort impart to it beauty and warmth. How often a lady is said to possess the "happy knack" of making things look pretty. Stiff and formal objects under her management suddenly develop graceful curves and outlines, and seem to take on a mysterious something that they lacked before. And certainly pos-

session of this "happy knack" is to be desired, for, like the prismatic ray, it has the power of converting the very stones into beauty. If we ask in what it consists and how far it can be cultivated, we should say that to define it is impossible, but to reach it is within the power of all who, having an educated taste, can appreciate the touches whose subtlety works such marvels. How many pleasant rooms are there that seem to smile at one, and yet which are at best indifferently furnished, and upon analysis prove to contain absolutely nothing in itself beautiful, yet by the judicious arrangement of such materials as are at hand, have been made to appear not only agreeable but beautiful. And, on the other hand, how often in the midst of splendor this subtle element is wanting. How cold and "lifeless" the house, fresh from the hands of a professional decorator frequently appears, until those finishing touches have been given which seem to bring out every hidden beauty and enhance each graceful intention.

Is it fanciful to call this subtle element the "soul" of beauty? that which the perfume is to the flower, and the aroma to the grape, without which all is cold and harsh and lifeless? "Beauty," said Emerson, "is its own excuse for being," and beauty in home life is that indefinable something which can be felt and not described. Yet, ethereal as it is, it is in reality essentially dependent upon material



SABATIA.

yellow near the calix. The stems are very delicate, and the leaves a soft yellow-green. In all these doyley designs, the conventional leaf forms at the bottom, should be of a heavier color than the leaves of the design above, if the design is worked in more than two colors.

HETTA L. H. WARD.



POLYGALA.

things, even (so much has training to do with it) upon passing fashion. That which is strikingly out of date is seldom beautiful in the midst of modern surroundings, and there is, in fact, something in the desire to keep up with the times even in furnishing which is well worthy of admiration and respect. It springs in no small measure from that "appreciation of the fitting" without which harmonious results can never be obtained. And, however *outré* and exaggerated a fashion may become in vulgar hands, we invariably find, that among cultivated and refined people, a due attention is paid to it and its influence is felt and recognized.

It is the recognition of this truth which gives us an interest in the minor details of home decoration at the present moment, for the great advance that has been made in the comfort and beauty of modern houses, has influenced the accessories as well as the necessary details of furnishing.

It is becoming recognized as a principle that in decoration the useful should underlie the ornamental, and "that a beautiful thing that has grown out of a definite need is more beautiful than one that has only its beauty to recommend it," and this principle has led to considerable changes in the minor details of household ornament. It would be difficult nowadays to find the sample upon which many tedious hours had been spent, framed and turned to a decorative purpose; industry will rather seek some essential article of every-day use and decorate and embellish that.

Certainly one of the noticeable things in a modern room is the absence of all irrelevant objects, and the great attention bestowed upon the decoration of those that are essential. Take, for example, the old-fashioned tidy which was wont to depress the masculine mind by its tenacity, and to irritate all lovers of order by its persistent disregard of the intention for which it was made. What has become of it? Where shall we find to-day the marvel of intricate crochet or knitting and the heavy fringe which completed it? In its stead, we have, as the latest substitute for it, a small square of fine linen or muslin, which fits into the chair back, and answers a definite purpose; it is decorated, of course, and is furnished with a design which can be elaborated either by the needle or the brush. The prevailing style certainly has much to recommend it, not least the fact that in rising from a chair a visitor is not likely to displace or inadvertently carry it off. The amount of labor bestowed in the old-fashioned days upon large tidies can now be devoted to the decoration by embroidery of the chair itself, and a well worked strip of some handsome design will lighten up a dark material and turn a dingy-looking chair into a thing of brightness. Home decoration fifty years ago meant monotony, chairs in set places against the wall, formality and rigidity everywhere. To-day it means brightness and variety, yet with distinct attention to that which is essential first, and that which is merely extraneous afterward. We have fewer ornaments, but much more decoration which is ornamental. Window shades, as necessary accompaniments of every apartment, are susceptible of a good deal of beauty, and, if well managed, add greatly to the effect of a room. White ones are never to be admired, but those of gray or cream-colored linen should be substituted, and can be embroidered in crewels, either in a broad design at the bottom or in a narrow design down the sides. Bright colors are admissible for this purpose, because the window should always be a noticeable point in a room, and when closed and shaded it is desirable to retain the brightness which should be its characteristic. So, too, in the matter of curtains, both long and short, color is indispensable, and bands for holding them in position are among the latest finishing touches. Such bands are about four inches in width, and can be made of silk, satin, or perforated leather; the latter being especially handsome if worked in coarse purple silk of bright colors. The bands can

be readily made up at home, by simply lining the leather with silk or satin, turning the edge of the lining in so as to leave a narrow margin of leather, which can be scalloped or pinked out. Bronze leather is the best for the purpose. It can be bought ready perforated, or a design outlined upon it can be pinked out by means of a sharp stiletto, and then worked from hole to hole in chain stitch.

These curtain holders are useful in many different positions and are very effective and pretty, and serve admirably for holding back portières or drapery of any kind.

Scarfs of Indian workmanship are among the latest fashionable decorations, and are used for a variety of purposes, in some cases displacing the mantel lambrequin; but that is only possible where the mantel itself is sufficiently ornamental to make the complete covering of it unnecessary. Unfortunately, although the most recently built houses show an improvement in this respect, in the majority of homes an unsightly mantel has to be dealt with, and mantel decoration is very important; and is, moreover, one in which the finishing touches are of great value. Every-thing almost depends upon the character of the room, and it seems impossible to lay down definite rules for the guidance of the inexperienced in the matter of mantel-pieces. The great thing to be aimed at is, of course, harmony, and the selection of colors that shall not strike the eye offensively. A neutral background is perhaps the best; and then the colors used in carrying out any design that may be selected can supply the warmth of tone which is desirable for an object so constantly before the eye as the mantel. But apart from the actual covering of the mantel, there is the no less important question of what shall stand upon it, and supply the finishing touch which will wake it into beauty. Small panels painted in oils are admirable for this purpose, because each is complete in itself, a distinct thing of beauty; "pairs" of any thing are no longer judicious—even vases and jars are more effective if they are odd. Plaques, if placed over the mantel, ought to be of suggestive rather than formal design; for instance, flowers or foliage are more appropriate than figures or portraits, which are suitable for brackets to set against the wall. For those who are fortunate enough to possess one of the most modern wooden mantels, with its beautiful carving and polish, little in the way of finishing touches is needed. A bright flower in an upright vase, or any ornament which is rich in color, will strike the eye pleasantly, in the midst of the more formal arrangement of articles which are appropriate upon such a mantel, although out of place upon one covered with plush or velvet.

Scarfs of rich material are now much used upon the mantel, and also instead of coverings for the piano. Some of them are of plush, elaborately embroidered at the ends; others, again, of lighter stuff, as crash or linen, ornamented in a running design in crewels or silks. They add greatly to the effect of a room, and the choice of material for them should depend, of course, upon the style of the furniture. Such rich materials are now used in covering chairs and sofas—embossed leather and brocaded plush, for example—that a room is often dependent for lighter touches upon such minor details, and a scarf of embroidered or fringed Indian muslin, will look better and be more effective than a heavier one of velvet or plush.

In modern bedrooms, too, the effect of a room will largely depend upon the accessories. There is a decided tendency to get rid of superfluous draperies, and, indeed, of superfluities of all kinds. Pillow shams are entirely out of fashion; in their stead, the pillow-case itself is handsomely trimmed with lace, or open work, or is richly embroidered in colored silks. Very often the place of the old-fashioned pillow sham is supplied by a quilted covering of satin, which

conceals the bolster and pillows, and is spread over a quilt of the same material in another color. At no time has so much attention been bestowed upon the quilt itself, it is now the basis of a great deal of decoration. Pure white piqué and Marseilles spreads are out of date; in their stead, in smaller homes, we have the lace covering over a colored lining, or the cream-colored piqué with a design in the center, and where expense is no particular consideration, they are of every variety. We have seen them in blue satin trimmed with lace, the bolster cover being quilted and ornamented with tiny rosettes, and finished off with heavy tassels, and an elaborate quilt is made of a center of quilted satin, with a deep border of plush, embroidered in silks. Momie cloth or coarse damask quilts are often embroidered in silk or crewel, or divided into squares, each square bearing a different design; or, again, unbleached linen is used for the purpose, an outline design being worked in blue or red thread, expressly sold for embroidery. The old patchwork quilts, which usurped so large a portion of our grandmother's time, are replaced by others made in more elaborate style, which, if well done, are quite Eastern in effect. Squares of muslin are cut all of one size, and upon them odds and ends of ribbon, satin, or plush are arranged, and securely fastened with long stitches; when all are in place and the entire surface of the square is covered, each little piece is joined to the rest by feather or some other fancy stitch in gold-colored silk, and, finally, all the large muslin squares are joined in the same way. These quilts are quite bewildering in their combination of colors and stuffs. Now that scarfs are looked on with increasing favor, it is not unusual to see one laid across the counterpane at the head or foot of the bed, heavy fringe upon the ends hanging down at the sides.

Cloths for occasional tables are made in the same style of combination patchwork, and so are cover-lids for baby carriages.

Household linen also comes in for many finishing touches to-day. Towels are embroidered in colored silks, or a design is traced as a border near the ends and worked in overcast stitch, and then the intermediate spaces are cut away, leaving an insertion in open work. Others are elaborately ornamented in raised work and completed with knotted fringes, and bureau covers are universally decorated in open work. What is known as "Holbein" stitch is specially well adapted to the decoration of towels and napkins, because it is the same on both sides, and it is usually worked in blue and red cotton, which wash better than crewels or silks.

Perhaps nothing gives a finishing touch to a room more effectively than the decorated mirrors which are now so much the fashion. A beveled mirror, cut square, and placed diagonally upon the wall, is one of the prettiest ornaments imaginable, and an infinite variety is possible in the choice of a frame for it. Dark wooden frames are decorated with designs, in oil paint, of flowers or foliage, birds or butterflies, or they are covered with handsome material—plush, satin, or velvet—which is elaborately decorated in embroidery or by the brush. Often the mirror itself receives decoration, or a design commenced upon the frame is completed upon the surface of the glass with the happiest effects. It would, indeed, be impossible, within the limits of a short article, to enumerate the many ways in which the effect of a home can be heightened by attention to minor details; but enough has, we hope, been said, to encourage all who feel the value of bright and pleasant surroundings, to pay increasing regard to the finishing touches, by which they are so largely assisted, and without which the most handsome room looks cold and bare.

JANETT RUEZ RETS.

Adam Gordon's Two Wives.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

SELINA GORDON was dead. In the darkened parlor which her hands had kept so scrupulously clean for twelve long years, and where no intrusive fly ever dared set his foot for fear of the impending duster, she lay in her coffin, the thin, work-worn hands at rest at last over the silent heart. The tired anxious look which her face had worn for so many years was on it still. Even Death, that great magician, had not been able to smooth it away. There had been so much of toil, pain, and care in her life, that it was not strange that in her countenance there was more appearance of the sorrow of the past than of the rest and peace of the future into which she had entered.

Adam Gordon stood alone by the coffin, looking down at the white, still face and folded hands. He was tall and well-made, with broad shoulders, a deep chest, brown, wavy hair, and dark eyes. A heavy brown mustache shaded a mouth as sensitive as a woman's. His face was bronzed from constant exposure to the sun, and his hands were large, brown, and sinewy—the hands of a farmer who never shirked his plow.

At twenty-one Adam had married a girl selected for him by his mother, and brought her to the home left him by an uncle who had recently died. It was an old, straggling farm-house, built at different periods and in different styles, overgrown with a dark mass of trees, underneath which the grass grew long and rank amid a tangled mass of roses and vines of various sorts, which blossomed luxuriantly in the spring, and made the place a bower of beauty. Selina had been a girl after the elder Mrs. Gordon's own heart. Adam had heard her praises so persistently chanted by his mother and sisters, that he fell very naturally into the belief that she was the only wife possible for him if he would make sure of prosperity and happiness.

Well, he *had* been prosperous, even though his happiness had been rather of the negative kind. Industrious, energetic, neat, and economical, Selina soon taught Adam that life with her was to be no play-day. She considered recreation of any sort sinful, and discouraged even the reading of books and papers as liable to lead to a neglect of some duty. Up by daylight in the morning, she worked unceasingly until late at night, looking, apparently, on hours spent in bed as so much time wasted. She did not relax her energy even after there was no longer a necessity for it. She was proud of Adam's well-filled barns and well-tilled fields, but she worked as industriously as when he had to turn over every penny before he spent it. Lines of care came on her yet young face; her shoulders grew round from stooping over the wash-tub and bending over the sink, but she heeded it not. Two children were born to her—fragile little creatures that faded and died before the touch of their waxen fingers had softened the lines of their mother's face.

Adam grieved bitterly over the death of his babes; but if Selina shared his sorrows she gave no expression to it. She had no time to indulge her feelings. There was the milk of the cows to be attended to every morning and night, three meals a day to prepare, the washing, ironing, baking, scrubbing, sweeping, dusting, and sewing to be done, and only her two hands to do it all. She was noted in the neighborhood for her thrift and economy, and old Mrs. Gordon, who lived across the road from her son, frequently congratulated herself on having such a model daughter-in-law.

But now Selina was dead. The delicate machinery of mind and body had worn out at last under the continued strain put upon them, and the toil-worn woman laid in her coffin with

roses and smilax about her, unconscious of the look of pity, sorrow, and regret in the grave face and dark eyes of her young husband.

Adam felt relieved when the funeral was over, and the neighbors who had tiptoed and whispered about the house as befitted the solemnity of the occasion, had all gone away and left him alone.

His life went on much the same as ever. He took his meals at his mother's, and either his mother, or one of his active, busy sisters put his house in order every morning. Of Selina he never spoke at all, though of course he missed her. She had become part of his life, and it was a long time before he could grow accustomed to the strange silence of the kitchen, where the greater part of her day had always been spent. Occasionally he went into the parlor, threw open the green blinds, and looked at her picture, which, protected by a piece of pink tarletan from the improbable but possible onslaught of some demoniac fly, hung over the mantel.

Thus nearly a year passed, and it was spring again. The roses about the house were in full bloom, and the meadows were bright with buttercups and daisies.

Standing under the shade of a great oak tree one evening Adam saw little Miss Darrow, the teacher of the district school, coming slowly down the dusty road. She paused opposite a large rose-bush, which thrust its heavily laden branches through the fence, and bending over it, buried her face in the fragrant bloom.

She was about to walk on again, when Adam came quickly down the garden path and spoke to her.

"Stop a moment," he said, as he broke off the roses in great clusters. "You are welcome to all the flowers you can carry."

She took them from him with a little sigh of delight.

"You know I board at Mrs. Dock's," she said, "and she don't believe in flowers. She says pea and bean vines are more profitable than honeysuckles and roses. I don't agree with her. If I had a home I should have it just like this—flowers every-where."

"Then you think flowers profitable?" said Adam.

"Any thing is profitable that gives innocent pleasure," she answered. "Why were roses given us if it was intended that our lives should be entirely devoted to peas and beans? Let us have poetry to read as well as prose."

Adam laughed, and she nodded a gay good-by to him, and walked on, bending her face again and again to inhale the fragrance of the roses in her hands. And Adam stood by the little wooden gate watching her until she was out of sight.

"My life has been all prose," he muttered. "It is time I had a little poetry, I think."

Laura Darrow's sweet face haunted him after he went into the house again. He wondered how she could look so bright and young when she had so hard a life. He knew by experience what the teaching of a district school was. He had taught one himself for two winters previous to his uncle's death. And Laura Darrow had no happy home in which to find relief for heart and mind. She was an orphan, dependent on her own exertions for her daily bread.

A couple of months later Mrs. Gordon crossed the road one evening, and entered her son's house to find him sitting in the darkened parlor, so buried in thought that he was unconscious of her presence until she spoke. Then he sprang up, gave her his chair, and throw open the blinds.

"I don't just like sitting in the parlor so free," began the old lady, as she drew her knitting from her pocket. "Selina always kept it so choice. And speakin' of that, Adam, don't you think it's 'bout time you were gettin' married again?"

A dark, red flush suffused Adam Gordon's face. He turned his head quickly aside, and did not reply.

"You're awful lonesome here," went on Mrs. Gordon, "and there's no sense in grievin' forever over what can't be helped. Things in this house 'll go to rack and ruin soon if you don't put some woman in charge of 'em. I saw that big blue tub as Seliny set such store by, settin' in the hot sun yesterday. Every hoop 'll be off it, sure's fate. And the moths 'll eat these worsted curtains if they ain't seen to. You'd save by gettin' married again, Adam. And think how much Seliny made every year out o' the eggs an' butter an' honey."

Adam made a deprecating motion with his right hand.

"I don't *want* to think of it," he said.

The old lady surveyed him wonderingly over her spectacles a moment, as if doubting whether she had heard aright.

"There's Mary Sharpley," she continued. "You couldn't do better than to get her. She's thirty-five if she's a day, I know, but you wouldn't mind that. She's a master-worker."

A bitter little smile curled Adam's lips.

"She wouldn't suit me," he said, briefly.

"Wouldn't!" in a tone of great surprise. "Well, then, there's Hattie Davis. She's several years younger 'n Mary, and if she *ain't* got any good looks to spare, she's the best worker I know, next to Mary. Last year she put up two hundred cans of tomatoes, dried six bushels of sweet corn, quilted fourteen spreads, and preserved ten——"

"Don't proceed with the catalogue of her accomplishments," interrupted Adam, as he rose, and went to the window, where he stood looking out, with his hands in his pockets. "It is entirely unnecessary. Hattie Davis will never be my wife."

"Perhaps you have settled on some one already," said Mrs. Gordon, a little nettled by her son's tone. "I must say you've been mighty secret about it."

"I suppose I might as well tell you now as at any other time, mother," said Adam, while a sudden glow lighted up his dark eyes, "that I am to marry Miss Darrow in September."

"Miss Darrow!" almost screamed Mrs. Gordon, dropping her knitting in amazement. "Why, she don't know nothin' *She ain't* no fit wife for a farmer, with her fine clothes and foolish curls, and you'll rue——"

"Don't say any thing more, please," interrupted Adam, quickly. "I won't listen to it," and he walked out of the room, closing the door behind him.

Of course Mrs. Gordon did say a great deal more, though not to her son, and the whole neighborhood was soon informed of the folly which Adam Gordon was about to commit.

But in spite of all opposition Adam followed his own pleasure, and in September Laura Darrow became his wife, and was installed in the old farm-house as its mistress.

For a time Adam's mother refused to have any thing to do with her new daughter-in-law, but curiosity, whetted by various reports brought her by outsiders, induced her at last to extend the olive branch, which Laura willingly accepted.

The farm-house had been renovated from top to bottom. All the old, stiff, funeral-looking hair-cloth furniture in the parlor had been replaced by a modern set upholstered in raw silk and plush. The rooms had been painted, papered, and newly carpeted to such an extent that old Mrs. Gordon scarcely recognized them as the same, when, led by Laura, she made a tour of investigation through the house. New curtains, new beds, pretty toilet sets were in each bedroom, and the autumn sun shone in brightly over all.

Taking in the details of each room, her hard face growing harder, her thin lips becoming more and more compressed, Mrs. Gordon, senior, reached the kitchen at last, where her indignation reached its climax at sight of a stout German girl bustling about among the pots and kettles. She could

endure no more, and walking through the hall into the parlor, she took a seat there, resolving that she would "speak her mind" no matter what the consequences might be.

Motioning the inwardly laughing Laura to a seat near by, she said, sternly, "You're very young, and its plain to me you need advice. Do you know where you'll land your husband if you keep on as you've begun?"

Laura shook her head and smiled. She could not help smiling. The expression on her mother-in-law's face was so tragic.

"In the poor-house," said old Mrs. Gordon, solemnly. "He can never stand such extravagance, such wanton waste."

"Perhaps he is the best judge of that," said Laura, smiling still. "He gave me only five hundred dollars with which to fix the house up, and I think I've done pretty well. I know I've used every penny to the best advantage."

"Five hundred dollars!" repeated the old lady in a tone of horror. "Has he gone mad! Why I don't believe poor Seliny ever took that much from him in her whole life, putting all together."

"Adam is generous," said Laura, "I suppose she might have had money whenever she wanted, if she'd chosen."

"Seliny never coveted show and display. She looked after Adam's interests," went on Mrs. Gordon. "And she'd have worked her fingers to the bone sooner'n had a girl to waste things and let the knives rust and the sugar be spilt. She made butter for market, an' sold eggs, an' honey, an' dried apples, an' cheese, an' soft soap. The whole twelve years she was married to Adam, she never got a dress better'n a calico. I tell you, she was a wife like the Scripture tells about. She looked well after her vineyard. And I know you couldn't have got a tea-spoonful of dust if you'd looked for it from garret to cellar."

"Poor soul!" said Laura, in a tone of pity. "No wonder she died."

"She never let her hands lie idle either," with a contemptuous glance at the plump, white, soft-looking hands lying in Laura's lap. "She didn't believe in folks savin' their hands at the expense of their husband's pocket."

"Ah!" said Laura, coolly. "Now I do. I never did admire a rough brown hand. In a man it is excusable; but in a woman it is unpardonable if it is not necessary."

"Do you expect to keep a girl regular?" demanded Mrs. Gordon.

"I do," answered Laura, cheerfully. "If I devoted myself to kitchen work I should have no time to devote to Adam. I should be too tired to talk to or amuse him in the evening. This girl lived with my mother, and is competent and trustworthy."

"There's sure to be more or less waste," said Mrs. Gordon, "and the neighbors will never stop talkin' 'bout you."

"I don't live for my neighbors, or regulate my conduct by their views," said Laura, "and they will soon find something better to talk about, I hope, than my domestic concerns. I want to make my husband happy, and I shall accomplish this end sooner by being his companion than by making myself his slave. I don't believe woman was created for no higher sphere than that of a household drudge."

Laura's color had risen, her eyes grown brighter. She looked lovelier than ever in her earnestness and excitement.

Some one came in quietly at the open door and slipped a strong arm about her waist. She turned with a nervous little laugh to see Adam smiling down on her.

"True words!" he said, "and spoken by a true woman. Mother, my wife is right. I never knew until lately how beautiful and sweet life could be made. I am like a butterfly just emerged from its chrysalis. Laura is not extra-

gant, and we both have an eye to the future; but I would spend my last cent sooner than plunge again into the darkness in which I groped so miserably for twelve long years."

"That's always the way," said Mrs. Gordon, as she confided to her daughter Ellen that evening the result of her "talk" with Laura. "I never knew it to fail: the first wife slaves and saves that the second may spend."

Treasures in Tombs.

IT was the custom of the ancients to bury with their dead such articles as they were surrounded by when alive. Hence the vast amount of valuable articles unearthed by explorers, that give us an idea of the excellence of ancient art, which we can study for ourselves in the Cesnola Museum at Central Park. The ancients revered their dead so much that they never allowed selfish considerations to interfere with enriching the interior of their tombs; and the most precious objects of art were scattered lavishly there.

At Kourin, General di Cesnola found a tomb filled with chambers, each one being a treasure-house of art. Placed on a ledge were upward of three hundred articles in silver and silver gilt and gold, including jewelry. There were sixty bracelets alone, and bowls and dishes of silver. Another chamber contained alabaster vases and terra-cotta figures, and in another were objects in iron and bronze.

Dr. Schliemann discovered in a tomb at Mycenæ a skeleton, the face of which was covered with a gold mask; it also wore a gold breastplate. On the forehead, the right eye, and various parts of the body were round pieces of gold. Lying near was a gold cup, six inches in diameter, enriched by an arched border in *repoussé* work. Two more gold cups were also in the tomb, and vases and studs of wood covered with gold. In another tomb he found skeletons with similar masks and breastplates; attached to the thigh bone of one was a gold band. Among the treasures of this tomb was a gold cup which weighed four pounds troy; a silver stag forming a vase; the head of an ox in silver with horns of gold; jugs of gold and silver; and thirty-two large copper caldrons.

Paul Dubrux found in the tumulus called by the Tartars Koul Oba, "the Hill of Cinders," many precious objects. Among these were a diadem of gold on which were embossed figures and flowers; a necklace of fine chains with pendants; a gold collar, and two medallions. These articles adorned the female skeleton in the tomb. The principal male skeleton wore gold bracelets; a hoop of gold which had supported his cap; on his right arm was an armlet with figures enameled on the gold; the hilt of his sword was gold; and in his leathern whip strands of gold were plaited.

In a tomb near Nikopolis were found a silver-gilt *amphora* of fine *repoussé* work, a gold plate, which from its form was supposed to have ornamented the bow-case and quiver, which was one with the Scythians, and the solid handle of a sword.

In a tumulus in the Asiatic part of the kingdom of Bosphorus were found the remains of a woman supposed to have been a priestess of Demeter. She wore immense earrings, from which hung chains and pendants; two exquisite necklaces, bracelets, and a diadem of great beauty. All of this jewelry was of the most elegant form and workmanship.

Memory's Pictures.

BY CELIA E. GARDNER.

SOFT falls the eventide !
And swiftly, far and wide,
The dusky shadows gather o'er the world.
Day bows her sunny head,
Fast pale her blushes red,
And for repose her golden wings are furled.

From misty depths afar,
Bright gleams the evening star ;
And softly sighs the gentle, frosty breeze
Around my casement low,
Where, swaying to and fro,
My thoughts flow back to other scenes than these.

Fair mem'ry's golden door
Is opened wide once more,
And on the threshold pause my willing feet.
Fast beats my trembling heart,
While through my pulses darts
A thrill of old delight so passing sweet.

The magic threshold crossed,
The present moment lost,
My feet are stayed in chambers of the past ;
While I, with hungry gaze,
On scenes of other days,
Feast eyes that sweet, sad tears are dimming fast.

The mystic halls are wide,
And hung on every side
With pictures of departed golden days,
When life was young and sweet,
And I, with eager feet,
Roamed dreamily through Love's bewild'ring maze.

The rooms are warm and bright !
Soft falls the rosy light
Of recollections on the pictures fair.
With eyes on each intent,
With sighs for past content,
I sink in Retrospection's magic chair.

Upon the tinted wall,
Where first my glances fall,
A picture hangs which thrills my pulses deep—
So fair it is to view,
Oh, so familiar, too !
I cannot choose but look, and looking, weep.

I.

