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NO. CXCIII.

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Seed-time and Harvest.

BY SHERRILL KERR.

CHAPTER XXVL



THE next morning, soon after breakfast, Captain Alderstan, having gone down town to see after some matters of business, Ethel rang and asked the number of the apartment occupied by Mr. Erle and his daughter. The man went to ascertain and returned, bringing the desired information, together with the additional statement that Mr. Erle was out, but that his little daughter and her attendant were together in her room. Ethel, having been directed, was presently knocking at the door of a room on the same floor with her own apartments. Her knock was responded to by a tidy, middle-aged woman, with a pleasant, cheerful face.

"I want to see little Miss Erle," said Ethel. "Is she here? I am Mrs. Alderstan, and a friend of the child and her father."

"Come in, ma'am," said the woman politely; "but poor Miss Nelly is not well to-day. She has been suffering so much that I am anxious for her father to come in; he is the only one that can give her any comfort when these spells come on. She was as well as usual when Mr. Erle went out, and I'm afraid he won't be back for some time."

"Will you let me go to her?" said Ethel quickly. "Perhaps I can do something."

The woman who, as Ethel had divined, knew who she was, at once led the way to an inner room, from which, as they approached, Ethel heard piteous little moans of pain. When she entered softly, Ethel saw the child lying on her side upon a little padded invalid's couch and covered with a light quilt of eider-down. She was dressed in her white dress and black ribbons, but her bright hair, instead of being smoothly arranged as Ethel had seen it, was tangled and disheveled by the frequent movement of her head, which she turned quickly from side to side. When the nurse

had entered and Ethel came behind, there was a momentary look of expectancy on the child's face, which quickly changed into fretful disappointment, as she turned her head away and said crossly:

"I thought it was papa. Why don't he come?"

Ethel came near and knelt at the side of the lounge.

"Nelly," she said caressingly, "your papa does not know that you are ill and want him, or he would be here; but until he comes, won't you let me stay with you and try to help you if I can? I am so sorry for your pain."

She stooped over and looked at the little white face to see what indication its expression gave, since the lips remained mute, save for the utterance of a fretful little moan now and then; but the child would not look at her, but turned her eyes persistently away.

Ethel turned to the nurse.

"Is there nothing you can give her to ease her pain?" she asked.

"I dare not do it, ma'am," the woman answered. "Mr. Erle cannot bear her to take opiates, and he never allows them to be given by any one but himself, and not unless her suffering is very bad."

"And is it sometimes worse than this?" Ethel asked compassionately.

"Oh, yes'm, much worse, sometimes."

"And why does she want her father so? What does he do?"

"He takes her up and holds her on his lap, in a way that rests her back, she says. She will not let me try—she says I hurt her," the nurse said, with patient quietness.

"I wonder if she'd let me try," said Ethel; and then bending over her again, "Nelly, darling," she said, "won't you let me take you up and hold you? I would try to be so very tender, and my arms are strong and would support you well, I think. Then we could go into the other room where it is brighter, and I would sing to you, if you could bear to be still and listen."

The child turned and looked at her, and Ethel's beauty won her still another triumph, one that she was prouder of than any it had earned her yet; for the little hands were wearily held out, and a look of consent came into the eyes.

"You must show me how," said Ethel in a low voice to the nurse, as she rose from her kneeling posture. The nurse directed her where to place her arms beneath the little bent body, and her loving instinct did the rest. Ethel's strong arms closed about her tenderly, and she walked into the other room and sat down in a low chair near the fire. The woman followed quickly with a small pillow and the light silk coverlid, and Ethel placed these gently about the child.

"Do I hurt you, darling?" she asked, bending over her; "tell me if I do."

"No; you are holding me like papa does. It don't hurt so much now. Sarah, get my flowers."

The woman brought from the table near by a small bouquet of exquisite flowers and gave them into the child's hands. She took them and held them to her face, with an expression of enjoyment and an abatement of the suffering look, then she inhaled a long draught of their fragrance and looked up at Ethel and said:

"You said you would sing."

"Yes, so I will," said Ethel, "and perhaps you will go to sleep."

"If she could sleep she would be so much better," Sarah said. "If you can stay a little while, ma'am, I would like to go down and see to some things down-stairs, and you could ring for me when you were tired or needed me."

"Oh, go by all means," Ethel said, glad to be alone with the child. "You are doubtless much confined, and I shall be so glad to relieve you once."

"It isn't that, ma'am," the woman answered quickly, "for Mr. Erle stays with Miss Nelly every day while I go out; but I want to see something about the washing, and Miss Nelly is more apt to sleep if there is but one person in the room. I will stay where I can hear the bell and come at once."

The woman then quietly withdrew from the room, and, leaning tenderly over the child, with a look of infinite compassion on her face, Ethel began to sing. One after another she sang the simple little hymns and songs the child asked for in a low soothing tone, which grew every moment more gentle and soft, until by degrees there came a peaceful look

over the wan white face, and presently the white lids fell over the big tired eyes and the little sufferer slept. Ethel sang on softly and sweetly, with her eyes cast down on the fair little face, which had grown very lovely now that the look of suffering was gone. Sad memories of the past, and thoughts of the future came crowding into her mind, and caused the quick tears to gather in her eyes and drop upon the flowers that had fallen from the child's relaxed hand and scattered over her lap; but they were gentle, soothing, harmless tears, free from excitement or passion, and such weeping as this had nothing of violence in it and caused no contortion of the statuesque face with the motionless drooped lids. Only her voice grew a little husky, but she cleared it and sang on softly, fearing to wake the sleeper if she should stop, and presently the tears ceased to fall and a calmer mood came on. But they were still damp upon her cheek when she heard a step pause outside the door, the handle turned, and she knew that Mr. Erle was come. She had not expected to see him again, and it startled her somewhat; but she could not take her arms from about the child to wipe the tears from her cheeks, and she could not cease singing to speak to him. So she merely lifted up her eyes and smiled upon him, as he came in and closed the door behind him, looking both surprised and agitated to see her there. Mr. Erle had opened the door very softly, and Ethel observed that, in spite of his being a large and powerful man, his footsteps had been the softest that had passed along the hall. He was always accustomed to assume this stillness, when he returned to the child, because it was only when she could sleep that he felt sure she was doing well, and he was studiously careful to avoid any sound that might wake her. So he had opened the door gently and quietly and with a look of still gravity on his anxious face; but when he saw Ethel sitting there with his child upon her lap, supported by her loving arms; with tears upon her cheeks and an infinite compassion in her sweet dark eyes, and in the tones of her exquisite tender voice, a great wave of emotion rushed over his soul, and mechanically closing the door behind him he walked unsteadily across the room and passed out of Ethel's sight; but he heard her singing on, and saw the noble curves of her leaning figure, as she bent over his sleeping child, and the repose of the form and the quiet steadiness of the voice calmed him, and he came and stood beside her.

"There are no words I can say that can thank you for this," he said lowly. "I shall never forget this sight. She has been ill and in pain I know—this heavy sleep never comes to her except after such a time as that. You have come to her and soothed her—a thing she and I had thought no one but myself could do. It was good of you to come to the child. Is it true that we are to meet no more? You need not fear to speak; Nelly is not easily roused from such a sleep as this—she will not wake."

Ethel left off singing then and suffered her head to fall backward upon the chair's top, but her lowered eyes fixed themselves upon

the child's quiet face, and still she did not speak.

"Are you going to-day? Shall I see you no more?" he asked again, and this time she answered.

"No more, forever, as far as we can see. This evening I leave New York, in less than a month I leave America, to return, it may be never again, and if I do, it may well happen that we will not cross each other's paths. O Mr. Erle, promise to think of me sometimes—promise not to lose all faith in me, because I am in so many ways weak and wrong. I long for your kind remembrance, because it was a part of my past happy life to be trusted and kindly thought of by you. My father is gone now; Mamie does not understand my need; no one among my own people that knew me then can afford me the comfort of such a remembrance except you. My life in England is so different—it has been so far from what is right and worthy in so many ways. Only do not you lose confidence in me, because of what I seem; believe in me a little, and it will help me to be better. I am going to try to be better—only tell me that you have not grown to distrust me utterly."

Mr. Erle had lowered his eyes as she spoke, and a stern resolute look had come into his face. For a moment he did not look up, but when he did all the sternness in the world could not have clouded the belief that was written in those tender eyes. But he spoke in a voice sedulously quiet and guarded.

"Happen what may, I will believe of you all that is good, and trust you to the uttermost."

"Oh, how I thank you for those words!" said Ethel, in a tone of fervid emotion, and with a light of joy shining in her dark, uplifted eyes. "I can hope now, and if I never see you or home or America again, I can feel that it is worth while to try to do what is right. That has been my greatest trouble—not minding, not thinking it mattered enough to try—but I won't give way to it again." She paused and there was deep silence for a moment, though Mr. Erle seemed agitated and about to speak; but Ethel suddenly looked up, and said in a different tone:

"Do you think Nelly would wake if I laid her down? I think I cannot stay any longer. I fear—I shall be missed."

"Will you take her into the other room and put her down, if you will be so very good?" said Mr. Erle; "she is not likely to be waked by your gentle movement."

Ethel rose and lifting Nelly gently, carried her into the other room. Mr. Erle followed and stood by, while she laid the child tenderly on her couch and drew the covers over her. Then he saw her drop for a moment on her knees beside the child, and bend and kiss her very softly, for she must not be waked. He did not wait to see her gently draw the flowers from Nelly's hand and clasp them in her own, but he turned quickly and went back to the outer room. In the moment that he was alone he made a desperate struggle for self-mastery, and, at its end, he had triumphed; he had forced himself to realize that his parting with Mrs. Alderstan must be got over quickly, and that not one moment's faltering must be granted.

He would risk being thought cold and stern by her, to save himself the after remorse and self-hatred that would be sure to follow if he wavered now. A moment later, when Ethel turned to him, he was ready to meet her with perfect calmness. She too, in that moment was strong and calm and ready for a quiet parting. But there was something that neither had thought of or prepared for. It lay on the floor between them—a small and worthless thing, but full of a sharp significance to Ethel, as her lowered eyes fell upon it and mechanically scanned in large black letters on the yellow paper the words "Il Trovatore." She stood still, and a look of sudden pain and horror came into her eyes.

"Where did that play-bill come from?" she asked, in a frightened, hurried tone.

"I got it last night," he was forced to answer, seeing that her searching eyes would brook no evasion.

"You were at the opera," she said.

"Yes, I was there," he answered, in so low and grave a voice as to show that he appreciated the significance of the admission.

"And how will you know what to believe of me?" cried Ethel passionately. "You saw me there flippant, and merry, and heartless, and light, and I have told you I am wretched! You are thinking, I know, that I am false and wicked. Oh, this is hard, hard!"

"I beseech you to believe that I would have spared you this," said Mr. Erle, in a deep, fervent tone. "Perhaps, for a moment, I did doubt you, as I watched you there, and disbelieved what you had said of not being happy; but it was only transitory, and the doubt had left me long before I saw you here to-day, and realized you as the soul of truth. Forget that I saw you under the influence of that excited artificialness, and remember that I think of you only as I know you really to be—true and simple and sincere."

He stood a few paces from her with his hands clenched hard together, feeling the space of velvet carpet between them as insuperable a barrier as if it had been a deep chasm. The ardent longing that he felt to go to her with words of comfort and soothing, had to be combated and vanquished, and he remained a moment silent, rooted to the spot, not daring to look at her. Something of the same restraining influence was upon Ethel too, but there was in it more of weakness and agony, and less of energetic resolve. Mr. Erle felt her burning eyes fixed on him, and in another moment he dared to look up, and meet them firmly and courageously.

"Always remember this," he said, speaking in a guarded, steady tone: "I shall always believe the best of you. If you care to recall a thought of me sometimes, and it can comfort you, know that—but don't let the thought of me make you sad. Perhaps you don't understand why I think it necessary to ask you this, the warning may be so altogether needless; but it is part of the hardness of this hour that we may make no effort to understand each other. It would be wrong to attempt it, and nothing but pain could come of it. But, remember about this, don't let the darkness of your recollection of me dim the light of your

perfect soul. You have said you were unhappy, and I may not ask you why; but I can try to believe that it is nothing too hard, nothing irreparable. I shall be able to think of you as happy and at peace, and while I can do this I shall ask for no more." He ceased speaking, and Ethel felt that the time for her to go had come. She made a step toward him and the door, and he moved backward to let her pass.

"Will you not tell me good-by?" she said, holding her hand out timidly.

He advanced quietly, and took the little cold hand, and then dropped it and opened the door for her. "Good-by," she said softly.

"Good-by," he answered, also lowly, but the resolve to say no other word made his voice sound resolute almost to sternness. He thought it was the last word, but a sight of the intense sadness in her face made him soften his voice to a gentler pitch as she passed him, and say beseechingly:

"Don't mind."

An answering look of fervent sadness shone on him from her sad, dark eyes. He saw it but for a moment, and then the tall figure had glided past and disappeared around a bend of the long corridor, and Mr. Erle turned back within his apartment, while Ethel, with slow and uncertain steps, sought hers.

Only a few hours later, Mrs. Alderstan, dressed in her gray traveling clothes, passed from the threshold of the hotel, leaning on her husband's arm, with a face as composed and self-possessed as that of Alderstan himself, and as the morning interview had left no trace upon her countenance, not even her husband divined the heartbreak that that calm surface hid.

During the journey between New York and Mrs. Stirling's home, Ethel had much time for reflection, and somehow, by means of some blessed grace, which came, she knew not whence, the unutterable sadness that she felt was far enough removed from the bitter desperation, which she knew would once have been the result of such experiences as those she had lately gone through with, to enable her to form resolutions of submission and courage and endurance. She had been riding along in silence for more than an hour, with her eyes fixed on the outside landscape, by which the train was whirling along, while her husband sat across from her, in their little compartment, sometimes reading the papers, and sometimes leaning from the window. Now he had drawn the window down, and was languidly scrutinizing his nails and relieving his evident weariness by frequent half-smothered yawns. Ethel was conscious of all this, though her eyes were turned from him. Presently a softening look came over her face, and she bent forward and put her hand on her husband's knee.

"St. George," she said gently, "it would surprise and grieve Mamie if you and I seemed not to be friends. I'm going to try and please you in everything, and you'll try too, won't you?"

Captain Alderstan did not meet her glance, as he answered rather sulkily:

"Of course I shall know how to conduct myself without being told. You don't sup-

pose I intend to make myself remarkable in any way."

"You and I have been too much accustomed to treat each other as we have felt inclined," said Ethel, "and we must remember that Mamie is such an ardent little being herself that anything like coldness or constraint will seem to her like positive enmity."

"She don't expect us to fall into each other's arms in company, I suppose," said Captain Alderstan, "however much we may be addicted to that sort of thing in private."

"St. George, I wish you would not talk so," said Ethel, with much gentleness. "We can conduct ourselves appropriately, I think, without any feigning. I dare say our marriage is as happy as most people's. You have often been very good to me, and I remember that gratefully, and am willing to forget my real and fancied wrongs. Perhaps you have not observed it, but there is much less of discord between us than there once was. Let us try and go on improving. You and I have to spend our lives together, and why need we be more unhappy than we must?"

Alderstan moved uneasily in his seat. Conversations of this sort were irksome to him.

"Oh, I'm not a man to take trouble at interest," he said. "I dare say, as you remark, we are as happily matched as most people. I dare say we shall do very well."

Ethel saw that he wished the subject to be discontinued, and she said no more. But her husband's acquiescence in her wish had been as hearty as she could have expected, and her object had been gained, and she felt sure she might look forward to her visit to Mrs. Stirling without the worst of the misgivings which had visited her before this conversation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. ALDERSTAN spent two weeks with Mrs. Stirling and then sailed for home. Ethel felt very much as if she were sailing away from home and into a strange and unloved land; but she knew this feeling was a wrong one, and she spent many of the quiet hours in which she was alone on the deck of the steamer, arranging plans by which she hoped to be able to make the house in which the rest of her life would probably be passed a center of interest and activity that would give it the prime essentials of a home. What she felt most was a passionate need to enlarge her life—to expand her sympathies until they should take in whatever objects of pity and want she should happen to come in contact with. She had a very confident belief that in the neighborhood of her own home there were plenty of such objects, and she determined very resolutely that she would seek them out, and make their needs the present business of her life. As she would sit thinking thus, her plans and intentions would so multiply and enlarge themselves that she would be impatient for the voyage to end, so that she might put them into practical effect. She was not in the mood for indolence and speculation—she wanted to be occupied.

One beautiful evening she had been sitting alone some time, enjoying the exquisite sight of the wide and tranquil waters, "where one might float between blue and blue in an open-eyed dream that the world was done with sorrow," as has been so beautifully said. Her husband was talking to several gentlemen at a little distance, his face beautified with interest and animation. His comely British form was taller than those around him, and his fair English face was the handsomest in the group. Ethel was the only lady on deck; not being subject to sea-sickness, she had never been confined to her cabin since they set out. Most of the other ladies had had very trying experiences of the malady, and, now that its violence was abating, preferred to remain below. In consequence of all this, of course, Mrs. Alderstan was much sought after by the gentlemen on board; but, whenever she wished to dispense with their attendance, as now, she had a very skillful way of managing to effect this end without at all offending people. She listened to the talk of the gentlemen, and soon discovered that it had turned upon music, a subject which was apt to rouse St. George if anything did. Presently she rose and walked over and joined them. Room was eagerly made for her, and several chairs placed, but she declined these and went over and stood next to her husband, saying as she did so:

"What music are you discussing, St. George? May I not have the benefit of your opinions?"

"May we not rather have the benefit of your exposition?" one of the gentlemen asked. "I have been asking Captain Alderstan if he didn't think he could induce you to sing for us. I heard of your singing from some friends in New York, but your husband seemed to think you would not care to undergo the exertion during the voyage."

"Did you want me to sing, St. George?" Ethel asked, looking at her husband.

"Oh, not if it would be unpleasant to you; but Mr. Dawson has just said he did not care for Faust, and I would like him to hear you sing one or two of the songs some time."

"I shall be delighted," Ethel said; "you must remind me of it by-and-by, when we go in, Mr. Dawson." She spoke with great cordiality, and looked very beautiful and bright as she said it. It was a long time since Alderstan had given so great an indication of pride and confidence in her, and it seemed such an involuntary and spontaneous thing that Ethel wondered if, after all, she might not be able to call into life again the ardent love he had given her once, which had so long been replaced by indifference. She was ashamed to feel a sudden revulsion mingled with the gratification his speech and the feelings it aroused had caused her. It was true that she had determined to try and win him back to her, that was a part of the course she had mapped out for herself; but it was rather the open expression of the regard she feared she had sometimes really forfeited all right to, but which she meant to regain by deserving it entirely; it was not the old passionate affection she desired; that had never given her any happiness, it had often been irksome and dis-

agreeable to her, and she could not bring herself to wish for its possession again. At the thought of it the old repellant and rebellious feelings rose strongly within her, and she walked away from the three gentlemen again and back to her seat among the cushions, and sat for several moments with her face turned seaward, and her eyes heavy with tear-drops. One of those moments of supreme helplessness had come to her. She felt suddenly as if she had lost her hold on things, as if the confidence she had, by hard effort, instilled into herself that her future might be good and useful, had been all a mistake, the dull, fatalistic feeling, that healthier emotions had driven from her bosom but just now, came back again. It was all such a complication and mystery. She knew that if she adhered to her purpose of aiming at the highest right that ought to make her encourage a return of her husband's old ardent love, which she now regarded with intolerant aversion. Her former wish that she had felt to make him like her sufficiently to show the world that his wife was enough for him, and spare herself the pang she had suffered once when he had taken a course that cut her pride and wounded her honor so sorely, now seemed to her a very self-absorbed and shallow kind of goodness. She knew her aim should be to procure good for him, to be able to make him happy, and to find her own happiness by not seeking it. She wanted to do what was right, but she did not want to revive her husband's old love for her, and yet she felt keenly that these two things could not well be reconciled. She knew she ought to hail with joy any sign of reviving affection in him, but she simply felt powerless to do it. If Alderstan had come to her just then, he would perhaps have been met with the petulance and impatience which he had once been quite accustomed to, but which he had not known in his wife of late.

