

NO. CCXV.]

DECEMBER, 1882.

[VOL. XIX., NO. 2.

❧ BACHELOR BRINDLE'S CHRISTMAS. ❧

BY HATTIE WHITNEY.

"Be merry now, be merry now
With joy bring in the holly bough ;
With song and feast and smiling brow——."

BACHELOR BRINDLE gives the half-burned log in the fire-place a kick that sends the red sparks flying, and wonders crustily where that bit of rhyme strung on a half-forgotten fragment of melody, comes from, and how it happens to chant itself to him so persistently to-night. It is a dismal night. Outside, a high east wind shrieks and squeals, skirmishes around corners and echoes away dolefully in every stray cavernous retreat and nook. Within bursts of tawny and scarlet flame light up bachelor Brindle's favorite apartment, big, low-ceiled, and comfortable, yet wearing the air of careless disorder peculiar to a bachelor's apartments.

And bachelor Brindle, listening to the wind's boisterous whistlings and plaintive minor chords, becomes cross-grained, and even misanthropical.

"Song and feast," he mutters grumbly, "holly etc ! Humph. Gammon ! Where's any holly, and who'd go dragging round in this slush and sleet to bring it in ? What's set me to thinking of——."

"Christmas eve," chants the tea-kettle swinging briskly over the blaze.

"Crickey !" is bachelor Brindle's reprehensible exclamation, "so it is. I like to have forgot it."

As if sprinkled with some subtle, magic powder, the firelight, flickering, quivering, dancing, suddenly lights a path across the floor, through the cottage walls, beyond the murk and mist, far into the past, where a cheery Christmas fire is burning ; there are busy hands and hurrying feet and merry voices ; there is an intoxicating flavor of holiday cheer ; there is song and gladness ; there are bright eyed cousins, troops of relatives and friends, and radiant among all, a romping, black-eyed girl with a turned up nose, who wore a scarlet jacket——.

"And had temper enough for two," grunts bachelor Brindle. There is a dim spot in the path of light. "Half your fault," sings the tea-kettle cheerfully. "More than half," snorts the wind belligerently, coming in a puff down the chimney to back the tea-kettle. "'Twas, 'twas, 'twas."

A momentary lulling of the aggressive wind, and a soft sputtering in the red coals brings bachelor Brindle's mind back to his present lot.

"Snow," he mutters with a shudder. "Time was when the idea brought only foolishly bright visions of sleigh-rides with *her*, of frolics and fun, and — oh, what's the use ? They're all gone, she among the rest, and I'm a forlorn old soul with no one to so much as cook a Christmas dinner for me—unless I could coax Aunt Nancy over. Christmas eve ! bless us. What an old wretch I was to forget it."

Bachelor Brindle gives the fore stick a discontented poke, and turns to light the tall lamp on the shelf, then brings forth his old-fashioned brown Bible, and once more follows the sweet story of the beautiful Babe and the first Christmas morning, while without, the wind tosses and whirls its fleecy white burden about at its own erratic will.

* * * * *

"Ugh ! what a depressingly *un*-Christmas evening, Christmas eve !"

Mab Lacy caught her breath, and clutched at her veil with both hands, as the rampant gale charged with millions of sleety needles swooped around a corner and nearly blew her off the steps of the grim, tall, narrow-chested house with its gray-green shutters, the bit of white paper tacked against its door bearing the faded notice "Furnished Rooms for Rent," revealing its nature and characteristics.

"Shelter is shelter, such a night as this, if it is the waste and desert gloom of Malone's establishment with its mackerel-scented halls and roachy corners," she continued, plunging into the shadows of the long, dim hall, and feeling in the dark for her door-knob ; "with all its faults it is a haven of refuge from——Mercy, Peggy ! What are you tumbling my furniture about and slopping up my oil-cloth for ? And whose is this big barn of a trunk ?"

The stout maid-of-all-work, on her knees by the desolate little box-stove, arose with a red flannel floor-loth in one hand, and a bar of yellow soap in the other, eyed Mab doubtfully, tried to scratch her eye with her elbow, and failing, gave her broom-like head a random rub with the soap, and answered :—

"New feller comin' to-morrow ; and Miss Malone sayed as how you hadn't paid yer rent this week, an' bein' gentlemen preferred—'cause they don't muss things up acookin' in

their rooms, an' not wantin' to lose a shore payin' roomer, an'—an'—."

"But, Peggy, to-morrow's Christmas!" Mab sat down on the strange trunk, clasping her damp, gloved hands in helpless bewilderment.

"That's what I know," said Peggy rubbing her ear with the soap, "but Miss Malone she says how the rent ain't paid an'—"

"But I was going to pay it next week, and would have last week if I hadn't been sick and not able to work, as I told her."

"That's so. But I reckon the' ain't no use in raisin' a fuss," said Peggy, philosophically, "he's done paid her a month's rent, and she's tuck it. She sayed anyhow, she reckoned you was more of a lady'n to want to stay wher' you weren't wanted. But he won't come till mornin', you can stay to-night."

"But what am I going to do then?"

"Room-rentin' agency down yander," said Peggy, indicating the direction by a flirt of the floor-cloth.

Mab opened her flat little pocket book and shook its contents into her lap. "Peggy," said she, "how many rooms could I rent for a dollar and a half?"

"Dunno," answered Peggy, with easy vagueness as she picked up her bucket of suds and departed.

"Nor care," added Mab to herself, leaning her head against the cold, white wall of her little bed-room, "neither does any one else in the world. How different from the old Christmas-eves in the country, when royal fires roared on every hearth, and everybody was kin to everybody else, before so many of them died, or left the dear, peaceful, stupid old Hollow—and I among them. And now there is scarcely one left who would know me—only Aunt Nancy Dawson, who would have been my aunt really now, if Ben and I could have kept our tempers till the wedding-day. Ah, well *he* has forgotten me, but Aunt Nancy might be glad to see me, and—yes, a dollar and a half will take me to the Hollow. I'll go. The room is mine to-night, and sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. I will trust in the Father of the fatherless, who leads us on by paths we know not of."

* * * * *

"Aunt Nancy—Aunt Na-an-cy!"

"Dear sakes! don't shriek a body all in pieces, you Ben Brindle; what you after?"

The door of the little deep-eyed kitchen flew open, letting out a scent of boiling coffee into the clear December air; a blue linsy skirt cleared the open passage-way, and Aunt Nancy Dawson popped into the sitting-room, armed with a broom which she at once proceeded to devote to the obliteration of the string of powdery tracks left by her nephew across the striped rag carpet. "Knoved there'd be tracks wherever ther' was a man," observed the little woman, whisking away briskly, "what y' out so early fer?"

"We-el" said the old bachelor rather dolorously, "you see the long and short of it is, I'm lonesome, Aunt Nancy—awful lonesome."

"Jest what you orto be," returned Aunt Nancy, with blunt candor, "y' own fault. I've told you to get married forty times, ain't I?"

"But—there ain't any one left to marry, round here as I know of."

"Fiddle! ain't ther' the wider Barley?"

"Y-es, there's the wider Barley," said Mr. Brindle, doubtfully, "but you know she *does* weigh most three hundred, and *is* kind of curious and cross-grained like."

"There's Melissy Hicks; a lovely housekeeper—couldn't get a better."

"N-o; she's *too* good. A feller could never get a bit of

rest 'long as she could find a straw or a ravelling to fuss about. Wants every-thing in straight rows and no crooks nowhere. She'd put strings to all the young ones she could find and run 'em up on poles like butter beans if she could. Anyhow, Aunt Nancy, I don't reckon I could get married right off to-day, and I *would* kind of like some one to cook a Christmas dinner for me. Not that a fellow can't pack the spirit of Christmas round in his heart without any dinner, but it would make it seem like *old* Christmases, and I want you to jump right into my sleigh and go home with me, Aunt Nancy, and stay all day. Hey?"

"I sha'nt," said Aunt Nancy, with no waste of empty apology; "I'm agoing to Jim Dawson's folkses, across the Branch—promised 'em a month ago, an' it's saved me cokin' a lot of truck. Ole Pepper's hitched now, 'n I'm goin' to start in just the time it takes me to get my shawl an' green woosted sun-bonnet on. You kin go along too if you like."

"No—I don't like," returned bachelor Brindle. "They'll fish out all their kin-folks from six counties and have 'em there, and I don't know half of 'em, and don't seem to want any crowd to-day—only just them I know. I'll go home and roast a sweet potato in the ashes and cook a spare-rib before the fire-place; that'll be good enough, only the gravy 'll be full of cinders."

Bachelor Brindle drove slowly homeward, his spirits rather depressed in spite of the beauty of the day, bright with a glad glory of sunshine pouring down goldenly over the flawless white fleece of the night's bestowing, yet already beginning to grow damp and heavy under the warm glow, when turning the corner of a fence, where the drifts were blown up like blocks of marble, his horse gave a startled spring and stopped at sight of a small, dark figure trudging along on foot, a picture unusual enough to scare any horse in the country where not a farmer's daughter, in however moderate circumstances, will undertake a mile journey at any season of the year unless provided with some shape or form of a "nag." And Mr. Brindle gazed down with a wonder that grew deep and intense at sight of the fair little face with its dark eyes and slightly upturned nose raised toward him.

"Mab Lacy!" he cried; "is it Mab Lacy, or a Christmas vision?"

"It is Mab Lacy," she answered, with a little, fluttering laugh. "I've come back to see Aunt Nancy."

"Then you've come on as much of a wild-goose-chase as I have," he returned, ruefully. "She's gone—gone plum to the Branch. Her Old Pepper beats my Floss woefully, and I saw the gable end of her sleigh shy round the corner before I got to the end of the lane."

"Oh, then what—what shall I do?" cried Mab, overcome with the suddenly desperate appearance of her position, and sitting recklessly down upon a wayside stump, whose white cap of snow was gradually shrinking away and oozing in drops down its sides.

"Don't do that!" cried Mr. Brindle, with alarmed sharpness; "you mustn't sit on a wet stump and catch a cold just because Aunt Nancy took a notion to go bumming around for a Christmas lark. Jump in my sleigh, like a sensible girl, and we'll see."

"What's the use?" wailed Mab, trying to stop a little rill of tears that was slipping down her cheek with a corner of her gray veil. "I can't go home with you, and there's nowhere to go. Oh, Mr. Brindle—Ben, what shall I do?"

"Do just what I tell you," said Mr. Brindle. "First give me your hand, and you jump in here back of this robe. Now we'll have a talk. So you're alone, Mab?"

"All alone, Ben," sighed Mab.

"Well, look here. I'm the same old Ben you always knew—and hated."

"I didn't," said Mab. "I—I—you know, Ben—"

"And you're the same Mab Lacy I always knew?"

"Yes; I'm tempted to wish I was someone else just now."

"Well I aint. If *you're* alone we're *both* alone, Mab, for I am; and it's rather rough, in my opinion. Now, why couldn't we drop overboard this big slice of time that's separated us so long, and go back to where we left off before we flew out at each other?"

"How could we?" asked Mab.

"Look through yonder," said Ben, pointing to a little yellow cottage at the end of a lane branching off the road.

"Our new minister lives there, Mab."

"Does he?" Mab's tone expressed nothing whatever, but bachelor Brindle's solemn gray eyes caught the flicker of a blush in her cheek.

"Yes, he does," he answered. "Mab, I've got ten dollars in my pocket. I expect the minister is needing about ten dollars awful bad."

"Hadn't you better make him a present of it?" asked Mab, sweetly smiling off at the lace-work of the snow-dappled tree branches in the winter-blue distance. Ben looked a little disconcerted, then rallied.

"But, Mab," he said, "he's kind of proud. I wouldn't dare to offer it to him without giving him a chance to earn it. Mab—Mab, you haven't lost your tormenting ways, but the bargain we made back yonder at the stump was that I would help you out of your trouble if you'd do as I said. There's no one to find fault with what we do—nothing to keep us apart. Now, Mab, we're going straight to the minister's cottage, and you know what for."

"Then," said Mab, turning her blooming face to him, "all I've got to say, Ben, is, if you're *right* sure you're right, why go ahead."

So Mr. Brindle had a wife to cook his Christmas dinner, after all. There was merry bustling, there was laughter and gladness in the hitherto lonely bachelor quarters. And there was, too, a sweetly solemn hour in the tender gray Christmas twilight, wherein Ben and Mab, with the big Bible between them, bent low their heads in grateful acknowledgment of the loving care of the One who, through trial and sorrow, ever and always, leads us on.

Modern Luxury in Living.

HERE is a great deal of joking about æsthetic art and æsthetic taste, and there are persons who suppose that these expressions simply stand for the unusual cut of a sleeve or bodice, or a passion for the common and glaring sunflower. Of what æstheticism has really done in its highest and truest manifestations to enlarge and beautify American ideas and homes within the past ten years they have not the remotest conception, any more than they have of the new departure in the methods of formulating and giving expression to these ideas. The new era, as it may well be called, in household art and household luxury, has been greatly aided by the developments of science which have perfected light, simplified the processes by which heat is obtained, and applied color to metals and transparent substances in such a way as to greatly increase decorative resources. Sanitary science has also stepped in, restoring in some instances the picturesque elements which mechanical invention has superseded, making more labor, but also adding to our modern methods some of the old-fashioned appliances for health and comfort. The burnished grate, and the wide fire-place, with brass "irons," fender, and ornamental dogs, have taken the place of the furnace, with its dull, cheerless registers, in many modern houses; the open heat and draft created by the fires having been found the

best possible aids to ventilation and a healthful winter atmosphere, while a large hall stove furnishes all the heat necessary for moderating the temperature of open passages. These methods, though old-fashioned, are not in these days economical; but they are not adopted for the sake of economy, but for the sake of healthfulness and beauty. The interiors of the modern homes of the wealthy are a series of the most beautiful pictures. The floors are inlaid with variegated woods, the walls are covered with velvet or tapestried papers, the former serving, in rich embossed patterns and neutral colors, as the softest and most charming background to pictures. The fire-places are lined with artistically-decorated tiles, and occupied by grates of polished brass or oxidized metal, which cost, with their accessories, from one hundred to a thousand dollars each. The chandeliers are of brass or crystal, filled with wax lights, shaded so as to reflect the most exquisite tints. The shining floors, of which the edges alone are visible, are covered with rugs from India and the farthest countries of the East. The furniture is of carved ebony or other rich woods, inlaid and brass-mounted, the covers of embroidered satin and plush, or still richer stuffs, the designs infinitely varied. A chair, for example, with a cushioned seat of richest tapestry, will have sides and back formed of polished horns or tusks, mounted with plush, and fitted into sockets of the mahogany which forms the frame-work. High carved chairs are, however, the most desired, especially if they are genuine antiques, and these are used for the halls, in which the fine old wainscoting is restored, and the magnificent wall-hangings of Venetian leather. There are paneled rooms in which brass reliefs alternate with tapestried pictures, and others with walls upon which enameled butterflies disport upon a satin sky flecked with a crystalline atmosphere. Stained glass, and glass cut and put together to form most wonderful mosaics, throw the magic of their beauty and constantly-changing degrees of light and color upon the multitude of beautiful objects, which include bronzes, statuary, china, and treasures brought from every part of the world. Doors are removed, or concealed, and portières take their place, made of splendid Persian, Turkish, or Indian stuffs, or hand-embroidered by artists upon raw silk or plush, and suspended from rods by brass hooks and rings. Cabinets show carvings of ivory from China, the daintiest work of Sèvres, and inlaid snuff-boxes and miniatures from royal palaces. These characteristics, as we have given them, are not peculiar to one house alone—they are common to many. There are others, still more costly and rare, that are confined to a few. In the finest houses, for example, chandeliers have disappeared entirely, and light is furnished by standards or marble caryatides, which pour a flood of electric radiance from the corners of the room, softened and mellowed into the most delicious gentleness and clearness. The touch of a finger upon a button will flood a dwelling with this radiant light, and a touch upon another will start innumerable bells, so that burglary is rendered almost impossible. What the future will develop it is impossible to foresee; but no one need imagine that these new developments are ephemeral or destined to go out of fashion. They are a growth, not a "fashion" merely. They may change their forms, but now that steam has brought all parts of the earth together, and electricity is fast illuminating its darkest corners, it is safe to assume that whatever is most beautiful and worthy of admiration will be appropriated by those who have the means to obtain them; and we can only hope that they will largely do it in such a way as to make the art and beauty of the world the inheritance of the many, not the exclusive possession of the few. Past revolutions should teach the wickedness and folly of holding for the benefit of a few the good that was meant for mankind.



FREDERICK GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.

The Story of Klopstock.

S the earliest period of German literature began with the translation of the Holy Bible by Wulfila, and the latest by the translation of the same book by Luther, so we may quite properly say that Klopstock's "Messias" was the first evidence of a resurrection of the same national literature from gross pedantry and stiff conventionality to a sound, healthy and vigorous life.

This great epic, which was the work of a lifetime, is that to which Schiller alluded when he wrote :

"Selbst in der Künste Heiligthum zu steigen,
Hat sich der deutsche Genius erkühnt,
Und auf der Spur des Griechen und des Britten
Ist er dem bessern Ruhme nachgeschritten,"

for Klopstock always acknowledged Homer and Milton to be the progenitors of his poem.

The infantile education which our poet received from his father and grandfather made him familiar with religious truths and scriptural language, and his grandmother prided herself not a little in her old age upon the fact of having been the first to introduce him to a knowledge of the Bible, by means of stories told as a reward for good behavior.

Frederick Gottlieb Klopstock was born July 2d, 1724, in Quedlinburg, North Germany, a most romantically situated town in the Hartz Mountains, built in 920, by Henry the Fowler, as a market town and fortress for the safe storage of grain. The whole country about is replete with legends and reminiscences of this greatly loved emperor, the very spot being shown in which the imperial crown was offered him while engaged in placing snares for the finches which abounded in the neighborhood.

The playground of our poet in boyhood was the green platz between his father's house and the Castle. From the rocky height upon which the Castle and Abbey Church stand is a magnificent view of the Brocken and surrounding Hartz Mountains; underneath the

Schlossberg is the Brühl, a pleasant park containing monuments to Klopstock, and also to Ritter, the geographer, born here fifty years later than our poet; in the crypt of the Abbey Church are the sepulchres of the Fowler, his empress Matilda, and his granddaughter Matilda, the first Abbess; the treasury is rich in objects of artistic and historical value, such as reliquaries, illuminated gospels, episcopal crozier, the beard comb of Henry I., and one of the water pots from the wedding feast in Cana of Galilee; and indeed there is no single spot in the entire neighborhood but is invested with some historical or legendary interest which could not but have had a lasting influence upon the mind of the impressionable boy.

Klopstock's father was a stern man of strongly religious nature, to whom fate had more frequently shown the rough than the smooth side of life. He had a numerous family, consisting of eight sons and nine daughters, Gottlieb being the eldest.

When Klopstock was about thirteen, his father, through an unfortunate lawsuit, lost almost the whole of his own and his wife's fortune, and it became a necessity to give the eldest son as thorough and finished an education as possible, that he might in after years assist the rest of the family.

He was sent first to the Quedlinburg Gymnasium, but the confinement behind a school desk was very irksome to a lad whose chief predilections were for out-of-door sports, and in consequence he made slow progress. He was afterward removed to Schul-Pforta, where a scholarship had been obtained for him through the influence of a relative. Here, November 6th, 1839, the hundredth anniversary of his entrance was celebrated with much ceremony.

It was in Schul-Pforta that his self-consciousness was first awakened and his ambition first excited, and his readiness in stringing rhymes together soon made him pass for a poet among his comrades, one of whom said long afterward that Klopstock was the only one of their number who could write verses equally well in Latin, Greek and German.

In the autumn of 1745, Klopstock went to the University of Jena, where he remained only till Easter of the following year, when he went to Leipsic, where he had friends and



BÖDETHAL FROM THE QUEDLINBURG VALLEY.

relatives in the university. From this time forward his life is closely bound up with the "Messias," the first three books of which he had written in prose in Jena.

In Leipsic Klopstock shared the room of his cousin Johann Schmidt, a young man of good literary abilities, but of peculiar temper. Cramer, one of the contributors to the *Bremer Beiträgen*, then a great authority in literature, was one day in Klopstock's room when the conversation turned upon literary men and matters. Schmidt, who was an enthusiast about English authors and Milton in particular, spoke with exaggerated admiration upon the subject, finally ending by throwing contempt upon German writers in general, and especially those whose productions appeared in the *Bremer Beiträgen*.

Cramer protested modestly against the unwarranted attack, but Schmidt replied hastily: "Genius! we cannot mention the word here in Germany. It is only the English who have genius!"

Klopstock, who had up to that time been only a quiet listener, now said: "Dear Herr Cramer, what must you think of my friend for attacking you in this manner? But he means nothing by it. It is only his way."

"Indeed," replied Schmidt, "Klopstock himself assumes to be a man of genius," and springing up he snatched the

manuscript of the "Messias" from its hiding place and said, "Listen!"

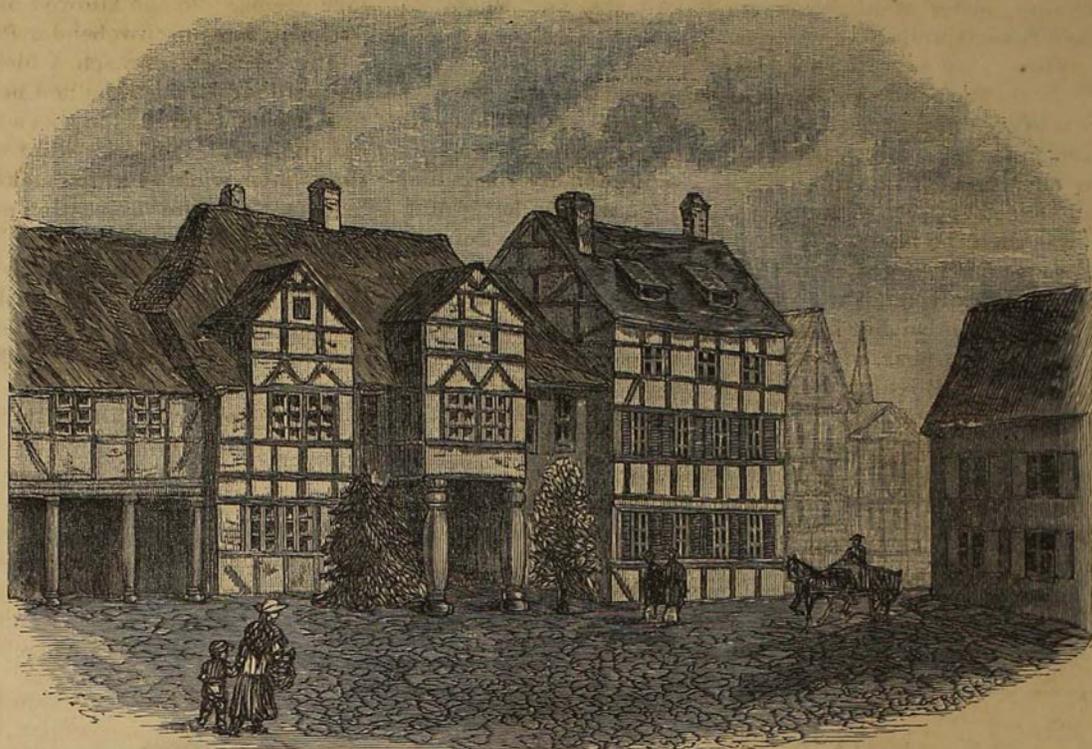
Klopstock, who had not anticipated such a finale, said, "Schmidt, you are beside yourself," and sought to snatch the manuscript from him. But Schmidt was taller and stronger, and kept Klopstock at a distance with one hand, while, holding the paper above his head, he began to read, declaiming the poem in the most absurd style, hoping to induce Cramer to join in his ridicule.

But Cramer was too sharp-sighted not to see through the manœuvre, and before a page had been read, he said, "Herr Schmidt, I am certain that passage should be read differently."

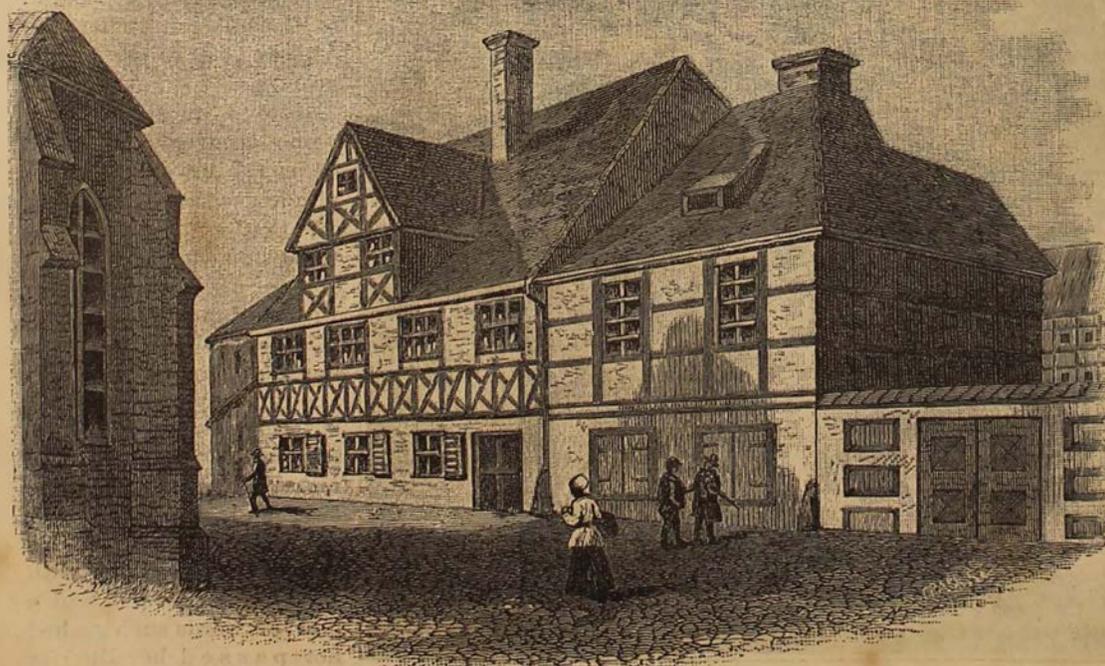
"You have taken the words out of my mouth," said Klopstock, and turning to Schmidt he continued, "Since you have turned traitor, pray give me the verses; I will read them myself."

Schmidt was beaten. He surrendered the manuscript, and Klopstock read aloud the entire first book, which he had rendered into hexameters, something considered impossible by the best literary critics of the day. Cramer was greatly pleased, and introduced Klopstock to a large circle of influential literary men, such as Gärtner, Bodmer and Gleim.

In 1748, Klopstock left Leipsic and took a position as tutor in Langensalza, influenced thereto, no doubt, by an attachment for his cousin Sophie



KLOPSTOCK'S BIRTHPLACE IN QUEDLINBURG.



GLEIM'S HOUSE IN HALBERSTADT.

Schmidt, sister of his quondam room-mate, and whom he made famous under the name of Fanny.

When these days of youthful love were long past, Klopstock told the following incident to one of his friends: "I went every evening past her house, happy as a god if she but gave me one look or a wave of her hand from the window. On one occasion I had been with her in the afternoon and had begged for a small bouquet which she wore in her girdle, as was then the mode. With maidenly shyness she refused my request. I urged, but to no purpose. Angered by her refusal, I resolved not to go near her window in the evening, hoping to punish her by my coldness. But as the hour for my walk drew near, my room became so unsufferably close that I could not remain in it. 'At least,' thought I, 'I will go to the corner of the street and observe from a distance the house of my flower queen.' I went. At the corner, I fancied I saw something more behind the window curtains. Against my will my feet carried me to the spot. I took off my hat—the bouquet fell in it, and I returned triumphantly as a laurel-crowned emperor from the Capitoline Hill."

But Sophie Schmidt was not one of that class of enthusiastic girls who hang about the poet, flattering his vanity by shedding hot tears over the fate of Abbadona or his elegiac

love poems. So she allowed him to pass months "Hangend und bangend in schwebender Pein."

The greatest reproach which can, however, be brought against her is that she had not force of mind enough to refuse once and for all the poet's odes and adoration, and to forbid his taking for love what was only womanly pity. The time came when she did make up her mind to say no, and held to it, despite the written and spoken protests of Gleim, and various other of Klopstock's friends, who threatened her with the curses of after-ages should she make the poet so unhappy that he could not finish the "Messias." She settled the question irrevocably at last, by marrying an Eisenach merchant, with whom she led a very happy married life of nearly forty years.

In the spring of 1750, Klopstock went to Halberstadt, to visit "Father Gleim," whose house was ever afterward a second home to him. One word about this friend of struggling literateurs will not be amiss here. Hardly to be called a poet himself, though he did write verses, he was certainly the patron of poets. His house and heart were both kept well filled with friends and dependents. In one large room he had accumulated one hundred and eighteen portraits of literary aspirants, all of whom he had cheered on their way

with cordial praise, not unfrequently accompanied by more substantial aid. So, if not a great man himself, no happier man was to be found than Father Gleim of Halberstadt, who found his happiness in making others happy.

In the autumn of 1750, an annuity of four hundred reichsthalers was offered Klopstock by Frederick V. of Denmark, in order that no hindrance might be put in the way of the completion of the "Messias." The pension was accepted, and in February, 1751, Klopstock returned to Quedlinburg to take leave of his parents before proceeding to Copenhagen, where he expected to pass some years.

Here a most touching scene occurred, to which he could never afterward allude without emotion. His aged grandmother was paralyzed and had not been able for a long time to utter words of more than one syllable. When the parting hour came, he was about to slip quietly away, but she perceived his intention and said: "Not so, my son!" He knelt before her, and she placed her trembling hands on his head and blessed him with motherly tenderness and a flow of words such as had not passed her lips for years.



THE TOMB OF KLOPSTOCK IN THE CEMETERY AT OTTENSEN.

A letter of introduction had been given him by a friend in Hanover to a young lady in Hamburg, Meta Moller, who was an intense admirer of the poet, with whose writings she had made acquaintance by means of a curl paper found on the dressing-table of a friend. "What is that?" she had asked. "Oh! some stupid thing which nobody understands," was the reply. But Meta understood it, and procuring the book, read it by night and by day until her mind was full of the theme.

The poet delivered his letter, and found Meta and her sister engaged in folding clothes for the next day's ironing. He was invited to dinner, and the acquaintance made rapid strides, for Meta told afterward how Klopstock had said, she ought to travel with him, to which she answered she should like nothing better. "But you would be cold!" "Not if I had your fire," I replied. "Ah! you have fire enough of your own," he said, kissing me with warmth.

The bond for life was soon determined upon. In Meta, Klopstock had found the woman necessary for him. Her esteem, love and admiration for him as poet, man and husband grew with time, and she was never so happy as when she saw him at work upon the "Messias," or could tell her friends of the completion of a scene which had particularly moved her.

Toward the end of April he reached Copenhagen, where he was most graciously received by the king, whom he accompanied to Castle Friedensburg, four miles from Copenhagen, from whence he wrote: "I enjoy here all the peace and quiet of the country, and yet the most agreeable society. There are many summer castles on the islands, of which the king's is the smallest, though the most charmingly situated. He has only one chamber for himself and one small audience room, but outside are beautiful woods and lovely landscapes."

He married on the 10th of June, 1754, after which passed four years of uneventful domestic happiness. In November, 1758, Meta was taken from him under circumstances very similar to those which separated Lessing and his Eva. "She died," wrote her sister, "as she had lived, with steady courage. She took leave of her husband. I prayed with her, and she fell quietly asleep." She was buried in the Kirchhof at Ottensen, near Hamburg, in her arms the son who had caused her death.

In 1773, he finished the work of his life. The morning he wrote the ode which ends the book, he stood, said his wife, with an unusually serious expression of countenance and his hands behind his back (a habit which he had). Perceiving that he scarcely breathed, she asked, "Is anything the matter?"

Tears gushed from his eyes, and without uttering a word he went to his desk and gave vent to his overburdened yet thankful heart in "Ich hofft' es zu Dir!"

After personally superintending every edition, a typographical error oppressed him like a nightmare; the translations into foreign tongues caused him thought and anxiety, and he even began himself a translation into Latin, which however was never completed. He undertook also an illustrated edition, which brought him into correspondence with many distinguished artists, and his delight was great when Angelica Kaufman sent him a picture representing Joel and Samma, a scene taken from the second book, and inscribed: "Angelica Kaufman painted this for her friend Klopstock, London, 1769."

In October, 1791, Klopstock married again, a widow lady of Hamburg, Frau Von Winthem, a niece of his Meta. He reached the age of seventy-nine years in almost uninterrupted health. The faithful watchfulness of his second wife saved him from all anxiety during his later years, though one pain could not be spared him—that of seeing

nearly all the friends of his youth sink into the grave before him.

March 14th, 1803, after short illness, he sank into a sleep from which he never awoke. Eight days after he was laid beside his Meta, with such symbols of public mourning as had never before been accorded a German poet. Flags hung at half-mast, the church bells in Hamburg rung out their mournful peals, there was a long escort of military, infantry and hussars, and one hundred and twenty-six carriages, besides an almost innumerable number of persons on foot. But more noteworthy than carriages, or soldiers, or admirers was the work of his long life, begun in early manhood and finished only when the shadows of age were gathering fast about him—borne before his coffin—and adorning it as the battle-sword adorns the coffin of a victorious hero—a laurel-wreathed copy of the "Messias."

LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

One and the Other.

SAID Nell to Fred,
Whom she'd just wed,
All in the sunny weather;
"Oh! Life is fair!
I've not a care;
My heart is like a feather."

Said Nell to Fred
When, ten years sped,
The children loud were crying;
"I'm in despair
I've so much care!
My life is spent in sighing."

For joy and pain,
Like sun and rain,
Aye follow one another;
And if we've one,
When that is done
We may expect the other.

BOTH TOGETHER.
Another said
When newly wed;
"Such deep delight I borrow
From Life and Love,
Below, above,
My joy is almost sorrow!"

Again she said
When ten years wed;
"Though cares the children double,
Yet greater far
My pleasures are
In them, than all my trouble."

For joy and pain,
A double strain
In human hearts awaking,
Do sometimes flow
Together, so
A single music making.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM



It must have been a vision, for the lady had not stirred

Not a sound had broke the silence, save the twitter of a bird.

In a cage with golden wires; but the lady thought a cry

Called her eagerly and clearly, and she answered, "here am I."

In a robe of dusky velvet, diamonds at ear and throat

With a fleece of filmy lace, o'er her silver hair afloat

Sat she, proud and silently, gracious in her stately mien,

With an air of ease about her, that might well befit a queen.

IN the grate a glowing fire, fragrance on the genial air,
 Pictures, china, quaint recesses, books, and statues everywhere;
 And the Christmas garlands twining, green and glistening round the frame,
 Where the sweet Madonna brooded o'er the Child, a King who came.

Who had called her? Some one surely, for she seemed to rise and go
 Outward, furred and hooded quickly, through the biting sleet and snow:
 Some one led her, bore her onward, bade her look, and wondering see
 How her fellow-creatures wrestled with earth's pain and misery.

Weary women, oh! how weary, bowed with never-ceasing care,
Men who struggled, ever losing, in a combat of despair;
"All your life," she heard a whisper, "you have fed on honey dew,
Roses, lilies; these were waiting, for a helping hand from *you*."

On again, and ah! the pity, on a lowly couch, a child,
Crippled, white, and drawn with anguish, yet the lady thought it smiled.
"Wherefore?" One beside her answered, "Heaven for such as these is bright,
And this little one is passing to that happier home to-night."

Yet another darker precinct, and she found her tearful eyes
Turning round from frowning faces, with a shuddering surprise;
Faces marred with evil passion, furrowed with the blight of shame,
"Nay," the angel murmured lowly, "'twas for such the Saviour came."

Then again, with wing on sweeping, swiftly passed her seraph guide,
And she stood where little beds were ranged together side by side;
Here were dimpled children sleeping, but no mother's kiss they knew.
"Orphans," stole the heavenly whisper, "left to care of such as *you*."

It surely was a vision, for the lady had not stirred,
Not a sound had broke the silence, save the twitter of a bird,
In a cage with golden wires, but the lady heard a cry,
Heard it in her soul, and answered, "Master, Christ, lo! here am I."

"All my days I've spent supinely, thinking of myself alone,
Little caring for my neighbor; late I'll labor to atone.
Let my hand be open ever, let my ear attentive be,
When thy little ones are faltering, let me lead them Lord to thee."

If it was a dream I know not, God has many and subtle ways
To reveal his love to mortals, that their hearts may sing his praise;
But I'm sure I heard the angels choiring, in the midnight sky,
Of this Christmas, sweetly, strongly, "Glory be to God on high!"

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

O STARS that beam in yonder sky
So tireless, fadeless, radiant, high,
Not all your orbs have glory worn
Since this fair universe was born
Like thine, O beaming Bethlehem star,
Shedding thy glory near and far.

To thee, let beggar, babe, and king,
Their ever endless tribute bring;
And thee, earth's song and prayer shalt crown,
To thee her kneeling heart bow down,
For by thy clear, unfailing ray
All earth shall steer her heavenward way.

O star that pierceth every gloom,
Whose glory gilds the cheerless tomb,
O star that makes all darkness bright,
To morning turns our rayless night,
Though lost and lone our lot may be
With joy unknown we turn to thee.

Thou star divine, thou star supreme,
On all our doubt and danger beam;
Then through earth's wildest tempest dark,
No storm shall touch our trembling bark,
Our faith shall stormiest tide endure
Led on by thee, our Cynosure.

As from Judæa's silvery shore,
Ring out the anthem clear once more,
Along Columbia's hills again,
Peace, peace to earth, good will to men
Ay, ring out clear, this happy morn,
For unto us a Saviour's born.

Thou Bethlehem's Lord, most holy, wise,
Tear every veil from off our eyes,
That through the cloud and gloom afar,
We see the beaming Bethlehem star;
And all our hearts' best incense bring,
To thy dear feet—Creation's king.

LYDIA M. MILLARD.

Our Pets.

(See Page Engraving.)



UR Pets" is a charming domestic scene, the original of which was painted by the artist Knaus, whose productions are so popular in Germany. Ludwig Knaus was born in Wiesbaden, in 1829, and studied in Dusseldorf. He turned his attention to *genre* pictures, mostly of humble life, and soon became very popular, especially among the class he represented, few homes of the German peasantry being without one or more of his engravings.

"Our Pets," however, do not belong to the peasant class, but are the children of wealthy parents and have every luxury lavished upon them. They are very lovable children, especially the elder, who shows those most estimable traits, industry and affection. Intent on her *crewel* work, with her arm affectionately around the neck of the younger child, who, if not actually asleep, is in a slumberous mood, she is a very pleasant picture to contemplate. Her sweet, intelligent face is expressive of goodness, and she is evidently not what mothers call "a hard child to manage." The younger child has not wandered far from baby-land, and though, by reason of his slumbers, his face is not very expressive at this moment, he is, nevertheless, a very attractive child, and deservedly beloved by his sister. It is not difficult to realize that these children are the light of home, and what dark shadows would envelope all its pleasant places were they removed. How the ear would long to hear the patter of the little feet on the stairs and the glad tones of merry voices, and how the eyes would look longingly for the sweet young faces, and the arms stretch out vainly to unfold the precious forms.

The artist has been very happy in his delineation of these pets of home, even the petted dog being brought in to give another charm to the picture. He gazes out from his retreat in a very life-like manner, and seems to claim a share of the admiration given to the children. The original of this beautiful engraving is much admired for its fidelity to nature, effective grouping, and finished execution, and is pronounced by judges one of the most attractive pictures the distinguished artist has painted.

Three Christmas Eves.

[From the German of ERNST WICHERD.]

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.



T was the evening of the 24th of December, several years ago. The 24th of December comes to every people, but I think that nowhere in the wide world is it so longed for and so loved as in Germany. This evening of which we write the sky hung black and threatening over the earth, not one star penetrating the gloom; heavy snowflakes whirled through the air and fell on the wet pavement to speedily dissolve into water, for it was not the traditional cold, snapping weather which properly belongs to the season, but damp and dreary.

It was weather which caused one to draw his coat-collar close about his neck, and to sink his ears deep between his shoulders. The streets were almost forsaken, the brilliantly-lit shops were empty; the old women and children who had sat during the day before their tiny stores of toys and nuts,

tired out, cold and hungry, had begun to gather what was over in baskets and boxes, preparatory to seeking the shelter of their attic rooms, for they well knew that those few indifferent passers-by who had not yet bought their Christmas gifts, belonged to that much-to-be-pitied class who have no one to whom to give.

Before a small house in a suburban street stood a man wrapped in a long cloak. He had pushed his cap well off his forehead, and with his right hand had pulled open a trifle more the window-shutter, which was already slightly ajar, so that he could see into the room, while in his left hand he held a traveling-bag and umbrella.

He stood so for several moments without moving. Then he stepped back, shook off the snow, and looked at the house door undecidedly.

"No," he murmured, "I would spoil the children's fun. They must have their tree first. There must be children, for the pretty Christmas mother is distributing toys. She was only a child herself when I last saw her." Taking a watch from his pocket, he held it to the light which streamed through the half-open shutter. "Nearly six o'clock; I shall not have long to wait," and opening his umbrella, he went slowly up the street.

The Christmas tree was ready with its gilt stars and shining nuts, its rosy-cheeked apples and golden oranges, its paper nets and parti-colored flags. On the uppermost branch was perched an old man with long white beard and gray coat, a bag stuffed with good things slung over his back, and a suggestive bundle of twigs in his hand. From the strongest branches floated wax angels with butterfly wings. On the table under the tree were plates, which a bright-faced young woman was filling with nuts and cakes and candies, always putting the best on top, to catch the eye directly.

"Now all is ready, and I hope he will come soon," she said, half aloud, meaning her husband, Hans Hopf, who, being a city clerk, must keep to office hours. "Now he can come," she repeated, going into an adjoining room where the children were waiting, their eyes fixed on a cuckoo clock, whose pointers indicated three minutes before six.

"Yes, he will soon be here now," said an elderly woman who sat in an arm-chair near the stove, holding a little girl on her lap who had already begun to gape, while the younger woman walked up and down with a baby on her arm, and a young man on the sofa shut up the book in which he had been reading, with a snap.

The bird now spread his wings, the clock weights began to whirl, and cuckoo! cuckoo! sounded six times through the house. The door bell rang, and the children rushed to open it, returning in triumph with their father and uncle. Immediately a knock was heard. "The Christ-child! the Christ-child!" shouted the children. Three times the knock was repeated, when the door flew open, revealing the tree in all its glance and glory.

A subdued "Ah!" was heard, and then each child sought his own plate and presents.

"We are all together again under our Christmas tree," said the grandmother, cheerfully, "only good grandpapa is missing, and—" She did not finish the sentence, but sighed drearily.

Aunt Lorchen, the old maid aunt who is seldom wanting in German households, and who had been busy putting something into the hands of each person present, with a kiss and "Only a trifle, children! only a trifle!" looked up and said: "He is in heaven, and rejoices with us to-night, but Arnold—" The widow motioned her to stop. "Sometimes weeks go by without my thinking of him, but Christmas Eve I cannot banish him from my mind. Twelve years since we have heard from him! Surely he must be dead."

I do not know if the one who was waiting outside heard these words, but certain it is that he just then knocked on the window and said, "Open the door." They all heard it and drew a little closer together. The children fancied it the Christ child himself, and ran to their parents' side, while the elder ones thought it the joke of some passer-by. Only the mother's heart knew what it meant. She raised her head, listened fixedly with glowing cheeks, and said anxiously, "Open the door! It is he!"

A moment later and the wanderer lay at her feet, her arms about his neck, while she sobbed, "My boy! my long-lost son!" Brothers and sisters gathered about him; the children, forgetting for a time their toys, looked curiously at the uncle of whom they had never heard; Aunt Lorchen wept silently in her handkerchief, and the Christmas candles burned brighter and more brightly in sympathy with the scene.

The city registrar, Hammer, was until his death a skillful and faithful officer of the State; but his virtues brought him nothing beyond the bare necessities of life, and a hope that heaven would compensate him for all he had failed to obtain on earth. It had indeed taxed his ingenuity to the utmost to rear his family respectably on his meager salary, and there was much that he desired without any means of attaining his desires. He wished to send his boys to the University; but that hope was buried in the same grave with many others.

Arnold, a bright boy of more than ordinary intelligence, was obliged to leave school early to learn a trade. This he did with a heavy heart and unwilling spirit. He was the exact opposite of his father, of a gay, restless, impetuous temperament, and very early felt impressed with the narrow ways of his home-life. So many innocent pleasures and occupations were forbidden him on economical grounds, that he felt as if in a prison, out of which it was proper to break whenever he could.

In consequence, there were continual reproofs, retorts, and punishments, with a settled conviction in the mind of the registrar that his boy was growing up to be a disgrace to him. The mother saw with clearer eye and excused him in her heart, which only increased her anxiety, as there was no way in which to help him. There was one final altercation, when Arnold left his father's house not to return. The old man counted him as among the dead; but the mother, though missing him sorely and mourning him sadly, never gave up the hope of seeing him again.