A lofty church, and rich !
The choir a gothic niche,
From which a kindly face is smiling now,
With eyes so dark and deep,
Red lips which secrets keep,
Dark hair, above a broad and manly brow.

The chancel deep and wide !
The spacious nave supplied
With cushioned seats, luxurious and soft.
A dim "purpureal light"
Falls, chastened by its flight,
Through stained and tinted crystal glooms aloft.

As thus I gaze entranced,
My heart in every glance,
Fair fancy wafts to strained and eager ear,
Soft organ notes, and slow
Sweet vocal tones, and low—
A loved and wondrous voice once more I hear.

The picture's passing fair,
The music sweet, and there
First "Love's young dream" was thrillingly begun.
As loath from this I turn,
My dim eyes swift discern
A scene in richer, brighter colors done.

II.

A chamber large and light,
A maiden young and bright,
With smiling lips, and cheeks aflush with joy ;
Eyes bent on missive affair,
Whose tender words ensnare
Her heart in toils so dear they ne'er annoy.

III.

The next, a cozy room,
One winter afternoon.
Two figures sitting close, hand clasped in hand ;
While converse low and soft,
Or silence, sweeter oft,
And love's first kisses seal love's golden bands.

IV.

A starry autumn night,
A-flood with silver light ;
A walk which almost seems the road to heaven.
Two pair of ling'ring feet,
A parting sad but sweet,
The last farewell with tender longing given.

V.

The next, a lofty hall !
Lights strong and brilliant fall
O'er many a group of silent readers there.
But at the farther side,
To earnest converse tied,
The two are sitting with subdued and saddened air.

They each have gazed to-night
Upon a picture bright,
But for the misty veil that hangs between.
For though their hearts are one,
Love's witching mischief done,
Fate's separation hides the rosy scene.

VI.

Then comes a summer night !
The moonbeams glancing bright
Through casements opened to the perfumed breeze.
White curtains in and out—
The silver sheen about
The two, too sad to notice aught like these.

A parting, long and drear,
For many a weary year,
O'ershadows them with deep and anguished gloom.
A silent parting, too !
No letters, fond and true,
Shall light the darkness 'shrouding them too soon.

With hands locked close and warm,
 They try the bitter storm
 That threatens them, with smiles to brave in vain.
 This hour they know the last !
 Dead is their lovely past ;
 The future holds but parting, tears, and pain.

Long is the last hand-clasp ;
 And sharp the anguish vast
 Which swells in either grieving, loving heart.
 Pale is each tear-wet cheek,
 White are the lips that meet
 In one long kiss with which for life they part.

VII.

But God is good, indeed !
 Another picture pleads
 For one fond glance from eyes that love it well.
 Again the two have met,
 Young, trusting, hopeful, yet
 Still bound by Love's enchanting, mystic spell.

Eyes glint with perfect joy,
 Whose gold holds no alloy,
 And tell a tale the lips would fain repeat.
 And laughter ripples soft
 From lips that tremble oft ;
 And every moment holds a store of sweets.

VIII.

And next a home-like room !
 The twilight 'purpled gloom
 Dispelled by gleams from glowing open fire.
 And in the radiance warm,
 Again the coupled forms,
 Which make one shadow as the flames leap higher.

Like this there many are ;
 Ranged orderly and far
 Adown fair mem'ry's arched, rose-tinted hall ;
 Each done in colors bright,
 Tints soft and rich and light,
 Love's witching radiance shining o'er them all.

IX.

And then, one picture more !
 A parting at the door,
 A kiss received with scarce a cold return ;
 Averted head and glance,
 Distrust for confidence,
 Seed sown for sharp regret and sorrow stern.

X.

But one which ends the list,
 Redeems the last, I wist !
 'Tis Christmas eve, and sweetly chime the bells ;
 The maiden bends above
 A gift from him she loves,
 And which each vestige of distrust dispels.

It speaks so sweetly strong
 Of what she doubted long—
 Continued love, remembrance fond and kind,


Deep 'neath oblivion's dust,
 She hides the late distrust,
 True confidence and love fill heart and mind.

In mem'ry's chamber bright,
 I've lingered long to-night ;
 Each picture stamped anew upon my heart,
 Which fills with longing pain
 To see thy face again,
 Before we meet above, no more to part.

How sad and dark is life !
 With how much sorrow rife,
 To those whom fate holds far apart, for aye ;
 Who watch, with dimming eyes,
 The star of love arise,
 To only pale as fades the golden day.

Sad, sad the loving hearts,
 And many—kept apart
 By circumstance, and barriers none may leap ;
 To whom love's joys are known
 In mem'ry's halls alone,
 Where hang the pictures Retrospection keeps.

A Doleful Subject.

HE Chinese, by way of making themselves agreeable to their aged relatives, sometimes present them on their birthday with a coffin. That these venerable almond-eyed celestials receive the gift joyfully, is somewhat doubtful ; such reminders not being calculated to raise the spirits even of an aged Chinaman.

The Egyptians had an unpleasant way of keeping their dead about them for as long a time as a year, before they buried them. After they were returned from the embalmer's, a room was set apart for them, and they were placed against the wall. Sometimes they were even carried to the table. They tried to make their tombs as agreeable as circumstances would allow, by ornamenting them with paintings and sculpture ; but they gave them the discouraging name of " eternal habitations."

The Turks are buried without a coffin, and are carried to the grave on the shoulders of bearers. They are buried at the hour of prayer, either morning or evening. Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, is the women's day of mourning, when they plant the jasmine or rose, in small saucers, on the graves. Frequently a stone turban is placed on the tomb.

At one period, even in England, persons were not buried in coffins. It was not until the reign of Henry III. that they came into general use ; previous to this date, they were confined to persons of rank. Royal coffins were generally lined with lead.

Shrouds, as we understand them, were not in use. The body was wrapped in a waxed cloth, called a cere-cloth. When Philip, Duke of Burgundy, died, he was wrapped in thirty-two ells of cere-cloth. The body of Edward I. was wrapped so closely in cere-cloth, that when his grave was opened his features were found impressed on the cloth. Thomas Graham, apothecary to George II., furnished " fine double cere-cloth " in which to wrap the king. An act, passed in the reign of Charles II., prohibited shrouds to be made of anything but woolen. An affidavit had to be taken that the deceased " was buried in woolen, and nothing but woolen."

Some people have shown very singular ideas about their burial, and a resolution to have things their own way to the

very last. A Mr. Thompson, who died in 1784, in England, was buried by his own request, as follows: His coffin was without ornamentation; he was attired in a flannel shirt two yards long; a strip of the same was wound around his neck, and after he was placed in his coffin, two yards of plaid flannel was thrown over him. Around the middle of the coffin three iron hoops were placed, and the same at the head and feet; in each hoop an iron ring was inserted to put the ropes in by which the coffin was to be lowered into the grave.

A man who was not afraid of his own coffin, was John Oliver, who died in England, in 1710. He erected his tomb thirty years before he needed it, and kept his coffin, which was painted white, under his bed. The body was borne to the grave by eight men dressed in white; a girl eight years old read the burial service, and afterward a sermon was delivered from the tomb.

Abraham Simmonds, who died in 1823, in England, desired that his body should be wrapped in a blanket, and that he should be buried in the garden or orchard attached to his house. He also wished that when his favorite dog died it should be buried in the grave with him.

Mrs. Margaret Thompson, of England, who was addicted to the use of snuff, could imagine nothing more delightful than to be in an atmosphere of this pungent powder when carried to her grave. She left in her will that all her unwashed handkerchiefs should be placed in her coffin, and that the best Scotch snuff should be sprinkled over her body, as the perfume of snuff was more refreshing than that of flowers. Six men, known to be great snuff-takers, were to bear her to the grave, wearing snuff-colored hats, which were to be given to them. Six maidens were to bear her pall, each bearing a box of snuff, which they were to "take for their refreshment" as they went along. The minister was to accompany the funeral procession, and refresh himself also by taking snuff, but he was not to exceed a pound. Should he comply with this request, she bequeathed him five guineas. Sarah Stuart, her old servant, was to walk ahead of the corpse and strew on the ground every twenty yards a handful of snuff, and two bushels of "this grand cordial of nature," as she called it, were to be scattered before the door of her house. That there was more sneezing than weeping at this funeral can very well be imagined.

An iron founder, John Wilkinson, of England, seemed, as Shakespeare says, to find it "metal most attractive," for he had an immense iron tombstone, designed by himself, the weight of which was twenty tons. He took much pleasure in exhibiting his iron coffin to his friends, and when disposed to be liberal to them, his liberality took the shape of an iron coffin for their own use.

Mr. Yates, of Chatham, North Carolina, was buried in 1879, according to his own desire, after the following fashion: In his coffin was placed a feather bed and pillow, on which the corpse was laid, dressed in a suit of jeans; at his feet (not on them) were placed his boots; his hat rested on his hands, which were crossed on his breast, holding a pair of gloves. After his burial, a dinner was served to all who had attended his funeral.

Chinese Schools.

THE Chinese set great store by education, there being very few among them who cannot read and write. The writings of Confucius and Mencius are carefully committed by children to memory, though it is not until they reach maturity that they have a conception of the meaning. They have a singular way of reciting with their back to the book which the teacher holds in his hand. This is called

"backing the book." They are not taught in classes, but singly, which while more troublesome to the teacher, is a decided gain to the pupil.

There are several collegiate institutions in Peking, where more advanced studies are pursued, some of these colleges being under the care of the provincial governor, who appoints the teachers. All the students who wish to compete for entrance to the highest college, have a theme placed in their hands to be written out the same day, and when the compositions are finished they are handed to the governor for inspection. He selects those he thinks the best and places them in the hands of the teacher for criticism, and in this way the candidates are selected, out of the thousands who present themselves not more than two hundred and fifty being selected.

Students who have passed the first degree and desire the second, assemble once in every three years in Peking. In the north-eastern quarter of the city are numerous cells, arranged in rows, each row covered with a tiled roof, and having no doors, where the applicants are, for several days, lodged. The furniture is of the scantiest kind, a few boards serving for a bed, table, and seat. In these miserable cells, small and bare of all comfort, even the wealthiest students must lodge. Near by, are comfortable quarters for the examiners. A strict watch is kept over the students to prevent them communicating with their friends outside. A measure of rice and a half a pound of meat a day are furnished by the government to each competitor, but, as a general thing they prefer supplying their own wants. As no one can bring his servant, he must either provide himself with a portable furnace for cooking, and prepare his own meals, or he must submit to being waited upon by the servants provided by the government.

Four themes for essays and a poem are selected from the Chinese classic known as the "Four Books," and the student prepares to write them out. When they are finished they are handed to the examiner. Those incorrectly done, are stuck on the wall of some public place; the others being given to persons appointed by the government, who copy them in red ink. These copies pass from one examiner to the other before an ultimate decision is arrived at, and when this is made known the successful candidates emerge from their cells to the sound of music.

Of so much importance is the event considered, that a feast is given by the family of the successful student. A red card, in an envelope of the same color, bears an invitation to the feast, and this is sent to the friends, who on arriving at the house, present a gift of money, known as congratulating politeness." The student is invested with a

long, red silk scarf, which, in case he is married, is tied on him by his mother-in-law, and if he is single, his own mother performs the ceremony.

Some ambitious students pass many years in striving to attain a degree, and even become old men



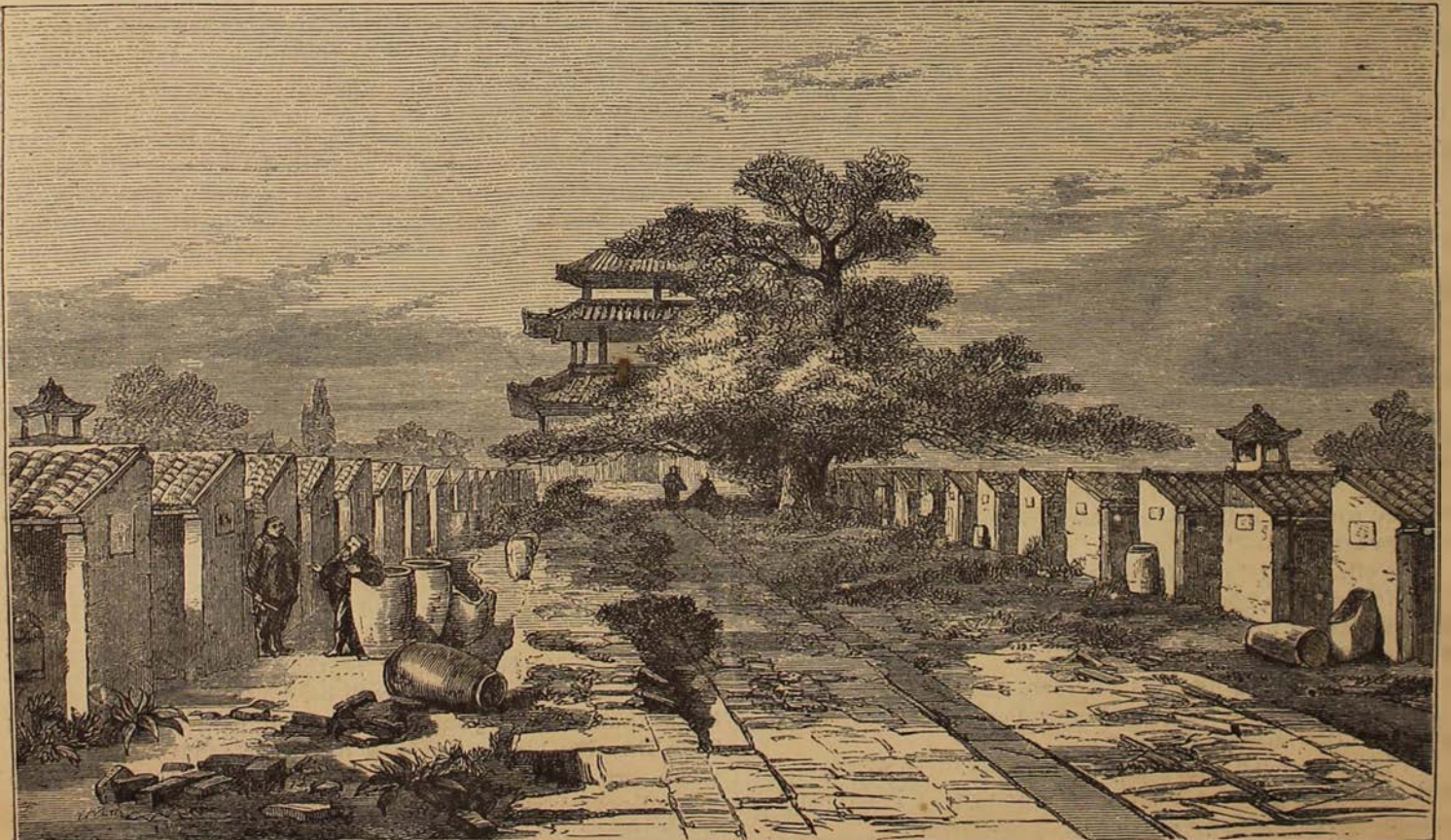
A GRAY HEAD IN THE EXAMINATION CELL, PEKIN.



A BOYS' SCHOOL IN PEKIN, CHINA.

in the pursuit. These are known as "grayheads," one of whom is given in the illustration. If he attends all the examinations until he is eighty, the venerable student has the title of Kujin bestowed upon him by the emperor, as a reward

for his persistent, though unsuccessful efforts, and has the privilege of placing a tablet on his house proclaiming the same. The illustrations show a child "backing the book," and the cells occupied by the candidates for scholastic degrees.



EXAMINATION CELLS OF THE CANDIDATES AT PEKIN.

Two Ways.

BY MARGARET D. HARVEY.

MAY I come in, Lillie?" merrily called Cornelia Cary. "I tapped half-a-dozen times, but you never heard."

Lillie started, closed her book, and advanced to meet her friend, who stood outside her half-opened door. It was a dainty little retreat, Lillie Walter's own room. Like a fairy bower, verily, all in pure white and baby blue.

"Come in, of course, Cornie!" she exclaimed, greeting the other pretty girl with a kiss. Two "rosebud" maidens they were, with their creamy skins, pink lips, and hair of the shade of a half-opened sulphur-rose. No one had ever been able to decide whether their eyes were black or blue. Their resemblance to each other was accounted for by the fact that they were distant cousins. Their relationship, however, did not prevent them from being the best of friends.

"There!" continued Lillie, "sit down in that lovely chair, which I have just finished upholstering myself. Do you see what it is?"

"Why," cried Cornelia, "it can't be possible! Not your papa's old camp-chair, covered with patchwork, made from your blue cashmere waist, embroidered with daisies in crewel?"

"It certainly is," declared Lillie. "And do you know what the white blocks are? Why, the pieces left from Miss Foster's opera-cloak."

"And you really *did* make that cloak, after all?" queried Cornie. "Well, I must say, for an amateur dressmaker, you are quite a success. But I hope this venture will be your last."

Lillie looked grave. "No, Cornie," she quietly answered "I'm afraid not."

"But you go to Swarthmore next month, you know."

"I *don't* know," returned Lillie, "that is—I believe I must give that up."

"Why, what do you mean?" Cornie looked at Lillie in surprise. "I thought you had fully resolved upon it."

"So I had," was Lillie's sad response, "but I have *almost* changed my mind."

Lillie's eyes wandered until they reached the book, which she had dropped hastily upon her bed. Cornie followed her glance, and then took up the volume.

"What's this?" she asked. "Are you not *too big* to spend your time over the children's Sunday-School libraries?"

"Willie brought it home," said Lillie, absently, setting her lips hard together.

"Now, Lillie,"—Cornie's tone was very vigorous—"will you tell me what's got into you? Has this book any thing to do with it?"

"That book," faltered Lillie, "is about—a boy—who wanted to go to college—but because he was—the eldest of a large family—"

"Well, what?" crisply demanded Cornelia.

"He made up his mind," went on Lillie, "that it was his duty to give it up, and work for the others, and give them a chance."

"And like a fool he did it!" tartly finished her cousin.

"He did," responded the other; "but not like a fool, Cornie—like the blessed Master."

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Miss Cary. "Did the Master sell *His* birthright for a mess of pottage? I don't believe such a sacrifice was ever required of anybody!"

"Well," calmly asserted Lillie, "I believe it is of me."

"Nothing of the kind," remonstrated Cornie. "Plague take such stories! I believe they do more harm than good. That old 'yarn' of sacrificing one's self for the sake of others, is worn threadbare. Such unnatural sacrifices are never appreciated, and always work wrong in the end."

"Cornie!" cried poor Lillie, "are we not required to overcome our own selfishness?" She looked bewildered.

"Certainly," assented Cornie, "but selfishness is one thing; a proper regard for one's self another. Don't Shakespeare say, 'Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting'?"

"Yes," answered Miss Walter, "but think. Here am I, the eldest of a large family. Papa is not well-off. I have saved enough money by teaching and sewing to take me through Swarthmore College. But if I stay home and continue to sew, and use my money on my brothers and sisters, they can all be educated; whereas, if I went, as I intended, they might have no advantages."

"Lillie," suddenly inquired Cornie, "are they *your* children?"

"No."

"Are you responsible to God for their existence?"

"No."

"Could you ever have any thing until you earned it?"

"Never."

"Now, then, let me tell you, they are not one bit better than you are. *Your* soul is just as precious as any one's. You are responsible for yourself, not for any one else—no one else can work out your own development for you; no one else can insure your salvation. I tell you, our individuality is a burden which we ourselves must bear, and which we cannot lightly shift off. Those children have the same parents as you had, to support them while they are little; they have just the same chance of earning money and educating themselves as you had. Hoe your own row first, and be sure of your own corn before you stop to hoe for other people."

Miss Cary's earnestness had flushed her face, and exhausted her breath.

"But I *can't* be selfish, Cornie," feebly answered Lillie.

"Do you think it wrong to commit suicide?" abruptly asked Cornelia.

"Oh!—most assuredly!"

"Well, do you think destroying one's life the only way in which to do such a thing?" continued Cornie. "What of deliberately destroying one's mental powers, one's prospects for happiness and usefulness? You would willingly dwarf yourself, on the merest chance that the others will turn out better than you?"

Lillie was silent.

"Have you any moral *right* to do it?" persisted Cornie. "What will you say when you come to stand before your Lord, and can only give Him your one talent folded in a napkin, when you might have been able to present at least five talents?"

"I will tell Him," declared Lillie, firmly, "that I buried my talent in order that I might better do my duty to others."

"Yes," tartly enunciated Cornelia. "'Lord, I was a female Jesuit! I did evil that good might come!'"

Miss Walter started. "I did not think of that," she murmured.

"Well, you'd better think of that," advised Cornie, "if you don't I'll tell you how it will be. Your sisters will dress better than you, on your earnings, and look down on you. They'll marry before you, and do better—that is, provided you marry at all. Your brothers will despise you, for not many boys can stand being pecuniarily helped by a woman, when they might just as well work. No matter how much you do, they'll only find fault because you don't do more. At

last, when you're old and ugly and worn-out and poor, you'll have to beg your living among them all, the best way you can. Finally, like one of Mrs. Livermore's Superfluous Women you'll be pushed back on the shelf—that is, unless like some good, old-maid aunties, you end your days as a child's-nurse, in a home of which you ought to have been mistress.

"You say you don't want to be selfish. Suppose you make *others* so? Suppose you do so much for them that they take it as a matter of course. Don't you see that you will strengthen the selfishness in them, and so do them harm instead of good? It is all very well to talk of being unselfish, but the fact remains that we cannot get away from ourselves. We *must* bear our own punishments—why not our own rewards?"

"Hush, Lillie! I am not done yet. Look at nature all around you. Don't the squirrel, the ant, and the bee, provide enough for themselves, before they have any to spare? It is instinct, implanted by the Creator. We have the same instinct, but we think it an out-cropping of our total depravity, and try to conquer it. The consequence is, we do nobody any good, and ourselves nothing but evil. We end in mental and moral suicide.

"Let me tell you what a doctor told me. Do you know where the coronary artery is? It nourishes the heart, and is the first one given off by the circulatory system. The heart has to supply the whole body; but it feeds itself first, and with the best and purest blood. Why? Because it has a great deal of work to do, and needs strength. How could it accomplish any thing, if it supplied itself last, and with the feeblest, most impure blood? Will you have your body better cared for than your soul?"

"I tell you this illustrates a most important truth. Yet men sometimes, and women often, set themselves up to be wiser than their maker. As if He ordained that happiness and comfort should always be wrong, misery and distress, right! The hardest task is far more likely to be found out of the line of our duty than in it.

"I didn't expect to preach so long a sermon. But I mean it, every word. Now, Lillie, take my advice. Go to college, do exactly as you intended. Be strong yourself, first; *then* it will be time enough for you to think of aiding the weak."

For a few minutes Lillie said nothing. At last she ventured,

"But I would like to be really noble."

"In the estimation of others," added Cornelia. "My dear, that's another form of selfishness, in which you did not know you were indulging. To covet the world's good opinion is, in a certain sense, pitiful, reprehensible. Do right yourself, and never mind what others think of you. The whole world is often wrong.

"I," continued Miss Cary, "like you, am the eldest of a large family, in moderate circumstances. I have been over the same ground as you, that is why I am so sure. But I have made up my mind to go to Vassar, as I have all along hoped to. Perhaps people will talk about us both, and, if you give up your project, say that you are noble and I am selfish. But wait till the end of the chapter—then see."

Cornelia took her departure, leaving Lillian in a state of intense bewilderment. But after a short, quick battle with herself, she decided to reject her cousin's advice, and hang out a dressmaker's sign.

For a while, all went well. Work came so fast, money rolled in so promptly that she had no time to think. Her three sisters, Adelia, Cora, and Laura were, one after another, taken from the grammar-school, which had been good enough for her, and entered at a fashionable Institute. In the simplicity of her heart, Lillie imagined that they would

appreciate their advantages, and show some corresponding degree of thankfulness. Alas! dress, dress, dress, was their constant cry. It took all their sister's spare dollars and odd half-hours to elaborate their stylish costumes.

But Jack, her eldest brother, should prepare for the university. He should have a private tutor, even if she had to do without that seal-skin coat for which she had hoped so long. The coat was sacrificed, the tutor engaged, but Jack *would* shirk his lessons. "I don't see why you can't let a feller alone!" he gruffly exclaimed when remonstrated with. The time for examination drew near; but, one fine day, Jack was missing. Next they heard that he had shipped before the mast. The tutor, however, had seen Lillie only to admire her. If he had been touched with her devotion to her family, she had, also, with his patience toward Jack. But, when he asked her to leave this life of toil and share his lot, which, however humble, should always be beautified with love—she said, while her lips turned white, "I can't—the children need me." This was Lillie's only offer. She never entered any society in which she could meet gentlemen; for, as years passed on, she had grown so neglectful of her own appearance, that she never owned a suitable dress in which to show herself.

The girls grew older, and took their places in the same circles as their school-friends. Next, Addie had a beau. Next, "Lillie, I think you might take that horrid sign down! We don't want everybody to know that *our sister is only a dressmaker!*"

Parties succeeded, and then a wedding. Lovely, fairy-like dresses of Swiss and satin followed one another; all stitched by the faithful fingers of the sister, whose form was growing stooped, and whose hair was turning gray. And when Addie became the wife of a wealthy judge's son, Lillie went to church in a black silk whose seams showed white, and a bonnet three seasons behind the times. And some people wondered who that dowdy, old-maidish looking woman was, who sat with the family—possibly a favored servant or humble dependent.

In all these years of industry, Lillie had laid by about five hundred dollars. Upon this, she thought, she could place some reliance when old age came. But her father's house was heavily mortgaged. She handed out her savings and never made any more. "If I were to die to-morrow," she bitterly thought, "I haven't a dollar to bury me!"

Well, Lillie's story henceforth does not vary much. Her sisters all married wealthy, her younger brothers, thanks to her energy, became well established in business. Her parents grew old and feeble, and she alone supported them. When they died, she contributed just as much toward their burial as did those who "could buy and sell her." The proceeds of the house, divided, amounted to little. After a while Jack came back, rich in ships and merchandise, having succeeded best of all, and without her help. When she was past work, she led a tolerated existence for a few years, from one house to another, until, finally, at her own request, her brothers and sisters clubbed together, and made up a sum sufficient to procure her admission to the Old Ladies' Home.—where they frequently forgot to visit her.