By-and-by, after the space of half an hour perhaps, when he did come it was in response to a sign from Ethel, which she gave with a bright look in the eyes from which every trace of tears had gone. In that time the home plans and longings had returned, and some of the strength of hope and exertion with them.

"Sit down, St. George, won't you?" she said. "I want to ask you something." And when he had complied, she went on with her candid eyes full on him. "St. George, if I wanted some money, a good deal of money, could I have it?"

St. George looked only a very little puzzled—of late he had become accustomed to seeing and hearing things from his wife that rather surprised him. The gradual change that she had been undergoing before they left England had taken enormous strides during the latter part of his stay in America. He looked back at her calmly now, and said yes, he supposed she could.

"And don't you want to know how much, and what I want to do with it?"

"Oh, not unless you like to tell me," Alderstan answered. "Of course I must know the amount, which I hope I shall be prepared for."

"But I do like to tell you," Ethel said. "When I go home I have some plans for mak-

ing my life more energetic and active, to give it a little more zest and interest than it has had, and make it perhaps a little more useful to others—that is what I hope most of all. I shall want some money, I don't know how much yet, but you mustn't forget that you have promised to give it to me."

Alderstan, in spite of himself, appreciated Ethel's good taste and good feeling in this way of asking him for money, when it would come out of her own ample fortune. He reflected that whatever she did was always characterized by exceeding gracefulness and good breeding, and the further reflection that he had certainly married a woman who did great credit to his taste and discernment, made him look at Ethel with a warm regard and approbation that once more made the rebellious feeling of rebellion rise within her. She wanted his approval and regard, but she wished it to be deliberate and quiet, and not ardent and unreasoning, and again the struggle had to be gone through with and the repulsion and arbitrariness put down; but this time the battle was less fierce and of shorter duration, and the victory when it came was more complete. She had turned away from his sudden gaze of interest and approval, but she looked back at him presently with a kind smile.

"Give me your arm, won't you? and let's walk up and down awhile. How sweet it is here!"

They rose and began to pace the deck. The passengers who were in sight of them followed their slow harmonious movements with a feeling of enjoyment. They were such a bonny pair to look at—such a stalwart, graceful, well-dressed man, and such a supremely lovely woman. Her slender, patrician fingers rested lightly on his strong arm, and her simple dark draperies hung about her tall form grandly. They were not talking much, but the lookers-on could readily divine that no spoken words were needed to convey the fact, from one to the other, that they were enjoying the serene contentment and happiness in each other that comes of such a well-matched marriage. Both with beauty, youth, health, talent, education, high-breeding and wealth, what more could they want? Surely that fine gentleman could only be as complacent as he looked, and that fair woman, with her grand, earnest eyes, was in as enviable a position as any woman in the world could crave. But, oh, there were sore, sore spots in that fair woman's heart, and those grand, earnest eyes were often dimmed with bitter, bitter tears; for Ethel—though she was on the sure road to self-victory and success in her great desire, had not reached her present standpoint without many moments of unspeakable sadness and pain, and the more distant good, toward which she was struggling, was not to be reached without more of heart-break and anguish yet.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

As soon as Ethel was settled at Coldstream again, she turned her whole energies to the fulfillment of her proposed plans. These

would have been indefinite and visionary to the last degree, however, had she not secured the services of a capable and enthusiastic coadjutor. This was a member of a London sisterhood, who was acting as head of a branch house in Bascombe. Throughout the whole of her residence at Coldstream, Ethel had felt an interest in these mild-faced, happy-looking good sisters, and especially had she been attracted toward sister Ursula, whose beauty and air of good-breeding and refinement had been frequently commented upon by the guests who came and went at Coldstream, and who had observed this gentle woman with interest and admiration when they would meet her at church and on the streets. Ethel had been in the habit of sending them frequent gifts of fruit and vegetables from her place, and had more than once sent them donations in money at Easter and Christmas and such feast days, but heretofore she had not felt sufficient interest in them to go further than this. Now, however, in her entire ignorance as to what she ought to do to achieve her end, she called upon Sister Ursula. As she unfolded her plans, or rather desires, to the good sister, she was surprised to see how the sweet, earnest face lighted up, and how enthusiastically she gave her co-operation to Ethel's intentions. Her whole time almost was spent among the poor, and she understood, as no one else could, their nearest needs. She told Ethel, with tears of earnestness and sympathy in her eyes, that the dream of her life was to establish a children's hospital at Bascombe. The sisters' work there was confined to teaching and nursing and going among the poor, but they had not the means for establishing the hospital which, Sister Ursula said, was so vitally needed. Ethel listened eagerly to every word. She was quickly fired by Sister Ursula's ardor and enthusiasm, but, while it interested and encouraged her, it frightened her as well. It seemed a horrible thing to reflect that all this time, just within reach of her hand, there was, in the lives of many suffering human beings, a vital need that she had all along had it in her power to fill, and had never done it. And to hear this dear sister say it was the dream of her life. There again was a mighty need in a great human heart that she might fill. Ethel felt passionately regretful for the past, and so eager to atone for it that she could scarcely control her impatience sufficiently to make the sister understand that she meant to exert herself to effect the result they were jointly interested in, and had great hopes that it would be accomplished. She found it hard to restrain her desire to give the delighted sister her promise of its definite and immediate fulfillment, but she remembered herself in time, and said that she would see her husband in regard to the matter, and would call early the next morning to consult with her again. She took leave of the sister with a feeling of real affection, and then got into her carriage and gave orders that she should be driven swiftly home. The dressing-bell had rung, and her husband was making his toilet for dinner when Ethel arrived, and she had to hurry in order not to be late. But, in spite of that, she appeared to her husband most becomingly arrayed, and there

was no question as to the fact that she looked extremely lovely. It was the light of a new-found joy and interest that shone in her eyes and flushed her fair cheek, which was far more beautifying than any adjuncts of the toilet could be. She entered to her husband with a smile on her lovely lips.

"Are you tired waiting, St. George?" she said, joining him at the window and slipping her hand through his arm. "Do you know this window gives the prettiest view of the terrace, I think. I should like to have it photographed from here."

"Well, why don't you?" Alderstan said, the radiancy of her beauty making his voice cheery and pleasant.

"Oh, because it's too expensive," Ethel said.

"Expensive! what do you mean?"

"I mean I am going to begin economizing in such useless things as that. I mean to save you one pound in order to get an excuse for costing you hundreds of times that sum. Do you remember the promise you made me on the steamer?"

"Certainly. How much do you want?"

"Oh, I'll tell you by-and-by. Such statements are better made after dinner—or better received rather. I promise you the demand shall be sufficiently large."

"I don't know what you mean by large, but you are certainly not extravagant, and I suppose there'll be no difficulty about your getting the amount; but look here, Ethel! don't begin talking about not affording to have a photo done, and that. It's preposterous, you know, and I don't like it. I'll have that view taken to-morrow, and meantime dinner is waiting."

"And I'm enormously hungry," Ethel said. "Where've you been all day, St. George?" as they sat down.

"Oh, riding about, trying to get through the time until we go to town."

"You are quite determined, then, to go to town again this year?" said Ethel, a slight cloud dimming the brightness of her face.

"Why, of course. What else should we do? I never dreamed of not going."

Ethel stifled back a little regretful sigh, and considered that she would need to be very active to accomplish so much before the London season began, and the very recollection of the claims upon her energy and attention that were so soon to arise restored her old cheerfulness, and all during the meal she was very bright and animated, and made herself particularly charming.

Alderstan never occupied himself with the contemplation of the benefits and pleasures that surrounded him. These he took as a matter of course, and so, perhaps, he did not quite realize the fact that Ethel had grown exceedingly sweet and conformable to him of late, and that there was the very vastest difference between the condition of his home-life now and a year ago. He knew he and Ethel got on better, but he attributed that fact rather to his own good behavior (which he had had small opportunity or temptation to make bad), than to the supreme sacrifices and self-immolation which, unconsciously to him, Ethel had been constantly making for the sake of bringing about this new state of mutual interest and regard.

That day, after dinner, while they were having their coffee in the drawing-room, Ethel told him something of her plan. There was a cottage on the Coldstream estate, at present without an occupant, which she wanted to convert into a small hospital. It was half a mile from the house off the road, and in a situation where they did not see it once a month. It was somewhat out of order, and would have to be renovated; but Ethel assured him that if he would allow her to carry out her plan, he should never be bothered about any of the arrangements, and once they were settled, he need never speak or hear of them unless he chose. At first Alderstan demurred, but that she had been prepared for, and met with great patience and gentleness his display of disapprobation. She was very cautious and clever as she began to set aside the difficulties he raised. The greatest of these disappeared when he learned that the Sisters of Mercy would have charge of it. He would not have tolerated Ethel's managing it herself, and then, too, Alderstan was a generous fellow, and the plan was rather grateful to his sense of benevolence, as well as the feeling of power that was a strong one to appeal to in him. So, as Alderstan found himself with an unusually large balance in bank, he was quite willing to give his wife an ample sum for her purposes. It made him feel freer to use the rest for his own.

So, her husband's consent being given, Ethel and Sister Ursula went to work with much vim, and the beautiful little cottage, with its rose-garden and lavish growth of vines, was thoroughly renovated and restored, and by the end of a month was prepared for the occupation of twenty little patients. It was charmingly located on an edge of the Coldstream park, and was as sunny and airy a little habitation as any king's child could have had. The experience and discretion of Sister Ursula were invaluable to Ethel. Over and over again she realized that, with all her zeal and ardor, her plan would have been in many ways ineffective but for her co-laborer. She had been at a good deal of pains to secure the services of the sister, for, of course, she could only act under orders from the London Superior, who, at first, withheld her consent, and wanted to send some one else, as Sister Ursula was not to be easily replaced as head of the branch house in Bascombe. This involved a trip to London, and Ethel easily persuaded her husband to take her up for a day or two, and endured with exceeding good-will to be led about to theaters and receptions and concerts at night, for the sake of the free morning hours, which she spent, for the most part, in the subtlest of blandishments upon the senses of the most potent, grave, and reverend Mother Superior, who was ultimately won over completely. She even consented to be hauled around in Ethel's carriage from one child's hospital to another, where Ethel inspected the plans and arrangements with extreme interest, scattered fruits and flowers bountifully among the suffering children, sang to them, played with them, bloomed like a rose for them, and then, at the last moment, flew off home to meet an engagement for the

opera with St. George, where she bloomed as radiantly still, scattering grace and gladness on all around.

Back in the country again, every moment she could spare from the demands that her husband and her neighbors made upon her was spent in the little cottage. Sister Ursula was duly installed as mistress, and immediately half a score of little patients were domesticated in their charming quarters. Every morning Ethel drove over in her pony chaise, with its two little bays, and gave three or four of the children a drive. It was divinely sweet to her to see their happiness, to see the long-vanished roses blooming timidly in their little faces, their ecstatic joy at driving behind those swift little ponies, with their silver harness and their white reins. Ethel had grown so very fond of the good sister that her society was one of her greatest pleasures, and very often she would beg her to join her on her drives, but she always excused herself, preferring to remain with those of her charges who were too ill to go themselves. After many ineffectual attempts to induce her to go, Ethel finally hit upon a plan. One morning she sent the chaise over with a note to say that she was obliged to go out to luncheon with her husband, and unless Sister Ursula deliberately chose to deprive the children of what was the chief delight of their day, she would drive them out herself. She wrote that the ponies were perfectly gentle, and could be driven by any one. She had previously adroitly compelled Sister Ursula to own that she had known how to drive once. Of course Mrs. Alderstan could have sent a man to drive the children, although he would probably have given notice that day. No English servant is going to descend so low as to be driving charity children around, but this would not have signified; but Ethel chose not to do this, for to procure a little innocent enjoyment to this self-sacrificing young sister, was a point that signified a great deal to Ethel. So, by dwelling upon the intense disappointment of Tommy Wells and Susie Kirk and Maggie Rhodes, the three children whose turns had come to be driven on that day—they took turn about, three at a time—Ethel carried her point, and Sister Ursula found herself in what she considered the most fantastic attitude of sitting on the front seat of an exceedingly swell pony-chaise, with a silver-handled whip in one hand, and a pair of white reins, which guided a very dashing pair of little ponies in the other. Nevertheless, she felt a delicious sense of exhilaration and pleasure, as she drove along, choosing roads as secluded and quiet as she could. However, it chanced that, as she was returning, she saw a handsome landau approaching her, with a lady and gentleman on the back seat. Feeling exceedingly sneaky, as she afterwards confided to Ethel, she assumed a very sanctimonious and demure expression, and, trying to sober the ponies into a more decorous pace, she was going to pass them by, with her lids cast down, when a simultaneous shout from the three children in the little phaeton caused her to look up, and recognize in the richly-dressed woman leaning back on the satin lining of the landau, at the side of that stalwart, manly Englishman, the

familiar face of Mrs. St. George Alderstan. Ethel drew herself up with sudden animation and told the coachman to stop, at the same time calling out, in a gay, cordial tone :

"Stop, Sister, I want to speak to you. What do you mean by all these preparations for a direct and deliberate cut? You meant not to speak to me at all. I want to present my husband, Captain Alderstan, this is my friend, Sister Ursula."

Alderstan took off his hat with a splendid bow, and looked at this handsome young Sister of Mercy, with her happy, smiling face, with a wonderment that was no less astounded and bewildered, because hid beneath a mask of conventional politeness.

"I never got a really good look at her before. Why did you not tell me she was so pretty?" he said, a moment later, when they had driven on, Ethel turning back to kiss her pearl kid fingers to the delighted little children. "By Jove, she'd be a beauty in a decent costume."

"Oh, do you think so?" Ethel said, dissentingly; "I don't think she'd be half as pretty as now. She has a lovely face, no wonder the children love her so and do just what she wants. You don't know how beautiful her

face is sometimes; when she is having prayers, with the children all around her, it is prettier even than now, though I never saw that color in her cheeks before. She is so hard upon herself, and so rarely allows herself any sort of recreation and amusement. I'm glad I made an excuse to get her to drive them this evening, and you must manage to want me very often in the mornings, so that I may make her think it her duty to go again; but I cannot resign my place to her altogether, for I enjoy those drives so much—the remarks of the children are so grotesquely funny. I wish Sister Ursula would forget the children and their complaints long enough some time to talk to me about herself, but that is a subject she never seems to think of. I wonder who she was, and what and where her people are. She is a lady to her finger-tips, those pretty long fingers that making plasters and poultices have hardened and stunted, though one can see they were lovely once. She is so young, too; younger than I, I should think. You don't know how she interests me."

"It don't require much penetration to discover that," Alderstan said. "I draw my conclusions from the amount of time you spend in her society."

"Do you miss me?" Ethel said. "Had you rather I did not go so often, St. George? I will not, if you do not like it."

"Oh, no; go as much as you like," her husband answered. "I'm glad you have something to amuse you in this dull place, and it seems to agree with you. Some one in town said to me the other day that you were the handsomest woman in London."

Ethel colored a little, and said in smiling extenuation of such an unusual exhibition of embarrassment, "Just see what a peacock I am! I wonder if I never will get wise enough not to care for being praised. I fear I never shall. Sister Ursula is an example to me. She never so much as gives a thought to her appearance."

"Sister Ursula has not such an appearance to give thought to," Alderstan answered, impelled to a more than usually cordial tone, by his wife's great fairness.

"I thought you admired her just now," Ethel said, with some of her old *naïveté*, at which her husband smiled slowly, from his seat among the cushions, but declined to fall into the trap thus adroitly set for him.

(To be continued.)

TAPESTRY.

SWEET days were those in France, when at my will
Mine eyes could worship in artistic ease
The prodigies of fancy, toil and skill,
Of thy delicious Gobelin tapestries!

AND when the sunlight thro' the gallery streamed
Upon the fairy texture, all my soul
Fused with the old mythology, and seemed
A long-lost fragment of the perfect whole.

DALE, languid nymphs, sporting with merry fawns,
Beckoned me to them with a mystic charm,
And in those amber, rosy silken dawns,
My spirit dwelt unconscious of alarm.

I GAZED upon them tearfully elate,
Enraptured by the ever-changing sight;
And in their midst, I found myself in state
When the Musée had closed, one summer night!

ALL who with cunning hand had been portrayed,
Famous in fable, history or lore,
Crowded around me in the solemn shade,
Alluring dames, lutrepld knights of yore.

FROM every portion of this world of silk,
Descended goddesses and chatelaines,
Kings on emblazoned palfreys, white as milk,
Stalwart Crusaders, Nubian slaves in chains.

LOOKING upon me with large, curious eyes,
Achilles, with his godlike forehead bare,
Whispered in Greek, with accents of surprise,
Some eager words to blonde La Vallière.

PLUFF Charles Martel, with battle-axe and shield,
Pointed me out to Harry of Navarre,

And, led by Cupids from some blooming field,
Cleopatra's glance fell on me like a star.

THE august Louis, fourteenth of the name,
Powdered and wigged, deigned for a time to scan
My modern face, that burned with conscious shame,
And gave opinions to inebriate Pan.

BORGIA and Phryné, both on pleasure bent,
Laughed at my novel raiment for a while,
And behind Pharaoh's diamond-studded pschent,
I saw Du Barry's pink, bewitching smile.

SALADIN arm-in-arm with Luther came,
One with his scimeter, one with his book;
And on my palpitating, ravished frame,
The fair Madonnas cast a pitying look.

BEFORE my eyes Prometheus, unbound,
Kissed the gemmed hand of Marie Antoinette,
While the grim vulture, harmless on the ground,
Flapped its great wings, and timed their minuet.

NINON de l'Enclos courted Cæsar's youth,
Hector to Pompadour wild wars rehearsed,
And in surprise I heard the Bible Ruth
Merrily chat with Huss and Charles the First.

SNAKE-HAIRED Medusa smiled on Huguenots,
Agnes Sorel praised Bayard's mighty strength,
Nero escorted Mary, Queen of Scots,
Moses propounded creeds with Leo Tenth!

ALL passed in flesh and blood before my sight,
One miracle of beauty most supreme;
Oh, cruel sun, how I despised thy light,
That proved to me that all was but a dream.

CENDRILLON.

Marie-Antoinette.

(See Portrait in Oil.)



S TATESMEN and historians, poets and romancers have all told the story of Marie-Antoinette. Yet it never grows old, never becomes wearisome; and though the advancing years carry us farther from the terrible tragedy with which her life ended, France's bloody panorama still moves before us in all the vivid reality of its gory hideousness.

Marie-Antoinette Josephine Jeanne de Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria, was the daughter of Francis I., Emperor of Germany, and Maria Theresa, Empress of Germany and Queen of Hungary and Bohemia. She was born in 1755, and when but fifteen years of age left Austria for France to be united to Louis XVI., grandson of the then reigning monarch.

Carrying with her all the prestige of birth; possessed of youth, extreme beauty, and most attractive in manner and disposition, her journey to France was a continued ovation. Everywhere she was greeted with the most unbounded enthusiasm; crowds poured forth to meet her; and the cry, "Here is our pretty young dauphiness," rang through the land. Thus she entered France; her first steps on the flowers, her last, meeting the thorns.