And now, under the blaze of the Christmas candles and amid the perfume of Christmas firs, he told how time had passed since he left the old home; how, after wanderings here and there, he had reached Paris, where the life and activity of the great city had fascinated him, so that he had striven to forget his native tongue and his fatherland; how he had become foreman in a great manufactory, had fallen in love with a pretty milliner named Madeline Picard and had married her, each retaining their occupation as before.

"Married! and without telling us!" exclaimed his mother in a reproachful voice.

"Why should I tell you? You couldn't have seen her, and I should not have listened to objections. Here is her photograph, though not nearly as pretty as she is. Her bright face cannot be transferred to a bit of paper."

"Are you happy?" asked his mother, looking at him intently.

"Happy!" repeated Arnold, glancing at the faces around him, and the group of children playing under the tree. "Not as you are in Germany. Our tastes are different and our pleasures are different. You would not like it there, and your ways of life would weary us beyond endurance."

"Have you children?"

"Two; but I scarcely know them. When very young my wife sent them out to nurse—they hindered her too much in her business to keep them at home—and when they were old enough I sent them to school, where I see them occasionally for a few hours at a time."

The mother shook her head. "Does that satisfy you?"

"It must. In Paris the wife must work as well as her husband, if one would have enough to make life enjoyable. So there is no time ever for nursery and kitchen. A German woman would not easily accustom herself to our ways."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed the entire company, with one voice.

"One ought not to accustom one's self to such a life," said one of the brethren, pedantically.

"That is as it may be. You like your ways, and we like ours. We have already put aside a nice little sum for our children, and hope to see them do well. If it had not been so I could not have made this long journey, and especially in winter, when it costs much more. But I longed to see a German Christmas-tree again. The whole year passed happily, even the feast-days and holidays; but when the twenty-fourth day of December came around, I dreamed only of old times and childish pleasures. God knows we had not many merry days in our childhood; but we always had our tree, and felt, on that day at least, that we belonged to each other, which drove out of mind the scolding and punishments of the whole year past. In France neither grown-up people nor children know what Christmas is."

The old mother kissed him tenderly, and Aunt Lorchen patted him on the shoulder. They felt now that, foreign as was his manner, his heart was still true.

"But why don't you have a tree in your own house?" asked his sister.

Arnold smiled at her and said, "Do you think it could be done? First of all, it needs a German mother. My little wife could not understand why I wished so much to come home at this particular time, and concluded there was some witchcraft in it. The dear little woman is a trifle superstitious."

"Was she willing to have you come?"

"Willing? No; I can't say she was. She thought when one had been absent so long, it was better to stay away. Either one found everything changed, and that was painful, or the parting was worse than at the first separation. A heavy heart at parting does not become lighter on the way home, she said. She is a clever little creature, and usually has her own way; but this time I could not be coaxed, and so she gave me a cheery "Good-by" and some gifts, that I might not be empty-handed before the Tree."

It was late before the family separated for the night, and a bed was made up under the Christmas tree for Arnold, to his great pleasure. But the fragrance of the pine and the wax tapers, and the excitement of the meeting, had so gone to his brain, that it was nearly daylight before he forgot himself in sleep.

II.

Arnold remained fourteen days in his native town. It was a week longer than he had intended; but with each passing day old friends and the old home grew dearer, and when the parting hour arrived mother and son could scarcely tear themselves from each other's close embrace.

During the long journey he had much to think over—the practicability of coaxing Madeline to leave Paris, or at least the sending the children, that they might grow up with German ideas of home and life. The first French words fell

roughly on his ear, and he fairly shrank from speaking except when absolutely necessary.

Madeline soon saw her intuitions had not deceived her. Her husband had returned greatly changed. He was dreamy, silent, morose; he found the restaurant cooking unpalatable, his house uncomfortable, their entire ways of life disagreeable. Instead of taking her out walking in the gardens on spring evenings, as had been his wont, he sat at home and read the German books he had brought with him, and he even insisted upon her learning his native language. Once, years before, she had said it gave her tongue the cramps to attempt to make the barbarous sounds; then he laughed over it, now it angered him.

Her merry, lively ways could not win a smile from him; let her dress as attractively as possible, he either took no notice or found fault; she must dress more simply; she must give up her business, and take care of her children and prepare the meals. His sisters did this, and that, and the other, and so ought she, until, quite worn out by the disagreeable comparisons, the poor little woman forbade the mention of his sisters' names.

In her way Madeline was a lovely and lovable woman, and it was indeed a serious matter which could disturb her serenity for more than a few hours at a time. She loved her husband dearly too, and was always ready to promote his happiness as far as she knew how, so that she scarcely knew how to bear this trouble.

A year had passed thus, sometimes fair, sometimes stormy weather, and Christmas was close before the door. Madeline determined to make one last effort to win her husband back to the old, pleasant relationship of their early married life. She would have a Christmas tree for him! just such a one as she had heard him so often describe.

A fir-tree she was unable to find, but she bought an arbor vitæ at a high price. The dark green of the foliage she found somber and not pleasing, so she bought gay, flowering plants to encircle it. Wax tapers would not remain on the oblique branches, and, concluding that all that was necessary was to have sufficient light, she placed rows of candles and lamps upon the table under the tree, the effect of which she found very gratifying to her eye, especially after she had put two or three plaster Cupids in their midst. Pfeiffer-cakes, gilt nuts, and bonbons were not lacking, and she had even improvised a Knecht Ruprecht, utilizing therefor a Swiss figure, with long beard and basket on his back, generally used for matches, but which she loaded with sweets. Remembering that Arnold had called this a children's holiday, she sent for her little ones, dressed them up as fashionable dolls, and ordered a street musician to come and play dances, which were intended to serve instead of Christmas carols.

These preparations were made with the utmost secrecy, and when the evening came, and Arnold returned from his work more heavy-hearted than usual, Madeline rushed to meet him, dressed as if for a ball, and said, "Wait one moment, dear husband! I have prepared a great pleasure for you. You shall have a real German Christmas tree, though you are in Paris, and then you will give me your heart again!"

He looked at her wonderingly, but before he could speak she had slipped through the door and closed it after her. A merry tune was heard, the door opened, and upon the table was the tree, with its encircling lights, and the children in their gala dresses on either side, as if for a tableau vivant.

Taking him by the hand, Madeline drew him in, saying, her eyes shining with joy and pride, "That is for you!"

"And what is it?" he asked, in a bewildered way.

"A German Christmas tree!"

"A German Christmas tree! *That?*" and, turning away, he covered his face with his hands.

"Is this my thanks?" she said, and the words fell on his heart like needle-pricks.

"You meant well, Madeline, and you could not have done better, for it requires German feeling and education to prepare a German Christmas tree."

"But isn't it pretty?" whispered the little woman, still anxious for a reconciliation.

"Very pretty, only not German."

It seemed to Madeline that her heart must break from the mingled emotions of anger and disappointment, so she divided the bonbons between the children, and, taking each by the hand, danced about the room till she fell back upon her seat exhausted by excitement, while Arnold stood, his arms crossed over his breast, gazing upon the wild scene with a peculiar smile upon his lips.

Madeline was now quite convinced that Arnold loved her no longer. She gave up trying to please him, and set herself to thinking how she could live so as not to find life too dreary a burden. She was married, it was true; but so were others of her acquaintances, and not more fortunately than she, and yet they were quite able to amuse themselves. Should she go heavily all her days because her husband no longer found her pretty or pleasing?

Madeline had a relative, Pierre Leblanc, a young optician, who lived in the same house and visited Madeline frequently, and was always received with pleasure.

Madeline was passionately fond of dancing, but Arnold now refused to accompany her to balls. "Then I'll go without you!" Nine times she threatened, and the tenth she went.

"You will have it so!" she said, as fastening some camellias in her hair, she prepared to go, lingering, however, a moment in the doorway that he might have time to call her back. But he did not do it, feeling he had no right to forbid her the amusement which she had once shared with him.

Up to this time, Arnold had been quite honest with himself, acknowledging his faults, though not correcting them, but now there was an agreeable emotion in feeling that Madeline, in disregarding his wishes, was also doing what was not right. He would go back to Germany, not to visit but to stay. He, as head of the house, had the right to say where they should live, and if she would go too, well and good, if not—but he knew in his heart she would never go.

One evening in the autumn, after wandering through the streets till it was quite late (it was weather that reminded him of his northern home), he found Madeline in a great state of excitement, and sobbing bitterly. "What is the matter?" he asked, quite shocked.

She was silent a moment and then springing from the sofa, she threw herself upon his neck, sobbing, "You are wicked, Arnold." She let her head sink upon his shoulder, and he allowed it to remain, while he stared stupidly before him. The hot blood in his veins was turned to ice and choked him.

"Go with me to Germany and all will yet be well," he whispered.

She slid from his arms and sighed piteously, "Germany has been my undoing."

Very early the next morning Arnold packed his traveling bag, and without a word of parting left the house. Two hours later, he was borne across the frontier. Several weeks were passed on the route, for he did not wish to reach his old home till Christmas Eve.

Again he stood before the door, again he tried to peep through the crack in the shutter, to see what was going on

within. But though there was light, there was also a thick film of ice over the glass, which hid everything effectually.

Strange that it should be so, for a fire in the room would have prevented this, and why of all days in the year should it be cold to-day? He rang the bell with a beating heart. Aunt Lorchen came to meet him in deep mourning and with a light in her hand. "Arnold! You, to-day?" she exclaimed in suppressed voice.

"Yes, for your Christmas tree!"

"Ah! for our Christmas tree," she repeated, the tears flowing fast over her pale cheeks. "Come in, child, it is a sad Christmas."

She opened the door, but Arnold fell back with a cry of dismay. A coffin stood in the middle of the room, and the gentle face which smiled from its satin pillow was his mother's!

"She so longed to see you, Arnold. She said to the last that you were on your way."

Arnold went up to the coffin. His eyes were dim; the lights which stood at its head flickered and danced before him. Laying his hand upon her forehead, he bent over to kiss her, murmuring, "It's only what I have deserved!"

Sweet and clear, from the neighboring church tower, rang out a Christmas carol, and Arnold, overcome by sad and bitter thoughts, sank upon his knees and wept like a child.

III.

The following year was momentous in the history of both France and Germany. On Christmas Eve, after many and bloody battles, the German army stood before the gates of Paris.

The year had not been a happy one for Arnold. His conscience gave him no rest because of the wife and children he had forsaken, his sisters, though they spoke no word of reproach, let him feel their suspicions; his brothers, after his declaration that he did not intend to return, quietly left him to his own devices, and even good Aunt Lorchen philosophized over life and marriage in a way not to be mistaken. Home was no longer home, and Arnold felt every day that all he had on earth to love him was hidden away in the quiet grave outside the city walls.

But fortune opened before him an occupation which served to divert his mind, while he felt himself also to be of service to country and king. Gifts for the soldiers in the field came pouring in from all parts of the country, and Arnold was chosen to act as conveyancer of those destined for the camp before the French capital.

Gladly he accepted the difficult office, and gladly was he welcomed by officers and men in the enemy's land. An order, permitting him to go unquestioned wherever he wished, was given him, and of this he made full use. To be so near Paris, whose streets were as familiar to him as to a Parisian born, and not go in and see how it had fared with his wife and children, was not in his mind.

Early on the morning of the twenty-fourth he rose and, throwing his long cloak about him, slipped out. It was scarcely dawn and a thick gray fog hung over the camp. The way was full of danger after he had turned his back upon the batteries, for from time to time a shot flew past, just as a reminder to the occupants of the opposite forts, that a watch was still being kept.

Climbing over trenches, broken walls, frozen vegetable gardens, now pictures of desolation, he succeeded in evading the watchful eyes of both German and French outposts, and once in the city, there was nothing to fear. Two hours brisk walking took him to the quarter in which he had had his

home. Madeline's shop was closed, as were indeed most of the other shops in the neighborhood.

How to find her was now a question. If he made inquiries at their old home and was recognized all was lost. And what was he hoping for, what expecting, he asked himself—forgiveness, reconciliation? These were queries he could not himself answer. Mustering up all his resolution, he finally mounted the stairs which led to his old apartments. A strange name stood on the door, but in reply to his inquiries, Madeline's address was given him, far, far away in a quarter occupied only by the poorest artisans. Poor Madeline!

He hastily sought the narrow, dirty street in which was the house where his once dainty Madeline now dwelt. Toiling up flight after flight of dark and narrow stairs, he reached the attic-room pointed out to him, and upon whose door he read with beating heart the name of "Pierre Leblanc."

What should he do? Go away quietly as he had come? No, he felt he must know the full depth of his punishment. He pulled the bell and Madeline's voice asked, who was there. He tried to answer, but his tongue refused its service. The door opened and Madeline stood before him, but how changed! Her dress was worn, her hair fell in straggling locks over her shoulders, her eyes were dim and sunken, the long eye-lashes fell over the colorless cheeks, and about the mouth was an expression as of one who had no more to expect or hope for from this life, nor any prospect beyond.

When she recognized Arnold, she drew back slightly, and then raising her head proudly said, with a mocking laugh, "So it is you! You have come with our enemies, I suppose. That is quite in accord with your character."

"Madeline," he said gently, "I did not find at home what I expected. My mother was dead."

"But your brothers and sisters?"

"They scorned me because I had forsaken you."

She laughed a bitter laugh. "Spare yourself the trouble of a falsehood. I have no doubt the whole plan was arranged when you were at home that Christmas."

He shook his head. "You do not know the Germans, Madeline, or you would not say that."

"They are our foes," and her eyes flashed with some of their old fire, "and I hate—hate—hate them."

"Yet you loved me once."

She was silent a moment and then said more gently, "What do you want here? I can never be anything to you again."

"You have it in your power to be avenged. Give me over to your friends and to-morrow I shall not be living."

"That is so, but I loved you once and have no desire for revenge."

Arnold took her hand. "Can you forgive me?"

She shook her head with a glance which moved his inmost soul. "No, I am too utterly wretched for that."

He stood as if turned to stone, and her hand slipped from his grasp. "Is it not the twenty-fourth?" she asked.

"Yes."

"The day on which I lost my love! Oh! Arnold, if it had not been for the German Christmas."

Like lightning a thought flashed through his mind. "Come with me to our camp and see a German Christmas. Perhaps it will make it easier for you to forgive me."

She hesitated. "Come, I will bring you back to Paris to-morrow, if you wish."

Without a word she threw on her waterproof, drew the hood over her face, and pointed to the door. He descended the stairs and she followed him. On the street she took his arm, and they went on side by side, neither speaking a word.

It was twilight before they reached the fortifications, and another two hours' wearisome walk before they stood inside the German camp. Arnold took Madeline first to the barracks, where great preparations were in progress for the festivities of the evening. The floors had been scoured and sprinkled with sand and pine needles, and on a little table a fir-tree lifted up its dark-green branches, while under it was a pleasing confusion of Pfeffer-kucken and warm socks.

"Here are some of the treasures you brought us," said an officer to Arnold. "But who have you there?" looking at Madeline.

"If I should tell you, you wouldn't believe me," was Arnold's reply. "But there is no danger;" and continuing in French, he said, "Madeline would like to see a German Christmas."

"I see a little of what you meant now," said Madeline tremblingly; "but how can you play so in the shadow of death? And do you think these rough men will find pleasure in it?"

"Wait a half-hour and you will see," replied the officer. "They will be merry as children, even here in a foreign land, and in the face of danger."

Madeline looked down, but said no more. "We won't interrupt the preparations," said Arnold, "and I have something else to show you."

Far off in the distance a Christmas-hymn, sung by many voices, sounded through the still night air. Following the sound, they came to an open square, protected by a tall hedge, and in the center of which was a fir-tree shining with lights. All about it were rows of soldiers, standing with folded arms, and singing with full hearts their song of thanksgiving. Suddenly a puff of wind extinguished the lights, but the carol was continued to the end, when they moved away quite silently, as if from a holy place.

Madeline was greatly touched, though she could not have told why. Tears filled her eyes, and she shivered with repressed emotion. "Are you cold?" asked Arnold; but sobs choked her utterance.

He took her by the hand and led her through a small village where the Prussians had quarters. The cottage windows were open and lights streamed forth. In almost every one a tree was to be seen, dressed out in stars and gay banners; on benches, boxes and stools sat the soldiers, eating and chatting, displaying the gifts which had been sent by loved ones at home, or reading letters which the afternoon's post had brought them.

Before a small villa Arnold stopped. "Wait a moment, Madeline. I will see if I cannot find you a shelter here for the night."

She clung to him, frightened. "Are you going to leave me alone?"

"Only till morning. Then I will take you through our lines again."

She sighed heavily. "Must it be so?" asked Arnold anxiously. "Cannot we forget the past and make another home, happier than the one we lost? Go with me, Madeline, and I know you will learn to love Germany as I do."

She burst into convulsive sobs, and putting her arms around his neck, kissed him. "It cannot be; but go, you are free."

He pressed her hand and said soothingly, as he turned toward the house. "We will talk of it again to-morrow."

When he returned a few moments after, Madeline had disappeared. He ran up and down the street, calling her by name, and asking everywhere; but no trace of her was to be found. He searched the camp through till, worn out, he threw himself on a heap of straw in the barracks of the outposts, to wait for daylight.

The patrols reported the next morning that all had been quiet during the night, only a woman had been shot. The sentinel had observed a dark figure slipping furtively along, and as no answer was made to his challenge, he did his duty.

"Madeline!" cried Arnold, frantic with grief and remorse. And so it proved.

She was buried, and Arnold returned to Paris, to find his children and take them to a place of safety. But they were not in the school in which he had placed them, and he was forced to apply for information to Pierre Leblanc, Madeline's relative, whom he found in the ranks of the National Guard.

"You have murdered the mother, and now you want the children! Madeline's children are French, and as surely as I loved their unfortunate mother, so surely will I preserve them to their fatherland. Never shall you know where they are. They belong to me! I am their friend and relative. My first duty, however, is to give over the German spy to his fitting punishment. Follow me; you are my prisoner!"

Arnold made no resistance, neither by word nor gesture.

An hour later the doors of a prison closed heavily behind him. No one who loved him knew what had been his end. All they knew was that he was never again seen in familiar places.

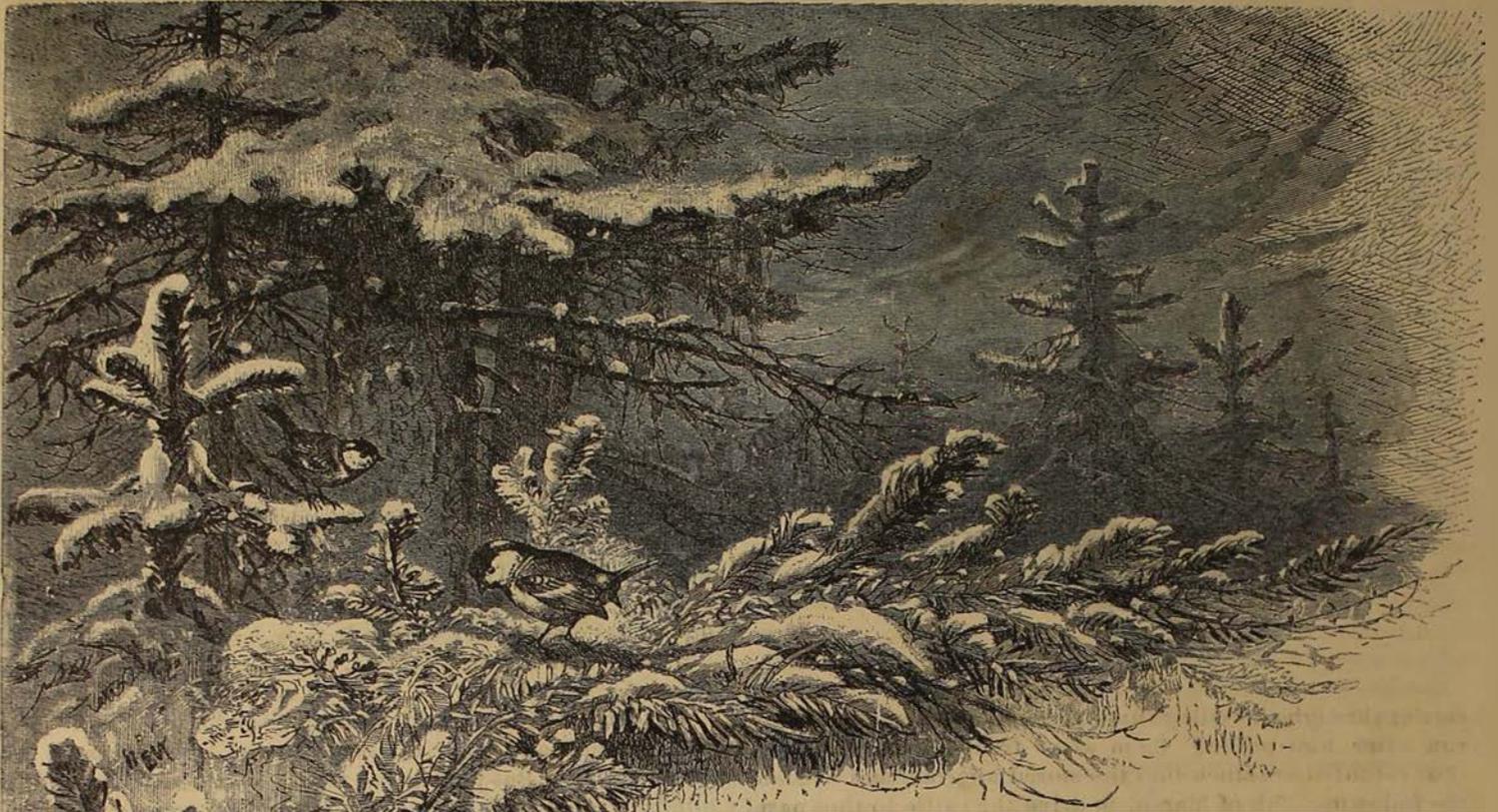
You're no Chicken.

(See Page Engraving.)

THE admirable painting from which our engraving, "You're no Chicken," is taken is in the Royal Collection. The artist, Mr. Frank Patton, has acquired considerable celebrity for his humorous productions, which, though not of an elaborate character, are always acceptable to the public for their wit and humor. In the picture before us the details are few, but so cleverly managed that the result is both pleasing and expressive.

Two young chickens, who, by reason of their tender years, have not seen much of the world, nor had an opportunity of making many acquaintances outside of the limited circle of their own family, suddenly meet with a new-comer in the shape of a frog. "What is it?" is the first question suggested to their tender and inquiring minds, as they gaze with fixed attention upon the ungraceful form of the intruder. Their curiosity is evidently much excited by this unknown object, which, at the same time, they do not regard with pleasure nor admiration. The frog enjoys their bewildered and scrutinizing looks with malicious satisfaction, and we can almost detect a smile on his ugly face. He knows that their investigations, however profound, will not give them the desired knowledge, and while they may say what he is not, they will never be able to declare what he is. For what do they know of his kindred or his home—that green pond that he makes vocal with his melody? They may have heard at a distance the charming serenades that he and his friends give; but their infantile minds could not possibly have formed a conception of what manner of musicians those were who sent forth their dulcet notes on the evening air.

After long and earnest investigation, the young inquirers settle the question for themselves by declaring that this strange object is "no chicken"—a self-evident truth, that is beyond the pale of argument, and which scarcely required the profound thought that these youthful minds gave the subject. The picture is conceived in an animated and natural manner, the idea being amusing and original, and there is much spirit and truth shown in the execution.



Christmas Folk Lore and the Tree.



THE most prominent feature of the Christmas of the present day is its gift-bearing tree. Taking root originally in "lieb Vaterland," it has by degrees spread its illuminated

branches over the whole wide world; from the dim, distant islands of the Southern Ocean to the ice bound regions of the Arctic zone,—from the wild prairies of our Western world

to the shores of Eastern Asia.

The origin and history of the Tree is not often made a subject of thought, but, so far as we have been able to ascertain, its first mention is found in old German Volks songs, which date back to the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries.

A prominent theologian named Dannhauer, who lived in Strasburg, about the time of the thirty years' war, says in a treatise on the Catechism published at that time: "Among other fiddle-faddles with which the folk now assume to honor the birthday of our Saviour, rather than by diligent reading and searching of the word, is the setting up in their houses a fir tree, which they call a Christmas tree, adorned with sugar toys and dolls. From whence comes this custom, I know not; that it is child's play and not much better than the mummeries and profanities which used to be practiced at other holy seasons, and that it tends to build

up Satan's chapel rather than God's church, I am convinced."

Possibly it was such teaching and preaching that drove the pretty custom out of vogue for a length of time, for it certainly almost died out, and was revived only in the early years of the present century. Schleirmacher in his "Christmas Feast," and Tieck in his "Christmas Eve," published in 1805, make no mention of the joy-diffusing tree, while Wolf-gang Von Goethe speaks of having seen it for the first time, during his student days in Leipsic, at the house of Korner's grandmother, Minna Stock, when he received a plate of ginger nuts and comfitures, much to his satisfaction.

That it is German we may readily assume for nothing similar to it ever existed in any other country, and we know that it was introduced into England by Prince Albert and into France by Helena, Duchess of Orleans. In certain localities in France, it is the Christmas log which plays the conspicuous part at the festive season. The log is brought from the woods amidst songs and rejoicings. Its charred remains are carefully preserved from year to year, because of the life giving properties they are supposed to possess, while a handful of the ashes scattered broadcast is thought to insure fruitful fields.

In Lorraine, salt and water is poured over the log, which is then believed to be an infallible preservative against diseases, both of man and beast, and against damage by fire and flood. Belgian superstitions regarding the Christmas log, are similar to those existing in France, while in Scandinavian countries festivities connected with the Yule log and the Yule cake are almost precisely identical with those of old England. In Savonia, the head shepherd of each village goes into the woods early Christmas morning, where he breaks off numbers of long, smooth birch rods. These he



ADMIRATION.

carries through the village under his arms, when the women run after him pulling them away from him. The rods thus captured are stuck into the stored up grain and used on the following 25th of March, to drive the cattle to the pastures for the first time in the season.

In Dalmatia, oaken twigs are used, and these the girls and women twine with red ribbons and gilt threads. Every object they touch when being borne into the house is fancied to be supernaturally blessed. The oak stump denuded of its branches is thrown into the Christmas fire. The charred bits are carefully placed among the branches of young trees in order to promote their growth.

But, interesting as these quaint customs are, they bear no relation to our Christmas tree. Though we use it in a religious and Christian sense, yet it is undoubtedly as much a relic of old heathenish customs as the superstitions which we have above narrated, all being derived from one common source, the worship of the great Teuton god, Wodan.

The day set apart by the Christian Church to be celebrated as the birthday of our Lord was a high day among Germanic tribes, being the time of the winter solstice, when the Sun god began anew his reign of life and light. Every one gave himself up for the time to feasting and merry-making. The Yule-fire was lighted, the Yule-cakes baked, and the wild boar sacrificed to the new-born Sun.

Many superstitions were current with regard to the Yule feasts. Water drawn that night possessed remarkable cosmetic properties, being infallible against the wrinkles which accompany old age; faded flowers could be made to bloom in their original freshness and beauty by sprinkling them with this water; animals could speak and weather prophecies were unerring, for the weather of the twelve days between Yule-night and Twelfth-

night could be taken as sample for the succeeding twelve months.

In Brunswick at the present time the Schimmelreiter (rider of the white horse), and representative of the Sun god, forms a conspicuous figure in the Christmas festivals. A group of three boys, covered with a white sheet, enacts the part; the foremost boy bears in his right hand a staff which holds a sieve, one of Wodan's symbols, and under his left arm a head, made of a pumpkin, through whose hollow eyes and open mouth the light of a candle shines with ghastly effect.

At Wangeroge the father of the family rises before day, and goes about the house draped in white and neighing like a horse. He then retires to his couch; but the children find in the morning their nocturnal visitor has left them their Christmas presents.

Knecht Ruprecht, who is equally at home in Belgium as in Germany, is another representative of the ancient deity. Dressed in a fur coat, hung with bells, wearing a mask, whose long beard is made of moss or wood shavings, and carrying in his hand a bunch of rods, he visits each household a day or two before the "Holy Night," diffusing both joy and terror in young hearts, according to the susceptibility of their consciences.

But from height to height sank the gods, until their glory was dimmed and their altars destroyed by the teaching of missionaries. But among the things which still lived in the minds of the people were these fanciful customs and the use of the Yule or Christmas trees. For fir-trees had been used to trim the homes of the primeval folk in Germany when a visit was looked for from the gods, just as in the days of



SILENT PREPARATIONS.



FROM AN ANCIENT PAINTING.

David and Solomon the same fragrant wood was taken to "beautify and make glad" the courts of the Lord.

The fir-tree was held in special veneration in remote ages. Tacitus wrote of the *Templum Tanfanæ*, and countless stories of mediæval ages point to it as a "chosen" tree. A legend states that when Adam was banished from Eden he took with him a fir-twig, which he planted, and which grew into that tree which was to bear for our sakes the heaviest load of sin and agony ever borne by wood of earthly growth.

This beautiful but fanciful legend we may credit or not, as our temperaments incline; but, however that may be, let us, while rejoicing in innocent mirth about the Tree which signals the coming of our Master, also remember that other Tree which an old Latin hymn thus apostrophises:—

"Arbor decora et fulgida,
Ornata regis perapura,
Electa digno stipite
Tam sancta membra tangere.

"Impleta sunt, quæ concinit
David fidele carmine,
Dicendo nationibus
Regnavit a ligno Deus."

"Oh, tree of beauty, tree of light!
Oh, tree with royal purple dight!
Elect upon whose faithful breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest.

"Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old;
Amidst the nations, God, saith he
Hath reigned and triumphed from the Tree!



Hans and Gretel House.

FOR weeks before Christmas no confectioner's window of any reputation is thought complete without a representation of the old story of Hans and Gretel in gingerbread. Thinking it possible that some American mother might like to prepare this novelty for her tiny folks at the holiday season, I have obtained the following recipe for the cake and rules for manufacturing the house:—

Take one pound of honey, boil it two or three minutes, and when cool, but not cold, mix in sufficient rye-flour to make a stiff dough, say perhaps one pound of flour to one of honey. Add ginger, nutmeg, cinnamon, and allspice to suit the taste.

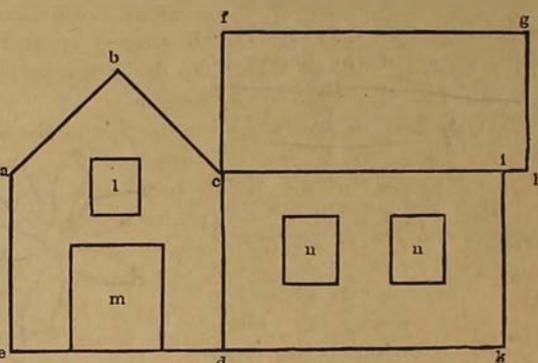
After being thoroughly worked, roll it out about one-quarter of an inch, or a trifle more, in thickness, and bake on perfectly smooth tins. After it is baked, cut the edges with a very sharp knife, and shape the pieces according to the following rules:—

When the different parts are shaped according to the measurements above given, lay the gable ends and side walls upon a slightly-buttered tin, in order to prepare the windows. The facing of doors and windows are made with thin pasteboard, cut in fine strips. The glass for the windows is made of spun sugar, or sugar cooked till it crackles, and is often colored red.

The parts are then fastened together with thick gum-arabic paste, mixed with powdered sugar. The chimney, door-steps, etc., are made from the pieces cut out from the doors and windows.

Variety may be made in the landscape by very simple means. If it is intended to be a winter scene, wash over the roof, twigs of wood, which represent trees, and the ground with beaten-up white of egg, and dust with finely-granulated sugar. If meant for summer, a few bits of dried grass and moss on the twig give the desired effect. The figures used to represent Hans, Gretel, and the witch may be made from the tiny dolls found in every large toy-shop. The dough for the cake will keep a year without spoiling.

a, b, c, d are the front and rear walls of the house (e, d = 14 inches, e, a = 12 inches, a, b = 10 inches). M is the door (5 inches in width, 8 inches in height). I is a window (2½ inches broad, 3 inches high). c, f, g, h is the roof, to be twice cut, of course (c, f = 11 inches, f, g = 20 inches). c, d, k, l are the side walls (d, c = 12 inches, d, k = 18 inches). N are the windows (3¼ inches broad, 4½ inches high).



Home Art and Home Comfort.

NAY, Ivy, nay, it shall not be, Inis,
 Let holly have the mastery, as the manner is,
 Holly stands in the hall fair to behold ;
 Ivy stands without the door, she is full sore a cold.
 CHRISTMAS CAROL, 14th CENTURY.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly ;
 SHAKESPEARE.

THE border design of blue-eyed grass and horse-tail with the clover border in the last number will be sufficient to show how each of the dozen daily designs can be put to another use.

In this design the change for the smaller cluster is only the reversing of a single flower and putting the three central flowers more closely together. For a working design the clusters must be separated somewhat, and the large cluster begin and end the border. The aster design in this number can be used in the same manner as the border given. The coloring of the flowers can vary with the material used—the pale shades of purple or linen, or crash, and the dark shades on a dark background.

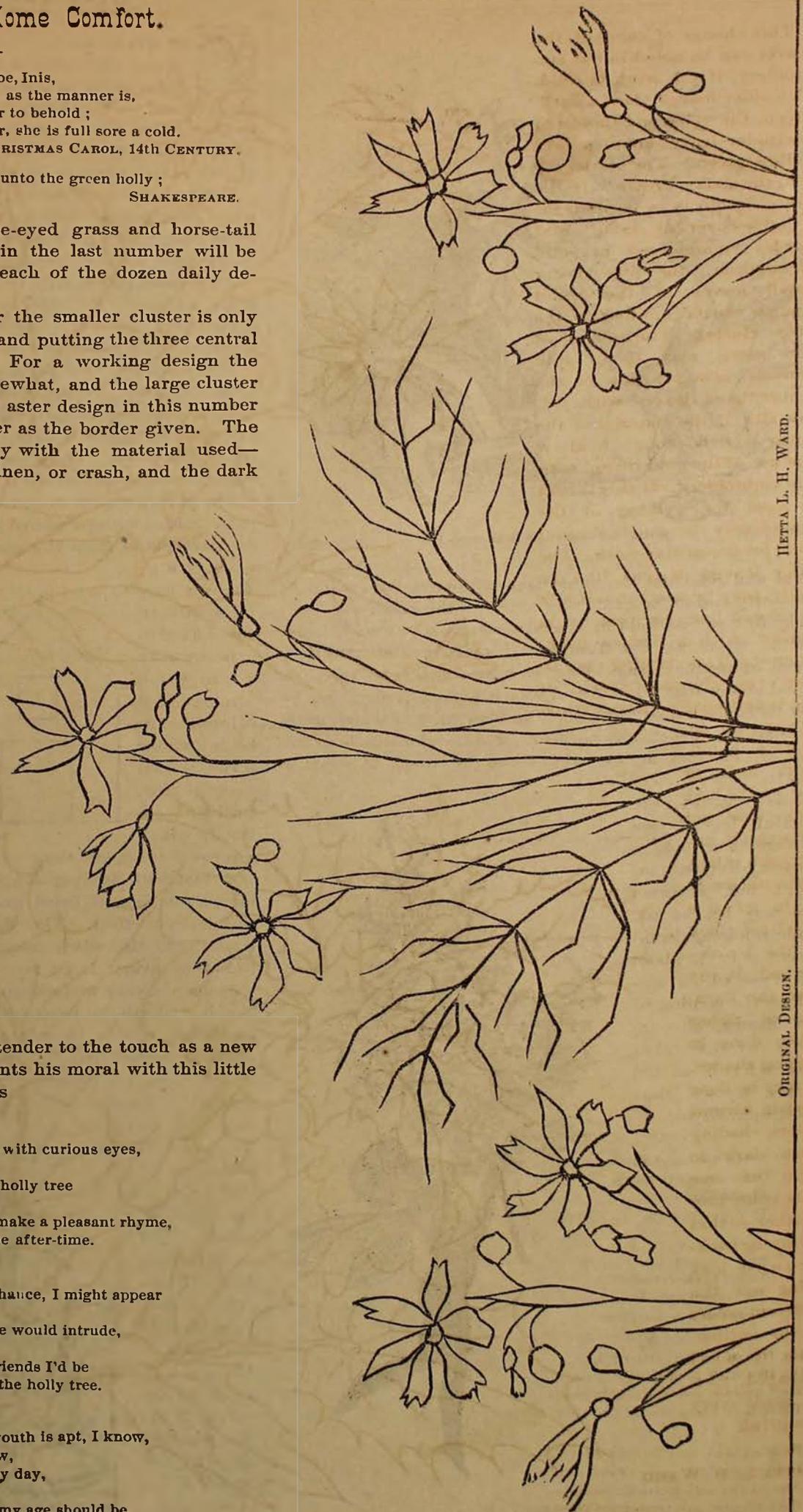
A large liberty is allowable, as the aster is found in all shades from a pale pink lavender to a rich royal purple. The center of the flower is a bright yellow. In the older flowers it is old-gold and yellow brown. The lower portion of the stalks of the aster is often red-brown, and the large lower leaves are tinged with pink or crimson. This variety of color is given for the solid work, the more simple coloring being best for outline work.

In the holly design are two varieties of the holly leaf—the simple and the divided leaf. The young leaves of the holly are fresher in color than the large lower leaves. They are often of a red-brown color, like the young shoots of a growing rose, and as tender to the touch as a new rose spray. Robert Southey points his moral with this little habit of the holly, when he says

“ I love to view these things with curious eyes,
 And moralize ;
 And in this wisdom of the holly tree
 Can emblems see
 Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
 One which may profit in the after-time.

“ Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
 Harsh and austere
 To those who on my leisure would intrude,
 Reserved and rude ;
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

“ And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities I, day by day,
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.”



HETTA L. H. WARD.

ORIGINAL DESIGN.

This change of color of the leaves can be noted in our embroidery, if the work is solid. The older leaves are of a dark-green, the veins and thorns of the older leaves are of a light yellow-green. The berries are red, the stalks, brown. If the holly design is to be used for a table-cover or table scarf border embroidered in solid stem-stitch, the two lower small leaves of the center branch can be omitted in the large cluster. The veining of the leaves may be in gold threads, sewed firmly on the embroidered leaves with yellow silk, if the material of the cover is rich enough to allow the use of the gold thread with the embroidery. If this thread is used the veining of the leaves may be much simpler than for the outline work. The large leaved designs, like the holly, may be used on soft silk or colored linen embroidered in outline with a darned background. This darning may be the even alternate stitch, or the intentionally uneven stitch to give an antique handiwork look, or the stitches may come not too exactly under each other, yet sufficiently so to give a ribbed look to the background. In any case the darning is richer when done in several shades. It may be done even in various colors, shading from dark to light of one pale color into another, so that a varying background may bring out the different colors of the outline. This if well managed, can be made very beautiful.



ASTER.



HOLLY.

Talks With Women.

BY JENNY JUNE.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

T is often remarked that one cannot learn from another's experience—that each one must gather for him or herself the knowledge of that which most deeply affects our lives, and that only just so much can be learned—or at least made use of—as we are capable of receiving, understanding, and putting to good use. All this is of course true, as obviously true as that it is not the amount of food we eat, but the amount we assimilate and turn into good blood, that is beneficial and strengthening to us. Still, it is useful to know, from the experience of others, what foods have been found most productive of health and a sound physical life; and so, also, it may be beneficial to learn the underlying influences which result in a strong, sweet, well-disciplined, calm, and useful old age.

A short time ago two thoughtful young women met a woman of mature age whose character had excited their admiration, and whose life was so well rounded—so useful, and yet so bright, cheerful, and full of loving rewards, that they felt very curious and interested as to how this pleasant ending to what they knew had been a hard-working and troubled life had been brought about. Was she born so? or, had she grown so? and if the latter, was it by a natural, evolutionary process, or by conscious effort?

One day they put these questions, or similar ones, to the lady, telling her their desire to develop in themselves some such qualities as they had seen in her, but stating their fears and the sense they had of their own imperfections, which seemed to stand in the way of attaining any high moral or spiritual altitude. Their friend warmly disclaimed the possession of any specially high qualities, and described her own darkness and frequent bewilderment in language that strengthened and gave them courage. She told them of three anchorages that had furnished much of the inspiration and help she had needed, at different periods, and under the changing circumstances and disappointments of her life; and these seemed to me in the telling well worthy of being embodied in this December "Talk," which I have therefore called a Christmas sermon, and which I shall give as she gave it, in the first person.

THE FIRST ANCHORAGE.

In youth we err as much through uncertainty as ignorance. We do not know exactly what is right to do in many cases, because of the contradictory and conflicting character of our teaching—or rather of what we hear and learn, in a desultory way, through books, periodicals, and the talk of friends and associates. Some advise this, some that. One will urge self-sacrifice; another that self-sacrifice in one creates selfishness in another, and that it is the first duty of every one to look out for him or herself. This doubt created the first great conflict in my mind. I could not see what it was right or best to do in the premises. I had something of the spirit of the martyr in me. I was willing to sacrifice myself for others to a certain extent, but I wanted other people should know it. I wanted some acknowledgment of it, and I wanted that they in turn should be willing to sacrifice themselves for me. But alas! I found that this was not the early or apparent result. Every-day sacrifices are rarely appreciated as such, and the endeavor to make them understood is wasted. Selfishness seems to be the law of life; and if one begins to do the good thing with the expectation

of reward bitter disappointment is sure to be our portion. Shall we, then, relinquish our ideals, our aspirations, our endeavor after a true life, a noble type in womanhood? That was the question, and it was from a woman I received my answer.

One day I attended a meeting of women, and heard a paper from one of them. It was on the divine nature of willingness, as exhibited in womanhood. It opened a door to me, and exhibited a realm beyond which I had never before entered. I saw how simple willingness in doing and giving placed us *en rapport* with the divine principle in the universe, which gives all and asks nothing. I saw that this communion—association, if you choose—with an all-pervading active, universal principle, lifted one right up out of the thought of self, of personal interest, desires, or compensations, and even made it immaterial whether other persons knew of our efforts or not.

They became simply a part of the good that was constantly struggling and working against evil in the universe itself, and the thought relieved me from all doubts, and fears. I felt free as a bird, and, in a certain way, realized what is meant by being "born again." Now, I do not mean to say that I have been able to carry this principle of divine willingness into every act of my life, much less live it in any true or enlarged sense, but it has been to me an anchorage, an inspiration, that never failed to carry its light into the darkest places, and furnished an unfailing source of strength and contentment.

SECOND ANCHORAGE.

My disposition is by no means naturally equable; it is impatient, impulsive, excitable, and frequently stimulated by a strong sense of justice, which rebels against the untoward conditions which fate and circumstance laid upon me. I saw my ambitious hopes thwarted, years go by, and youth leave me with tastes ungratified, and I often cried out in anguish that death would be preferable to a life that seemed one long journey through the valley of the shadow, with no hope of reaching the glorious sunlight of a free and unburdened future. But a second time help came to me through a few words spoken without direct intention. They said, "Duty is a stronger and better staff to lean upon than hope, hope is illusory, but duty, though less attractive to look upon, is a friend that can be trusted, who grows beautiful with time, and fills your house and heart with blessing."

I pictured this Duty to myself as a grave, sedate maiden, walking the even tenor of her way, not light in looks or behavior, and not attractive to the young and gay, but a gentle companion and house friend, whom it would be a comfort to have with one always, and I determined, if possible, to secure her, as my life-long associate, and then if misfortunes came and deprived me of friends, if life became lonely, it could never become isolated, or deprived of all good companionship, for I should have duty as a strong and potent presence and motive always with me. Perhaps this idea will seem fanciful and exaggerated to you. I can only say that it was not, that it was an unspoken reality, that it filled the place of much that I had longed for, that it made me doubt what I should have done with my "freedom" if I had attained it, that it made me thankful for my limitations and made me also see that there was no special virtue in it, that duty is the business of life, not a vain search after happiness independent of duty, which is the rock so many wreck their lives upon. Duty is no hardship, it soon becomes a habit, second nature, a twin sister, whose life is a part of our own, and from whom we would not be separated for a moment, if we could.

It is of little or no consequence, whether other people perform their duty to us or not, so far as our acts are concerned

(it may make a difference in our lives), but their shortcomings do not absolve us, and afford no reason and little excuse for the neglect of plain, simple duty on our part. Of course duty does not demand of us what it is not in our power to give, but to the extent of strength and even life. When duty calls, its faithful subjects go, and it is a sovereignty which yields a crown, instead of takes it, in the end.

THIRD ANCHORAGE.

A third great help to me came in the form of acceptance of general imperfections in the human as well as the material universe, and as a consequence, more patience with it and its manifestations. Perhaps you will say, "why, everybody knows that nothing is perfect in this world, and one must be very stupid indeed to expect it." But the generality of people do expect it, or at least they seem to, else why the surprise, the indignation, the resentment, the scolding, the excitement over every little evidence of failure and shortcoming? The patience and forbearance which all need, are rarely exercised even with children, or those who have had least opportunity for improvement, and as rarely between friends and even blood relations, who are not unfrequently widely separated, as the result of faults which should have been easily forgiven, if human imperfections and its consequences had been realized and tolerated. Patience is a lovely quality, patience with others, patience with ourselves, for we are often as unreasonably impatient with our own shortcomings, as we are with the faults and failures of others.