What of Cornelia Cary all this time? Well, she went to Vassar, as she had intended. They missed her at home, and were sometimes pinched without her, but it didn't hurt them any—she had been pinched, too. They lived and got along very well, until she graduated with honor. And *then* weren't they proud of "*Our Cornie!*" When she came home at last, and spent a few weeks with them, they appreciated her presence, and all, from her father down to baby Eddie, were glad to do something for *her*. She hadn't cheapened herself, as they knew her value.

Next, she received an appointment as professor of mathe-

matics in a Western college, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year, and her board. *Then*, when she was able, she remembered her family at home, and sent them freely more in one year than poor Lillie could earn in three. Because she respected herself, they respected her and themselves; and every one of her brothers and sisters studied diligently and turned out well. Mr. Cary was soon relieved from the pressure of all his debts, and had the satisfaction of owning his home before he died.

And next, after three years of successful, noble labor, Cornelia married a State Senator, and became a devoted, model wife and mother. She had a beautiful ideal home, and exerted a grand, elevating influence in social, educational, and church circles. Constantly increasing her loveliness and usefulness, she grew younger instead of older, until it could be truthfully said of her, that her last years were her best.

One day, Cornelia visited her old-time friend at the Home. Little was said by either, as they sat, side by side, clasping each other's hands, their eyes filled with tears.

"You see I was right," whispered Cornie, in a choking voice, "no one ever thought of calling *me* selfish. I only lived out my own life, day by day, as the way seemed to open before me. And my brothers and sisters are guiltless of the sin of ingratitude. I did my own duty and they did theirs."

"Lillie, Lillie," called Cora, "it is half-past six. Tea's ready!"

Lillie sprang to her feet, and glanced at the little clock on her mantelpiece. She had thrown herself across the foot of her bed, and slept just one hour.

The revulsion of feeling almost made her faint. She sank upon her knees, and exultingly cried, "Thank God, I am saved!"

"Are you coming, Lillie?" asked Cora, outside.

"Yes," answered Lillie, following her sister. Where's Willie? Willie run right down the street, and tell Cornie I'm going to Swarthmore."

"Why, she knows it, don't she?" queried the boy, wonderingly.

"No matter," returned Lillie, excitedly. "Go, tell her! She'll understand what I mean!"

The Wearing of Amulets.



HO wore the first amulet it would be impossible to say; but the adoption of a talisman to ward off evil is of very ancient origin.

Phylacteries, the Greek word for amulets, were worn by the Jews, to which allusion is made in the Scriptures. These phylacteries were a narrow strip of parchment, on which were written passages from the Old Testament. This strip was placed in a small leathern box, and bound to the left elbow by a narrow strap. There was a smaller phylactery for the forehead, the box for which was about an inch square.

The word amulet is of Arabic origin, and implies a thing suspended. Amulets were of various kinds. The moon-stone found in the desert of Arabia was worn as a talisman against enchantment by the women, who suspended it around the neck. It was a white transparent stone, the time of searching for it being midnight.

In India a variety of gems and stones are used as amulets. The most common is the *salagrama*, a stone about as large as a billiard ball, and which is perforated with black. This is supposed to be found only in the Gandaki, a river in Ne-

paul. The person who possesses one of these stones is esteemed highly fortunate; he preserves it in a clean cloth, from whence it is sometimes taken to be bathed and perfumed. He believes that the water in which it is washed, if drank, has the power to preserve from sin. Holding it in his hand the dying Hindoo expires in peace, trusting in a stone rather than in the living God.

The modern Egyptian is a believer in the Evil Eye, to avert which he hangs around the neck charms supposed to possess a magic power. These are usually worn by children, and consist of little tin or leather cases, which inclose words either from the Scriptures or Koran, if the children are of Moslem parents.

Even the Romans were not without their charms. They hung little cases around the neck which contained a charm, generals not disdaining the same. Augustus thought it would bring him good luck to wear a piece of the sea-calf, and, therefore, never went without this talisman.

In Greece the priests sell the sick charms consisting of pieces of paper, on which is written the name of the disease from which the person is suffering, and these are nailed to the door of the chamber. Pliny tells us that any plant, gathered by a river before sunrise by a person, if unseen, tied on the left arm of an ague-patient, without his knowing what it is, will cure the disease.

Queen Elizabeth, during her last illness, wore around her neck a charm made of gold which had been bequeathed her by an old woman in Wales, who declared that so long as the queen wore it she would never be ill. The amulet, as was generally the case, proved of no avail; and Elizabeth, notwithstanding her faith in the charm, not only sickened but died. During the plague in London, people wore amulets to keep off the dread destroyer. Amulets of arsenic were worn near the heart. Quills of quicksilver were hung around the neck, and also the powder of toads.

It was not at all unusual for soldiers and others who were exposed to danger to wear talismans by way of protection. A story, which gained credence, is told of a soldier in the time of the Prince of Orange. He was a Spanish prisoner, and, on being condemned to be shot, it was found that he was invulnerable. The soldiers stripped him to see what kind of armor he wore, when it was discovered that he was not protected in that way, but an amulet, on which was the figure of a lamb, was found on his person. This was taken away from him, and the shots took effect. During the Prussian war of 1870, after the battles, the field was frequently found full of amulets which had fallen from the dying grasp of the soldiers. It was ascertained that the more ignorant the Russian soldier, the more he clung to the belief in the protective power of the amulet.

In 1838 a beautiful locket, forming a small padlock, was found in digging a grave in a churchyard at Devizes, in Wiltshire, England. This was a charm, and, being valuable, was buried with the owner.

Louis Napoleon, who believed himself, even amidst exile and poverty, destined to that throne which the prestige of his name and his cunning *coup d'etat* enabled him to reach, was not without his superstitions. In his will he says, "With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch." This talisman had no power to turn aside the fatal balls of the Zulus; and the young Napoleon met a sadder fate than his father's worst fears could have imagined for him.

What were known as anodyne necklaces, which were beads made out of the root of the white bryony, were hung around the necks of infants to ward off convulsions. The Chinese wore pearls as a charm against fire; and in some countries the agate formed an amulet that was supposed to protect from disease.

O Love, My Love No More!

O LOVE, my Love no more!
 My heart goes back to the days ere love was o'er:
 But I have grown most wise since then,
 I have learned much of the ways of men.
 I tell my heart that love is done,
 And glad am I the end is come;
 I tell my heart that this is best.
 —It only sigheth at the bitter jest,
 And turneth again to the days made sweet
 By thy love, the touch of thy hand so fleet!
 And I think my heart would gladly give
 The whole of the life I hope to live,
 For one touch of thy hand, of thy love one breath,
 Though the touch of thy hand and thy love were
 Death!

MARTHA WALLACE.

How the Craze Spreads.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.



HY, how do you do, old fellow? I was speaking of you to Maria only last night. How's your wife? And that baby? I suppose she's quite a big girl by this time."

The speaker, one of those genial, pleasant men, who seem to radiate good nature, appeared to have the delight of this unexpected meeting largely to himself, for his friend, Paul Schaft, though trying to appear enthusiastic, was evidently but little inclined to answer at length the questions as to his doings, his home, and his family, which John Rodgers poured out with such eagerness. But this passed unnoticed by John, who, perhaps, understanding his friend's temperament, continued his efforts to make him unbend, and after a while partially succeeded.

"John," at length, began Mr. Schaft, "is your wife æsthetic?"

"Ascetic? Ha! ha! No, indeed; she loves a good time as well as myself. To be sure, being a square, old-fashioned Presbyterian, she can't quite go the theater, but you should see her at the minstrels! Or, if she can make any child an excuse for the circus, that's her delight. Ascetic? No, no."

"You misunderstand me," said his friend, with a slightly amused look, "I said *æsthetic*. Has she taken to painting on china, art needle-work, bric-à-brac, and those things?"

John's jovial face grew almost grave. He had suspected things had gone wrong with Paul, since he sold his snug farm, and moved into the city; but he was not prepared for this, and answered with some little indignation in his manner, "My wife paint her china! She's a deal too careful of it. Not but what she's quite a dab with the brush."

Here Paul nodded sympathetically, and murmured, "Oh! she's got it like all the rest of 'em."

"But," continued John, unconscious of the mental interruption, "she thinks too much of her *china*. Now tins, old milk-pans, and slop buckets, and such like, she does real good to with her paint, and though she wouldn't like her neighbors to know it, for folks is now getting so stuck up, and above work—she has painted a fence. Not whitewash, you understand, but real paint. As to needlework, my Ma-

ria was always a master hand at that. Why, don't you remember her cutting out the clothes for your first baby, and helping your wife to sew on them? I recollect how she wondered—" Here Mr. Rodgers suddenly lost the thread of his discourse, not wishing to "recollect" how Maria had wondered, "how that go-ahead Paul had come to marry such a silly piece of laziness,"—and went on. "As to bricks, or any thing of that sort, Maria always had a notion there might be sulphur springs on the farm, but I never heard her mention clay or bricks."

"Oh, how I wish I had staid on the farm," said Paul with a sigh. "And you have six children, John?"

"Six of 'em, yes. And the youngest just beginning to toddle round after ma. How many have you?"

"Only two. The eldest ten, and the other a little thing just two years old. But my wife is æsthetic—paints, embroiders sunflowers, decorates."

"Then the business you took up hasn't paid as well as farming?"

Paul looked puzzled for a moment, not seeing the drift of John's remark, and added, "I've made plenty of money."

Honest John could not conceal his indignation. "And you let that delicate wife of yours paint and decorate! Maria never could believe she could ha' done it. I know something about decorating. Had the meetin' house done over, and the 'decoration' cost a heap. But I didn't know as women ever did that; and to think that *your wife*—!" John closed his lips with a snap.

"You don't understand, old fellow, and I'm glad you don't," said Paul. "It's refreshing to meet some one who has not gone crazy on 'blue and white,' or 'Japanese art,' or something of that sort. I'll tell you about it; we've an hour before we reach the city."

"You see when we first moved to Yarmouth, it was a very quiet place; near enough to the city for me to go to and from my place of business every day, and not so near, I thought, as to tempt us to take up with city styles of living. But about four years ago, there came a lady to visit there, who struck up a great friendship with my wife, and she was quite astonished that we took no art paper. So as Jeannie was always fond of reading any new papers, and I was always ready to pay for them, she subscribed for the one her friend said was the best. There was the beginning of it. We had been careful, and I had laid by a good bit of money, and I was quite willing to furnish the parlor and best bedroom anew. Well, instead of Jeannie and I going to the city together, and choosing the carpets and suites of furniture—having a pleasure-day together, and—

"Topping off with the minstrels, if she was like my Maria," interrupted John.

"Well, a pleasant time any way—instead of this, my wife writes to the man who edits her art paper, to ask *his* advice! And he gave it. The wood-work was all to be painted black and yellow, and he sent the wall paper. There was a 'dado' and a 'frieze,' and stuff to go between them; but Jeannie'd forgotten to say that the house was an old-fashioned one, and though the rooms were large, they were very low, and so, when we came to paste on the 'dado,' there was only a narrow strip between that and the 'frieze'—and all the rest of the paper was wasted! But, as long as she just only ordered *things*, I didn't so much mind. It was expensive, that's a fact; but, as I told you, I've been making money, and could afford it, but—the house got so dark, and so full! All the comfortable chairs were sent up garret, and we have straight-backed things that look as if you'd stolen 'em out of a meeting-house. Then came the painting on china—I liked it at first."

"Did it herself?" asked John, with interest.

"Yes; and considering it was home-made, it wasn't bad."

But Jeannie lost her head about it. She'd be 'grounding' a plate, and the baby had to go hungry."

"Lost something besides her head, I should say," muttered John.

"Or there would be a meeting of the Decorative Society, and, as she was president, she had to go, while poor little Ursula—isn't it an old-fashioned name for a baby?—was left to the nurse, and was bad with the measles before we found it out. Then came the glass-staining, and the nursery windows were all fixed up with colored glass like a church window. Really very pretty, but you couldn't open one of them.

"But the worst of all is the 'bric-à-brac.' That means every-thing from a cabinet down to an egg-shell, costing ten times what it's worth. Our house is full of the stuff, and little Sule—I can't always say Ursula—is just as careless a baby as if her mother knew nothing about æsthetics, and, you bet, she makes havoc amongst the bric-à-brac. Yesterday she was shut up in a closet till I came home, 'Cause I boked a itty cup,' she said. But the cup was a real 'something,' with a grand name, and had cost thirty dollars."

"Whew!" exclaimed John.

"Oh! it's all very lovely looking for a while. Only the 'dado' and 'frieze' have made Jeannie hate the house. But I tell you I'd give a good deal for a real, old—no, I mean new-fashioned tea, out of plain white china, so that you could enjoy it, and not be admiring the painting, and complimenting the artist; and I long to sit in a comfortable chair, without any chair-back."

"Don't you like a back to your chair, old man?"

"Wait till you see a 'chair-back' and have to admire the needle-work, and hear all about it! Then, even Mamie has caught the craze, and is intense and unnatural. Little Sule is the only natural thing in the house."

"I'm real sorry," said John, sympathetically. "Do you think Marie could help you? What say you to bringing your wife and children—the two won't count among our half-dozen—and staying awhile at the farm. Maybe if your wife got away from that society, and left her art paper behind—"

Paul Schaft thought the offer a most kindly one, at all events, and the friends parted, with the understanding that they were to meet again at Moss Farm, the following month.

Mrs. John Rodgers, whole-souled and hospitable as her husband, yet felt some fears when she heard of all that Jeannie Schaft had learned.

"Yes," said John, "she can paint on china, and work flowers on silk and canvas, and pays no end of money for old cups and saucers, but you're to hold your own, or you won't do her one bit of good. I ain't afraid of your being taken up with such folly," he added, with a tone of pride in his voice, as he looked on the thorough-going country matron; the best butter-maker in all the neighborhood, and a master-hand at crullers and doughnuts.

June brought the expected vists. Could that easy, languid woman of the world be the helpless Jeannie of former years? Sule was the only one of the family that Mrs. Rodgers and her girls could understand—at first.

But alas! the guests had not been in the house more than a week, when Tot, the Rodgers baby, was heard screaming with delight over the "pitty fower" in her bread and milk bowl, painted, oh! wonder of wonders, by Polly Rodgers!

Paul Schaft gave a warning sigh—too late! John confessed to pride in his daughter's taste and skill, and was even found bringing home stray peacock's feathers to be placed "æsthetically" in the sitting-room; while a "dado" of India matting gave a new and cool look to the parlor. And so, by degrees, instead of Mrs. Schaft's being won back to simplicity, the whole Rodgers family caught the craze, and the visit

from which such different results had been expected, ended in Polly Rodgers being carried off to spend the winter in Yarmouth, and entering as an art student at the society's rooms.

"China painting," "art-needlework," and "bric-à-brac," are now household words at Moss Farm, but the basis of a good, solid, practical bringing-up, has given to what John will still sometimes call "the craze," a sensible turn; and the girls, who never had possessed much surplus money, have so perfected themselves in the particular branch to which the taste of each had led her, that many an added comfort, as well as many "a thing of beauty which is a joy forever," finds place amongst the adornments of Moss Farm.

John and his friend often visit each other, and their wives, in comparing experiences, confess that both in the useful and the ornamental, there may be a happy medium, and learn the valuable lesson of being "temperate in all things."

Leisure Hour.

(See page engraving.)



R. W. M. Wyllie, the painter of the original of our beautiful engraving "Leisure Hour," is an English artist who always finds his inspiration in water. Among the most admired of his pictures are "The Herring Fishery," "Low Water," and "Les Pensées," which latter picture represents a young lady meditating on the sea-shore. Some of his marine pictures are especially fine, and his consummate skill enables him to give beauty even to a dreary sea. He finds attraction in every-thing connected with the water; ships under sail or at anchor, small boats at their moorings, and the figures of sailors all have beauty for him.

The picture entitled "Leisure Hour" shows us a young sailor fishing in his moments of leisure. As he leans over the side of the vessel, with his line in his hand, his face wears a thoughtful, even sad expression, for he has not found his dream of going to sea a pleasant realization. He has met hardships and dangers of which he never dreamed. The fore-castle has been a rough school, and the companions he met there not such as he would willingly choose. Through storms and cold he must mount the rigging, and battle with the canvas sails; or he must be at the wheel, or do deck duty. He has to submit patiently to harsh language and frequently to cruel conduct, but he has no redress.

No wonder the sailor boy of our picture looks thoughtful and sad, and thinks of the home and the mother he has left. He is evidently of an affectionate disposition, for he clings lovingly to the dog, which is watching with deep interest his master, as he hauls up "the finny people of the deep." He is just the boy who will go back to the old home, for his heart longs for love and sympathy, and he is glad to receive it even from a dumb animal.

Many a lad, like the one in our picture, has broken away from the safe moorings of home, and launched out upon the treacherous sea of life; and many a one has lived to repent it, and turned gladly again to the love and sympathy of "the old, old home." Many a boy, too, who thought that a "life on the ocean wave" would make him as happy as a king, has been most grievously disappointed.

The artist has given us a very beautiful and suggestive picture, executed with great care and skill, showing that he is possessed of keen observation as well as high powers of genius. The ropes and pulleys are remarkably well done, and the dog is drawn with great faithfulness and precision. The sailor boy is both natural and attractive, and the entire composition is highly effective and pleasing.

What Women Are Doing.

"The Odd One" is the title of Sophie May's new book.

The Icelandic Althing (Parliament) have passed a law conferring the franchise on women householders.

The success of Mrs. Francis Hayes's "Men of the Time," has been such that she is now engaged in getting out "Women of the Time," which promises equally good results.

Mrs. Hughes, the mother of Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," and founder of the Rugby Colony in Tennessee, is a strong and vigorous woman of eighty-seven years of age, and acts as treasurer of the school board of the colony.

One of the most industrious women journalists of the day is Lillian Whiting of the Boston evening *Traveler*. In addition to continuous work upon the journal, of whose staff she is a member, she contributes to the *Woman's Journal*, and corresponds with the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, treating a great variety of subjects with equal brightness and intelligence.

A Woman's Club has been formed by the young women of Okyama, Japan, whose object is "the development of their ideas, that they may give effectual assistance in the carrying out of liberal principles."

Miss Genevieve Ward's autumn tour in England is an immense success, and "Forget-Me-Not" a greater hit than ever. Audiences are now "educated" up to the intellectual points in the play, and three recalls after each act is nothing unusual.

Twenty-five women employes of Jordan, Marsh & Co., of Boston, were to Europe on a vacation during the past summer, and liberally entertained there for several months by their firm. Miss Ford, one of their number, who "speaks French beautifully," chaperoned the party, and presented it in a neat little speech to Victor Hugo and President Grévy.

The women of Summit, N. J., have formed a Village Improvement Association, and have raised four hundred dollars, which has been devoted to improving the land around the railway station, planting flowers and trees, and in prizes to the children of the families that show the prettiest door-yards.

Kate Newell has hung out her shingle at 251 Broadway, as the first woman solicitor of American and Foreign patents.

Anna K. Hawley, of Delhi, Louisiana, has patented a button that can be readily attached to garments without sewing, and readily removed without injury.

Princess Louise, wife of Lord Lorne, "has her favorite French and German authors in her bedroom where she can always put her hands on them."

A large corps of trained English nurses has been sent out to Egypt by the Government. A medical journal says that the Army Medical Department speak in the highest terms of these nurses' abilities.

Two hundred and fifty women clerks are now employed in the central post-office in London. Mr. Fawcett, M. P., announces the intention to considerably increase the number, in consequence of their efficiency and trustworthiness.

Six Southern girls spent their vacation in a tramp across the mountains of North Carolina, each carrying a hammock in her knapsack for camping out at night, much of the region they traversed being wild and uninhabited. The oldest was twenty, the youngest seventeen—and they enjoyed it immensely.

Miss Marianne North, who has lately presented to Kew Gardens a gallery erected at her own expense, and filled with her own paintings of rare flowers from almost every part of the globe, has gone to Africa, that country being still unrepresented in her collection.

Rosa Bonheur is said to have lived the life of an estimable bachelor. She adopted the male dress because it was easier, cheaper, and enabled her to go among butchers and cattle without remark. She received the degree of knighthood from the Emperor Napoleon, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor, both of which were transmitted by the hands of the Empress Eugénie. She is treated as the head of the family by her relatives.

There is in London a Ladies' School of Technical Needlework which offers twelve months' free instruction in dressmaking to unskilled workers, whilst ladies who already use their needles

skillfully can get lessons in cutting and fitting, and otherwise improve themselves, on payment of a small fee.

At a recent meeting of the Chapter of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, in England, Lord Leigh presiding, the silver medal for deeds of heroism on land was awarded to a girl of seventeen years of age, Annie Loftus, for saving the life of her sister, seven years of age, at a fire, under circumstances of peculiar peril. The presentation was made at a public meeting, the Lady Mayress pinning the decoration to the young lady's dress amid great applause.

Miss Fanny Coman, a young girl of fourteen, slender and in somewhat delicate health, jumped into the Harlem River, at Morrisania, a few weeks ago, and saved a drowning child that had sunk for the last time, in the presence of a crowd of paralyzed spectators. The same girl, on another occasion, saved a little boy from an equal risk, and afterward swam out to recover a toy he had lost.

Miss Florence Marryat, the novelist, has definitely resolved to adopt the theatrical profession. Two weeks ago she appeared at Southampton in the character of *Lady Jane*, in "Patience," having accepted an engagement with Mr. D'Oyly Carte's company. She is to come to America this fall.

The Wisconsin Industrial School for Girls, visited and highly commended by the National Conference of Charities and Reforms at its late session in Milwaukee, is not only managed by a board of women, but has had for its superintendent for three years past Mrs. M. E. Rockwell, who has been engaged over twenty years in similar work, and has made an excellent record in the Connecticut Industrial School for Girls, and at the Women's Prison in Massachusetts.


The British Woman's Temperance Association, which is the W. C. T. U. of Great Britain, has presented to Parliament a petition for Sunday closing that rivals in length our famous Home Protection petition of five years ago. It enrolled 150,000 signatures of English women only—no Irish, Scotch, or Welsh names being included. The last signature attached was that of the Countess of Aberdeen. The petition, which is about one mile long, was in a huge roll, and had to be carried into the waiting-room by two policemen.

The sending of medical women from England to India is likely to be an established custom. The Indian women are averse to treatment by physicians not of their own sex. The statistics of the British medical service in India show that the women have rarely availed themselves of prescriptions or attendance. A staff of trained women is proposed as a part of the public service in India, a department coördinate with, and not subordinate to, the existing medical bureau.

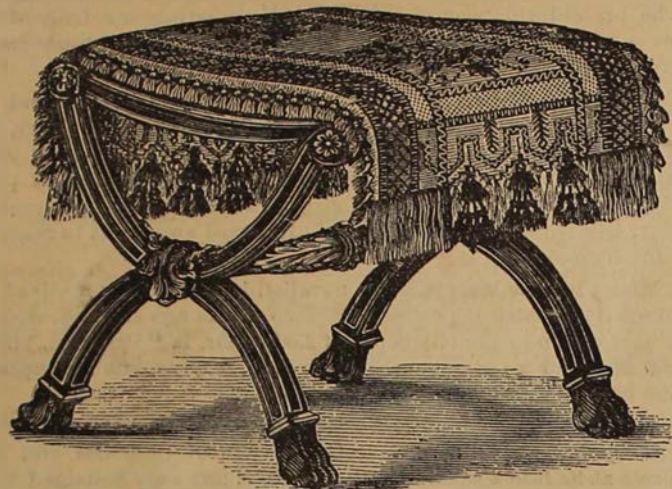
Rama Bai, a well-known Marathi lady, gave an address lately at Poona to some of her countrywomen, and, in the course of her lecture, urged the necessity of devoting at least an hour or so every day to the study of their own literature. She added, that if they could afford to spare time to attend the temples at stated hours, or to go a number of times round the pimpal or banyan tree, it was an idle excuse to say that they could not devote a part of the day to study. In conclusion she called upon the ladies to shake off the trammels of superstition, and devote all their energies to the common cause of raising their degraded position to the enviable level occupied by Hindoo ladies of old.

Miss Ellen E. Freeman, an English lady, is the governess to the Khedive's eldest son, and has been with the family during the whole of the recent troubles. When the Khedive was summoned from Cairo to Alexander, the Khedive offered to his European household two months' leave with full pay. Most of them availed themselves of the permission, but Miss Freeman refused, and accompanied the family through all their troubles, and was in the palace during the bombardment and subsequent dangers.

Miss Risley-Seward became a great favorite with William H. Seward while he was Secretary of State, and subsequently accompanied him during his tour around the world. Mr. Seward in his will bequeathed her \$30,000, on condition that she should adopt his name. She accepted the condition, and now refuses to marry because she will not consent to change her name. At present she is in Italy studying the old monasteries of Tuscany.



FANCY WORK



Piano Stool Cover.

THE stools used mostly at the present date are long and do not screw up; and the seat being flat allows many ways to embellish it. In our design, the center strip is of plush or cloth, worked with different colored silks to correspond with other furniture in the room. The strips at the sides are likewise of plush with a large open pattern of feather-stitch traced over the entire surface, and finished with a narrow fringe. The ends are slightly vandyked, feather-stitched in patterns, finished with a deep fringe with large silk and wool tassels between each point. Line the entire cover with canton flannel.



Waste Paper Basket.

PROCURE an open wicker-work basket, and lace two shades of satin ribbon in and out alternately, then line the basket with silesia; round the edge is a

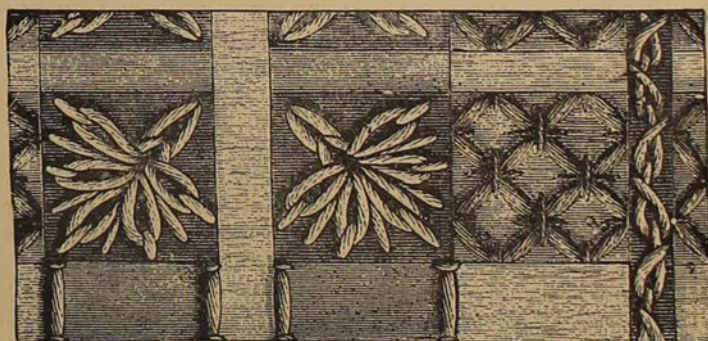
plush valance, cut in vandykes, and worked with figures of various colored silks. The edge of the vandykes are chain-stitched in several rows with different colors, the upper edge finished with a plaiting of satin ribbon. At the base tie a large satin bow.

Window Seats.