At this period, the youthful Marie-Antoinette was peculiarly fascinating. Her personal appearance was strikingly elegant; her form was perfect symmetry; her hands and arms of surpassing beauty, her complexion radiantly fair—so fair, indeed, that Madame Le Brun, the painter, said of her, "The most remarkable thing about her was the brilliancy of her complexion. I never saw anything like it, and *brilliant* is the only word to express what it was; her skin was so transparent that it allowed of no shadow. I never could obtain the effect I desired; paint could not represent the freshness, the delicate tints of that charming face, which I never beheld in any other woman." Her eyes were blue and beaming with animation, her nose was small and slightly aquiline, and her hair light and worn thrown back from her brow. She carried herself with proud dignity, yet a condescending sweetness; a graceful affability shone in every gesture and spoke in every word. Her voice was peculiarly melodious—it was one of those voices the melody of which haunts the ear long after the tones have passed away.

Full of vivacity and opposed to ceremony, simple in her tastes, fond of amusement, and a foe to those customs which courts sometimes sanction, but of which morality disapproves, the young daughter of the heroic Maria Theresa found herself in a position which she could not hope to fill to the entire satisfaction of all by whom she was surrounded. While the old king was disposed to be lenient to her girlish vivacity, his daughters frowned upon it as a violation of the frigid etiquette that

governed the court. The vicious women the king gathered around him could not pardon her coldness, seeing in it not simply indifference, but positive reproof; and the anti-Austrian party saw in the girl-bride not the future queen of France, but the enemy of their country who would aggrandize her own at the expense of theirs. Moving happily amid these discordant elements; adored by her patient, quiet, young husband; ridiculing his ceremonious and censorious aunts, who might annoy, but could not make her unhappy; loved by all who admired beauty, grace, vivacity, amiability and affability, thus was Marie-Antoinette when she ascended the throne of France. Realizing, perhaps, only faintly, the difficulties of their position, when the courtiers rushed to do homage to the new king and queen, both of whom had just reached their twentieth year, they fell on their knees, and clasping their hands cried out, "Guide us, O God! Protect us! We are called to reign too young."

Looking down the dazzling vista before her, little could the young queen imagine the terrible fate awaiting her. The crown of thorns that was to press into her brow cast no shadow upon her regal diadem. No prison walls loomed darkly upon her sight, obscuring the brilliancy of her palace lights; or somber scaffold came between her and happy life. Amid the delightful music of her heart and home moaned not the sorrowful minor notes of those farewells that pierced her very soul with anguish "too deep" even "for tears." She had, doubtless, her annoyances, but at this time she had no sorrows.

Yet the superstitious, to whom all things are omens, saw, in several events, the coming shadows which afterward clouded the life of the queen. She was born in 1755, on the day the great earthquake of Lisbon took place. On the day of her marriage, a terrible storm swept over Versailles, shaking the very palace in its fury. During a display of fireworks in honor of her marriage, the crowd, seized with an unaccountable panic, were thrown into confusion; many hundred were injured, and one hundred and thirty-two killed. When the young bride elect was on her triumphal journey to France, as she passed through Strasburg, Goethe says that on an island in the middle of the Rhine a pavilion had been erected to receive Marie-Antoinette and her suite. "I was admitted into it," he writes, "and on my entrance was struck with the subject depicted on the tapestry with which the pavilion was hung, on which were seen Jason, Crousa, and Medea—that is to say, a representation of the most fatal union commemorated in history. On the left of the throne, the bride struggling with a dreadful death; Jason, on the other side, was starting back, struck with horror at the sight of his murdered children, and the Fury was soaring into the air in her chariot drawn by dragons. Superstition apart, this strange coincidence was really striking. The husband, the bride, and the children were victims in both cases; the fatal omen seemed accomplished in every part." Madame Campan relates the following: "About the latter end of May the queen was sitting in the middle of her room, relating

several remarkable occurrences of the day. Four wax candles were placed upon her toilet; the first went out of itself. I relighted it; shortly afterward the second, then the third went out also; upon which the queen, squeezing my hand with an emotion of terror, said to me, 'Misfortune has power to make us superstitious; if the fourth taper goes out like the first, nothing can prevent my looking upon it as a fatal omen.' The fourth taper went out." This was when the clouds had begun to lower over the pathway of the queen.

We need seek for no omens, however, in the case of this unfortunate queen and that of her royal husband. Their great misfortune, from which all the others flowed, was in succeeding to the throne just at the time they did. France had been under the sway of one bad man and many worse women. The people, disgusted with the profligacy and extravagance of the last reign, were sick of the very name of royalty. Ready for revolt, they seized upon the merest pretext, and raising the bloody standard of anarchy, called it the ensign of liberty. The beginning was not quite yet, but when it did come, the end was soon reached.

Perhaps one of the greatest trials of the young queen's life came from the tiresome etiquette by which she was always surrounded. So simple was she in her tastes, that sometimes she would hasten from the court assemblies, throw off her royal robes, and exclaim, "Thank Heaven, I am out of harness!" The queen had no privacy; ceremony intruded on her even in her chamber, subjecting her to the most irksome publicity and prying curiosity. She was not even permitted to dress in private. In the morning the first *femme de chambre* brought her a volume containing the patterns of her dresses, and she stuck a pin in the one she desired to wear. The various articles of her wardrobe were brought to her in baskets, and taken from thence by her maids of honor, who put them upon her. The public toilet, which took place at noon, was especially trying to the queen. Sitting beside a toilet table, surrounded by the princesses of the blood, captains of the guards, and other officers possessing the right to enter, her maids of honor and tire-women, thus the queen made her toilet. Even after she retired at night etiquette demanded that a maid should seat herself at the foot of the bed, until the king made his appearance. Was it a wonder that she loved to flee to her beautiful country home, Trianon, to rid herself of these tiresome ceremonies? Here, amid the flowers she so dearly loved, she could wander all the day; or, attired in a simple white dress and straw bonnet, attend to her dairy, fish in the lake, and receive her friends under the pleasant shade of the trees. Free and happy in her rural home, in the pleasures derived from nature she found an enjoyment that always satisfied. While the queen was exceedingly fond of musical and theatrical entertainments, and delighted in giving gay fetes, many of her tastes were eminently domestic. She was very fond of embroidering, and passed many quiet moments at her embroidery-frame.

Happy in her domestic relations, surrounded by the most devoted friends, the Queen of

Beauty as well as the Queen of France, attracting the admiring gaze of all Europe, never was there an exaltation greater than that of this lovely woman, never was there a fall more complete. And now the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, began to gloom in her heaven. The affair of the diamond necklace gave an opportunity to her enemies of which they were not slow to avail themselves. A woman, Madame Lamotte, duped the Cardinal de Rohan into believing that the queen had commissioned him to purchase a necklace for her. The purchase was made, and the jewels handed to the woman, who retained them. When the jeweler applied for a settlement, the queen informed him the necklace was not in her possession. The cardinal was summoned before the king and queen, and appearing in his pontifical robes, was closely questioned. As the painful truth burst upon him he exclaimed, "I see plainly that I have been duped. I will pay for the necklace; my desire to be of service to your majesty blinded me. I suspected no trick in the affair, and I am sorry for it." The cardinal was tried but acquitted of fraud, and his hosts of friends, resenting the indignity, became violent enemies of the queen. The woman was condemned to punishment, and, to revenge herself, published a book, in which were some infamous letters that she pretended had passed between the queen and the cardinal.

The storm was gathering. The little cloud was beginning to spread; the mighty torrent that was to sweep the royal family into destruction was slowly but surely approaching, and no human arm could hold it back. When a people are ripe for revolt, the mere shadow of a pretext furnishes an excuse. When Louis took possession of the throne it was already swaying on the waves of revolution, but he never knew it until the billows, reaching higher and higher, swept both himself and the throne out of sight. A hero where submission to misfortune was concerned, Louis possessed not that kind of heroism which could face a mob and frown it down, or pacify it; and when the terrible reality came he could endure but could not avert.

Against the unfortunate queen most of the fury of the populace was leveled. They accused her of the financial difficulties of the kingdom, and blamed her for her enthusiastic efforts on behalf of the American colonies. The alliance with the United States involved France in fresh difficulties, and plunged the country deeper in debt.

The dislike to the queen now assumed a palpable form, and when she appeared in public she was not only received with coldness, but often with disrespect.

On one occasion, when she appeared at the assembly of the States General, as she moved along with her usual dignity and grace, she heard the cry "Orleans forever," while her own party were received with chilling silence. Marie-Antoinette was a woman who never allowed her calm dignity to desert her in public; and her feelings on this occasion could only be known by her conduct at home, when in her own apartment she sobbed so violently that she broke the string which held the pearl beads she wore around her throat.

Now commenced the terrible uprising of the people. The scarcity of bread being the pretext, a set of furious women rushed into the palace and most grossly insulted the queen. The barrier was thus removed that stood between royalty and the populace, and anything was possible after this. The divinity which is supposed to hedge royalty had been defied and insulted; and rage taking the place of reason, not only was Paris to be deluged with gore, but the plains of sunny France itself.

On that terrible day, when facing the ribald insults of the low, infuriated women, whose very ignorance made them more violent, how deeply their ingratitude must have stung her heart! She had befriended the poor, never oppressed them. After her accession to the throne she founded a hospital for the poor at Versailles, and another for women especially. Another act was to build twelve cottages at Versailles for twelve needy families, whom she supported and frequently visited. All this was forgotten in the mad frenzy which had seized the people, and their only idea was revenge for imaginary wrong.

Worn out with the fatigues and anxieties of this terrible day, the queen retired to rest, but her ladies, fearing a repetition of the insult, kept watch at the door. About four o'clock the most alarming yells and screams were heard in the court-yard, attended by a rapid discharge of fire-arms. The watchers sprang to their feet. "Save the queen," cried one of the guard, who was holding his musket across the door to prevent the infuriated mob from entering, "they have come to assassinate her." High above the terrible din and clatter arose the fierce cry, "The queen, let her show herself." Taking her children by the hand, she advanced to the balcony. "No children! The queen alone!" was the cry. The king advanced, and attempted to speak, but they would not hear him; and still the cry of "The queen alone" sounded above the tumult. Having transferred the children to their father, the queen advanced amid the menacing cries that greeted her. Then it was that the spirit of the heroic Maria Theresa shone forth in her queenly daughter. Then it was that the Queen of France set an example of courage to the women of that country, which they so well followed that, during the Revolution, of the thousands that were guillotined but one displayed the slightest fear. The women of France died with a courage which was not only sublime but marvelous. Facing the desperate crowd with her arms crossed upon her bosom, stood the queen. Proudly as she had stood amidst her triumphs, so stood she amidst her humiliations, calm, courageous, resigned. The mob, struck with admiration, applauded, and the queen retired.

Revolutions move rapidly. Events follow in quick succession. The king, seeing the danger, entreated the queen to take their children and leave the country. This she refused to do; she would accept whatever fate was his; even as she shared his throne, so would she share his scaffold, if it need be. Her brother, Joseph II., warned her of the peril of remaining in France, but her answer was, "A good, fond mother has no country but the

one in which the fate of her children is necessarily fixed." Her friends were beginning to seek safety out of the country, yielding to the persuasions of the queen. One, however, hastened to her, the beautiful Princess de Lamballe, of whom the queen had said, that she was the only woman she knew without gall. Darkly and drearily settled the shadows upon the once gay court, for a terrible fate was menacing the royal family. Rapidly the horrible coils were inclosing them; the final tragedy was not very distant.

Indignity after indignity was now heaped upon the royal family. They were forced by the mob to leave Versailles for Paris, and were attended on their journey by a crowd of drunken men and women armed with guns and pikes, and shouting and screaming with rage. Borne in the terrible procession were the heads of two young *Gardes du corps* who had been massacred in the palace. After a fatiguing ride of seven hours, the unfortunate family reached Paris, and so dreadful was the impression made on the mind of the little prince by this cruel march that, on hearing a noise the next day, he exclaimed in alarm, "Good God! mamma, is to-day yesterday again?"

The Tuileries was now a mere prison to the royal family, for the mob kept watch over them. Every time they appeared in public they were grossly insulted, and, seeing no relief, they prepared for flight. They succeeded in reaching the town of Varennes, but were captured and brought back. "Deposition or death," was now the cry; but it really meant both. The mob surged around the palace; the queen, thinking only of those she loved, cried out to the soldiers on guard, "Save my husband! save my children!" It was decided that the only place of safety for the royal family was in the midst of the assembly, and thither they were hurried; and while the king listened to the discussion which ended in his deposition, a fearful carnage was going on in the palace, and the disgraceful work of pillaging had begun.

It was decreed that the royal family should be placed as prisoners in the Temple. Robbed of all their possessions, stripped of every insignia of royalty, the prison doors opened to receive the king, the queen, her sister-in-law, the Princess Elizabeth, and the two royal children. All that they now had left was the devoted love that they bore each other; this was the only star which shone above their prison home.

The fortitude which had supported Marie-Antoinette so far did not desert her now. She occupied herself in instructing her daughter, and in assisting the Princess Elizabeth to mend their clothes. She gave way to no fruitless repinings; she may have looked back, as doubtless she did, to the happy days when, amid the incense of adulation, she entered France. The music of the past sometimes seems floating in through those dreary prison bars, bearing her away from the thought that she was a captive, and making her feel that she was still the admired Queen of France, still exalted, still happy. If, as the poet says, "to bear our fate is to conquer it," this royal lady certainly conquered hers. The only ar-

rows which had power to pierce her were those which touched that vulnerable part, her heart. When the king was separated from his family to be placed in another part of the prison, as he clasped her to his heart, she wept bitterly. She saw in the distance a more painful separation even than this. The bitter cup was not yet full; a more heart-rending farewell was in store.

The mockery of trial having ended, the king was condemned to death. The little family gathered around to bid him farewell. They clasped him about the neck, and clung to him sobbing; and even while he felt the cruel injustice of his death, he exacted a promise from his children not to avenge it. He never saw his family again. They arose early the next morning, expecting to take a final farewell of the devoted husband, father, and brother; and while they sat patiently waiting to be called to him, the shouts told them that the crown of martyrdom had already been placed on the head of the innocent king.

Trials and horrors thickened around Marie-Antoinette. She had been summoned to her prison window to have the bloody head, with its long golden hair, of her devoted friend, the Princess Lamballe, thrust into her face. Her heart had been rung by parting with her husband; and now her little boy was taken from her. Then it was that she lost all self-control, and as the "little one," as she called him, was torn from her embrace, she threw herself upon the bed lately occupied by him and sobbed bitterly. Catching a glimpse of him on one occasion, as he was being tortured by his brutal keeper, on gaining her apartment she gave way to a burst of despairing grief. "My child! my child!" she cried, "I feel by the anguish of my own heart that his is failing him."

It was now decreed that she should be removed to the Conciergerie. She obeyed passively; she knew that it was the path by which she was to travel to the guillotine. She bade farewell to her daughter and sister-in-law, and not daring to give them another look, lest she should lose her self-control, she went forth with the guard. Passing out of the Tower, she knocked her head, and on being asked whether she was hurt, she replied, "Oh, no; nothing henceforth can hurt me."

Placed in a damp, subterranean cell, through the one barred window of which faintly struggled the sunlight; a miserable straw bed, a wooden box, a deal table, and two chairs her furniture; a guard watching her day and night; the only comfort that came to her, the flowers that were brought by the jailer's wife; here she languished for two dreary months before the end came. The same mockery of a trial was gone through with as in the case of the king, and she was sentenced to the same fate. The courage which had sustained her through the whole of her terrible ordeal, forsook her not now. On the 16th of October, 1793, at five o'clock in the morning, the roll of the drum told that the queen's last hours were approaching. Crowds gathered in the streets of Paris, filling every available spot. At eleven o'clock, when the official entered the prison to escort the queen to the scaffold, he found the priest with her, who had com-

menced his conversation with "Your death is about to expiate—" "Yes, sir, my faults, but not a single crime," interrupted the queen. He then exhorted her to have courage. "Ah, sir," she replied, "I have been serving my apprenticeship to it for several years, and it will not be at the very moment that is to terminate my misfortunes that I shall be seen to fail."

The signal was given, and every eye was turned toward the prison gate. Attired in a black skirt, over which was one of white, a white jacket, black ribbons around her wrist, a neckerchief of plain white muslin, a white cap bound with black ribbon, and her hair, which was quite white, although she was not yet forty, cut close to her head, the queenly prisoner emerged from the gate. She was pale, but her step was firm, her look calm and dignified. She had been looking death in the face too long to fear it now it had come. She entered the cart that awaited her and took her seat on the plank, and amid the coarse jeers of the multitude, this royal woman, this daughter of a king, rode to her tragic death. Through the terrible darkness of this scene shone one little gleam. A loyal and tender-hearted woman lifted up her babe and bowed its head, and made it kiss its hand to the queen. The tears rushed to her eyes at this token of sympathy—the only one that reached her on her humiliating march to death. Kindness could move her heart, but harshness had lost all power to wound her. Reaching the fatal place, she ascended the scaffold with the same queenly bearing with which she trod the grand staircase of her palace. Facing the multitude with serene dignity, pale, but undaunted, there she stood. Turning her eyes to the Temple, she exclaimed, "Adieu, once again, my children; I go to rejoin your father." "Make haste," she continued, turning to the executioner. The fatal axe descended, and the queenly head rolled on the scaffold. The bloody deed was accomplished, and the sanguinary mob stole back to their homes.

All Europe rang with the atrocity, and Burke gave vent to the general feeling in a burst of eloquent regret that has never been surpassed. "It is now," he said, "sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering, like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution, and what a heart must I have to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall. * * * I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever."

An interesting fact regarding the death of Marie Antoinette has recently come to light—a fact that shows not only her devotion to her husband, but that the iron had entered her soul too deeply for life to possess any charms

for her. A political movement between the French and Austrian governments was about to be concluded, provided the queen and her daughter were released, this being demanded by Austria. M. Grandidier who was commissioned to see the queen and make known Robespierre's acceptance of these terms, accompanied by the Canon of the Cathedral of Waitsen, visited the prisoner in the Temple. They found her seated in tattered garments on a stool, mending a black dress. She was worn and aged in appearance, and her once lovely face was dull and almost idiotic in expression. She seemed like one who had nothing to live for, because she had nothing to hope for. Approaching her respectfully, the Canon made known his mission. She read the letters through that were handed her, and returning them, simply said: "Please thank the Emperor and the Empress for their kind consideration for me, and say to them that I wish to die like my husband in France, and that I await with impatience the moment when I shall be united to him forever." She motioned her visitors away, declining any further conversation. Thus refusing life, she went to her death calmly, perhaps gladly.

It will not be uninteresting to our readers to know that there is on exhibition at the show-rooms of Mme. Demorest, in East 14th Street, an elegant satin dress, the history of which can be traced back without a break to its original possessor, the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette of France. This interesting souvenir is pale yellow satin, the color mellowed by age to an old-gold tint, richly embroidered in bouquets and garlands of flowers in natural colors, which to a remarkable degree retain their original brilliancy.

The sight of this dress brings to mind the ardent love for flowers which was one of the charming characteristics of Marie Antoinette, and one can almost imagine the fair queen herself designing the graceful garlands and tiny bouquets, using as models deep purple pansies, half-open rosebuds, and fragrant carnations from the gardens of her own Petit Trianon, the yellow luster of the satin typifying the sunshine of happiness which she enjoyed there before the dark days came that crushed out her life, and from which the clouds never for a moment lifted.

The genuineness of this dress is beyond question, and can be fully substantiated.

In the spring of 1793, after the execution of Louis XVI., which took place on January 21, 1793, and was followed by that of Marie Antoinette, on October 16th, of the same year, it was decreed by order of the court that the furniture and all else that remained in the palace of the Tuileries was to be sold. The sale lasted six months, and had it not been stopped would have lasted six months longer.