This was the sense of what this quiet lady described as her three helps, or "anchorages" in her pathway through life, and the gentle woman, reader, shall decide if they were worth the place I have given them in this short Christmas sermon. Old fashioned virtues are not of much account nowadays, in the whirl of events, of pleasure, of social ambition, of contest, of struggle for life and place. But when this is over, when the sunset side is reached, when we begin to look back instead of forward, the pleasure we shall derive from retrospect, will be all obtained from the willingness with which we have given ourselves to the service of others. The conscientiousness with which we have performed every duty, the patience we have exercised in dealing with human imperfection. It may be that we must begin by trying our virtue upon ourselves, but we need not be discouraged on that account, or because we fail to realize our ideal. It is not any the less useful, even necessary, to have ideals, aspirations, and an elevated purpose before us, whether we succeed in reaching it always, or often fall short of it.

There are those who preach a doctrine of selfishness, because the mass of mankind are selfish, and who insist that for fear they should not be honest, or unselfish at all, it is better to make them so from policy, or a purely selfish motive. But this is reasoning from a very low standpoint. If our object is to reach the summit of a lofty mountain, we should not expect to attain it by walking on a dead level, and keeping our eyes fixed on the ground. We should begin the ascent, even though we lost ground, making some of our steps backward rather than forward, but by still pressing on, keeping the object in view, we should gain upon it in time, and feel perhaps that we had acquired strength, in making the attempt, to crown us victors at last.

Doubtless, there is such a thing as sentimental introspection, a morbid faculty for dwelling upon our own faults, until we acquire a tenderness for them, and look upon them either in the light of virtues, or as something to be endured instead of gotten rid of. This is the most mischievous kind of illusion, for it cheats others as well as ourselves, and weakens, if it does not debase, the very foundations of

human character and conduct. Patient we may be with ourselves, as with others, but let us be honest also, or we can make no real advance in nobility of character, or elevation of purpose. With the Christmas-tide comes an impulse in all the better and higher directions. The man or woman must be cold and dull indeed, who can live unmoved by the wave that sweeps from the shores of New England to the islands of the Pacific, carrying everywhere the gospel of sacrifice, of devotion, of faithfulness to appointed work, of a charity that had no word of condemnation. Let this most joyous festival of the year bring these lessons home to our hearts, let us cherish them so that they will abide with us and make our lives as rich in strengthening influence, and sweet association, as this happy Christmas time is to so many in this favored land.

Rose Time.

(See Oil Picture.)

GERMAN painters have ever found an attractive subject in the German lady of the sixteenth century. Noble and refined in presence, picturesque in her simple, yet elegant dress, she is well worthy to grace the canvas and employ the genius of such painters as Dürer, Van Eyck, and Holbein.

In our beautiful picture, "Rose Time," the celebrated German artist, W. Menzler, gives us a lovely German lady of the sixteenth century. She is not a young, unmarried lady, but a youthful matron—a rose, and not a rose-bud. A wedding ring adorns her finger, and she wears her hair covered, as the customs of the imperial cities of Germany allowed only single young ladies to display their hair. Her dress indicates that she belongs to the wealthier class. Her under dress is of rich brocaded silk, and the upper, of velvet. Her collar is richly embroidered, she wears a handsome brooch and gold chain, and a chatelaine, with keys and bag, completes the graceful and picturesque costume. While the peculiar style of head-dress is not unbecoming to the fair face, we cannot but wish for a glance of those hidden "locks," which we know must be, as the poet says,

"Like the golden embrownment of a lion's eye."

There is about this lovely German lady, what Poe calls "the necromancy of female gracefulness," the magic of a lovely form. We find ourselves bringing the gold and frankincense of our admiration, and laying it at her feet. We imagine her to be as good as she is lovely, as gentle as she is graceful. We fancy her words are honey, her deeds all beneficent, her songs all joy, and her whole life set to pleasant music that knows no minor nor discordant note.

Surrounded by all the pleasures that wealth and love can bring her, "wearing the rose of womanhood" with serene joy and inward peace, the tumults and distractions of the outside world reach her not in her happy home, where no harder task awaits her, than to gather the roses that give beauty and fragrance to her garden.

This lovely picture may be properly called "a harmony in color." The most harmonious arrangement of color prevails, each setting off the other with wonderful beauty and striking effect. The gray stone steps, full, free foliage, and opaline sky, form an admirable background; while in the pose of the figure there is a sweet, womanly grace, most attractive. In point of truth and careful execution, this is an admirable production, full of beauty and expression, and fully justifies the painters' love for depicting the German ladies of the sixteenth century, in their graceful and picturesque costume.

✠ THE ✠ ADMIRAL'S ✠ WARD. ✠

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

(Continued from page 12.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

OF course these ten days did not elapse without letters from the Admiral and Mrs. Crewe. The latter was eloquent on her loneliness without Laura, and expatiated much on the difficulty of keeping Collins in order and up to the mark in the matter of punctuality; concluding by an entreaty for early information as to when her dear Laura would return, as the house did not seem one bit like itself without her.

In spite of the exaggeration of her language, there was the ring of truth in her expressions that touched Laura, and gratified her by the assurance that she was loved and missed. "It is well to be of some use," she thought, as she handed the letter to Winifrid for perusal.

"Yes, you must be an awful loss to her," she remarked. "But she cannot expect to keep you always."

"Why not?" said Laura quietly; and, occupied by some train of ideas suggested by Winifrid's words, Laura leaned her head against the side of a large, old-fashioned easy chair in which she was sitting, one hand resting upon the arm.

"Look!" exclaimed Winifrid to Reginald (the *partie carriée* was assembled in her sitting-room). "Look! Is not Laura wonderfully like, as she sits there, to that Charles the Second ancestress of yours in blue? The one in the library, I mean. Keep still, Laura, for a moment."

"Something like," said Reginald carelessly.

"I do not see it at all," said Mrs. Piers. "In fact, I cannot trace the slightest family resemblance in Laura." She spoke with warmth, as if she resented the idea.

Laura smiled, but colored. "I never remember that I have any family connections except Winnie and her brothers. I have always understood that Reginald was a relation, but how, and in what degree, I never asked."

"I hope you will always look on me as a near kinsman," said Reginald with much suavity.

"Yes!" cried Winnie; "your very next of kin. Do you know, I do not think you have seen half the house, or any of the pictures, Laura. You ought to show them to her, Reginald."

"Oh! the housekeeper will do that any day," said Laura. "Reggie will not care to act showman."

"On the contrary," said Reginald, starting up, "I am still new enough to my possessions to be interested in them. There is yet nearly an hour and a half to dinner. Let us open the exhibition now. Will you come, Laura?"

"Certainly!" and putting aside her work, she followed him to the gallery, which was over the end of the hall opposite the entrance, and from which some of the larger bed-rooms opened. He then shortly told her how the front part of the house with the larger rooms was added by Gilbert Piers in Queen Anne's reign, "Up to which time," said he, laughing, "I fancy we were very small squires indeed. All the back of the building is old, but of very different dates; in fact, a piece of patchwork. The former dining-room is the servants' hall now," etc.

Pierslynn was not a grand house, but had an air of grace and dignity; and Laura was much interested in it. Ultimately they arrived at a long, paneled, passage-like chamber, with a range of high, narrow windows at one side, and a row of hard, stiff family portraits on the other.

"I am sure these pictures are terrible calumnies," said Reginald, laughing. "We never could have been such a hard-featured race."

"The hardness is in the coloring," returned Laura, examining the pictures carefully. "One can trace the same type all through. How very much better-looking the men are than the women!"

"Yes. You are to be congratulated on having escaped the family type. The fact is, I imagine the Pierses of that day were not sufficiently flush of cash to employ first-rate talent. There are a few more portraits in the library, which is my favorite room. It is in the old part of the house."

This apartment was under the "picture-gallery," as the housekeeper loved to call the collection of frightful ancestors above mentioned, and had been considerably modernized. The windows opened on a terrace commanding a charming view away over the woods to the hills, with a glimpse of the plain below.

There were but four pictures in this room, two at each side of the high, heavy mantelpiece, and two more at either side of the double-door opposite to it. A Charles II. courtier, in long curls and a lace jabot, his wife, in a fringe of tiny flat curls, a blue dress cut alarmingly low, and a band of black velvet clasped round her throat with a diamond star. She had a sweet, sensible face, though by no means handsome, and there was something pleasing in the repose of her attitude, her delicate cheek resting against the red velvet back of her chair, while her jeweled hand lay on the arm.

"There," said Reginald—"there *is* rather a look of you in Dame Margery Piers. She was, I believe, what was considered a superior person in her time. And here we come to an end of the Pierslynn portrait gallery. There is a picture of my predecessor and his father in the dining-room, but you have seen them. And, oh! those two by the door there"—pointing to two pictures of young men in the queer, high-throated, much-epauletted infantry uniforms of sixty years ago. "They are like brothers, are they not? but they were only cousins. That to the right is Gilbert Piers. He was the eldest brother of the late owner, but died before he was five-and-twenty. The other is a cousin of his who was in the same regiment. They were much attached to each other, and, I believe, this one, Geoffrey, saved the other's life. At any rate, the Mrs. Piers *mère* of that day had both painted to hang side by side."

"They are both good-looking," said Laura, looking earnestly at them. "Tell me," she went on, as a strange gleam of memory dimly lit up the depths of the half-forgotten past, "was not my grandfather's name Geoffrey? And was he not a soldier?"

"Yes," returned Reginald, advancing a step to examine

the painting more closely. "I fancy this is the man. He served in America, but I know very little about him."

"Who was my grandmother? Whom did he marry?"

"I really don't know. My acquaintance with the family history is very imperfect. And now, Laura, that I have a chance of speaking alone, I want to beg of you to stay with Winnie during my absence. Your presence is a soothing tonic to her. In the present condition of her nerves she is not herself, and is quite capable of imagining that I prolong my absence unnecessarily, and God knows what! It was some strange hallucination of this kind that made her so ill. You will help to keep her in a sounder state of mind. You know we all trust you. We always did. Ah, Laura, what a stay you would have been to me!"

"What can you possibly mean by such a speech, Reginald?" said Laura sternly, and looking straight into his eyes, which, after trying to support her gaze for a moment, he averted.

"I suppose," he said with a harsh laugh, "I seem rather a weather-cock to you; but I am not. I know what I want deucedly well. Because I fell madly in love with Winnie, that is no reason why I should not recognize *your* value. She is a charming creature, but she has not your reason or——"

He broke off abruptly. Laura did not feel inclined to fill up his blanks. "Do not suppose," he began hurriedly, "that I do either of you injustice. Winnie is a sweet, true-hearted woman, but she has not your tolerance. She has a somewhat impossible standard; and if a fellow don't quite attain to it, why, she will scarce give him credit for the few merits he possesses. No character is stronger than its weakest part, you know; the line of resistance is seldom without a flaw; constancy is perhaps the rarest of qualities, and it is possible, after all, that it has no special merit. Men, or rather women, have agreed to set an adventitious value on it, whereas, in fact——"

"Ah, Reginald!" exclaimed Laura, interrupting him, as she fancied she had caught the clue to his rambling speech. "Do not trouble yourself with attempts to account for what is perfectly accountable. We deceived ourselves. You mistook your feelings for me, and I permitted myself to be misled. You did not change. Simply, Winnie's beauty and charm revealed the truth, thank God, in time."

"And you say this in all sincerity! I cannot doubt your voice—your eyes," returned Reginald, with surprise. "I never quite understood you. Are you really indifferent to what makes the lives of most women worth living?"

"I do not think you know what a conceited speech you have made," rejoined Laura, smiling and coloring. "That I have felt keenly the unavoidable sorrow we have all undergone I do not deny, but my nature is not so poor, so barren, that it has but one road to happiness. I have many a footpath left—humble perhaps—yet full of tranquil beauty."

A great calm settled down on the fair home of Reginald Piers after the master and his mother had taken their departure. The young chatelaine and her cousin enjoyed themselves in truly feminine fashion.

They breakfasted early, and, as Winnie rapidly gathered strength, strolled out to some seat beneath the trees, where she greatly enjoyed sitting watching idly her cousin's busy pencil or needle, while they talked intermittently in all the delightful freedom of perfect trust and fullest comprehension. Not without differences of opinion, however, Winnie being by nature conservative, and Laura equally by nature radical; while nurse and baby revolved round them in circles more or less eccentric.

Then they dined at luncheon time, and took long beautiful excursions in the sweet summer evenings, in the pony-

carriage, to more distant points of interest, when they would return to high tea, that essentially feminine meal; after which Winifrid retired early.

"I want so much to be quite strong and well soon—to surprise Reginald," she would say, "to be able to go with him everywhere. Besides, I want to have a peep at the 'Season'—you know I always cared for vanities much more than you do."

"Naturally," Laura would say, smiling, as she bid her good-night; and when alone in her room, she settled herself for an hour of quiet reading, or wrote her letters, or sketched out designs to be finished up when the demand came.

Often she enjoyed a spell of thinking, lulled by the whispering of the fragrant lime trees which abounded near the house, and the soft freshness of the summer night stealing in like a shy caress through her open window. In these musings it was always pleasant to her to think how warmly Winifrid loved and trusted her husband. The vague discomfort which had pressed upon her when she first came to Pierslynn—the undefined feeling that there was an under-current somewhere, had been quite obliterated, yet she found that there was a strange distrust evolving itself in her heart towards Reginald—an indescribable consciousness that he was less kindly, less unselfish, less chivalrous than formerly—a curious revival of her old unacknowledged conviction that Reginald never would sacrifice his own objects out of consideration for others. But she told herself she must guard carefully against prejudice, against any tendency to be hard upon her cousin.

Oddly enough, the idea of Denzil Crewe always presented itself when she thought of Reginald—how good and unpretendingly kind he was, like a real brother. It was pleasant to think he would be at home when she returned, for Mrs. Crewe's house had grown very homelike since the Admiral was settled there.

"Suppose," said Laura one very fine evening, "that instead of our usual drive you come with me to the old bridge near the Tarn. I want so much to finish that sketch, as well as two or three more, before I go; and my time is growing short."

"Very well," returned her hostess. "How delighted I am to be able to walk so far again!"

The cousins strolled leisurely to the spot indicated, and Laura was soon at work, while Winnie amused herself gathering some rare ferns which grew about.

"Do you know," said Laura, after she had been very diligent and rather silent for half an hour, "I think I shall carry away with me the foundation of future fortune from Pierslynn."

"I am sure I hope so, but how?" asked Winnie, returning to a camp-stool beside her.

"I have made such a quantity of sketches, and collected such an amount of ideas about light and air, and distance and color, that I may even compose a picture one day."

"Have you never had a commission yet?"

"Never. Your friend Madame Moscynski promised me one, but it never came."

"Oh, she did! Well, I do not fancy she is to be depended upon. If she had given you the commission it is very doubtful if she would have paid for it."

"I should not care for employment on those terms," said Laura smiling. "But I think you must do her injustice. It is impossible that a woman, wealthy as she appears to be, would be dishonest in trifles."

"Wealthy!" cried Winnie, with a scornful smile. "Extravagant, if you will, but she has scarcely a sou! How she lives and dresses and travels, and seems to have the cream of everything, is a mystery and a marvel."

"That is very strange," said Laura; and there was a pause while she put some finishing touches to her sketch. "I suppose she is very charming?"

"Yes! she can be—when she likes. I wonder where she is wandering now?"

"Then she has left the Isle of Wight, I suppose?"

"The Isle of Wight!" cried Winnie sharply. "How do you know she was in the Isle of Wight?"

"Oh, Mrs. Piers mentioned that she had a letter from her, and that she was gone or going to the Isle of Wight, as she was not well."

"Mrs. Piers—my mother-in-law!" exclaimed Winifrid, her countenance darkening. "I did not know that Madame La Princesse corresponded with my mother-in-law."

"It may have been but one letter, for all I know," said Laura, wishing by some vague instinct that she had never mentioned it. But Winifrid made no answer; indeed, she kept silence so long that Laura felt it oppressive, and forced herself to begin a new subject—one generally acceptable to Winifrid, and often discussed between them. "When did you hear from Herbert?" And they conversed for some time on this theme.

After their return to the house Winnie was unusually silent, and retired early, while Laura sat up reading some time longer; she felt dimly uneasy, a little dissatisfied with herself for having mentioned the letter from Madame Moszynski, for she fancied she had observed a change in her cousin from the moment she had named it.

The next morning but one was Laura's last at Pierslynn. It came all too quickly for Winifrid, though Reginald had promised to be at home to dinner on the day of her departure; an announcement which cheered his wife, and restored the bright joyous look to eyes and lip which Laura had not seen there since the evening she had over-fatigued herself by walking to the Tarn.

This last morning was warm and bright, and the cousins had planned a longer drive than usual after their early dinner.

The first post, a very early one, had brought a letter from Mrs. Crewe, expressing unmeasured delight at the prospect of seeing her dear Laura again, and a few kindly lines from the Admiral to the same effect. So Laura felt less depressed than she expected to be by her approaching departure. Pierslynn was lovely and Winnie very dear, but she had no place in the one, and the other was no longer hers. She was also relieved to see Winnie so bright and like herself.

"You know I do not consider that we are parting," she said; "*entre nous*, I intend to make Reginald take me up to town the week after next. It is too late for the drawing-rooms, but I can see something of the Season, and see you too, darling, and have Mrs. Crewe to dinner. It will be such fun."

She said this as they were returning from a long drive, and on entering the house Winnie exclaimed, "Oh! here is a letter from Mrs. Piers, and one for you, Laura."

Laura saw with some surprise that it was directed in Denzil's handwriting, and seeing her cousin absorbed in Mrs. Piers's letter, she took it to her own room, fearing Mrs. Crewe might be ill or that he had something else untoward to communicate.

Hastily putting aside her hat, Laura opened the envelope. It contained another letter, and a little note from Denzil.

"Dear Miss Piers:—The inclosed reached me half an hour ago. My mother tells me we shall have you back the day after to-morrow. I assure you the whole household is rejoicing at the prospect, and Topsy "purrs" her anticipations. The place has not seemed the same since you left. Pray

present my compliments to Mrs. Piers, and believe me always yours,

"Most sincerely,

"DENZIL CREWE."

"How good they all are!" thought Laura, turning with some curiosity to the letter inclosed.

It was directed in a strange, illiterate-looking hand, bore the Sydney post-mark, and was addressed to

"Miss Laura Piers, care of Denzil Crewe, Esq.,

"Messieurs Gibbon and Paul,

"Corbett Court, E. C., London."

"I know no one in Australia," said Laura to herself as she broke the big untidy-looking seal, and found within a letter in different and better calligraphy, though the hand which produced it was evidently weak and unsteady, and two inclosures: the first she looked at was a slip of paper dated Sydney, April 10, 18—, and contained these words: "This letter is forwarded by the last directions of James Holden, who died here yesterday.

"WILLIAM SHERMAN."

The other was a sealed note directed to Mr. George Winter, 27 Gray's Inn Road. The letter ran thus:

"To Miss Laura Piers:—Madam, I still hope to make the following communication in person, but having been unwell for some time, I think it wiser to commit it to paper, as I should not like to quit this world without an effort to right a wrong for which I am partly responsible. I must make my letter short.

"First, you are the rightful owner of Pierslynn.

"It is generally believed your grandfather, Geoffrey Piers, died unmarried, and your father was always considered illegitimate, Geoffrey Piers *did* marry your grandmother, Marie Lavelle, a Canadian, more than six months before his son was born. The marriage is entered in the register of St. Olave's Church, City; look for it! The letters which are necessary to prove that Geoffrey Piers, who resided at Rythinbridge from 1825 to 1828, and the Geoffrey Piers who married Marie Lavelle at St. Olave's, in June 1827, was one and the same man, I left in charge of a friend, George Winter, fearing to lose them in my wanderings. He does not know what is in the packet, and will only give it up to the person named in a letter signed by me. I have named *you*—go to him, and give him your card.

"Then consult Thurston and Trent. They will get you good terms. The letters were addressed to an old aunt of mine, and fell into my hands after her death. I never liked Reginald Piers. He looked on me with contempt, for all his politeness, so I was glad enough to put an extinguisher on his boasting when he thought he was Lord of Pierslynn. Then he stopped my mouth, and said you and he were fond of one another, and he would marry you and make it all right, only he did not like to play second fiddle to his wife, so I had better hold my jaw. As no one was to be robbed I didn't mind, and he helped me out of the corner. Then I met Denzil Crewe, and he told me Piers was married, but *not* to you. I have intended to go back ever since, and set matters right, yet I don't seem to get strong enough, so I write these particulars. I may be able to travel by and by; if not—"

Here the sentence ceased, and a little below was written, with an evidently failing hand:

"The above is all true, so help me God! Look to it.

"JAMES HOLDEN."

"SYDNEY, April 8, 18—."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LAURA read this curious production twice before she was able to take it in.

Even then it seemed like the wanderings of a fever-stricken sufferer.

Her knowledge of the family ramifications was so vague that she did not see at first how the marriage or non-marriage of her grandfather could affect her. She laid aside the letter and thought hard and painfully, going over the time of her brief engagement to Reginald step by step, but she was not much moved by the letter. It was the expiring effort of a mind distorted by spite and approaching dissolution, unworthy of notice; only a melancholy evidence of an evil spirit.

Still, as she thought, it was strange how this wretched man's assertions fitted in with many of the circumstances she recalled.

She remembered a Mr. Holden, who had been in Mr. Trent's office with Reginald, calling on Mrs. Crewe; that he seemed curious about their engagement, and was generally audacious. Then perhaps Mrs. Piers's implacable opposition was due to the fact that she believed her (Laura's) father was illegitimate? and, above all, was not Reginald's hitherto unaccountable determination to marry herself thus accounted for? Nay, his evident desire to carry out their engagement, in spite of his passion for Winifrid, answered to the exigencies suggested by this horrible letter! She was weak and foolish to let it torment her, but conviction of the possibility that this strange story might be true increased with every additional moment of reflection; the ground on which she stood seemed to crumble beneath her as her doubts of Reginald grew thick and fast.

That he, her hero still, although he had forsaken her—her ideal of all that was refined, and generous, and chivalric—should have stooped to rob her, and then deceive her into an avowal of the secret, nearly subdued love, which had been the romance of her quiet life! It was too dreadful; the foundations of her faith in all things seemed shaken. Why did not that wretched man die in peace, and leave *her* in peace? No possessions, no mere wealth, could ever atone for the destruction of belief in honor—truth—fidelity.

Reginald a criminal! Winnie the wife of a dishonored traitor! her helpless baby penniless, with the brand of inherited shame! It was too tragic for credence. It was like the impossible horrors of a bad dream.

To whom could she turn for advice?

To whom dare she confide such a secret? To none. Perhaps none need ever know. More mature reflection might show her the folly of being disturbed; for the present she would not utter a syllable to any one. If she ever thought the matter worth speaking of, it would be to Reginald she would first address herself. For the present, she would try and banish the subject from her mind.

With this determination, she made some change in her dress, and went down stairs to join Winnie.

But the spell of repose was broken—every word, every topic, seemed to point to and illustrate the subject that Laura strove so diligently to banish from her thoughts. She could not escape from the dreadful irritating consciousness that she was surrounded by lies—nay, in danger of becoming herself a lie—if she continued to keep this wonderful piece of knowledge festering, a hidden sore in her heart.

More than once Winnie said: "I am sure you are not well, or you are over-tired; you are not yourself, dear Laura. Must you go to-morrow? Reginald would be so pleased to find you here." But Laura was now burning to be away. Safe and undisturbed at Mrs. Crewe's, she could think more clearly. Meanwhile, she was miserable, restless, at times angry, at others almost touched to tears at the mere idea that she or any one could have it in their power to force Reginald and Winnie from that lovely home, and then again telling herself that such a romance was too improbable.

The longing to escape from Pierslynn was so strong that she almost counted the moments till the carriage was at the door to convey her to the railway station, and even her parting with Winnie was spoiled by these dominant ideas.

The rapid motion, and the conversation of an old lady, a chance traveling companion, gave a welcome diversion to Laura's thoughts, which was further assisted by the pleasant feeling that she was going home, where a warm and sincere welcome awaited her, where she was missed and necessary.

On reaching Euston, to her great surprise, the door of the carriage was opened by Denzil Crewe.

"You here!" cried Laura. "I by no means expected such attention! Mrs. Crewe need not have troubled you."

"She did not say anything about it," said Denzil smiling. "But I found I could get off in time to meet you—so here I am."

Though eminently self-helpful, Laura felt keenly the pleasure of being taken care of, and especially to-day.

That *any* one should take this trouble for her was soothing to her heart, aching as it was with doubt of others and distrust of self.

So she asked cheerfully for Mrs. Crewe and the Admiral, and was interested in Denzil's replies. She even noticed that he seemed especially bright and well, and that he had lost in some measure the sailor look he generally had when he first returned from a voyage.

The rumbling of the cab supplied all deficiencies in conversation during the long drive to Leamington Road, where Laura found "the fatted calf had been killed;" and all things decked in festive array.

"My darling girl!" cried Mrs. Crewe, opening the door and embracing her with one comprehensive arm, while she held Topsy, arrayed in a fresh red ribbon, under the other. "You are indeed welcome! We have missed you terribly, and dear Topsy has been quite inconsolable. Come in, dear. Tea is ready! you must be hot and tired and dusty after the journey. Ah! Denzil! so you went to meet her! that's a good boy. Here, Collins, Collins, take Miss Piers's box. Have you paid the driver? That's all then; you need not wait, my good man. What! you want another sixpence! It is an infamous imposition; do not give it, Laura."

"It is such a long way, and my luggage is heavy. That hamper and the basket of plants are for you, dear Mrs. Crewe. Here, Collins, give him this."

"Pray do not trouble yourself, Denzil will settle it. There, shut the door. Now I shall not say one word to you till you have had your tea; you must be quite exhausted. The Admiral has not come in yet; he went to a meeting of the Mount Moriah Charity Club early; he will be famished, I am sure; he left the parcel of sandwiches I made up for him behind, and you know he will not buy even a penny cake for himself," etc., etc.

* * * * *

It was a cheerful friendly meeting, and Laura in no way regretted the elegant surroundings of Pierslynn. Here, she was naturally, legitimately of some importance; there, she felt strange, and in a certain sense an intruder. In spite of Reginald's elaborate, observant politeness, she felt that he was ill at ease in her presence, beyond, indeed, what their peculiar position could account for, and no one is really welcome who creates constraint.

When tea was over and warm greetings exchanged with the Admiral, who joined them soon after they sat down to table, Laura produced her portfolio in order to satisfy Mrs. Crewe, who of course subjected her to a severe cross-examination.

"How many servants do they keep, dear? Two men in livery, and a butler, but no groom of the chambers? Well,

I am rather surprised at that ; at Coombe, my grand-uncle's place, they always had a groom of the chambers. I am sorry Mrs. Piers could not see company while you were there ; you would of course have met all the *county*."

"I suppose so. A great many people called, but I did not see them."

"I should have supposed they would call upon *you*," said Mrs. Crewe loftily, "a near relation of the owner of Pierslynn."

"There are much greater people and places than Reginald and Pierslynn in Saltshire," returned Laura laughing, "and I am afraid my relationship to him is too vague, and myself too insignificant, to be called upon by county magistrates. The only one I spoke to was a near neighbor and great friend of Reginald's, Lord Dereham."

"Oh ! indeed ! was he agreeable ?"

"I do not know. He is a tall, thin, pale, distinguished-looking, elderly man, with watery eyes and an air of being dreadfully tired. When Reginald said, 'My cousin, Miss Piers, Lord Dereham,' he made a beautiful bow, and said, 'Ah, yes, Miss Piers !' and then he strolled away without another word."

"Pierslynn must be a charming place," said Denzil, looking up from the drawings in which he had been much interested. "I like your water-color sketches better than anything else you do, Miss Piers. What a delightful home ! A trifle grander than I care for. Like most sailors, I love trees and hills and country life, and my favorite air-castle is to possess a nest among the green fields before I die."

"I love the country and scenery too," returned Laura ; "but I am not sure that I should like to live there always."

"I doubt, however, if Pierslynn suits you," said Denzil, looking at her so earnestly that, although always at ease with him, she colored, perhaps because conscious of the secret that vexed her soul.

"You are looking ill and worn——"

"Well, upon my word, Denzil, that is a polite speech !" cried his mother. "I thought sailors were more gallant."

"I am too sincerely interested in Miss Piers to make her fine speeches," replied Denzil with grave kindness ; "and I am sorry to see her look so unwell."

"I was very anxious about Winnie, and I am very tired. I shall be all right to-morrow."

"My dear, I shall insist on your taking some cold beef-tea before you go to bed ; at this time of the year it is much better cold," cried Mrs. Crewe.

"Yes," said her son, "you must be made to take care of yourself ; it is, I imagine, the one duty you neglect."

"And so Mr. Piers is still in town ?" asked Mrs. Crewe.

"No, he returns to-day."

"I have an idea I saw him yesterday in Lombard Street in a carriage with a lady," said Denzil.

"Perhaps so ; his mother most likely," observed Laura.

"I do not think it was his mother."

"It is hard to say," returned Laura, carelessly ; then gathering her drawings together, "I feel so tired and sleepy that I must bid you good-night."

"We must not keep you up. God bless you, my dear child," said Mrs. Crewe, folding her in her arms.

"Good-night, Miss Piers," said Denzil, as he held open the door for her to pass through ; "it is very nice to think we shall see you to-morrow morning as usual."

"Thank you," returned Laura, with a pleasant smile ; "and how nice for me to be at home with you all again."

"I wonder does she really think so ?" said Denzil, returning to his chair.

"That she does, if she says so," returned his mother ; "she is the truest girl I ever met."

"Well, her visit to Pierslynn has done her no good. That worthless cousin of hers has spoiled her life. I suspect meeting him again in his new character has been too much even for her strength and self-command. I wish she had not gone ! I fear her love for him was too deeply rooted to be easily displaced."

"Nonsense, Denzil. Do you think a right-principled girl like Laura would permit herself such feelings toward another woman's husband ?"

"And do *you* think, mother," he returned, with a somewhat grim smile, "that a name and a ceremony can wipe out in a moment the passion and tenderness of years ? The best cure is another guest for the empty chambers of the heart."

"Ah ! that is just like a man. I am afraid there is little constancy in your sex. Though I *always* say your wife will be a lucky woman."

"I hope she will think so," said Denzil, laughing. "I will have a smoke in the garden before I turn in. Good-night, mother."

Laura was too wearied in mind and body to sleep at first, but exhaustion struggled against nervous tension. Painful dreams robbed her sleep of rest, and she woke soon after dawn with a vague sense of distress. It was some relief to her to recognize the humble, familiar "plenishing" of her own little room, and to know that she had escaped from Pierslynn and its painful associations ; and for a few minutes she dwelt with pleasure on the kindly, brotherly interest Denzil had shown toward her the previous evening. She wished he was her brother in fact, for, however secure as to the character of their friendship, she well knew how gossip, and the prevailing vulgarity of ordinary natures, would poison and misinterpret it. And she was so lonely, so divested of family ties, so absolutely without claim on any one. And yet, though plain and unattractive, how fortunate she had been in making kind friends ! How good Mrs. Crewe was ! And the Admiral, who filled a father's place so lovingly—and Denzil, too. He would not change—not, at least, until he married. Then both mother and sister and friend must yield to a higher claim. But if she was isolated, how much more lonely must her father have been ! She had always recognized a something melancholy in the expression of his portrait. She rose, and putting on her *peignoir*, unlocked her treasure-drawer and took it out.

It was a sweet, noble, sad face. "How I should have loved him," she thought, as she gazed upon it. "I wish I had inherited some of his good looks—beauty is such a glorious gift ! *He* must have been terribly alone without a family tie. His birth—not to be spoken of save with bated breath. No mother's kin to befriend him, as *I* had. And *if* all this was unnecessary shame—if, indeed, he was a rightful member of his father's family—how cruel to have let him suffer. Yes, she could trace a likeness to her grandfather Geoffrey's picture ; only her father's face looked more resolute, more intellectual." And so she sat by the open window, the portrait in her hand, and thought round and round in the same painful circle of doubt and indecision. What ought she to do ? She was growing more convinced that there was truth in the strange story sent her from the grave. But how much ? Could she believe that Reginald—an English gentleman, a generous, warm-hearted man as he always seemed—had cheated her of her birthright ? His faithlessness in affection might be explained and condoned, but this dishonesty must have been a matter of deliberate choice ! What ought she to do ? She shrank from exposing the man she once loved so well to the contempt of others. And, supposing the extraordinary assertions of this man, Holden, were true, the question as to her future line of conduct remained still un-

answered. Could she rob Winnie and her baby of home, fortune, position, all? Impossible! Yet her sturdy English common sense rebelled against the shameful wrong done her—against the mesh of falsehood and false seeming by which she was surrounded.

Gradually her ideas cleared. First, she would, if possible, ascertain the truth respecting the circumstances detailed in Holden's letter. She would have many opportunities of doing so. Her position as a worker, a plain, earnest woman, gave her an unusual amount of liberty. Once she was certain on this point, she would decide her future course. Nor would she be unmerciful if it was ever in her power to punish.

Even so unfinished a decision brought her composure. After dressing, she sat down to write to Winnie, but the dark barrier of a secret rose up between them, and checked the easy flow of confidence which even the fiery pang of rivalry had not dried up. Her letter was short, but loving, and when it was finished she occupied herself in arranging her belongings and planning out the day.

There was plenty to do; she must gather up her neglected *clientèle*. In all probability she would always have to win her living by her own toil; and this was no appalling prospect to Laura. She only wished she had not been disturbed by this horrible letter, just as she had grown quite calm and comparatively happy. It made her look so ill and worn, as Denzil had truly said, and, worse, feel old and stern and distrustful. She must try and shake off the impression. Life was too precious, too fleeting a gift to be spoiled by wealth or want—unless, indeed, the want was very cruel—or doubt or anger, so long as “two or three were gathered together” whom she could love and trust and serve.

A knock at her door changed the current of her reflections, “What, up and dressed?” cried Mrs. Crewe, coming in on receiving permission. “I had quite made up my mind to give you a nice cup of tea and a round of buttered toast—I know you like toast in your bed. I am quite vexed with you for getting up so early. Why, the Admiral has not come down yet, and I have heard nothing of Denzil.”

“I have a great deal to do to-day, Mrs. Crewe, and I am quite rested.”

“Come, then. There! I hear the Admiral's door opening. We will be in nice time for prayers. You know that dear, high-bred saint of a man offered to give up reading prayers to Denzil, if I wished it; but Denzil made him such a nice speech, something about his being better fitted to offer up prayer and praise—I cannot remember exactly what—but I know the Admiral was pleased, and shook hands with him on the spot. Ah! Laura dear, if my boy had been in the Royal Navy, there would not be a more brilliant officer or a more polished gentleman in the service.”

“He is quite as much a gentleman out of it,” said Laura, smiling.

“Good morning. God bless you!” said her kind guardian, as Laura approached him, laying his hand lightly for a moment on her head.

“Good morning, Mrs. Crewe. Shall we wait for Denzil?”

“Certainly not, Admiral. I regret he should not be ready, but he was writing to a late hour in his room, and—Collins, Collins! Come, come, come—*prayers*, Collins!”

But prayers were over and breakfast begun before Denzil made his appearance. He begged pardon, and said he did not know how he had happened to oversleep himself. “One would think I had made the journey yesterday, and not you,” he added, looking at Laura.

“Oh, I feel quite myself this morning,” she returned.

“Better, I believe,” said Denzil with a smile, “but not quite yourself yet.”

“I suppose you will rest at home to-day,” said the Ad-

miral to his ward. “I shall not be obliged to go out till the evening, when I have promised to give a short address at a tea-meeting for the ragged children of the Christian Brethren's Institution. Laura, my dear, if you are disengaged I should like you to accompany me.”

“Yes, of course, dear Admiral; I shall be most happy to go.”

“There is a slight difficulty,” said the Admiral, pausing as if reflecting how to surmount it. “After the meeting is over, I must (as one of the elders) attend a council in the vestry adjoining, but during that, Laura, you can remain in the school-room. Some of the ladies who interest themselves in the periodical feast will doubtless stay with you.”

Laura looked up suddenly with some dismay, and met Denzil's deep brown eyes, which were lit up with an amused smile. “Couldn't I help, sir?” he said. “I shall have a long day in the city. I will dine there, and join you, if you will let me, about eight or half-past, and bring Laura—I beg pardon, Miss Piers—back at once. When does the fight—that is, the feast—begin?”

“About half-past five. It will be over before half-past eight. I shall be much obliged if you will take charge of Laura. I may be detained longer than I expect.”

“Then give me the address,” said Denzil, taking out his pocket-book.

After giving it—and with many apologies requesting Mrs. Crewe to make the dinner somewhat later, as they would be obliged to start before tea-time—the Admiral retired.

“Thank you for saving me from the Mount Moriah ladies,” said Laura smiling. “It was an act of real friendship. You don't know what a terrible bore the whole thing is to me.”

“For my part,” said Mrs. Crewe with an air of severe sense, “I highly approve of everything that possibly can be done for the spiritual improvement of the lower orders, but I do not like going among ragged children.”

“I am afraid you are an indifferent Christian, mother.”

“I dare say I am no more of a miserable sinner than my neighbors,” she returned. “I would gladly give my mite to get the poor clothes and food, and I do not mind going to see them at their own homes; but to sit down side by side with fifty or sixty little ragamuffins is more than I could do.”

“Is it not frightful to think that such numbers of poor little helpless irresponsible creatures are floating about the world?” said Laura, who was not disposed to take a cheerful view of things in general. “It is disheartening to see the mass of misery round one. What charity, what benevolence, can cope with it?”

“None,” replied Denzil rising. “Education and increasing industry may do something, but charity is useless, except in isolated instances. Well, Miss Piers, I will come and rescue you from the ragamuffins my mother dreads so much. I should like to hear the Admiral's address: I do not think he has the gift of speechifying.”

“Perhaps not in the ordinary sense,” said Laura thoughtfully. “But his earnestness is always impressive. He has often a sort of abstracted look in his eyes, as if he saw visions beyond our common ken. I should think he was likely to do a great deal of good to the poor and ignorant.”

“I am sure he ought,” observed Mrs. Crewe, who was busy locking away the preserves and sugar; “he gives away all his substance. Mr. Brown says that a string of beggars follow him at the Metropolitan station whenever the policeman's back is turned, and that he seems to have given sight to the blind! for that man at the bridge begins to scramble his fingers all over the page of the blind Bible he has, and shout out verses about ‘seeing your brother have need,’ and ‘lending to the Lord,’ the moment the Admiral

comes near, though he has been gossiping with the Irish apple woman for an hour before !”

“My mother is an awful skeptic ! is she not, Miss Piers ? Well, good-morning.”

“I am nothing of the sort,” Mrs. Crewe called after him good-humoredly as he left the room. “But I hate impostors, and I do not feel half so much for people born to work, and who might work, and often won't work, as I do for poor helpless untrained gentry with all the needs of their class. Were I rich, *those* would be *my* objects.”

“But the Admiral befriends all,” said Laura smiling as she arranged some sketches and designs to take to her High Art patron. “I am a genteel pauper, and what would have become of me but for him ?”

“You, my dear ! you would always have kept your head above water. I wish you would not talk of yourself in that way, it provokes me ! I am sure you are more deserving of Pierslynn than the people that have it.”

“Oh ! nonsense !” exclaimed Laura, forcing herself to smile, for Mrs. Crewe's remark struck her strangely. “I am no better than any other hard worker—not that my work is hard.”

“Are you going out, then ?”

“Yes ; I have several places to go to. I must not lose my connection, and I have been nearly three weeks away.”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HAVING accomplished her business visits satisfactorily, and found that her place had been supplied in only one instance, Laura bent her steps to Mrs. Trent's residence, having a good excuse for calling.

She had found an invitation for herself and the Admiral to Miss Trent's wedding ; she decided to refuse it in person, and thus find the opportunity she sought. It was a little past luncheon time, but the sedate man out of livery at once admitted her. She had scarcely reached the drawing-room, when Caroline, the second daughter, a merry little damsel of thirteen or fourteen, came running up-stairs. “Oh ! Miss Piers, mamma says you will come in to luncheon ! We have not finished yet—do come down.”

And Laura went down to the handsome, costly dining-room.

“I am very glad indeed to see you,” said Mrs. Trent cordially, as she rose to meet her in her rich silk dress, delicate laces, and dead-gold ornaments, a picture of solid prosperity and content. “When did you return ? James, a chair here for Miss Piers. You came back yesterday ? Very good of you to call so soon. What will you take ? There is some cold roast lamb and the remains of currie. These children will not eat currie. James, some lamb,” etc., etc.

“How is Miss Trent ?” asked Laura.

“Oh ! quite well—a little tired ; she is staying with her future mother-in-law, at Bushy. Dear Mr. and Mrs. Thurston are so kind and so fond of her.”

There were only the three younger children and their governess at table, and these Mrs. Trent soon dismissed.

“Miss Merton, if you manage to get through all your work before tea, you shall have the open carriage for a nice drive this evening. I am only going a little way, and the horses will be quite fresh.”

“Oh ! thank you, mother. Come along, Carry, come, Louie ; let us make haste !” cried the youngest, a curly-headed rogue of about seven, to his sisters. And with hasty adieux to Laura, they scampered off, followed more sedately by their governess.

“Children are such a nuisance when you want to talk comfortably,” said Mrs. Trent ; “and I want to hear all about Pierslynn. We are to have the pleasure of seeing you and the Admiral at the wedding ?”

Laura excused herself and her guardian, and Mrs. Trent, though she said all that was right and proper, did not press her invitation too vehemently.

“If you will not take any thing more,” said Mrs. Trent, after Laura had refused a second supply of gooseberry-fool, “let us go up-stairs ;” and they settled themselves for a comfortable talk on the balcony of the smaller drawing-room, which was covered by an awning and liberally supplied with fragrant plants.

“Now tell me all about Pierslynn,” repeated Mrs. Trent, leaning back in a folding chair and slowly fanning herself. “I take quite an interest in Reginald and his young wife. They say he has been spending a heap of money lately.”

“I do not think that can be true,” said Laura ; “they live according to their station, but I saw no sign of extravagance.”

“I am glad to hear it. Well, what is the baby like ?”

“A funny, puny-looking little thing ; but it improved immensely before I left.”

“Mrs. Piers *mère* says it is a wonder it lived. I cannot understand that ; young Mrs. Piers is the *beau idéal* of a healthy young mother.”

“She is,” returned Laura ; “but she is sensitive and excitable.”

“Ah ! so I believe,” said Mrs. Trent, with a degree of significance Laura could not help noticing ; “and they have a nice place ?”

Laura gave a glowing description of it and Winifrid's happiness, her own enjoyment and every one's kindness.

“And, you will forgive me, dear Laura, if the question is intrusive—you know I am not prompted by idle curiosity—how did you and Reginald meet ?”

“In unembarrassed friendliness,” said Laura, smiling and coloring a little. I think we are *both* glad we discovered the true state of his feelings before it was too late.”

Mrs. Trent looked at her with wide-open eyes, and slowly shook her head. “You and your cousin Winifrid are most amazing people,” she said ; “and she is as great friends with you as ever ? not at all jealous about her husband ?”

“Winnie jealous of *me* !” returned Laura, with frank surprise. “That would indeed be absurd.”

“Well, I do not know,” said Mrs. Trent, laughing ; “I can't help thinking that were I a man I should be very fond of you.”

“If you *were* a man you would not. I think some might like me, but I shall never again believe that any one could fall in love with me.”

“Nonsense, my dear. There is a sort of soft repose in your manners, a kind of feeling in your voice, that must be very attractive to many men.”

“Pray go on,” said Laura, gravely ; “you will prove I am a beauty in time.”

“These personalities are very rude,” said Mrs. Trent, laughing. “*Revenons à nos moutons*. How does Winifrid bear her honors, and get on with the county ?”

They again plunged into the Pierslynn question, and presently Laura brought the conversation round to the point she had waited for. “There are some curious old portraits of various bygone Piers in a kind of gallery, and several more modern in the library. I found a Geoffrey Piers—my grandfather, I believe—among them.”

“Yes, I suppose so,” said Mrs. Trent, with a little reserve.

“Mrs. Trent,” said Laura, with some earnestness, “I have never known much of my own family. Can you tell me in what degree I am cousin to Reginald ?”

“Oh ! I am by no means well up in such matters—third or fourth cousin, I suppose. I believe he is *my* third cousin once removed, to be accurate ! but I do not know exactly where your father came in. I must show you some of Katie's

pretty things before you go, Laura," she added, with the evident intention of changing the subject.

"Thank you," returned Laura. "But I want first to understand whereabouts I come on the family tree; though I fear I am neither fruit nor flower."