IN many old-fashioned houses there are wide seats to the bedroom windows. These may be utilized by being covered with cushions, either of crash or felt, which may be worked over with fleur de lis or some of the Greek designs. Generally there hangs from these cushion fronts a valance, which can be converted into a shoe-bag, a box-plait of the material being placed at regular intervals on the valance, each plait large enough to hold a pair of shoes, and each displaying either the Greek honeysuckle, a monogram, or a conventional flower. It is certainly a pretty and useful contrivance, and boxes made to set by the windows could be made as well.

Serviceable Fancy Work.

CUT and make a dressing-gown, slippers, combing-jacket, all *en suite*, of pale blue silesia; then cut cretonne roses out as a border and appliqué on with silk. The roses should be on the cuffs, pockets, and down the front. The slippers have a few roses on the instep. The shape should be first cut out in paper, then of the silesia and lining; next appliqué the flowers on, and then sew on to the cork soles. The sachet for night-dress is in the form of a large envelope, and has a large cluster of flowers below the flap and a smaller one above. The work will be found very fascinating, and quite worth the time and labor bestowed on it.



Foulard Antimacassar.

THIS quaint antimacassar is made out of square of black and white foulard, the stripes of which are embroidered with filoselle. The flowers on the black squares are worked with white silk, the picots with red silk. The diamond-shaped embroidery is in two shades of bronze silk, and the narrow stripes are worked in pale blue filoselle. The edge is either fringed out or hemmed, and a light fringe sewed on intermingling the colors that are used in the embroidery. This square makes a very pretty sofa pillow; in fact, there are no end of ways to which it can be put. If it is made into pillows it would be advisable to put a puffing round the edge, of something with more body to it, as it would also be advisable to line the foulard before working it.

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.

England versus Egypt.

Sir Garnet Wolseley made good his boast to conquer Arabi Bey by the 15th of September. It proved to be a comparatively easy task, and affords another instance of the impossibility of a semi-civilized people withstanding the arms of a well-equipped European power. Arabi Bey had plenty of troops, and they were well armed; he had more cannon than he could use, and his rifles were of the best modern patterns. But the Fella, the Arab, and the Negro were no match for the English, Irish, and Scotch soldiers, who marched under the banners of Great Britain.

The rebellion Arabi Bey incited, while it was disastrous, will prove a blessing to Egypt, for now, some responsible government will take the place of usurers and money-lending sharks, who were "spoiling the Egyptians." Any settled government that is established will maintain order, and permit the people who inhabit the valley of the Nile to till the land they own, and not rob them of all the fruits of their labor. But the war just closed is probably but a prelude to a greater war or wars which must follow in time; for the fateful Eastern Question is yet to be solved, and this will bring into play so many rival national interests and ambitions, that there can be no final settlement without repeated appeals to the dread arbitrament of war.

Great Britain in Future Wars.

Lord Beaconsfield said that Great Britain was more of an Asiatic than a European power. The Empress Victoria rules over 300,000,000 of Asiatics, while she is Queen of less than 30,000,000 of subjects in the British Isles. Since the close of the Crimean War, Great Britain's military contests have been with inferior races; the negroes of Dahomey and Abyssinia, the Afghans of Asia, the Zulus of South Africa, and the Egyptians and Bedouins of the valley of the Nile. With all of these she has shown her great military superiority, but it is a serious question whether her success with savage and semi-civilized peoples will not unfit her for fighting a race equal to her own. The French felicitated themselves on their contests with the Arabs in Algeria, but the Zouaves, whose exploits in Northern Africa the modern Gauls were so proud of, were easily defeated by the Germans at Gravelotte and Sedan, and the British, victorious against inferior foes in every part of the world, were themselves worsted by the Boers of South Africa. The regular native army of Great Britain is a very small one compared with the enormous armies of Germany, Russia, and France, even Italy could bring into the field three men to one that could be mustered to fight for the Union Jack. It is true that Hindostan could supply 500,000 men to swell the forces of Great Britain, but it is a question if an army of Germans or Russians one-fifth the size would not in the end prove the better military engine. Now that the British Government will be forced to maintain an army in Egypt, it will be brought face to face with the great military power of Russia. The two nations are nearing each other in Central Asia and in the Nile valley, and the time is coming when the great contest between them will take place for the possession of Hindostan.

Other English Victories.

Suppose a few selected British riflemen did out-shoot the American team at Creedmoor, what does it matter? The contest had no real significance. If, unhappily, war should ever break out between the two nations, it will be found that the American army will contain very many more good shots than the British army. Our people have far more practice with shot-guns and rifles than the ordinary population of Great Britain. The victory will be determined by the number and the valor of the troops,

and the skill with which they are led, quite irrespective of the number of sharpshooters in either army. The interest in these contests is out of all proportion to their real importance.

Five Generations of Women.

The mother-in-law of the late Nathaniel Adams, her daughter, her daughter's daughter, her daughter's daughter's daughter, and her daughter's daughter's daughter's daughter, are all living at his late residence in Roxbury, near Boston, Mass. This makes five generations of women living under one roof, they being Mrs. Henley, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Wolcott, Mrs. Colby, and little Miss Colby; the first named is ninety-five years of age, and the last but a little over a month.

A Pitiabie Heir to Greatness.

There is a little child in England whom nature has treated with exceptional cruelty. It is a boy who can neither see, talk, hear, or walk. There is scarcely hope, if it should grow to manhood, that it will be little more than an animated clod, with some intelligence perhaps, but unable to take its part in any of the activities of life. Yet this afflicted child is the heir to the premier dukedom of England, and when its parents, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are dead, he will become possessed of immense estates. By the time he is of age, a large portion of the city of Sheffield will be his, as the leases given long ago will then expire. His wealth, if divided, would enrich ten thousand families. But what a strange freak of fortune that this unhappy child, without any means of communicating with the world around him, should be in possession of property and a title which, if he could use them, would make him one of the most powerful nobles of this century.

A Gentleman if not a Nobleman.

Mr. Thomas Morton Fitz-Hardinge Berkeley might have assumed the title and estates of the Earl of Berkeley, but he refused to do so because it would deprive his elder brother of his position, and throw a cloud upon the fair fame of his mother. It seems his father formed an alliance with a Miss Mary Cole; a son was born, whereupon he married the mother of his child. To repair the wrong done his wife and legitimize his child, the Earl committed forgeries and perjured himself in every possible way; but the House of Lords, before whom the matter was brought, decided that the elder son could not take the title or his seat in their body, but that the last son born was the legitimate heir. It is this son, a noble, honorable gentleman, who scorned to take advantage of the family misfortune. In view of the complications which always follow, how strange it is that men will be tempted to violate the laws that society has enacted regulating the relations of the sexes. How much more noble a gentleman is he who has just died untitled, and how much greater the respect felt for him, than if he had accepted the invitation of the Lords and become the Earl of Berkeley.

Fox-hunting at Newport.

The farmers of Rhode Island deserve the thanks of the whole country for trying to put a stop to the cruel and absurd sport of fox-hunting. It seems they assembled with pitch-forks to protect their fields and crops against the raids made by silly imitators of an English sport which has no excuse in this country. There is some manliness in hunting a lion, a tiger, or a wild elephant, but for a score or more of men with beards on their faces to run down hares and foxes, with horses and hounds, is as preposterous as it is brutal. It does not help matters, but renders it the more ridiculous when they hunt a bag of anise seed, for they kill a real fox at the close of the hunt, which has been previously trapped, so that some foolish woman can bring home the severed tail as a trophy of the sport. There is too much aping of English follies by the rich young men of this country. But American farmers own their own land and are quite justified in pitch-forking these young snobs away from their fields of grain.

Never spoke a Word.

There died recently in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, a wealthy farmer who never spoke a word to his wife for the last forty years of his life. It seems the wife became heir to a small sum of money at a time when the farmer was in need of spare cash to meet some obligations. He asked for a loan of it until such time as he could pay the debt, but the wife refused. He became incensed and threatened that unless she lent him the money then he would never speak to her. He kept his word, and for forty years, up to the day of his death, this couple ate at the same table, and slept in the same bed, but no word ever passed between them. What is still more singular, the children took up the quarrel, some on the side of the father, others on that of the mother, and several of them were not on speaking terms for years. Nor has the death of the father made any change in the household, for they pass each other in the house oblivious of each other's presence.

Too much Horse.

Gambling on horses has become a great national vice which has developed itself within a tolerably recent period. Years ago it was the trotting horse which commanded the most attention

in this country. Every gentleman who owned a buggy, and every boy who drove a wagon was interested in the great trotting matches of those days when Flora Temple was in her glory. But the modern race-horse is an English invention, and was not in favor here at the North until after the civil war was over, although many Southerners did patronize that form of sport. But our paper-money era brought into existence a class of wealthy men who deliberately undertook to naturalize the race-track in the United States, with all its attendant wickedness. The Belmonts, the Lorrillards, Jeromes, Keenes, Traverses, and other rich men openly patronize the jockey and the book-maker. The result has been that we now have racing every day for over six months in the year. The voice of the pool-auctioneer is never silent, and literally millions of dollars are wagered daily on that most treacherous of all kinds of betting, the contests between horses. Every one knows that in no game of chance are the odds so heavily against those who put up their money as in horse racing. The winning of the Derby and the *Grand Prix* of Paris by American horses last year added immensely to the popularity of the American race-track. The trouble is that there seems to be no way of curing the infatuation of those who make it a business of gambling on horse-races. The laws of the State are openly violated at Sheepshead Bay and Brighton Beach, and by men whose names stand high in the commercial and financial world; nor does there seem to be any effectual protest from press or pulpit.

Ben Franklin's Descendants.

There are said to be five hundred descendants of Benjamin Franklin in the United States. Most of them are poor, but one of them is the wife of Attorney-General Brewster. Judge Folger, Secretary of the Treasury, is descended from Franklin's mother's family. It will be remembered that James Franklin, who was a Governor of New Jersey, was a natural son of the philosopher. The splendid house he lived in is now a summer hotel.

Puseyism.

A notable man in his day was the Rev. Dr. Edward D. Pusey. He was a professor at Oxford College, when Dr. Newman first began to issue the famous tracts emphasizing the Romanizing tendencies of the Anglican church. Dr. Pusey joined the movement which got its name from him, though the original impulse came from Newman. The latter in time went over to Rome, but Dr. Pusey always remained a loyal member of the Church of England. The discussion raised by the Tractarians, as they were sometimes called, seems trivial enough in our day, when religious subjects of more vitality and importance are demanding the attention of the foremost minds of the day. Yet, thirty years ago such questions as Apostolic Succession, Priestly Absolution, and the authority of the Fathers seemed to be of the utmost moment. In our own times Puseyism has become a question of ceremonial, liturgy, and ritual.

Our Foreign and Domestic Trade.

The total export trade of the United States has never yet reached one thousand millions of dollars. In 1881 it was only some seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars, but in the two previous years our total exports were over eight hundred millions per annum. Vast as these figures appear to be they seem small when compared with the returns of our domestic commerce. The business of our railroads, lakes, rivers and canals foots up some thirty-five thousand millions of dollars annually; that is to say, for every dollar engaged in the foreign trade of the country there are from thirty-five to forty employed in our interstate commerce. This coming year we will probably ship abroad nearly three hundred millions of breadstuffs, and about the same amount of cotton; but we shall send abroad less beef and pork than we have done for the last two years. It is estimated that we shall have a crop of five hundred and seventy million bushels of wheat, of which something more than half will be consumed in the country; but our corn crop, while it will exceed that of last year, will not be equal to the crops of 1879 and 1880.

A Sober Second Thought.

When Congress passed the River and Harbor Bill over the President's veto, there was a general outburst of indignation on the part of the press of the country. The general belief was that more than half of the twenty millions voted was a downright steal, but Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, whom no one suspects of being personally dishonest, has published a letter defending his vote and that of those who agreed with him in overriding the veto of President Arthur. He analyzes the items of the so-called "steal," and proves very conclusively that the wrath of press and public was entirely uncalled for. The fact of the matter is that we live in a very big and new country. We are increasing as a people very rapidly, and in no way could our surplus funds be better laid out than in improving our harbors, rivers, and waterways. Instead of twenty millions we ought to appropriate fifty millions per annum, to bring our grain, cattle, and cotton regions into closer connection with our centers of population. Instead of paying our national debt before it was due, thus stimulating speculation in Wall Street, we should have spent our surplus funds

in such works as the leveeing of the Mississippi, the cutting of a canal through the State of Michigan, and the converting of the Erie into a ship canal; in short, in the next ten years we could spend a thousand millions of dollars in public works that would be a splendid investment for the nation.

The most Beautiful Woman in the World.

This distinction is claimed for Mme. Gautherot, an American lady, who, at last accounts, was bewildering the Paris salons with her loveliness. She is said to be a Californian by birth, about twenty-six years of age, and is a veritable Venus de Medici, transmuted into flesh and blood, and adorned by the best man dress-maker in the world. Those who have seen her never tire of dilating upon her splendid beauty. Her form is absolutely faultless, and her head is strictly classical. She wears her fair wavy tresses in Grecian bandeaux. Her eyes are large and languishing, and the texture of her skin is of that exquisite kind which the famous painter, Bouguereau, delights to paint in his pictures. The flesh is as smooth as a rose leaf, and there is a pink shade, which comes through the transparent white surface. Her dress fits like a glove, and her skirts cling about her lovely person in antique fashion. Wherever she appears, she is pronounced the sweetest object that ever came out of the hands of a Paris *couturière*. And then the lady is said to be as good as she is beautiful.

Justice to Women.

The English Parliament at its last session passed a Married Woman's Property Bill, which puts English wives on an equality with their most favored sisters in other countries. England was famous in past times for the cruelty of its laws respecting married women. The wife and her property was, under the common law, a part of the husband's possessions. The latter could do anything with the money which belonged originally to the wife. A very recent case is that of Mrs. Hamilton Dunbar Tennent, a Scotch lady, who at the time of her marriage had an unencumbered income of \$20,000 per annum. Of this she spent less than \$8,000, using the rest of her income to advance religious and charitable objects. She appealed to the courts to protect her property from her husband, who was squandering it in all manner of sinful indulgences; but she had no redress at law. When she married without a settlement, her property became her husband's, to do with it as he pleased. Another scandalous case was that of Vicount Combermere, whose wife had settled upon him \$110,000 a year. The noble sneak and rascal eloped with a Mrs. Poole, and lavished upon her the income derived from his wife's estates, and there was no legal redress. It may be remembered that Mrs. Norton, the novelist and poet, had a husband, who was mean enough to confiscate the money she had received for her literary work. Happily this wickedness has been ended forever. A woman's property is hereafter to be her own, single or married, but of course she can be sued and forced to maintain her children, and even her husband if he cannot take care of himself; in short, she has now the same rights and responsibilities as the man, in addition to the pains and risks and responsibilities of motherhood, which are peculiarly her own.

Our New West.

Some years ago the country between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains was regarded as a desert; at best fit for nothing but grazing purposes. These plains cover an enormous extent of country, and there is now reason to believe that in the course of the next twenty-five years the greater part of it will become arable land, which will grow magnificent crops. There are three agencies at work effecting this change. One of these is irrigation. The streams which issue from the melted snows of the Rocky Mountains are being carefully utilized to irrigate large sections of land east of the foot hills. As is well known, the Mormons have converted the Salt Lake Valley into a perfect garden. Before they set up irrigating ditches Utah was in appearance the most unpromising portion of the earth's surface for the growth of agricultural products, but water applied to these sage-brush deserts, changes them as if by magic, and makes them wonderfully fruitful. Still another means of utilizing these grazing plains is found in the sinking of artesian wells. The water which reaches the surface by this means is gradually absorbed by the thirsty soil, and the desert blossoms like the rose. Many of these wells have already been opened, and in time there will be thousands of them, each the center of an almost recreated district of country. But the most potent influence at work is the steady extension of population west of the rainfall. As the country becomes settled and trees are planted, the rains become more frequent and heavier. It is believed in time even Denver will be subject to showers sufficiently frequent to convert the arid regions of its neighborhood into fruitful fields. Horace Greeley predicted that the time would come when these dry plains would become dotted with wind-mills, which will pump up the water out of the vast depths of the artesian wells. It is claimed that the building of railroads has a great deal to do in attracting the rain from eastern skies and watercourses.

The Oldest Newspaper.

We are apt to think that the newspaper is the product of our Western civilization and of modern times, but, as a matter of fact, to the Chinese belongs the credit of issuing the first newspaper known to the annals of the race. It first appeared at Peking A.D. 911, but was published at irregular intervals. Its name was then as now the King Pan or, Capital Sheet. Since 1351 it has been published weekly; for a long time it contained nothing but orders in council and court news. It was really a kind of official gazette, and was sold for what would be one cent of our money. The reigning emperor, however, Kwang Shu, has reorganized this journal, and it is now issued three times daily. In the morning it is a business sheet, and gives commercial intelligence. The second edition appears in the forenoon, and furnishes general news, court gossip, and official announcements. The third edition appears late in the afternoon, and is intended for country circulation. This paper is edited by six members of the Han-Liu Academy of Sciences, who are salaried by the Chinese state. One oddity is the color of the paper. Morning editions are yellow, and the afternoon is red. The circulation is only about 14,000. The Chinese have anticipated the Western world in many important inventions, notably that of gunpowder. The great greenback debate was anticipated by the Chinese two thousand years ago. The fiat money people will find all their arguments anticipated by Chinese writers who discussed financial questions before the Christian era. The upshot of the matter was the Chinese adopted silver as their sole unit of value, entirely discarding paper money.

The Largest in the World.

Mr. Hiram Sibley's 40,000 acre farm at Burr Oaks, Ill., is the largest in the world. It is located one hundred miles south of Chicago, and was formerly owned by Mr. Sullivant. At first the former owner made a great success of this immense farm, but hard times and three bad crops ruined him. As Mr. Sibley had lent a great deal of money on the farm, he was forced to take it. But he has succeeded in making it very profitable. Mr. Sullivant employed all the labor himself, and in the business season had 400 men under him. But Mr. Sibley's plan is to relet out certain of the fields to tenant farmers, who pay him in certain proportions of the crop, while all the work that can be is contracted out. To describe this farm would require a great deal of space, but farmers would do well to read the details which they will find in the agricultural journals. Mr. Sibley raises all kinds of animals, and finds his stock particularly profitable. For the good of the country it is to be hoped that other farms like Mr. Sibley's will not be successful. We do not want the English system of landlords and tenant farmers transplanted in this country. Instead of one rich landlord and a thousand dependents, it will be better to have our farmers owning their own acres and not subordinate to any other man. The American ideal is to have a great middle class owning their homesteads, and very few millionaires.

About Bear Stories.

Every now and then the newspapers contain stories of thrilling adventures with bears. Either the hunter is treed or escapes with his life after a terrific combat by some lucky accident. It has now been settled, however, that there is no more danger from a bear than from a squirrel or a woodchuck. They will not fight unless they cannot help themselves. It is only in defending its cubs that the bear becomes really savage. It is the maternal instinct, and not any natural pugnacity, which makes the bear dangerous. In fact wild animals in this country instinctively avoid a man. This is true even of the famous Grizzly and the Polar bear. All authentic stories of contests with bears show that it is danger to the cub which induced the animal to show fight.

Husband Poisoners.

A most extraordinary story of crime is that which comes from Hungary of an old Gypsy woman, Thekla Popor, who it is said has poisoned one hundred men, at the instance of their wives. The old Gypsy it was claimed, used a red-colored liquid which left no trace, the victim dying apparently of some ordinary disease. The accuser was the old woman's daughter, who feared death herself, after quarreling with the mother. All the customers of the old poisoner were women, nor were they always wives, for some young girls who grew jealous of their sweet-hearts, put them out of the way, with the drugs furnished by Mother Popor. For two years this terrible trade prospered amazingly. The case proved against her, was of Joczka Kukin, a rich peasant. The wife was arrested and lodged in the same cell with the old hag who furnished the poison. The prison was so arranged that the talk of the two women could be overheard. The magistrate heard enough to satisfy him of the guilt of the accused. Among other things Kukin's widow said: "Well, I am young and pretty, and he was old and ugly. Why should he not die?" The revelations made to the detectives were appalling, and show an indifference to human life which is all but incredible. Hungarian wives must be exceptionally wicked, or else Hungarian husbands must know the secret of making themselves particularly hateful to their spouses.

A Modern Sleeping Beauty.

Some months since a Parisian *gendarme* found a woman asleep under the porch of a church. Supposing she was overcome by liquor, he took her to the police station. She proved to be a marvelously beautiful young woman. On being searched a scapula was found around her neck, and two religious medals. It was found impossible to wake her up, and she was sent to a hospital. She kept on sleeping day after day, to the amazement of the attendants. She took soup, but ate no solid food. In the course of time she gave birth to a still-born child, but was apparently unconscious all the time. The famous Dr. Charcot, the highest authority on nervous diseases, was called in. He was puzzled, but recommended cold water douches. These were effectual for a moment or so, but after awakening, she again dropped off to sleep. At length a strolling actress turned up, who said the girl was her daughter, whom she had not seen for seven years. Her first attack of lethargy was when the Prussians were besieging Paris. When called back to life by a cold douche, the daughter seemed to recognize her mother; for she pressed her hand, though she uttered no sound. At last accounts the girl was still sleeping. Tens of thousands of persons visited her, attracted by the singularity of her case and the marvelous beauty of her face and form.

Liquor Drinking in America.

Facts have recently come to light which show that the manufacture of intoxicating drinks is not a very profitable business just now. There is in the country one hundred and fifty millions of gallons of whiskey, of which ninety millions of gallons are in bond in the government warehouses. The large foreign demand has almost entirely fallen off, and as the distilleries must keep it, there threatens to be vast accumulations of whiskey in the near future. Then the demand for intoxicating drinks does not keep pace with the increase of our population. Fifty millions of Americans drink less whiskey than twenty-five millions did thirty years ago. Lager beer and light wines have taken the place of the stronger potations. The sale of intoxicating drinks has been prohibited in Maine, Kansas, and Iowa. The local option laws in other States also limit the sale of spirituous liquors. It is hoped that Indiana and Ohio will soon have laws to prohibit the sale of liquor, and in other States the agitation for prohibitory legislation is very active and promising. The child is born who may see liquor prohibited in the whole country except for medicinal purposes, but possibly beer and wine may be allowed under severe restrictions.

Attention, Smokers!

Dr. Decarsne has startled the smokers of France by a paper he read before the *Société d'Hygiène*, in which he announces the discovery of a new disease, discernible though the pulse, which he styles "Intermittency." It is induced by the narcotic action of the nicotine and the other latent alkaloids present in the tobacco leaf. This rhythmical action induces heart disease, derangement of the nervous system, and indigestion. The same physician has tested the effects of tobacco upon boys from nine to fifteen years of age, and discovered that not only did it produce palpitation of the heart, but also a peculiar condition of the blood, akin to anæmia. Laziness, stupidity, and an inability to study characterized all boys who used tobacco. His statistics prove conclusively that the use of tobacco induced a taste for vinous stimulants. The lad who commenced with a cigarette finished his career as the slave of the brandy bottle.

A Diet of Worms.

Some sixty persons recently sat down to a meal in Paris, the principal dish of which was the common lob earth-worm. The new delicacy was so appetizing that the guests unanimously asked for more. It seems the internal contents of the worms were extruded by vinegar. The worm was then rolled in batter and fried, which resulted in a delicious and toothsome edible. The late Charles Darwin has proved that the common earth-worm is the greatest benefactor of mankind. Were it not for the labor of these wriggling creatures, the earth would soon become uninhabitable. It is they who mellow the earth they live in, by passing it through their bodies. The vegetable mold which results is the basis of all fertility in the soil. Ancient ruins are preserved by the labors of the earth-worm, and now it seems man proposes to eat his greatest benefactor, whom Darwin has decorated with the "blue ribbon of science."

Savants tell us that the basis of all food is protoplasm, that really it does not much matter what you eat provided it contains this physical basis of life. People who eat horses, snails, rats, and frogs, have the logic of nature on their side quite as much as those who dine on beef and potatoes, though some foods are better than others for sustaining human life, and keeping the human family in health. But any organic substance, which contains protoplasm, and is not offensive to the senses, is to be ranked among the foods which it is permissible for man to partake of.

In a Nut Shell.

A very dainty dinner was given recently on the sea-coast of Massachusetts, in which each guest was furnished a menu card mounted on panels of silk plush, elaborately decorated in colors. The cards were beautiful pearl clam-shells painted in the most artistic fashion, and a small bouquet, the central figure of which was a tiny sunflower surrounded by choice blossoms and greenery. Among the dishes served were plover, dough birds, Spanish mackerel, soft crabs, and turbot (king of the sea), but the daintiest tidbit was humming birds in a nut shell. When luxury was at its height in the Roman Empire, the rare dish was a huge turkey or goose filled with some smaller bird, which was again stuffed with a still smaller member of the feathered tribe, and so on till last of all some very small and dainty game bird constituted the "inner mystery" of the whole dish. Modern culinary art has not yet attempted to reproduce these wonderful dishes, yet there is no doubt that a modern French course dinner is far more appetizing than any of the feasts of the Greeks or Romans. Humming birds in a nut shell, are no doubt nice, but are not likely to be a very popular dish.

The Salvation Army.

This is a very powerful religious organization in England, though it has made but little progress in this country. General Booth, who organized it, has under his command three hundred and thirty-one corps, seven hundred and sixty officers, and fifteen thousand trained soldiers or speakers, ready to talk when called upon. More than six thousand services are held every week, while over \$100,000 per annum is expended in the work of the army. The creed of this singular organization is strongly calvinistic. Its adherents believe in a devil and a hell, that man will be punished for all eternity unless he believes in a crucified Saviour. Much of the success of the Salvation Army is due to its military discipline, with its titles, uniforms, banners, and brass bands. Booth is an absolute dictator, and his son will succeed him in office. Much of the success is due to Mrs. Booth, who is an impressive and fervid speaker. She is quaint and sometimes even grotesque in her presentation of religious truths. The members of the Salvation Army abstain from liquor and tobacco, and so far are effecting real reforms in social life.

The Famous Diamond Wedding.