At this sale Pierre de la Rivière, of Normandy, Minister of Foreign Affairs, purchased three dresses belonging to Queen Marie Antoinette. These became the property of his son, who removed to San Domingo, from which place he fled during the last insurrection to Philadelphia.

The three dresses purchased at this sale were blue, purple, and the present one, old-gold color, all of them richly embroidered.

They descended to his daughter, Madame Rémie Mignot, of Charleston, S. C., the granddaughter of Pierre de la Rivière, who afterward married M. Rutjes, of Charleston. From her the present dress descended to one of her daughters, Miss Rutjes, now Mrs. Churchill, from whom it was purchased by Madame Demorest in 1879.

The blue dress became the property of a daughter of Madame Mignot, who married, and removed to Holland, and was made into a suit of furniture now in the possession of her husband at Eindhoven, Holland, near the frontier of Belgium.

The purple dress, after having been in the possession of a sister of Madame Mignot, returned to her after her sister's death, and was burned in the great fire in Charleston, in 1861.

Women of History.

MADAME ROLAND.

"Ah, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!"



THE Heloise of the eighteenth century," as she has been called, on account of her love and devotion for her husband, was the daughter of a Paris engraver, and was born in that city 1754. She was an only child of a family of nine left to her father, who lavished upon her all his love and tenderness, and provided her with masters regardless of expense, thus securing for her a most brilliant education.

To this result her native talents, great beauty, intrepid spirit, and undoubted virtues all contributed; she was well versed in the classics; heraldry, antiquities, philosophy, and music were among her accomplishments, the whole being founded upon a strong basis of religion and piety.

She became the wife of Roland de la Platière, whose Christian name was Jean Marie, and who, born at Villefranche near Lyons, was inspector-general of manufactures and commerce in that city, in 1779, although he was twenty years her senior. But it was, nevertheless, a love-match in every sense of the term.

Their married life for the next twelve years was happy in the extreme. At the end of that time, in 1791, just as the troubles of the Revolution were beginning to darken the horizon, and just prior to the flight of the king from Paris, Roland was sent from Lyons to defend its commercial interests before the committee of the Constituent Assembly in the former city, and in this journey he was accompanied by his noble wife.

While on this visit to the capital he became acquainted with the leading statesmen of the day, his practical good sense, commercial knowledge, and strict simplicity having commended him to men of all parties. After a

short return to Lyons his office was abolished, and a fresh journey to Paris again became necessary, in order that he might apply for his pension. In this second journey he was again accompanied by Madame Roland, and when the patriot ministry of March, 1792, was formed, Roland was offered and accepted the portfolio of the ministry of the interior.

Now his devoted wife proved herself, if indeed proof were needed, a most valuable coadjutor to her busy husband. She became the sharer in all his studies, aided him in editing his works, acted as his secretary, and entered into all the political schemes of his party without herself becoming demeaned by their contact. "She was the angel of the cause she espoused, the soul of honor, and the conscience of all who embraced it; while her boldness, her political sagacity, and her sarcastic eloquence were equally dreaded by their adversaries." It is only fair to say that she was all this entirely and solely for her husband's sake.

In June, 1792, the same year that he was appointed, the veto of the king upon the proposition to form a patriot camp around Paris, and another veto of a bill aimed against the clergy, drew from Roland a letter celebrated in history, which was in reality penned by Madame Roland; this letter was handed to the king, and resulted in the immediate dismissal of the minister.

One event followed another, until the Girondists, the party to which Roland and his wife belonged, were completely vanquished, on the 31st of May, and the leaders were forced to take refuge in flight, among them Roland, who found an asylum among some friends at Rouen.

After the flight of her husband, Madame Roland was arrested by order of the Paris Commune, under the dictation of Robespierre and Marat, and consigned to the Abbaye Prison, from which on the 31st of October she was removed to a far more wretched abode in the Conciergerie.

She was arraigned on the frivolous charge of being an enemy of the public welfare, and was condemned with the merest formality of a trial. When sentenced at the bar of Fouquier Tinville she was most eager to embrace her fate, and rode to the guillotine clad in robes of spotless white, her glossy black hair hanging down to her girdle. She asked for pen and paper on which to indite the strange thoughts that were crowding on her mind, but even this little boon was denied to her. She declared her conviction that her husband would not long survive her, and in this her prediction was correct.

On the scaffold this noblest victim of the cause in which she suffered, apostrophized the bronze statue of Liberty immediately in front of the platform, and bowing her head before it, exclaimed, "Ah, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" and in a few moments more all that was mortal of the gifted and accomplished Madame Roland was a quivering corpse. This judicial murder, for it was little else, added one more to the long catalogue of atrocities which have rendered the French Revolution infamous. She

was executed on the 8th of November, 1793, and exactly one week from that day her husband, on receiving the intelligence, deliberately killed himself with his sword cane; his body was found by the roadside, and a paper in his pocket contained his last words, among which were these: "whoever thou art that findest these remains, respect them as those of a man who consecrated his life to usefulness, and who dies as he has lived, virtuous and honest. . . . On hearing of my wife's death I would not live another day upon this earth so stained with crimes?"

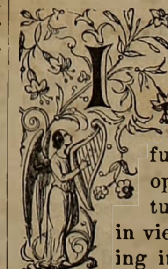
Besides her miscellaneous labors, Madame Roland left memoirs, composed during her captivity, and a most tender and affecting composition, the "Counsels of a Letter," addressed to her little daughter. It has been affirmed on good authority that her memoirs have been tampered with by the enemies of herself and husband, in order to find some justification for the shameless and heartless manner in which her destruction was accomplished. However this may be, certain it is that they contain expressions entirely foreign to the gentle and brilliant woman who, during her brief public career, did a great deal toward ennobling the discussions and measures which her party, the Girondists, advocated.

Never was there a better example of poetic justice than that which overtook the wretched conspirators, Marat and Robespierre, less than a year after the tragic death of their noble victim! The one assassinated by the very populace he had tried to benefit in his crude, blundering way; the other met his death on the scaffold, a coward in death as he was a monster in life.

The Higher Education of Women.

BY H. F. R.

SOME ACCOUNT OF ITS PROGRESS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.



IT is only within the last decade that the civilized world has become actuated by an intense desire to give to its future mothers and matrons the opportunity of acquiring the culture of a higher and broader life in view of their unbounded and lasting influence on the rising generation under their care. In Europe, in America, in Asia, even in the distant antipodes, educators and publicists are and have been making thrilling appeals demanding a thorough reform in female education, the fruit of which is shown in many diverse ways, all tending toward the much to be desired goal. The Harvard Annex in this country, Girton College in England, the Higher and Secondary Schools of Germany, are all out-growths of the effort

to secure to young women an education worthy of the future that now seems to be opening before them.

On the continent of Europe the education of women may be said to have received its first impulse from Martin Luther, who called on the churches and authorities in the land to assist in establishing schools for the education of the sex. Prior to his day what little aid women received was mostly confined to the home, and then, as now, there was a large class of German pedagogues who maintained stoutly that the only place to properly educate the girls of the better classes was the home. Men of high authority and attainments maintained, down to a quite recent period, that home-schools and home-training were the only legitimate means of developing the minds of girls; and even if it were advisable to advance beyond these, the limit should be set at the convent schools. But the reform that in Luther's day was not confined simply to religious matters made itself felt in this direction, and very soon a better grade of school was established, in which more than the mere rudimentary branches might be taught, and in which those who desired it might attain to a knowledge of the higher branches. But, as one might expect, there was little harmony, and still less sense in many of the courses of study laid down; some taught nothing but the abstruse sciences, while others confined themselves entirely to what are often miscalled "accomplishments." At length, in 1811, under the benign sway of the "good Queen Louisa" of Prussia, a higher grade of school was founded, which soon became a model for many others throughout the German States. Far in advance as this step was, it was still totally inadequate to the demand, so that in 1872, immediately after the Franco-Prussian war, a movement was started among some fifty principals of the best female schools in Germany, to call a convention of all directors of such institutions in the empire. The call was met by a response from about two hundred teachers of both sexes, and the result was the formation of a league controlling upward of two hundred and fifty schools, both public and private. At the suggestion of this body the Minister of Public Instruction in Prussia, Johann Friedrich Falk, called a general convention which met at Berlin in 1873, which was largely attended, and at which the whole important subject, in all its bearings, was thoroughly and exhaustively discussed. The outcome was the adoption of a curriculum for the better class of girls' schools, made up with especial reference to the wants of cultured women. The grades are Higher and Secondary Schools, the latter succeeding to the elementary schools. A course was also laid down for post-graduate schools for women, so that it is possible for ambitious students to pursue the arts and sciences as well as advanced literature, and for young women of the higher classes to find means of cultivating all that is ennobling and elevating to the sex. Thus, at one giant stride, the women of Germany attained a position in the educational arena equal to any in the world.

In England, as is well known, university

education is confined to the two great centers of learning at Oxford and Cambridge, both of which as universities are composed of a number of colleges, each of which has its own peculiar character and social atmosphere. It is fully understood, for instance, at Oxford, that one college is distinguished for its thoroughness and another for its laxity of discipline; that certain men could never get through one, who would pass in with the crowd in another. One is high-toned and exclusive, another is plebeian, another is broad-church, and yet another is ritualistic. Their isolation and retirement from the busy centers of the world have made of them close corporations in the past—a trait which is now, however, being broken in upon very extensively. Not only has plebeian blood made some inroads of late on Oxford and Cambridge, but the women of England have by the persistency and justice of their claims, obtained a hearing. These two great centers of learning are now striving, not so much to have women in their daily class and lecture work, as to accord them the privilege of examinations on the part of the duly accredited university authorities, whose certificates are, very justly, highly regarded, especially by those who desire to teach or be taught professionally. Not far from the college on the Cam is Girton College for women, and the classes, or the choicest of them, in this young and flourishing institution are taught by the university professors.

The course of study is most thorough and extensive, having especial regard to the wants of women, and those who obtain the certificate for proficiency justly feel that they have the ordinary A.B. Like other good things, the movement was at first sneered at in England, but its success proves conclusively how greatly the women of England needed it, and this for the reason that there are so very few institutions where young ladies can obtain an extended and thorough training that will fit them for a higher order of teaching. It is also an undoubted boon to the higher classes of England, who do so much of their teaching by means of governesses in the family. These latter have been mostly employed at a risk, and, as may be imagined, it is a great relief to have a lady apply with an Oxford or Cambridge certificate, which indicates that at least she has finished a definite and systematic course of study. Girton College has therefore been recently enlarged, to accommodate the increased demand for admissions. Oxford is also moving in the same direction, and providing accommodations for the residence of the lady students, and offering them facilities for study and examination. The London University, the most conservative in its attitude toward this question, is also having a series of examinations for women, and issuing certificates of capacity identical in every respect with those issued to male graduates.

Turn we now to our own country. Five years ago, did a young woman desire to perfect herself in higher branches than were taught at Vassar or Wellesley, there was no path open to her by which she might pursue the same studies as her brothers at college, and receive the same degrees as the reward of

success. Now all this is changed. Fair Harvard, the oldest and most richly endowed of universities in the United States, was the *alma mater* under whose fostering care the problem of a higher female education was to be solved. To a certain extent the Girton plan was adhered to—namely, outdoor tuition by college professors, so that those young women who desired it might receive substantially the same education as that received by Harvard students, and at substantially the same hands. From the outset, President Eliot was kept constantly informed of the growth of the plan on foot, and, while he did not actually indorse it, did nothing to retard it in the slightest, and was only anxious that, if the experiment were to be tried, it might be tried in the best possible manner. A number of professors and their wives had given in their hearty allegiance to the plan, and by and by the first circular of those at the head of the movement was issued, the gist of it being that certain Harvard professors and instructors had consented to give instruction to such properly-prepared young women as might desire to pursue such studies in Cambridge; the instruction would in no case be of a lower grade than that provided in the curriculum of Harvard College; that pupils who should successfully complete any of the courses laid down would receive certificates to that effect signed by their instructors, which certificates, of course, would be equivalent to the college diploma for the same studies; finally, the circular closed with the assurance that the noble women who had placed themselves at the head of this movement would do all in their power to assist students with "advice and other friendly offices."

It was a small beginning, but it was the foundation of the "Harvard Annex," and is noteworthy in that it did more for women in this country than had ever been done before. The responses to the circular outlined above warranted the issuance of a second, in which the plan took on definite shape, and more precise information was furnished than was possible while yet the success of the plan was in doubt. Meantime the sum of \$17,000 had been raised as an endowment fund, so that the expense of a year's tuition was reduced from \$400 to \$200. But, that the grand record of achievement may speak for itself, the text of the second circular is appended:

"The undersigned is authorized to give the following information regarding the conditions of admission to the courses of study which will be offered to women by professors and other instructors of Harvard College during the academic years, 1879-80 and 1880-81. These courses will be similar to those given in the college, and will be continued if they prove successful. A statement of the courses offered for the year 1879-80 will be given in a later circular. Any one will be admitted to the instruction here offered who presents herself at the Harvard University Preliminary Examination for Women, and passes satisfactorily in any eight of the following subjects: 1. English; 2. Physical Geography; 3. Botany or Physics; 4. Mathematics—(1) Arithmetic, Algebra through equations of the first degree, including Pro-

portions, Fractions, and Common Divisor; 5. Mathematics—(2) Algebra through Quadratics, Plane Geometry; 6. History; 7. French; 8. German; 9. Latin; 10. Greek. This examination will be held in Cambridge, New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, beginning Wednesday, May 28, 1879. The regular fee for the examination is \$15. For this year a special examination will be held in Cambridge during the last week in September, for those who are unable to be present at the regular time.

"The advanced examinations in Greek, Latin, and mathematics, or any of them, may be substituted for the same number of preliminary examinations in other departments. The preliminary examinations in Greek, Latin, and mathematics (1 and 2), together with the advanced examinations in two of these subjects, and the preliminary examinations in two other subjects, will constitute an examination substantially the same as that required for admission to Harvard College.

"Courses of study will be arranged to meet the wants of those who have passed the full examination in any of the ways above provided, and higher courses will be open to those who are competent to pursue them. But no one will be admitted to any course in Greek, Latin, or mathematics unless she has passed the preliminary examination in that subject. Those who intend to give special attention to any of these three studies are advised to pass also the advanced examination of that study.

"Applicants who pass on a smaller number of subjects than eight may be admitted, at the discretion of the managers, to such courses as they seem qualified to pursue. Special students who wish to pursue only higher courses of study will not be required to pass the above examinations, provided they satisfy the instructors of their ability to pursue these special courses with advantage. Two hours of instruction a week will be given in each course of study during the academic year of about thirty-five weeks. Four courses of advanced studies or five of more elementary studies will be regarded as a full year's work. The fee for the full year's instruction will be \$200. The fees for single courses will vary from \$75 to \$100.

"For further information, application may be made to

"ARTHUR GILMAN, *Secretary.*"

Thus, it will be seen, by this brilliant idea of the "Harvard Annex" the women of America are placed on the same plane of vantage with their sisters of Girton College across the water. Although so far no money has been laid out in college buildings (all the tuition being given in private houses) the results are most encouraging. Nearly thirty women entered the first year, and the applications for 1881 far exceed the most sanguine belief. Thus the irruption of "sweet-and-twenty" girl students into Harvard College life has been achieved without a ripple of excitement, and there is slight room for doubt that the "Annex" has taken a long step on the right road toward solving the much-vexed and long-debated question of how to achieve the higher education of women.

Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

SELF-ABSORPTION.



SELFISHNESS is generally looked upon as a very disagreeable trait. You cannot say a much more unpleasant thing of a person who is not a thief, a falsifier, or a murderer, than that he or she is selfish. It means almost all the rest and worst qualities, for a selfish individual will sacrifice principles and persons to his mean and narrow instincts.

But there is a kind of selfishness which is not so easily recognized, and which is dignified—not to say disguised—under many other names, but which comes after all to the same thing—a selfishness which is all the more dangerous because it often assumes to be a virtue, when it is in reality a vice or a disease which needs the severest remedies.

Self-absorption is a disease which has not yet been placed upon the list of known ailments; but it ought to be, for it is one of the most common, and also one to which usefulness is most frequently sacrificed. The subject inherits perhaps morbid tendencies, that is, a faculty for nursing imaginary ailments, and making the most of any real ones. Or he delightfully broods over the disadvantages of his position and fortune as compared with those of other people, and, in fact, expends in this way strength which, if it were put into endeavor, would carry him perhaps beyond those whom he envies.

A great many chronic invalids are merely the victims of this complaint. They have thought of themselves, and petted themselves, and yielded to themselves, until they are psychologized by themselves; and this self dominates every thought and every act of their lives, although they may be entirely unconscious of it. Indeed, as a rule, it is they who play the role of sacrificial saint and martyr. If they only had strength, they would do so and so; if only they were not so sensitive, they could endure as others whose feelings are not so finely attuned to discords and harmonies; and in the mean time they go on allowing others to work for them, and suffer for them, and bear their burdens, until it not unfrequently happens that the tried arms drop, the bent back breaks, and the self-absorbed individual finds the strength to stand alone when his trusted foundations have been cut from under him.

A man lived once, no matter where, who believed himself to be afflicted with an incurable disease. He had always believed himself destined to die young, and it was really a wonder that he lived to be fifty, for he had been dosing and doctoring for one ailment after another since boyhood. To be sure, his difficulties had generally taken the form of indulgence and the need of much petting; they required mainly late morning naps, the

tenderloin out of the beefsteak, the breast out of the chicken, but they did not interfere in the least with his club dinners, or staying out late at night.

Still it was generally understood in the family that he was an invalid, and must be relieved from responsibility; and his wife and children accepted this version, and gradually learned to treat him less as a dependence, protector, and care-taker than as one to be cured for and ministered to. Fortunately or unfortunately, his wife having had a training in youth as a teacher was able to resume her old profession, and assist in keeping the pot boiling, while the husband cultivated all his symptoms assiduously, diagnosed his own case, and convinced himself to his own satisfaction that he had one dreadful malady after another.

Doubtless his case would have reached a climax sooner, had he really had any one of the diseases with which he was credited. Doctors rarely fail to cure or kill a patient if they have a solid basis to start upon. But the man's personality overpowered them. They believed implicitly his own statement of his case, accepted his diagnosis, and treated him for consumption, for heart disease, for dyspepsia, for malaria, and various other difficulties, with no success at all, and, as a rule, with no very serious ill consequences, for back of all these morbid ideas was a really excellent constitution, which had only suffered for want of exercise and hard work.

But at last, as before remarked, things began to approach a climax. All minor troubles resolved themselves into one fatal and incurable affection, and it was only a matter of months, a few more or a few less, when he should shuffle off this mortal coil, and his place at the hearthstone, where in fact he was very seldom seen, would know him no more. Before leaving, however, he was advised by a friend to try one more physician, a celebrated one, and specially famous for his skill in determining what was puzzling to other physicians. He went to him and laid down the law to him exactly as he had done to others, telling him his symptoms, his disease, and taking immense credit to himself for his philosophy and fortitude in thus calmly looking death in the face.

But this doctor was not like the rest; he had ideas of his own as well as his patient, and he said, "Thank you very much for doing my work, and making out my case for me, but I prefer to do it for myself. I don't care in the least to know what you think is the matter with you, I am going to subject you to certain tests, and find out for myself." And he did, and a few weeks afterward wrote to him: "You have not any fatal disease, nor any disease at all to prevent you from living out the ordinary length of days. All you want is exercise, activity, and to get rid of your 'diet and drugs.'" Perhaps the man would have been disgusted with this summary disposition of his thirty years of invalidism, but just then, to his astonishment, his wife died suddenly. She had been breaking down for a long time beneath an accumulated burden of cares, but he had not noticed it or thought of it, except to say, "Poor Mary;

yes, it is too bad, she works too hard; but then she is strong as an ox, and would never be satisfied without it." But now Mary was gone, and the children remained, and if the self-absorbed man has a weak point it is his children. Are they not bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh? He is willing others should work for them and educate them, but if there is no one else to do it, he will put his own shoulder to the wheel. This man did. He remembered all at once that he had no disease; the doctor said so; perhaps he had more strength than he gave himself credit for; he would try it. He did try it, and is at present on the eve of a second marriage with a lady who will have too many ailments of her own to care for his, for she is also a self-absorbed individual, and it is fate itself that makes her the mirror by which he may see himself reflected.