"Ah! Let us say an acorn, with the germ of future greatness within you," cried Mrs. Trent readily. "Why trouble about such old-fashioned follies as genealogies and family trees?"

"Yet I wish to know," urged Laura with gentle persistence. "I have an idea that my father was not legitimate, which would account in some measure for Mrs. Piers being more ready to accept Winnie for a daughter-in-law than myself."

"Well, I believe you are right," returned Mrs. Trent a little reluctantly, "though it was very stupid of any one to tell you; for at this distance of time it is really of no consequence, and people have such narrow prejudices on the subject."

"I think they are very natural prejudices," said Laura. "But now that we are over that difficulty, tell me something of this grandfather of mine."

"I do not know much, and it is so difficult to explain relationships. Let me see: you and I and Reggie all had the same great-great-grandfather; no, he was *your* and Reggie's great-great-grandfather! How awkward not to have a word in English to express all these 'greats'! This '*urhan*' Piers (as the Germans would say) had three sons; you and Reggie are descended from the second, and myself from the third—that is all I know; but I think I have heard Mr. Trent say that it was lucky for Reginald that your grandfather Geoffrey never married. Now are you satisfied?"

"I am." She paused, and resumed in a few moments in an altered, pained tone, "Do you know anything of my grandmother?"

"Very little; she was a French Canadian, you know. Your grandfather was one of the unlucky Peninsular men who were sent off to America, and so missed Waterloo. I rather fancy she was of humble birth; at any rate he never married her—more shame for him! But I see these historical reminiscences vex you. I imagined you had more sense; do not give it another thought. It is such an old story no one knows anything about it; you are just one of the family, no matter the exact degree."

"But I am not. I can claim no tie with you! my only relatives are Winnie and her brothers."

"Come! you must admit *my* claim," said Mrs. Trent kindly and pleasantly. "We shall all be ambitious to call you cousin when you have reached the position to which your ability entitles you. I assure you I heard high praise of your talent a few days ago."

"Where?" exclaimed Laura in genuine surprise.

"At Mrs. Piers's, the dowager's. Mr. Trent and I were dining with her to meet Reginald and a very charming Madame Moscyński, some relation of one of their Saltshire neighbors. She said she thought your work full of promise, and was sure you would yet take high rank; she seemed to understand what she was talking about. She is rather a remarkable woman, and quite fascinated Mr. Trent."

"I am much obliged for her prophecy," said Laura gravely.

"Her toilet is a study," continued Mrs. Trent. "Only it suggests the idea of too elaborate care; its arrangement must need a world of thought, a lifetime of experience. Yet it was worn easily enough. Mrs. Piers told me that Madame Moscyński wished to make my acquaintance, which rather surprised me; I should have imagined that quite professional people like ourselves were not likely to attract a

fine lady such as she is. However, I called on her yesterday, or rather left my card, for she was out."

Laura listened with an odd feeling of displeasure and uneasiness that made her vexed with herself. Why should she not like the idea of acquaintanceship between her pleasant friendly relative and the Polish princess? Why did she suspect Mrs. Trent, in her heart, of a weakness for grandees, albeit so frankly accepting her excellent middle-class position? It was one of those strange currents of thought, different in temperature and of contrary direction from the surrounding mental condition, which at times traverse it, as the gulf stream does the ocean.

"And Miss Trent's pretty things! You were so good as to say you would show them to me," she said, rousing herself and resolutely turning away from the subjects of which they were speaking.

"Yes, I shall be delighted. It is like being married over again having the care of all these fine things," said Mrs. Trent laughing. "Really, Reginald's gift is quite splendid—a lovely dessert service of silver and engraved glass! I believe, as Mrs. Piers could not come to town, Madame Moscyński helped him to choose it—she has perfect taste."

* * * * *

After nearly an hour's inspection of the various presents, an hour far from uninteresting to Laura's womanly tastes and instincts, she was obliged to hasten home in order to be in time for the four o'clock dinner provided by Mrs. Crewe's thoughtfulness.

Of course Mrs. Crewe was ravenous for a description of the preparations for Miss Trent's wedding, and delivered a carefully considered opinion that Laura would have done more wisely, and upheld her own position better, had she accepted Mrs. Trent's invitation to the ceremony. "You are one of the family, my dear. Why should you not be one of the guests at your cousin's wedding? Your absence is a sort of admission that you are scarcely a relative."

"I really do not care whether I am or not," returned Laura laughing; "not enough, certainly, to expend the cost of a wedding garment."

"My dear Laura," said the Admiral, looking up from his plate, which Mrs. Crewe had liberally supplied with curried lamb, "the claims of kindred should not be lightly disregarded. The family is a divine institution, and the right to belong to one ought not to be thoughtlessly relinquished."

"If I have a right I should certainly not give it up," returned Laura, smiling slightly—a peculiar smile, that seemed to fix the Admiral's attention, for he continued to look at her with a questioning expression for another second.

"I am sure a new summer dress would not ruin you, Laura," observed Mrs. Crewe, coming in with her blessed undercurrent of commonplace to sweep away the pin's point of light that for an instant gleamed on the Admiral's brain. "If Mrs. Reginald Piers comes to town you will want a change; you cannot go about with her in your old black dress forever."

"We shall see," returned Laura, evading the discussion; and then she led the conversation to her visits of that morning, and the satisfaction she experienced in finding that she had lost very little by her prolonged visit to Pierslynn. Finally the Admiral requested her to put on her hat and mantle, as they would not be too early for the charitable tea.

It was a somewhat long expedition to the north-eastern district. The evening was close and thunderous, and the room, though large, was crammed with not too well washed boys and girls and tiny urchins—so that Laura found the atmosphere rather overpowering.

In spite of haste, the Admiral and his ward were a few minutes late, but the former was sufficiently important to

be waited for. Directly they had penetrated to the top of the room, Laura was given a seat among the leading female members of the congregation, while her guardian was invited to "step up" on the platform. A broad-shouldered big man with well flattened whitey-brown hair, who had apparently twisted a small table-cloth round his huge throat, said, "Let us join in prayer." Whereupon every one knelt down.

So soon as the tremendous rustling and scuffling which ensued had subsided, the speaker proceeded to deliver a long address to the Deity, confessing a charn of sins and backslidings, and asking for a string of benefits; pleading for his spiritual opponents rather in the "Don't nail his ears to the pump" style, and generally wrestling with the Evil One so vehemently that his shouts might have been heard afar; these gradually died off into pathetic moaning supplications, and after coming very often near the finish, and then starting afresh, he at last concluded, and the impatient children were permitted to attack the cakes, bread and butter, etc., which had divided their attention and got the lion's share of it.

Then the distribution of viands began, and Laura grew interested in helping the little street Arabs to buns and bread and butter, watching their weird, prematurely old faces, and contrasting this evening's meal and its surroundings with the fastidious elegance of her luncheon at Mrs. Trent's.

The excitement and bustle were tremendous. The steam of many tea-kettles, added to the heat of the crowded room, made the atmosphere overpowering, and by the time the Admiral rose to address the meeting Laura felt faint and dizzy. She managed to find a seat near the principal entrance, and waited with the trepidation which generally attends any public effort on the part of one dear to the listener.

At first the kindly gentleman was a little indistinct and hesitating. But soon warming with his subject and deeply impressed with its importance, his voice grew firm, his language fluent, and his face lighted up with the consciousness of the blessed message he was empowered to deliver.

Seeing him thus secure of his audience, Laura—leaned back in her chair, her head resting against the wall, her hat supported on her knee—gradually lost sight of the present and the preacher. Her conversation with Mrs. Trent came back to her vividly, word for word; and this her first attempt to test the truth of the strange communication from "our Antipodes" so far confirmed it. So far, it was evident that had her grandfather been just and true to the woman who must have loved him well, she herself would now be the possessor of Pierslynn, and all the beauties and luxuries she had admired, without envying; but would this repay her for the destruction of her faith in human nature? If Reginald could be so base—so false—whom could she trust? And yet—did she not always know, deep down in her instinctive recognition of Reginald's nature, that there must be some unacknowledged motive underlying his choice of herself? Nevertheless, she could not believe that he was coldly, deliberately, false and dishonest. No, it was not possible that Reginald could have intentionally cheated her. Could any gain in lands or fortune make up to him for the loss of self-esteem such conduct must entail? Her heart beat suffocatingly at the idea of the bitter contempt which must replace her old admiration should this strange story prove true; and if it did, what could she do? Rob Winnie and her boy of their means of existence? Submit to the shameful wrong practiced upon herself? Both seemed equally impossible. And what would Winnie say? would she ever believe her husband guilty? She must, by asserting herself, lose both friends. But it remained to be seen if this horrible, distressing tale were true. Before a week was over she would quietly examine into the facts communicated, and she almost prayed they would prove false. Then her thoughts grew confused—her brain seemed to burn. She saw

Winnie—her baby in her arms—sorrowful, reproachful, sobbing out with tears, "Is this revenge or justice?" or worse, turning revolted from her husband, their love and confidence shattered! and this would be her work.

The place swam before her—a painful rushing noise sounded in her ears, a dark film spread over her eyes. She had been greatly tried during the last three days, and she was obliged to ponder these things in her heart, without the relief of confession or sympathy. It was a strain to which her strength was not quite equal.

The platform and her guardian's figure grew dim and indistinct, a terrible consciousness that she was helpless even to ask help, oppressed her—when some one touched her. A voice said: "You are ill—let me help you out," and a strong arm was round her. The next moment she felt a delicious current of fresh air, and coming to herself, she found Denzil Crewe and a large good-natured-looking woman, in a big bonnet with funeral feathers, beside her, in an outer chamber or vestibule.

"You are all right now?" asked Denzil, whose eyes were fixed upon her with much eager anxiety, while he held a glass of water in his hand. "Take a little more water."

Laura obeyed. "Did I faint?" she asked. "I cannot remember."

"Very nearly. Directly I came in I saw you were almost gone. We just managed to get you out. As soon as you are able to stand, we will be off home."

"The heat and the emotion were no doubt too much for the young lady. It was a touching spectacle, and the excellent Admiral improved the opportunity so admirably," said the lady in the befeathered bonnet.

Laura turned and thanked her civilly for her kind attention.

"Do you think you can venture to walk a little way?" asked Denzil, who seemed impatient to be gone.

"Yes. Oh, yes! I should like to go home."

Denzil took out his card-case and scribbled a few lines on the back of a card. "May I ask you to send this card to Admiral Desbarres as soon as he has finished speaking?"

This the lady promised to do; then arranging her hat and hair as well as she could by a hand-glass brought her by the friendly matron, Laura, still feeling a little tottering, took Denzil's arm, and they sallied forth.

"I am afraid cabs are not easily to be found here," said Denzil, looking around, "and I am sure you are scarcely able to stand. I am surprised you could hold out as long as you did in such an atmosphere."

"It was very oppressive, certainly," returned Laura. "Still, I do not understand being so faint; I never felt faint before."

"I am quite sure your visit to Pierslynn has done you no good," rejoined Denzil, rather gruffly; "you look a different creature from what you were when I came back."

"Well, Pierslynn did me no harm," said Laura, with a slight sigh.

"You are not leaning on me," exclaimed Denzil; "you are only touching my coat sleeve with the tips of your fingers."

"I am feeling quite strong now," returned Laura.

"Nonsense," said Denzil, more earnestly than politely; "you are still very shaky. Let us turn down this street to the left. I scarcely know my bearings, but I imagine it leads toward Gray's Inn Lane."

"Gray's Inn Lane?" repeated Laura, struck by the name; "whereabouts is that?"

"It is a long way from this, I fear; It leads, you know, from Holborn to the Great Northern; it is full of lawyers and legal gentry. Hullo! there's a cab! Stand here an instant, I will catch it," and he darted away, returning soon with the captured four-wheeler.

The drive back was rather silent, and seemed to Laura interminable. Her brain felt confused, the prominent sensation being a pained anxiety.

When at length they reached Leamington Road, Collins announced that "missus was gone out with Miss Brown, and that everything was locked up."

"That is a nuisance," cried Denzil; "you ought to have something."

"I want nothing whatever," exclaimed Laura, sitting down on Mrs. Crewe's best sofa; "the quiet and freshness of this pleasant room is enough."

"When did my mother say she would return?"

"She never said nothing about coming back, sir, but I did hear Miss Brown say, as they were going out to the door, something about catching the ten train, and I was told to have everything ready for supper by ten o'clock."

"Very well—all right, Collins;" and Collins disappeared. "The mother seems to have gone off on a private spree," said Denzil. "I am glad you will be looking better by the time she comes in; she would have been startled if she saw your white face."

"I am really quite recovered, and when I have arranged my hair and bathed my brow, I shall look as well as I ever do," returned Laura, rising and speaking as bravely as she could; but the weak flesh failed to support the willing spirit; even in uttering the words her voice broke, and she burst into irrepressible tears.

"Sit down again," cried Denzil, taking her hand and drawing her back to the sofa; "if you go away up-stairs by yourself, you will be fainting when you are alone, and God knows what! I wish my mother were here!"—he stopped, looked with a rueful expression at Laura, who felt powerless to restrain her tears and hardly able to stand, yet terribly ashamed of herself; and then he began to walk up and down the room in a troubled fashion. "I wish you wouldn't cry like that," he exclaimed at last, "it is awful. Look here, Laura! if there is anything vexing you—anything on your mind, you know—just tell me; look on me as a brother. I would do all in my power to help you. Something extraordinary must have happened to distress you; this is not like your usual strength and self-control."

"I am very much ashamed of my weakness, and of troubling you," said Laura brokenly. "I never behaved so badly before; the heat of that place was too much—the—"

"Yes," interrupted Denzil, resuming his quarter-deck walk while a cloud gathered over his brow; "you have overtasked your strength in every way; yet you are but human after all, Miss Piers! and your visit to Pierslynn was an imprudence, it was more than your cousin ought to have asked; but I am probably meddling with what does not concern me. I thought—I thought you were more steeled against old impressions"—he stopped abruptly, and stood gazing out of the window.

The extreme surprise his words caused her checked Laura's tears, and gave a new turn to her thoughts. The friendly confidential tone in which they had of late been accustomed to treat each other prevented her from feeling that Denzil was taking a liberty in speaking thus; but the impatience and odd irritation in his voice and manner wounded her a little; she felt so bruised, so fooled, so betrayed, where she had put fullest faith, that she was more than usually disposed to cling to the kind, unpretending, straightforward sailor, whose friendliness appeared so brotherly and so sincere.

That he should be disposed to blame her in some inexplicable way, seemed too hard. "I do not think I quite understand you," she returned, speaking more steadily. "I have been troubled, just lately, in a somewhat unexpected way,

but my visit to Pierslynn has nothing to do with it; it is something widely different, and when I can decide how to act, I shall no doubt feel at rest. Are you displeased with me for any reason, that you speak in that tone?"

"No," returned Denzil, collecting himself and stopping opposite to her. "I feel that I have presumed to speak as I had no right to do; but if you knew"—he paused and renewed his pacing to and fro—"if you knew how much I have felt for you and with you—how sincerely I have admired your spirit, your courage, your fortitude—you would forgive me if I am angered to think that the whim of that pretty petted cousin of yours should have drawn you into contact with her husband and forced upon your notice the difference of your respective lots. It was impossible to suppose you were not to be shaken by such close contact with—a fellow who was all and all to you, yet I am fool enough to be disappointed at the result."

"I hardly understand you," exclaimed Laura, growing red and indignant; yet she *did* understand, even more than he intended. "You have been so kind, so brotherly to me, that I feel you have a sort of right to say much, but I imagine you are somewhat unjust and very much mistaken. I have nothing to reproach myself with; I have simply tried to do my duty so far as I can see it. I am tired and worried, and—but I cannot talk any longer; I must go away and be quiet in my own room. I do not want to quarrel with you, and I shall if I stay."

She rose and went slowly to the door. Denzil sprang forward to open it for her. "I do not know how I have come to forget myself, and speak in this way. You must forgive me, Laura—Miss Piers. I have been rude, presumptuous, but I too am disturbed. I made a discovery to-day that has startled me; I feel the effects still; it will influence my whole life perhaps—and—we are still friends then, although I have deserved your displeasure?"

"Oh! yes, very good friends, if you wish. I hope your discovery is of nothing bad for yourself or your mother?"

"I hope not. One day we may exchange secrets," he returned; and Laura gave him a sad little smile as she passed, and hurried to her room.

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Crewe, when she reached home about half an hour afterward. "I had no idea you would be back so early. I just took the opportunity of going with Miss Brown to see Cooke and Maskelyne, and most extraordinary they are. But I never dreamed of your being here before me. I am quite distressed to hear that Laura was not well. You were quite right to take her away at once. I am convinced she has taken cold, and I shall make her some gruel with a little moist sugar," said his mother, hurrying from the room.

(To be continued.)

A Memory.

A SEA that lies a liquid line of light
 'Gainst steel-blue sky. Inland, the silver tide,—
 O'erflowing, slowly, marshy meadow wide,
 (Like cup pressed close to ocean's lips of white)—
 With stir of rushes at its margin bright.
 Beyond, three junipers start, side by side,
 From out the bleached sands—like things in flight—
 And lose themselves in gloom of gathering night.
 Only the lapping of the wave remains with me,
 The silent stars and stretch of shadow gray;
 But wrapt with memory of this lost fair day,
 What night may fall when I shall fail to see
 How calm before my sight the picture lay,
 Margined with dreams and fading peacefully.

MARIE LE BARON.

Little Miss Erskine.

LOTUS LODGE was the name of my half-sister's summer residence on the Hudson, and coming from my obscure country home to this magnificent place was a transformation scene that seemed to me little less than magical.

My sister Kate, otherwise Mrs. Stephen Maynard, had inherited a moderate fortune from her mother, and had been able, in consequence, to avail herself of the opportunities of foreign travel which presented themselves, and had been almost wholly separated from us in late years. A short while back she had been married at the house of her grandmother in New York, to Mr. Maynard, whom I had never seen until my arrival at Lotus Lodge. To my great surprise I found him quite an old man, and very bald as well as slightly deaf, while Kate was as blooming and beautiful as any girl. She seemed, however, to be quite satisfied with the result of her marriage, and assured me that she was perfectly happy and had everything that her heart could wish. She had been talking about my coming to stay with her, and had given me some beautiful clothes which I took a childish delight in wearing. They were not very rich or elegant, but they seemed to suit me better than if they had been, and I was so delighted with the novelty and brilliancy of my surroundings that I think I should have been quite happy, but for one thing which had worried me from the first, and which, at the end of a week was making me feel almost wretched. This was the discovery which had been slowly dawning on me for some time that Kate intended to make a match between a certain Mr. Landys who was staying in the house and me.

When I had first come, she had looked at me very critically, and had told me that she was delighted to see that I had fulfilled the promise of my youth and grown up such a little beauty, and that she intended that I should have an establishment and settlement in life worthy of my charming appearance, and before long I saw that Mr. Landys was the means she was going to use to secure this end.

There were numerous guests staying in the house, and this Mr. Landys I liked least of all. He had a way of staring at me so broadly, and appropriating me so coolly, that I soon got to dislike him distinctly, but Kate was so determined to thrust him upon me and to throw us together, that it was almost impossible to avoid him, and I had begun to think I had rather go home than be subject to such persecution.

One morning at breakfast Kate got a letter which seemed to afford her great pleasure, and she soon informed us that it was from Mr. Grenville, a young Englishman whom she had known abroad, had met since in New York, and from whom she had been long hoping to receive a visit. He had now written to say that he proposed to protract his stay in America, and would be very glad to accept her invitation, naming a date a little later on for his arrival. I took but little interest in it all, as I was busy nursing my little grievance which daily became more aggravating. The arrival of another young man in the house did not signify much to me. There were several there already who were willing enough to be with me and entertain me at certain times, but who were all too much afraid of Kate to attempt to help me, when they saw she was forcing Mr. Landys' society upon me, as they certainly must have seen.

Mr. Grenville was expected on Thursday night, and the morning of that day was to be devoted to the inspection of some scenery not very far off, and when the modes of con-

veyance to and fro were being discussed, Kate had allotted me to Mr. Landys. As soon as I could I called her aside, and told her I would not go with him, at which she was very angry, and said that I should go with Mr. Landys or not at all, and I swiftly chose the latter course. So it happened that I was left at home alone.

I overheard Kate telling Mr. Landys that I was not well, and begged him to excuse me, and as she had given me her orders to keep my room, I watched the departure of the party through the lowered Venetian blinds. When they had gone I threw myself down on the bed and fell into a fit of musing that was very melancholy. After a while, however, I tried to shake this off, and, to divert my mind, I set about making a careful toilet. I put on a little white muslin dress, fine and sheer, and all covered with embroidery and pink bows, and when I paused and looked at myself in the glass I saw that I was looking my very best, and indeed, the vision the mirror reflected, was a pretty little butterfly enough. I don't think there is any harm in my speaking of my beauty sometimes, for it is all I ever had, and have my reasons for not caring for it much now.

I did my own hair that evening in the way I liked best. I took out all the puffs, with their sticky wires that Kate had got me, and without which she seemed to think me unpresentable, and I threw down the heavy braids upon the dressing-table, and combed my own hair all back from my face and plaited it loosely, in a big irregular fluffy plait at the nape of my neck. It was always very curly, and a bright blonde in tint, and lots of little curls, in utter defiance of brush and comb, fell in little fluffy rings around my face. I turned the confused bunch of hair under, and tied it at the back of my head with a pink ribbon, and stood looking at myself in the mirror, not from vanity, but because I had nothing to do until they all came home. How blue my eyes were, and how bright my hair, and how pink my cheeks! Eyes and hair are the same still, but I never look at them now any longer than I can help. Sometimes I wish they would fade and pale as my cheeks have done, but I don't think about it much; it don't matter.

Soon after I was dressed a servant knocked and handed me a card. It was Mr. Grenville's, and I was quite annoyed at his coming while Kate was away; he had not been expected until the night train. Of course there was nothing for me to do but to go down and see him, which I at once did.

I suppose I ought to say how his appearance struck me, but my mind and heart are too full of what I think about him now to be able to recall what I thought about him then. I can give the evident details and describe the beautiful blonde hair, the deep gray eyes, the straight nose, the immaculate teeth, and the fine shape of figure, hands and feet. I could tell you all this, but I can better express my opinion of him by saying that he was and is the handsomest creature I ever saw. He was dressed in an odd English fashion, and wore a great traveling coat that came down to his heels, but he had thrown this apart in front, and it revealed the exquisite set and fit of his garments beneath. I don't know what I said to him, or how we met, but I know we became friendly at once.

After a while he went for a moment to his room to refresh himself after his journey, and when he came down I had a light repast served for him in the dining-room, and while we lingered over this, Kate and her friends returned, and I had to give up my new friend to them.

Presently Mr. Landys came in, and inquired with disgusting anxiety and concern as to my health, and although Kate was standing near, I was brave enough to tell him I felt perfectly well. I saw Kate give me an angry glance, which

I felt sure Mr. Grenville saw too, and from the swift look of sympathy he gave me, I half believe he understood it all.

That evening after dinner, Mr. Maynard proposed to drive Mr. Grenville over to a certain point near by that he had been describing to him, and Kate and her other guests were under an engagement to go over to a neighbor's to see an archery match. I knew I was in disgrace, so I was not surprised when Kate said, coldly turning to me: "Of course, Lulu, you are too ill to go out." I suppose she wanted to punish me, but I felt glad of the release.

However, when they had all gone and I had wandered around for a while by myself, I fell to musing over my grievances, for Mr. Landys was getting worse and worse, until I lost all self-control, and throwing myself on a lounge in the parlor I fell to sobbing bitterly. After a while I was aroused by a gentle voice very near.

"O, I say! you poor little woman! what have they been doing to you?" it said. "Tell me about it."

I drew myself quickly to a sitting posture, and saw Mr. Grenville standing at my side. He had evidently just come in, and had his hat and gloves in his hand, but he threw these quickly on a chair, and sank down beside me on the sofa.

"Look here," he said, in a warm, earnest, gentle tone, "I believe I see it all. They are victimizing you beyond endurance, and trying to marry you to that fellow Landys. Isn't that it?"

I couldn't find voice to answer him; but as I sat with my eyelids down and the end of my damp handkerchief clinched hard between my teeth, I bowed my head lugubriously.

"Well, they shan't do it," he said. "By Jove, it's a deuced shame, and I won't stand by and see you treated so, you poor little helpless thing! I'll monopolize and victimize you myself, in order to break it up. Do they make you drive and walk and talk with him, when you don't want to?" he asked, in a caressing tone.

I still had my little handkerchief between my teeth, and was pulling at it with hard, nervous little jerks, in my agitation, with my eyes still down, and I nodded again in a mournful, injured way.

"Has this thing been going on long?" he asked, indignation and sympathy struggling for predominance in his voice.

"Ever since I came," I found voice to say in a subdued little squeaky tone, that came mostly through my nose, and sounded so pitiful that it nearly set me off again.

"And has no one here—not one of these men—come to your assistance?" he asked.

"No, they were afraid of offending Kate," I said dolefully.

"What a set of brutes!" Mr. Grenville cried, in angry indignation; "and as for the fellow himself, Landys, I've had my opinion of him from the first—a miserable cad!"

I had not the remotest conception of what the term implied, but I saw that he used it as one of intense opprobrium, so I assented to it.

"Now you shan't be bothered any more," he said soothingly, "if you will promise not to take an extra amount of my society in that way. So cheer up and let's see if we cannot fall upon some subject that is a little less doleful, and see if we can't get to know each other a little better. There's one bond that has always bound me to the people I care for, and I feel sure you will feel its potency. You love music, don't you?"

It was really a passion with me, and so I told him, adding that Kate had given us all the most glowing account of his voice.

"You shall hear it," he said, "and I hope you will not be disappointed. But I want to hear you."

"I don't sing," I said impatiently, "but I do so long to hear you. Please come at once."

I led the way to the piano, and he seated himself and played a soft prelude and began to sing. Oh, the thrilling voice!—the tender, proud, pathetic, lovely voice! It was harmony such as I had never dreamed of, and as I listened the tears overflowed my eyes. When he finished he came and stood by me and said in a gentle tone:

"I have made you cry again, and I meant to console you—but never mind. I understand those tears. You liked my singing—didn't you? I see you did, and I thank you so much."

"O I love it—so dearly," I said. "If I could only be where I could always hear such music as that I would not mind anything that could possibly happen to me."

"Not even the attentions of Mr. Landys?"

"O why did you remind me?" I said; "I had forgotten there was such a thing as trouble in the world."

"I wish I could make you forget it always," he said. "What a wee sensitive flower it is! However, we won't let the Landys question bother us any more. Every time he bothers you and asks you to go with him anywhere, you are to say you are engaged to me, and whenever I see him hanging about you, I'll come and drive him away."

"Oh, Kate will be so angry."

"Well, that won't break any bones, will it? I dare say I'll come in for my share of that, too—but if it gets too warm for us, why some fine morning we can both just 'fold up our tents like the Arabs and quietly steal away.'"

I suppose he was amazed that I did not acknowledge at once this complete solution of the difficulty—but I did not like to think that my visit to Kate, with all that it had given rise to, was to end in this way. He misunderstood my silence and said suddenly:

"Oh, I say, they don't bully you at home, do they?"

"Oh no," I answered quickly, "not at all."

"Don't tease you with matrimonial plans, are you sure?"

"Oh, perfectly sure," I answered. "Nobody teases me with plans of any kind. I am allowed to do quite as I like."

"Then it's all as jolly as can be. If they won't let you be happy here, you can just go home and forget all the tiresome people who have troubled and teased you. Only don't put me in the set, for I crave a kind memory. That is all I ask, and in order to secure it I am yours to command. But for fear we may be interrupted, there are one or two things I want to tell you now. One is that to get rid of Landys you must just snub him right and left, as much as you please. If your sister is cross about it, don't mind. Just make up your mind to be jolly, and every time he asks you to walk or drive with him, just say you have an appointment with Mr. Grenville. I'll manage to keep free of all engagements of every sort, to be at your disposal. So don't let me see you looking teased and unhappy again. We are fairly out of our difficulties now, aren't we?"

"You are so kind," I said, with shy earnestness, "I have been struggling all alone for so long—no one but you has ever offered to help me. I am so thankful to you."

"Hear the child," said Mr. Grenville with a gay laugh. "What have you to be thankful for? Why, if I were prompted by the merest self-interest, I might have done just the same way. Don't you suppose I have the discernment to see that you are ten times nicer than any of these people here, and hadn't I far rather be with you than them?"

"But you mustn't tell me not to thank you," I said smiling, "for that is not optional."

"I assure you I think your thanks are very sweet," Mr.

Grenville said. "But wasn't it jolly, our falling together here? I'm glad a fear of the night air made Mr. Maynard hurry back, and I'm glad your sister snubbed you and made you stay at home. Haven't we got to know each other well, in this nice quiet hour?"

Before I could reply the sound of carriage-wheels was heard and we both started—we were both sorry I think, that our tête-à-tête was over.

I remember the song that he sang that first evening—I think I will remember every song of his forever and forever. It was like a new sense to me, for I had never heard music before that could be called music compared to this. I knew Kate would probably be angry with me, and would come and scold me, but I felt very brave about Kate's scoldings now that I had such a kind champion and friend. By and by she did come, and I was prepared for a trying scene, but to my surprise she entered the room with a good-natured smile on her face.

Walking straight up to me she caught me by the chin, gave it a little twitch and called me a preposterous little coquette.

I asked in amazement what she meant.

"Do you suppose I divined nothing, when I saw you and Mr. Grenville sentimentalizing in the moonlight?" she asked. Then she went on to say, that it was a very good thing for me that Mr. Landys was so forbearing; and when I said I was sure I did not see what Mr. Landys or his forbearance had to do with me, she smiled again and said yes, I did, I was only coquetting again. Mr. Landys and herself had had a long talk about me on their drive, she said, and he had told her he was really very anxious to marry me—he had made up his mind to that from the first time he had seen me, but he was afraid I did not care about him.

"I assured him," Kate said, "that he need not make himself unhappy about that—that you were young and of course wanted to see a little of life and other people before settling down, and he very wisely and generously said he would not object to that. I told him I was quite sure that you would consent to marry him after a while, and that just now perhaps it would be his best policy to allow you perfect freedom to associate with others, and not to seek you out too much. He was most reasonable and sensible and agreed to this, so you have to thank me for saving you from attentions that, in your hot-headed folly you are pleased to consider an infliction—later you will come to see the thing differently."

"Kate!" I said with solemn emphasis, "I tell you now what I have told you a dozen times before, I will never, never, never, never marry Mr. Landys."

"And I will never, never, never, never be such a fool as to believe you, Lulu. He is worth half a million, and has a score of admirable traits to recommend him. As to your throwing away such a chance of a brilliant and happy marriage, I simply will not believe you. But, come, there is no need to discuss that any more; things are in a condition in which they can afford to wait. Tell me how you like Mr. Grenville."

I replied guardedly that I liked him very much. Somehow I suddenly felt a necessity for reserve on this subject, as if there was something I must be careful not to reveal.

"He's a delightful man," Kate said, "but don't be going and falling in love with him. He's a younger son and his resources and expectations are alike moderate, and besides it does no good to fall in love with Gaston Grenville; he is utterly impervious to that kind of thing. The girls at Trouville raved over him last year, but he could never be brought to admire one more than another."

Kate took leave then, and kissed me good-night very sweetly, and went off to her room. She made herself very charming in the days that followed, and Mr. Landys, too, was delightfully chary of his presence, and Mr. Grenville and I were constantly together. This state of things continued for three blissful, blessed, happy little weeks, without a ruffle on the surface of my serene happiness, but at the end of that time it came.

It was one exquisite evening when Mr. Grenville and I had strolled down by the water-side, as we did every evening almost, and were sitting on some rocks that rose up on the beach, watching the little sail-boats and yachts that came and went, as we so often did together, when he said:

"Do you observe that I never call you anything but Miss Erskine? Why not let me say Lulu?"

I felt myself color and flush, but I told him as quietly as I could that I should not mind it. I was ashamed of myself for feeling so agitated. What reason had I to grow warm and flush and feel confused like that, when he was so entirely composed and quietly friendly? I was ashamed of myself, but my agitation and his quietness had been so frequently contrasted, in these last happy days of our constant intercourse, that I had quite got used to seeing it.

"I'm glad you'll let me do that," Mr. Grenville said, "for it oversteps a big space of the distance between us, which is growing less every day, as it should, and it makes something I have to say to you so much easier."

My preposterous little heart began to beat so fast when Mr. Grenville said this, that I could hardly get my breath for a moment. What could it be that he was going to say to me? I could say nothing to lead him on to it, for every faculty was absorbed in waiting and listening for what would come; and when he turned his head away for a moment and then said softly:

"Lulu," I turned and looked at him, with a gaze that was so intense and searching that it must have scared him, if it had not passed away so quickly. For one glance at his smiling, placid, amused expression re-assured me. It was a relief from suspense, and yet somehow I felt suddenly disappointed, as if I had approached very near an unrealized good.

"Lulu," Mr. Grenville said again (oh how sweet the word sounded!), "do you know what people are going to say about you and me, if you continue to be so awfully sweet to me, and let me be with you so much? Have you ever thought of that?"

Poor little goose that I was, I turned away and shook my head, but I might have spared myself the pains for his eyes were fixed upon the sea-mews way off there, and he was not looking at my silly, little pink face.

"They will say we are sweethearts," he went on, seeing that I did not speak, "and I have been thinking that perhaps it wasn't fair to you not to warn you of this. For myself, I should be only too highly honored at having a fate assigned me that is so far above my deserts, but I thought the consequences might be annoying to you. Do you think they would be?"

I am afraid it was a very sad voice in which I answered:

"Oh, I don't mind what people say," for Mr. Grenville suddenly turned upon me a face that had grown, in a moment, sad from sympathy.

"What is it?" he said. "Has anything I have said hurt you?"

"Oh, no," I said hurriedly, "but everybody talks about *what people say*, until I get tired of hearing it. I never did care a straw for what people say—they always say what is wicked and disagreeable."

"Come, now, that isn't very civil. Would their accusation in this case be wicked and disagreeable? I certainly should not think of it in that way. Why, what has come over the child, that she looks so vexed and cross?"

"Oh, it is nothing," I said, making an effort to cheer up and be more natural. "Are you never worried and unhappy about things—just once in a while?"

"Much oftener than that," Mr. Grenville answered; "but then I am never very happy. But you—"

"Not happy!" I said, interrupting him. "Why you always seem to me as calm, and serene, and contented as possible."

"So I am," Mr. Grenville said; "as calm, and serene, and contented as possible—you might say as happy as possible too, for any great degree of happiness is possible to me no longer; but when I sit here by the water with you, and you let me look into your exquisite little face, and call you 'Lulu,' I believe I am quite as happy as I can ever, by possibility, be again."

He paused for a long time after that; I think he had forgotten all about me, and his mind had wandered back into the past, and was lingering over the beautiful happiness that nothing—nothing that I could do—nothing that any one could do—not the surrender of my life blood, could ever bring back to him, for he turned with a little start of recollection, when my sigh aroused him, and said very gently:

"Don't let me make you unhappy, dear child. I could never forgive myself if I did that. You have the prospect of a complete and perfect happiness before you, and I couldn't bear to disturb it. For myself, I am quite calm and content, as you say. I can never be more than that, but that I can be that is enough to keep your tender little heart from grieving for me. Should you mind hearing my story, or would it weary and grieve you? It would comfort me very much to tell it you, but I had far rather forego that satisfaction than make you unhappy for one single moment. Speak out, Lulu. Don't mind telling me quite the truth."

"I want to hear it," I said lowly; and so he began, and told of the beautiful woman that he had loved. I don't know how he made me comprehend it, for his words were very few, but I knew there was a time when he could and did love to adoration—I had sometimes doubted if this were possible. They had been engaged a little while, "a whole happy month," he said, and she had kissed him, and he had heard her say she loved him, returned to the full the measure of his love; that her heart responded, throb for throb, to his. He thought no one had ever been so well beloved before, he said; he felt sure no one had ever loved as well. But in the end, she had betrayed him, "and the end came soon," he said. He paused then, and fell into a long reverie. I bore it until I could bear it no longer, so I aroused him, saying:

"And is she married, now?"

"Yes, married," he answered.

"Where is she?"

"I do not know."

"Is she happy?"

"No."

"How do you know it? Has she told you so?"

"I know it, because she is not good and true. She has never told me. I have never seen nor heard of her since."

"And the man she married?"

"He was a prince."

"And handsome and good?"

"Neither."

There was another pause, and then Mr. Grenville turned around, passed his hand over his brow, and looked at me

again with a smile. His dear smile! How glad I was to see it, for in these last few moments his face had been so joyless as to make it seem almost an impossibility.

"There, now," he said, "I wanted you to know, and I have told you. You know all about me now. That is the history of my life. We will shut it up now, and regard it as a sealed book, for I am too sore to bear to talk about it, even yet. Don't mind, Lulu; don't be unhappy, dear."

"I want to ask you something else," I said reluctantly, for I was ashamed of my question but it was torturing not to know. "Was she so very pretty, this lady?" I asked, and then, "prettier than I?" I added hesitatingly.

Mr. Grenville smiled, and lifting his dear hand to my cheek; he gave it a gentle pinch.

"What a vain little Lulu it is!" he said reproachfully; "but I'll put it out of its misery. She was less beautiful than you—not so fresh or so perfectly made—that is, to other eyes than mine she would have seemed so. To me, of course, she was loveliest of women."

"I am ready to go in now," I said, and rose and walked away ahead of him. He followed quickly and took my hand and drew it through his arm, and when he found that it was icy cold, he covered it with his own, and held it there till it grew warm.

"Poor child!" he said tenderly, "my sorrowful tale has made it nervous. Don't let me think I have made you unhappy, dear. I haven't, have I?"

"O, no," I answered quickly. There was no untruth I would not have told to keep his searching eyes away from my face.

"That is right," he said gently. "You have been very good to listen to me, and now that you know it all, everything will go on as before, and we won't let anything make us sorrowful again, but we'll make the very best of the little time we have together."

By this we had reached the house, and he left me at a side door, as I said I wanted to go to my room for a minute, and he went around and joined the people on the front piazza. I stayed in my room until I was missed, and Kate sent for me, and then I was forced to go down.

Later in the evening Mr. Grenville sang. There was neither more nor less of beautiful pathos in his voice than usual, and I caught myself wondering at this, and also that he laughed and talked freely and with his customary spirits. How silly it was of me! for why should he not be just the same as before that talk with me? It had changed nothing for *him*!

As Mr. Grenville had predicted, people began to smile and look at each other significantly when we would set out on our daily walks and rides, but he used to laugh in his bright way, and say to me playfully:

"Never mind, Lulu. If we understand each other, that is all that signifies. Of course you and I like to be together, for I think you are much the dearest and sweetest of all these people, and I would not give you for the whole of them put together; and, on the other hand, I think, without laying myself open to a charge of vanity, I can see that I am a pleasant substitute for Mr. Landys. There's no danger of our falling in love with each other really, so we won't notice their foolish looks and smiles."

How willing I was to have it so, if they would only let us be together until the end (Mr. Grenville was to sail in three weeks), and not interfere to hinder us; but I might have known this could not be.

Kate came to my room one day and said I was going a little too far, and trying Mr. Landys beyond endurance, and that she had not been surprised when he came to her

and said he thought he'd as well give the thing up, for it was very plain that Mr. Grenville and I were in love with each other. She had told him it was all nonsense, she said, and had tried to smooth things over, but she wanted to know if it was true.

"Of course it isn't," I answered hotly. "People are always talking about *being in love* until it makes me sick!—especially in Mr. Landys—I'd like to know what he knows about being in love!"

"Very little, I dare say," said Kate, "and you may thank your stars that it is so; otherwise he would not have shown the forbearance with you that he has. No, he wants some one to preside over his establishment and enhance the beauty and attraction of his home, and you are the only person who is pretty enough to do it, according to his ideas, so he is very willing to put you there, and when this fascinating fellow with his grand voice, and his tender eyes, and his sweet ways, is back in England, as he will be soon, you'll come to your senses, and agree to marry Mr. Landys, and you'll spend the balance of your life in thanking me for bringing it about. Mr. Landys is going away soon, but I mean to tell him all this, and invite him back again after Gaston Grenville goes, and tell him if he'll return, I'll take it upon myself to say it will all come right."

If he comes back here, and dares to talk to me about marrying him," I cried, in furious anger, "I'll tell him that I hate, and detest, and abhor him; and that I would just as soon think of marrying a prowling dragon. Yes, I will that—and a great deal more," and I burst into tears.

"This is mere nonsense," said Kate severely. "Of course, words spoken in such heat have no weight. I leave you to cultivate a better frame of mind," and she sailed out of the room.

The next day Mr. Landys went away, and Mr. Grenville and I, for the short time that remained to us, were left in peace. But what a short time it was! It flew by like lightning, and at last our one remaining evening together was come. We had maneuvered successfully for a chance to spend it alone. Several of Kate's friends had gone, and the others she had taken this evening into the town to see some amateur theatricals. I had declined to go, but Mr. Grenville had accompanied them, remaining only half an hour and then returning to me, as he had agreed to do. I was awaiting him in the drawing-room, and soon I saw his dear straight figure standing in the doorway, calling my name.

"Lulu," he said, softly.

I did not answer him. It was so pleasant to know he was there looking for me, and that I might still regard our interview as a delight that was to come. So I kept quite mute; but he caught sight of my white dress, and came over to where I stood.

"And what do you mean by not answering me?" he said, giving my chin a soft pinch.

"Oh, I don't know," I answered. "I thought you'd find me out."

"Just mightn't you trust me for *that!*" he said. "And now we have the whole of this delightful evening to ourselves, and we are going to be enormously happy together now that those tiresome people are gone—are't we Lulu?"

I did not answer. I was thinking how far away from both of us complete happiness was. How could I be quite happy in being with him to-night with the shadows of my whole empty wretched future stretched out before me? How could he be quite happy in being with me, with that "sorrow's crown of sorrow" the recollection of his happy path, with the only woman he had ever loved? Perhaps thoughts like these had come to him too, for both of us stood for a long time by the open window in complete silence. I had put up

my hand and grasped the folds of the curtain as a sort of support, for I felt weak and nervous, and now a sudden tremulousness seized me as I felt him bend forward and touch it with his lips. His mustache just brushed it softly, and then he drew himself upright again as I hurriedly took my hand away.

"You are not offended, I hope?" he said. "It is such a dear pretty little hand, I could not help it."

"O, no; I don't mind," I said, turning round. "Come and sing some for me, won't you?"

"Yes, come with me," he answered, and drew me off to the piano. Then he said:

"Now kneel right down here beside me, so that I may feel you are very near, while I sing."

I knelt down as he told me, so close to his side that I could not keep myself from thinking, if our positions were reversed, how plainly he would be able to hear the great thumps my absurd little heart was giving. In this way we remained for what must have been an hour, the dear voice singing on in richest melody. He went from one exquisite strain into another, and presently I heard him singing these words:

"O loving heart, trust on, trust on,
One true heart beats for thee alone."

And then—ought I to be ashamed of it?—a mighty longing came to me to tell him all the truth. To take for my own poor part the words he was singing—to beg him to trust on. To tell him, oh how truly!—that weak and foolish as it was, one true heart would beat for him alone forever and forever. While he yet sang on, I pondered this a minute, and was thinking of it when the refrain came again, and, at the first sweet words, I gave it up. Unless I could appeal to him by that one claim, it would not do; and could I call *him* loving heart?

O brave and patient heart! O loyal, tender, kind, unworldly heart! All these, all these, and more. But loving? No, not that. It would not do, and so I let the chance go by. I gave up the comforting thought. If he had known, he would have pitied me; and his pity is so sweet, so sweet!

When we left the piano and went off to a low sofa, in a bay-window flooded with moonlight, we had a great deal of sweet quiet talk, and promised to remember each other kindly until we should meet again. (It was he who spoke of our meeting again, not I.) But it had to end; and presently, with a mighty effort, I got up and said it was time for me to go up stairs.

"Already?" he said, with a sigh, as he stood up, too, and then, in his odd English way, he added:

"O, I say, Lulu, it's deuced hard lines giving you up."

I could not help thinking of the difference of the wench to him and to me, but I said nothing as I stood quite still before him. Then he went on:

"Lulu," the dear voice taking a wistful, tender tone, that just that one voice *can* take, "Lulu, I want to ask you something. You and I are parting for such a long time, couldn't you give me one kiss?"

I had never thought of this; but did he not know that he might do with me as he would—for was not I altogether sure he would do nothing that was not completely kind and right and good? I was seized with a sudden tremulousness, but I turned my face upward, as he took my hands in both his own and stooped above me, and his lips touched mine. Afterward, he folded my two little limp cold hands between his own, and pressed them to his breast.

"God bless you, darling," the dear voice said—that was the last word I heard it utter, "darling," and I had never heard it on his lips before.

I am back at home now, back in the desolate country. I

have been here three weeks, and the glories of summer are dying around me—the one summer of my life—and the autumn days that follow give token of nothing but decay and barrenness and bitter cold.