E. C. Stedman published in 1859 a poem entitled "The Diamond Wedding." It was *apropos* of the marriage of Miss Frances Amelia Bartlett to Don Esteban, Sara Cruz Ovieda, a wealthy Cuban, old enough to be the bride's father. The poem had a run, for it was bright and lively, and pointed a moral. The following lines are a fair specimen of Mr. Stedman's work :

In they swept, all riches and grace,
Silks and satins and Honiton lace ;
In they swept from the dazzling sun,
And soon in the church the deed was done.
Three prelates stood on the chancel high—
A knot, that gold and silver can buy,
Gold and silver may yet untie,
Unless it is tightly fastened ;
What's worth doing at all's worth doing well,
And the sale of a young Manhattan belle
Is not to be pushed or hastened.
So two Very-Reverends graced the scene,
And the tall Archbishop stood between,
By prayer and fasting chastened ;
The Pope himself would have come from Rome,
But urgent matters kept him at home.
Haply these robed prelates thought
Their words were the power that tied the knot ;
But another power that love-knot tied,
And I saw the chain round the neck of the bride—
A glistening, priceless, and marvelous chain,
Coiled with diamonds again and again,
As befits a diamond-wedding ;
Yet still 'twas a chain—I thought she knew it,
And half way longed for the will to undo it,
By the secret tears she was shedding.

Eight years ago, Signor Ovieda died, leaving his wife all his immense possessions. The other day the widow was married to Colonel Bodovan Glümer, of the Mexican army. He is a man past middle life and was once in the Confederate service. While the first marriage was a very ostentatious affair, the last one was very modest, there being but very few persons in Trinity Church, New York, to witness it. The bride is still a handsome blonde of fine presence. When Mr. Stedman's poem was first published, her father was very much incensed and challenged the poet to a duel, but nothing came of it. Before her last marriage the widow sought the acquaintance of the poet, invited him and his family to a splendid dinner, on which occasion she wore the dazzling array of diamonds which she first put on when espousing the Cuban millionaire. She was envied when she wedded the rich Don Esteban, but it may well be questioned whether her life would not have been a happier one had she married some young American of suitable age and kindred tastes, even if a poor man.

About Forks.

Professor Lambrosa has just published an interesting monograph in Italy on the subject of forks. It seems that in the ancient world this aid to eating was unknown, and well-bred, dainty people were forced to convey their food to their mouths with their fingers. Napkins were naturally brought into use not so much to wipe the mouth as to cleanse the hands and fingers. The first mention of the "Forchetta" was made in Italian literature, about one thousand years ago, and it was then spoken of as an instrument introduced into Venice by a Byzantine princess. It was not, however, favorably received, and for two centuries it was little used in any part of Europe. In a famous inventory of furniture in 1493, there is no mention of a fork. In the fifteenth century, however, it became fashionable in France, and was first in general use in Germany in the sixteenth century. It was not generally introduced into England until the seventeenth century. It seems incredible to us that a civilized people should convey their food to their mouths with their fingers, yet so it was.

Ho for the Yellowstone !

The government has, it seems, leased sites for hotels in the famous Yellowstone Park. By the spring of 1883 everything will be in readiness for the reception of guests. The railroad will be finished by that time, several hotels erected, and competent guides will be on hand to point out the marvels of the most wonderful of all the scenery in the world.

Is Dancing Unchristian ?

Mr. Heber Donaldson is a lawyer residing in Oil City, Penn. In the winter of 1881 he danced on two occasions in a public hall. For this offense he was called before the church of which he was a member. After trial he was excommunicated until he was willing to make an apology for his indecorous behavior. But Mr. Donaldson declined to admit that he had set at defiance any canon of church law. He appealed, therefore, from the church to the presbytery, but the case went against him. He then appealed to the synod, but again he lost his case. Finally he demanded the General Assembly should pass upon the matter, but that body dodged the issue, and sent the case back for a new trial. Mr. Donaldson claims that he did no wrong. The dance he indulged in was not a breakdown or a hornpipe, nor was it a polka, the galop, or the German. He tripped the "light fantastic toe" in a plain quadrille in the company of a party of his family friends. All he drank was ice water, and he went home early. So the case stands. The General Assembly evades making a final decision, and so Presbyterians and other Christians do not know where to draw the line. There is no doubt but that many of the modern dances are open to serious criticism, but it seems not unlikely that if the church makes a fight with the world on this question it will come out second best.

Another Fiery Visitor.

The last few years have been prolific of comets. A great many of them have been discovered, and more than one promised to be a brilliant object in the evening and morning skies. The Wells Comet of last spring was such an one, but to the amazement of the astronomers it suddenly and unexpectedly disappeared. It is surmised that the reason for its sudden fading out was the large quantity of sodium and probably other combustible metals of which it was composed. The spectroscope revealed the fact that the nucleus of Wells's comet contained sodium, which is a metal that becomes readily dissipated in the presence of heat. But toward the end of September last another great comet came into view in broad daylight, and so near the sun that it must have passed through its photosphere. Astronomers say that this new comet is the one which created so great a sensation in February, 1843, and afterward reappeared in 1880. It is predicted that it will return again within eighteen months, and that it will in all probability fall into the body of the sun, as doubtless many millions of comets and interplanetary bodies have done during the countless ages which have passed since the dawn of creation. The comet of last September was peculiar. It could be seen in daylight ; it had a brilliant nucleus, a short tail, and extended wings, which made it look like a bird. There are those who believe that when a comet falls into the sun a great amount of heat is generated thereby. It is an open question whether the radiation of heat caused by the ignited comet would sensibly affect this earth. But probably we shall know more about this a couple of years hence.

Tree Planting.

The Duke of Athole is said to be the greatest tree planter in the world. He sets out from 600,000 to 1,000,000 yearly. He has planted as much as 2,000 acres at one time. Tree planting seems to be hereditary in the family, for one of his forefathers claimed to have set out 27,000,000 of trees. The possessions of the Duke of Athole are on the banks of the river Tay, Scotland. What a pity it is that we have not a few thousand Dukes of Athole in this country. Nowhere on earth is judicious tree planting so much needed as in the United States.



Apples as Food.

THERE is no fruit grown in the temperate zone that is so valuable to the mass of mankind as apples, none other which is so great a benefaction to so large a proportion of the community in which they are known and appreciated. Apples are the oldest fruit known, and must have originally come from the East, for they are credited with having been used to tempt mother Eve, and with having imparted to her the knowledge of good and evil.

Be that as it may, she exhibited a woman's wisdom in choosing the best and most permanently useful of all the fruits, instead of the one that owned the brightest color (the orange), and in this respect at least has set an example to her descendants. It is a great pity that the true value is not set upon the apple by every one who plants an apple tree—that the soundest, and juiciest, and most excellent qualities are not always selected, and that the reputation of the fruit, as well as its value as a food and remedial agent, should suffer through ignorance, carelessness, and indifference. Apple-growers might be forgiven if they only sent two kinds of apples to market, the Spitzenberg, and Rhode Island "Greening," the genuine Greening, not the "state" Greening which is sold to ignorant dealers as the genuine article. The Spitzenberg (always meaning the true "Spitz") is the finest table apple grown, not excepting the finest of the "Strawberry" varieties, which is pretty to look at, but does not approach the first in flavor. The Greening (R. I.), the most admirable cooking apple, easily digested, and possessed of a delicious acid—not too keen but assimilative—is a fine medium for other food-elements not so easily disposed of.

The Baldwin, a coarse-grained variety, deficient in flavor, and not at all so valuable for its digestive qualities, is sometimes sold for Spitzenberg, and the poor buy it because it is marketable, keeps well, and sells at a low figure, but with care, and the improved methods of transportation there is no reason why we should not have the best apples, and plenty of them at a moderate price.

Apples for Breakfast.—Early in the morning is a fine time to eat apples, especially apples cooked. A good rule is, in fact, to eat apples raw (Greenings) before breakfast (and when you cannot get oranges) and apples cooked, that is baked, stewed, compote, or as marmalade with breakfast.

Apples Baked.—Core but do not peel a dozen large smooth apples, fill the cavities with sugar and grated lemon peel, also a little of the lemon juice, and a clove. Put them in a buttered pan. Bake in a quick oven; if they are Greenings, fifteen minutes will be sufficient. Eat them warm, with or without milk, or more sugar.

Stewed Apples.—Peel, core, and quarter your apples, and throw them into a stew-pot in which already a syrup has been made of a cup of sugar, a half a cup of water, the grated rind and juice of a lemon, and a stick of cinnamon. Cover close, and shake a little to loosen when they come to a boil. When tender or soft, turn out into a bowl, and then into a covered china dish or jar.

A Compote of Apples.—This is more of a "company" dish than the others, and requires some care to make it look and taste as well as it can made to look and taste. It was Miss Phœbe Cary's favorite method of cooking apples, and those who were in the habit of enjoying "Sunday evening tea" at their cozy house in East 20th street, will remember how often the handsome glass dish of apple compote made its appearance; and how delightfully it was prepared.

Peel and core tart, medium sized apples, and place in half a pint of clear, cool water. Make a clear syrup of this water, a cup of granulated sugar, the juice and grated rind of a large lemon, and some stick cinnamon, which last should be removed from the syrup. Put the apples in this syrup in a porcelain kettle, and cover close. Let them simmer, not boil, until they are transparent, but not broken. Remove them with a skimmer to the

dish in which they are to be served, boil up the syrup with the lid off, and pour over them.

Apple Custard.—A soft custard made of the yolks of five eggs to a quart of rich milk, and piled up on a dish of compote, renders it a fine dessert dish. The whites should be whipped, and placed on top, with a small island of currant or raspberry jam in the center.

Fried Apples.—It goes "against the grain" to furnish a receipt for *frying* anything; but there are people who still adhere to so obsolete a practice, and will even barbarously fry apples. So if it must be done, let it be done in the best manner. The skillet (not the frying-pan) should be delicately clean, and a little of the sweetest of sweet butter put in it, and heated to the boiling point. Cut tart, juicy apples into round slices (without peeling) a third of an inch thick, fry them quick in the heated butter, browning on both sides, and send to table with boiled pork chops, or an underdone porterhouse steak.

Apple Fool.—Peel, core and thinly slice some apples of a kind that will cook to a soft pulp; put them in a stone jar with sufficient white sugar to sweeten, and two tablespoons of water. Place the jar in a saucepan of hot water, and boil until the apples are very soft. Then turn the apples out of the jar into a bowl, and beat them to a smooth pulp. Let it stand to get quite cold, and then mix sufficient cream with it to soften and tint it. Put in custard glasses, or in a glass dish, and grate a little nutmeg over it. The natural flavor of the apples is most delicate in this dish, and, therefore, any flavoring but the smallest *soufflon* of nutmeg spoils it.

Apple Sauce with Dried Apples.—Soak the apples (one pound) over night in just water enough to cover them, and in the morning add to this half a pint of nice sweet cider, half pound of sugar, and a grating of nutmeg. Let them cook till tender, in fact, till pulpy, adding if you choose a few raisins. If you cannot get cider use lemon, the grated rind and juice, and half the bulk of cider in water. This sauce makes nice pies, but they should be made thick, the crust only thin as well as light and flaky.

Apples for Dinner.—When cook is busy and desserts are scanty, apples will any time be sufficient dessert for sensible people, particularly if a dainty biscuit and modicum of cheese be added to "flavor" the after-dinner coffee. A dish of fine apples never comes amiss, and is a dessert fit for a king, but for a change it may be worth while to indulge the appetite and revive old associations with a favorite pie or pudding.

Eve Pudding.—Put into a mixing bowl half a pound of fine bread crumbs mixed with three ounces of suet chopped and sifted, four tart apples peeled, cored, and chopped, a cup of cleaned currants, the rind and juice of a lemon, a little salt, three eggs, and a little sugar put into a pint of cider, with which it is to be well mixed. Boil in a cloth or mold two hours, and serve with hot liquid sauce flavored with nutmeg.

Apple Pudding.—Stew a half dozen large apples into a nice, smooth sauce, and add while warm a half tablespoon of fresh butter, and sugar enough to make thoroughly sweet. Heat a little butter in the frying-pan, and then pour in a cup of bread-crumbs, which must then be stirred over the fire until they are pale brown. Then sprinkle these on the bottom and sides of a buttered mold; put three well-beaten eggs and half a teaspoon of lemon juice into the apple sauce, then pour it into the mold, strew some of the bread-crumbs over the top, and bake fifteen minutes. Turn out on a hot dish, and serve with wine sauce.

Apple and Quince Tart.—Lay a disc of puff paste on a round tin, and place a strip of paste all round it as for an ordinary jam tart. Spread on the inside a layer of quince marmalade a quarter of an inch thick. Peel and core some apples, cut them in slices a quarter of an inch thick, trim all the slices to the same shape, dispose these slices over the marmalade, overlapping each other, and in some kind of pattern; strew plenty of sugar over, and bake in a quick oven till the apples are a good color.

Apple Snow.—Core a dozen apples; boil them in syrup. Boil half a pound of rice in water and milk till quite soft. When done add cream and sugar to taste. Put the apples in a dish, and fill up with rice. Put on a whip of the whites of eggs and sugar, and place in the oven for a moment, but do not let it brown.

Bird's-Nest Pudding.—Peel and core tart apples; fill the cavities with currant or red raspberry jelly. Place them in a buttered

dish, and pour over them a batter made of six tablespoonfuls of prepared flour, four eggs, yolks and whites beaten separate, and a large cup of rich milk. The batter should be well beaten, and almost as thick as cup cake. Pour over and bake until brown; eat with a hot, sweet sauce flavored with lemon or nutmeg.

Apple Charlotte.—Lay slices of bread and butter in a buttered dish, and cover with a thick layer of thinly sliced tart apples (Greenings best), plenty of sugar, a very light sprinkling of salt, and a grating of lemon and nutmeg. Alternate the layers until the dish is full. The last layer should be buttered bread, and this should be covered until just at last, when it should be permitted to brown. When taken out of the oven it should be left to cool, and then a knife slipped round the edge, and the Charlotte turned out upon a flat dish, and sugar sifted over the top.

Apple Marmalade.—Pare and core two pounds of sourish apples; put in an enameled saucepan with one pint of sweet cider and one pound of crushed sugar. Cook with gentle heat for three hours, or until the fruit is quite soft; then squeeze it first through a colander, and then through a sieve. Flavor to taste, and then put away in jars.

Gypsy Pie.—Cut shreds of any kind of cold meat, and put them in the bottom of a buttered pudding dish. Cover with finely chopped onion and a light seasoning of salt and pepper. Above this put a very thick layer of quartered apples, sugar, and lemon; then a thin layer of meat and onion. Fill up with apple, sugar, and lemon; cover with a puff paste, and bake till brown in a slow oven. Thinly sliced ham or veal is very nice for this pie, but beef may be used or lamb. It is sometimes called "medley" pie. Very little onion should be used.

English Apple Pudding.—Into a pint of flour put a cup of chopped suet, a saltspoon of salt, and a teaspoonful of Royal baking powder. Mix smooth with water, and roll out into a square sheet which fill with quartered apples. Sprinkle with a dash of lemon juice and a teaspoonful of sugar; wet the edge, and close the four corners together tightly. Pin close in a clean small towel dipped in cold water, and put into a pot of boiling water (with an old plate in the bottom), which keep boiling for one hour and a half. Eat hot with sauce. This suet pastry may be divided and made into dumplings. For baked dumplings use butter and lard instead of suet, or butter alone.

Apple Meringue.—Stew some fine tart apples soft (after they have been peeled and cored), and beat them up with the yolks of three or four eggs, a little salt, some nutmeg, sugar, and lemon (grated). Add a tablespoonful of cream. Fill tart dishes, and bake a light brown. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, with powdered sugar, and the juice of the grated lemon, and put on the top, returning them to the oven to lightly brown.

Apples, to Keep.—Pick carefully, and place between dried leaves in a dry barrel. Keep in a cool place. Another method is to roll them separately in thin paper, and lay them on shelves where the air can reach them.

Crab-Apple Sweetmeats.—To one pound of fruit allow one pound of sugar, and one quart of hot water to seven pounds of fruit. Put the sugar and water in a kettle, and let the sugar dissolve. Wipe the fruit clean, and prick it with a coarse needle; the stems leave on. Let the syrup boil, then add the fruit; boil until so tender that it can be pierced with a straw. Take out the fruit carefully so as not to break it, and fill your jars half full. Boil the syrup slowly for five minutes, then pour it hot into your jars. Cover it when cold.

Apple Jelly.—Almost any apple will make jelly, though a hard, sour, juicy apple makes the best, both for keeping and flavor. Peel and core your apples; boil them in a pint of water to every four pounds of apples till the apples are perfectly soft, stirring them occasionally to prevent burning. Strain, without squeezing, through a jelly-bag, measure the juice, and put a pound of loaf sugar to every pint of juice. Put juice and sugar in the preserving-kettle, and boil steadily for half an hour, skimming occasionally. Cool a little, and, if it will not jelly, boil a little longer. Pour into glasses before it cools, and when perfectly cold, cover each glass with a paper wet with alcohol; tie closely and keep in a dry, cool place. The apple remaining in the bag can be stewed with one pound of sugar to two of apples. If flavor-

ing is preferred, lemon-peel, green ginger, or cinnamon can be used.

Apple Pickle.—Core six good-sized cooking apples and six russet apples, slice them as for a tart, but do not peel them. The cooking apples will form the soft part of the chutnee, and the slices of russet apples should look like sliced mangoes. Put them into a pint of red vinegar, add a pound of moist sugar and four ounces of sultana raisins, boil together until the apples are soft. Have two ounces of onions ready, chopped finely, four ounces of salt, two ounces each of mustard and ground ginger, mixed smoothly, with a little vinegar; stir these ingredients into the apple, sugar, and vinegar while hot; add half an ounce of cayenne pepper, or for some tastes a quarter of an ounce is sufficient; stir the chutnee well, and then bottle when cold.

Yorkshire Pudding.—Make a batter with five tablespoonfuls of flour, one egg, and about a pint of milk. Put some of the fat out of the dripping-pan into the Yorkshire pudding tin, and when it is boiling hot pour in the batter. Bake it in the oven for half an hour, and set it for a few minutes in front of the fire under the meat. Most recipes order more egg, which is the cause of the pudding so often being tough. The tin should be large enough to allow the pudding to be from a quarter to half an inch thick.

Economical Rice Pudding.—Two large tablespoonfuls of rice to one quart of milk, one small cup of white sugar, one cup of cut-up raisins. Let it stand in a warm place three hours, and bake one hour. The addition of one or two eggs spoils the pudding, rendering it firm and dry. Four eggs and half the rice, previously boiled, will make a delicious custard, with a few grains of rice at the bottom.

Welsh Rarebit is delicious when made after this fashion. Half a pound of cheese, three eggs, one small cup of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, mustard and salt to taste. After beating the eggs in an earthen dish add the other ingredients, then spread on the top of slices of bread, toasted or not as you choose, and set in the oven to melt.

A Quick Cake is made of one cup of sour milk, one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one egg, one cup of raisins (stoned and chopped), one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, one teaspoonful of spices, and two cups and a half of flour. This should be eaten while fresh, but if it is not, after two or three days, beat the white of an egg to a froth and add sugar enough to make a frosting for the top of the cake.

Lemon Sponge.—Put one ounce of gelatine into one pint of cold water, let it stand five minutes, then dissolve it over the fire, add the rind of two lemons thinly pared, three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar, and the juice of three lemons; boil all together two minutes, strain it, and let it remain till nearly cold, then add the white of two eggs well beaten and whisk it well ten minutes; put it lightly into a glass dish.

Very Nice currant fritters are made of one cup and a half of very fine bread crumbs, one tablespoonful and a half of flour, one cup and a half of sweet milk, one quarter of a pound of well-washed English currants (drain the currants thoroughly), two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a small lump of butter. Flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg to suit your taste; drop in spoonfuls in hot lard and fry until done. Eat with wine and sugar.

Potato Salad.—Two good sized boiled potatoes, one teaspoonful of pulverized sugar, one tablespoonful of oil, half a teaspoonful each of salt, pepper, and made mustard, a spoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one raw egg well beaten, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Mash the potatoes and rub through the sieve, then add the other ingredients, beating them thoroughly together; then pour the dressing over the potatoes which have been boiled, cooled, and cut in small pieces. This dressing is excellent with fish or cold meat.

Potato Cakes.—Take ten ounces of floury potatoes, boiled and smoothly pounded; when just warm add gradually a little salt, six ounces of flour, and three ounces of butter; no liquid is required. When the ingredients are thoroughly mixed, roll the dough into thin cakes the size of a captain's biscuit; bake in a moderate oven, or on a griddle; when done, split open, butter well, and serve very hot.

Scientific.

Guano owes much of its valuable properties to the fact that the birds which deposit it live entirely upon fish.

To restore the color to black stockings, procure twopennyworth of logwood shavings, and boil the stockings in a pint of water with them.

Many persons may not know that white paint may be cleaned, as well as windows, by using whiting and water.

To render cotton goods uninflamable, add to the starch size fifteen parts borax for every thousand parts size.

The marvelous durability of mortar in Italy is attributed to the fact that the lime remains in a pit covered with water for two years before it is used, whereas in England lime is slaked and used the same day. Most building specifications even require newly-slaked lime.

Paper has come into use in some of the restaurants in Germany as plates for dry or semi-dry articles of food. There is no reason why glazed paper cups should not be employed at railroad stations, so that passengers could take a cup of coffee along with them, instead of hastily drinking it at a luncheon-counter.

A glue which will resist the action of water is made by boiling one pound of glue in a sufficiency of skimmed milk. To make a strong glue for inlaying and veneering, take the best light brown glue, free from clouds or streaks, dissolve it in water, and to every pint add one half-gill of the best vinegar and one half-ounce of isinglass.

Corn Cures.—Dissolve one part of salicylic acid in forty parts of colodion; apply several times a week. The corn dissolves with little trouble. For hard corns, apply at night a mixture of one part of carbolic acid and ten parts of distilled water, glycerine, and soap-liniment; envelop with gutta-percha tissue, and the corn may generally be removed the next morning. For inflamed and swollen joints proceed in the same manner, but use, instead of the above mixture, liq. plumbi dil. one hundred and tinct. creci five parts.

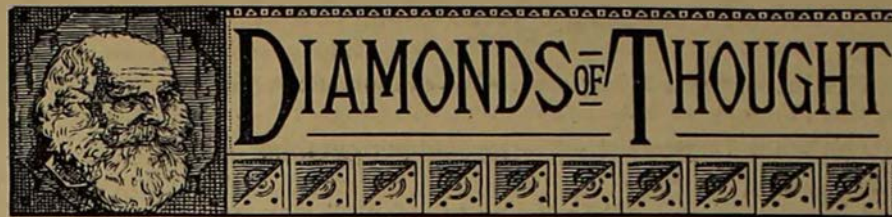
A most delicately-perfumed powder for washing the hair or making sachets may be prepared from orange-blossom. Into a box which contains three ounces of powdered starch throw three-quarters of an ounce of fresh orange-blossom; mix well with the hand, so that the flowers are divided equally over the powder; stir up three times a day. After twenty-four hours, remove the flowers and put in the same quantity of fresh ones; repeat this for three days. To retain the perfume the box must close tightly.

A Common Mistake in Dwelling Houses.—A very common mistake in dwelling houses is to fix a stone on a sheet of iron or other metal, laid directly on the wood flooring. This, although intended as a measure of safety, is really an invitation to danger, for the metal soon becomes heated, and, as the wood beneath it is desiccated, the chances of fire are heightened. The stove should either stand upon a slab of stone or else the sheet of metal upon which it is fixed should be raised a few inches from the timber, the space below either being filled in with some non-conducting material or left for the circulation of a current of air.

Beans as Food.—The nutritive value of beans is very great—greater than almost any other article of food in common use. Considering their richness, they are probably the cheapest food we have, but somewhat difficult of digestion, probably owing to the fact that we rarely cook them enough and masticate insufficiently. In preparing beans for the table, they should first be well soaked in cold water, and then thrown into boiling water and cooked till of a medium consistency, between a fluid and a solid, neither too thick nor too thin. They require some acid when eaten, and a sufficient amount of salt to render them palatable. They may be eaten with potatoes or other vegetables which contain more starch and less albumen, rather than with too much bread or meat.

Oak Stains.—Oak floor stain. Two quarts of boiled oil, half a pound of ground amber (mixed in oil by colorman), one pint of liquid driers (turbine), one pint of turpentine, mix. After cleaning and planing your boards, lay this on with the grain of the wood. If required lighter, add naphtha till the required shade is attained; it darkens with age. Give it twelve hours to dry; then varnish with wood varnish, or use only bees-wax and turpentine. The result is good in time, but slower than varnish. To get your line straight across a room to stain a border, chalk a long piece of string, strain it where you require your line, then lift the center and let it fall sharp on the boards. The result will be a clear line in chalk. Quantities given will stain a two foot border round a room twenty feet by sixteen feet.

New Form of Window.—A new form of window is being introduced in England. The main object of the invention is the prevention of accidents in cleaning, but the arrangement affords an efficient means of ventilation. The principle consists in dividing the two side-bars of each of a pair of ordinary sash-frames into two parts vertically, and swiveling the part carrying the glass in the side-pieces at a point central to its height. The frame with the glass is held in position by a couple of small bolts in the top rail, which shoot into the side-strips. Thus arranged, the two sashes slide up and down in the ordinary way. At a very moderate cost, existing frames can be fitted with the arrangement. The pivoting obviates the necessity of the cleaner getting outside the window.



Often the virtue of a woman must be very great, since it has to suffice for two.—“*Carmen Sylvia*,” *Queen of Roumania*.

Forgiveness is indifference; while love lasts forgiveness is impossible.—“*Carmen Sylvia*.”

In those who wish to be happy the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

“The wind may roar among the trees,
Yet great ships sail the stormy seas.”

Habituate yourself to looking at the merits rather than the defects of those with whom you live.

We owe a debt to every great heart, to every fine genius—to those who have put life and fortune on the cast of an act of justice—to those who have refined life by elegant pursuits. It is the fine souls who serve us, and not what is called fine society.

Because it is good.—“If there's a good thing to be done, can't it be done on its own merits?”—*Our Mutual Friend*.

The Eternal Law.—“And this is the eternal law. Evil often stops short at itself and dies with the doer of it; but Good, never.”—*Dickens*.

Good out of Evil.—From selfishness men make severer laws for women than for themselves, without suspecting that by doing so they raise them above themselves.—“*Carmen Sylvia*.”

High Ideals.—“In order that the human race may progress it must have proved lessons of courage permanently before it. To attempt, to brave, persist, and persevere, to be faithful to one's self, to wrestle with destiny, to hold firm and withstand—such is the example which people need and which electrifies them.—*Victor Hugo*.