But there is a woman as well as a man. This woman had a kind, patient, hard-working husband, who for many years devoted himself to the task of waiting upon his wife's chronic worries and weaknesses, until she had become the embodiment of self, and life to him was a weariness and burden which he only desired to lay down.

What her difficulty really was no physician had ever been able to tell. It was at first in all probability a little nervousness and general prostration, which had been indulged until it assumed these absorbing proportions. For years she had not entered society, for years she had not sat at her own table except as she was carried there, and carried back by her pitying husband, who believed her the subject of some mysterious ailment, and only wondered why she should have been singled out as the victim of such a dire mischance. All the money he could earn was absorbed in a bare living, and doctors' fees; and he was kept poor, hopelessly poor, by the apparently hopeless character of his wife's complaint.

Then it was not at all as if she had been stricken down, and rendered indifferent to whatever would minister to her own gratification. All her senses were alive and active, as is usually the case with self-absorbed people, and she wanted whatever would minister to them. The earliest strawberries, the latest peaches, birds on corned beef days, and the daintiest personal belongings, in order, as she sweetly remarked, "that she might still preserve some attraction for her dear William." Now William was naturally a strong, healthy man, and he had a strong, healthy man's instinct for social life, for human interests, and congenial companionship.

He formed the acquaintance of a lady whose husband was absent much of the time, and who was glad of an escort occasionally to lectures, and the like. For the first time in his life he left his wife at home in the evenings, and though it was not often, and he returned promptly at the close of the unobjectionable forms of entertainment which were current in his neighborhood, yet her jealous fears became aroused, and were worked up to an intense pitch by the laughing remark of a neighbor, to the effect that she must look out, or Mrs. B. would run away with Mr. C., for he had not only gone home with her from a

literary club to which she had probably invited him, but they had actually attended Prof. Hartington's lecture on the Nebular Hypothesis together.

Now what is a self-absorbed invalid likely to know of the nebular hypothesis? The mysterious words seemed to hold a wicked sort of charm by which another woman was trying to take from her her husband. All her wifely nature rose up in protest; all her dormant will was aroused. In her excitement she slipped off from her couch and began to pace the floor. Her husband entered. "Hello! why Maria, how's this?" he cried; "do you really feel able to walk about?"

"Yes," she replied, but she stopped, and looked a little foolish, for she had not thought until that moment of her established weakness, and inability to move except at the risk of "shattering" her weak nerves and frame. "You will stay at home this evening," she continued, "will you not? and I will try and walk down to tea."

"I am very glad you feel better," returned her husband, "and I will help you down stairs, and back to your room, but I cannot stay at home to-night, because I have made an engagement to attend a reading-club, but I will get back as soon as I can, and tell you all about it."

This avowal proved a spark that set fire to the magazine of angry, excited feeling that lay in the poor woman's heart. Her fears and reproaches were poured out; but she had a good and sensible man for her husband, who saw how she had been wrought upon, had really nothing to conceal, and therefore no wish to conceal it. But the result was that Mrs. — got over her nerves, and her debility, and her prostration, and became a member of the reading club, and got rid of the doctor, became the intimate associate of the woman whom she had considered her rival, and received from her valuable aid and counsel. She even learned not to be afraid of the nebular hypothesis, though it was always with a respect not unmingled with awe that she heard such scientific questions discussed. She was a good deal comforted by a remark of her husband to Mrs. B., that "he had no objection to those ladies who liked it discussing science, but for his part he preferred womanly women;" the inference being that the scientific woman could not make a pudding, or mend a pair of stockings; and it is a curious thing that though he had two examples before him—one of a woman who could talk science, yet was a most efficient housekeeper; another, of one who could never be suspected of being able to think or speak upon any subject with any accuracy, and who was as dependent at home as blank of intelligence abroad—he still maintained his traditional belief in the imbecile, as the only true woman, and has never, and never will give the credit to the actual intellectual forces which broke up her selfish security, and induced her to make an effort to share a life which she was not able entirely to absorb into her own objectless existence.

These two cases are not exaggerated, but they are not general; they are only examples of morbid indulgence of partly fancied, partly real ailments, until whatever comes near

their subjects, must be absorbed in them, or sacrificed to them. It is one of the holiest offices to minister to the sick, to the old or the young, to whoever and whatever is helpless and needs help, but this has nothing to do with those who simply cultivate their weaknesses instead of their strength, and live upon the drafts they make on the strength of those about them. Self-absorption, as before remarked, takes many forms, and some of them are mental rather than physical. There are self-absorbed people who would be amusing if they were not offensive. Their belief in themselves, in the wisdom of their own methods, the infallibility of their own opinions, the excellence of their own judgment, the value of their own possessions, is funny, if one has no personal interest to make it painful. If it is a woman, her own affairs, the little everyday incidents of her life, the lightness or heaviness of a biscuit, the soreness of a finger, her neighborhood likes and dislikes, the comings and goings of her family, are all matters of the weightiest importance, and must be told in detail to each of her friends.

If it is a man, he is always preoccupied, always engaged upon matters of importance; but these affairs are his own exclusively. At home he is the only person who has an opinion, the only one who is entitled to the least consideration; abroad he lays down the law, and often has it obeyed by better men because they are modest and yield to his overweening egotism and self-assertion.

There is some excuse, however, for the self-absorption of a busy business man, whose own affairs have been the occupation and controlling interest in his life, and whose success not only reflects credit on his own sagacity, but is the guaranty of the future of his family, for which, perhaps, he lives, more than for himself, and whose welfare is his own. The despicable and unnatural thing is to see it in young men and women, who are really made up of nothing but what they have gained from others. There are superfine young ladies (I shall not call them young women, the word is too good for them), who, without contributing to the comfort of any one, or to their own support, or to the welfare of society at large, walk with nose in the air, believing themselves to be oracles in their own little circle, and act as if they had done the whole world a favor, and particularly that portion of it burdened with their maintenance, by accepting its bounty. Experience goes for nothing with them; age is not honored by them; wisdom is dumb and blind before their ignorance (though they usually believe it is with admiration), and their vanity is too absorbing and too complete to hope for improvement.

Young men attacked in this way carry around with them a burning sense of the injustice of the world in general, and their associates in particular. No one appreciates their genius or their merits. They could be anything, if some one would only give them a chance—quite forgetting that the men who accomplish anything in this world are usually those who make their own chances.

Naturally, self-absorbed young people are not agreeable as companions. They do not

feel called upon to sacrifice themselves in the least to the general comfort, or some one's special pleasure. They consider it praiseworthy to be capable of reading a novel at a sitting, and dignify the morbid craving for the excitement of a story with "a love of reading," which it is not, for the reading of a book which has an intellectual stimulus in it is an eminent social occupation, and demands that some one who can appreciate it shall share the enjoyment.

Unappreciated young people are usually self-absorbed young people. Youth is so delightful when it is bright, active, helpful, cheerful, self-sacrificing, and self-forgetting, that every one wants a share in it, and there is no danger that it will not be thoroughly appreciated.

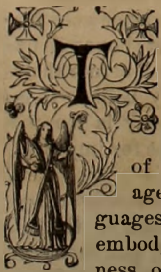
Absorption in plans and ideas must not be confounded with absorption in self. All the work, all the great projects, all the successes of the world, have been accomplished by the absorption of some one in an idea, a principle, a motive, that inspired him or her to endeavor until the point was gained, the end reached.

Vices are nearly always virtues turned wrong side out; and the faculty for absorption is one to be admired and cultivated. But let it be absorption that will lead to the achievement of some worthy object—to the attainment of a desirable end for others, rather than ourselves. Let it be absorption in ideas, rather than in personal accidents and incidents. For what value has any individual life, except as it contributes to the growth, the elevation, the purity, the sweetness, and true healthfulness of the life about us?

Let us examine ourselves critically; and, if we find that we are subjects of this insidious, and often unsuspected complaint, take vigorous measures to get rid of it; not wait for the shock of circumstances to reveal our deformity to our own eyes, or lose the opportunities which life affords us, and which are found in our work and sacrifices for others, not in our indulgence to ourselves.

Small Causes vs. Great Events.

"For want of the nail the shoe was lost,
For want of the shoe the horse was lost,
For want of the horse the rider was lost,
For want of the rider the battle was lost."



THESE doggerel lines are a fragment of folk-lore whose antiquity is such that their origin is lost in the dimness of time. They appear in all ages, and are common to all languages in some form or another, and embody the belief, the logical soundness or unsoundness of which we shall not attempt to determine, that the greatest events in the world's history have oftentimes been traceable to the most trivial, insignificant, and paltry causes. Thus, the life of the great Mohammed was preserved by a glistening spider's web, thrown across the mouth of the cave where he had taken refuge; the

passing of a Midianite caravan gave to the chosen Israel centuries of needed nurture and discipline in Egypt; the city of Portland was burnt through the explosion of a child's fire-cracker; Jeremy Bentham was led to his exhaustive studies in political economy by reading the sentence, "The greatest good to the greatest number;" and the city of Chicago was burned through the accidental upsetting of a lump in a stable. Instances such as these might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, were it necessary. Many such will occur to any person who will think for a few moments. Or a man takes passage by a certain ship, but is prevented from sailing with her, and passes her wrecked hull in the one which follows. A sailor is lost overboard in mid-ocean, his clothes are sold, and yet, when after weeks of battling with the ocean the ship reaches port, the first to step on board is the missing sailor, come for his clothes. Such cases (which are authentic) force one to almost believe that results are sometimes altogether at variance with what was to have been expected from the cause or primary event.

But there is a certain class of causes, or more properly events, which, strictly speaking, have only the remotest connection with the final catastrophe. The chain of connecting circumstances are so many and so various, as altogether to overshadow the insignificant beginning. To this class belongs that oft-cited incident—the falling of rain on the field of battle on the eve of Waterloo. True it is, that through this the ground was rendered so miry that Napoleon was unable to use his most effective arm—the artillery—with his customary effect; but the intermediate and attending circumstances leading up to his final defeat were too many to allow us to ascribe the result to so insignificant a cause.

But there have been times in the history of the world, when empires have been lost and won upon the turn of an event, as trivial as the nod of a favorite or the frown of a courtier; when men have been moved to great deeds by things which, at the time of their occurrence, were not deemed worthy of notice; when the destiny of a continent and of millions of people have rested upon the whim of a decrepit monarch; and these events or "accidents," if you will, are so closely connected with the effects they produced, as to be, without any effort of imagination, legitimately described as cause and effect. In the Peninsular War, when England was propping the tottering monarchy of Spain against the encroachments of France, Lord Hill, one of the English commanders, called to him one day a certain Captain B—, and said to him: "Captain, unless that bridge yonder is blown up, the English will be cut to pieces. I may as well mention, however, that the man that blows it up will lose his life. Do you volunteer?"

Up went the right hand to the salute, and "At your service, my lord!" was the prompt reply.

That man's name was in every person's mouth in the Three Kingdoms inside of a month, and he was praised for his unflinching response to the sudden call upon his bravery and patriotism. But in reality it was no sud-

den matter with him. It was a life's training that evinced itself in that moment. Causes had been long at work, from the early-learned habit of obedience to his superior officer down to the demand for valor shown in the hurried charge; and therefore Lord Hill's request found him not unready, nor did he lay down his life on the spur of a moment.

Thus far have I digressed, in order to make clear my meaning as regards those remote causes whose effects are long in showing themselves, and those where the result is instantaneous, striking, and immediately apparent; and to some of these latter, by many termed "accidents," I shall now turn my pen.

Two single events in English history, closely connected by time and in their results, are familiar to every student, and yet I question if many have ever thought of their important results to Europe. When Edward the Confessor took a young and beautiful wife from the house of Godwin, few believed that the country would be long without a direct heir, and so be spared those devastating wars for the succession, which had harassed the country during the two previous reigns. But too soon the king exhibited those monastic tendencies, which, while they may have served to increase his reputation for sanctity, did not certainly increase the love toward him either of his wife and her relatives, or his people.

Consequently, England was left with no direct heir, William the Conqueror claimed the fulfillment of a promise made in jest, and England became a Norman province. Here we see that the mere whim of a weak man was sufficient to change the entire history of a people.

The second incident occurred only a few short months after the monk-king's death. Harold had been unanimously chosen to fill the vacant throne by the Witanagemote; he had hurried to the north, where he had defeated Tostig and Hadrada, and with the speed of an eagle's swoop had hurried southward again to face a new and more terrible foe on Heathfield Down. The memorable 14th of October, 1066, had come, and the chivalry of Europe faced the yeomen of England. Thrice had the charge been sounded, and as often had the mailed warriors recoiled before the little stockade at the remote end of the field, where fought Harold and England's bravest side by side. The day wore on; another repulse, and William the duke felt that he might as well take to his ships and sail for Normandy. Yet one more effort should be made. The brave defenders must be lured from their stronghold. So again the trumpets sound the "forward," the host again rushes on, and again is repelled, and retreat in mad confusion. Entrenched in his stockade, which was rendered secure by a hill behind and on one side, and by a wood on the other, Harold knew that the enemy's cavalry could not dislodge him, and as for any assailants who might attempt to scale the ramparts on foot, why he and his merry men would see to it that they never rejoined their comrades. So he gave orders that no Saxon should leave the palisade, foreseeing that, once in the open field, his little band would be cut to pieces in short order.

But now, see ! the Normans retreat, they are in disorder. A few thrusts of the sword in the rear would immensely help them down the hill ; let's after them, say the Saxons. Gently, men. The crafty Norman has only made a feint, as Harold, thanks to his residence abroad, knows too well. But hot blood carries the day. One, more mad with battle than his fellows, disregards the order, and leaps the palisade, and one after another the entire force is in hot pursuit of the flying Normans. As Harold foresaw, they were soon surrounded, and in the fight round the royal standard, Harold and all his kin fell, and England was lost and won. If the first man had not leaped over the palisade, the battle of Hastings might have had a different termination.

The most beautiful of the three forms of Greek architecture, the Corinthian, was invented by Callimachus. Its origin is thus told. But first it should be stated that its distinguishing characteristic is the capital of two rows of eight leaves, forming a bell-shaped crown. A certain maiden fell ill, died, and was buried. Her nurse collected in a basket those trinkets she had most loved in her lifetime, and carried them to her grave, placed them thereon, and covered them with a tile for their preservation. It chanced that the basket was placed upon the root of an acanthus, which, though pressed by the weight of the basket, yet shot up leaves and foliage in the spring that curled and twined themselves upward and around it. The sculptor saw it, and, pleased with the form and novelty of the combination, he constructed copies of it in imperishable marble, placing it at the summit of the column. But, finding that the Doric and Ionic columns were too squat to display the acanthus to advantage, he lengthened them, and caused them to taper more gradually, and from this trifle arose the Corinthian column and capital.

Biography abounds in instances where accidents have led to unforeseen results. One of the most striking occurred in the life of the poet Cowper, and may be said to have been the cause of his writing that famous hymn, commencing :

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

As is well known, Cowper was subject to attacks of mania, and was more than once in his life subject to restraint. On one occasion, being then under the influence of one of these fits, he conceived the idea of ending his life by his own hand, choosing a spot in a lonely forest to commit the deed. He called his carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive thither. While on the way, however, a terrible tempest arose, the driver lost his way, and came to a dead halt in the forest. Cowper, with horrid imprecations, ordered him to proceed, but the man fell on his knees, and besought his master to be reasonable, telling him he was sure the hand of God was abroad, and that it would be a mercy if they reached home alive.

Sobered as suddenly as his rage had come on, Cowper gave the man permission to drive

home, and, arrived there, immediately penned the hymn in question. If any one will peruse it with these facts in mind, he will be struck with the peculiar fitness of the words for an occasion such as has been portrayed.

In our own day, Charles Goodyear, "the Modern Palissy," stumbled upon that combination of sulphur and india-rubber in which was contained the great secret of vulcanization, and which gave to the world those valuable heat and cold defying fabrics now in use, while idly mixing the two over a stove. The invention of printing may be ascribed to Lawrence Coster having cut letters on the bark of a tree. A schism was caused in the Presbyterian Church by marginal notes on a tract made by a minister while waiting in a lady's drawing-room, which notes were afterward seen and answered by another minister. St. Augustine saw some golden-haired slaves in the market-place at Rome, and vowed to visit their country and preach the gospel, and so England was converted to Christianity. In fact, there are numberless events of great moment in the history of the race and of the world, whose origin was as trivial as their final denouement was highly important.

Economy.

WHILE all are willing to admit that the habit of economy is a useful, practical, and most desirable one, few would think of attributing to it anything of beauty or attractiveness. Yet the economy of money, or its best use—for they are synonymous—has in it this very element. Those who live fully up to or beyond their income, in the wearisome effort to build up or to keep up a certain style of appearances, really, though unconsciously, sacrifice the very attractiveness which they seek to produce. The difficult and painful effort which it costs they fully realize ; but they imagine it to be hidden from all but themselves—and herein lies their great mistake.

A Revolution.

BY MARY M. BOWEN.

Strid and hustle, clitter, clatter,
Ump, dump, bump !
Such a bustle ! What's the matter ?
Coming with a thump !
Doors are creaking,
Hinges squeaking ;
Now, adown the stair,
Gay in green and scarlet cover,
Leaning fondly on her lover,
Comes the sewing-chair,
Sometimes pettish,
Then coquettish,
As young maidens are !

Every table, light or burly,
Lifts a leg !
Gay or stately, stirring early,
Shoves a peg.
Here's the what-not !
Well ! I wot not

What befalls us next ;
For a cane, his great eyes blinking,
Turns him round and seems a-thinking
What shall be his text.
Patience save us !
Let's behave us,
E'er we get him vexed.

* * * * *
"Madame :

(Politely the cane began,)
"I trust you find me a gentleman.
But—

Furniture has its rights !
Seventy seasons, by days and nights,
We have been doing your hearts' delights,
Serving your race in all manner of plights,
Up stairs and down stairs
And in doors and out,
Just as occasion has ordered about ;
Never a voice has spoke out in the truth,
While we have silently given our youth,
Yielded our brightness of varnish and paint,
Here a bit, there a bit, all without plaint,
Till, like a grasshoppered wheat-field, bereft
Nothing but stick-starkest stubble is left !

Madame :
So long to bear burdens of care,

Madame :
So long without paint or repair,

MADAME :
While three generations expire,
Think you we stand on our legs without tire ?"

"We have grown languid.

The posts of the bed,
All are complaining of pain in the head ;
Overtaxed needles have weakness of eyes ;
Scarcely can your lounging chair venture to rise,
While her fair cousins have pain in the back
And every sofa is just on the rack !
We have not murmured : I dare to be just,
Rising to shelter our cause as I must,
Yet, sadly viewing our failing estate,
Solemnly touched by a menacing fate,
I, with attributed soundness of mind
Counselled the measure.

We needs must have change,
Travel and atmosphere ; aesthetic range
Meet for our spirits. Our lives have lost zest,
Appetite, humor,—I think it is best,
It is decided.—We leave, by your grace,
On the noon train, for a watering-place."

* * * * *
All in a twinkle, a whizz through the sky,
Shorting out sparkles an engine flew by,
Scooped as by magic the contraband clan,—
Left the house empty, from snuffers to pan !

An Easy Place.

THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER some time ago received a letter from a young man who recommended himself very highly as being honest, and closed with the request, "Get me an easy situation, that honesty may be rewarded." To which Mr. Beecher replied, "Don't be an editor, if you would be 'easy.' Do not try the law. Avoid school-keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, shops and merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer nor a mechanic ; neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't study. Don't think. Don't work. None of them are easy. Oh, my honest friend, you are in a very bad world ! I know of but one real 'easy' place in it. That is the grave."



VALENTINE'S DAY.

Heartsease.

OF all the bonny buds that blow,
In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go,
The whole twelve months together,
This little purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest saddest things.

I HAD a little lover once,
Who used to give me posies;
His eyes were blue as hyacinths,
His lips were red as roses;
And everybody loved to praise
His pretty looks and winsome ways.

THE girls that went to school with me
Made little jealous speeches,
Because he brought me royally
The biggest plums and peaches;
And always at the door would wait
And carry home my books and slate.

THEY could not see"—with pout and frown—
"The mighty fascination
About that little snub-nosed thing
To win such admiration;
As if there weren't a dozen girls
With nicer eyes and longer curls."

AND this I knew as well as they,
And never could see clearly,
Why more than Marlon or May
I should be loved so dearly.
So once I asked him why was this?
He only answered with a kiss.

UNTIL I teased him—"Tell me why,
I want to know the reason;
When from the garden-bed close by
(The pansies were in season),
He plucked and gave a flower to me,
With sweet and simple gravity.

"THE garden is in bloom," he said,
"With lilies, pale and slender;
With roses, and verbenas red,
And fuchsias' purple splendor.
But over and above the rest,
This little heartsease suits me best."

"M I your little heartsease, then?"
I asked with flushing pleasure;
He answered, "Yes," and "Yea" again—
"Heartsease and dearest treasure,
And the round world, and all the sea,
Hold nothing half so sweet to me."

I LISTENED with a proud delight,
Too rare for words to capture;
Nor ever dreamed that sudden blight

Would come, to chill my rapture.
Could I foresee the tender bloom
Of pansies, round a little tomb?

LIFE holds some stern experience,
As most of us discover;
And I've had other losses since
I lost my little lover.
But still this purple pansy brings,
Thoughts of the sweetest saddest things.

B.

The Ebb of Love.

LOVE that wanes is as an ebbing tide,
Which slowly, inch by inch, and scarce perceived,
With many a wave that makes brave show to rise,
Falls from the shore. No sudden treason turns
The long-accustomed loyalty to hate,
But years bring weariness for sweet content,
And fondness, daily sustenance of love,
Which now should make a tribute easier paid,
First grudged, and then withholden, starves the heart;
And though compassion, or remorseful thoughts
Of happy days departed, bring again
The ancient tenderness in seeming flood,
Not less it ebbs and ebbs till all is bare.
O happy shore, the flowing tide shall brim
Thy empty pools, and spread dull tangled weeds
In streamers many-colored as the lights
Which flash in northern heavens, and revive
The fainting blossoms of the rocks; but thou,
O heart, whence love hath ebbed, art ever bare!

Involuntarily she repeats Mortimer's question: "Where did you get it?"

"Do you deny sending it?" he asks. "If you didn't send it to me, pray who did?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answers Molly, her poor little head utterly bewildered. "I wouldn't have done such a thing for worlds. But you *did* send me *this*, didn't you?"

"On my honor, I didn't," says Travers decidedly.

The music has stopped now; before they can conclude their inquiry, before they can solve the rebus, the sound of footsteps on the marble passage way between the drawing-room and the conservatory interrupts them.

"Some one is coming," says Molly, in a whisper; "had not we best go out?"

"It is far pleasanter here," returns Mortimer calmly, who, hidden from view by the leaves, his left arm about Miss Aylward's waist and his right hand holding one of hers, is exceedingly happy.

It is a young man and a young woman who come in at this moment. It is invariably young men and young women who seek the conservatories. The young man is Paul Aylward, and the young woman is she whom he especially desired to meet: Miss McClaskey, whose hair is an intense red and whose speech is shockingly vulgar.

"It's that horrid woman," Molly whispers disgustedly, as she sits close up beside Travers, and peeps out through the leafy screen. "I knew Paul wanted to come here to-night that he might see her."

"And you won't get tired of me in a month or so like Madge Kemble did of Travers Mortimer, will you?" Paul is saying laughingly. Evidently he is carrying on a desperate flirtation.

"That reminds me," Miss McClaskey remarks, and her not over small mouth spreads into an alarming smile, "Oh, dear, such jolly fun!"

"But it's no fun at all," Paul puts in, "it's very serious. 'Pon my word it is. A man don't care to be thrown over by *any* girl."

"Now stop talking foolishness," the young woman goes on, as she leans on the iron rim of the fountain, and dabbles her pudgy fingers in the water; "I want to tell you of a little trick I played; you can get sentimental afterwards, if you like."

Miss McClaskey is very stylish. Indeed her style is her chief charm. Her red plaits are arranged according to the very latest fashion, and her ball dress, cut very low both front and back, is in one of the very newest designs.

"Well, what was it?" asks Paul, rather disappointed that he is not to be allowed to carry his flirtation to the embracing period. "I dare say it was something clever."

"Ah! it was," turning her back to the fountain and playfully shaking drops of water from her hands over young Aylward's spotless shirt-front. "You know I'm staying with Madge Kemble. Well, she told me all about her row with Travers, and about a squabble she had had with your sister. Yesterday morning I was looking over her album and there I found two photographs. 'Good heavens, Madge!' said I, 'what are you doing with these? Why don't you send them back?"

"'Forgot all about them,' she said, and asked me to do it for her, and" (with a boisterous laugh), "you may just bet I did it. But *how* do you think?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replies Paul, feeling little interest in the recital, "by post, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, by post; but I sent them to the wrong persons. Reversed them, you know. Sent Travers's to your sister, and your sister's to Travers. Ha! ha! ha! wasn't it a lark?"

"Surely you didn't do that?" Paul exclaims seriously, instead of joining in the girl's noisy hilarity; "it was rather hard on all parties, wasn't it?"

"It was great fun!"

"But only think," urges the young man, "it puts them all in such a bad light. It makes Mortimer seem to be making love to Molly, and Molly—yes, confound it all—it makes Molly seem to be making a very bold bid for Mortimer. It was awfully wrong of you."

Young Aylward does not at all appreciate the joke. Miss McClaskey has finally succeeded in considerably lowering herself in his estimation.

"I'm going to look Mort. up," he says, "and explain it to him. I wouldn't have him think Molly quite such a girl as that. Come, let us go back to the drawing-room" (offering his arm). "The sooner I explain it to him the better."

"Oh, don't tell them," Miss McClaskey pleads, hesitating. "It can't do any harm, a little joke like that."

There is a rustling among the leaves on the other side of the fountain, and a clear, pleasant voice is heard exclaiming:

"It *has* done no harm; so rest perfectly content, my dear boy."

It is Travers. As Paul and his companion turn, they see him coming toward them, with Molly leaning on his arm. How fresh and fair she looks! "A sight to make an old man young."

"Oh, how mean of you to listen!" exclaims the dashing Miss McClaskey. "I had no idea any one was about."

"Since we were the interested parties," continues Travers politely, "I consider we did perfectly right in listening. Let me thank you, Miss McClaskey, for the satisfactory way in which you managed the affair. Miss Kemble has lost two friends; but I think I may say that 'her loss is our gain.'"

"I think it was horribly mean of you to listen," she continues, laughing, feeling ineffably small and longing to get away. "There was no excuse for you, whatever."

She has grasped the situation on the instant. How she despises herself for having brought it about! Love begets love; hate begets hate. As Miss Aylward despises Miss McClaskey, so Miss McClaskey despises Miss Aylward. She had hoped by this maneuver to win for Molly Travers Mortimer's disgust, and she is greatly disappointed at its failure.

"I'll not trouble you to return to the drawing-room with me," she says to Paul, as she sweeps past him. "Perhaps you would like to talk over my joke with Mr. Mortimer?"

"As you please," says Aylward, standing on one side and allowing her to pass out. "And now Mort., old fellow," he says, when she is gone, "I see it all. Let me congratulate you! And Molly, my dear sister, rest assured I'm done with Miss McClaskey—you and Kate need trouble yourselves no longer. The motive of her little joke is only too plain to me."

"Oh, I bear her no ill-will," adds Molly, her cheeks flushed with excitement, and looking more charming than ever. "To tell the truth, I'm inclined to like her now. She's very vulgar, to be sure; but then, I can overlook that, when I remember she blundered into giving me Travers. I don't believe he'd ever have proposed to me, if it hadn't been for those *two* photographs."

Song.

WWEEHEART, life is drifting by,
Casting chances on the shore,
What is there that you and I
Long to gather for our store?
Chance is gold, but gold unmined;
We must labor for the ore:
Only he who works will find
Precious treasure at his door.

LITTLE sweetheart, stand up strong,
Gird the armor on your knight,
Sing your most inspiring song,
Flame aloft love's cheering light.

THERE are battles to be fought,
There are victories to be won,
Righteous labors to be wrought,
Valiant races to be run,
Grievous wrongs to be retrieved,
Right and justice to be done,
Glorious aims to be achieved,
Heaven on earth to be begun.

LITTLE sweetheart, stand up strong,
Gird the armor on your knight,
Smile your bravest, sing your song,
Speak your word for truth and right!
ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

Sam's Stratagem.

BY HATTIE WHITNEY.

"Good morning, Polly, Polly Hopkins!
How do you do—how do you do?
None the better, Tommy Tompkins,
For seeing you—for seeing you."



THE only one of the three that's got a beau; an' she won't have him," wailed Mrs. Posy over the button-holes she was working down the front of a gray-striped calico shirt. "If any one of the others had a young man, she'd snap him up like fireworks."

Mrs. Posy's niece Priscilla, called Pip for short, drew her mouth down and

heaved a sigh, expressive of melancholy wonder as she stirred up the beans in the big iron pot. Why had she not a young man as well as Polly?

Miss Tennessee Posy, tearing carpet rags in one corner of the ample kitchen, wasted no sigh over fortune's freaks.

"Polly 'll come to her senses d'rectly," said she, rending a dilapidated skirt from hem to belt.

Polly brought her iron down with a vigor quite uncalled for.

"I'll not come to Sam Stuart, nohow," she answered tersely.

"Oh, now, Polly honey, now do," said her cousin coaxingly. And Polly honey, pegging away stolidly with her iron, only answered:

"Shain't."

Pip's voice was like a wailing autumn wind, "pent in a crevice," and her coaxing somehow had an irritating effect on Polly's nerves.

"I'd be ashamed to walk 'f I was that contrary," said her mother folding up the skirt.

Wild red flames roared apace in the huge fire-place from logs piled on the great black "dog-irons," and outside the winter snow sifted from sodden clouds upon the roof of the Posy farm-house.

Polly set her irons down on the hearth, gave the forestick such a poke that it broke in two, and went to folding up her ironing blankets, while Tennessee and Pip made vigorous preparations to have dinner ready by the time the "men folks," consisting of farmer Posy and his son Jim, aged sixteen, should make their appearance.

That was a dinner calculated perhaps to make the blood of a dyspeptic curdle in his veins, yet considered by these healthy, hearty country folk nothing but plain, wholesome fare. Fresh pork roasted with sweet potatoes, beans well seasoned with the gravy of a square section of "side," large, high, and very hot biscuit, fried hominy, sorghum molasses, pickles, and strong coffee, the standard Western beverage.

After such a dinner I do not know how it happened that Polly felt a trifle melancholy, nor why, instead of repairing with the rest of the family to the cheery sitting-room, she preferred to linger in the kitchen, which began to grow chill as the fire flickered lower, and the last slender scarlet banner of flame curled, and died into a great red coal.

But she did linger until somebody gave the door a thump that jarred the latch so that it swung half-way open. A head covered with a wild growth of dark auburn hair, was poked in cautiously.

"Howdy, Polly?" said a very tall and very slim young man without.

Polly gave her elbow a characteristic hitch. "Wisht you'd shet the door, whichever side you shet yourself on," said she. "I'm freezing."

"Shore now," said Mr. Stuart, walking in and latching the door.

"Goin' to grange to-day, Polly?"

"Don't know."

"I know you air."

"You don't, 'cause I aint."

"Now, Polly, do, honey."

"Shain't."

"You're the contrariest creature between here and Grindstone Hill. I won't vote for you to be Pomony at the grange."

"Kaint help it, don't want you to."

"All right. Well, I'm agoin'."

Polly twitched her elbows.

"You're in a 'mazing hurry. You don't have to run."

"Here I stand all ragged an' dirty; if you don't come an' kiss me I'll run like a turkey," said Sam, quoting from one of those delightful plays young folks indulge in at quiltings and corn-shuckings."

Needless perhaps to say, he ran. * * *

Polly stood on the portico, watching the big farm wagon as it rattled down the lane, bearing the whole family, saving herself, to grange, while Captain, the dog, trotted behind.

Polly had stayed at home out of pure contrariness, Pip said, and now she half repented it.

A dreary, lonely feeling crept about her. The snow fell thick, white, still—oh, so still, over the beds where summer pinks and brilliant autumn zinnias lay in the chill of death, in among the brown stiff lilac stalks, and about Tennessee's "mound."

A shiver shook Polly's plump shoulders, and she went back to the sitting-room, poked up the fire, and swept the ashes from the hearth. The sitting-room looked very cheerful with its bright red and yellow rag carpet, large bedstead, with blue woven counterpane and high pillows in gleaming white cases, coral berries rising like a great flame from a pitcher on the shelf, and twined in the cedar cross above the little table with its crimson cloth whereon lay the large brown family Bible.

Polly brushed out her hair, which was black as coal and far below her belt, twisted it round and round, and fastened it with a wine-colored comb. Then she read her daily chapter from the Bible, and finally settled herself with a basket of blue and white patchwork, to meditate and to get along with her quilt, which was of that pattern known as improved nine-patch.

The blaze cracked, and the tall clock ticked, and when it had ticked a certain length of time away, the smooth coating of snow in the front path was broken, traces of snow were in the hall, and Mr. Sam Stuart was in the splint arm-chair opposite Polly and her patchwork.

"Know'd I'd come, didn't you?" said Sam.

"No," said Polly.

"But you did, that's the reason you fixed up."

"Mighty conceited," quoth Polly, in towering scorn.

"I'm a buildin' me a house, Polly," said Sam.

"Build away," said Polly.

"I'm goin' to have a great big chimney, and an awful deep cistern, and a great long porch with posts and buckwheat runnin' up 'em, and a big cellar, with shelves along one side for jam an' stuff. It's goin' to be mighty fine."

Polly silently cut out a square of white muslin.

"Polly, when it's done will you—hem—will you—"

"No, I won't," said Polly.

"All right then, I'll bet a pretty Kit Harlow will."

A red flame dashed over Polly's cheek, and there was a blacker sparkle than usual in her eye. She wheeled her chair around out of range of Sam's malicious gaze, and gave the fire a vicious poke.

"It's mis'able cold here. I wisht there was more wood in," said she.

"Now, Polly," said Sam, "you ain't shorely cold with that fire."

"I am," contradicted Polly; "my off shoulder is right cold, and I feel like I was agoing to sneeze."

"Well, then, I'll have to fetch in some wood," said Sam, walking off.

"I'll fix you for your sass, Mr. Sam," said Polly, as she dropped her work, and flew out into the kitchen, and up a ladder into the loft.

Now, here is one difference between the habits of an Eastern and a Western farmer. Whereas the former will have his winter's supply of wood, cut and stored away under cover, the latter, with that easy-going carelessness that distinguishes him, hauls a load or two when needed, or when convenient, and dumps it down as near the kitchen door as is practicable. It happened that Mr. Jim Posy had erected a very high monument of very large sticks, and left them on a very precarious footing.

Polly had no sooner settled herself in her hiding place, in a soft, warm heap of wool, than she heard a terrible clatter below the loft-window, accompanied by a loud groan.

Out she sprang, rushed to the window, and tore away the short, brown, gingham curtain. The logs of wood, before piled high, had fallen in a confused heap, and there was a portion of a butternut coat visible between two ponderous billets. Down scrambled Polly, unmindful of the bits of wool clinging to her dress and hair, out to the wood-pile where she began to tug at the sticks.

"Oh, Sam, honey, are you plum dead?" she wailed. "I know you're mashed flat away under there. And all my fault, and I treated you so mean and hateful, but I never meant a word of it, I didn't." She scratched vigorously at the wood, but made no headway.

Then a voice somewhere under the wood spoke.

"No, Polly, I ain't quite dead."

Like Carleton's "Widder Adams," in that moment, Polly "let fly a homespun prayer," and a prayer is none the less sincere and earnest for being homespun.

"Don't die till I get the wood off," said she.

"And you didn't mean that about the house?" asked the voice from the logs.

"No—never—I'd be—only—too glad," gasped Polly, for between tears and tugging, she had very little breath left.

"Well, 'taint no use killin' yourself, just to get my coat out," said a voice at her elbow, and there stood Sam in good order.

Polly let go her hold on a black-jack, and sat down startled and flushed.

"How ever did you get out?" she asked.

"I wasn't in," said Sam; "you must have thought I was mighty no 'count if I'd stayed under there and let you fish me out. I saw Jim had piled that wood up mighty shaky, an' I pulled off my coat, an' tumbled it over onto it, an' groaned, an' hid on t'other side, and there was such a nice holler under there where I could poke my head an' talk. And Polly, honey, you know what you said about the house—"

"But what did you say about Kit?"

"Shucks, you knew I hadn't no idee of any sich thing, an' only said it 'cause you tormented me. An' you can't take back what you said."

Polly stared all about her for help, but beheld none, and so giving up the battle, she only murmured,

"I don't want to take it back."

When the family returned from grange not five minutes afterwards, they found Sam and Polly sitting upon an oak log with their feet in the snow, and a sharp east wind blowing snowflakes over their heads.

"For the law sake!" uttered Mrs. Posy.

"Crout!" said Jim. The rest stared.

"But you never'll git along with Polly. She's too contrary." This valuable information was delivered in Pip's melancholy treble.

"Now folks listen," said Sam. "Polly ain't contrary an' cross-grained. That was jes put on, kine of a outer hull. Jest look yonder at that little willer, all covered with chillin' snow. But 'taint snow all through; it's jest as easy an' gentle like as can be once the snow's off'n it. Polly's like it, an' the snow's blowed away, an' I'll bet it's for good too."

"Well," said farmer Posy slowly, "'pears to me like we'd better go in the house 'fore we all freeze into statures."

And the motion was seconded and carried.

I Love You.

LOVE you—'tis the simplest way
The thing I feel to tell;
Yet, if I told it all the day,
You'd never guess how well.
You are my comfort and my life,
My very life you seem—
I think of you all day—all night
'Tis but of you I dream.

HERE'S pleasure in the lightest word
That you can speak to me;
My soul is like the Æolian chord,
And vibrates still to thee,
I never read the love song yet,
So thrilling, fond, and true,
But in my own heart I have met
Some kinder thought for you.

BLESS the shadow of your face,
The light upon your hair;
I like for hours to sit and trace
The passing changes there.
I love to hear your voice's tone,
Although you should not say
A single word to dream upon,
When that has died away.

Oh! you are kindly as the beam
That warms where'er it plays;
And you are gentle as a dream
Of happy future days.
And you are strong to do the right,
And wise the wrong to flee;
And if you were not half so bright,
You are all the world to me.

Josie's Grandmother.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.



"NOW, Sam!" declared Josie emphatically, "I tell you it's no use! I wouldn't have you if you were the last man on earth." And she jerked up the crochet work, which Mr. Worthington had drawn from her hands, and plied her hook with a vengeance.