Within these three weeks three letters have come for me. One from Kate, one from Mr. Landys, and one from the dear heart that is over the ocean now. The first was easy to answer, and I wrote promptly. The second I found quite as easy, and so prompt and emphatic was my response to that that I don't think I shall ever have occasion to address that correspondent again. The third, I have answered also, but it was a hard letter to write, still, when it had gone, I could feel sure that there was nothing in it that I had better have kept back.

With this letter there had come a parcel. My dear Mr. Grenville's picture in a beautiful, splendid frame. He had had it taken, as I had told him, in evening dress, and it was so like, so like! I have hung it upstairs in my little chamber, and how preposterously out of keeping with the other articles in my shabby room does its rich frame look! As much so as is the air of faultless perfection in his person and costume incongruous with the appearance of the other men I see, and among whom the remainder of my life is to be passed.

On a little table under the picture are the rest of my treasures—such valuable things! A box with some flowers he gave me at different times—the bunch of roses on top are those he once pinned in my hair with his own deft and gentle fingers; then there is one of his visiting cards, and a few other tiny trifles. Then a copy of Mrs. Browning's poems, with some marks in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" that he put there, and those lines in "Aurora Leigh" that I have marked about "the thrilling, tender, proud, pathetic voice." That is all, I believe, except a newspaper with this entry underlined:—

"Sailed to day—steamer *Adriatic*—White Star line, for Liverpool."

ONE YEAR LATER.

The strangest thing has happened! In looking over my trunks, the day before my wedding, I have come across this old record of the events of a year ago. I have taken it down and read it to Mr. Grenville, and we have laughed over it together, for he is back in America again, and has come to take me away with him. It was all very sudden and sweet—*how* sweet, I think you can judge, as you have been allowed to know the secret I guarded so well from him. He blames me for it now, and says I played my part so well that he came in fear and trembling to ask me to give my life into his keeping.

"Why did you take this long journey on such an uncertainty?" I ask, laughingly.

"For this reason, Lulu," he says, tenderly, "because I had found I could not do without you."

He is so serious and grave that it makes me feel so too, and I go close to him and say lowly:—

"I had made the same discovery, though I would never have let you know. I was worn out with wishing and longing for you, and if you hadn't come, I don't see how I could have gone on living."

"And are you happy now?" he asks, holding both my hands in his.

"Are you?" I ask, smiling, though there are tears in my eyes. "Measure my happiness by your own, dear, for I think, in our case, a wonderful thing has happened—that we love each other with a devotion as equal as it is true, and believe me this is rare."

JULIA MAGRUDER.

Christmas in Art.

CHRISTMAS is emphatically the children's *fesia* season. For them, it is not only a time of mirth and good cheer, but the period to which in later life they may look back to find the first stirrings of religious emotions. A child descends from heavenly heights, and what a child! St. Christopher groaned beneath its weight, as well he might, since upon those tender shoulders rested the whole burden of sinning, sorrowing humanity.

When the heavenly Babe hung upon his mother's breast, the action spoke in inarticulate yet forcible language to earthly babes, while the yearning love of the mother, and the grave and tender care of the father, were in harmony with the experiences of all human parents.

From the earliest era of Christianity to the present, artists of every degree have delighted in portraying the scenes of Holy Night, with its lessons of comfort and religious significance. The artist has here no need to search for ideals, or rack his brain to give his picture poetic surroundings. He finds it mapped out before him, the God-like Babe, the fulfillment of prophecy, in the embrace of a Virgin Mother. Angels publish his birth to the astonished shepherds, and make the Judæan hills ring with their songs of exaltation. Wise Men of the Orient, led by a mysterious star, came from their distant homes to worship before him.

Meager as is the gospel narrative, is there not enough for artistic inspiration, and do not the hundreds of representations which have been made from it, prove Boccaccio's words to be true, that "Art is a sort of theology?" The gospels state that as there was no room in the inn, Jesus, when born, was laid in a manger. From this the general inference has been, that he was born in a stable. Yet it is a striking coincidence, that no artist of any repute has represented the place as a stable in our sense of the word. It is always as a ruined, dilapidated building, capable of affording shelter, however, to the shepherds and portions of their flocks, in inclement weather, just as at the present day such refuges are to be found in Eastern lands and on the Roman Campagna.

In the construction of these ruins, artists have, naturally enough, given free scope to their imaginations. In some bas-reliefs to be seen in the Museum at Saint John Lateran, Rome, taken from Sarcophagi, dating from the first Christian centuries, they are pictured with severe simplicity, but by degrees they grew more and more elaborate, until they became, as in several pictures by Titian, and one or two copper-plate engravings by the great unknown German master, E. S., masterpieces of architectural ruins.

It may be that in choosing to delineate the stall as a decayed place, artists have been influenced by the mournful words: "He came unto his own, but his own received him not." Bethlehem was the city of his great ancestor, King David. He had built there a magnificent castle, which, at the time of Christ's birth, had fallen into decay. Christ being of the royal line was, in a sense, the heir, and being born within his great progenitor's walls, had come unto his own, though his brethren of the same lineage afterward "despised and rejected" him.

We usually find two animals present in these pictures of the Nativity—the Ox and the Ass. Upon an ancient sarcophagus in the Vatican, and upon a marble fragment from the year 343, as also upon a fresco in the Catacombs of Saint Sebastian, Rome, they bend their necks above the smiling babe, who stretches out His tiny arms as if to embrace them.

It is possible their presence may have been suggested by the Apocryphal Gospel of Saint Matthew, which tells how "Mary laid the child in a manger, and the ox and ass

prayed to him," or by the prophetic words of Isaiah, "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib." Mrs. Browning refers to this dumb worship in the lines:—

"We sate among the stalls at Bethlehem;
The dumb kine from their fodder turning them,
Softened their horned faces
To almost human gazes—
Toward the newly-born."

On a bas-relief by Giovanni Bonazzi in the Rosenkranz Chapel, in the church of St. Giovanni e Paola, Venice, the ox stands by the mother's side, while the ass is saddled before the door, probably to signify the flight into Egypt.

The birth occurring in the night has furnished opportunity for artists to indulge their fancies regarding the means of illumination. In a superb engraving by E. S., 1466, and a painting by Main Van Landshut, Joseph appears with a lighted candle. In a wood-cut by Albrecht Dürer, Joseph is entering the stall with a flaming torch; while in an engraving by Schongauer he carries a lantern, as if the Prussian law which forbids the taking an unprotected light into a barn or stable was in force in Palestine centuries ago.

In a drawing by Titian, known chiefly from a wood-cut by Boldwui, two shepherd-boys hang over the crumbling walls, one of whom holds a flaming torch, which illuminates the space below. But most effective and spirituelle is Correggio's conception, in the Holy Night in the Dresden Gallery, where, in interpretation of the text, "The Light shineth in darkness," a softened yet radiant light is diffused from the shadowless body of the infant.

In some very old paintings we find Mary sleeping by the side of the babe, as also in several antique sarcophagi. In pictures by later artists we seek in vain for this repose of the Virgin. It seems to have been found to be incompatible with the duties of the mother, and the knowledge that the child to whom she had just given birth was He who should bring to the world "ransom-righteousness, heavenly life, and compensative rest." Among modern artists, indeed, one picture by J. Singleton Copley, the Anglo-American, portrays the mother as sleeping, while Joseph wakes and watches with surprise the coming of the shepherds.

Very frequently pictures show the infant as possessing a superior development of intellectual power and self-consciousness. He receives the ministrations of his parents with evident gratitude and love, and in a painting by Parmegianino he observes with very apparent curiosity the gifts of the Magi, and the visits of the shepherds.

On a curious reliquary in the Brunswick Museum painted in 1200, Mary lies on a bed talking earnestly to Joseph, and Jesus is sleeping in a niche intended to be behind the mother's bed, though, owing to lack of perspective, it looks to be directly above.

In a painting by Lorenzo da Credi in the Turin Gallery, Mary prays before the child, by whose side an angel kneels holding over His head a crown of olive branches, out of which the crown of thorns is perceptibly developing.

A most original thought is that on an old wood carving over the altar of the chapel of the Holy Ghost hospital in Lübeck, where three angels hold the linen cloth upon which the babe rests, away from the ground as if to prevent his feeling its coldness and hardness.

The news of the Nativity being brought by angels, they have always been a favorite accompaniment in its delineations. The flocks slumber under the shimmering stars, and the weary shepherds enjoy their well-earned rest, when a supernatural light floods the landscape, and countless hosts of winged creatures fill the air, who proclaim the birth of that One who was to "redeem Israel from all its sins."

One of the most genial of these pictures is by Rembrandt,

where a dazzling light pierces the heavy clouds, angelic hosts glide down the shining bars, while the frightened shepherds on bowed knees, shade with their hands their sleep-laden eyes.

Among the oldest pictures of the mother and child is one in the Catacombs of St. Priscilla in Rome. It is a fresco on the ceiling, and has suffered greatly from the ravages of age. Mary is shown in sitting posture with the child in her lap, and Joseph, who is represented as quite a young man, stands before them with outspread arms as if to gather them in a joyful embrace. It is a family scene and were it not for the star which the artist has suggestively introduced, would certainly have been mistaken for a simple and touching bit of home life.

Another fresco in the Catacombs of St. Peter and Marcellino, on the Via Labicana, Rome, depicts Mary in a white tunic with two dark blue stripes, her brown hair gathered in a knot on the crown of her head, and holding the infant on her knees, who looks upon the wise men who are approaching, one from either side, with some wonder. These wear narrow pantaloons, a short undergarment girt in below the waist, and a flowing mantle. Their long hair is gathered together by ribbons, and in their hands they bear large dishes, upon which are gifts for the infant, which instead of the traditional gold, frankincense, and myrrh, consist of sweets and toys, a doll being distinctly visible. There are only two Wise Men here, instead of the three as usually shown, for which number the only reason we can give is the fact of three gifts being enumerated, Scripture being silent on the point.

An extremely curious and realistic painting and quite untrue to all tradition, is in the cathedral at Sienna, where the Virgin reclines upon a sofa, elegantly clad, with all the state and dignity of a Roman matron. Behind her are the ox and ass, and a group of celestial visitants; on her right hand are the shepherds, and in the foreground the infant Christ, who is being bathed by two serving women.

Mrs. Browning has sketched, in a few lines exquisitely put together, the appearance of the shepherds and Magi. The closing lines all Christian hearts will echo.

"The simple shepherds from the star-lit brooks
Brought visionary looks;
As yet in their astonished hearing sung
The strange, sweet, angel-tongue.
The Magi of the East, in sandals worn,
Knelt reverent, sweeping round
With long, pale beards their gifts upon the ground,
The incense, myrrh, and gold,
Those baby hands were impotent to hold.
*So let all earthlies and celestials wait
Upon Thy royal state!*"

Life Taught.

THE poet's early songs are not his best,
The statue and the picture that are wrought
E'er yet the artist hath of life been taught,
Do shame his wiser eye. I tell you lest
The sculptor warm his graver at his breast,
And lest the poet hath his every thought
From out a loving, suffering bosom brought,
And lest the painter hath his hues out-pressed
From his own soul, men read the song and hear
But empty rhythm, picture, statue too
Are marble only, or brave colors flung
On soulless canvas; from the eye no tear
Pays tribute, and they say, full well we know
He has not lived who painted, carved, or sung.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

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.

Amending Our Fundamental Law.

Amend the Constitution of the United States! Why not? It is within six and a half years of being a hundred years old. It was framed for three millions of people, whereas we now have fifty-two millions. Europe was then three months distant in time; there was no west of the Alleghanies, no railroads or telegraphs; corporations did not exist, our cities were small, and the New England town-meeting was the type of our government. Our constitution has had to be altered from time to time, while the war for the Union had to be fought out in defiance of its provisions. We were on the verge of a civil war in the contest between Tilden and Hayes. In other respects the good old instrument which has done excellent service in its time, is out of repair. In view of these facts the editor of the *Record and Guide*, a New York paper, has begun an agitation for the holding of a National Convention to revise the Constitution of the United States. Well, it is worth thinking about, for if such a gathering should assemble, it would lead to discussions that might elevate the whole tone of our politics, which is now given over to wrangles about persons, instead of high debate upon fundamental principles.

What We Owe.

People who argue that a national debt is a national blessing, really furnish some arguments which seem to confirm that paradoxical expression. France has the greatest national debt, but the French people are the most well-to-do in the world. The property of that country is well distributed; there are no Vanderbilts or Jay Goulds in *la belle France*. On the other hand it is also true that nations with very little of debt are often very poor.

Comparing analogously the different national debts, we shall see for how much every individual in each State is responsible:

| National Debt. | | National Debt. | |
|----------------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| Francs. | | Francs. | |
| France..... | 30,997,000,000 | Italy..... | 10,660,660,000 |
| England..... | 19,386,000,000 | Russia..... | 6,797,000,000 |
| United States..... | 11,150,000,000 | Germany..... | 4,254,000,000 |
| Austria-Hungary..... | 11,150,000,000 | Holland..... | 1,996,000,000 |
| Spain..... | 14,500,000,000 | Belgium..... | 1,127,000,000 |

Therefore, by division, it appears that:—

| | Francs. |
|----------------------------|---------|
| Every Frenchman owes..... | 859 |
| Every Englishman owes..... | 579 |
| Every Dutchman owes..... | 524 |
| Every Spaniard owes..... | 376 |
| Every Italian owes..... | 365 |
| Every Austrian owes..... | 296 |
| Every American owes..... | 253 |
| Every Belgian owes..... | 211 |
| Every German owes..... | 99 |
| Every Russian owes..... | 94 |

These tables are worth bearing in mind, when the subject of national debts is discussed. The United States was certainly better off after the great debt contracted during the rebellion, than she was before the war broke out. But then it still remains a fact, that for nations as for individuals, it is best to have a large income and small indebtedness.

That Comet.

It has passed away now, but while it was in sight, it attracted a wonderful amount of attention, considering the awkward hour it made its appearance, which was just before daylight. At one time its length, from the nucleus to the end of its tail, was fully twenty degrees. Then the nucleus was a marvel in itself, for it seemed to consist of several comets. At one time, it was supposed that the comet had split into parts, then another comet was discovered near it, which was supposed to be a fragment of

the larger body. It is now suspected by scientific men, that there are hundreds, if not thousands, of comets constantly circulating about the sun, but which cannot be seen by our telescopes. It has been noted that whenever there is an eclipse of the sun, one or more comets are seen moving across the field of vision. We live in a very wonderful universe, about which, as yet, we know very little.

Woman the Master.

A new sect has made its appearance in Finland, Russia, the cardinal tenet of which is the supremacy of the woman in the family. The men of this queer religious association abdicate all domestic authority to their wives, while the latter choose from among their own number one woman, who is their queen. The particulars with regard to this sect are, as yet, very scant; but there is an older faith in Siberia, the disciples of which call themselves Purifiers, who also pay marked honors to the women of the family.

An Athletic Empress.

Although a grandmother, the Empress of Austria keeps up the training of an athlete or a prize-fighter. She diets carefully, runs, walks, fences, and hits sand-bags to develop muscle and keep down flesh. She is the most wonderful horsewoman in the world, and the most daring huntsmen fear to follow her over fields and ditches. At present she is in Godolo, in Upper Austria, where she has her own circus to train her horses. As no man or woman can run with her, she has a pack of beautiful Beagles to share her pedestrian feats. She rises at four in the morning, is rubbed down by her attendants, drenched with cold water, and does two hours' hard work before breakfast. But would life be worth living if all women should follow her example?

The Salvation Army.

At last accounts, this famous religious organization was in trouble. The common people of England were leagued against it, and as the praying bands marched through the several towns, they were maltreated and even stoned by the roughs and the lower classes. It seems the common people of England resent the attempt to teach them sobriety. But the Salvation Army is intent upon the discouragement of the use of liquor, hence the turmoil. But the great success of the Salvationists in renewing the religious interest of such a number of people has excited the emulation of the members of the Church of England, who have commenced to organize a movement of a similar kind. They are getting up processions with banners, so as to march through the towns calling on the people to join the ranks of the faithful. But General Booth and his zealous wife, with their son as an assistant, still keep the lead, and his army is marching on and rekindling the religious enthusiasm of the people of the British Isles.

Thought Himself a Woman.

A queer creature died recently in the almshouse in Philadelphia, who for twenty-eight years was afflicted with a mild form of insanity. His chief delusion was that he was a beautiful young woman, and that numberless suitors knelt at his feet to sue for his love. The name of the old man was John Talbo Binns; but because of his idiosyncrasy, he was nicknamed "Sally Binns." When a young man he was a member of an amateur dramatic society, and he often played female parts with acceptance. He was a very polished and cultivated gentleman then, and had a taste for painting, drawing, embroidery, and other feminine arts. After he became crazy, he made considerable money by making lace and working slippers for visitors to the asylum. Although nearly seventy years of age when he died, to the very last he imagined himself a pretty young girl.

Earth's Millions.

According to the latest and best authorities the total population of the globe is 1,433,800,000, this is a less number by some 22,000,000 than the best former estimates; but as a matter of fact it is known that the human race is rapidly increasing in numbers. But it has been found that statisticians have been largely over estimating the population of China, which is now supposed to be about 379,000,000. The number of people inhabiting the larger divisions of the globe, as given by Behm and Wagner, are as follows:—Europe, 327,743,000; Asia, 795,591,000; Africa, 205,823,000; America, 100,415,000; Australia and Polynesia, 4,232,000; Polar regions, 82,000. Russia is credited with 83,000,000 inhabitants; China, 379,000,000; Japan, 36,000,000, and British India, 252,000,000.

A Huge Hole.

The largest well in the world is now being dug in Wilmington, California. It is twenty-five feet in diameter, and is so built that the bottom is much wider than the top. There is room in it for some thirty men to work. The water supply is so abundant, that the whole town of Wilmington is supplied, and there is enough to spare to supply the ships in a port near by. California is the land of big things.

Some Interesting Figures.

It is no wonder that Americans take naturally to arithmetic. We love ciphering, because all the tables we compile reveal our great national progress. The census shows, that while in 1870 we had 5,922,471 agriculturists, the number increased in 1880 to 10,710,000. In 1870 we had 2,707,421 manufacturers, which number increased in 1880 to 5,250,000. The wages in our manufacturing establishments increased from \$378,878,966 in 1860 to \$1,500,000,000 in 1880. Then look at the vast accumulation of property in this country. In 1800 the wealth of England was estimated at 9,000,000,000, while the United States was but little over 1,000,000,000. In 1880 the figures stood: Great Britain, 44,000,000,000; the United States, 55,500,000,000. These are gigantic sums and represent enormous growth. The United States today is the richest nation on the globe, and its accumulations are the result not of economy, but of a wise manipulation of the forces of nature. Vast as has been the accumulation of our wealth, it is nothing to what the future censuses will show, for it is not too extravagant to hope that by 1950 the United States will not only be the most populous nation in the world, but that its wealth will be greater than the accumulated riches of all Europe.

Prohibition Popular.

Despite what seems to be a discouragement in Ohio at the recent election, the friends of prohibition have every reason to be satisfied with the outlook. Maine, Kansas, and Iowa are now prohibition States, and will take no step backward. Indiana would adopt a prohibitory law if it were submitted to the people, and so would Ohio and Wisconsin. Those who believe in this reform should keep the ball in motion. There is no doubt as to the final result.

A Widow's Rights.

A curious case is that of Mrs. Honora T. Baird. Her husband, before marrying her, induced her to sign a trust deed consenting to the distribution of his property among his children by a former marriage. After his death, the widow brought a suit in equity for her legal rights in the estate, and the court held that no act of hers previous to marriage could vitiate her rights as the widow of a man of property. Here is a case where the law protected a woman in spite of herself.

Quite too Delicate.

It now leaks out that the Jeannette, the loss of which in the Arctic Seas resulted so disastrously, was unfit for the voyage marked out for her. Mr. James Gordon Bennett bought the vessel in good faith, and submitted her to the inspection of a board of naval officers who pronounced her seaworthy, but several members of the board now explain, that out of delicacy for Mr. Bennett, they did not like to condemn the vessel. Mr. Bennett owns a great daily paper, and these officers feared, perhaps, that should they condemn his vessel, he would remember it some time to their disadvantage. So the dreadful Arctic tragedy is to be set down to the credit of a board of our naval engineers, who reported the Jeannette fit for a voyage which she should never have been allowed to undertake. The fate of the gallant DeLong and his companions is due to this ill-timed delicacy.

The Tunnel between France and England.

The commission appointed by the British Government to examine the project of a tunnel under the English Channel between Dover, England, and Calais, France, have reported adversely. They admit there is no doubt of the feasibility of constructing the tunnel, nor do they deny that it would be an enormous commercial advantage to English commerce. But they argue that a tunnel would endanger England in case of war. The British army is a small one compared to any first-class continental power, and hence the nation has to rely upon the stormy seas which surround her dangerous coast. This view is backed up by all the military and naval authorities, as well as by distinguished men of letters and scientists, such as Herbert Spencer, Sir John Lubbock, Professor Huxley, Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, and Goldwin Smith. But there are not wanting sturdy defenders of the tunnel scheme. It would be of enormous commercial benefit to Great Britain to have her railway system connected with that of the continent. It is pointed out that England has often been successfully invaded since the time of Cæsar, that her real defense has been in her splendid naval service. If it is possible to protect her coast line of hundreds of miles by proper vigilance, surely there will be no difficulty in keeping watch of a hole underground, which is commanded by the guns of one of the most powerful fortresses in the world; that of the city of Dover. It is believed that, notwithstanding all opposition, the tunnel will yet be built, for the modern spirit of commercial enterprise and gain is far more powerful than a national apprehensiveness based on chimerical fancies.

Changes in the Meat Market.

Hereafter it seems Chicago is to be the great market for dressed beef. For many years past that city has been the largest pork market in the country, for the reason that it was the great *entrepot* for the corn of the West. The hog may be called the

"product of corn," and it is found to be economy to slaughter the animal where he is fed and fattened. But the beef and mutton consumed in the East was taken from animals transported for thousands of miles, and then killed in the slaughterhouses and abattoirs of the cities where the meat was consumed. But Chicago has entered the field to supply dressed beef and mutton as she has heretofore dressed hogs. The meat is transported East in refrigerated cars, and is not only better but also cheaper than meat from cattle killed in the Eastern cities; for the reason that the animals are in better condition before a long journey than after it. There is a great waste in railroad traffic, when live beeves and sheep are transported instead of dressed meat. Chicago is fast becoming the greatest food mart in the world.

Cheap Food.

It is settled beyond all peradventure, that the coming year will be a prosperous one for the whole world, and this because every country has had very large crops of grain and roots. Heavy crops mean that the earth's millions will have cheap food. Another fact of great significance is the immense cotton crop grown in the United States this year. As the season is late the crop has matured in a way to astonish the most sanguine, and it is now believed that over 7,000,000 of bales will be our contribution to the stock of cotton in the world. Cheap cotton places it within the power of the wage receiving classes to use more cotton fabrics; hence it follows, that the bulk of the poorer portion of the human race will enjoy more contentment, because they will be better fed and clothed than in former years.

Aged and Honored.

It has been well remarked that there is a mellow splendor in the sunset of Victor Hugo's life, which has seldom been accorded to great men in their decline. The great Frenchman has led a noble life—one full of useful activities. He is the first poet of France, if not of his age; while as a writer of romances and constructor of dramas, he is unequaled by his contemporaries. He is now quite old, but his life is as active as ever and full of kindly charities. He recently gave a hundred children, most of them orphans, a banquet at Veules, where he presided himself. After the dessert, he made the following charming little speech: "My dear little friends: At Veules I am your guest. Receive me, and listen to me, as Jennie and Georges, who are now absent, receive and listen to their grandfather. Look upon me as they do, for I have a grandfatherly affection for you all, and you should return love with affection. Love your parents, and, when you are older, love France, who is the mother of us all. As you are young, weak, poor, you have a right to our tenderness. At the Salle d'Aisle, to begin with, and at the school afterward, you will learn, and with time accomplish the progress necessary to a good education. You bear the weight of life, and already the weight of many of the duties attached to life. But to-day we shall not think about them. We have met here to be glad, and to enjoy ourselves, and to eat and drink together. Remember this hereafter as a feast of love, and, whenever you see an orphan, think of the old man who now invites you to be happy and who blesses you because you are little children, poor, and orphans."

Victor Hugo was always a patriot; he denounced the author of the overthrow of the French Republic, and because of it spent some of the most active periods of his life in exile. What a pity there are not more old men like unto this noble Frenchman.

About Beautiful Women.

An English journal claims that Great Britain produces the handsomest women in the world. It declares that the average specimens of the female sex on the continent cannot compare in comeliness with the buxom English women. Americans will be disposed to dispute this claim, for we, with much reason, think that our women are better looking than those of any other country. Others, besides Americans, admit that the young American girls who go abroad are of a more *spirituelle* type of beauty than the young women of the old world. The *London World*, the paper which makes this claim for the superior beauty of the English women, has a theory to account for it. Climate, it says, has something to do with it; but the principal factor in the case is that there are a million more of the female sex than there are men in the British islands. It follows, according to this mode of reasoning, that men have a larger number of women to choose from, and they naturally select the comeliest women to become mothers to their children. It is another illustration of the law of natural selection. Says the *London World*: "It is true we do not drown all the hideous girl children, but we practically make it certain that the race will die out by refusing to marry them when they grow up." An ugly woman is a social failure, and all the men conspire against her. This theory is ingenious, but it seems to take it for granted that all the men are handsome, which is far from being the case. Ill-favored men are as likely to have children as are uncomely women. We attribute the beauty of our American female types to the better physical conditions under which we live, as compared with the people of Europe. Ugliness is often a heritage from want or wickedness.

About Earthquakes.

This continent has been visited during the last six months with shocks of earthquake, extending from Montreal down to Valparaiso. It was most severe, however, on the Isthmus of Panama. The people there left their shaking houses, and lived in tents outside the city limits. While the quaking continued the people slept partly clothed, so that they could run into the streets when the shocks came. An earthquake panic is said to be the severest ordeal a human being can go through. All one's ideas of the stability of the world disappear when the earth in which we live becomes an apparently fluid mass, and shakes like a ship in a gale. The cause of earthquakes is as mysterious now as ever. Science has its surmises, but no one theory has as yet been verified respecting these abnormal occurrences.

Drunken Pigs.

A rich Swedish philanthropist recently employed two eminent French physicians to test certain theories with regard to the action of alcohol upon animal tissue. Fifteen pigs were treated daily with different kinds of liquor, each pig, however, being confined to one particular tippie. When they had been killed their vital organs were found to be marked with small white spots resembling ulcers. When the flesh was sent to market, it was seized by the police as unfit for human food. It is safe to say that every human being who daily uses alcoholic stimulants becomes diseased in liver, kidneys, stomach, or brain. Liquor drinking is the curse of the age; and the aim of all legislative bodies should be to discourage it, and if possible to stop it altogether.

A Novel Theory.

An English writer of some eminence has recently propounded a theory about drunkenness which has attracted a good deal of attention. He says that alcohol is one of Nature's agencies to rid the world of people with diseased or enfeebled constitutions. No man or woman becomes a drunkard, according to this view, unless there is some hidden vice of constitution craving an alcoholic stimulant, which is Nature's prompting to get them out of the world. In time, according to this authority, these feeble people will be killed off, and thus alcohol will prove a blessing in perfecting the human race. Of course this theory flies in the face of all experience. We all know men and women who have inherited splendid constitutions, who yet, through unhappy circumstances are now slaves to the bottle. How many gifted young men, because of their social surroundings, have become infatuated with alcohol in some of its many alluring forms? Indeed, it is often the dull and unimaginative person who escapes the snare of the rum demon, while the healthy, strong, and exceptionally clever become its victims.

What Becomes of the Herring.

Statisticians cannot account for the world's consumption of one fish—the herring. Russia, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland not only supply their own needs, but have quantities of these fish to export. Independent of all this supply, Scotland alone produces enough to satisfy the world's demand for this one article of food. In 1881 the herring catch of Scotland consisted of 1,111,155 barrels. In 1880 the supply was still larger by some 350,000 barrels. Fresh herrings sold immediately after being caught are not included in these enormous totals. Heretofore the query has been: What becomes of the myriad of pines which are manufactured; but from this time forth the great statistical conundrum will be: Who eats all the herrings?

The Baleful Motes.

Science is a disillusionizer. Who would dream that the beautiful motes which dance in the sunlight, are the cause of many diseases which afflict humanity! This fact was brought out at a recent sanitary congress at Manchester, which was attended by Professor Tyndall, M. Pasteur, and other eminent *savants*. The most horrible contagions are often conveyed through a pure atmosphere by these apparently innocent and often beautiful motes of the sunlight. Some scientists go so far as to say that the human race will never live under proper conditions until air and water is manipulated or "cooked," as it is food. That is to say our water must be distilled to free it from all disease-producing germs, while we must live in great cities of glass, the air inside of which can be cleared of all impurities. The sweetest and most sparkling spring water is often full of infectious infusoria, while the foulest contagions are communicated through air that seems perfect to the senses. The eminent sanitarians of this congress all agree that life could best be prolonged by frequent bathing, and living and sleeping in well lighted and well ventilated rooms. It has been found that a pig that is frequently washed increases in flesh far more rapidly than one which is not washed at all. Therefore, O! good reader, wash not only that you may become clean, but that you may enjoy better health.

The Metropolis of the World.

London contains 4,788,657 inhabitants; a population nearly equal to that of the whole state of New York. Last year 26,170 houses, covering a length of 80 miles were built in that city. This

vast human hive extends, from its center to its circumference, about 15 miles, that is, its diameter averages about 30 miles. Out of this vast multitude last year, 23 children and 150 adults totally disappeared, leaving no trace. Fifty-four bodies were found, which could not be identified. What a world of crime and misery is involved in this vast aggregation of human beings known as the City of London.

Deliriously Happy.

Among the inmates of the insane asylum on Blackwell's Island is a handsome man about fifty-six years of age who, the physician in charge says, is the happiest man in the world and has been so for the last two years. He imagines himself enormously wealthy and his delight is to offer costly presents to every one he meets. He wants to make all the world as happy as himself, and hence he promises valuable presents to everybody he comes in contact with. He gives away, in his fancy, houses, farms, money, jewelry, and rich wearing apparel, adapting in every case his gifts to the condition of the people who are to receive them. The physicians say this poor man will come to a sudden death, for he is suffering from general paresis, a disease which, it is said, has greatly increased during the last decade. Formerly such cases were very rare, and physicians would travel miles to witness and investigate the mental phenomena of their condition. Now they can find them in any asylum. They live in a wild delirium of joy, and can readily be picked out of a crowd of lunatics by a lay visitor, by their excessive and unnatural cheerfulness. It would be a fortunate thing if lunacy always took the form of general paresis, for an immense amount of suffering would be saved the most unfortunate class of unfortunate beings. Sufferers from the disease are never violent, simply boisterously jubilant. They think the whole world is their friend.

Another Centenary.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of General Bolivar is to be celebrated next July in Venezuela. The occasion is to be made memorable by the erection of two statues—the one the South American liberator and the other to George Washington. Bolivar is hardly known to the present generation of Americans, but he was high in favor with the young Americans of forty years since. He was an able man and a true patriot. All countries are the better which have the deeds of such men to call to mind.

Young Men to the Front.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the formation of young men's clubs, to make their influence felt upon the politics of either party. As a general thing these young voters do not like bosses of the "machine" wire pullers, they generally desire a reform in the conduct of public affairs. It was the young men of Brooklyn who elected Mayor Low, who has done so much for that city. Then the club members who did this good work are disinterested, for they are all pledged not to become candidates for office. The difficulty with most of the reform movements in the politics of this country is that the leading reformers are themselves anxious for a share in the spoils. The voting public generally resent being tricked into helping office seekers to secure positions by means of reform pretensions. The way to secure the honor and respect of mankind is to do good without any hope of personal rewards. "Live for others" is the motto of those who wish to follow the supreme moral law.

The Apostle of Lucidity.

Matthew Arnold, the great English essayist and poet, is announced to lecture in this country during the coming winter. He will be worth hearing. Matthew Arnold is the son of the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby College, and is one of the most cultured men in Great Britain. As a poet he stands first in the second rank of the imaginative writers of the day. As a literary critic he is head and shoulders over his contemporaries, his style as a literary artist is well nigh perfect. He has done good work in exposing the shams of English society, and middle class conventional morality. His famous definition of religion will not be soon forgotten; he calls it "morality touched with emotion." He claims that his mission in this world is to teach "lucidity," which means that he wishes men and women to see things just as they are, without the mirage and illusions of prejudice or false impressions. In other words, he wishes the subjective order of one's thoughts to correspond with the objective order of the phenomena. When our readers can master this definition, they will understand what "lucidity" is.

The Transit of Venus.

This event, which is to take place in December next, is attracting unusual attention to our neighboring planet, which is now so conspicuous an object in the evening sky. Venus is nearly as large as the earth, and, like our planet, travels around the sun continually, but makes its annual revolution in seven and a half of our months. Each of its four seasons, therefore, lasts eight weeks. Venus is so near the sun that if it is inhabited it must be by beings that can stand a continuous heat double that of this earth. Venus is surrounded by an atmosphere filled with moisture, and must be much more cloudy than is the sky of this

earth. It undoubtedly has continents, islands, oceans, and rivers. It must have some forms of life, for where there is heat and moisture there must be vegetable growth, and, in all probability, some of the lower forms of insect life. The coming transit is an interesting event, and astronomers everywhere are getting ready to witness it from every point of view possible on this earth.

Our Metallic Currency.

According to the report of Director Burchard of the U. S. Mint, there was in circulation throughout the United States, at the close of the present fiscal year, \$718,800,806 in gold and silver coin. The total amount of paper and metallic currency was \$1,543,710,432. Large as the sums are, our currency cannot compare in volume to that of Great Britain or France. There is shown to be \$57 per capita of money in circulation in France, while in this country the sum per capita is \$31. Our population and monetary necessities are increasing, while those of France are stationary or decreasing. We ought to have more money, especially metallic, as we are the great bullion producers of the world.

A Sleepless Philosopher.

Herbert Spencer is another instance of a great philosopher who, in certain important matters, lacks common sense. He is a bachelor, for early in life he determined to devote himself to scientific pursuits without the incumbrance of a family. He did some marvelously good work, in the line of original research and thought; but as he denied himself any recreation, as well as the solace which wife and family would have given him, he became nervous and irritable, and finally could not rest at night. Instead of taking proper hygienic measures to induce sleep, he resorted to drugs, and finally sought relief in doses of chloral. This was twenty years ago, and he made his life miserable thereby. He ought to be in his ripest manhood, instead of which he is a physical wreck, who has no peace by day, and no rest at night. He came to this country, vaguely hoping it might do him some good; but he returns home still further debilitated by his journey. Tens of thousands of the best people in this country would like to have paid their respects to the great evolutionist; but the poor, haggard, nervous philosopher had to deny himself this pleasure. If Mr. Spencer had abstained from opiates and chloral, and rested awhile from his labors, there might have been many years of usefulness before him. But it is a painful fact that the best thing that could happen to him would be a swift and painless death.

What he Thinks of America.

Before leaving our shores, Mr. Herbert Spencer gave his impressions of America. He was of course amazed at the evidences of our great material prosperity, and he does not doubt but that the future will surpass our own most sanguine expectations; but he fears that our history will repeat that of the Italian republics of the middle ages. Venice, Florence, and Genoa gathered wealth from the trade of the East, but with prosperity came social degeneration, and political decay. Americans are not as careful of their own rights, and as regardful of the rights of others, as they should be; they allow themselves to be controlled by "bosses," and are in so great a hurry to get rich that they neglect their political duties. Mr. Spencer thinks that our constitution should be so amended or reconstructed as to better represent our actual condition. He does not believe in paper or written constitutions. Human institutions, he says, are a growth, and cannot be made to order. The delegates who make constitutions necessarily lay down rules for the guidance of the nation in future exigencies, but he asks, would it not be better to have no pre-ordained enactments, but to leave to each generation freedom to do the best it could at every emergency. When the Civil War commenced there was no provision in the constitution justifying the coercion of a State by the military power, but the life of the nation demanded that the rebellion should be put down, even if the doing of it was not justified by the constitution. A written fundamental law such as we live under is based on the theory that the delegates who formulate it are prophets, who can foretell the future perils of the nation and provide against them; but as a matter of fact, the members of national conventions are often very short-sighted people. Much more did Mr. Spencer say that was noteworthy, but he did not venture to suggest any remedies for the evil tendencies of our national life.

The Men to Honor.

Ralph Waldo Emerson never possessed more money than he could barely live on, yet when he died, the newspapers were filled with long accounts of his life and works. Herbert Spencer is also a poor man, and will leave no property except his library and manuscripts, yet when he passes away, the journals of the day will be laden down with articles describing his philosophical career. A short time since, Edward Clark died in New York, worth \$20,000,000, and yet his obituary occupied only six lines in the newspapers. Money is difficult to make and hard to keep, and it is prized above all earthly things, for the command it gives one over the comforts and luxuries of this life, but it does not confer distinction or cause its possessor to be regarded after death. The world honors the poor literary worker, the impecunious artist, or the philanthropist who gives up his life to the

good of mankind. The possession of mere wealth, while it always creates envy, never inspires respect.

Something about Henry George.

A Californian journalist named Henry George is just now attracting a great deal of attention. He has written a very brilliant book, entitled "Poverty and Progress," which has gone through edition after edition in this country, and has been translated into many foreign languages. It is an attack upon some of the cardinal tenets of our current political economy, and its panacea for the ills of society is, that the nation should assume the ownership of all the land, the occupiers of the soil paying their rents in the form of taxation. This scheme seems wildly chimerical, yet it has been indorsed by the labor unions of Great Britain, by an influential party in this country, while Mr. George himself has been honored on his return from abroad by receptions and congratulations which culminated in a banquet at Delmonico's, at which many distinguished New Yorkers were present. Mr. George traces the inequalities of fortune in the modern civilized world to the private ownership of land. "Nationalize the soil," is his cry; "and in a few generations the great fortunes will disappear, and with them the attending poverty, which is causing so much wretchedness and misery throughout the civilized world." This is not the place to enter upon a discussion of this subject; but the writer can see no practical way of inducing the present owners of the soil to surrender their possessions to the general government. Whatever truth there may be in Mr. George's reasoning, his theory cannot be put into practice during the present century, even if every one was willing.

Milk for Babies.

One of the gravest problems of medical science is how to nurture infants deprived of their mothers' milk. The statistics of foundling hospitals and similar institutions show that the great majority of babies die who are fed by hand; that is, whose food is cows' milk or vegetable preparations. It is a wicked thing for a mother not to nurse her own child if her health admits of it, failing in that, a wet nurse should be procured. But there would still remain a great many babies who cannot be nurtured at a woman's breast. Recent experiments in France proved that asses' milk, of all the substitutes, gives the best results. In the foundling institutions of that country, she-asses are kept for that purpose, and the babes are made to suck the udder.

At the Infants' Hospital in Paris, quite a number of experiments were made. At first the infants were thus fed with goats' milk, but it was soon found that asses' milk was greatly preferable, and all are now fed with that, one, two, sometimes even three infants being held to the animal's udders at once. The nurses do this with great ease. The results of the treatment appear well from the figures cited. During six months 86 infants having congenital and contagious diseases have been treated in the hospital nursery. Of the first six, fed with cows' milk in feeding bottles, only one was cured. Of 42 fed at the goat's udder, eight were cured, while 34 died. Of 38 fed at the ass's udder, 28 have been cured, while six have died.

Asses' milk has much less of plastic matter and butter than cows' or goats' milk, and is thus more easily digested. Unfortunately for our American babies, while we have plenty of cows and a good many goats, we have comparatively few asses; at least of the four-footed kind.

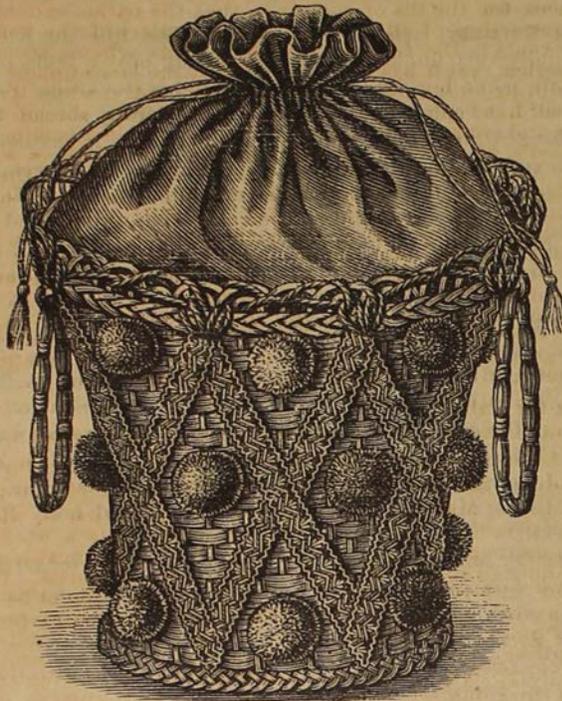
A Beard Twelve Feet Long.

The longest beard in the world is the possession of Adam Krupen, an aged German now living in Chicago. He commenced shaving when eleven years of age. After he became an artilleryman in the German army, his mustache grew to such length that he had as much trouble in partaking of his meals as did Victor Emanuel, who, when he commenced to eat, had to tie his mustache behind his ears. Twenty-two years ago Mr. Krupen sold his beard to a Chicago museum; since then no razor has touched his face. His beard is now so long that he can stand upon it, and the ends being lifted up behind, reach to several inches above his head. In walking he has to carry it in a receptacle pendant from his neck. He has amassed quite a fortune by selling photographs of himself and his extraordinary hirsute appendage. His grandfather was a very hairy man, a perfect Esau, but Mr. Krupen's one son has so little beard that he was thirty years of age before he shaved regularly.

A Come-outer Clergyman.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has somewhat startled the Christian world by withdrawing from the Congregational fellowship and announcing his disbelief in some of the fundamental tenets of the orthodox Christian faith. He rejects the doctrine of the fall of man and the depravity of the human race, while he has long been a disbeliever in eternal punishment. At a recent dinner at Delmonico's he avowed himself a follower of Herbert Spencer, and said he was a disciple of the theory of the survival of the fittest before Charles Darwin published his famous work on the "Descent of Man." Mr. Beecher went even further, and boldly declared that the best part of theology was ethics, and that a great deal which passed for religion was only imagination. These utterances of Mr. Beecher have caused much disquiet in the churches, but there is very little prospect of his having many followers and imitators among the leading clergymen of the day.

FANCY WORK



Scrap Basket.

CIRCULAR flaring basket of fancy straw (gilded) with bands of red and olive, sewn on crosswise to form a diamond pattern, and having balls of olive wool between the bands of felt. The basket is lined inside with red cashmere, allowing the material to come above and form the bag, which is drawn up with cord and tassels of olive wool. The bands of felt are pinked on the edges and worked in the center with vandyked lines of olive silk and crewels. The olive bands are worked in chain-stitch and point russe, with two shades of pink, and the red bands with two shades of bronze. The bands are then sewn on to the basket, and the balls added. If a fuller trimming is desired, a double box plaiting of the felt, pinked on both edges and plaited through the middle and put round the top and bottom of the basket.

76

Child's Reins.

CUT a piece of wiggan the desired size for the front piece (our illustration is sixteen inches long by nine inches wide), then cut two pieces of flannel or felt, and on one of them embroider or fasten on a transfer pattern of a horse. Lay a piece of the goods each side of the wiggan and bind the three pieces together, then at each end make a band or strap large enough to fasten round the child's waist. For the reins, knit of single zephyr in bright colors. Needles No. 12 are required. Cast on fourteen stitches and in plain knitting, knit a length of three yards and fasten the reins just above the band that goes round the waist.

75

Shopping Bag.

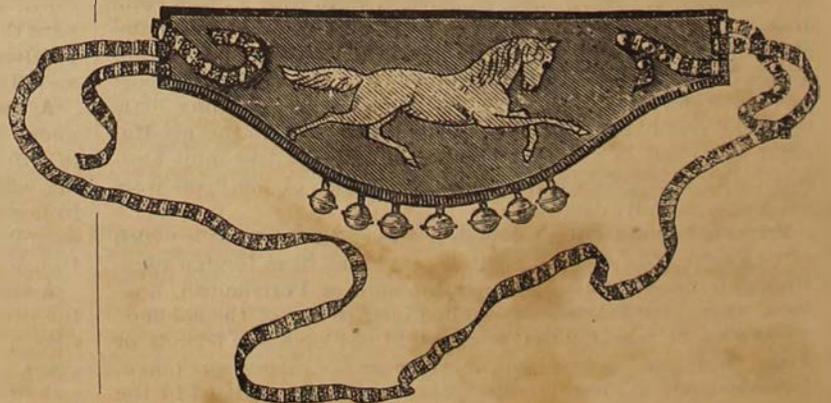
THIS bag is designed to utilize discarded bag tops, in fact it can be fastened on the outside of the bag itself. The material is of black velvet or satin. The two pieces measuring about ten inches by eight. The upper corners are slightly rounded and the lower ones sloped, until the lower edge measures only five inches across. The velvet is then embroidered with silk and fine chenille. The leaves and stems, with green and brown silks, in satin over-cast and feather stitch, the flowers with loops of bright colored chenille. The bag is then lined, the parts sown together, and the upper part plaited, or shirred, and fastened into the steel clasp or on the outside of the old bag.