The Things that Make Men.—It is not the best things—that is the things which we call best—that make men; it is not the pleasant things; it is not the calm experiences of life. It is life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here trouble and there joy, here rudeness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and the alterations of the one and the other, which necessitate adaptations, constitute a part of that education which makes a man a man.

College Rowdyism.—Speaking of rowdyism and ruffianism in colleges, the *Lynn Union* says: “If, however, their doors could be opened for the admission of lady students, all the barbarism of college life would give way before the restraining and elevating influences which their presence would bring. Woman is the factor that will yet solve this troublesome problem.”

Praise.—There are some persons who, from a mistaken view of consequences, are always chary of praise. They fancy it will puff up with conceit the one thus favored, or lead him to think that he needs no further improvement in that particular direction. So their children or their dependents go on from day to day, unconscious of any pleasure their efforts may afford, uncheered by any kindly encouragement, uninspired by the thought or hope of giving satisfaction.

A Beautiful House.—A man blesses the whole community in building it. No man wants to build an ugly house thereafter, but strives to build a handsomer. Little by little it lifts the people from the low grade of insensibility to beauty, to appreciating it and following it. I think every Christian man who has money should see to it that the town in which he lives is steadily growing more and more beautiful. Never allow a church, for want of your contribution, to be built homely. Never suffer any commissioners to build homely town halls, or other public buildings. Never consider money wasted which the community, county, or town pays for providing those large, strong, thoroughly well built, and beautiful. Long after you are gone their insensible influence will be felt by generation after generation.

The Hobby-Maker and the hobby-minder have come to be regarded as illustrative of a type of mental weakness, out of which no good thing can be expected to come. Social history, however, is full of examples proving that many of the inventions which have revolutionized the world must have had their beginnings in studies that agree in every respect with the prevailing idea of a hobby. The whole history of invention is, in its earlier epochs, a record of hobbies, often frustrated, generally condemned, but afterwards bearing fruit in the shape of benefits and inventions which have made the modern world the wondrous age that it is.

Spice Box.

The latest from Hingland.—We cannot be robbed of time, because it is always hours.

The Most Important.—The most important thing in a dress is incontestably the woman who wears it.

A Manly Virtue.—"Generous to a fault" may be said of the majority of men—at least they are generous enough to their own faults.

A Ghastly Joke.—Where do ghosts come from? From gnome man's land.

A Philadelphia Youth begged his lady love to give him something he could wear next his heart. The sensible girl sent him a red flannel chest-protector.

A Question for a Young Men's Debating Society.—When a man's feelings are so great that he cannot express them, had he better send them by freight?

What is it?—What is it to be a man? Well, it is a good deal like work to be a man, and that is the chief reason why men, real men, are so very few.

Cruel!—"Is it becoming to me?" she asked, as she paraded in the costume of one hundred years ago before her husband. "Yes, my dear," said he meekly. "Don't you wish I could dress in this fashion always?" "No, my dear; but I wish," he added musingly, "you had lived when that was the style."

A Local Witest.—A dressmaker who was at the point of death recovered, and the local paper headed the item, "Survival of the Fittest."

At a Social Club to which Jerrold belonged a certain song was cited as an exquisite composition. "That song," exclaimed an enthusiastic member, "always carries me away when I hear it." Looking eagerly round the table, "Can anybody whistle it?" asked the earnest trifier.

"**Uncle John,**" said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in one week?" "Nonsense! Impossible!" exclaimed Uncle John, and then he asked, "Whose baby was it?" "It was the elephant's," said little Emily.

On the first day of a college year Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, posted the usual announcement, that he would be ready at a given hour to meet his "classes." For a "lark" on the Professor some of the students erased the "c," so that it read "lasses," and then "hid" and watched to see what the grim Greek scholar would do about it. A glance as he passed told the story, and one stroke of his penknife took away the "l," leaving the Professor to "meet his asses" at the usual hour.

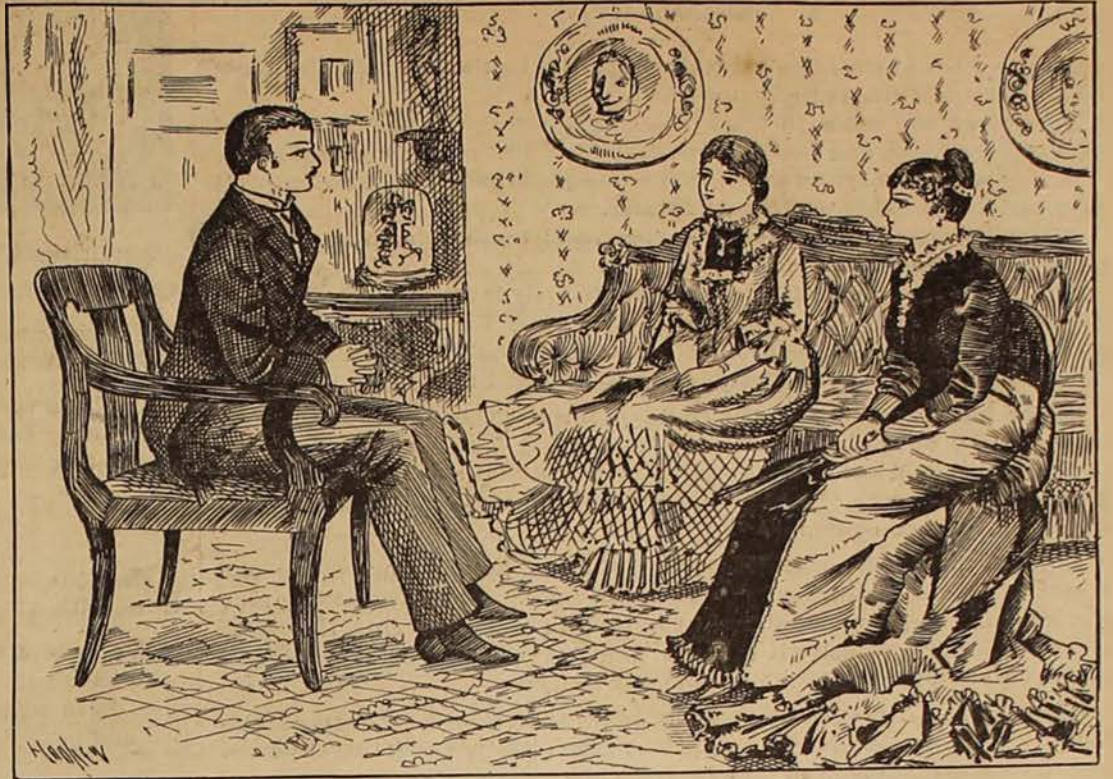
Dr William Draper, of New York, denies that man is mentally and physically superior to woman. He says that not the slightest difference has been discovered in the nervous anatomy of man and woman. This may be true; but it will be difficult to convince the husband whose wife takes in washing to support a family of seven, that man is not physically superior to woman. —*Norristown Herald.*

Classical Instructor in Latin:—"Miss B., of what was Ceres the goddess?" Miss B.: "She was the goddess of marriage." Instructor: "Oh, no; of agriculture." Miss B. (looking perplexed): "Why; I'm sure my book says she was the goddess of husbandry."

"**What are you going to do** when you grow up, if you don't know how to cypher?" asked a teacher of a rather slow boy. "I am going to be a school teacher, and make the boys do all the cyphering," was the reply.

Sailor's Wit—A lady at sea, full of apprehensions in a gale of wind, cried out among other pretty exclamations: "We shall all go to the bottom. Mercy on us! how my head swims!" "Madam, never fear," said one of the sailors; "you can never go to the bottom while your head swims."

A Father complaining of the way his children destroyed their clothing, said: "When I was a boy I only had one suit of clothes, and I had to take care of it. I was only allowed one pair of shoes a year in those days." There was a pause, and then a little chap spoke up, "I say, dad, you have a much easier time of it now you are living with us!"



AS IT WAS.



THE PRESENT FREE AND EASY STYLE



IS THIS THE STYLE OF THE FUTURE?

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

Review of Fashions.

WE have heard a great deal always of the extravagance of woman's dress. The luxury of any one woman, whether the result of her husband's vanity, or her own fondness for display, has served in any age or generation as a perpetual peg upon which to hang dissertations on the folly and vanity of the sex—which is always made to bear the weight of the sins of any one of its members.

In reality, however, there never has been a time in the history of the past several hundred years when women in so large a proportion, and of so notable a class, lived and dressed with such rigid economy as the wives and daughters of Americans, during the first century of the existence of the republic. It was owing to this studious economy, to the habits that were inbred, and the ideas that had been literally spun and woven into the warp and woof of their daily life, that so much of the talk in regard to extravagance and luxury is due. These terms, like all others which describe general conditions, are relative. What would be extravagance for one, would be simplicity for another; but the majority of our people have been bred to simplicity, and find a certain degree of difficulty in adapting themselves to large outlay in any direction; that is to say, the women do more particularly, so few of them having served the speculative or business apprenticeship, which in the case of men serves to break the force of early training. American women, as a class, especially the intelligent New England portion, are the most successful economists in the world. The personal expenditure of many has been in the past, and is still so ridiculously small, that they would be ashamed to mention the amount per annum they spend on dress; and yet, by dint of the most scrupulous neatness and cleanliness, they always contrive to look like ladies. A man who has had such a wife or such a mother, is apt to gauge the present and future by the past; but he might just as well gauge himself, his belongings, and his outlays by his personal expenses when he did the "chores" on his father's farm; or sold his first goods in a country store. The days when economy in cities, or in the whirl of actual life, not to say society, was possible, are over; they disappeared with the spinning-wheel and the wood fires that cost only the labor of cutting, and the tallow candle. Year by year the cost of necessaries and luxuries has alike increased, and thus the struggle remains the same, though more money is made and spent.

Up to within a few years, luxury such as we read of in
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old Greece and Rome has not been known in these modern times, and particularly in this country; but now we are getting to have a rich and leisurely class, who can afford to indulge their tastes, build superb houses, pay hundreds of thousands of dollars for a picture-gallery, and expect the ladies of their families to sustain their position by a magnificence on such occasions as demand it. In all probability those who are alive to see it will witness such luxury in the details of domestic life within the next hundred years as we have never yet even dreamed of. As yet, there is something theatrical and tawdry in our finest efforts at display, and even among the rich, few manage to achieve more than fragments of a truly splendid life, in which all bright and beautiful elements meet and harmonize. This is the object of all life and all effort, even to the clothes we wear; and the distance is long between the skin of the animal, taken by force in the first place for warmth, afterward dyed for beauty, and the dainty glove-fitting robe of satin and lace upon the exquisite form of a modern belle.

Luxury seems made for beauty, and we ought to cultivate physical perfection, so that it will keep pace with the fine frame-work that environs it, for—unless the picture is equally rich in attraction, a gorgeous setting only exhibits its shortcomings. There is something startling, however, and not altogether agreeable in the details of the costly fashions to be this season. Design seems to have gone a little mad in its endeavor to be realistic. Ornamental scraps of laces, dropped flowers, ostrich feathers, and the like, are tied loosely together, or thrown in such positions upon the gorgeously colored surfaces, as they might have been found in upon a lady's toilet-table. These brocades are the richest ever used for dress purposes in New York; they range from ten to fifty dollars per yard—the latter price representing a marvel of production, in which pure gold threads are intermingled with the design. One pattern shows the leaves of the sumach in red and gold upon a ground shaded in the brilliant autumn tints, and another a part of a lace collar, as if stopped while in the hands of the worker, the implements hanging from it; but so ingeniously, that one does not at first recognize them. Some of the most elegant dresses are made with a train not very long, of wonderfully designed brocade; the front of the dress showing an embroidery upon plain satin in the colors of the figured fabric. Others have fronts of puffed satin, shirred closely between the falling bouillonées. Rich moires brocaded, are among the latest novelties, and these also are used for trains with puffed vests, or richly embroidered, or lace trimmed fronts. There is great

distinction this season between the dress for different occasions—dinner dress, ball dress, theater dress, and the like; and there is no better test of society habits and breeding than perfect acquaintance with what is suited to each and every phase of fashionable life. To wear a bonnet in the wrong place; a train when a short dress is the thing, or not to feel adequately dressed, on a socially "great" occasion, is to feel out of the world, or as not belonging at least in the world of which you for the time form a part; and these little matters of style really go further than cost. A theater dress needs to be effective about the waist and head. The skirt is of much less importance; and a train is out of place. For this season ruby velvet jackets, and short dresses of garnet satin, with lace jabot or pretty fichu, continue to be so very popular. The small beaded bonnet, too, of satin, studded with enameled bees or small butterflies, are highly effective, and as they can never be common, will be likely to retain their prestige as long as the small bonnets remain in vogue. Dinner dresses require a rich fabric, and moires and brocades in solid colors are preferred for them, with fine lace as an accessory, and satin for plaitings, or thick ruching. The fourreau styles are well adapted to them, with or without the Watteau plait; the latter, when used, forming the demi-train, which is the only kind of train admissible for such a toilet. The neck may be square, or closed, finished with a standing collar and lace, or outlined with embroidered lace put on flat, and standing lace lined with plaitings of tulle, or crepe-lisse. The absurd wire frames which have been attached to dresses, having no historical significance, which were as far from Queen Elizabeth as Queen Victoria, seem to have disappeared. At least they ought; for what is only an encumbrance, and has no meaning in these days, should be discarded, and not allowed to occupy a place.

Ball dresses differ with age; girls who dance still wear them short, chaperones wear trains; and so often do young married women who wish to mark the dignity of their state, and seem to think that what their new condition allows them to take off from their necks, they may very well add to their skirts. For, while it is quite proper for a lady married yesterday to wear a low corsage, it is highly improper for a young lady to wear a low cut dress who is going to be married to-morrow, or is not married when she ventures on making this exhibition of her neck and shoulders. Of course, whether such distinctions are more nice than wise, is not the present question; it is simply our province to note their existence.

Illustrated Designs.

THE approach of November brings out many novelties suited to late fall and winter, and among them no single design has sprung into more sudden popularity than the long, useful outside garment which we give under the name of the "Russian Redingote." It is a garment which nearly envelopes the figure, covering the dress to the edge of the skirt, and almost taking the place of the bodice, if one were not needed for warmth. It is usually made in cloth or fine wool—if in the former, it is only lined to the skirt below the waist-line; if of the latter, it is, or should be, lined throughout with twilled French lining silk—and the ruching, which in the former case is of the cloth, will be made of dull satin or Surah silk, of the same shade as the wool. The ruching is laid in triple plaits, and crimped upon the edge; it is put on very full, and derives all its distinction from this fact. Made scant, it would possess no "character," and be incapable of imparting any to the garment.

The "Russian Redingote" may be made in velvet and trim-

med with fur, but it is not often used for material so expensive, because its fit—the closeness of the sleeves, and its evident utility—rather unfit it for full dress, or for wear with a very rich or ceremonious gown, which, of course, would be mainly concealed. As a fall walking garment, a successor to the ulster, and a protection from wind and cold, the "Russian Redingote" is a success, and is so easily reproduced by the aid of the paper model, that every lady will find it within her reach.

Other characteristic designs consist of the "Hungarian," and "Valcour" basque and jacket. The feature of the "Hungarian" basque is the cable cord trimming across the front, and upon the edges of the slashed or "polka" skirt, as it used to be called. This cutting up into slashes is now a very fashionable method of finishing the fronts of skirts; and is made more effective by adding handsome linings of a contrasting color. The "Valcour" is a capital model for an outdoor jacket. It is cut short in front, but lengthened by the application of a second skirt of plush, which corresponds with the collar, but is not necessarily the shade or color of the cloth. Still, it would not be well to make the contrast violent, *écru* cloth with brown plush look well together. This jacket also has the popular military finish across the front, and sufficient fullness at the back to admit of a proper disposition of the drapery of the dress skirt.

A third special feature of the season is the revival of the vest costume, and an excellent example of this will be found in the costume "Girola." This simple, serviceable, yet stylish model is best made in pure wool in any of the new pretty checks or mixtures. The skirt may be of the plaid, the jacket of a plain material, the vest of silk or satin, plain or embroidered; or it may be of plain corded sicilienne. The novel features of this costume, in addition to the vest, consist of the wide revers, and the cut of the skirt of the jacket, which is whole at the back, but extended below the waist line, and then lengthened in front and upon the sides, where a little fullness is added. Very small, round buttons, it will be observed, are used for fastening.

A very pretty basque, with cut-away vest, is given in the "Immalee." This is a close-fitting, high-cut, stylish design, and the side-forms at the back are cut up in a way that admits of the display of the side-puffing of the skirt, now so fashionable, and which is concealed and crushed under a Jersey basque. The "Elrica" is a handsome model of a walking skirt, combined from figured and plain materials. It is a suitable design for the new tapestried woolens, with the plain to match the ground color, or the silks and satins plain, and with the large plush spot, as seen in the illustration.

"The Carmelita" overskirt is a graceful design for beige, camels' hair, nuns' cloth, chuddah, or any fine woolen material, or it is made with great distinction in the large mixed plaids of the season, over a velvet flounced skirt, with velvet panels and plain velvet basque. The plaid material is cut on the bias, front and back.

Fashionable Millinery.

No. 1. Wide-brimmed hat of black *feutre velours*, edged with cut jet beads, and trimmed with a scarf of black velvet and a cluster of three full, black ostrich tips at the left side. The brim is quite shelving, turned back abruptly on the left side, and falling at the right.

No. 2. A novel and beautiful shape in dark gray velvet, with high, square crown, and brim faced with velvet and turned up on the right side. Natural gray ostrich tips fall toward the front, and long Amazone plumes droop over the *coiffure* at the back.



FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 3. Bonnet of *loutre* brown fur felt, in a modified poke shape, with the inclined brim faced with sealskin. A *coquille* of brown velvet forms a garniture at the right side, and a long brown ostrich plume crosses the front. The strings of Ottoman *velours* ribbon are tied in a bow under the chin.

No. 4. English walking hat of dark *grenat* felt, bound with a velvet puffing of the same shade of short nap velvet and ornamented with colored jet beads at intervals. A full scarf of Ottoman figured garnet velvet encircles the crown, and is held in place by a gilt slide. A long crimson ostrich plume ornaments the right side of the hat.

No. 5. This unique bonnet of myrtle green felt has the

brim lined with velvet of the same shade. A large bird, with feathers in various shades of green, gold, and crimson, ornaments the right side, while a long *myrte* ostrich plume crosses the back of the high crown, and falls on the left side. Strings of dark green velvet ribbon with satin face are tied under the chin.

Stylish hats and bonnets are furnished through our Purchasing Agency for from \$8.00 upward, according to the materials. In sending an order, it is always best to state complexion, color of hair and eyes, the purposes for which the hat is to be used, and any preference in regard to color, etc.

Winter Stuffs in Silk and in Wool.

THE development of design in fabric has been very rapid during the past five years, and has now achieved results which seem extraordinary beside the simple forms and crude colors, which we used to see in detached masses years ago, and which preceded the reign of "solid" colors, which lasted almost two decades—yet still, we are only on the threshold of what may be expected through the application of the new discoveries in light, color, and what may be called the transmutation of elements, and their re-appearance in new forms, and under different conditions. Science and scientific work are spoken of as far removed from the trivialities of dress and fashion—of such homely occupations and pursuits as women are largely engaged in—yet the only value which scientific research and discovery possess for the mass of mankind is the solution of domestic problems; the gain to social life, the enlargement of the human horizon. Knowledge which bears no relation to the human wants, which has no advantages to offer as the price of its acquisition, is useless—of no more benefit to its possessor than books shut up in a stone vault, and supplying nothing but food for decay.

Let us not depreciate the function of clothes, since all the science, all the art, all the taste, all the intelligence of the world is engaged more or less in their production, whether these agents are aware of it themselves or not. It is quite time, now that even so much has been accomplished in manufacture, that more attention was paid by women to the beauty of the fabrics they use in the making of their dresses and outside garments. We call things by certain names, but few know what the *thing*, which this name represents, really is, and are therefore imposed upon readily by the cheapest, and poorest, and flimsiest of imitations. Real through and through fabrics are costly, but they last, and are a joy as long as they last, while flimsy make-believes carry with them the sense of their own poverty and meanness. It is a good sign of the advance in taste that comparatively little trimming is used, that beautiful materials are considered their own sufficient ornamentation, and that the dress decoration is so largely composed of work upon the fabric itself, such as embroidery, or the loveliest and most appropriate of all trimmings, lace.

The dress stuffs of the present season surpass all attempts at enrichment, except by the addition of some priceless fabric as a finish or an accessory, rather than as an addition to the beauty of the fabric itself. Fringes, passementeries, embroideries, even pale and look trivial beside the gorgeous beauty of the autumn dyes in leaf and flower and groundwork of the rich brocades, at fifteen to fifty dollars per yard. Sunset hues glance through the thick pile of ribbed plushes, and the weird effect of the white light of electricity, touches with transforming influence the foliage and flowers upon rich evening satins, and turns them into draperies fit for the clothing of beings of a superior world.

Plushes are vindicating their right to be by the production of an infinite variety of superb "manifestations." The globular figures maintain their prominence, but are brought into higher relief, and are usually divided, one half being shaded, the other showing the thickness and richness of the pile. The surface is often repped. The ground of the figured plushes may be in two colors—green and strawberry red, leaf brown and peacock blue, old gold and black, or wine and canary—the lighter and brighter color being the one used for the silk shading; the darker for the ground color and surface figure; the surface shading in the figure being in solid color, so that of the bright color there is a mere flash in the background.

Figured velvets are used in combination with plain velvet, with plain silk and satin, and also with wool; although, as a matter of fact, plain velvet looks better with plain wool than figured velvet. But there are also figured wools, and woolen materials ornamented with *soutache*, which are used in combination with plain goods. Plain velvet in wine and ruby reds, and bottle green, is very much in demand for jackets, which are worn with full plastron vest and woolen skirts: gray, fawn, mouse, or the like. It may be finished with a jabot, or left open for a habit skirt; or it may be fastened with Breton bands, or straps at the waist, and the open square filled in with a full *guimpe*, or chemisette.

Cashmeres embroidered upon the material are very distinguished looking; the embroidery being open, and in highly effective Irish point designs. These are made up in complete suits, consisting of trimmed skirt, and deep jacket slightly cut away in front, and sometimes showing a vest.

The striped combinations are more used for little girls' suits than for the costume of ladies, and look exceedingly well in conjunction with the dark bottle greens and browns, the fawns and mouse grays, for school and day-wear. The stripe is simply used as a trimming, the dark solid color forming the body part of the dress.

All-wool chevots and heather mixtures, camels' hair, and tricot cloths are as well worn as ever, and make the serviceable suits which every woman needs, rich or poor. So exactly are these simple, sensible, and durable materials adapted to their use, that an improvement can hardly be suggested in regard to them, and the only needed care is to have them made up in as useful and practical a fashion as they deserve.

To combine a cheap trimming of flimsy silk or satin with them is an outrage; a solid embroidery, braid, or stitching on the material is the only suitable finish.

Our "Portfolio of Fashions" for the Autumn and Winter of 1882-83.

OUR "Portfolio of Fashions" is now ready, and we call the attention of ladies to this most useful publication. Embracing, as it does, highly finished and correct illustrations of all the newest and most popular styles, together with clear descriptions of the same in English and French, it affords unusual facilities not only for the selection of a garment, but for the making up of the same. Every detail is given with accuracy, including the number of yards required for the garment and trimming.

The present issue of the "Portfolio" contains an unusually large number of beautiful and stylish illustrations, representing street and in-door dresses, wraps, underclothing, articles of gentlemen's wear, and all that goes to make up the wardrobe of children of every age.

The immense sale of this publication is ample proof of its utility and popularity. No safer or more satisfactory guide in the selection of a suitable style can be found, and the low price of fifteen cents places it within the reach of all. Address, MME. DEMOREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York, or any of the Agencies.

APPLIQUES OF LEATHER embroidered on rich materials are the most fashionable decorations of the season for costumes, and the effect is exceedingly fine. Bronze leather is used on brown, dark green on dark green, and so on. The bronze is perhaps the most effective. This style of ornamentation is very costly, but it is durable, and requires beautiful workmanship; it can never become common, which will perhaps recommend it to those who like to be exclusive.

Hair Dressing.

THE methods of dressing the hair are very diversified. Young girls, and many older women of simple tastes, wear their hair very plainly arranged in a coil or braid low at the back, and a light crimp or fringe across the front. Where the hair is profuse, this is sometimes diversified by taking pieces from the side, waving and turning them back over the side of the head, the ends uniting with the back hair to form the braid, or being arranged in straight puffs above it, side-combs completing the ensemble.

Another style less popular, but very much admired by some, is achieved by combing the hair clear up from the nape of the neck to the top of the head, and arranging it in a bow, or series of irregular loops or puffs. The front may be fringed or finished in little curls. The methods now most in vogue are distinctly opposed to each other; one securing the hair on the top of the head, the other very low in the neck. Jeweled combs and jeweled ornaments, generally, it must be confessed, "Rhine" stones, are used for decoration much more than flowers. An aigrette or small plume of pink, or pale blue, or canary-colored feathers fastened with a diamond star, may be worn, and are very becoming to a lady who wishes to give an appearance of increased height—an object best accomplished by placing it high on the side.

Our "What to Wear" for the Autumn and Winter of 1882-83.

THE enormous circulation that this publication has attained shows that ladies generally recognize it for what it is—a *multum in parvo* of information and direction in regard to dress and its belongings—taken from the most useful and practical side. In a handy form for reference are found all sorts of useful facts in regard to costumes, fabrics, out-door garments, hats and bonnets, children's clothing, hosiery, and all the details of the toilet, illustrated, and embodying many new and exclusive styles. "WHAT TO WEAR" for the AUTUMN AND WINTER of 1882-83 is now ready. The price is only fifteen cents, postage paid. Address, MME. DEMAREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York, or any of MME. Demorest's Agencies.

EMBOSSSED VELVETS and plushes are very fashionably combined with plain fabrics of the same kind, the figured goods being used for the short, plain skirt, the plain for the coat or upper part of the costume. Frogs and corded passementeries across the front are revived as trimmings, or they are finished with lace and very handsome buttons.