"But what have I done, Josie?" asked the poor fellow desperately, gazing sadly into the young girl's roguish face, then through the open window into the rose-filled, sun-flooded garden outside.

"Nothing, you foolish boy!" answered Josephine Bonaparte Smith, snapping her thread. "But if I married you, it would seem too much like marrying my own brother. You know we grew up together, and played together all our lives—Tom and you and I."

"And I loved you all the time," declared Sam.

"Oh, bother! You didn't!" asserted Josie. "I really do believe, however, I'll have to marry you to get rid of you."

"Darling!" began Sam, his face radiant as the morning, extending his arms as though to imprison the slender, girlish figure within them. But Jo scowled indescribably.

"Why, you lunatic!" she cried. "I didn't mean I'd marry you myself. I mean, I'll marry you to somebody else, so as to get rid of your perpetual teasing."

Poor Sam sunk back in his chair like a scolded child. Josie laughed, but there was a tender undertone in her voice.

"Sammy, dear," she gently said, "it will all come right. You shall marry my grandma."

"What!" roared the young man, bouncing erect, as though struck.

Josie's tender mood changed to one of infinite mischief. Apparently she had taken her cue from his surprised manner.

"Now, my dear young friend," she began, with a wise, school-marmish air, "listen to a little sense. In common with most young men of twenty-two, you have so far lived a life of vanity and frivolity. Now it is time to pause and think. You have pictured to yourself a clinging, girlish wife, but how much more sensible to choose a mature woman. Beauty must fade, you know, but kindness, experience, and real motherliness never will. And even if my grandma is a few years older

than you, she can take care of you better than a mere young chit could. In case of sickness, now—"

But poor Sam had sprung to his feet and left the room. Josie went serenely on with her fancy-work.

The next evening, as he was leaving his office, a hastily-scribbled note was thrust into his hand. It read as follows:

"DEAR SAM: Come up. We have a lady to tea. JOSIE."

"What next?" he exclaimed. "The idea of Josie's expecting me at such a short notice. And to meet a lady in this everyday rig. Well, I suppose I'll have to go." And he went.

Josie herself met him at the vestibule door. Fortunately, the semi-darkness prevented his noticing her agitation.

"I had to send for you in a hurry," she began abruptly; "she is going away to Harrisburg to-night, and I thought if you didn't meet her now, you mightn't get a chance for months."

"She!" savagely cried Sam; "who's she? Your worthy and virtuous grandmother?"

Josie was suddenly taken aback. Still, nothing daunted, she replied,

"The lady's name is Lucy Smith."

"Any relation?" he asked.

"Not a bit," said Josie. "Every other man and woman is named Smith. Come right in, and you shall see her."

Sam's listlessness vanished as though by magic at sight of the beauteous vision before him. So dainty, so delicate, so fair was the young lady, that the poor fellow all but forgot who and where he was. She seemed a tender, celestial being, made only for love and caresses. He could not help contrasting her with Josie, who, though a lovely girl in every way, seemed, after all, more like a kitten to be teased, than an idol to be cherished.

Lucy was dressed in a semi-mourning dress of black cashmere, relieved by dainty ruches of white at her neck and wrists. At her throat and belt were little bunches of sweet-scented purple violets. Her black attire set off to perfection her white skin and violet eyes, which, however, were further heightened by her black, silky hair. Her only ornaments were her tiny brooch and ear-rings of black onyx set with pearls.

"Yes," thought Josie, gradually drawing out of the conversation as the evening wore on, "it's all right. Sam is smitten, sure enough."

"Josie," the young gentleman managed to ask, as brother Tom engaged Lucy's attention for a few minutes, "couldn't I escort her to the depot?"

"No, you couldn't," she replied decisively. "Tom and I are going with her, and we don't want you." So he had to deny himself an anticipated pleasure.

The next afternoon, as Josie once more sat at the dining-room window absorbed in her pretty trifling crochet work, Sam marched in, as he always did, without leave or license. Evidently something was on his mind, for he sat down in silence and watched Josie's flying fingers.

"Well, Sam, out with it," she said at last.

"Jo," he asked beseechingly. "will you—will you—give me Miss Smith's address?"
 "Miss who?" demanded Jo.
 "Miss Smith."
 "Who's she?"
 "Why, the young lady who was here last night."

"O—h! Mrs. Smith, you mean."
 "Mrs. Smith!" cried Sam in astonishment.
 "Do you mean to tell me that *that* child—you all called her Lucy—is married?"

"No, I don't," asserted Josie.
 "Well, what then?"
 "She's a widow."
 "Oh!"

Long pause.
 "Why do you want her address?" asked Josephine at last.

"I thought of sending her some flowers," replied Sam.

"All right. I would," said she.
 But still Sam wavered.

"Sam," began the young girl, "you need not mind telling me anything. If you like Lucy so well after so short an acquaintance, there is no reason why you should not love her dearly after a longer one. I know her perfectly—we have been like sisters for years—and I say she's worthy the best man that ever lived."

"But, Josie—she's a widow."
 "Bother! Suppose she is! That's no killing matter, is it?"

Again Sam was silent.
 "And so young," he mused; "she can't be more than twenty."

"She is, in reality, twenty-five."
 He laughed uneasily. "I always said I would never marry a widow, or a woman older than myself."

"Don't be a fool," vigorously enunciated Josie. "Wait till you see whether you can get her! If you do, you'll be luckier than a good many better men. Why, Sam! I'm ashamed of you! Have you so little spunk that you would throw away a pearl of great price, simply for two such trivial objections? All I've got to say is, you'll never be suited, then. Be a man!"

Sam turned red and hung his head sheepishly, but Josie thrust a card into his hand, saying:

"There's Lucy's address. Go, get the flowers."

Months passed. It seemed as though Josie had "gotten rid" of her old-time admirer, for Lucy had returned to the city, and Sam had speedily discovered her whereabouts and profited by his knowledge.

One cold winter evening Sam dropped in, as of old, to see his time-honored friend Josie.

"Do you want to see what I've got?" he asked, taking a little velvet case from his pocket. "Here is the ring for Lucy; she has accepted me."

"Oh, Sam!" exclaimed Josie, "I'm delighted. It's exactly what I've wanted all along."

"Is it?" asked Sam mischievously. "What was that nonsense about your grandmother, then?"

Josie looked mystified. "Why, didn't Lucy ever tell you?"

"Tell me what?"
 "Didn't she tell you about her husband?"
 "Not a great deal, in fact, I never cared especially to know."
 "You knew that we were school friends together, did you not?"
 "Yes."

"Well, this was the way of it. Lucy Foster was an orphan, who had been raised by a very peculiar maiden aunt. As she seemed poor and friendless, I always took a great interest in her, and in vacations she visited a great deal with me among my relatives and friends. In the course of our travels, a wealthy old widower took a great fancy to her, so much so, that on the death of her aunt he adopted her. He took her to his elegant country home, and treated her in every respect as a beloved daughter. But people began to talk, and rather than send her away, he married her. I myself thought it a great mistake, but I did not think it right that she should leave her home simply to please the world. Moreover, she was only seventeen, and did not then understand what love meant. The old gentleman and his grown-up children, even grandchildren, were always kind to the young bride, and when he died, which he did within a year, half a dozen homes were freely opened to her. She has abundant means, and is her own mistress; she spends her time, back and forth, among her husband's relatives. Lucy's husband was my grandfather Smith."

"Indeed!" cried Sam, "then Lucy is your grandma."

"Yes, she is. Grandma is one of my pet names for her. When I first mentioned her, I thought you would understand; but when I saw that you did not, I made up my mind that I would have a little fun. Later, however, I forgot all about it; in fact, I supposed that she must have told you."

"The name Smith never struck me," mused Sam. "How funny things turn out."

"Why, Samuel!" exclaimed Josie, cutting short his reverie. "Look at that clock! Lucy will wonder what has become of you. Bestir yourself!" and she let him out the front door.

"Well," she thought, as a satisfied, happy look settled upon her bright, fine face, "I made that match. And it's the best day's work that I ever did in my life."

Mr. Hayford's Bean-bake.

BY FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.



THE big red stage-coach bowled merrily over the road that August morning. The six strong horses made no labor of the load behind them, nine grown people inside the coach, two young men, three children and the driver on top, not to mention sundry baskets apparently well-filled. As Bangor receded, and the rolling, well-culti-

vated country unfolded itself before them into a series of landscapes, each more beautiful than the other, with the broad blue Penobscot always a prominent feature, as the air grew sweeter and purer, yet more intoxicating, the bored, discontented look on Harry Sedgwick's face gradually vanished. Glancing now and then at his companion, Tom Burnham noted the gradual dissolution of the cloud; presently he said,

"This isn't so bad, eh?"
 "It is charming! I'm glad you insisted upon my coming," replied Sedgwick.

"Oh, I don't take any credit to myself for that, it was only the knowledge that your mother would stay at home if you did that drew you out of your shell. Your complaisance will be rewarded, or I am no prophet."

"I hope so," was the doubting answer.

This visit to the Pine Tree State was not of Sedgwick's own free will; his mother, whose every wish he tried to gratify, had expressed a desire to revisit her birthplace, which she had not seen since she was ten years old, and as she disliked traveling alone he at once offered to accompany her. She hesitated about accepting this sacrifice, but he assured her that it was not a sacrifice, that he had no definite plans for the month of August, he was weary of hackneyed watering-places and incessant gayety, and would like a little rural quiet for variety.

They had reached Bangor the night before, and the first person Sedgwick saw, when he left his hotel after dinner to take a perambulatory cigar, was his old friend Tom Burnham. In answer to his questions, he learned that Burnham was visiting his uncle, a physician, who lived but a short distance from the Bangor House, and that he was enjoying himself thoroughly. Half an hour after their meeting Dr. and Mrs. Burnham came to call on Mrs. Sedgwick, under Tom's escort, and invited her to go with them on a picnic the next day; this invitation Mrs. Sedgwick at once accepted, to her son's surprise and dismay.

"Oh dear!" said he to himself. "This is more than I bargained for! I detest picnics even when thoroughly managed, but a picnic in a pine wood twelve miles above Bangor! And a bean-bake at that! which I suppose, though I never heard of the thing before, means that we are expected to eat beans—baked beans, bah!—in company with a lot of rustics! There's one comfort, this atrocity will shorten my mother's visit, for she is no fonder of so-called 'rural simplicity' than I am. Two-pronged steel forks, of course, for the few who are too genteel to eat with their knives; crockery cups an inch thick given to us to drink our chickory out of; clammy brown bread, thick, livery pies, tough doughnuts—an entrancing prospect!"

But the pleasant ride in the sweet morning air, the beauty of the country around him, and the novelty of the situation dissipated his discontent before an hour had elapsed. Presently he said,

"How long have you been here, Tom?"
 "Since the first of July. I was here all last summer, you know—or perhaps you don't know, as you were in California."

"What on earth brings you here?" asked Sedgwick, in unfeigned surprise.

"What takes a fellow anywhere in mid-summer? It is rarely very warm here, and—"

"Yes, but what do you contrive to do all the time?"

"Do? Go riding, driving, fishing, camping, boating, flirting—"

"Flirting! Who is there for you to flirt with?"

The question was not a surprising one. Tom Burnham was very popular in his "set;" more than one wealthy Fifth Avenue girl would gladly have said "Yes," had he asked the all-important question, and why or how he could condescend to waste his valued smiles on any rural maiden was something his friend could not understand.

"Wait until you see them, which you will in a very few minutes, for we are almost at

tance, among the brown boles of the pines, stood a black-eyed girl in a bright scarlet jacket, kindly giving the one touch of vivid color needed to complete the picture.

Sedgwick was introduced (it seemed to him) to at least a dozen ladies who bore the name of Hayford, so he concluded that their host, Mr. John Hayford, must have a very large family. Tom seemed to be intimate with them all, and to be very highly esteemed.

"Come, Harry," cried Tom, "let's go and have a peep at the bean-pit. Where is it this time, 'Senath?"

"Just back of the tent," answered 'Senath, a bright-eyed girl of sixteen or seventeen.

"What is a bean-pit?" asked Sedgwick.

"A trench in the ground where the beans are baked; didn't you ever see one?"

"No, I never did."

"Did you ever eat baked beans?"

day; so, after he covered the trench up, we all went down to the river, and 'Senath was actually crazy enough to make Sam take her and Lottie out for a row."

"And I tell you I never enjoyed anything more in all my life," exclaimed 'Senath, her large gray eyes full of excitement. "The river was like glass, not a sound could be heard except the drip of water from our oars. It was so quiet and beautiful that I wanted to stay there forever! It was only out of consideration for George's arms that I consented to come in when I did."

Sedgwick wished he knew who George was; had that young creature a lover already? He'd find out.

"While Mrs. Sedgwick and you are here, Harry, we must come up here and camp for a few days," said Tom.

Before replying Sedgwick looked earnestly



our journey's end. Do you see that grove of tall pine trees ahead of us, on our left? That's our destination," answered Tom.

Summoned by the clatter of hoofs and wheels, a couple of boys appeared at the edge of the woods; they appeared to have been scouts, for when the coach halted by a narrow grassy road that led into a seemingly endless forest, the green vista was filled with people advancing toward them. The sight that greeted them would have charmed an artist's eye; here and there were carryalls and buggies standing at ease; the horses, unharnessed and tethered by a long bridle, were lazily cropping the grass, and meditatively switching at an occasional fly; two boys, armed with fishing-rods, and three or four little girls, came bounding forward to greet their young visitors; behind them, and a little more slowly, were three or four young ladies, all smiles and welcome, and in the rear two elderly ladies advanced. Far back in the dis-

"No," answered Tom.

"Why, Burnham!" remonstrated his friend.

"I repeat it, he never did. He has tasted a pale counterfeit, he never saw the genuine article."

"Here is the pit," said 'Senath, leading them to an oblong trench filled with smouldering coals and hot ashes, and two big iron pots carefully covered. Near the pit was an open fire in a small clearing where there was no possibility of a stray spark setting the woods on fire, and a couple of tea-kettles were hissing and spluttering over the glowing embers.

At a little distance was a roomy tent. Seeing Sedgwick look inquiringly at it one of the young ladies said,

"Here is where we camped last night. Father had to stay here to watch the fire, so two of us girls and three of our cousins stayed with him. He put the beans in just at midnight, it was full moon, you know, and as bright as

at his friend to see if his dancing eyes might not belie the gravity of his words; but no, Tom's whole mien was earnest. While muttering some conventional reply, he hardly knew what, Sedgwick tried to picture to himself the scene suggested: Mrs. Sedgwick camping out with a farmer, his wife and daughters, and, perhaps, one or two of his sons smelling strongly of the stable! Her very garments, the velvets and laces so dear to her heart, would shiver at the suggestion!

Sedgwick had enough *savoir faire* to enable him to do the right thing under almost any circumstances, so he sauntered about with one or another of the Misses Hayford, and aided in gathering the brilliant scarlet bunch-berries with which the ground was carpeted, dewy velvet moss, graceful ferns and delicate vines for the adornment of the dinner-table; he submitted, with apparent gratitude, to having his straw hat adorned with a wreath of tiny white flowers, and his button-hole bouquet of

delicate blue forget-me-nots was as gracefully worn as if composed of the rarest rosebuds. He gallantly plucked gum from the weeping trees, and gave it to 'Senath, regardless of its all-too-clinging nature, and even went to the spring with this same young lady when Mrs. Hayford announced that she wanted fresh water for the lemonade.

When dinner was served and the guests, including the stage-coach driver, were assembled round the festive board (literally, for the table consisted of three long planks supported on trestles), Sedgwick found that his long ride, or the resinous odors from the surrounding trees, had made him ravenously hungry; he surprised himself when he found that he was really eating the despised baked beans and doughnuts! The knives and forks were not the kind he had imagined; the strong freshly-made coffee enriched by golden cream, the sweet white biscuits, the spicy veal-loaf, and the old-fashioned spice cake, served on and in china instead of inch-thick crockery, were appetizing enough to tempt a sybarite.

"What delicious biscuits these are!" exclaimed Mrs. Sedgwick.

"I am glad you like them; 'Senath generally has real good luck with her biscuit," answered Mrs. Hayford, "though it don't seem as if these were as good as she generally makes."

"It is a genuine accomplishment to be able to make good bread," added Mrs. Burnham.

"And much more important than nine-tenths of the accomplishments. There ought to be a law passed compelling every girl to learn how to cook; one half of our ailments are caused by badly-prepared food," was Dr. Burnham's dictum.

"It is a great deal more necessary for a wife to be able to prepare a palatable meal than to read French or play on the piano," suggested some one else.

"Just what papa says! He told me, when I was ten years old, that he would give me a diamond ring when I could cook a breakfast, dinner, and supper all by my unaided self," exclaimed 'Senath.

"Did he keep his promise?" asked Sedgwick, with a glance at her ringless fingers.

"Oh, yes. But I didn't win my ring until I was fourteen."

"Perhaps your knowledge of cookery may win you another ring—a plain gold one," hinted Mrs. Burnham.

To this 'Senath made no answer. Sedgwick wondered what Tom's aunt meant; surely that young girl, probably still at school, could not be engaged.

As the day waned and the shadows lengthened, the guests commenced to talk of going home, but this was objected to by Mr. Burnham, who said,

"Oh, don't start yet! It is only five o'clock."

"Remember, we have a long ride before us," answered Dr. Burnham, adding in a low tone, "and Mrs. Sedgwick is not used to out-of-doors life, she looks tired."

"Well, if you must go, I will not put any obstacle in your way, but there is no hurry. George, you and Sam harness up and take some of the folks down to my house, and let

them wait for us there," said Mr. Hayford, addressing two young men who stood near him; then turning to his wife, "Mother, suppose you take Mrs. Burnham and the doctor, Mrs. and Mr. Sedgwick, 'Senath, and some of the others—enough to fill the two carryalls—down to the house, while we pick up the dishes and things."

A suggestion that was very pleasing to Mrs. Sedgwick; the prospect of depositing her weary frame in a chair was of itself a rest after so many hours of *al fresco* standing or sitting on a shawl with a rough tree as a support for her back.

Mr. Hayford's house was a very old farmhouse with new rooms built on here and there as they were needed. The parlor was quite modern, had crimson plush furniture, a crimson and gray brussels carpet, gray paper on the walls, with crimson bordering, an ornamental clock, and vases on the mantelpiece in front of a large clear mirror, and though evidently the state apartment, had the air of being used. The "living-room," just back of the parlor, was its direct opposite: a home-made carpet covered the floor, the walls were painted light brown and wainscoted; the narrow mantelpiece was very high and was covered with quaint old mugs, brass candlesticks, and snuffers, tall glass vases filled with dried grasses, and a large china pitcher which had belonged to Mr. Hayford's great-grandfather; a tall wooden clock filled one corner of the room near a glass-doored closet, containing stores of old china and silver; comfortable chairs, of all sorts, stood at their ease here, there, and everywhere. This room was of fifty years ago; the parlor, quite another era.

In the parlor were books and magazines in plenty; glancing over the former, Sedgwick saw the names of standard writers whose works were more familiar to him by hearsay than by acquaintance; among the latter was the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, with 'Senath Hayford's name on the outside.

"So! my pretty little 'Senath is a bit of a blue-stocking as well as a champion bread-maker," exclaimed he to his most confidential friend, himself. "Poor thing, what can she do but read? She seems too intellectual to content herself with gossip about domestic details."

And when again talking with 'Senath, which somehow had occurred almost constantly during that long, quiet August day, he turned the conversation toward books; but he was very soon ready to quit that theme, for he found that she was better read than himself, and until he got on safe neutral ground, was in terror lest she should turn his own sword upon him, and put him through a delicate catechism of what he had read and studied.