77



Ottomans.

PACKING boxes and champagne cases converted into ottomans, are very "useful as well as ornamental." Begin by lining the inside, getting the correct size, etc., from outside. Make the lining so that the seams go next the wood, and put a nail in each corner to keep it in its place. The outside is of rep or plush, made just to fit and slipped on, but the top requires stuffing with curled hair, well pressed in between the wood and an under cover. Of course the lid must be secured by hinges before any covering is attempted, and a piece of tape should be nailed from the sides to the lid, to prevent it going back too far. Finish the work by sewing cord round the edges of the lid, etc., and add tassels at the corners. In case of a footstool, this last is almost necessary, and cord should also be festooned around the sides.



What Women are Doing.

Prizes have been gained at the Royal Academy by twenty-seven women since the opening of this institution to the sex in 1860.

Seventy-nine women are among the students of the Royal Academy of London, England.

Miss Mary Talcott, a niece of Governor Horatio Seymour, is at work on a "History of the Seymour Family," beginning with Richard Seymour, of Connecticut, who went out from England in 1646.

A lady was the originator of the art of printing in Japan—the Empress Shiyantoku, who reigned in the eighth century, A. D.

Of the thirteen gold medals awarded last year by the South Kensington Art School, four were to women.

The mother of Elizabeth Thompson has recently painted a large historical picture destined for the English Academy, having the subject of "Christ Appearing in the Garden to Mary Magdalen."

Elizabeth Thompson will soon execute a commission received from the Queen to paint a picture in reference to the Zulu war.

The women of Denver have organized themselves into an Industrial Association, for the purpose of circumventing unscrupulous speculators.

Mrs. Oliphant is the author of the strange and interesting stories of life after death, "The Little Pilgrim" and "The Little Pilgrim Goes Up Higher," lately published in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

An American teacher, Miss Louisa Harris, of Oakland, Dedham, has just sailed for Europe to fill an appointment as teacher in the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, in London, England.

Miss Lelia E. Partridge, of Philadelphia, State Institute Lecturer for the Pennsylvania Board of Education, is writing a book on the new methods of teaching.

Miss Annie S. Evans, of Kingston, Conn., has patented a device by means of which sick and infirm persons may be comfortably raised and supported in different postures on ordinary bedsteads.

The Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, daughters of the Prince of Wales, have enrolled themselves as members of the humane society established in connection with the English paper, *Little Folks*.

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

Mrs. Rebecca D. Rickoff, of Cleveland, Ohio, has prepared a set of charts, fully illustrated, for the use of children in learning to read. They are brought out by the Appletons, and are being rapidly adopted by the best schools in the country.

There is published in Calcutta a small monthly magazine called the *Kristiya Mohati*, or *Christian Woman*. The writers are all native converted Christian women.

At a *matinee* given for the benefit of a hospital for women and children, Miss Ellen Terry, who played, wore a dress not less picturesque than usual, in spite of a certain severity of self-denial which characterized her attire. A long, open cloak of black cashmere, having a frill and clasps, worn over a black satin dress, and a round black hat, of not too bold proportions, trimmed with black ostrich feathers, might perhaps be supposed to have a depressing effect in the presence of a throng for the most part so lightly and elegantly clothed; but a charming little bunch of real blush roses gave to the black feathers the needful relief and contrast; and a few sprays of white jessamine blossoms, with their green leaves, upon the bodice of her dress were not less artistically disposed.

Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, observing the trouble which often awaited the wives of soldiers sent home from foreign countries, determined to establish a small home at Portsmouth, England, where free lodgings would be given to any of the soldiers' wives who, on reaching that port, might not have any friends or home to go to. A small house very near the harbor was taken, furnished, and fitted-up by the Empress, who was assisted in the

benevolent scheme by several who were interested in the welfare of these women, the tradesmen at Portsmouth being among those who help very materially. A matron is in charge of the premises, which are arranged in a suitable manner for the requirements of the inmates. Upon the arrival of any ships with soldiers' wives, Princess Edward is often upon the spot to superintend any arrangements, and as many as need it are received at the home, where they remain till passed on to their permanent destinations.

Mrs. Burnaby, wife of the hero of "The Ride of Khiva," is personally very unlike her husband, being only a trifle over five feet tall, while he stands six feet two in his stockings. But she is his match in spirit and determination. Lately she has been astonishing Alpine climbers by her achievements in that direction, having scaled Mont Blanc twice in the course of a week, first by the Col de Geant, and then by Les Aiguilles Grises. The latter route is an especially difficult one, involving the spending of a night in the snow; but she safely accomplished it, and has now gone to the Italian side of the Alps to attempt other and more dangerous ascents.

Among the famous lady banjo-players of today are the nieces of the venerable Peter Cooper; Miss E. S. Reid, niece of White-law Reid; Miss M. B. Patterson, grand-daughter of ex-President Johnson; Miss Schaus, daughter of William Schaus, the art dealer; Miss Sawyer; Miss Kingsland, Dr. Brandreth's daughter; Miss Carleton, daughter of the publisher; Miss W. A. Bigelow, Miss Jennings, and Miss Matthews, all of Fifth Avenue, and the two Misses May. To this list may be added Lady Randolph Churchill.

Miss Concordia Löfving, late Inspector of Gymnastics to the London School Board, will publish, with Messrs. Sonnenschein, a little work entitled "Physical Education and its Place in a National System of Education," dedicated, by permission, to the Princess Louise. It advocates the more general introduction of gymnastics into the school course.

Mrs. Blanche Lee Child, authoress of the papers on Egypt appearing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is the wife of a nephew of the Confederate General Robert E. Lee. Mr. and Mrs. Child have taken up their abode in the department of the Loiret, not far from the town of Montargis, the large estates of the lady's family being situated in that district.

The Louisville School of Pharmacy is now open to women, its first young lady student having recently entered with the intention of taking a full course. A practiced chemist in Louisville declares that, after having employed both men and women, he is persuaded that the latter will make the better drug clerks.

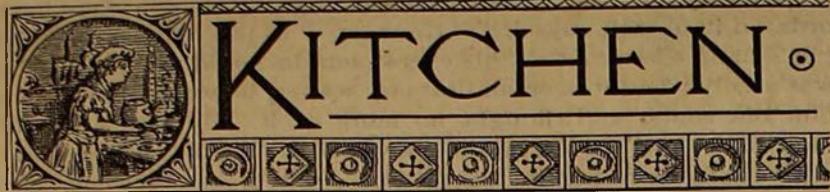
The Princess Eugenie, sister of the King of Sweden, recently sold her diamonds to raise funds in order to complete a hospital in which she was interested. When visiting this hospital, after its completion, a suffering inmate wept tears of gratitude as she stood by his side, and the Princess exclaimed: "Ah! now I see my diamonds again."

France is ahead of us in the public employment of women. The great French railway companies in many cases employ women as ticket and audit clerks; in several banks and public companies, they are largely employed in the clerical work; and the Corporation of the City of Paris offers three hundred situations for women as clerks.

Busy Professors.—The professors of Smith College are a busy set. Miss Sanborn finds time outside of her duties to arrange a set of literature lessons for the public, and Miss Le Row to prepare the best manual of reading that has ever been printed for practical purposes. In addition to this, Miss Sanborn lectures, and Miss Le Row writes charming stories.

A training institution for nurses is to be opened in Berlin, under the superintendence of the Crown Princess of Germany, in order that private families may be able to obtain skilled nursing without applying to Sisterhoods. The lady director has been in London to study the various systems of management, and the establishment will be called, after its foundress, the Victoria House.

A company composed entirely of women—not even excepting the performers in the orchestra—is the novelty which Miss Lila Clay is about to provide for the entertainment of London playgoers. The troupe consists of fifty ladies. Songs and choruses and an operetta, constitute the promised programme.



Three Christmas Dinners.

"GOOD ideas for Christmas dinners?" interrogated a bright woman the other day, to whom the subject which forms the heading to this chapter was mentioned. "Christmas dinners," she repeated, "what a good Christmas dinner is, depends altogether on the circumstances under which it is eaten. A regulation dinner, especially at Christmas, eaten by regulation people, is apt to be a pretty dull affair, no one who is hungry enough to enjoy it, to begin with, except perhaps one or two of the more natural and hearty of the children. Every individual in the family, or among the guests, has been in the habit of having a good dinner every day of their lives—each had a good breakfast—and the difficulty with all is want of digestion, not the want of food, which gives such zest to its occasional enjoyment."

"In my early days," she continued, "I sat down to many solemn dinner gatherings—duty dinners—not the delightful little affairs, where half a dozen perfectly congenial spirits discuss a well selected *menu*, but a married-sisters' and cousins' and aunts' gathering, which always includes some persons that have to be "put up with," and that makes the whole affair a something to be "got over" happily, not heartily enjoyed. Our first Christmas dinner, after my husband's failure and removal to the far West, may interest you, however.

A PIONEER CHRISTMAS DINNER.

WE had only arrived at our destination, a wild farm in Montana, about two months before, and all the energies of my husband, myself, and even our little boy and girl, had been absorbed to the utmost in getting settled for the winter. Our little log house was shielded from the north-east winds by a belt of woods, paths had been made to the main road, and inside it began to wear an aspect of comfort, for I had brought crimson stuff curtains, thick rugs, and other relics of former comfort to give it a look of warmth and brightness. It was Christmas Eve before we thought that the next day was Christmas.

"What about the Christmas pudding?" asked my husband.

"You will have to go without it," I replied, for I have neither raisins, suet, nor spice—that is, such spice as should be put in a Christmas pudding."

"Oh, I can easily ride down to B— and get them for you," he remarked, "and all we shall need then will be guests to help us eat it, for there is a wild turkey hanging in the shed."

It was ten miles to B—, and, sure enough, next morning he started immediately after breakfast, leaving me alone with the children, to clear up and prepare the rest of the dinner. We had corn meal, some canned things—remains of stores brought from the East—eggs, cream, milk, and butter—three the produce of our one cow, a barrel of apples, some dried fruit, sweet potatoes, onions, and sweet corn. After tidying up, I fixed the baby in her high chair, and prepared the turkey for hanging to a string and roasting before the wood fire. I made a splendid corn cake, got out one of my choice pots of currant jelly—choice, because they must be made to last as long as possible—and was just about to prepare the onions for boiling, when my little boy, who had gone out to get wood for the fire, came in holding by the hand an Indian, who sat down in a stolid way and made me understand that he was hungry. I gave him the remains of our breakfast, and he seemed satisfied—but I tell you, I wished for my husband's return. I cleared away the dishes he had left quite bare of food; and then my baby becoming sleepy, I rocked her while picking over the dried corn, singing to her Christmas hymns and carols. Then I was struck by a happy idea. I made

my visitor understand that it was a festival day, and that I wanted red berries and green boughs from the woods. He leaped from the door with a yell that frightened me half to death; but, after a while, I recovered myself sufficiently to put the sweet potatoes in the ashes, and get the onions ready for the saucepan. I was beginning to look now with some anxiety for my husband. The visit of the Indian, his disappearance, and my loneliness, had altogether rather upset my nerves, and I barred the door and watched the browning of the turkey, and the forest path, which I could see from the window, alternately.

One hour went by and he did not come. I grew sick with terror, and was hastily tying on my bonnet, and wrapping the baby in a blanket shawl, preparatory to taking a ten miles' walk through the woods, in order to learn what had befallen him, when the sound of a jolly laugh caused a sudden revulsion, and I fainted. When I recovered I found my husband bending over me, my sister, just arrived from the East, kneeling beside me, and my Indian standing in the door, the center of a whole bower of greenery, while a brace of wild birds was strung from his shoulder. We had our Christmas dinner, and no one found fault with it, though the pudding did not come off till next day.

A DINNER IN A "FLAT."

THERE were two girls; and they were living in a flat, a very small flat, and high up, as became their modest incomes, which were obtained, one from coloring photographs in a fashionable establishment, the other from a fair position as trimmer in a first-class millinery house.

"I want to give a Christmas dinner," announced one, over their supper of chops and tea and apple-sauce and brown bread, one evening. They were very sensible girls, and good healthful eaters, with no craving for "caramels" and such like stuff.

"Who shall we give it to?" inquired the other.

"Well, the poor young widow on the floor with us, who lost her husband so suddenly six months' ago, and who is trying to support her two little children and herself by making cloth ulsters at a dollar a dozen. We haven't any one to make Christmas for specially," continued the young girl, "and I always think so much of this season, because my mother loved it, and made so much of it when she was alive, and I'd like to make it pleasant for some one who needs it."

"All right; I'd just as leave, seeing there's no one but you to make it particularly pleasant for me," said the other with tears, which she quickly brushed away, in her merry eyes. "Now, what shall we have?"

"We won't undertake pudding, because it takes so long to cook, and I'm afraid it would be a failure. But we can get one of the famous mince-pies from G—'s, and we can have mashed potato and cranberry jelly, and—and, oh Ruth! for a treat, a can of French peas; and I can make delicious fricasseed chicken, you know that; and with a salad and some red apples, and candies for the children, I think we will do very well."

"I think so, too," said Ruth.

So the invitation was given, and joyfully accepted, for the sad-hearted little widow, scarcely more than a child, had hard work to keep a shelter and buy a crust since the death of her husband, due to overwork in the fearful heat of a terrible July, had deprived her of his loving protection and support.

Ruth did the buying, being an excellent manager; the colorist cooked the dinner, her work permitting her to remain often at home, and the bill of fare was a success, for to it had been added a small oyster soup and celery by way of a beginning; and because, as Ruth admitted, Christmas would not be Christmas without turkey, pudding, or oyster soup. Turkey and pudding were dispensed with; but the oyster soup, hot, creamy, and well flavored, was followed by the daintily cooked chicken, the mashed potato, the jelly, the peas, and finally by the mince-pie and the red apples. The children's eyes had grown bigger and bigger, and finally smaller and smaller, until one, clutching her box of candies, slept the sleep of utter contentment, and was laid in a thick shawl upon the small lounge. Every thing was small in the flat, but the hearts of the young; hostesses.

"Come in," said one in answer to a knock. It was a man and a stranger who entered.

"Does Mrs. W— live in this house, do you know?" he asked,

quickly. "Oh! I beg pardon for intruding," he said, as he saw the remains of the modest feast upon the table.

"Mrs. W—— does live in this house; she is here; she has been eating her Christmas dinner with us," replied Ruth to the stranger's question.

"Thank heaven she had a Christmas dinner!" was his ejaculation. While "Oh, John!" came from little Mrs. W——, who had been covering up her baby, and turned around to find herself in the arms of an honest farmer brother, who, as soon as he discovered his sister's needy condition, had come to offer a share for herself and little ones in his Western home, where he lived with his good wife, but without chick or child. So the Christmas dinner was supplemented with a little store of good things, which the brother had been charged by his wife to procure, for fear they might be needed; and last summer the two girls spent their vacation in a visit to the farm, bringing a winter store of dried fruit, butter, ham, jellies, and the like, which compelled them to turn carpenters and make a box-cupboard out at the back window of the "flat," which they still occupy—both "flat" and cupboard. The little family was as happy as the day was long; and that Christmas dinner has become the starting point of a new and providential departure in their lives, although it did not bring it, and had nothing specially to do with it.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER AT A RESTAURANT.

"If there is anything I hate, it is a Christmas dinner at a restaurant," said Frank Hallock, a good-looking fellow, in a gray business suit, who stood with his hands in his pockets, on the threshold of a "European" hotel restaurant, in Broadway, New York, one Christmas morning. "Confound that train, if it had not been delayed, I should have reached home in time for dinner; as it is, dinner and fun will be all over, and they will hardly be glad to see me after having disappointed them. Well, it can't be helped. Mother will be glad to see me anyhow," and so, accepting the inevitable, he went in, and sitting down at a little table, took up the bill of fare. How dreary and common-place it looked; he knew the familiar list by heart, for business obliged him to travel a good deal, and he lived at hotels and restaurants. He wished for a home, but could not afford a costly one, and had little opportunity of testing the quality of the young ladies whom he occasionally met, and who seemed but little fitted for the wives of comparatively poor men, while he had too much refinement and intelligence to be satisfied with the absence of either in a wife.

"What will you have, sir?"

Mr. Frank H—— looked up from his reverie, as the voice reached his ear. It was not its sweetness, although it was a sweet voice, it was its cultivation. He had always been critical in voices and language. It was a young girl who had uttered the words—a girl in a gray woolen dress, very simply made, with brown curls which formed little tendrils over her forehead, a narrow rim of linen collar, and a white apron.

"Bring me what you please," said the young man impulsively. "I don't want to order my dinner on Christmas day. I expected to have been at home. I will pay for it, whatever it may be, but please order it for me." The girl flushed a little, and said, "But I may not suit your taste, sir." "Yes, you will," returned he. "I mean that I really do not care what I have, only please omit the plum-pudding and its usual sauces. I can stand almost anything, but restaurant plum-pudding," he added smiling. The girl smiled a little back; she was not exactly what could be called pretty, but she had lovely eyes, a bright face, which seemed to have been saddened by recent experience, a graceful figure, and, as Mr. Frank noticed, very pretty, delicate hands. "How did such a girl come here?" he thought, but as it was none of his business, and he was not in the habit of interfering in what did not concern him, he ceased to speculate, and lost himself in a newspaper. His dinner came, and suited him exactly. It was served in courses, and very neatly. First, a small plate of Blue Points, with lemon and a roll. Then a delicious tomato soup, baked salmon-trout followed, then a tender fillet of beef, with asparagus, and a slice of red duck, with peas and jelly. The dishes were brought promptly and without any questioning, and the dinner wound up with an apple, an orange, a bit of cheese, and a cup of capital coffee.

"A first-rate dinner," said Hallock, heartily. "I could not have ordered it so well myself." He wanted to put a dollar into the girl's hand when he took his check, but he could not do it. She was a lady; had it been an ordinary waiter, he would have given him ten cents, and thought no more of it. He saw a wistful look in the girl's eyes, as she moved softly about, and he could not bear to leave her in this place to wait upon other men, and be ordered by them to bring them this and that. But he had to catch his train, and he did it, but he did not stay long at home, he was impatient for another dinner at the St. —— hotel, and another opportunity to see his model attendant. But when he went again, she was not there, and his disappointment was so great that he could not help questioning the cashier. "Very unusual girl, sir," he said, "takes care of her mother, but she had another situation offered her at a higher salary." "Where?" "Could not tell you, sir; down town, I believe."

It was the following summer, this last summer, in fact, that Mr. Frank Hallock was invited to dine, and spend the night with a friend, one of the well-to-do merchants of New York City. "Come early," he said, "I want to introduce you to a very charming young lady." He went of course, and quite at home, in a dainty dress of nun's veiling, trimmed with white lace, surrounded by all the appliances of a luxurious modern life, was the brown-haired, gentle-voiced girl of the restaurant. He saw that she recognized him, and he said, "I believe we have met before," to which she replied bravely, and turning to her host, "Yes, sir, it was at the St. —— restaurant, where *you* found me, sir." "Ah, yes, that was rather a rough experience for a girl like you, but it did not last long, and you are not much the worse for it, are you?" he remarked jokingly, and touching her hair with a kindly motion. "No, sir, it has only made me appreciate more strongly my present good fortune."

Later he was informed that the young lady was the daughter of a naval officer, deceased. That she had come to New York, from Washington, with her mother, after making an unsuccessful attempt to obtain employment in one of the departments. That she had seized the first opportunity that presented itself of obtaining employment, and that Mr. S——, who had known her family, discovered who she was by questioning, his interest having been excited by her modest, and lady-like manner and appearance. The result was, he offered her a position of corresponding clerk in his office, at fifteen dollars per week, subject to an advance when she became fully acquainted with the duties, and already, he declared, she was doing better than the cigar-smoking, billiard-playing young fellow he had been employing, at twenty-five dollars per week. The merchant's wife had become very much attached to her husband's new clerk, and often invited her to stay over Sunday at their beautiful home which was some miles out of town.

The merchant himself had been a conservative gentleman, not inclined to adopt any new-fangled ideas, but the quickness, faithfulness, and bright intelligence of this girl assistant so pleased him, that he became a convert to the modern idea, and was at first disgusted, when a few months afterward, Mr. Frank Hallock informed him, that Miss —— had accepted an engagement with *him*, for he really did not want to encounter another Christmas dinner without her assistance.

"Good, gracious! three Christmas dinners, and no pudding," says some young housekeeper, who has been depending on her Christmas number for directions for one. Too bad, but here is an excellent receipt:—

CHRISTMAS PLUM-PUDDING.

THREE-QUARTERS of a pound of bread-crumbs, one-quarter of a pound of fine flour, into which half a tea-spoonful of baking powder has been sifted. Mix bread-crumbs and flour together, and add three-quarters of fresh kidney suet, chopped, relieved from skin and fiber, but not sifted. A tea-spoonful of salt, even, a whole nutmeg, a small cup of brown sugar, one pound of currants, cleaned, dried, and floured; one pound of seeded sultana raisins, also floured; two ounces of lemon and orange peel, mixed and finely chopped; two ounces candied citron, eight eggs well beaten, and a pint or more of sweet, fresh cider for mixing. Beat thoroughly and often within an hour, then let it stand for an hour in a cool place, before putting in buttered mold, or

scalded bag, preparatory to boiling steady for four hours, the water boiling before it is put in. Serve with sprig of holly in the center, on a large platter, with a rich, liquid sauce. Merry Christmas!

CHRISTMAS FOOD IN GERMANY.

THERE is no season of the year which brings culinary art into such demand in Germany as Christmas. To be without the specialties belonging to that festive season is to be out of the world—buried—forgotten. In the most northern provinces Yule groats and Yule cake are the chief features of the feast, the latter being stamped with the figure of a wild boar, or else baked in that form. With this, from Christmas to Epiphany, cod-fish and peas are eaten.

Yule cake is made as follows: Take one pound of fresh butter, one pound of sugar, one pound and a half of flour, two pounds of currants, a glass of brandy, one pound of raisins and citron, chopped together quite fine, two ounces of sweet almonds pounded in a mortar, ten eggs, a quarter of an ounce of allspice, and a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon. Melt the butter to a cream and put in the sugar. Stir it till quite light, adding the allspice and cinnamon; in a quarter of an hour take the yolks of eggs, work them in two or three at a time, and the whites must by this time have been beaten into stiff snow ready to work in, as the paste must not stand to chill the butter or it will be heavy. Work in the whites gradually; then add the citron and raisins and currants, which must be well mixed with the sweet almonds; lastly, the sifted flour. Bake this in tins, in a hot oven for three hours. Put twelve sheets of paper under it to prevent its burning. Although this Yule cake is troublesome to make, it well repays the work, by its delicious flavor and by its capacity for being kept fresh and delicate.

In Thuringia every one eats the *hahuewackel*, a dish made from the legs and wings of fowls, bretzels, and herring, supplemented by coffee—and *pluise*, a sort of pancake, made of fine barley flour and fried in a deep pan.

In Wittenberg herring salad is the specialty; a delicious compound formed of boiled veal, herring,—carefully pickled and well washed to take out the salt—sour apples, cucumber pickles, beets, capers, hard boiled eggs, sour cream, and plenty of oil. These are chopped together into a mince, placed in a salad dish, and then decorated according to the taste and skill of the cook, with bits of beet, capers, green pickles, and white of eggs. These are laid in squares, triangles, and other geometrical figures; the more elaborate, the more artistic and better tasting in the opinion of the Germans.

In Silesia, fried carp and *mohn klötze*, a fricatella of meat, flavored with *poppy seeds*, is eaten: in Saxony, apple salad and herring; in Holstein, cod-fish, preceded by rice soup, and followed by *ochsenaugen*—a species of pancake; in Uckermark, cabbage, pig's head, and lung sausage; in the Tyrol, fritters; in Saxony, *stollen*, an extremely delicious roll cake; in East Friesland, *eisenkuchen*, answering to our waffles, except that potato is used in their composition; in Nuremberg, *honig* or *pfefferkuchen*; in Moravia, *mohn bretzeln*, cake flavored with poppies; and in Königsberg, Dantzic, and Lübeck, *marzipan*—this last is made of almonds, sugar, and rose-water. The almonds are pounded in a mortar to a fine paste; powdered sugar is added, pound for pound, and sufficient rose-water to make it into a stiff dough. It is then put into molds, and baked in a rather cold oven. In Lübeck the writer was shown through a shop devoted to the making of this delicacy, and from whence it is sent, not only to all parts of Germany, but to France, England, and Russia. The molds are very elaborate, and even artistic—I observed one of the Coliseum, Rome—and they turn out very handsome pieces of work. The *mazipan*, having the appearance of wax, one could readily be deluded into believing a cake of it was a molding of fine wax.

What days the eight preceding Christmas are in a German house! What beating of eggs and stoning of raisins, and washing of currants and pounding of almonds! What tired arms and weary feet for the *hausmütters*, and sticky faces and soiled fingers for the little ones, and stores of sunny, fragrant memories being stored away for the days when "the grasshopper shall become a burden," and even Christmas will not be the "open sesame" to beauty and happiness.

Scientific.

To bronze zinc fret-work, coat the metal with very thin gold-size, and, when nearly dry, rub on a sufficient quantity of red bronze (bronze powder), dry, and burnish.

Agate is nearly pure quartz, which has been deposited from solution in cavities not unlike boiler incrustations, so that layers deposited at different times possess unlike density, and often unlike colors. This gives rise to banded agate, fortification agate, and many other beautiful designs.

All the dust floating about a flour-mill—common flour "stive" dust from millstones and purifiers, the dust from the beams of the mill, from wheat-cleaning machines, and especially the "stive" dust from millstones grinding rice—all such dust is, under certain conditions, found to be very explosive.

The Indian plan of cooling water by keeping it in porous earthenware, from the surface of which evaporation continually goes on, is not made reasonable use of in this country. Porous earthenware is very easy to get, and the water in such a vessel set in the basement in a draught will soon be lowered several degrees of temperature.

Gold (to clean).—Jewelers often clean gold by washing it first in a little lukewarm soft water and soap. Then, after wiping, shaking it about until perfectly dry in a wash-leather bag filled with finely powdered boxwood. When taken out of the bag the gold, if embossed or raised, must be gently brushed clean of the wood dust with a diamond brush, or, if smooth, polished with a leather.

It is stated that a remedy has been found for that terrible scourge, diphtheria. One of the assistants of the eminent physician Gerhardt, at the Julius Hospital of Würzburg, has been making a series of experiments with a drug called quinolin, a substance found in coal tar. The application of this substance is said to have been successful in every case of diphtheria in which it has been tried.

Stained Floors.—Beeswax and turpentine rubbed into the floors twice a week keep them in beautiful order. Melt a quantity of beeswax in a jar, by placing it for a short time in an oven. When warm add to it a little turpentine, and stir them together. When cold this ought to be of the consistency of pomatum. If too hard, melt again, and add a little more turpentine. To be used cold. After carefully removing all dust from the boards, rub in a very little of the beeswax and turpentine with a coarse flannel.

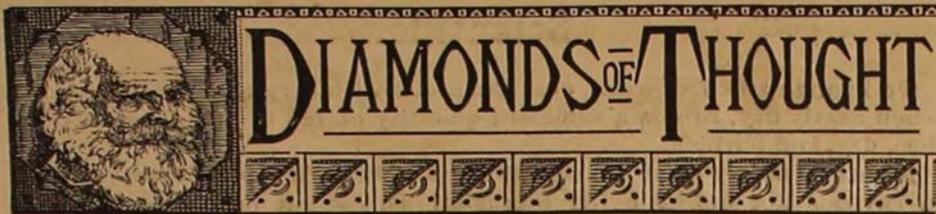
The basis for all soaps is either grease, tallow, or oil, grease being the least desirable, as it does not yield as good soap as tallow or oil. The latter is far superior to either of the other two. Grease is made from the fat of animals that have died, the refuse of kitchens, and other offal. Tallow is made from the fresh fat of sheep and cattle, and therefore is not so objectionable or dangerous as grease. Oils suitable for soap are palm, cocoanut, cotton-seed, and olive oil.

The Cleaning of Brass.—The Government method prescribed for cleaning brass, and in use at all the United States' arsenals, is said to be the best in the world. The plan is to make a mixture of one part common nitric acid and one-half part sulphuric acid, in a stone jar, having also ready a pail of fresh water and a box of sawdust. The articles to be treated are dipped into the acid, then removed into the water, and finally rubbed with sawdust. This immediately changes them to a brilliant color. If the brass has become greasy, it is first dipped into a strong solution of potash or soda in warm water; this dissolves the grease, so that the acid has free power to act.

Rubber Scraps.—Scraps of macintosh and other india-rubber-coated fabrics have hitherto been useless, because the india-rubber could not be profitably extracted from them. An American inventor, however, finds that strong, hot sulphuric or muriatic acid has no effect on the rubber but a strong corrosive action on the textile fabrics, and he has taken out patents for a process of recovery in which he eats away the textile fabrics with these acids, preferring hydrochloric, as it forms more soluble salts with the zinc and whitening than sulphuric. If the original stuff be in lumps, it is first softened with benzol.

Thread from Wood.—The manufacture of thread from wood for crochet and sewing purposes has, it is said, recently been started at the Aby Cotton Mill, near the town of Norrköping, in the middle of Sweden. The manufacture has arrived at such a state of perfection that it can produce, at a much lower price, thread of as fine quality as "Clark's," and has from this circumstance been called thread "*à la Clark*." It is wound in balls by machinery, either by hand or steam, which, with the labeling, takes one minute twelve seconds; and the balls are packed up in cardboard boxes, generally ten in a box.

A new fashion has been adopted in French gardens. In the beds placed before the façade of the château or country house, the gardeners form a design of flowers representing the arms or monogram of the master of the house. In some of the parks belonging to Legitimists gigantic fleurs-de-lis are designed, with gold-colored blossoms; and while wall-fruit is growing, the gardeners cut out in paper the monogram and crest, and glue the designs upon the peaches or the nectarines with some light paste. When the fruit is ripe the paper is taken away, and the outlines remain imprinted on the skin of the peach.



On every banner blazon bright
"For work and truth and love we fight."

The kindness of youth is angelic ; the kindness of old age is divine.

"There is no doubt that thinkers govern the world ; and it is quite as certain that the world governs potentates."—QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

Honor pledges us to morality, fame still more, and power most of all.

"The world and all things in it are valuable, but the most valuable thing in the world is a virtuous woman."—MOHAMMED.

Some people carry their hearts in their heads ; very many carry their heads in their hearts. The difficulty is to keep them apart, yet both actively working together.

To do good which is really good, a man must act from the love of good, and not with a view to reward here or hereafter.

Many a small man never ceases talking about the small sacrifices he makes ; but he is a great man who can make sacrifices and say nothing.

The history of every discovery, of every enterprise of benevolence, of every reform, is the history of toil and watching through long discouragements.

Every duty well done adds to the moral and spiritual stature. Each opportunity eagerly grasped and used is the key to larger privileges.

To express no more than is really meant is one of the first steps toward correct speech, just as careful pruning is as important to the vine as a rich soil.

The Cause of Intellectual Feebleness.—Much of the intellectual feebleness, which cares little to acquire knowledge or to distinguish truth from error, which escapes from the drill of study as from an enemy, comes not from incapacity but from cowardice.

There is poetry and there is beauty in real sympathy ; but there is more—there is action. The noblest and most powerful form of sympathy is not merely the responsive tears, the echoed sigh, the answering look ; it is the embodiment of the sentiment in actual help.

The range of friendship has hardly a limit. Intercourse is not needful to its continuance ; equality in years is not a requisite ; nor is parity of position essential. The finest natures triumph over social inequalities ; mutual trust and affection can bridge over the chasm between wealth and poverty.

The exclusive study of art will not make the best artist ; the sole devotion of a lifetime to business will not make the best merchant ; the acquirement of technical skill alone will not make the best mechanic. Knowledge of other things, mental drill in other branches, breadth of view, and power of sympathy will all tell upon the specific work in hand and raise it to a higher level than that of any mere specialist.

Recreation does not mean idleness, and it may mean labor. A wise man will so arrange his labors that each succeeding one shall be so totally different from the last that it shall serve as a recreation for it. A man equally wise in all other hygienic measures who could nicely adjust the labors of mind and body in their true proportion might hope to attain old age with all his mental faculties fresh and vigorous to the last.

Education.—On the question of the proper education of women, the Rev. Henry N. Hudson, in his "English in Schools," says : "As for the women, let it suffice that their rights and interests in this matter are co-ordinate with those of the men ; just that and no more. Their main business also is to get an honest living. And the education that unprepares them or leaves them unprepared for this is the height of folly and of wrong."



Who pays the highest price for a home ? The woman who marries for one.

Girls should remember, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wives."

"What shall I do," asked a miserly millionaire of his physician, "for a tightness in my chest ?" "Start a home for Incurables," said the doctor.

"This insurance policy is a queer thing," said Dobbs, reflectively. "If I can't sell it, I cancel it ; and if cancel it, I can't sell it."

Josh Billings says that a good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more.

A caustic wit, in speaking of an impecunious friend, said, "He settles his debts just like clockwork—tick, tick, tick."

Longfellow wrote in the visitors' book of the Raven Inn at Zürich, "Beware of the Raven of Zürich ; 'Tis a bird of omen ill, With an ugly unclean nest, and a very, very long bill."

A Rochester girl gets out of bed at midnight, and goes to work sawing wood in the back yard. She is crazy ; but so are at least a dozen young men—to marry her.

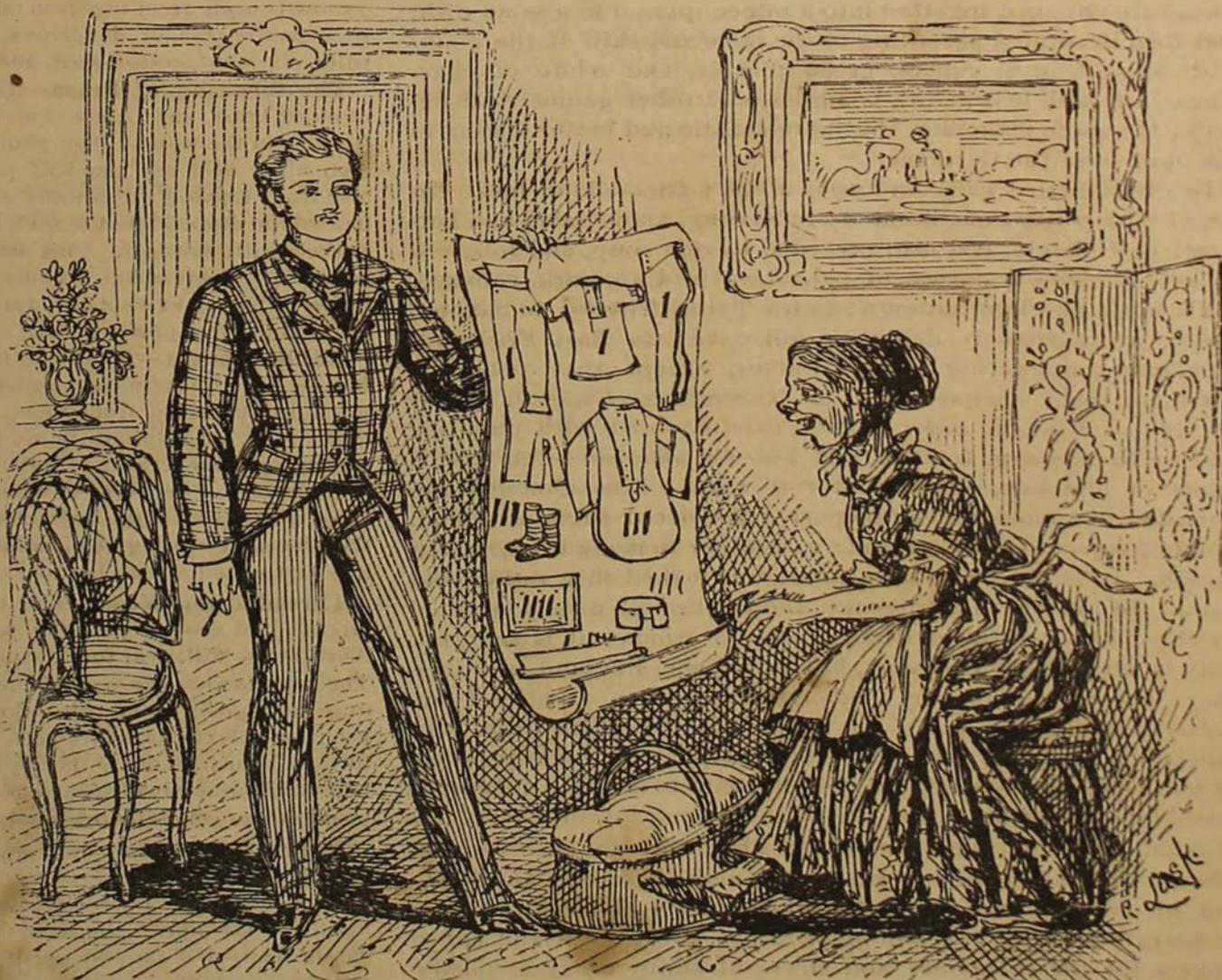
Appropriate.—The lah-de-dah cigarette smoking young man is referred to by the Cleveland *Leader* as "third-class male matter."

Mrs. Banks, an Indiana woman, bought some poison for rats, wrote the word "poison" on it four times, hid it on the top shelf in the pantry, and yet the hired girl used it for baking powder within a week.

At a wedding not long since, among the presents displayed was a \$1,000 bank note from the father of the bride. After the wedding was over, the old gentleman folded up the note and put it back in his vest pocket.

"Is your cough any easier ?" said one of poor Hood's acquaintances, on calling to see how he was. "It should be," said the wit, from his pillow, "I've been practicing all night."

"See here, why didn't some of you firemen save the piano that was in that burning house ?" asked a gentleman of the engineer of the fire brigade, who replied ; "We couldn't save the piano because none of us could play upon it."



Brown never could get his washerwoman to understand an ordinary wash list, until he thought of the above artistic expedient—admiration and delight of Nora.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

Review of Fashions.

WITH all the talk in regard to women's dress, the clothing of the sexes is more nearly on an equality at the present time than at any period since the days of ruffs, of velvet coats, and small swords. In those days men of fashion outshone women in the display of color in dress; in the lavish use of lace and diamonds, and the general cost and glitter of their personal belongings. The fashionable young men of the day seem desirous of emulating their example; their wardrobes are fantastic in colors, and contain as daintily a variety of fine articles as those of women, only of a different kind. Their underwear is of soft ribbed, or crêped silk; hosiery of knitted silk, often richly embroidered. For night-wear they have gowns made of China crape in summer, of soft silk or wool, or cashmere flannel in winter, and consisting of drawers and jacket, mounted with pink, terra-cotta red, or peacock blue silk, as collar, cuffs, waist-band, and the like. This furnishing is often enriched with a narrow line, or corners of flower embroidery.

But high and striking colors are not confined to underwear, hosiery, neck-ties, smoking jackets, dressing-gowns, and articles of that sort. Old China blue trousers, and equally eccentric garments have been frequently seen upon the street during the past season, while the tennis and polo and yachting and ball costumes put Oscar Wilde quite in the shade. This part of what are called the "swell" element find a counterpart in the society girl of the period, who is sometimes æsthetic, sometimes highly conventional, or takes to sporting, to "drag" riding, and the playing at fox-hunting, which is one of the absurd crazes of this period. But it would be manifestly unfair to measure men and women by these off-shoots of money without brains or cultivation. The men who do their part of the work of the world are not found playing tennis at noon in a clown's costume. Their dress changes little, and is never out of fashion; and this is fast becoming the case with a sufficiently large number of women to render their dress and appearance a potent factor in the solution of the dress question. They consist not of one class, but of the superior workers—professional and business women, largely increased by the intelligent and conscientious house-mothers, and wives of well-to-do-men, whose lives are filled with duties, and who find as little time for fantastical dressing, and have as little inclination for it as the woman doctor, lawyer, or professor.

The influence of these forces, drawn from such diverse
VOL. XIX., DECEMBER, 1882.—9

directions, all tends toward the adoption of certain permanent and well thought-out ideas in costume—ideas for which they are not responsible as individuals, but which they naturally find and appropriate and adhere to, because they are found upon trial to be most convenient and least trouble; the becomingness of her dress is subordinated in the mind of a woman worker, just as it is in that of a man, to its fitness, its suitability. Thus gradually we find in the streets, in the cars, in the stages, in all public conveyances and places, a majority of women whose quiet, unobtrusive dress is very much the same from year to year—at least for these practical purposes—and for whom the follies and caprices which are the staple of fashion items and paragraphs, do not exist; and these quiet women are bound to exercise, quite without knowing it, a most salutary influence upon the dress of their sex at large. Already they have changed the aspects and tendencies of fashion. Fashion is no longer represented by a small minority, who impose certain arbitrary rules in regard to the cut of a sleeve, the shape of a bodice, and the color of the skirt. It is becoming many-sided; the sensible woman, the busy woman, has fashions of her own, and it is not necessarily the poor women who follow them; and it is never the poor from whom they are derived. On the contrary, the ignorant poor are apt to be "sloppy," there is no other word for it, in their dress. Neatness and fitness are more or less the result of trained intelligence; while the ability to adapt these to the use of others, demands special qualifications. The cotton wrapper, dingy and trailing in the gutter, is the uniform of the tenement house, while an equally cheap cotton, made up into a neat well-fitting dress, with a round skirt, forms the useful and not unbecoming at home costume of half the women in New England. The difference is in habit, education, and training.

There always have been, and always will be, women with money who will lend themselves to the fashionable follies of the day whatever they may happen to be, but how short-lived these follies are. They come and go like will o' wispis, many women not even being aware that they have had an existence. Nor must they be confounded with the actual growth and development in art and luxury, which eccentric as may be some of the manifestations, always contain elements of true value and beauty. Magnificent indeed, as fashion is in many of its details, widely extended as the use of many luxuries has grown to be, there never was a time when greater simplicity of design and materials (if preferred), could be employed without exciting comment, or

seeming to be out of harmony with the general environment. The reason is simply this, that cultivated ideas in dress, artistic design, fitness to purpose and uses, are beginning to supplant an irrational, arbitrary, and meaningless code, which had nothing to recommend it but cost, and maintained its supremacy from the habit of women of submitting to self-constituted authority, a habit which independence will soon rid them of.

Illustrated Designs.

MONG the illustrated designs for the present month are several novelties which are worthy of special attention. One of these is the "Marlborough" polonaise, which, by a simple arrangement of cords, is in an instant converted into a Redingote, or *vice versa*. The garment is cut in the Princess style, with the addition of fullness at the back, which may either hang straight, or be caught up by merely looping the cords at the sides, the formation of the drapery by this means having the effect of drawing the sides back from the front and aiding in the formation of the slight pannier drapery which relieves the front from absolute plainness. The design is an excellent one for light cloth suitings and woolen fabrics, which form a garment useful for the house during the cold weather and good for street wear in the early spring, when showers are frequent, and a long garment is necessary for protection when it is not needed for warmth.

The "Adelgitha" toilet is another useful combination design, by which a walking or visiting dress can be transformed into a reception toilet with only the delay of hooking on and taking off the adjustable train. The illustration gives three views of this costume—a back and front view of it as a walking dress, and a back view with the train attached. The square cut and antique collar are almost indispensable this season to a full-dress toilet.

The "Hilaria" toilet is a lovely design for the evening toilet of a young girl, or a dancing dress. It may be made in soft, electric blue, or shrimp-pink silk, or in ivory nun's veiling. If the fabric is silk, the soft, thick, satin-finished Surah, or Rhadames, is most effective; and then the trimming should be Irish point of a fine quality, but for nun's veiling, or any other semi-diaphanous material, any of the pretty, light modern laces will prove suitable as trimming.

A very practical little dress will be found in the "Jersey," which consists of a Jersey-shaped bodice, to which a box-plaited skirt is attached, with a deep heading. The effect is that of a Princess dress, and it would be especially becoming, in the plaided wool, which we illustrate, to a tall, slight girl of good figure. The band of velvet round the bottom gives weight and finish, a plaiting being out of place upon a skirt, the principal part of which forms practically a deep flounce. It is an especially good design for a dress *en voyage*, and we advise young women who are anticipating a European trip to bear it in mind. Its advantages are light weight, yet warmth; wholeness, neatness, and good style, yet the ease of a wrapper, and freedom from all vexatious complications which are such a hindrance and embarrassment in traveling. It is also an excellent school and house dress, and in fact when one gets a thoroughly good thing, it is astonishing the number of uses to which it can be put.