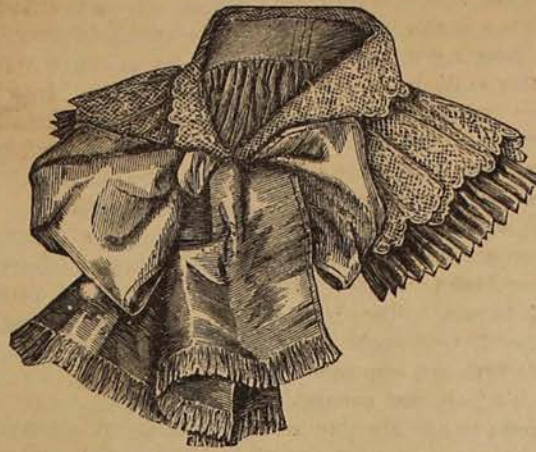


Girola Costume.—A short, gored skirt trimmed with kilt-plaiting, a long overskirt, and a coat basque with vest-front are combined to form this simple and stylish costume. There is considerable novelty in the style of the coat. It opens with very wide *revers* over the vest, and is cut quite short over the hips, having a separate basque skirt added, which is plain in front and gathered into the side form. The back pieces extend the entire length of the garment. A rolling collar on the coat, high standing collar on the vest, and large side pockets complete the model, which is especially adapted for light cloths and similar fabrics, and it may be worn as a street dress without the addition of an outer garment. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Elrica Walking Skirt.—Composed of a short, gored skirt, trimmed around the bottom with clusters of side-plaitings alternating with wide box-plaits, above which are draped a short apron across the front and a very *bouffant* back drapery, while a long, plain panel reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt is placed at each side. This design is extremely stylish, and suitable for almost any class of dress goods, and is especially well adapted to a combination of materials as illustrated. No trimming is required, the combination of two fabrics affording sufficient effect. This skirt is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Immalee" basque. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



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Novelties in Lingerie.

No. 1. A dressy plastron and collarette of white silk mull, turquoise-blue satin ribbon, and wide Oriental lace. The collar is simply a straight band of ribbon with a fall of lace over it, and the plastron is pointed and composed of folds of mull laid lengthwise over a net foundation; a ruffle of lace extends all around the plastron and under the collar. A bow of turquoise-blue ribbon fastens the collar, and a second one is placed at the point of the plastron. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$4.50.

No. 2. Plaited collarette and bow of turquoise-blue *satin merveilleux*, trimmed with ruffles of wide white Oriental lace. The collar is a straight band, edged with a wide plaiting of *satin merveilleux* under a gathered ruffle of lace, and a second row of lace is folded smoothly over the band. A large bow of the satin finishes the collarette in front. Price, with *satin merveilleux* of any desired color, \$4.00.

No. 3. Collarette for a low-cut corsage, high at the back. The collar is composed of two rows of Oriental lace gathered and falling over a foundation of cream-colored satin Surah, and the lace forms a full *jabot* at the fastening of the collar. Price, \$4.25.

No. 4. Collarette and *jabot* of shrimp pink Surah and white Newport lace, the lace laid in deep box-plaits and falling over the narrow collar of satin. The *jabot* is formed of soft loops of Surah and gathered ruffles of the lace. Price, with Surah of any desired color, \$3.75.

No. 5. This elegant collar and plastron of white silk India mull, is edged with *jabots* of white flat Valenciennes lace,



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and the plastron is shirred across the top, and caught together about half-way down by a bow of *moiré* satin ribbon. The neck is finished with a full ruffle of lace falling over a band of ribbon, and is fastened at the right side with a bow of ivory-white satin ribbon. Price, with ribbon of any color desired, \$4.25.

What to Wear at the Theater.

IN these days going to the theater is so common, and so frequent, that few are puzzled in regard to their toilet. Still there are some persons to whom a visit to a place of public entertainment is only an occasional luxury—a part of the pleasure of a trip to town, or a visit to a distant city; and these, especially if they have fashionable friends likely to indulge in the luxury of “theater parties,” are sometimes embarrassed as to the needs of such an occasion. Nor does it help them much to say that the dress for an afternoon reception is suitable for a theater party, and even for a “box” party, for they will be perhaps quite as much at a loss to know what is suitable for an afternoon reception.

In fact, simple as society formulas are in regard to toilet, when once they are understood, they require to be understood in order to avoid mortifying errors. Twenty-five or thirty years ago customs in regard to the dress of ladies in public places were somewhat different, or less generally understood than they are to-day. Then it was not uncommon to see ladies take a seat at the theater in the body part of the house in a light dress, bearing more or less the stamp of “evening” upon it, and without a bonnet. Nowadays, a lady without a bonnet is never seen in a New York theater, and her dress, handsome, and even striking though it may be, is high at the throat, or only slightly open, and suggests the out-of-door use to which it is put. The independent jacket, so fashionable for several years past, has been a boon to young women as part of a theater toilet, for it enables them to wear out skirts of dresses once handsome, but too much defaced for party or visiting purposes. A theater skirt, however, should not be long; a worn black or dark silk or velvet, or even velveteen, made over short, makes a serviceable theater skirt, and may be worn with a plain ruby, wine color, old gold, or braided jacket, and thus not only be made to do good secondary service, but save a new and perhaps costly dress.

The theater jacket of the season is red. There never was a time when red was more a livery of the young than now. Terra-cotta has ceased to be æsthetic, and become common, and some of the shades are lovely, frogged or braided with black; particularly by gaslight, which is so trying to blues, greens, and the like.

A little quaintness and oddity is not objectionable in a theater dress, such as slashed or puffed sleeves; a gold embroidered bodice, a belted waist, which furnishes so convenient a receptacle for a bouquet, and holds the fan securely by a suspended ribbon. Embroidered jackets and vests, too, are effective as part of a theater toilet; and so also are dark beaded costumes, such as ruby, wine color, and bottle green. Perhaps the most showy of all colors in a box, where it is well displayed, is amber. The richest looking dress we ever remember to have seen in a theater was amber satin, embroidered with shaded amber beads and silk, mingled with gold thread. The toilet was further enriched by the addition at the neck and sleeves of fine gold embroidered lace. The bonnet was beaded satin, and lace to match. It seems too bad that our theaters are not arranged in the amphi-theatrical way, so that the large hats could be worn without disburbing the vision of those who occupy back seats, for they are immensely picturesque, particularly in a spacious inclosure, where a small bonnet, be it ever so pretty, is thrown away unless it makes a point of light or color. We have reason to be thankful, however, that we can, and even must, wear bonnets at a respectable American theater, for it saves much trouble, and permits a lady to go to any place of public amusement in any dress that is suited for the street; provided it is not convenient for her to make a special toilet.



Ariel Basque.

BUST MEASURE, 31 INCHES.

USUAL SIZE FOR 14 YEARS OF AGE.

QUITE dressy in effect, although not difficult to make, this pretty basque—a pattern for which will be found in this magazine—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 middle of the front is covered with fine plaiting, giving a vest effect under a shield-shaped *plastron* which buttons over it. This design is adapted to any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed as illustrated, with rows of braid, or in any other style, according to taste and the material selected.

Half of the pattern is given, consisting of eight pieces—front, side gore, side form, back, *plastron*, collar, 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 space forward of the row of holes down the front is to be covered with fine perpendicular plaits. The holes in this *plastron* match with those near the front edge of the front, and the *plastron* is to be finished separately and buttoned over the plaiting. The extension on the front edge of the back piece is to be laid, according to the holes, in a plait turned toward the back on the inside. The extension on the back edge of the back piece is to be laid, according to the holes, in a plait turned toward the front on the inside. The back and side form seams are to be closed only as far down as the extensions on the back piece. The collar is to be sewed to the neck according to the notches, and rolled over but not pressed flat. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed at the shoulder seam. The inner seam is to be sewed only as far down as the extension, and is to be buttoned below.

Cut the fronts lengthwise of the goods on their front edges, and curve them in a little at the waist line in fitting if necessary. Cut the side gores, side forms, and back pieces with the grain of the goods in an exact line with the waist line. Cut the collar bias in the middle of the back; the *plastron* lengthwise, and the sleeves so that the parts above the elbows shall be the straight way of the goods.

This size will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three-quarters of a yard additional of the same width for the plaited *plastron*. Fifteen yards of braid will be sufficient to trim as illustrated.

This pattern is also in sizes for twelve and sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.



LADIES' STREET COSTUMES.

FIG. 1. The "Girola" costume, made in checked cloth, dark blue and golden brown, having a rough surface, and completed by a vest of dark blue velvet. This design possesses several novel points, and is particularly becoming and lady-like. The double illustration, given elsewhere, shows the arrangement of the back. Hat of blue *feutre velours*, trimmed with velvet and feathers of the same color and a gilt buckle, the brim faced with blue velvet in a full puff. Price of costume patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2. This figure represents one of the most popular designs of the season, the "Russian" redingote, or pelisse as it is sometimes called. It is made in very dark garnet Amazone cloth, trimmed on all the edges, up the front included, with a full plaited *ruche* of the same material pinked on the edges. It is perfectly tight-fitting, and can be worn

to complete a costume, or used as an independent garment with various suits or skirts; and is very stylish in the above material and color, or in any of the wool goods of the season or any of the dark colors. The same design is also used for velvet or velveteen, either lined throughout or faced with a contrasting color. Bonnet of garnet velvet in a modified poke shape, trimmed with tips of the same color, and a scarf of Algerienne goods, in which gold predominates, that also forms the strings. The illustration of the "Russian" redingote given among the separate fashions shows the arrangement of the front. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

NO YOUNG LADY feels that her wardrobe is complete this season without one of the new braided jackets in gray, brown, navy blue, or black.



Hungarian Basque.

THIS stylish basque is a plain cuirass shape cut in square tabs at the bottom, and is made of Rembrandt green Amazone cloth, all the edges finished with heavy silk cord of the same color, a *motif* of the same cord ornamenting each of the tabs on the bottom as well as on the sleeves, and heavy *fourragères* crossing the front. With it is worn a skirt made of shepherd's check cloth, dark green and white. It is an especially desirable design for all of the season's goods, and for independent basques to be worn with various skirts. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

The New Velvets and Plushes.

IT is a long time since anything so rich in fabric has been seen as the superbly embossed and embroidered velvets and plushes that enter, this season, into the composition of rich dresses, and particularly into that of elegant winter cloaks. Art and ingenuity seem to have been alike expended in the manufacture and subsequent elaboration of these textures; for, as if the rich design, in rich materials were not enough, the former is often enriched with embroidery in silk and cut beads, in a special manner, such as upon the sleeves, or in addition down the front and back,

or, in order to form a border, the work being done upon the fabric and in harmony with it, to heighten, not to break or mar the original design. When this is not the case, a magnificent lining, of a material almost equal to the outside, adds its mass of color to the general tone of the garment, which is further sustained by the beauty and cost of the ornaments and fastenings.

The large round spots which have been so popular among the plush effects, are still prevalent, but they are rarely seen in the simple raised surface of last season. There are half moons and disks in thick pile, in conjunction with an uncut residue, which is half in light and half in shadow. Leaf and flower designs are single and enormously large, or so grouped as to produce the effect of large single designs, and most lovely effects are produced in tracery as fine as lace. The lace effects in velvet upon satin grounds reappear, and are used for the fronts of handsome toilets, with trains of large flowered brocade or plain satin, or velvet, the color of the satin ground in the front of the dress. One made recently exhibited a lovely veil pattern of Valenciennes lace upon an amber ground. The train was of amber satin, and the sleeves and neck were trimmed with pearl embroidered lace.

LARGE LINEN COLLARS and cuffs embroidered upon the material in fine open worked patterns accompany cashmere dresses, embroidered upon the material.



Russian Redingote.—This simple and elegant design is suitable for cloths, flannels, and light woolen goods, as well as many other materials suitable for ladies' out-door garments. It consists of a tight-fitting redingote, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. The fullness of the skirt portion is increased by extensions at the side form and back seams, laid in box-plaits on the under side. The redingote is trimmed all around with a triple box-plaiting of the same material, forming a thick *ruche*, although any other style of trimming may be substituted, if preferred. It can be appropriately worn with a skirt made of the same or a different material. This garment is illustrated *en costume* on the plate of "Ladies' Street Costumes." Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



Valcour Jacket.

JAUNTY garment, made up in *ficelle* cloth, with the deep collar and lower basque skirt on the front of golden brown moleskin velvet, and the front ornamented with *brandebourgs* of brown silk cord. The double illustration, showing the arrangement of the back, will be found elsewhere. Hat of *ficelle* felt faced with brown velvet, and trimmed with a full cluster of brown tips and large loops of brown velvet. Price of jacket patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

The Winter Cloak.

THERE is great variety in the winter cloak, and it must indeed be a difficult taste that would not be suited in the multitude of devices. The simplest is the long cloth redingote, which interested readers will find illustrated in the present number, and the richest is the long

dolman cloak of embossed velvet or ribbed silk plush, lined with crimson silk plush or with quilted satin, and faced with finest fur. All the difference between twenty-five dollars and five hundred lies in these two garments; yet the first is not to be despised by any means; it is simple and practical, but not without a certain distinction, and it can be made elegant by being composed of a rich fabric, velvet or rich sicilienne, and trimmed with fine fur, instead of made of cloth, and bordered with a ruching of the material.

The redingote has to a certain extent superseded the ulster, and possesses a kind of quaintness imparted by the thick ruched bordering, which the other had not. It is also rather more dressy than the ulster, and better suited to winter walking and serviceable purposes, outside of water-proof requirements. It is, however, more exactly suited to autumn than to winter wear, that is to say, in our cold climate; for unless lined with flannel, the cloths suited to the ruched trimming would not be warm enough for severe weather; the difficulty might be gotten over, however, by using heavy cloth, and bordering it with fur. For the autumn season two grades are made, one of cloth in bottle green, claret, brown, or any dark or neutral shade, ruched with the material, and lined in the waist and sleeves only, and a finer style made of vigogne or chudah cloth, lined throughout with India twilled silk, and bordered with a triple ruching in thick dull satin, or silk with satin finish.

The "Mother Hubbard" cloaks have given place to a style that has more of the long pale-tot in it than the gown, and the loose sleeves are not gathered, but faced with the twilled silk of which the lining is composed, and which may show gold with red in it, or the ground color of the material—fawn or a dark color, with a little mixture of brighter, illuminating tints. They are a great convenience in traveling, because they can be used for dressing-room gowns as well as wraps, and to throw over an evening or theater dress, before ice and snow suggest a warmer covering.

Walking jackets, of course, hold their own against all new comers, but the winter cloak for the coming season will be a magnificent, though fortunately sufficiently varied garment.

"What to Wear."

THE 24TH SEMI-ANNUAL ISSUE.

THE unprecedented success of "WHAT TO WEAR" in the past, and the advance orders for the twenty-fourth semi-annual issue for the autumn and winter of 1882-83 make it certain that the present issue will be larger than at any former period. This valuable work, prepared with the greatest care and exactness, is a *vade mecum* for the merchant, the milliner and dressmaker, the mother, the house-keeper, and ladies generally. The character of the articles is such that there are few who can dispense with the information they convey. That "WHAT TO WEAR" fully supplies an urgent need, is attested by the immense demand, not only after publication, but the large orders received long in advance.



Immalee Basque.—Open in front over a cut-away vest, and tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, which forms a plaited postilion below the waist, this stylish basque is quite unique in its design. It is most effectively made up in combination, as illustrated, and requires no trimming except the rows of buttons. Any class of dress goods, excepting the thinnest, is suitable for this model. It combines nicely with the “Elrica” walking skirt, and is so illustrated on a single figure elsewhere. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Is it Hats or Bonnets?

HERE is not much that is novel in millinery this season, for the reason possibly, that invention has exhausted itself, and even the industrious searcher after historical ideas failed of finding a “picturesque novelty.” For several years past, women have been embarrassed with riches in the way of variety of hats and bonnets. The fact that the majority settle down to some one of the many designs offered, does not prevent the others from having a worn and hacked appearance, which ruins their claims, and prevents them from being accepted in the future. Manufacturers of bonnet shapes would find it to their interest to restrict the trade to a few shapes at any one time, and keep others in reserve, instead of loading down the market with a hundred, which more or less neutralize each other, and prevent each from making its due impression.

This year the bonnet prevails over the hat for very little girls and middle-aged as well as elderly women, while the large, picturesque hat or feather-trimmed turban is the choice of young ladies and girls from twelve years of age. There are many different shapes and sizes of bonnets, and oddly enough the large pokes and Mother-Hubbard styles are worn alike by old ladies and girls of six to ten or twelve; while the very small pokes or cap-crowned bonnets, with upright or rolled-over brims, are reserved for the youngest mites who can walk, and the no larger capote for their mammas. The large hats are of plush, beaver, and felt, in light and dark colors, and have flexible or irregular, rather than straight brims, which are becoming to round, full, and somewhat piquant, rather than handsome faces. Some are puffed with velvet upon the edge, others with plush, still others are faced with velvet of a darker color, and edged with flat gold braid, but all are trimmed with feathers or with pompons and large bows of ribbed velvet or satin ribbon, or ribbon spotted or figured with plush, usually arranged in soft loops, or a large Alsacian bow. Long plumes,

the ends concealed under three curled tips, form the most becoming, and, in fact, the only suitable trimming for large wide-brimmed hats. A charming hat for a girl of twelve is the “Doricourt;” it is of écu beaver, has a high, oval crown, and wide, irregular brim with border of plush. It has bands of silk galloon round the crown, and requires two bunches of pompons, or three ostrich feather tips curled toward the front to complete it.

Large Mother-Hubbard bonnets of black or dark green plush are lined with shirred pale pink satin, and are trimmed with a large Alsacian bow of satin ribbon, or with three full ostrich tips—one pink, two dark green or black. Capotes are made of beaded satin, with shirred brim—satin crowns, with netted chenille over them, and plain brims. Very handsome bonnets are of plain and figured plush; the crown of the figured fabric, the brim plain, and lined with pink, ruby, or old gold satin. Small ruby bonnets are very pretty in plush or velvet, ornamented with ruby feathers, and a simple cord of gold, and ruby silk braid to finish the edge. They make very pretty theater bonnets, and are a charming addition to a black cashmere dress, with trimming of handsome Spanish lace over ruby satin.

Large red felt hats are still seen trimmed with red feathers, and certain shades of terra-cotta are extremely becoming to yellow-haired blondes, much more so than to brunettes, who, however, may revel in the deeper cardinal tints. There is one comfort in the present, as in last winter's, styles, and that is in the fact, that old ladies, and all women who choose, may wear bonnets sufficiently large for comfort, and with projecting brims that protect the eyes and shade the face. The very small skull and capote bonnets possess a hold upon the affections of many, which nothing seems capable of shaking; but there is still a sufficient demand for the scuttle and poke, and Mother-Hubbard shapes, to render them more than admissible for any who choose to wear them; though as representative of the æsthetic ideas, they are not in the majority in conventionally fashionable circles.



Hungarian Basque.—This novel and elegant model is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The basque is of the same length all around, but slashed up to form long tabs somewhat like a “polka” basque. The coat sleeves and narrow military collar complete the model, which is adapted to any class of dress goods, especially to the light woolen fabrics for *demi-saison* and winter wear, and may be ornamented, as illustrated, with *fourragères* of twisted cords, or left plain, as preferred. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Artificial Light and its Effect upon Color.

MOST women know that a color presents a different tint by gaslight than in the day-time; but comparatively few are aware that the gain or loss depends upon the amount of yellow contained in the dye of the texture, whatever that is. Violet, which is the complementary color to yellow, is decomposed in gas-light; the blue disappears and it becomes red. Blue, if pure, then borders on green; if dark, it appears harsh and black; and if pale, it loses color and becomes gray. The faded blues, whose tint by day-light is without tone, under a yellow flame take a turquois hue; but turquois silk, which by sunlight is beautiful, loses its brilliancy and appears faded and dull. In ascending the scale of cold colors, yellow greens are among the prettiest for evening wear. Thus apple green is not far from emerald, and emerald, without changing tint, gains brilliancy and richness. Peacock green becomes yellowish by gaslight, the blue being destroyed in the strong light in which yellow materials, particularly satins, plushes, and silks, appear to best advantage. Amber, already beautiful, acquires richness; straw color slightly reddens in the folds; sulphur does not change; and pink—which, mixed with yellow, produces the salmon tint—disappears in the light to reassert itself in the shadows. But there is nothing perhaps more charming than maize; for, without losing its peculiar qualities, it gains an undefinable warmth of tint, and becomes exquisite. The same effect is produced in red shades, for the yellow glare of evening lights, which is so fatal to blue, enhances their tone and augments their splendor. Ruby is heightened in its beauty, particularly in plush materials; orange-red brightens; cerise approaches poppy; poppy, capucine, which in turn borders on orange. Orange takes a flame color. Black and white do not escape the action of artificial light. Blue blacks, those beautiful blacks so well named after the raven's wing, become dull and heavy, because they do not retain the blue shade which gives them life and depth. White, on the contrary, improves at night, and if faded revives. For this reason actresses often ask for a white that has lost its color, believing that the footlights will restore its lost brilliancy. A color which retains its charm is silver gray—always possessed of a certain distinction: it even gains a slightly rose colored hue; but should the gray contain a suspicion of blue, like pearl-gray, the blue tint is lost and the distinctive characteristic of pearl-gray disappears.

FINE BLACK CASHMERE COSTUMES are trimmed with terracotta, or ruby red, covered with black lace.

THE LARGE OPEN WORK CANVAS COLLARS and cuffs seen so plentifully in Paris for two seasons have made their appearance here, and bring high prices.

THE COMBINATION of red with navy blue is as fashionable as ever. Some pretty navy blue dresses of Indian cashmere are trimmed with several rows of small red buttons. These styles are particularly suited to misses.

THIS is the first number of the new volume (XIX.) of DEMAREST'S MONTHLY. Subscribers should renew immediately to prevent delay in the continuation, and club raisers should see their friends and patrons to secure subscriptions before the busy season.



House or Street Costume.

THE "Immalee" basque and "Elrica" walking skirt are combined to form this becoming costume, which is suitable either for home or street wear. It is made of dark terra-cotta camels' hair cashmere, embroidered with moon spots of the same color shaded from very dark to quite light, and plain camels' hair and velvet to match. The basque and front and sides of the skirt are composed of the embroidered material; the plain is used for the back drapery and the small plaits on the skirt, and the velvet forms the vest, inner collar, and upper parts of the cuffs. Both of these garments are thoroughly practical in design, and are well adapted to all the autumn and winter materials. They are both illustrated among the separate fashions. Basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt patterns, thirty cents.

MORNING GOWNS are nearly all made in shades of red or wine, trimmed with black or cream lace, or with only moire ribbons of the same shade, in long clustering loops.



Carmelita Overskirt.—Severely simple, yet graceful in effect and well adapted to heavy materials that drape gracefully, this overskirt consists of a long, draped apron, a full back drapery, and a box-plaited panel at each side. No trimming is illustrated on this model, but garniture may be added, if desired, to suit the taste and material selected, the design being suitable for almost any class of dress goods, especially woolen fabrics and softly-draping materials. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



Valcour Jacket.—Quite novel in design, this charming model is a double-breasted, tight-fitting jacket, with a dart in the middle of the front, a single dart in each side of the front, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The side forms and back pieces are cut the entire length of the garment, but the front is much shorter and has a separate basque skirt of contrasting material set underneath to give the required length. Coat sleeves cut a little wider at the bottom and lapped over at the wrist, and a deep, round collar complete the design, which is adapted to any of the fabrics usually selected for ladies' out-door garments and many classes of dress goods; and is especially suited to a combination of materials, as illustrated. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

French Novelties for Gifts and Decoration.

THE field of decorative work is constantly enlarging and receiving a fresh stimulus from the novel ideas put into it. Among late designs for sofa cushions upon satin are figures in groups, the clever effects of which are obtained by a combination of applied stuffs with painting and embroidery. Jewels are represented by bead work and gold thread, and the different parts of the design are so artistically interwoven, that at a distance it is extremely difficult to tell by what delicate manipulation the effects are produced.

Groups of figures upon squares of cretonne intended for fire screens are made into real pictures by the addition of embroidery in hair, gold thread, and applications of lace and real stuffs. Plush hassocks and footstools mounted upon gilt are richly ornamented with applied leather in leaf and flower designs, embroidered on with saddlers' twist and gilt thread. Others have ornamentation cut from plush and outlined with embroidery upon cloth or velvet.

Work or jewel stands are covered with plush, velvet, or cloth ornamented in this way, and by lifting the square top, which is surrounded by a ball fringe, a box is disclosed lined with quilted satin, the top of which forms a mirror with beveled sides, set in the under part of the lid. The standards of wicker or ebony are ornamented, and so also are the shelves which add to its convenience.

Chair scarfs are mainly of plush with rich applied ornamentation, and the colors mostly used are still the olive and bronze shades, the old, old gold, the garnet, the ruby, and wine color.

Dark rustic work-baskets or ribbon boxes are of dark

twigs closely woven into ornamental basket patterns, lined with quilted satin, and trimmed with olive or ruby chenille and dark satin ribbons. They are very handsome, but not cheap, anywhere from three to seven dollars, according to size and amount of decoration.

Enormous brass plaques are used for hall decoration; but for interiors there are surprising heads and figures beautifully painted upon china, and known as royal Hungarian ware. It disputes the palm just now with the French wares decorated with applied flowers and foliage, and is greatly admired by many who do not like the brittle floral projections upon a china surface. The ware is not confined to plaques; it is seen in jars, jugs, vases, and many other decorative forms. A frosting of gold distinguishes it as part of its body finish and renders it costly.

Some lovely lace-pins show great novelty in design, as well as extreme daintiness and delicacy of workmanship. One forms a tiny gold hat with feather in solid silver, set with minute pearls. The opposite end of the pin shows a minute enameled parasol. Another design has the hat and feather with a sword handle at the opposite end. There are bars with rows of enamelled flies; twigs with tiny silver leaves, in the midst of which an enamelled wasp is perched upon a delicate flower. Fans with tiny silver sticks set with seed pearls, and mounted with pretty Rhine stones of graduated sizes. There are also brilliant ornaments for the hair, and sets consisting of necklace and earrings of sterling silver so finely wrought, and so minutely cut, as to glitter like diamonds. The forms are round like antique buttons with raised tracery, or like the pretty edelweiss. It must be said, however, that most of the patterns noted are imported in small quantities and cannot be duplicated.



Misses' Costumes.