The "Senona" basque is a very pretty design, and also one of the practical kind, adaptable to many fabrics, and capable of producing a dressy effect out of comparatively simple materials. The basque, for example, may be fine black cashmere, the plaited vest ruby satin, the trimming embroidery on the material. The plaiting at the back may be of the cashmere, the basques turned back with ruby satin, or it may be of ruby satin, the revers covered with lace over the

satin to prevent the effect of too much flat color. Or suppose the color to be garnet, the vest of garnet silk or satin, the trimming embroidery upon the material as before, the plaiting may be of the silk, and the facing of the basques, striped velvet, plush, or brocaded ribbon, garnet, olive, and old gold, the rich stuff reappearing in the suggestive little corners upon the sleeves which are too dainty to be called cuffs.

The "Tania" walking skirt is a good model for cashmere, because this charming material, in its finer qualities, lends itself so admirably to the softly falling puffs which form the front, and the fashionable embroidery upon the material, which comes with the material, would be sufficient for the trimming. The skirt is best made upon a lining, as it is less weighty, the overskirt forming the panniers as well as the back drapery.

The models for cloaks will furnish a correct idea of the cost and elegance of the fashionable cloaks of the season. The "Beresford," is magnificent in the rich fabrics suggested by the illustration: thick brocaded silk, or satin, with plush border and sleeves, silk plush, or quilted amber satin lining, and chenille trimmings; that is *passementerie* ornaments, and deep, double fringes. The long dolman sleeves give a dolman character to the design, which consists of a narrow fitted back and sack-shaped fronts. The simple addition of the rich fringe to the back of the collar is a great improvement to the finish.

The "Nataliza" cloak is only partly fitted, and would be loose were it not for the deep plaits in the back, and the mandarin sleeves which are set far back and high, narrowing the shoulders and the width of the back to fashionable limits. The fabric of which it is composed is embossed plush, with trimming of pointed fur, and lining of crimson silk plush. It is a very rich looking garment, and requires handsome materials.

Furred Cloaks and Furs.

HERE is much that is beautiful in fabric and ornament, but there is nothing that gives quite so much distinction to an out-door garment as rich fur. Its depth of pile, its warmth and comfort, the becoming contrast it offers to the smooth texture of the skin, all render it desirable, while there is the additional motive for its acquisition—that it cannot be successfully imitated, but shows its worth and beauty upon its face, as well as in the long pleasure of wearing.

In a climate so changeable as ours, a lady who can afford a variety of garments, will always have among them a seal-skin dolman, or long sacque, as no other style of out-door cloak is so permanently beautiful or so conducive to health. The new styles of seal-skin jackets and dolmans, as modeled by Messrs. F. Booss & Bro., harmonize in every detail, and most perfectly outline a graceful form. The jacket for young ladies is preferred to the dolman, which is more suitable for married ladies, the jacket having the closest and the youthful appearance of the favorite Jersey style.

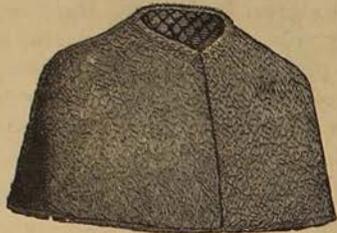
Silk garments, fur lined, are also very handsome, and one of the finest displayed by Messrs. F. Booss & Bro. is a long, graceful dolman in very thick black satin Rhademere, lined with dark, whole squirrel, and trimmed with dyed otter. The sleeves are long, and the space between them, very low upon the narrow back, is occupied with festooned cords and tassels. Another stylish cloak is a cozy paletot of black satin de Lyons, with Mother-Hubbard sleeves, lined with squirrel and trimmed with black fox. A rich chenille trimming is added to the back of the sleeves, and the fastening is effected with large *passementerie* buttons,

shaped like metal clasps. There is a long paletot also of seal-skin, with mandarin sleeves, and lining of brown China silk, closely quilted. The lining is selected to reduce the weight, and unless the satin is very thick and rich, is superior to it in durability. The finishing consists of a very original pad-lock shaped fastening, with triangular buttons of seal-skin bordered with crochet and held by crochet bars.

The pelerine capes are the most popular of the new all-fur garments, and we illustrate two—one in black fox, the other in natural otter, both lined with quilted satin in colors matching the fur. They are admirably well-shaped to fit

the form, and are fitted at the neck by a narrow band which renders them very complete. They are highly becoming to tall girls, and suggest most attractive Christmas gifts on the part of well-to-do uncles and aunts.

Fur hats and bonnets are only made in the best shapes—that is, the shapes which experience proves are best liked and most popular. Thus we have a modified poke, with moderately flaring brim, trimmed with ostrich plume, tips, and aigrette, all to match. A small capote, or "cottage" bonnet, with ostrich feather trimming also to match, and wide moire strings. In hats, a Gainsborough, with wide brim turned



NATURAL OTTER CAPE.



"DIAVOLO" CLOAK.



BLACK FOX CAPE.



NATURAL OTTER MUFF.



BLACK FOX MUFF.



SEAL-SKIN PALETOT.



SEAL-SKIN BONNET.



SEAL-SKIN "POKE."



"MOTHER HUBBARD" CLOAK.



SEAL-SKIN "DERBY."



"ANGELIA" CLOAK.



SEAL-SKIN "THEO."

FASHIONABLE FURS, AND FIR-LINED GARMENTS.

up on one side, and trimmed with long ostrich plume and beautiful tips, and aigrette with green lights in the brown. All these are seal-skin, and the hat is a very dashing style, appropriately named the "Theo." There is another of dyed otter, which is a much smaller and quieter shape. A low-crowned English Derby, stylishly trimmed with a long-billed red bird and a brilliant cock's plume. The excellent taste which distinguishes these designs, and their freedom from cheap, gilded ornaments is characteristic of the house.

Evening Dresses.

SPECIAL evening toilets are restricted to those who can afford different dresses for every different occasion, and who are not obliged to consider whether a design or a fabric will be available for "best" on all occasions before they select it. Naturally, evening dress shows more originality, diversity, and individuality, as well as cost in material, than any other style of costume; naturally also the opportunity which is afforded of magnificent display in select circles, where all are more or less on a footing of equality as regards wealth and social position, is taken the fullest advantage of. Nearly every season has in this direction certain special features of its own, while in others more essential they remain for many years unchanged.

For example, for some years past there has been a fancy for all white evening dresses—not the "simple white muslin" of our grandmothers—but rich satin and satin brocade, enriched with pearl embroidery and hand-made fringe or lace. This style of evening dress is very costly, because it requires that every accessory shall be dainty and rich. The hosiery must be fine embroidered silk; the shoes satin, pearl, and lace-trimmed; the gloves faultless; the lingerie not only delicate, but rare. The effect, however, of an assemblage of beautiful women robed with such grace and refinement in an elegant modern house, where light and color predominate, is extremely fine; it only becomes somewhat monotonous, and is not so well adapted to dwellings of less artistic pretensions.

This season is a "color" year; white, of course, is always "in fashion"; it is always worn by brides, often by debutantes, and by ladies who have a fondness for it; but the prevailing tone of color is high, and acquires a volume unknown before from the rich variety and numerous tintings, put into the magnificent brocades and other recent fabrics. The tendency decidedly is to simple, graceful design, and cost in fabric, instead of complex design and much cheap trimming. The finest evening dresses are composed of one, or, at most, of two fabrics. The train is plain—the edge cut out over fine knife plaiting. The sleeves are close, and only to the elbow, or perhaps half long; the bodice is cut with very deep points, front and back, and the square, or open neck, is filled in with lace, or with folds of muslin crossed in front, and the ends tucked under instead of folded over, as heretofore; high flaring, or rolling collars are in great vogue, and have a stiff interlining to keep them in position, or,

if of lace, are wired into a sort of fan-shape; and are usually rendered highly effective by boldness of design, or the addition of gold embroidery upon the transparent fabric. The train and front of the dress is frequently made of the new Ottoman repped satin, very thick and soft, and the sides of brocade in different shades of the ground color. A magnificent terra-cotta is made in this way. A beautiful dress has a train of yellowish green satin, and front of shrimp pink satin, embroidered in greens, grays, browns, and pale gold. The sides are of a superb brocade, representing the passion flower, and its foliage in all the tints, upon a pale ground, which is so well covered as to be almost invisible. Many red dresses are worn; one of ruby velvet, bodice and train, is made over a petticoat of salmon pink satin trimmed with lace, and pearl and white jet embroidery. The high collar is edged with pearls. Another is of canary-colored brocade; the front draped over a plaited petticoat of canary-colored satin striped with pearl embroidery.



Adelgitha Toilet, with Adjustable Train.—This very graceful and convenient design is adapted not only for ceremonious occasions, but also for ordinary use where a handsome costume is desired, as it is provided with an adjustable train which can be removed at pleasure, thus converting an evening toilet into a street or visiting costume instantly. The front and sides of the short skirt are laid in wide box-plaits, over which are deep, slightly draped side panniers, and the back has sash draperies falling over the full back breadth, and concealing the joining of the train to the skirt. The draperies and panniers are mounted upon a tight-fitting basque having 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 neck is marked so that it can be cut out, and has a high Medicis collar; and the elbow sleeves have lace cuffs laid on *en revers*. Any class of rich or dressy material is suitable for this design, and it may be trimmed, as illustrated, with lace and plaiting, or in any other style to suit the design and material employed. This toilet is illustrated on the plate of "Dressy Toilets." Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



Jersey Dress.—This simple and stylish design consists of a tight-fitting “Jersey” basque to the lower edge of which a box-plaited skirt is joined, and set on with a heading, giving a dressy finish. This is a practical model adapted to house wear, and also for the street with an outer wrap. It is equally becoming to stout or slender figures, and may be made up in any class of dress goods. It can be trimmed, as illustrated, with bands of contrasting material, or simply finished with machine stitching, like tailor made dresses, as desired. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



Hilaria Toilet.—A charming model for an evening toilet or a dressy costume. It consists of a short gored skirt trimmed around the bottom with a puff and knife-plaiting, and an overdress forming a plaited vest-tablier in front, draped panniers over the hips, and a shirred and plaited drapery at the back. The corsage is open in front over the plaited vest, and is finished at the neck with a high Medicis collar. This design is illustrated on the plate of “Dressy Toilets.” Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



Beresford Cloak.

THE “Beresford” is decidedly one of the most graceful, and at the same time simple, designs of the season. It is in sacque-shape, the back fitted by a curved seam that is only close for about one-third the length below the waist line, and the wide sleeves are inserted in dolman style. The one illustrated is made of black Ottoman *velours* with large brocaded satin figures, combined with black moleskin plush, trimmed with heavy fringe and ornaments of chenille, and lined throughout with dark wine-colored plush. The *velours* form the body of the garment, and the plush is used for the sleeves, collar, and bands. This is worn over a walking costume of black Ottoman *velours*, and the toilet is completed by a *capote* of wine-colored velvet, trimmed with gold cord, wine-colored tips, and gold ornaments. The “Beresford” is quite as stylish made in simpler materials and without combination; silk or satin, brocaded or plain, plain velvet, and several of the lighter qualities of cloth are especially adapted for it. The pattern is in two sizes for ladies, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



RECEPTION TOILETS.

FIG. 1.—Evening toilet, for a young lady, made of cream-colored silk muslin, embroidered with carnations in pale tints, combined with cream-colored Surah, and trimmed with Oriental lace. The Surah is used for the plaited vest and apron in front, and for the plaiting below the full drapery in the back, the remainder being made of the silk muslin. The high collar is of bright terra cotta velvet, and bows to match ornament the front and sleeves. Gloves of dark terra cotta red, and pearl jewelry. The design is known as the "Hilaria" toilet, and the double illustration is given among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIGS. 2 AND 3.—These show the back and front of the

same toilet, the "Adelgitha," which has an adjustable train. The materials used are strawberry-red plain satin, and satin of the same color with raised figures in uncut velvet of a little darker shade. The combination of the materials can be easily seen from the engraving. The toilet is trimmed with white Pompadour lace, and a cluster of Maréchal Niel roses is placed at the right of the lyre-shaped neck. The train is attached under the sashes, and is very easily removed at pleasure. The effect of the back can be seen from the illustration of this toilet given among the separate fashions. Pale yellow gloves are very effectively worn with a toilet of the above description. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Dress and Cloak Trimmings.

QUITE a revolution has occurred of late years in the ordinary methods of dress trimming. The cheap styles, the common varieties of braids and gimps and fringes, have almost wholly disappeared, and in their place we find trimming of the same, or a contrasting, material, rows of stitching, a facing which suggests color without really exhibiting it, and buttons which often have artistic value.

These methods must be considered a great improvement on styles of ornamentation which added nothing to the real beauty of the costume or garment, were easily defaced, and then made a really good material look shabby before it was worn. Whatever is used as mounting of course suffers more from contact than the body part of the stuff, and ought to be more, rather than less, serviceable in its character. But this was rarely thought of in the selection of ordinary trimmings; and flimsy passementeries, gimps, and fringes, frequently cheapened and vulgarized an otherwise respectable fabric, and lowered its standard of excellence in the minds of those who judged it from its inadequate attempts at ornamentation.

Of late so many nice trimming laces have been produced, that efficient aid has been rendered in the finishing of ordinary silks and thin costumes, while in the making up of wools, neatness has been found the most effective form that decoration could take, and one after another every addition in the way of trimming has been gotten rid of, excepting the braids and bindings. This year there is a revival of the Hungarian cords and passementerie buttons, the "military" style as it is called, which trade must make in the direction of attractive novelty, and costumes. The real novelties and elegancies in trimming are in the direction of the different kinds of open and solid embroidery, and the magnificent cloak trimmings in feathers and chenille. In the production of the embroideries upon cloth and other fabrics, Venetian models have been largely followed, and designs, some of which have been obtained from museums and collections of rare works. The beauty of design, and the exquisite workmanship put into them, would elevate them into the region of art, if they were executed by hand instead of by machine. As it is, there are trimmings which rival Venetian point in effect, which are the depth of an antique flounce, and which can be bought for ten dollars per yard, and are therefore not valued as they ought to be, for three-quarters of a yard across the front of a dress gives distinction, and a narrower width for cuffs and collar, serves to complete a toilet without the addition of costly real lace.

Workmanship upon the material has given the key-note to the present styles of decoration. It is only the carrying out of the Eastlake idea in furniture, which years and years ago we announced as a new departure, which was sure to have its following in dress and its adornments. The braided embroidery upon cloth, which puts cloth upon cloth, and outlines the design with a narrow, thick, flat, cord-like braid, which is placed partly flat, partly on edge, and often wrought in solid circular coins, or button-like forms, is an extraordinarily substantial and effective method of treating handsome cloth suits, and really enriches them, as it should, for it is very expensive. But it is nothing besides the exquisite jeweled effects produced by the mixture of pearl, white jet, and silk embroidery on the tinted evening satins, covering entire fronts, and forming vest, plastrons, panniers, sleeves, and other parts or additions to a rich toilet. Much of this work is done by hand, all of that which is really fine and artistic, and the simple front of an ivory pale pink or

amber satin gown will perhaps cost a hundred and seventy-five or two hundred dollars, before a yard of the rich fabric is added to it, which will form the body part of the dress, or a stitch put in toward the making.

Winter Bonnets and Hats.

BONNETS take the lead this season especially for little girls and their mammas; and make a great effort to be as wildly picturesque as the hats. A wide poke is the latest design, with a narrow crown which is cut straight across the back, and rises toward the top, though not in a straight or upright line. The wide brim has the effect of a hat in front, and is often faced with tinted satin of a more delicate shade, or in a contrasting color to the outside; but the mass of plumes which droop over the front or curl low at the side are of the shade of the exterior, with perhaps tips of the interior tint or color. The poke in different forms and modifications is certainly the rage of the hour, and the richest and most fashionable bonnets are of one material, plush, velvet, or fur, with feathers gracefully arranged and forming the entire trimming. Of course there are occasions when a small bonnet is more suitable, as at the theater, and many ladies greatly prefer them, and cannot be persuaded to wear any other; but there are also ladies who rejoice over the protection which the brim of the poke affords, and prefer the light to fall in shadow upon the face rather than in its full glare. The small bonnet is no modest violet however, to "blush unseen." It makes up in high color and glittering material what it lacks in size. Some capote bonnets look like the brilliant little red poppies which dot the wayside abroad. They are a mere puff of poppy red velvet, with poppy red aigrette, feathers, and velvet, or moire strings. Others have crown composed of gilded basket or network, with brown or ruby velvet brim, and a large Alsatian bow formed of many loops of reversible velvet ribbon or thick moire, with plush and plumes arranged as an aigrette.

For evening wear and dress occasions there are lovely bonnets with a kind of small Normandy crown, only the fullness is folded over to the side, and the brim is laid in hollow plaits, lined with a delicate contrasting color. Ivory and ecru may be lined with pale shrimp pink or dull pale gold, the gold as used in fine materials being much softer than last season. Plush makes up well into these lovely bonnets, the trimming of which is always an aigrette and real ostrich feathers.

There are several new shapes in hats, one of which, the "Musketeer" is used in felt with walking coat to match. The edge bound with a puffing or simple binding of velvet, and the plumes matching without any additional color. A walking coat of Russian gray cloth with broad border of martins' tails, and musketeer hat with feathers constitutes a handsome winter walking costume for a lady married or single, between the ages of twenty and thirty. Another novelty in hats has a soft, hanging velvet crown, which droops low to one side, and is jauntily mounted with a group of small well-curled tips of feathers to match placed upon the side well toward the front. A broad band of plain velvet on the bias surrounds the crown. A very striking hat has a broad brim battlemented—that is divided into wide squares by being cut up and bound. The brim is thrown up, but droops low upon the right side, and the space is filled with long, soft, graceful plumes, which show their curled edges through the divisions. This last is a very dressy hat, and the shape is only to be obtained in a limited number of imported styles at present writing.



Ladies' Walking Costumes.

Ladies' Walking Costumes.

THIS illustration shows three views of the "Marlborough" polonaise or redingote, a most convenient garment that can be worn as a plain redingote, or immediately transformed, by means of the loops and buttons at the side-form seams, into a gracefully draped polonaise. When worn as a redingote it is closed all the way down in front.

FIG. 1.—This represents the "Marlborough," made in black velveteen, and worn as a redingote over a skirt of the same material. Jetted cords and large jet ornaments are provided at the back to arrange the drapery, and the front is trimmed with cords and ornaments to match, arranged in the manner shown in Fig. 2. Collar and deep cuffs of Irish point lace. *Capote* of ruby velvet, trimmed with ruby tips and gilt ornaments.

FIG. 2.—The "Marlborough," worn as a draped polonaise, made of terra cotta Amazone cloth to complete a costume of the same material throughout. The skirt is laid in side-plaits turned from the front, which leaves a box-plait in the middle, and is ornamented with black *soutache*, put on in a simple design near the bottom. The fronts of the polonaise are ornamented in the lower corners with *soutache* arabesques, and the same design is repeated smaller on the sleeves. Half *brandebourgs* of black cord are placed on the front, producing a slightly double-breasted effect, and black cords at the back for draping. Deep cuffs and a turned over collar of embroidered linen. Hat of black velvet felt, the soft brim bent into an irregular shape and lined with black velvet, and the outside trimmed with a profusion of black feathers.

FIG. 3.—This shows the arrangement of the back when the "Marlborough" is worn looped. The costume is made of myrtle-green Amazone cloth, the polonaise trimmed with dark green *soutache*, put on in a similar design to that on Fig. 2, but in knife-edge style—that is, with the edge of the *soutache* sewed to the goods, which allows it to stand up, instead of being sewed flatly to the material. The front trimming and cords at the back are dark green, and the skirt is trimmed with plaiting stitched down nearly its entire depth, the fullness below forming a flounce which falls over a *balayouse* of the same material as the rest of the skirt, myrtle-green cloth. English walking-hat of myrtle-green felt, trimmed with velvet and feathers to match, and gilt ornaments. Price of redingote pattern, thirty cents each size

Winter Gloves.

WINTER gloves are always more or less of a problem to those who wish to combine neatness and taste with economy. Kid gloves are cold, fleece lined gloves are clumsy, and cannot be well shaped to the hand, and woolen gloves have been heretofore confined to cloth which were cut out and sewed, and were simply brutal to wear. There are and have been dogskin, but dogskin are thick, are made in few shades, do not shape the hand with neatness, are coarsely stitched, in short, lack refinement, having been principally employed by men.

We gladly note the soft cashmere glove, soft and kid finished, long on the wrist, in fact, corresponding to the best grades of Lisle thread which have become so popular for ordinary summer wear. The cashmere gloves are in cloth shades, and fill a want that was strongly felt; but there are several different grades, and the lower, which are coarser and not regularly made, are less desirable than those just

described. All "best" ordinary gloves and hosiery are plain, well shaped, and in very dark shades, garnet, olive, and claret predominating.



Natalitza Cloak.

AN especially stylish and elegant cloak, made of dark brown *matelassé*, lined throughout with terra cotta plush, and trimmed with broad bands of *marabout* trimming. The design is quite as suitable for the various kinds of silk that are used for large wraps; and for cloth, the trimming and lining can, of course, be arranged to correspond. It is in *sacque* shape in front, the large Mandarin sleeves inserted in raglan style, and the back plaited to the neck, which imparts the necessary fullness to the skirt, that is rendered still more graceful by being left open from the bottom nearly to the waist line. In the illustration it is worn over a short costume of brown *faille* combined with brown plush. The muff is made of brown *marabout*, and the turban of golden pheasant feathers. The cloak pattern is in two sizes for ladies, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

Special Designs in Brocades.

THE feature of the season in costly fabrics is the astonishing variety of color and wonderful richness of the brocaded satins, or satin finished silks, which are used in the construction of elegant toilets. The art with which color and its shades are manipulated and made to harmonize with the details of intricate design is marvelous, and the results are such as would have been considered an impossible achievement a few years ago. One of the most artistic of these designs formed the sides to a dress with ruby velvet train, and front of palest shrimp pink satin, striped with solid bands of pearl, and white jet embroidery. The bodice was of ruby velvet, with Marquise collar edged with pearls. The



were only suggested in a tangle of brown, feathery grasses, and lovely bud and stem effects.

A third design consisted of small, curled feathers, in canary color, upon a canary colored ground, and a fourth of natural bouquets of delicate wild-flowers, upon a terra-cotta grounds, the daisy, the yellow cowslip, the blue cornflower, and the violet all finding a place. This was one of the most graceful and effective of the flower designs, and was made up into a tea gown, with jabot of lace extending entirely down the front, and opening over a cream white silk petticoat, trimmed with flounces of lace. A very rich, black brocade displayed a design which was most original. The figure was apparently small, and lay one over the other like the petals of a flower, but when the whole



STYLISH COIFFURES.

design of the brocade was the passion flower in its natural colors, but beautifully blended with leaves and vine-like tendrils, upon a shrimp pink ground, and the whole effect was so soft and harmonious, as not to offend the most refined taste.

Another design was a crushed and shaded rose, enlarged in size, with curled edges to the delicate petals, pale salmon pink in color, and light olive green leaves, which, however,

effect was obtained, it was seen that the design was a succession of enlarged dahlias, so indistinct in some lights as to be almost invisible, but clearly traceable in others.

VERY graceful house-dresses are composed of princess over-dresses of olive green wool, draped at the side with heavy cord and tassels, which encircle the hips, and assist in forming artistic folds, over a dark ruby or terra-cotta skirt.



Natalitza Cloak.—This elegant wrap is very long, and partially fitted to the figure by a seam down the middle of the back. The large Mandarin sleeves are inserted in raglan style, and are fitted by small gores on the shoulders. Any of the heavier class of goods suited to winter wraps are appropriate for this model, which may be trimmed as illustrated, with *marabout* bands, or with bands of fur or plush, chenille fringe, or any other garniture suitable for the material selected. Fur, *marabout*, plush, or quilted silk or satin are the usual linings. Patterns, in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



Senona Basque.—A stylish model, cut with a peaked bodice front, and a back with square tabs turned back in pointed *revers* over a plaited basque skirt. The basque is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A plaited *plastron* is placed upon the front, and the close sleeves are to be turned up to form *revers* on the outside of the arm, to match the back of the basque. This design is suitable for almost any class of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials, as illustrated. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Winter Walking Suits.

THESE are very handsome and in great variety—the novelty is in cloth—not the material which comes as “ladies, suiting,” but close, well made broadcloth, and the trimming used is appliqued and embroidered on the cloth in the effective Venetian patterns, so often seen in pictures. This mode of ornamentation is very expensive, but it is also very rich, and lasts as long as the cloth itself. It is made in broad strips, and is used in stripes down the front,—as an outline border for jacket and panniers, and as a border to sides, as well as a trimming for the neck and sleeves of redingotes. It is more expensive as well as more novel than braiding; but the effect, like that of braiding, is copied in the new *passementerie* trimmings, which simulate braiding and other applied trimmings so exactly, that they cannot be distinguished apart. It is only the hand embroidery upon the cloth which baffles mechanical skill. The great desideratum in these cloth dresses is a perfect fit, and indeed the fit is now considered all important in any dress; for trimmings merely follow the lines of the figure, they are no longer permitted to conceal or distort, and if the figure is not good, for which the dress is made, it is the business of the modiste to remedy the defect as far as possible. This is easier with figures that suffer from thinness than those that are too large; although a clever artist will be able to do wonders with even a stout woman without undue compression.

The most fashionable street suits are doubtless the all velvet; and the all plush. The form of these is very simple. They are often made in *princesse* style, with thick Hungarian cords and tassels across the front, or with a redingote which has a simulated vest of plaited satin, crossed by three straps which form the fastening; and the lower one of which crosses below the line of the waist. There are other styles which show an embroidered *plastron* extending the whole length of the front, and still others which form a sagging vest, finished with a square *jabot* of lace at the neck, and held by a broad belt underneath.

The finest of these dresses are of uniform color throughout; hat or bonnet and muff, and the favorite shades are a dark myrtle green, dark claret, and ruby. With plush suits, the plush bag, which forms a muff, is carried when one can be found to match in color, but this is not often the case, and the only way, therefore, is to make them to match in the reticule form, which is easily copied by an experienced dressmaker, and with a pattern, can be made by any one who can make a dress.

There are very handsome cloth suits made and trimmed with fur, but the majority of these are adapted for skating purposes, and other out-door sports. These are usually cut with kilted skirts and coat, or deep Jersey basque, over which a close, double-breasted jacket is worn for warmth. The hat is a round cap, trimmed with a rim of fur to match the trimming of the suit, and the muff, suspended by a cord, is also made to match the dress.

A great many fine plaid skirts and dresses are worn, which look well when the sky is gray, and the color all gone from the foliage. Over these, double-breasted jackets, trimmed with bold effective braiding patterns, look extraordinarily well; particularly on rather slender, tall girls. Hats suit costumes of this description much better than bonnets, and it is soft felt, ornamented with birds, and fancy breasts of brilliant hues, that are the best adapted for the purpose.

THE muslin “tucker” is revived.

THE floral pannier is an absurdity that will be short-lived.

Fancy Costumes.



FIG. 1.—*Renaissance* dress copied from a German painting. It is composed of a short skirt of pearl-tinted satin, trimmed with bands of silver galloon, and an overdress of violet cashmere looped back in panniers, with a peaked bodice cut square in the neck. The sleeves are puffed and have deep lace cuffs, and a bow of pearl-colored satin ribbon ornaments the right side of the bodice. The head-dress is a close-fitting coil of white satin, trimmed with pearl beads and white lace; white starched *fraise* about the neck. A costume very appropriate for a young married lady.

FIG. 2.—Captain of the Lansquenets, or German foot-soldiers, from a painting by R. Balaca. Black velvet knee-breeches tied with black silk ribbons at the knees. Buff cloth coat with white slashes in the sleeves, and large, white linen rolling collar. Buff silk hose and black shoes, and buff hat with black and yellow plumes. The sword is slung from a black leather belt crossing the right shoulder, and gilt-tagged ribbon bows ornament the jacket.

FIG. 3.—Maiden of the 15th century. A charming costume for a

young girl. The skirt of the gown is of myrtle green cashmere, trimmed with wide bands of plush of the same color, and draped up over a silver chain to show the gold colored satin petticoat underneath. The waist is of plush, worn over a chemisette of white India mull, gathered around the neck and showing in puffs through the "panes" cut in the close sleeves. A silver *bandeau* confines the hair, which is cut off short across the forehead and braided at the back and coiled around the crown.

FIG. 4.—*Châtelaine* dress of the 15th century. Gown of olive-tinted cashmere, the skirt trimmed with bands of ruby velvet, the corsage made entirely of velvet, and the sleeves finished with deep velvet cuffs. White mull chemisette, and gold embroidered stomacher set with colored jewels. Apron of fine white linen with insertions of Venetian lace or Reticella embroidery. *Châtelaine* pocket of ruby velvet hanging at the left side. Cap of white mull muslin edged with Venetian



lace and fastened with a string of pearl beads. This dress and the one preceding are after a painting by A. Bodemüller.

FIG. 5.—Juliet, from the painting by Theo. Wores of "Juliet in the Friar's Cell." The dress is a close-fitting flowing robe of beryl-green silk, cut square in the throat, showing the under bodice of white satin gathered around the neck. The square hanging sleeves of green silk are very long and wide, and edged with an embroidery of silver. The close undersleeves are of white satin. A band of coral-red satin ribbon confines the hair. An embroidered silver band is worked in as an edging all around the dress. Coral necklace.

FIG. 6.—Page's dress of velvet and satin. Violet velvet knee-breeches. Tunic and hanging sleeves of satin of the same color. Lace collar and cuffs. Lilac silk stockings and black shoes. Mandolin slung on a gold satin ribbon.

FIG. 7.—This elegant costume of the *Renaissance* period is of ruby-colored velvet, cut low and square in the neck, with a high Medicis collar lined with white satin. The close sleeves are very much slashed showing the full puffed undersleeves and white satin elbow puffs ornamented with pearl beads. The embroidered stomacher is thickly incrustated with many colored beads of jewel-like brilliancy. Hat of ruby plush, trimmed with pearl beads and white ostrich plumes. *Châtelaine* and missal hanging at the right side. Necklaces of pearl beads and gold with jeweled clasps.



Marlborough Polonaise or Redingote.—This unique and stylish model is a most practical and convenient design, as it may be worn either as a draped polonaise or a plain redingote, the draping being accomplished by the ornamental cords at the back. The polonaise is tight-fitting with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, which is cut quite short, and the skirt portion added in a full breadth. When draped the polonaise is open in front, as illustrated, and when left to fall like a redingote, it may be fastened together all the way down the front. Dress goods of heavy or medium qualities, especially woolen fabrics, are suitable for this design, which may be trimmed to suit the taste and material selected, but is very stylish, as illustrated, simply finished with rows of machine stitching near the edges. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Brides' and Bridesmaids' Dresses.

BRIDES are wearing very plainly cut dresses, but of very rich materials. At a recent fashionable wedding the bride wore a robe cut perfectly plain, with a long round train of thick ivory satin, and sides of damask matelasse. The matelasse was tied together in front with silvered laces over a plaited satin front. The sleeves were plain to the elbow, and sleeves and bodice trimmed with exceedingly rare duchesse lace. Another bride's dress was made entirely of heavy repped Ottoman silk, or rather satin, —the trimmings pearl, and white jet embroidery. The flower trimming is not limited to orange blossoms, but the French fashion of wearing white lilac, clematis, spirea, and white roses is, as formerly, well represented. Lace flowers are a novelty in Paris for brides; every petal of roses or lilac is made of modern, inexpensive Mechlin, mounted on natural flexible stems, with velvet leaves exquisitely shaded and veined with gold.

In bridesmaids' attire there is a decided change, in fact there are some fashionable weddings where bridesmaids are out altogether, or where boys as pages take their place. An innovation in bridesmaids' costumes is that of dressing them in four different colors instead of all alike. This new fancy, it is said, was suggested by a restored fresco of Boticelli's at the Louvre. A *fiancée* was visiting Paris for the purchase of her trousseau, and saw the pretty procession of four girls in mauve and green, painted four hundred years ago for the Villa Lemmi, near Florence. She appropriated the idea, and her bridesmaids were in mauve and green, after Boticelli; and now we hear of another party of dissimilar bridesmaids who are to wear deep crimson, bright yellow, lilac, and green. The dresses are to be made exactly alike, and by the same dressmaker. It has been customary for some time for bridesmaids to wear different colored and kinds of flowers; but excepting that some young ladies have a strong, sentimental fancy for grouping their most intimate girl friends around them on such an occasion, there seems to be no good reason why bridesmaids should not be dispensed with, particularly as the cost of their dresses and the gifts which it is customary to exchange on the occasion has become a matter of serious consideration.

"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 housekeeper, 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.

Novelties for Gifts.



Tania Walking Skirt.—An extremely stylish model, consisting of a short, gored walking skirt, trimmed on the apron front with shirred puffs, and all around the bottom with side-plaiting, and an overskirt open in front, with short, draped panniers over side panels, and a quite *bouffant* back drapery. This design is suitable for almost any class of goods, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with embroidery set on *en revers*, or with bands, or in any other style suitable for the material selected. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



Beresford Cloak.—An elegant mantle suitable for rich and heavy fabrics. It is cut with sacque-shaped fronts, a back slightly fitted by a curved seam down the middle, and the large, open sleeves are inserted in dolman style. Any of the goods usually selected for wraps are suitable for this model, which may be trimmed, as illustrated, with bands of contrasting material and *passementerie* ornaments, or in any other style to correspond with the material selected. Patterns, in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



FANCY WARES, and the new and pretty things in what may be called secondary jewelry, that is small articles in silver, and enameled or filigreed wares that take fancy forms, are almost uniformly produced this season in some shapes of insect or animal life. Sporting men and women find inkstands, table lamps, candle-sticks, pen-racks, paper-weights, watch-stands, table-bells, and many other things, all manufactured from hoofs, so finely prepared, and so beautifully mounted, with colored metals and silver, as to be at once artistic and highly ornamental. One of the handsomest novelties of this description consists of hoofs forming the center to a tripod, the double wax lights of the lamp burning clear under exquisite Venetian glass shades. This lamp costs from a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars. A new form for pen-rests is a rustic garden seat made in olive wood, and furnished with pen-holders, paper-knife, and the like. Sconces, or candle-brackets, are no longer backed with mirrors but with brass plaques, chased, or worked in repoussé. Brass ornaments are one of the great

desiderata; a brass clock and small candelabra for side-pieces, or portrait-plaques of Rubens, or Moliere, or Rembrandt, or Schiller for the hall. The cost of the first is beyond all but the rich; a fine brass clock and side-pieces being worth from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars, but the plaques are more practicable. Some of a moderate size may be purchased for twenty-five dollars, though the average is fifty. The imitations of Benares brass turned out by machinery are, of course, much cheaper, but we are speaking now of genuine hand-wrought articles. Brass burners, chandeliers, and candle-sticks, brass fenders and grate fixtures, and brass clocks and plaques, revive the burnished glories of the past, but require an amount of labor which the poor have not time to perform, and which the rich only can afford to pay for; so naturally the use is somewhat limited.

What is not brass is plush now-a-days; and still fashionable are the plush-covered frames which amateurs have found so convenient for exercising their brushes upon. But even here the new craze asserts itself. Instead of apple-blossoms, an owl sits in the corner looking wise, or a small cockatoo is perched upon a rustic branch. The sides of the frames of pictures or small beveled mirrors are not equal, but much broader at the foot and off side than upon the other, and it is upon the off side that the bird or other decoration is placed.

The plush bag, or pouch, has become an institution. The bag is satin-lined and sometimes leather mounted; it is more durably finished than the pouch, and is carried in the hand. The pouch is suspended from the side, and forms a part of the looping of a dress; it may be of leather, but is often of embroidered satin or covered with a network of pearls over silk. Velvet pouches, with engraved silver clasps and chate-laine to suspend it from the side, are sold as jewelry, and are sometimes set with precious stones, though usually the mounting is of wrought silver only. These cost from thirty-five to fifty dollars, and upwards.

Jewelry, unless it is very rich, is now almost wholly confined to a fancy lace pin and ear-rings, to serpentine bracelets, and one or two bangle rings.

The new pins are simple, but odd. The bar is a solid silver pin with enlarged head, which serves as a perch for a snail, a beetle, a tiny bird, or a small row of flies. There is a small sun-flower brooch which is very pretty, with a bee upon it; but these designs are easily coarsened and made common-looking by being executed in an inferior manner,

and with cheap materials. A new flower series in lace pins have the charm of especial sentiment attached to each one; as woodbine, friendship; fern, sincerity; primrose, youthful affections; and periwinkle, remembrance.

The novelties in bracelets are the Helene, which is self-holding, and consists of a flexible coil which fastens itself to the arm; a shopping bracelet with pencil attached, and one of woven wire, which also coils round the arm, and takes the place of the serpent bracelet. Small articles of real ivory, or shell, make charming presents to persons of refinement, who cannot afford such purchases, and a fan never comes amiss to a lady. The three kinds of fans most approved, are the rich feather fans with pearl, or tortoise shell, or amber sticks; the fans of clear point lace, with gold wrought sticks, on ivory, pearl, or amber; and the fans painted on satin by real artists, and mounted in accordance with their cost.

There are many things that are pretty and inexpensive in the fancy boxes, pencils, tablets, hand-painted sachets, cushions, boxes, toilet articles, pond-lily pen-wipers, and the like, but a bare enumeration would cover pages, and only amount to a catalogue. The novelty in correspondence cards, are the "comet" cards containing astronomical figures, in place of the days of the week; but the whole fascinating subject of cards, stationery, Christmas cards, china, and bric-a-brac generally must be left to the æsthetic explorer. We will only remark that among the newest things in Christmas cards, in addition to the prize cards, are lovely mediæval figures, rustic landscapes, and flower-pieces of extraordinary beauty.



Leighton Redingote.—Stylish and simple in design, this popular garment for misses' outdoor wear is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side 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 which is left open from the bottom to a little below the waist. Extensions laid in flat plaits at the side form seams impart additional fullness to the back. A narrow collar and coat sleeves with broad cuffs complete the design, which is adapted to the heavier class of dress goods, and materials suitable for outdoor wear. It may be trimmed, as illustrated, with bands of contrasting material, or in any other style to suit the taste and material selected. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Octavia Costume.—Stylish in effect, yet simple and easy of arrangement, this costume is composed of a kilt-plaited walking skirt over which is a draped apron and *bouffant* back drapery; and a "Jersey" basque, 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. 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 to suit the taste and material employed. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

PRETTY house-dresses for young girls are of peacock blue cashmere, with short draped apron of poppy red, and poppy-red collar and cuffs, over which are worn others of hem-stitched white muslin, which leave only the red edge visible. The blue basque is cut up on the edge, and forms what is known as the polka "basque."

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 indoor 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. DEMAREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York, or any of the Agencies.

Children's Fashions.

THE styles for children are rapidly gaining quite a character of their own, and of a simple, quaint, and practical kind, which, though it may run into some laughable absurdities, is a great improvement on the stiff and stupid conventionalism which a quarter of a century since arrayed girl babies in hooped skirts under short dresses, in the coldest weather, because their mothers wore hooped skirts. That is a folly which, thanks to teaching and sanitary science, could not be repeated; and since the children are now well and warmly clothed, a little picturesque eccentricity may be easily forgiven.

For two or three years past little girls have been masquerading in large hats; now they are doing the same in Mother-Hubbard bonnets. A flaring poke, and a sort of "mob" crowned cap bonnet, are among the head-dresses of the season for girls between the ages of two and ten; and the Red-Riding Hood cloak of red flannel, braided with black, and made with a cape, or gathered at the neck, and finished with gathered sleeves and sash, accompanies them.

Frocks are made with long full sleeves; square necks filled in with plaited muslin; plain skirts edged with two narrow flounces, and worn with a wide sash tied around the waist. Poppy red, peacock blue, and olive shades are employed for girls; and much terra-cotta, with black hose, with terra-cotta clocks or stripes.

When girls reach the age of fourteen their dress becomes more conventional; that is, it loses its quaintness and "follows the fashion." What is pretty in a child, would look odd and affected in a young lady, or a girl approaching young ladyhood. For this age, before her entrance into society, her street suit is her best dress, and for this purpose, handsome dark green, or brown plush, or plush and wool, form the most stylish costumes. Hardly less expensive are the broadcloth suits which are a specialty of the season, and are richly trimmed with open Venetian embroidery executed upon the cloth. A winter street garment is, however, a desideratum which shall be a protection, yet possess sufficient distinction for church and visiting purposes, among school-mates and family friends; and this will be found in the "Leighton" redingote which we illustrate, and which consists of a long, fitted garment open, yet coming together back and front, and finished with a broad band of plush or fur, and also with passementerie straps and buttons upon the front, which form the fastening. Seal plush looks well upon brown; black martin fur upon dark green or Russian gray; and either of these are suitable with ruby or terra-cotta dress and hat.

A neat and practical yet very stylish dress for a miss is given in the "Octavia." It may be made in plain or checked wool, and is effectively, yet very simply, trimmed with numerous rows of narrow braid, graduated and fastened at the ends with "pea" buttons, bronzed to suit the browns and greens, or greens of the material; nearly all wools this season being in shades of one or the other, or both. The "Octavia" differs from the Jersey dress in the military effect imparted by the trimming, and also in the adding a short draped over-skirt to the kilt, instead of a hip sash. The "Josie" dress for a girl, is capable of very pretty treatment. It may be made in plaid, with velvet mounting, or in peacock blue with poppy red skirt-basque, collar and cuffs; or in shepherd's check with blue; or, in dark green with ruby; or, in any dark plain color, with plaid finish. It has a double-breasted sacque front; a skirt gathered to the back, and basques put on as independent additions.

The "Bertrand" suit for boys is very pretty; the stitching of the length-wise bands which are put on, instead of in, as plaits, adding an ornamental finish and permitting a much

neater and more accurate fit. The trousers are made without plaits, and the costume altogether is good, quiet, and well-fitting. The "Florian" is a quite original coat for girls, and is made in cloth with plush mounting, and finished with stitching.

Fur trimmed coats with capes attached, also edged with fur, are warm and cozy looking for girls below the age of twelve, and may be dark red with narrow border of gray fur.



Florian Coat.—Original in design, this stylish little coat is double-breasted, with sacque fronts and a French back slightly fitted by a curved seam down the middle, and the skirt part is made quite full by extensions on the front and back, forming large box-plaits. A sort of basque skirt is added at the sides and back, and a belt coming from beneath it crosses the front. A sailor collar and deep cuffs complete the design, which is suitable for any of the goods usually selected for children's outdoor garments. Patterns in sizes for from six to twelve years of age. Price, twenty-five cents each.



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.

THE braided jackets have renewed the successes of twenty-five years ago.



Bertrand Suit.

BREAST MEASURE, 24 INCHES.

USUAL SIZE FOR 6 YEARS OF AGE.

HIS stylish little suit, for which a pattern is given in this Magazine, is composed of a long, single-breasted blouse, ornamented with box-plaits or bands set on and stitched down, and pants without any fullness at the top. This design is suitable for flannel, the lighter qualities of cloth, or any of the goods usually selected for suits for small boys. Rows of machine stitching, as illustrated, make the most appropriate finish.

Half of the pattern is given, consisting of nine pieces—front, back, skirt piece, pocket, collar, and two sides of the sleeve of the blouse; and front and back of one leg of the pants.

Join the parts according to the notches. The upper edge of the skirt piece is to be joined to the lower edge of the back so that the notches will match, the fullness in the skirt piece between the notches to be laid in five narrow side-plaits turned toward the back on the outside and stitched down flat. Bands of the material, two inches wide, stitched near the edges, are to be placed over the rows of holes in the front and back, and over the seam down the middle of the back, the latter extending the whole length of the garment, and the others only as far as the holes extend, and pointed at the ends. The holes in the pocket match with those in the lower part of the front, and the pocket is to be inserted underneath the lap. The belt is to be the same width as the bands and stitched fast across the back to conceal the joining of the skirt piece, and across the front to the front edge of the pocket lap, and is fastened together with a button and buttonhole in front. The collar is to be sewed to the neck according to the notches, and rolled over but not pressed flat. The sleeves are to be trimmed with a band of the same width as those on the blouse, with the upper edge in a line with the row of holes. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed at the shoulder seam. The pants have no waist-band, and a narrow belt is to be sewed inside for buttonholes. The outer seam is to be left open at the top as far as the notch.

Cut the fronts of the blouse lengthwise of the goods on the front edges, and the back lengthwise on the back edge. Cut the skirt piece and bands lengthwise; the collar bias in the middle of the back, and the sleeves so that the parts above the elbows will be the straight way of the goods. In cutting the pants, have the middle of the fronts and backs of the legs, below the knees, the straight way of the goods. Be careful to cut all the parts the same way of the material; the nap of the cloth should always run downward.

This size will require four yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide.

The pattern is also furnished in a size suitable for eight years of age. Price, thirty cents.

Winter Hosiery.

IT is only within a few years that the demand for a warm and durable kind of hosiery suited to the cold or the damp and chilly exigencies of our variable climate has been met. Formerly a choice had to be made between a coarse worsted, a woven merino that was expensive yet very unsatisfactory, cold cotton and thin silk or thread, which are only fit for summer wear or indoors in houses that are subject to no fluctuations of temperature. The possibilities now are much greater, the manufacture very much improved.

Few ladies, even among the rich in this country, wear the very finest silk hosiery all of the time; it is an expense which is altogether futile and unnecessary, since hosiery so light and thin is not even comfortable in winter. The style preferred by the majority is the English spun silk and fleece lined which are delightfully soft, warm, and pleasant, as well as serviceable in the wearing. There are also heavy knitted silk, fleece lined, but they are more than double the price of the spun silk, and some ladies, as a matter of taste, prefer the latter. Good spun silk cost from three dollars per pair, the quality that can be purchased in London for four shillings and nine pence, less than a dollar and a quarter of our money; so that the sooner we begin to make our own silk hose the better, unless our manufacturers should, as in other silks, put the prices on to compete with imported prices with duties added.

The cashmere merino hose are the popular kind for the severe season, and nothing could be better adapted to winter needs than the merino with the cashmere finish in fine dark cloth shades. In London they sell from two to three shillings per pair; here the English makes are a dollar and a half per pair, the American manufactured one dollar, and a dollar and a quarter. Stockings of this description are healthful and pleasant, much more healthful than cotton and thin silk or thread, and ought to be considered a very important part of a winter outfit. They are perfectly plain, and derive their merit from their excellent quality, the thorough preparation of the wool, and the superior dark shades in which it is dyed. There was a time when a box of hosiery represented every variety of color; this was only a few years ago when colors were first introduced into stockings for every-day wear. Now there is a discrimination by the manufacturers. A process of selection has been very wisely instituted; customers are not obliged to buy three colors they do not want to get one shade that they do, and dealers do not find themselves burdened with so large an amount of stock that cannot be sold at any price.

There are several machines that now knit hosiery for which there is a large country demand, especially East and West, where warmth and durability through the long, severe season are absolutely essential. But the objection to them in cities is their want of shape, shade, and softness. They are excellent, however, for hard wear for men and women, as the natural colors in which they are produced wash and wear much better than the dark dyes.

The enormous circulation that "WHAT TO WEAR" 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. Demarest's Agencies.



"MRS. A."—"Ottoman" silk is a soft, thickly ribbed silk, fashionably used this season in conjunction with figured velvet and pressed plush.

"M. C. B."—We do not know any one manual which contains all the known stitches in embroidery,—but there are several that contain a large number, and by purchasing a selection from them, you could probably find all you desire.

"OUT OF THE WORLD."—All sleeves are narrow this season, and some are raised upon the shoulder so as to give additional height, by a small padding or fullness. This is becoming to some, but not to very tall, long-armed, and angular persons.

"N. E. J."—Heavy cords forming shallow and narrow festoons across the front and finished off with gimp ornaments, are the most fashionable trimmings used for jackets, and the entire front of cloth and dark woolen dresses.

"DENVER."—The revival of poplin is not a mere question of fashion, but one of sense. The tendency during the last twenty-five years has been toward the adoption of pure fabrics,—and improvement in this direction,—as for example, the immense increase in the use of fine and genuine all wool materials, and the extraordinary advance in the variety and excellence of their manufacture,—a fact equally true of cottons,—which of late show a finish almost equal to silk. The fault of poplin is, that it is *mixed*, part silk, part wool, and that it will not, in consequence, stand exposure without a certain shrinkage, which produces what is known as "cockling." Nor can it be cleaned like pure goods; it is therefore less advantageous in many ways, besides lacking the softness that is now considered essential to a fine fabric.

"THREE C'S."—Polo caps are round, made of red cloth or velvet, and trimmed if liked, with cord and tassels. A princess redingote of dark bottle green cloth trimmed down the front with Hungarian cord and gimp ornaments, would make you a handsome skating dress, and would be rendered very complete by collar or cape of natural beaver, and a band of the beaver round the cap. The cord and tassels should in this case be omitted. The Turkish fez is only for the wear of children.

"ROSE-BUD."—It is difficult to judge from only hearing one side of a story, but we are inclined to think that perhaps you are right in your estimate of the young man you are, or wish to be, engaged to, and that your "folks" are a little hard upon him. Men are very young at twenty-two, and if he has manly qualities and loves you, it will depend much upon yourself as to the kind of husband he makes. But it would be much better for you both to adhere to conditions, and wait one year. A year is not long, and would only serve to test and strengthen the affection and good qualities of both. Take this advice,—do not give him up, but help him to develop into strong, useful, and honorable manhood. Inspire him with courage,—at certain intervals let him know you are always thinking, waiting,—and living for him. He is not much of a lover if he cannot work and wait for you one year. And "rose-bud," do not say "fellow," it does not sound right out of a rose-bud's mouth. Cultivate refinement and gentleness; they are more potent than coarseness or hard words; and again we say, be patient, yield what is right to the wishes of others, but you are not obliged to sacrifice to them your happiness or the well-being of one you truly love.

"IGNORANCE."—You were confused in your ideas by the want of exactness in your friend's mode of expressing himself. It was not true sentiment he meant to cavil at, but its mimicry by what are called "sentimentalists," a class of persons who are incapable of experiencing a good, honest, natural sentiment. Who "adore" everything alike, from "George Eliot" to a new sleeve or button. Emerson in his essay on Social Aims defines the difference between sentiment and the sentimentalist, and says all in the best way that needs be said on the subject. He shows not only the shallowness of the pretensions, but the mischievous character of the pretenders, whose false exaggeration makes truth ashamed of the natural expression of itself. He shows, too, how hopeless such cases are, because they wear the livery of the real; until, in time, they believe in their own shams and pretenses, and are therefore hopelessly divorced from truth and honesty.

"COUNTRY BRIDE."—If you go much into society in the city you will need one handsome short suit with bonnet or hat, for visiting, or afternoon reception dress. This may be all velvet trimmed with fur, or a combination of silk, and velvet; or silk and plush; but the richest dresses of this description are a combination of plain and pressed plush; or plain and embossed velvet, or brocaded velvet and Ottoman velour; or satin. Pressed plush, is rich silk plush forced by pressure into forms which throw leaf and flower designs into relief. The figured fabric is used for the front or sides of the skirt; and for the jacket or bodice. The wearing of a bonnet or hat marks the informality of an occasion; they are never seen with full evening dress.

"ELLA P. A."—A cushion for chair, an ink-stand, or olive wood stand-ard with set of pens and pencils of olive wood, a pair of warm slippers, an office jacket, a calendar and blotter, a handsome paper weight; any, or all of these things would be good as gifts to a doctor. Make a rather long sack cloak, with a little fullness at the back, and held in by a belt underneath at the waist; and add a pelerine cape. Furs with crimson flannel for a girl of fifteen; make the cashmere in the Jersey style with plaited skirt, close-fitting bodice, cut deep, and mounted with scarf-like drapery; either striped or brocaded in silk, or silk and wool.—Thanks for your good opinion.

"SUBSCRIBER."—The ladies who call it *a* instead of *est* pronounce it wrong. Demorest is pronounced *Dem-o-rest*. We have said this so many times, and printed it so often, that it seems as if our subscribers, and especially our lady subscribers,—should know it. But we gladly embrace the opportunity to reiterate it once more: for like you "we like to be correct," and additionally, dislike exceedingly the affectation of attaching a French ending to a name which has been long enough American to be considered native.

"M. R."—There are no qualifications needed for entrance into the cooking-school of New York, but the money to pay for the lessons. Miss Dods is, we believe, the teacher, but it is not advertised or spoken of, and its work is very little known or understood. It should be added, however, that Miss Dods is an excellent teacher. If any of our readers can give special information in regard to it we should be glad to receive it.

"MRS. M. R."—Better make the cashmere into a trimmed skirt for a girl of that age, and instead of black, make her a garnet, or wine-color, or terra-cotta red basque. Your black cashmere would be better trimmed with the embroidery throughout; it will not need the lace except at the neck, if you choose; but the embroidery is sufficient with interior plaiting of crape lisse. A small beaver poke trimmed with black ostrich feathers, and a Sicilienne wrap lined with dark crimson plush, and trimmed with fur and fur collar, would complete your outfit very nicely.

"C. K."—For your little girl make a gathered cloak of dark red cloth, and trim with gray fur; Mother Hubbard bonnet to match. You should wear a small poke, or capote bonnet; if a hat, one that turns up at the sides or back.

"MAXIE. M. M."—The fashionable trimming for black cashmere this year is embroidery or cord and gimps; black lace, as heavy ruche or scarf laid in folds would be very suitable for the neck; but is less used as trimming than the kinds mentioned. Sleeves are very narrow, and are not trimmed at all, except with an ornament on the top corresponding to those upon the waist, where brandebourgs, or Hungarian cords are used. Elbow sleeves would be highly improper for a church dress. The sleeves should be sufficiently long for the gloves to extend a full inch over the edge; which is therefore narrow, and quite plain. Ashes of roses is a very good color. A small figured armure, or brocade, or an ottoman silk of the same color would be suitable to put with it, and could possibly be found by looking. Or you might make over the skirt and use some such fabric, or a piece of peacock blue velvet for a basque, as you "cannot wear any shade of red." Long and V shaped fichus and collarettes are more fashionable than square; the latter are still used for children or to complete the design of a dress, which should always preserve a certain harmony in form, and not mix the round, the pointed, the square, in one garment. Church dress is always quiet, or should be; but of course lace may be worn. The hair is worn very plain and very quiet; waved at the sides, and only a short, soft fringe in front, coiled low or braided at the back. Ribbons are only used upon the heads of children. Silk handkerchiefs are used indoors; furs and masses of lace folded round the throat, have replaced them on the street.

"COOKING CLUB."—Black fruit cake is out of fashion; "white" fruit cake is the desideratum now, and the following is said to be a good formula: One cup of sweet butter, two cups of sugar, two cups and a half of flour, the whites of seven eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder (not heaping, but evenly full) one small cup of cream, one pound each of raisins, figs, dates, and blanched almonds, a quarter of a pound of citron; cut, or better still, chop these all fine, sift flour over and through them, and after mixing the cake, put the fruit in last. This makes a large cake, and it requires a long time to bake it; it should be baked slowly, so that the center may be as well done as the outside.

"P. M."—We could not reprint the "Class-Ring," but perhaps the author may write a similar story, with all the improvements suggested by additional age and experience, and with novel incidents; in this case, we should be happy to publish it.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—"En Ville" means literally, in the city, and is put on notes when they are sent personally or left by hand, so that address is not needed. It takes the place of *present*, as formerly used, below the written name on the envelope. See answer to "An Old Subscriber," for other queries.

"A. V. P."—President Arthur's cabinet is composed of Secretary of State, Mr. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey; Secretary of the Treasury, Judge Folger, of New York; Secretary of War, Robert Lincoln, of Illinois (son of the deceased President); Secretary of the Navy, Wm. B. Chandler, of New Hampshire; Secretary of the Interior, Samuel J. Kirkwood; the Postmaster-General, T. O. Howe, and Mr. Brewster, of Pennsylvania, who is Attorney-General.

"HANNAH S."—The ocean tides are principally influenced by the moon whose motions carry the waves with them. The sun also exercises a less direct influence, the "spring tides" being caused by the sun and moon at this season being in exact opposition. The tides are supposed to take their rise in Australia, and reach the British Isles in six and a half hours.

"INEXPERIENCED TRAVELER."—There is no necessity for taking a steamer up the Mississippi in order to get to San Francisco by the over-land route. You can take the Union Pacific Railway direct from St. Louis, or you can reach it by steamer at some point farther along the connecting line. You may also go to San Francisco by the Pacific Mail Steamer line *via* Panama which starts from New York; is less expensive than the over-land route, and involves less risk for a lady traveling alone. But it takes a much longer time, and would cost you almost as much, as you would have to take a long journey East to reach it. Your best way, doubtless, is to take the Union Pacific Railway from St. Louis. The cost of through ticket would be in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars. Write to the agent in St. Louis, General Passenger Agent Union Pacific Railway will find him, and find out time of starting, cost, etc. All you have then to do on reaching St. Louis is to be driven to the station, purchase your ticket, and check your baggage.

"L. B." The author of the poem "The Soldier's Dream," is Thomas Campbell.

CAN any reader of DEMAREST'S MONTHLY give name of the author or authoress (as the case may be) of the words

"Take back the heart that thou gavest
What is my anguish to thee,"

and oblige

FOUR TAMAQUA GIRLS.

"ROSALIND."—A great deal of the interest and excitement to see Mrs. Langtry is due to mere curiosity, but those who decry her and consider her "no actress at all" are as wide of the mark as those who should insist that she is the greatest actress that ever lived. She simply proves how much a cultivated intelligence assists a person in achieving success in any special direction.

"LOUISE C."—"E. V." upon a note probably stands for *en ville* which means *in the city*.

"MRS. J. ELY."—The "Floranthe," the "Octavia," and the "Ronnie" designs are all suitable styles for tall, slender girls of fourteen years. The "Olivia" is a very pretty design also, and any or all of these are equally adapted to girls two years younger. For the young girl mentioned we should advise the "Dauphine" pelisse as stylish, protective, and permanent. For yourself we should recommend a pelisse or long dolman of Ottoman silk, plush lined and trimmed with fur.

A. B. I.—The name of the author of "Rutledge" is Harris—Mrs. Harris; we have forgotten her initials.

Mrs. P. M. W. writes to the Ladies' Club: "Some subscribers might be pleased to know of a new way to piece 'Hamburg inserting or edging.' Choose that part of the work where the figure is boldest and most solid, if possible also, that portion which approaches nearest the outer edge, but in no case prefer *this*, if of a sketchy pattern, to the solid figure. Cut straight from the outer edge to the work. Next cut around the work in the old-fashioned 'transfer work' style, then lay the work over a corresponding figure of the other piece and *transfer* on, after which the plain portion of the cambric can be seamed in the ordinary way—allowance for a seam having been previously made. If the *under* figure is ripped or picked out previously to the 'transfer' it will be almost impossible to detect the piecing. I will send a piece prepared. Am a new subscriber, and delighted with your magazine."

The specimen sent really shows the art of piecing brought to perfection. It is worthy of being classed as among the "fine," as well as nearly lost arts. We shall be proud to keep it to show that skill with the needle still survives among us.

"EOLINE."—Large black hats trimmed with black plumes are very fashionable, and a black cashmere dress of handsome quality, trimmed with a rich embroidery upon the material, would be far more effective than a Surah for a black winter suit. For a wrap get a long dolman of dull surah, plush lined and fur trimmed. Ottoman silk is heavier, more fashionable, but also much more expensive.

Mrs. J. L. McG.—We do not deal in ready-made articles of clothing, but we supply suits and garments of every description to order for ladies and children through our Ordering and Purchasing Bureau. Prices, of course, depend upon material and amount of work put upon them.

Mrs. F. S. H.—Bonnets are more fashionable than hats for girls of eight years. They are made very much like mob caps, with crowns folded over to the side, and the top of the brim forming a ruffle, laid in large box-plaits. Ruby velvet, trimmed with white lace and ruby feathers, is a fashionable color and combination, or ficelle colored Ottoman silk, with lace and satin ribbon of the same color for trimming and terra cotta feathers.

"MADCHINE."—We should advise a garnet silk dress for the occasion, very neatly and simply made. Lace or tulle at the neck, and long, very pale *écru* gloves. A large corsage bouquet of tea-roses, but no ornaments in your hair.

"MABELLE."—A round cap of ivory Ottoman silk or uncut velvet, mounted with broad soft ruching of lace and narrow ribbons, would be suitable for a baby-boy of eight months. Spanish lace folded about the neck, and bouquet of fruit or flowers of vivid color, looks well.—Yes.

"KATHLEEN" asks for suggestions in regard to the arrangement of the "exceedingly pretty" oil pictures she gets with the magazine. Perhaps some of our ingenious and tasteful lady subscribers and correspondents can furnish some hints. Mme. Demorest's picture will certainly be given as a companion to that of Mr. Demorest, given in the July (anniversary) number. Address the "Ladies' Club" department, that is all that is necessary in addition to the regular address of the magazine, which is to be found in every issue.

"M. T."—No, not a dinner party. If a guest is staying with you, and you are invited to an evening reception by an intimate friend, it is quite permissible to write and ask for a card for your guest—and it is never refused, but a dinner is a very different thing. A dinner table will only hold just so many—the places are usually all filled by special invitations sent and accepted. Should one or more be declined, the hostess has usually other names in reserve to whom she could not send in the first place for want of room. A formal dinner party can only be composed of a certain number, and cannot be crowded. There are people, and circumstances, under which it would be possible to ask such a favor, but they would be exceptional in a city.

"LORENA."—Employ one of two ways to make a velveteen dress for the age mentioned, a princess, with narrow plaited front, small paniers, and drapery of satin surah, or trimmed skirt, and basque of the velveteen without any mixture or trimmings, save buttons. To the first, a long velveteen jacket could be added for out-door wear; to the other a handsome cloth jacket, braided, or a close cut dolman.

"CHRISTMAS SURPRISE."—As your gifts will be small, the following would be a good way to produce a genuine "surprise" for your Christmas party. Prepare your gifts, of course the smaller the better. Put each one up in a paper, and label it with the name of the person who is to be the recipient of it. Then knit it with crimson wool into a sort of bag or pocket, and pass on to the next, taking each one up in turn, and knitting one into close proximity to the other, so as to form a ball of enlarged dimensions. Much will depend upon the skill of the knitter, of course, but a very satisfactory looking ball may be formed in this way, and when it arrives as a gift to the hostess, and she gradually discloses its contents by commencing the process of unwinding, it produces great excitement.

Another novel way of distributing small gifts, but this is more suitable for a children's party, is to spring a mine upon them. The gifts must be put up and labelled as before, they are then arranged pyramidically, and rock-work built up about them, with moss, twigs, bits of tinsel, and the like in the crevices. The structure should be artfully contrived to rest upon a stick, or two that can be dislodged by a touch, for at a given signal, the reports of fire-crackers must simulate an explosion and the rock-work fall in confusion dire.

"MRS. S. W. Y."—The "Belocca" train and "Aricia" basque, would make a very handsome costume. The "Belocca" has side panels (plaited) which might be made in moire or satin, or velvet, and the train could easily be shortened into the small demi-train, which is more suitable to your purpose. You could also use a flowered brocade for the front instead of the narrow flounces, and the same for the panels, and cut them all out in leaves to match the basque, finishing the train with the knife plaitings of silk.

"Mrs. J. R. McB."—For evening wear at the theater, a velveteen suit would look best in true terra-cotta, or *avajou* red, with narrow trimming of natural beaver, and polo cap of velveteen, with band of the fur to match. Jersey gloves of a light tan color shade.

"B. B."—Put satin surah with your tamise, and trim with Spanish lace. There are very nice figured worsteds at a dollar and a half per yard, forty-eight inches wide, which would make a good and serviceable dress. Hoops are not worn at all; there is an effort to restore a humpy little bustle, but it is not very successful. There are a very large number of women now who will never again be induced to lead themselves to such grotesque and deforming absurdity.

"MIDGET."—A ruby silk trimmed with cream lace, a bouquet of cream roses, long cream-tinted gloves. Time, morning, say eleven, A.M. Place, at home. House decorations, natural greenery: viands, such as would be suitable for a lunch, cold chicken, ham, tongue, hot coffee, biscuits, cake, and fruit. Hot oyster stew if possible, or an equivalent. The dress will be useful as a dinner or evening dress afterward, and will be striking, but need not be expensive. Amber will be equally good if you prefer it to ruby. Morning is less formal, and requires less expensive preparation than evening, and nothing more than an ordinary lunch is required, if it is supplemented by a wedding-cake for the bride to cut. We wish you much happiness. Your letter shows honesty, sincerity, and willingness to accept the situation, whatever it is—excellent qualifications for marriage.

"Mrs. W. R. P."—Ficelle colored cashmere, with velvet vest and cuffs trimmed or covered with ficelle lace, would look well with your brown velvet skirt, and black cashmere trimmed with embroidery upon the material over your black skirt. If you prefer a light color, cream-colored

cloth trimmed with open braided embroidery upon cloth, and clustering loops of black velvet would look well.

"V. T. G."—You could find nothing richer or more suitable for a reception dress, than handsome figured velvet in a rich and graceful pattern. You might have it made as a *fourreau*, with a flat Watteau plait in the back, and a very narrow plaited front of satin the entire length of the dress, covered by a full jabot of lace. The edge of the velvet should be cut out in pear-shaped leaves, faced with satin, and filled with plaited lace over three narrow knife-plaitings of satin. Narrow sleeves, set high and full, the lower part turned up with lace. The absence of trains has been a very great comfort, and a *fourreau* dress is a compromise; it is cut only a little longer at the back than a short dress.

"CHESTER CROSS ROADS."—A hat may be more striking, but on general principles it is never so "stylish" as a "dress" bonnet, that is, so suitable for a formal occasion. A large furred or beaver bordered hat with plumes, is, however, a very handsome head-dress, and in the country especially, and upon rather a young and fine looking woman would be preferable to a bonnet.

"AN ANXIOUS GIRL."—Such positions as the one you require do not lie about waiting for some one to pick them up. They are once in a while attainable, but not often; you would only be likely to find such by advertising, and being on the spot to take advantage of the first opportunity. If you have "wealthy and influential" friends, they should be able to help you to what you want, if you are in earnest in your desire to work, or do you only want the money for as little return as may be?

"ZOLEDE." You could wear any kind of all black hat, or bonnet in half mourning, except one trimmed with beads or lace; these are not considered in best taste. You could wear black with ostrich or marabout feathers, the latter more suitable. You may also wear pale gray velvet or felt, trimmed with a smooth band of feathers, with black dots, and dull satin, or armure silk, or velvet of the same shade.

"INQUIRER."—We would advise a long, well-cut dolman cloak of Ottoman silk, plush-lined and fur-trimmed. You can get such a one for a hundred dollars, of good size, shape, and quality. Handsome cloaks are considerably lower than last year. For your suit, select the fine, heavy cashmere, embroidered upon the material. This is all the trimming needed; it is thoroughly well-bred; the dress of a lady, yet durable and suitable for many occasions. Choose a deep, rich embroidery, as this makes all the difference between ordinary and distinguished.

"MRS. B. B. R."—One cashmere morning dress, two school dresses, one cloth walking dress, one visiting dress of silk and plush, and one handsome dinner or half evening dress. The first should be garnet wool, plain princess with bows of satin ribbon down the front, or instead of garnet, peacock blue; one school dress should have a plaid skirt, plain basque waist, the other may be plain wool, kilted skirt, vest, and jacket. The cloth suit should be dark blue, braided with black, the plush and silk dark myrtle green, faced interiorly with ruby. Bonnet faced with ruby, dark green plumes tipped with ruby. Reception dress of ficelle colored silk, trimmed with garnet velvet and white lace. These with out-door jackets and redingote, a set of natural beaver furs, a beaver hat for walking, and an old one for rainy weather should be an abundant wardrobe for boarding-school, with, of course, the essential addition of warm and comfortable underclothes, and the like.

"E. E. F."—A very pretty way of arranging cretonne curtains is to drape the top with two irregular festoons, one side much deeper and wider than the other, the lower part of the curtain is drawn back and fastened with plain bands of broad ribbon. Lace spreads and covers, divided off into squares with bands of plain or brocaded satin ribbons, two inches in width, is the fashionable way of dressing a bed. A lace canopy is mounted on a light brass frame, and incloses it.

"ON THE BLUE RIDGE."—The "Arcadia" velveteen would answer your purpose very nicely. Get a good warm color, garnet or ruby, and trim the suit with gray fur, or natural beaver, if you prefer it, and do not mind the difference in cost.

"C. A. K."—All eruptive difficulties are evidences of impure states of the blood; blood-poisoning or transitional and therefore temporary disturbance, if their cause is not purely local. Apply a simple wash to the eyelids, and do not allow your daughter to use her eyes until they are well. Eliminate all grease, pork, pastry, sweets, tea, and coffee from her bill of fare; also shell-fish and salt meat. Reduce her diet to brown bread, fruit, simple, well prepared farinaceous articles of diet eaten with milk, and fresh roasted, boiled, or broiled meat, with such vegetables as she prefers, except potatoes, which should be used sparingly, if at all.

"MRS. E. B."—No. Make up your seal-brown cashmere with trimmed skirt, forming a square draped front and slightly draped back. The front above the flounce is cut up on the sides, faced with silk, and finished with three rows of stitching. Jersey basque, with vest of ecru silk buttoned the entire depth of the front, and reaching two inches below the basque all round. Narrow sleeves of the cashmere set high and slightly padded. The rim of contrasting color is supplied by the silk of the vest which may be embroidered upon the front in a delicate vine, with several shades of brown. Bonnets of seal-brown felt, trimmed and puffed upon the edge with brown velvet. Brown and ecru feathers.

"ALETHEIA."—Why not apply crimson leather to plush in arabesque patterns, and embroider it on with white and gold? This would be handsome and effective for the chair, would harmonize with your other furni-

ture so far as the colors are concerned, and have more solidity while it would be easily and quickly done.

"Miss L. W. L."—The best combination you could make for jacket with your plum-colored crape cloth, would be a good velveteen, matching in shade, at about \$1.00 per yard.

"MIGNON."—The departments of design in this magazine are filled. We have no idea how much you could gain for such articles, or designs for such as those you mention, because there is no standard for them. Ladies' Employment Societies do not admit applicants except through members; regular stores are run down with applicants who are willing to work for starvation prices, and the chances therefore for fancy work are very limited. Better look in your own neighborhood, and get rid of any false shame in regard to it; the work we do, whatever it is, is always better than the worker, and honors her more than she can honor it. Stories for publication must be plainly written on one side of the paper only, and the ordinary rules of simple manuscript writing be strictly followed; these in regard to punctuation and the like every child learns at school.

"MATTIE MAY."—Lengthen your cloak as you suggest, with a deep border of black worsted plush, mounted on farmer's satin. Put on a deep rounded collar of the plush and heighten the front. Take off the ugly pocket, or, if you cannot do that, put a hollow square of plush upon it, this will reduce its apparent size. Why do you wish to alter or dye your ulster? it seems well enough as it is. Add to it a plush or fur cape for warmth if you need it. An independent jacket should be of different material, plush or velveteen, in some shade of dark red or wine-color. Rings are only worn now on the third and fourth fingers—what is called the "little" finger and the wedding finger. An engagement ring should fit and be worn upon the wedding finger, serving after marriage as a guard to the wedding ring. Young girls ought not to wear more than one or two bangle rings upon the little fingers. Single ladies are entitled to wear rings on any finger they please, but fashion does not sanction rings upon the fore-finger; they look very awkward and are really in the way upon the "middle" finger. A profusion of rings in any case is intensely vulgar.

"MARIE."—It would be perfectly proper for you to discontinue crape and wear such a dress as you propose, plain black camel's hair with black hat and plumes. The very best thing you could do, being of German parentage, would be to ally yourself with some of Prof. Adler's classes and Kindergarten mission work; this would at once furnish you with the opportunity you desire to improve your English and do some good in a thoroughly good and practical way. For French primary instruction books, apply to Christern's in West Twenty-third Street.—There would be no impropriety in your traveling alone, and the trip would probably be a great advantage in enlarging your horizon and ideas of life. Your father could put you in charge of the captain, and your friends would meet you on landing. Traveling great distances is a very simple matter nowadays.—Any music publisher will furnish you with a list such as you require.

An Error Corrected.

N the July number of our Magazine we gave the credit of the picture, "A Bear's Court of Justice," to the wrong person. The picture, from which our illustration was taken, is by the well-known artist, Mr. William H. Beard, who is celebrated for his humorous productions of animals, in which line he has no equal. We take special pleasure in correcting our error, as Mr. Beard, as has been said, is "an artist of the genuine American stamp of decided originality and versatility." It would have given much more interest to our illustration at the time, had we known that the artist was born in Ohio, and now has his studio in this city, and is a member of the National Academy. We take special pains to impart correct information relative to our illustrations, and the source whence we obtained our knowledge of the picture in question appeared reliable. We are glad to know, however, that this strikingly humorous production emanated from an American artist; and in justice to Mr. Beard, and because we do not desire to lead any astray on art or other matters, it gives us pleasure to make this correction.

Art Notes.

THE South College art building has just been completed, the main galleries in the upper story having been hung with paintings. A number of valuable casts were received while the building was in progress, being stored in the lower story and the cellar, awaiting arrangement in their proper places.

THE pennies of British workmen have paid for the bust of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, which is presented to the Greenwich Conservative Club of England.

A RECENT exhibition at Dresden contained some of the pictures of animals painted by the Queen of Saxony, during her last stay at Mentone. A pair of her majesty's water-colors, received by Prince Leopold since his marriage, have been mentioned as being all the more interesting, that they represent spots often visited by him while staying on the Riviera with his royal mother.

Art Study.

THE several art schools of New York are in prosperous operation, the few changes made from last year being significant of progress and material gain. The Art Students' League occupies a commodious building at No. 38 West Fourteenth Street, which the society has re-arranged in the interior construction to suit the purposes of the school. The three upper floors are used exclusively for the classes of the League, the third floor being for the antique classes, which during the day are in charge of T. W. Dewing, and in the evening are instructed by William Sartain. The fourth floor accommodates the classes drawing from the head, for which the front division is used, with the office, library, and ladies' dressing-room in the rear, and on the upper floor are the departments of the life and painting classes. The portrait class is in charge of Mr. C. Y. Turner, the life classes in the morning are instructed by Mr. Dewing, the afternoon classes by Mr. Turner, and the evening classes by Mr. William Sartain. Artistic anatomy is taught as last year by Mr. J. S. Hartley, and perspective by Frederick Dilmann. An evening life class for ladies, to meet three evenings in the week, is talked of, as also an evening sketch class (costume model) to meet one or two evenings each week.

The schools of the Academy continue under the direction of Professor Wilmarth, having opened as usual the first Monday in October. The classes are taught chiefly through the study of the antique sculpture and the living model, both nude and draped, by means of lectures upon anatomy, perspective, and other subjects, through portrait, sketch, and composition classes, and in other ways provided from time to time as may seem desirable. All students are first engaged in the antique school and subsequently in other classes to which they may be advanced, being eligible to the life school on showing to the council an approved drawing of a full length statue made in the antique school during the current session.

The Technical Schools of the Metropolitan Museum opened for their fourth season on October 5th, under the management of Mr. John Buckingham, who instructs the classes in drawing and designing with the aid of two assistants. Classes in modelling and carving are in charge of Mr. John Smith, who has one assistant, instruction in drawing being given on two evenings of each week. A special class intended for artists and amateurs is connected with this department. Fresco workers are instructed in preparing cartoons on a large scale. Other classes receive instruction in instrumental drawing and perspective, designed for mechanical draftsmen, stairbuilders, ironworkers, and for beginners in ornamental drawing. The classes of ornamental drawing for architectural and decorative draftsmen, engravers, glass painters, etc., and industrial design for jewelers, silversmiths, and lithographers are instructed three nights in each week, the same advantages being given those who are engaged in carriage drafting and construction. One class in decoration for women, which meets on three afternoons of each week, is intended for amateurs and professionals who are not familiar with the use of tempera or body color in decoration. Other afternoon classes for women are planned with reference to instruction in geometrical and perspective drawing and the rudiments of color for beginners, and in colors, drawing from the cast and botanical geometry, for more advanced students, lectures being given to the classes on Saturday nights.

A very general attendance of students admitted to the Woman's Art School of the Cooper Union was noted on the day of opening. In addition there were four hundred applicants on record, beyond possibility of being favorably considered at present. The afternoon paying class, made up of those desiring to study art as an accomplishment, has largely increased, so that the course of instruction in the afternoon school is almost a duplicate of that in the morning school, except for the omission of photography in the former. Both free and paying classes are instructed alike in designing, drawing, oil and china painting and engraving. The school is, as in previous years, under the management of Mrs. Carter, and with slight changes in the corps of the assistants. Mr. G. D. Brush is succeeded by Miss Johnson as teacher of the afternoon painting class, and by Miss Ward in the department of cast drawing and composition.

The Society of Decorative Art has classes as usual in china painting, and also classes in different forms of needlework. Private instruction is to be obtained at any time in different branches of decorative art, if application is duly made to the society. In order to receive gratuitous instruction it is necessary to be recommended by some member of the Association.

Miss E. P. Barnes, who was formerly in charge of the designing department at the carpet mills of A. T. Stewart, is engaged in the corresponding department of the Women's Institute of Technical Design, at No. 124 Fifth Avenue, the instruction being intended to cover designing for carpets, oil-cloths, tiles, wall-paper, book covers, and painting on china. The drawing classes are taught by Miss Densmore, and china painting by Miss Sarah G. Warren. Other teachers give instruction in special branches, and Mrs. Dr. French lectures on botany and anatomy. The department of designing in this school was formerly in charge of Mrs. Cory, who has now the management of the flourishing school of Industrial Art in West Twenty-third Street, noticed last month in this magazine.

The Ladies' Art Association receives the greater number of its classes on October 2d, its work having, however, continued in some departments during the summer season. The persons principally availing themselves of the summer instruction were visitors from the South and West, it being part of the plan of the society to provide facilities for non-residents whose stay in the city is limited and whose study needs direction. The Association now has control of the building which it occupies, and which contains, in addition to the several class-rooms and library, eight studios, all occupied. The application of art to industry is kept well in view, the instruction being established on a directly practical basis, and providing to some extent a supplement to art teaching to be had from other sources, without the same teachers, in some instances who are engaged elsewhere, as in the department of china painting in charge of Camilla Pitou. It has recently established a class in form and color for special purposes for young girls, the instruction being intended to fit the students for either of two things, namely teaching, or as preparation for china painting. The children's class, commencing on September 30th, continues in charge of Miss Alice Donlevy, and in this department a scholarship has been given by Mrs. Jane Russell, a Friend, which may be received by either a boy or a girl whose parentage is connected with the Society of Friends. In continuation of the schemes of the Association in reference to children, a school of fifty pupils is in operation in Brooklyn, taught by Mrs. Rafter, who took a large class to the White Mountains during the past season. Several changes are to be noticed in the list of instructors, with drawing from casts, taught by Annie Morgan, a daughter of the painter, William Morgan, and a class in animal painting, being in charge of Mr. Anthony Hochstein.



"Wordless Poems," or Poetic Pantomime, as it might have been called, is a unique little work by Mrs. Mary Tucker Magill, a lady of large experience as a teacher and reader, and an author of some celebrity, particularly at the South. The idea of "Wordless Poems" is simply pictured expression displayed in pantomimic action by figures which represent in attitude, gesture, and facial movement every shade of joy, sorrow, pride, humiliation, triumph, and other emotions. The book gives, after a well-written introduction, a series of exercises, illustrated, and for which the proper music is attached. The directions for the use of these exercises are clear, and will be an invaluable aid to teachers or students who wish to practice gesture without a teacher. Dr. Dio Lewis and other experienced educators warmly commend Mrs. Magill's work, which has been issued in very neat and elegant form by Messrs. J. S. Cushing & Co., Boston, Mass.

"Timothy, his Neighbors and his Friends."—In this interesting volume of nearly three hundred pages Mrs. Mary E. Ireland has told the story of a newsboy; of his removal to the country, of his fortunes, of the people he met, and the friends he made. A good deal is told, also, in a quiet, chatty way in regard to country life and the simple incidents which break its routine, while the unexpected disclosures at the last reveal the dramatic incidents, the tragedies even, which sometimes lay beneath its quiet surface. Timothy is a good, conscientious boy, possessed of superior manners and intelligence. His readers will be gratified at the success which attends him, and the final happiness and good fortune which are the outcome of his trials. The book has the fault of being too discursive, and of starting more threads than it can possibly keep hold of, or than the reader can follow; but if the reader does not try to follow them, but simply wanders into the by-paths with the author, he will find "Timothy" very pleasant reading.

Dr. Deems's Birthday Book.—Miss Sara Keables Hunt has expressed the devotion of the "Church of the Stranger," of which Dr. Deems is pastor, and her own sense of his character and services, by embodying in a "Birthday" book brief extracts from his lectures and sermons, and dedicates it "To my Pastor" in some charming lines, of which the following are the close:—

*"So I from out the birthday morns,
That swiftly on the hours have flown,
Waft back the peace of birthday eves,
And dedicate to thee thine own."*

The dedication is followed by Miss Mulock's verses to the New Year, and scattered through the work, at the proper dates, are the autographs of well-known divines, Dr. Deems's, of course, being among them. The book is the size of the Longfellow Birthday book, and is beautifully bound and printed on fine paper, with a portrait of Dr. Deems for a frontispiece. Miss Hunt has shown admirable judgment in her selections.

"**The Cleverdale Mystery**; or, the Machine and its Wheels," is what may be called political fiction founded on political fact. It is a story having for its motive the revelation of the machinery, the wheels within wheels, by which our political results are obtained and the instruments which political leaders are obliged to resort to in order to compass their ends. It describes the "Boss," the editor of the "organ," the Boss's lieutenants and whisky-drinking aids. There are some pleasant touches in the domestic life of the "Boss," and the description of his family, particularly his lovely young daughter, whom he is quite as willing to sacrifice to his political ambition as fathers were in the old times on the altar of family pride. It is a clever portrayal of the evils of machine politics; but we do not know that it can effect any thing toward their removal. W. A. Wilkins, editor of the "Whitehall" *Times*, New York, is the author, and Fords, Howard & Hulbert, of New York, the publishers.

"**Elfin-Land**."—One of the brightest, most attractive books of the season for the little ones has had its rhymes written by Miss Josephine Pollard, its illustrations furnished by Walter Satterlee, and has been put in a brilliant dress by G. W. Harlan & Co., the most enterprising young publishing-house in New York City. It is a very handsome book, with a broad garnet margin inclosing a very original design in shades of yellow, and brown, and green; elves mounted on dragon-flies decorate the interior covers. The verses are full of the merry quips and happy fancies which characterize Miss Pollard's pen when she uses it for the benefit of the little ones, and the illustrations are not one whit behind in felicity or extravagance. They are "immense," as the children say; solemn when they are funny and funny when they are solemn. "The Japanese Family," "Very Æsthetic," "The Sunflower Dance," "The Light-headed Family and What Became of Them," are examples of the hits at prevailing follies, which, however, have no moralizing tone to them, but are pure fun. "Elfin-Land" ought to have a large sale as a gift-book, for, though it is a special boon for the holidays, its interest does not end with them.

"**Heart's-ease**."—Perhaps some of our readers will remember a centennial poem, illustrated by the author, a young lady who wrote under the name of "L. Clarkson," which appeared in the July number of this magazine for 1876. The poem was extracted from the unpublished work of a young Baltimore lady, who has since fully confirmed the opinion we expressed of her talent by the production of several illustrated works, which have been received with much favor. Doubtless, the exercise of her gifts has been retarded by a happy marriage and a cozy, delightful tour abroad; but these events will only serve to widen her experiences and deepen her insight, and, as the first fruits of her new life, we have "Heart's-ease," in which pansies are celebrated in every tint, and accompanied by very expressive and charming verse. There are twelve full pages of colored plates, each one worthy a frame, and each one containing an open page upon which the letterpress is written, thrown across the marginal flowers. The dedication is to the "Friend of my girlhood, the lover of my womanhood, the ideal and crown of my life." Among the poems in this beautiful volume is the following on "Love," after the Persian of Maulavi Rumi:—

"Tell me, gentle traveler,
Who through the world has gone,
And seen the sweetest roses blow,
And brightest gliding rivers flow,
Of all thine eyes have looked upon
Which is the fairest land?"

"Child, shall I tell where Nature
Has best and fairest flowers?
It is where those we love abide;
Though small that space it is more wide
Than kingdoms; though a desert bare,
The river of the gods is there,
And there the enchanted bowers."

Prof. Heinrich Gross, of Trieste, has given short biographical sketches of nearly nine hundred German authoresses, of whom five hundred are still alive and active with their pens, and in other ways—for to these literary workers is Germany also indebted for its best philanthropic work. This does not look as though German women could do nothing but keep house.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb is preparing a new historical work, to be entitled "New York Biography," which promises to be as original and masterly in execution as her "History of the City of New York." It will be, as foreshadowed in the preface to the second volume of her great work, a sequel or companion volume, and of similar size and equal elegance. It will be devoted to the prominent characters and events of the last fifty years. The period has been one of extraordinary progress, and the affairs of New York have touched the interests of the whole continent. Mrs. Lamb necessarily excluded, for want of space, a vast amount of interesting material from her history—that is, such material as related more directly to contemporary record, which will now be given to the reading public in connection with the results of her later studies and biographical researches. The new work will include personal sketches of railroad projectors, merchant princes, political magnates, journalists, scientists,

men of letters, educators, clergymen, dramatists, artists, poets, City Fathers, philanthropists, and, indeed, of all leading contributors to New York's present greatness, and it will at the same time review the part taken by New York in public enterprises of magnitude, and great national dramas. This work will in no sense take the threadbare cyclopedic form, but will be alive with all the incidents and elements of delightful reading. The mere mention of Mrs. Lamb's name as the author will be, to those who are familiar with her historical writings, a sufficient guarantee of the excellence and value of the forthcoming work. It will be fully illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, publishers.

"**Grandma's Garden**."—The public are indebted to Miss Kate Sanborn for another pretty leaflet, quite equal to her "Golden Rod and Purple Aster" of last year, and both forming a charming variation from the ordinary Christmas card. "Grandma's Garden" is gotten up most beautifully, with illustrated covers by Walter Satterlee, and illuminated lettering. It contains poems or prose articles from Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, Rose Terry Cooke, Edna Dean Proctor, Sara Orne Jewett, Mary D. Brine, H. B. Stowe, and many others; and each one is a tribute to the old-fashioned garden, with its fragrance and its flowers for every month in the year, and their sweet poetic nomenclature, which lives in the hearts of all people, while the scientific terms can never find a lodgment but in the heads of a few. James R. Osgood & Co. are the publishers.

"**The Hidden Record**."—We have no words of praise for this novel, which is as unnatural as it is verbose and melo-dramatic. The plot is confused; the incidents common-place, or absurd; the language ordinary, often ungrammatical, and strikingly innocent of what Matthew Arnold calls lucidity; and in the mass of people introduced, there are no characters. It possesses many of the defects, but few of the virtues of the old-fashioned novel. E. W. Blaisdell is the author; T. B. Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia, the publishers.

"**Slight Ailments**."—This is the latest of the Health Manuals issued by D. Blakiston & Co., of Philadelphia, and is one of the most valuable, as it nearly concerns a much larger number than others devoted to special forms of disease. Indigestion; imperfect circulation; constipation, the diet for this form of trouble; the action of fluids on the body; diarrheal difficulties; sick and nervous headache; congestion and embryotic inflammations, are among the ailments discussed with perfect clearness and simplicity by the author, whose competence will not be disputed, since he is well and widely known as Dr. Beale, of Kings College, London. A wise and necessary chapter precedes the subject matter proper, devoted to Quackery, and the causes of the lack of public confidence in regular physicians, while unlimited faith is put in nostrums, of the composition of which those who take them in vast quantities, are wholly ignorant.

"**Around the House**."—One of the most noteworthy of the illustrated books for children of the present season is *Around the House*, with bright, jingling rhymes, by Mr. Edward Willet, and pictures in colors from designs by Mr. Charles Kendrick. In making books of this class, it too frequently happens that all the attention is given to the pictures, to the great neglect of the text. In this book, equal pains have been taken with both. Mr. Willet is one of the best known of the young journalists of New York, and in using his leisure from more serious work to write these taking rhymes for little ones, he has shown an appreciation of their fancies and tastes, which is rare indeed among writers. Mr. Kendrick's versatile pencil is tested weekly on our illustrated papers, but he has never done better work than in these dainty bits of child life. The book is published by R. Worthington, New York.

"**Sylvie's Betrothed**."—Madame Greville's new book, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is full of an unexceptional charm. Its dainty grace reminds us of "Dossia," while it is far loftier in aim and with much more of a plot. Having two heroines—a young and willful girl and a married woman—a wider field is offered for such contrasts in character as are peculiarly the forte of the author. The sympathies of the reader are deeply excited, and it is difficult to say which we find most interesting—Sylvie and her caprices, her gradual development from a girl to a woman, or the fascinating Madame Clermont, who knows how to be just to a rival, and how to strengthen a newly found conscience, by the exercise of her womanly sympathy, and perfect appreciation of the situation. Madame Greville shows in this a truer insight into the hearts of women than has been usually found in novelists. We heartily recommend the work to our readers as not only interesting and delightful, but as a very successful study of French society.

"**Wee Babies**." dedicated to all wee babies, will take the hearts of good grandmothers, aunts, and cousins of babies by storm. The illustrations in color, from original designs by Ida Waugh, are natural and charming, full of breadth and life, but delicately toned, and tinted, with free outlines, rather than heavy masses of high color. The verses by Amy E. Blanchard are bright, good, and chirrupy, and can be read to babies, who cannot read them for themselves—who often take as much delight in the jingle of rhymes, not too obscure, scientific, or æsthetic, as they do in pictures. The wee babies, rhymes, pictures and all, even to the babies on the interior cover of this "Wee Babies" book, will be delightful new acquaintances to make, and we recommend them heartily. The pretty form which it takes bears the imprint of E. P. Dutton & Co., who publish so many lovely illustrated works, and who are responsible