FIG. 1. Myrtle green camels' hair serge, trimmed with bands of plush of the same color, composes this handsome costume—the "Adazetta"—for a miss of fourteen years. It is decidedly novel in design, the coat-shaped back falling over a very full drapery, and the sash drapery on the front concealing the lower edge of the basque. The trimming on the front gives the effect of a Breton vest, and the trimming of cords and buttons is one of the most popular styles of the season's garnitures. At the neck is worn a tie of *batiste* *écru*, trimmed with flat Valenciennes lace, and the costume is completed by a most becoming hat of *ficelle* felt, trimmed with feathers of the same color, and faced with myrtle green velvet. *Ficelle* mousquetaire gloves. The pattern of the costume is in two sizes, for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2. The "Ariel" basque and "Giudetta" skirt are combined to form this costume, suitable either for house or street wear for misses from twelve to sixteen years of age. It is made of fine checked Cheviot, in which very dark olive green, dark green, and golden brown are mixed, combined with plain Cheviot, in which the colors are so mingled as to produce a slightly changeable effect. The plaited vest and the long-looped bow are of olive green Surah, and the costume is completed by a shirred collar of white *batiste* trimmed with Oriental lace, and finished by a large bow of dark red Surah ribbon. Both of the designs are illustrated among the separate fashions. They are both in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Basque patterns, twenty cents each size. Skirt patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



Josie Dress.—This charming little dress is arranged with a full skirt, box-plaited in front and shirred at the back, joined to a half-fitting waist with double-breasted sacque fronts. A separate basque skirt is added on the front and sides, and a deep collar and cuffs complete the dress. This design is suitable for almost any of the goods used for children's dresses, and may be worn either by little boys or girls. A combination of materials, as illustrated, is the most effective way of making. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years of age. Price, twenty cents each.

Portfolio of Fashions.

LADIES who use paper patterns know how difficult it was at one time to form any correct idea of the way a design would appear when made up; and many a nice piece of silk or woollen goods has been spoiled, by being cut after a pattern which was found unsuited to its purpose, or the taste of the wearer.

This danger exists no longer; not only are paper patterns furnished with illustrations which reproduce them in facsimile, but our "Portfolio" enables every lady to choose for herself, from clear, enlarged figures just the model which will be likely to suit her style, height, figure, etc. It is a boon indeed which no lady who uses patterns should be without. Sent on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps. Address, Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th Street, New York, or any of Mme. Demorest's Agencies.

Children's Fashions.



RESSES for girls can hardly be accused of simplicity this year, especially the dress of little girls, it is indeed very elaborate, made of rich materials and highly ornamented. This is at least the case with imported suits, and the "home-made" designs are equally effective, though perhaps showing less of the fine shirring and hand-work which is done so cheaply abroad. A dress for a girl of twelve in three shades of bronze and olive satin and plush, is trimmed with real duchess lace, and is one hundred dollars. Another of electric blue Surah, trimmed with Irish point, is seventy-five dollars—high figures for a single "best" dress for a little miss.

A very stylish dress is of ribbed plush in two shades of red, with a satin skirt covered entirely with very narrow plaited ruffles, in which the two shades of the plush are alternated. A jabot of lace surrounds the neck and extends down the front. Shirred satin fronts are much used for girls with velveteen or wool for the back and sides.

The satin is shirred down to the line of a deep vest, then puffed, then shirred again, and finished with a deeper sagging puff above the knife-plaiting. The long coat sleeves of such a dress will be of the principal material, with a graduated puff of satin let in over the elbow. Dresses of ficelle colored wool are combined with seal-brown satin, and trimmed with ficelle colored lace. The designs are all princess, or consist of trimmed skirts and jackets, or basques.

Long plush sacques, trimmed with cords across the front, and with cords as a finish upon the edges, are very fashionable for girls of ten and twelve. A wonderfully stylish outdoor dress consists of a sacque of bronze plush, and bonnet with large bronze plush crown to match, and drawn satin brim lined with shirred pink satin. Bonnets are quite a novelty for little girls and wonderfully quaint with high or upright crowns, and brims turned back. The finest of these are made in white velvet felt, or corded silk, or velvet, the brim faced with shirred satin, and cape and trimmings formed of corded silk shirred double, so as to show an uncut upright fringe. Large hats are still used, but they are less quaint than the "Mother-Hubbard" bonnets.

Dark checks and plaids are good school and ordinary dresses, with cloth jackets trimmed with military braid. Or a redingote may be employed over a figured skirt made up plain, as in the "Orilla" costume illustrated in the present number. A very practical and serviceable design for a young lady of sixteen will be found in the "Adazetta" costume, which consists of a tight-fitting frock coat and walking skirt, the latter having a draped apron and back finish above a deep kilting.

The "Giudetta" skirt furnishes an example of checked combination with plain wool, and with this may be used the "Ariel" basque, with border and plaited vest of checked wool. The "Josie" dress is coat and dress in one, and may be made of plaid wool trimmed with plush or velvet; the wool cut on the cross both for skirt and upper part. The back of the skirt gives an example of deep shirring, the front is laid in box plaits.

Large collars are as much used as ever for girls and also for little boys, specially with dark velveteen suits. Hosiery is very dark and in plain colors, and underwear is made whole, so that there is no unequal distribution of heat-producing material over the body.

NEW AND STYLISH WRAPS are made of rough ruby or brown cloth, bordered with fur, and faced with satin on the inside.



Orilla Costume.—Simplicity and elegance are happily combined in this stylish costume, which consists of a redingote with draped back, and a short, gored walking skirt made perfectly plain. The redingote is open in front with long skirt pieces, which are joined to a tight-fitting basque having 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 back drapery is quite *bouffant*, and is draped partly on the skirt and partly on the basque. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years of age. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Giudetta Skirt.—Arranged with a very graceful but irregular drapery over a short, gored skirt, trimmed with a box-plaited flounce around the bottom. This stylish skirt is not at all difficult to make. The apron of the overskirt is draped quite high, a little to the right of the middle of the front, falling away in a rounded shape toward the right, while in the middle of the front and at the left side it is arranged to produce a square effect, and the back drapery is looped differently at the sides, falling in a deep point toward the right side. Although suitable for quite handsome materials, any class of dress goods may be employed for this design, which is especially adapted to a combination of materials as illustrated. This is illustrated in combination with the "Ariel" basque from the plate of "Misses' Costumes." Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each size.



Adazetta Costume.—This stylish design consists of a short gored skirt trimmed with a deep plaiting around the bottom, a *bouffant* back drapery, and a short apron draped across the front of a tight-fitting coat, which has 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. Bands of contrasting material furnish an appropriate trimming, and the front is trimmed with two bands of the same about two inches and a quarter wide crossed with braided frogs. This design is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, and may be worn in the street without any outer wrap. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years of age. Price, twenty-five cents each size

Our Purchasing Bureau

buys any thing from a bib to a brown-stone house, and is very successful in pleasing its clientele as the following letters will show :—

“LOS ANGELES, Cal. }
“September 1st, 1882. } ”

“DEAR MME. DEMAREST :—

“I was much pleased on my return yesterday from the sea-coast, to find the box by express awaiting my arrival. Doctor, anticipating its contents, opened it, and forwarded by check, on the National Bank of New York, \$100, the amount due on bill, which I inclose to be receipted.

“The dress is indeed, ‘very stylish and pretty,’ perfect in fit and appointments. I feel each time that I am the recipient of your taste and judgment, less and less inclined to use my own. You captivated Doctor’s admiration completely in this last selection, and he wishes more than ever that he could picture the attractions of California glowingly enough to tempt you to make a visit among us.

“With thanks for your trouble, believe me,
“Very truly yours,
“M. C. O.”

“STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

“DEAR MME. DEMAREST :—

“I have been a purchaser, off and on, of your corsets for the past fifteen years. Occasionally I have determined, in some severe fit of economy, to try cheaper ones, and have done so to my own mortification and regret. The last that I received from you are so perfect in fit and workmanship,

such a comfort after a pair I had been wearing, which were lower-priced, but had nothing else to recommend them, that I have determined never again to wear any others but yours. There is only one suggestion I have to make in regard to them, for in ease, pliability, adjustability to the form, and every other respect they are every-thing which could be desired, this is in regard to the breaking through of the bones. I easily remedy mine by feather-stitching over the worn places, but why not feather-stitch them in the first place and thus please many who perhaps do not like feather-stitching as well as I do?

“B. B. B.”

Contents of Mme. Demorest’s Twenty-fourth Semi-annual What to Wear, and How to Make it.

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WHAT TO WEAR, AND HOW TO MAKE IT, is a large octavo, of 128 pages, mailed free on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps. Address, MME. DEMAREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York, or any of Mme. Demorest’s Branches.

GIRLS OF TWELVE TO SIXTEEN still cling to the large hat ; but there are the daintiest pokes, and the quaintest “Mother-Hubbard” bonnets for the wee women of two and upwards.



"Mrs. L. S. I."—Straw parasols are a novelty not yet obtainable in any of the shops; the very few seen have been imported, or brought over by ladies from abroad. There are large straw fans which are decorated and used interchangeably as fans, sun-shades, or fire screens: these may be obtained at some of the fancy stores for the sale of imported articles.

"C. W."—The fringe of your long shawl could be replaced by application to the shawl department of some such house as Arnold, Constable & Co., of this city, who make a specialty of the restoration of fine India shawls.

"SUBSCRIBER."—You mistake the object of this department, which is not intended to be an advertising medium. To obtain a situation of any kind it is better to apply to and through the usual channels.

"S. S. II."—Plain cashmere and cashmere finished flannel are best for a child of that age, and you cannot do better than select white, gray blue, and dull buff, or stone-colored shades. If you can embroider them, so much the better: if not, trim with white Belgian lace in robe fashion, cut off in a square at the neck, and with long sleeves. Over this you may arrange a full apron set in a narrow square yoke which forms a mere strap over the shoulder. The apron may be of white over the blue or buff, and red over the white or stone-color. Her bonnet should be a small gypsy, shading the face. Her cloak, a sack, close cut, of Sicilienne trimmed with lace.

"LOVER OF DEMOREST."—You can combine brocade, satin, or plush with your plain black silk; and use the "Clementine" walking skirt with any good coat or postilion basque.

"FURNITURE."—The most difficult part of the process is the sand-papering to get the blistered surface off. When that is done, rub thoroughly over, and over again with "crude" oil, to be obtained at most furniture dealers, and of any druggist. When this is well dried in, apply oil and vinegar, and repeat this process if necessary. This is much better than "varnish," and will give a finer finish, if the wood-work is, as you say, handsome. The tapestry patterns in furniture covering are the most desirable. It would be obviously unfair to give the names of dealers in this department. You must examine and select for yourself.

"C. L."—The "Octavia" is a very pretty design for a gray cashmere for a girl of fourteen, and the "Olivia" for the lawn dress. Mitts are quite suitable for evening concerts and other entertainments in summer; but in the fall and winter, in a city at least, they would be replaced by long gloves. Light gloves are not now obligatory; they may be black, red, gray, or tan-color. It depends on the costume. Lisle thread of the best quality are just as good, and better than kid for certain purposes; but of course they do not rank as high as kid, and are never properly used for dress, or visiting, or church wear.

"Mrs. D. M. A."—We hope to be able to fulfill the wishes of our numerous subscribers in the January number. The postal laws compel the binding in of the picture.

"GERTRUDE."—You cannot do better than study our department of "Home Art, and Home Comfort." It is entirely original, and the designs are the special studies of a graduate of the Kensington Art School, and a trained teacher who was also one of the original founders of the New York Art Decorative School and Society. In a note accompanying the designs in the present number, Miss Ward says: "I enjoy making them, for they mean first a walk in the woods and fields for the flowers, then painting in water colors of half a dozen or more studies, then drawing, and lastly working somewhat with the needle, and then at last they go to the magazine."

"Mrs. L. M. N."—We should advise a handsome combination of velvet and wool for the wedding-dress, with hat to match: one that could be worn as a church and visiting dress. One good black silk, plain, a wine-colored or garnet morning dress, and an evening or dinner dress of écreu silk or satin, trimmed with ruby velvet, and white (interior) lace. The wedding-dress may be very dark myrtle green with velvet to match; hat faced with velvet, and trimmed with one red, and two full dark green ostrich feathers, velvet folds and bow. A pretty evening bonnet may be made of Spanish lace, and clusters of pink roses: a Spanish lace scarf is excellent, used for this purpose. The "Clermont" and "Rodolpha" are new and excellent models for walking costumes. The "Belocca" train is suitable for an evening dress, and with it may be combined the Gilda basque.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—The habit of building up the bed very high at the head is very uncomfortable and excessively inconvenient. It is not entirely discontinued, but the adoption of the low French brass bedsteads by refined people, has brought about the revival of the long, handsome bolster cases, and pillow slips, neatly or richly wrought upon the

linen. German linen is being imported which is never used as "shams," but as covers, and thus it is the fashion to ornament with outline embroidery in colors upon the ends of cases, and across the top of sheets, the color being selected in art tints, and in harmony with the decoration of the room. Shams have now become so very common, and are used so much to cover up negligence, that refined housekeepers only use lace that can be seen through, combined with satin ribbon, for the purpose of supplementary covers, when they use them at all.

"Mrs. A. H. M."—You can get it at art furnishing stores.

"Mrs. M. M."—We should prefer white Sicilienne trimmed with plush, next to that pale écreu merino lined and trimmed with satin: the inside quilted, the outside trimming covered with white lace.

"DIDAPHOSON."—Mason's self-sealing jars are as good as any, and as economical as they are satisfactory in other respects. We have never experienced any trouble in filling them. Keep them filled with hot water till ready to fill with fruit. Then pack the fruit close, while it is still very hot, and pour over the syrup, which should be allowed to thicken a little after the fruit has been removed. Fill full, seal immediately, and there will be no perceptible shrinkage.

"E. A. GILLET, M.D.," would like to know the whereabouts of Miss Dorothea Dix, the lady, who had charge of the hospitals during the last war. If she is still alive, perhaps one of our subscribers may be able to inform her. Mrs. Gillet's address is Box 353 Butte City, Montana Territory.

"CATHERINA."—The coat has taken the place of the ulster; the "Hamilton" is the latest style; this answers the purpose of the ulster and waterproof, and is more dressy. A satin brocaded with pansies would be very suitable, and possibly obtainable. Nothing could be better. Tan-color is too dark for nun's veiling; it would not look well in the evening; better get a lighter tint. The embroidery would be very effective if a trimming of lace were added to it. Shirred waists are still worn, and very becoming to slender figures. Nun's veiling, or Surah combined with silk, or India muslin, are the only materials you could get to come within the price. Cream-color would suit you admirably. Get cream nun's veiling and trim with loops of ivory moire ribbon, and white lace put on full. Drape over the hips, and make it with numerous little flounces. Wear your hair coiled at the back, and quite low, simply crimped in front.

"RUSTIC."—Mrs. Langtry is the daughter of a reverend dean, and a native of the island of Jersey. After her marriage, she was taken to London, where her extraordinary sweetness, beauty, and intelligence made her a great success. Her husband's fortune has been sacrificed to the Irish troubles, which is the reason why she went on the stage.

"Mrs. D. W."—The "Salviati" glass takes its name from Dr. Salviati, the famous Venetian art worker in mosaics and precious stones. It is remarkable not only for the richness of its ornamentation and curious effects of color, but for its thinness and lovely antique forms.

"H. L. N."—Handsome wine-colored velveteen would be just what is required for a deep basque or jacket to wear with your granite woolen skirt.

The tradition is, that the eyes of Belisarius were put out, and that he was compelled to beg charity, saying, "*dote obolum Belisario* (give Belisarius a penny). He gave up his youth to his country, helped to make the Roman name glorious, and, in the end, was stung by the serpent, ingratitude. This, probably, is the meaning of the picture.

"J. A."—The proper reading is as if the *j* were *y*; but the correct spelling is *maiolica*, which has been Anglicised, Majolica.—Thanks; you will find the item under its heading.

"Mrs. E. N. K."—You need not be alarmed. If the girl has a naturally good mind she will soon become tired and disgusted with the light, ephemeral stuff which is turned out in such amazing quantities by the mere stringers of words. But a craving for the superficial excitement of an irrational story must not be set down as a "taste" for reading. *That* is capable of wise direction; and still, as before remarked, if a girl has, in addition to this taste, a good and active mind, she will soon crave nutriment for it. It is not always wise, however, to begin with the finest authors, or such as tower over heads and shoulders of their contemporaries; the young mind cannot take the greatness in; it seems like obscurity and dullness. Among the most charming books for girls are those of Mrs. Charles, the author of the "Schonberg Cotta Family;" Charlotte Brontë's works, particularly her "Shirley," "Professor." Mrs. Gaskell's (Miss Brontë's biographer) and Mrs. Oliphant's. Every girl ought to read Harriet Martineau's autobiography, and make a study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Most useful and fascinating books for girls are the illustrated studies of places, such as Macquoid's Brittany, Pleasant Places about Oxford, and the like; they impart much information, and stimulate a love of places, and things of importance, instead of wasting interest and time over unrealities which could not exist, and ought not if they could. Taine's English Literature (two volumes) is a work which ought to be read aloud in the family circle or reading class, and discussed. It is not true in all its conclusions, or just, but it is wonderfully comprehensive and accurate, considering that it was written by a stranger to the language, and has taken its place as among the best and most thought-

ful as well as vivacious critical works in existence. Emerson and Ruskin are delightful authors for family or class reading and discussion, because they furnish so much that is suggestive to think and talk about. A girl should begin George Eliot by reading very carefully her "Romola," which is, in fact, a carefully finished picture of the great Italian leader "Savonarola," and to our thinking, the most purely artistic of all George Eliot's works, as her "Middlemarch" was the most subtle and scientific, a product of the intellectual dissecting-room and the knife. Every girl should copy, or learn by heart those wonderful lines of George Eliot, beginning: "O may I join that choir invisible."—Your letter was mislaid, which will account for the delay in answering.

"MISS ADA S."—The fall and winter number of "What to Wear" is ready on October 1st.

"TEXAS."—Your brother has doubtless become possessed of an old and valuable violin. "Gio Paola Magini" is the name of the maker, for *Fecit*, after it, is the Latin for he made, or executed it. 1691 is the date of its production.

"AUGUSTA."—Sä-vo-nä-ro-la.

"INEZ."—Your brown velvet will do very nicely made in the way you suggest. Lay the skirt in box-plaits and let it hang straight at the back. Make your basque as deep as the material will allow, and trim with a double row of small round bronze buttons. Cut your basque round like a jersey. Your cream nun's veiling will be fashionable next summer, and may be embroidered in straight bands, and small double apron for the front, straight, or slightly rounding as you prefer. A nasturtium vine, or small convolvuli, with leaves—sweet pea, or clover pattern—are all pretty and graceful; if you want something more conventional, you may choose starry daisies, or pendant fuchsias, all in natural colors; at the art school and stores the proper shades are selected with the patterns.

"MRS. A. D. S."—You should send your P. P. C. cards to all visiting friends, not to mere acquaintances.

"MRS. A. L. B."—We can furnish you a copy of the magazine with portrait of Queen Louise, on transmission of order, accompanied by twenty-five cents. But we give many fine pictures, not to speak of the valuable reading matter, throughout the year, and the cheapest and best thing you can do is to invest the small sum of \$2.00 and become the happy possessor of the whole.

"H. M. F. S."—We can suggest nothing but the dye-house; the shade of green is unwearable nowadays.

"CARMELITA."—The goods are all modern and wearable, the *écru* woollens particularly so; the tan-colored poplin is out of date, but poplin of any kind is not now fashionably worn. The garnet cashmere is good, and the silk and wool ivory tissue very suitable for overdress for evening wear. You can get rice powder of any first-class druggist. Of the woollens one is a twilled beige, another figured worsted, the other a cotton and wool mixed suiting. We have no agency in the city of Mexico, but have reason to believe that one might be successfully established there.

"MRS. S. M."—Various ornamental stands, small easels, imitation church doors and windows, and grottos with doors are used for holding cabinet photographs; the prices range from ten cents to ten dollars and upward.

"WASHANCE."—Mrs. Carter, Broadway, New York City, supplies patterns and materials for point lace; better address her, near 20th street. Put garnet or wine colored velvet, or "Nonpareil" velveteen with your pongee, employing it as a scant flounce, vest, or papiers, and flat collar, also as a broad loop at the back, to finish the drapery. Select a dark shade, and it would reduce rather than increase your apparent size.

"C. H. L."—We do not know of any boarding-school that is at once cheap and good as you desire. Is not the best plan in such a case to take advantage of the public, high, and normal schools of the State? They are infinitely better than poor boarding-schools, where the girls are deprived of all home influences, and simply herd.

"UNSOPHISTICATED."—You can doubtless manage a white dress, if you wish it very much, out of four hundred dollars, but we should advise you not to sacrifice really valuable and permanently useful articles to a white dress, unless you go into society and will need it for gay occasions afterward. Should your wedding take place in the morning there will be no need of it. A morning wedding, if a full dress affair, needs to be very elaborate indeed—white satin, moire, brocade, or all combined and every detail in harmony—this walks a long way into a couple of hundred dollars, and is often of little use afterward. If you avoid the white you can afford a handsome reception dress which you can utilize for your wedding-dress, and supplement it with traveling dress and hat to match; one handsome dark or black dress, silk or cashmere, for church and day visiting, a flannel walking suit, and a morning house dress of flannel or cashmere. Should you decide on a white, have cashmere and saïin, or nun's-veiling, trimmed with satin and white lace, and one handsome garnet or wine colored silk, a dark blue flannel and a gray blue, or peacock-blue house-dress. Should you have a black silk skirt, or one to make over, make to wear with it a basque or jacket of ruby velvet; they are very pretty—trim with double row of small buttons.

A jaunty and very stylish little walking suit may be made by combining a military double-breasted jacket with a plaid skirt, kilted and trimmed on the bias. You will want hats, gloves, hosiery, handkerchiefs, a "Hamilton" redingote, and trunks and satchels, besides many accesso-

ries which grow with the acquisition of certain other things. Do not try to compass too much, but have everything good so that it will be a pleasure to use and remember.

"ELDEST SISTER."—Your cards should be printed Miss Jones. Your sister's simply Charlotte or Mary Jones, as the case may be.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—The new color for shades is a yellowish wood color—a sort of ash, which gives a yellow tone to the rooms when the shades are down, as if sunlight was shining through. Shades are uniform throughout a house: curtains differ. For parlor windows there are all kinds from satin covered with real lace, worth hundreds, perhaps thousands of dollars, to Madras muslin and "scrim," trimmed with "antique" (linen) lace. Either of the latter make pretty curtains, both for parlor and sleeping-rooms, for they can be obtained in a widely different range of styles and prices, with wide insertions and borders of lace, or plain, or simply edge, inexpensively. All curtains are now hung from poles, with hooks and rings; after the poles are put up they are very easily adjusted. For a library, or winter sitting-room that is well lighted, there is nothing better than curtains of crimson rep, suspended from ebonized or black walnut poles. They impart at once a look warm and inviting.

"A NEW SUBSCRIBER."—Get cashmere, or opera-finished flannel for your baby's dresses, pale salmon or ruby, peacock-blue and fawn. Embroider them with the color or trim them with a pretty embroidery braid. Make his best of pale blue or ivory cashmere, and trim with white lace. Use any short, simple little princess pattern, 2133 or 2134, and vary your style and trimming, putting the lace insertions on flat and using no elaborate puffing. A knitted cap of soft, white wool, lined with white silk will be best for his head, or white plush if he goes out in the cold, white plush sack also for his coat, lined with white opera flannel. The "Rodolpha," or "Aletta" costumes, would either make you an excellent and seasonable, as well as serviceable costume. For a permanent cloak we should advise a pelisse, the "Hildegard," or "Dauphine," and made up in reversible cloth, they are not expensive, while they are very warm as well as stylish.

"J. V."—Would be glad to learn the method of any correspondent who has had a practical experience in crystallizing grasses.

"MARIGOLD."—Painting on glass is a difficult process hardly to be undertaken by an amateur. The design is first made in drawing upon the colorless surface, then the mineral paints are laid on with the finest care, through the medium of a volatile oil, and then the glass is exposed to a heat sufficiently powerful to absorb the colors into their own composition, yet not destroy the work, or the substance upon which it is executed. Of course it requires care and experience.

"HELEN B."—The special features of what is popularly known as the "Swiss" costume, consist of a low, square cut, black velvet bodice laced in front, and strapped over the shoulder above a white muslin high waist, with full sleeves, short stuff skirt, trimmed with two rows of black velvet, and gay apron, striped, or in a high contrasting color to the skirt, which should be dark blue. But in reality the Swiss peasant dress differs in some particulars in every canton, and the head-dress is peculiarly marked and indicative of the district from whence it emanates. Some consist of small black silk caps, with huge hat-like bows, others are white-winged, and still others consist of caps, round, peaked, square, or with tall, fan-shaped fronts. The most characteristic hat to wear with a Swiss costume, apart from these distinctive styles, is a round hat of straw, with straight brim, and a single band of ribbon round the crown. Low shoes and white stockings. The bodice is sometimes of cotton, the same material as the skirt; sleeves full, half short; kerchief tucked in the front.

"GRACE."—There two ways of embroidering a woollen dress, one is to work straight bands which can be applied as trimming, the other to have the dress cut out, and the stamping executed or the design drawn on the apron, the collar, the cuffs, or wrists, and a straight piece for the trimming of the basque. A vest may be also embroidered, a fashionable method this season being to make the front plain and embroider it in a pyramidal design, and then extend the embroidery to form a Breton plastron upon the front. These differences are matters of taste and choice, and the design, both of the dress and trimming, depends upon the selection. Materials, too, depend largely upon the style and pattern chosen. A choice of patterns can nearly always be found where stamping is done, and the proper colors and shading suggested. In our department of Home Art and Home Comfort will be found, from time to time, lovely patterns, original and artistically conceived for every description of embroidery, executed by a lady, who, when she wishes to embroider a dress for herself, draws the pattern with a pencil as she works. "Grace" would have liked the picture she made last spring in a dress of gray-blue wool, daintily, not profusely, wrought with hepaticas in the shade of the wool. Just a light vine upon the slightly rounded apron, upon the back of the small cape and at the wrists, which were destitute of cuffs. The pattern was drawn and the work done in parts of two evenings.

Your sample of reversible silk is very pretty. It would make over well with dark, bronze-green wool, or with wine-color. The "Rodolpha" is a new and good design for an embroidered costume. If you do not wish to use wool with your silk, make a deep, plain basque of velvet or velveteen, in the colors named.