All night Sedgwick dreamed of wandering through still green forests, whispering words of love to a little gray-eyed girl, while the wind whistling through the pine needles constantly sang 'Senath, 'Senath, 'Senath.

And all the next day and the next, he was haunted by the same vision in his waking hours. He was delighted when he heard Mrs. Burnham invite his mother to go with her to visit the Hayfords, and vexed when he found

that the two ladies went there one day when he had gone fishing with Tom Burnham. The uncomfortable conviction at last was that he was actually in love.

"Did you have a pleasant visit?" he asked his mother on her return.

"Yes, rather pleasant. The Hayfords are cordial, kind-hearted people."

"The girls are nice."

"As usual with the lower classes" (Mrs. Sedgwick ignored the fact that her grandfathers were small farmers), "the women are much more presentable than the men; quite as narrow-minded, perhaps, but a little less coarse."

"That little 'Senath is something of a scholar. I saw some French books with her name in them."

"Yes, and she draws really very well—very well considering her slight advantages. From something her aunt said I think she was at school somewhere in or near Boston last year, probably she is fitting herself for a teacher."

"Very likely. She never could content herself as a farmer's wife."

Sedgwick's tone had something in it which jarred upon his mother's ear; she quickly asked,

"And why not? It is her proper destiny. I do not believe in girls marrying out of their sphere—or men either."

"The question is, what is one's sphere?"

"One's native element, perhaps I should have said. This girl's sphere—or element—is undoubtedly bread-making, churning, cooking, cleaning; French and drawing are her amusements, her dissipations if they distract her from her lawful labors."

"Can't you fancy her improved, elevated, by a marriage with some one who is her social superior?"

Mrs. Sedgwick sat bolt upright and looked very stern as she replied indignantly and emphatically,

"No, I cannot. And I must insist, Henry, that you don't fancy any such thing either."

Her son made no reply; after a moment's significant pause she continued,

"We will start for home to-morrow, Henry; there is a steamer for Boston at noon; please go at once and secure our state-rooms."

"It will be but civil for me to call on the Hayfords, mother; I was their guest—"

"Write and apologize, say you were obliged to return home suddenly. I insist that you have nothing more to do with that girl. Dear me, Harry, can't you see for yourself how very absurd the thing is? The idea of *you* fancying yourself in love with a farmer's daughter! I am certainly amazed."

"So am I," answered her son with a little laugh at his own folly; "but she is a most bewitching little creature."

Mrs. Sedgwick did not rest until she had put the ocean between her son and 'Senath Hayford. She never mentioned the girl again, and as he made no allusion to her, she hoped it was but a passing fancy; she did not know that neither rosy-cheeked English girls, flaxen-haired Germans, nor dark-eyed Italians, could make him forget his infatuation. There were days that ensuing winter when he was almost resolved to brave everything, his

mother's wrath, society's scorn, and his own doubts, and win 'Senath if he could; for he was not vain enough to imagine that she had any tenderness for him simply because he was weak enough to fall in love at first sight.

Two years passed and the Sedgwicks were still abroad, when the following news came from a friend in New York, who occasionally sent a long, gossipy letter to Mrs. Sedgwick:

"I presume you have heard of Tom Burnham's approaching marriage. He is to be sacrificed on the hymeneal altar next week, but alas! the wedding is to take place at the bride's home in Boston. She is a charming girl, just nineteen, pretty as a picture, and very accomplished. Tom says she can dance, sing, draw, sew, and cook, as well as if she had never done but the one. Her father is a millionaire, and she is his only daughter, so he had her educated according to his own notions; during the winter she went to school near home, and every June she was exiled to a farmer uncle, in Maine, to be taught all sorts of domesticities, and to keep her health from suffering from too much study. If half is true that I hear about her, Tom is the luckiest man I know. I forgot to tell you her name, 'Senath Hayford; odd isn't it? I believe there has been a 'Senath in their family for two hundred years."

Kith and Kin.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, AUTHOR OF "FIRST VIOLIN," "PROBATION," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MEETING THE FIRST.

"God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides: one to face the world with,
And one to show a woman when he loves her."
Browning.



HALLOA, Aglionby! whither away?"

"Me? I'm off to the Palace of Ceres, to testify my allegiance to the Liberal cause."

"Oh, the Liberal Demonstration! I wish you joy, I'm sure!"

"Thank you. I don't say that I shall agree with all I hear, but I want to know what they have to say for themselves."

"Contradictions, as usual."

"Aren't you going too?"

"Why on earth should I go? We had one turn last week, my boy. You seem to forget that there has been a Conservative Demonstration already, and that we had a great triumph at the Palace of Ceres last Saturday. Ours is an accomplished fact, while yours has yet to come off."

"A great triumph had you?" returned Aglionby, a gleam of humor, of a kind the reverse of angelic, lighting up his dark, lean visage.

"I know there was a great row, because I was there, and helped to make it; if you like to call it a triumph I've no objection, I'm sure."

"I'll go bail you never were at so enthusiastic a meeting in your life," was the vehement retort.

"Never at such a noisy one, I admit. I hope your chief speaker felt soothed and cheered altogether with his Irkford reception. That scene on the platform—"

"A fine scene!" said the other, reddening angrily all over his fair and ingenuous countenance. "A fine display of English feeling, to hoot down a respectable, honest man, just because his opinions happen to differ from yours."

"Now, my dear fellow, don't let your feelings carry you away. I was there as well as you, and I'm proud to own that I groaned as loudly as anybody, not just because my opinions differ from his—heaven forbid! That was a meeting, Percy! I congratulate you."

"It was what we wanted—a demonstration," replied his friend, chaffing.

"Very much so," said Aglionby, politely. "The question is a demonstration of what?"

"Our party have clearly defined principles, which they know. They don't want them expounding over and over again, like yours. I hope you may get at something this afternoon—something definite, I mean. At any rate, you will have a good chance of hearing. You see we had ninety thousand of an audience. To-day, there will be you, the speakers, and the reporters."

"Thanks for that sparkling gem of banter. 'Won't you join the dance?' Will you really not come and save the meeting from irretrievable disgrace? If we could proudly embellish our report in Monday's paper with the distinguished name of Percy Golding, Esq., we should feel that our exertions had not been made in vain."

"I can tell you, you won't get the chance of doing any such thing," said Mr. Golding, in a huff. Then, rapidly changing the subject, he added in milder tones:

"Where's Miss Vane? Isn't she going with you?"

"Miss Vane is at home. She cares nothing about such things, I'm happy to say. Women have no business at political meetings—especially young women."

"Lots of ladies are going. Half the reserved seats are taken up with them," said Percy; but his expression showed that he was at one with his friend on the last point, if not as to political principles in general.

"Oh, then there will be one or two others in addition to myself and the reporters, after all. I haven't got a reserved seat. They are too expensive. I'm going with the cads in the shilling places, and, in case any one else should happen to do the same thing, I will go on and secure a place. Farewell! Can't I persuade you, really? I would stand between you and suffocation from overcrowding."

"My opinions on political matters are formed, thank you," said Mr. Golding stiffly.

"Happy man! Mine are only in the process of development. Once more, farewell!"

Percy Golding returned his nod, and the

two young men separated. Bernard Aglionby, warehouseman in an Irkford firm, Radical and freethinker, took his way toward the city; Percy Golding, his friend, banker's clerk, Conservative and Churchman, took his way out of it, humming a tune the while, and hastening his steps more than he had done when he had met Aglionby. They were fast friends, and had been so for many years. They squabbled incessantly, but quarreled never.

As Aglionby's long legs carried him quickly down the broad and busy thoroughfare, which gradually, as the town grew thicker, became less broad and more busy, there was at first a strongly-perceptible smile visible upon his dark, keen face—and that smile a sarcastic one. He had a remarkable face, with sharp, handsome, clear-cut features, a firm mouth, a fine brow, and dark eyes, which were often seen brilliant, but rarely soft, and which were illumined oftener than not with a glowing spark of malice and mockery. They darted from one object to another with a keenness and quickness which were remarkable. Nothing seemed to escape their scrutiny; yet there was rarely any pensiveness to be seen in their expression. Eyes and mouth too were given to smiling frequently, and a hearty laugh was by no means a rare event in this young man's life. Yet his laugh was not contagious, and was oftenest heard when others were perfectly grave, giving his company an uncomfortable sensation that he laughed at rather than with them.

"I wonder if we shall muster a hundred and fifty thousand this afternoon?" he speculated within himself, as he strode onwards, and kept passing pieces of boarding covered with monstrous broad-sheets, conspicuous amongst which was a huge poster in red letters on a white ground—"Palace of Ceres, Knottley, near Irkford. This day. Grand Liberal Demonstration. Speeches will be made by Messrs. — and —. Lord John Ponsonby in the chair. Proceedings to commence at three o'clock precisely."

"The Tories had ninety thousand after all deductions were made," he reflected, "and that's a big crowd. I should like us to beat it."

He whistled softly to himself as he strode on in the brisk, pleasant air of the October afternoon; brisk and pleasant even in the smoky streets of the huge, dingy, manufacturing town.

"I hope it will be over in time for me to take Lizzie to the theater," he again reflected. "As she has got her new toggery she will want to show it, sense or no sense. Girls are so odd."

He was in the thick now of the great dirty town, and turned off down a street inscribed "City Road;" very long, very straight, dingy, and uninviting in appearance. Here the walls were enlivened with a constant succession of the red and white posters, announcing in terms impossible to be misconstrued, more and more particulars as to the approaching "Grand Liberal Demonstration at the Palace of Ceres," to be held that afternoon. By-and-by this road became more and more crowded. Cabs, carriages, and foot-passengers were all increasing in numbers, and all

steadily thronging in one direction. From the steps of a railway station poured a continuous stream of persons—men and women both—all turning toward one point, where in the dim distance could be seen looming through the smoke a huge, dome-shaped roof, that of the great hall belonging to the euphoniously-named "Palace of Ceres."

Aglionby recognized an acquaintance here and there, nodded briefly, and stalked onwards, his great height and his long strides giving him an advantage over most of the others.

Inside the wall, the very large grounds belonging to the palace were thronged to overflowing with an enormous, surging crowd. There was a lane, preserved by the exertions of sorely-tried policemen, just wide enough to admit of two lines of carriages, one going to, the other coming away from the door of the hall.

Aglionby appeared to know his way well. He wasted no time in struggling through this densely-planted forest of humanity, but skirting it, came to a side door, presented his shilling to the guardian who stood there, was admitted, and found himself at once within a vast hall, capable of holding twenty-five thousand persons. There was a great platform at the upper end, on which were distributed a few gentlemen, eagerly conversing; a large space in the center of the hall was devoted to the reserved seats, about half of which were already occupied, and that very largely by ladies, as Mr. Golding had predicted. The space all around these seats was already filled almost to overflowing; but Aglionby, again skirting the crowd, made his way to a most convenient corner, admirably adapted both for seeing and hearing, and in close proximity to one of the reserved benches. In this place a youth was standing, whose face lighted up as he saw Aglionby approach.

"Here I am!" observed the latter. "Did you think I was never coming?"

"I knew you wouldn't miss *this*," said the boy, slipping out of his place; "and I was only just in time to keep the place for you. I've been here just an hour."

Aglionby had told Golding that he was "going with the cads in the shilling places," and he had certainly paid that sum for his place, or rather for permission to enter at the door and try to secure standing room. But at the present moment he drew forth a shabby-looking little leather purse (indeed, his whole costume betokened anything but a superfluity of means), and drew from it a half-crown, saying:

"Thank you, you've earned your money well, Bob," and tendered it to the youth, who looked like a respectable shop-boy. He flushed a little, looked rather sheepish, and stammered:

"I don't like to take it, Mr. Aglionby, really. It's but a little thing to do for you, and—"

"Pooh! pocket it, and see that no professional gentleman relieves you of it on your way home. A bargain's a bargain; and clear out, my lad, for your room is more desirable than your company at the present moment."

The youth murmured something; looked with more than gratitude up into the dark, sharp face of Aglionby, who appeared at that moment to be abstractedly gazing toward the platform, and then, wriggling off, made his way through the crowd, and was soon trudging gayly down City Road, turning the coin over in his pocket, perhaps to institute an intimacy, as rare as it was agreeable, between it and two pennies, a piece of string, and a buck-handle knife.

Aglionby propped himself up against a pillar, and surveyed the proceedings. There was a band which played popular melodies, to the airs of which a portion of the audience sang political songs. He joined in now and then, in snatches in a voice which was pleasant, and which had in it more bass than baritone, but he was too intently observing the faces around him to take much interest in the singing.

Two seats at the end of the reserved bench by which Aglionby was standing, and from which nothing but a stout cord separated him, remained empty for some little time. Then came an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a young lady, and took their places there—the elderly gentleman next to Aglionby. He was the very image of a country gentleman, thought the pale-faced denizen of streets and offices, and suburban lodgings. His fresh, hale complexion, bright, frosty blue eye, and white hair; his upright attitude; his whole appearance, bespoke the countryman. And Aglionby had noticed, as he made his way to his place, that he was a huge man, tall and broad, and stalwart, with such a physique as is rarely bred in a town. So tall and so big was he as to make the lady beside him look almost small, although she too was of a stature that was more than commonly tall, and of a stately carriage to boot. Aglionby only noticed her passingly, at first. He remarked her height and her dignity of mien; he saw that she was young, and had fine and rather large features, and the expression upon her lips and in her eyes, he saw, was not one of girlish timidity, though far removed from boldness. Still, there was more presence of mind and calm assurance than he altogether admired—or thought he admired in women—characterizing her whole aspect and demeanor. For, though politics were his pastime, and the Radical cause his darling, he was in many matters a martinet in theory, and a staunch Conservative in practice—which is exactly what might have been expected.

He amused himself with the contrast in the conversations on either side of him, scraps of which came to his ears.

"You see we are in plenty of time, uncle," said the lady, in a contralto voice, and with a clear and polished accent. "I hope they will be punctual."

"Trust them!" replied the old gentleman, a little gruffly. "It's a sight worth seeing, this! Does my eyes good to behold it. You never saw the like before, Judith, and you never may again."

"No. And what order they keep, and how they all turn toward that platform, as if it were a magnet! And what earnest, intent

faces, most of them! How different from the people at home, uncle!"

The old gentleman indulged in a series of chuckles, which made his face red, and his blue eyes moist, and Aglionby glanced sideways at the young woman, attracted by her voice, and pleased with what she said. Certainly she was not wanting in intelligence, but what a contrast to Lizzie—his lovely Liz!

At his right, amongst those who, like himself, were standing, were two rough-looking fellows in the garb of operatives. A stunted, keen-faced man was talking to them:

"Have you come far?" he asked.

"We've tramped it from Huddersfield," replied one. "Th' young measter giv' us th' tickets, and we coom afoot. We can't afford railway fares i' these bad times."

"Well, you'll not repent it," was the consolatory reply. "How do you think of passing to-night?"

"On the road. We must be back by Monday morn, you see."

"Well, come and have some tea with me, when it's o'er. I live close by, in City Road. I'm a watchmaker, and I'll be glad to give you a meal."

The invitation was apparently accepted, but the band began again, and drowned further conversation.

The great hall was filled now, until not another soul could press in. The most perfect order prevailed. In a momentary stillness, a booming sound in the distance told those who knew, that the clock of the Town Hall, two miles away, in the city, was striking three. Almost as the sound ceased, the door behind the platform opened, and the principal speakers came on. Many members of parliament and local celebrities who had already appeared had been warmly welcomed. Here was the chairman, Lord John Ponsonby. They received him with manifest pleasure, but there was an electricity, a subtle thrill which told that they were waiting for some one, for something yet to come. More celebrities, or otherwise; more short, sharp, absent-minded cheers. More and more heads, known and unknown, crowd forward. Then comes he whom they are waiting for. Here is the "brave white head"—the "grand, calm, proud face" of their best-beloved, and then bursts forth the roar that deafens, and stuns, and is never forgotten of them who have once heard it. A roar, a thunder, a prolonged storm of exultation, that has something fierce and fearful in it, as well as glad, greets that veteran champion of beautiful liberty.

Twenty-five thousand throats cheered at the full pitch of their power, as if to fling all the praise they could upon that one head, as if to bow with weight of glory that well-known brow. All else were forgotten. At Ipsford the old love is very faithfully loved. There are others about and around him who are great and good, but that is the man who fought for them and their fathers years ago, to give them bread; and who has fought for them since, in many a battle. They have not forgotten it: they never will forge it. Ag-

lionby felt the enthusiasm run like lightning into a subtle, red-hot current through every vein. He too cheered—cheered at the top of his voice—his eyes all the time fixed upon that form and that face, whose appearance had called forth all this storm of fierce and passionate delight. Even while he was cheering he had observed how some of the women's faces blanched, and their eyes blanched before the tremendous roar of joy, and he looked instinctively at the girl who sat so near to him. There was no bleaching in her face. It was a little flushed out of its pallor, and there was a clear light in her eye, and a repressed smile upon her lip, which told of enjoyment, not fear. The prolonged roar, which lasted more than five minutes, and would not be hushed, had no terror for her nerves.

At last there was a momentary silence, before the first speaker had opened his mouth, and Aglionby heard her say quickly:

"Don't you remember, uncle, those lines about, 'How any woman's sides can hold the beating of so strong a throb'? I wonder how any man's glance can meet this approbation, and not quail."

"Ay, ay! But hush, my dear. There's Lord John speaking."

The meeting, unparalleled in the annals of public meetings—even of Anti-corn Law, and O'Connell meetings, lasted two hours. Those on the platform described afterward how they were haunted by the sea of faces turned up to them; by the wave-like surgings of the great multitude. This was the smallest section of the crowd which had assembled. In other halls, and in the grounds outside, receiving scraps of oratory from disinterested speakers were as many as made up the whole gathering to more than one hundred thousand. The speeches were strictly limited as to time, and punctually at five o'clock the meeting dispersed.

Aglionby, slowly making his way out, paused near the great door, watching the carriages of the celebrities and non-celebrities as they drove away, observing the throng and hearing the comments.

The carriages and cabs went by numbers, and as he stood there a hired landau drove up, and the number, 137, was called out, but as no response was made, it was quickly hurried on, to come round again in its turn, which would not be for a long time yet. Just when it had disappeared there was some pushing from behind, and turning, Aglionby beheld the elderly gentleman and stately young lady beside whom he had stood during the meeting.

"Come along, Judith!" said the old man irascibly. "We can slip between the horses' heads, and overtake the carriage."

"Oh, but, my dear uncle—"

But the rash and impetuous old gentleman, who looked as if he could not brook having to wait for anything or any one, dragging his niece by the hand, was down the steps and under the heads of a couple of prancing steeds belonging to an approaching carriage. With a repressed exclamation she wrenched her hand out of his, and while he darted forward, she darted back again, and up the

steps, alone. The disconsolate visage of the ruddy-faced gentleman was visible, peering at her between horses' heads, jostled by the crowd, and looking very helpless, despite his great stature and herculean dimensions.

Aglionby was conscious of a vague interest in these proceedings. He watched her as she came to the top of the steps, and stood there, frowning a little, and biting her lip.

"Provoking!" he heard her murmur.

"But perhaps, if I wait—"

She looked a little anxious, and glanced uncomfortably around her. Aglionby's theories upon the subject—woman—included one which proclaimed her helplessness in a crowd. He thought the better of her for looking uneasy. Lizzie would have been frightened to death, poor little thing!

As this thought crossed his mind, his lips moved, and he suddenly and impulsively stepped forward, raising his hat, and remarking:

"If you will take my arm a moment, I will help you across to your companion."

She looked a little surprised, glanced for a moment into the face of the man who addressed her, and said:

"Thank you. If you would not mind!"

She placed her hand lightly within the arm which he extended, and he led her quickly and skillfully between the carriage then advancing and the one behind it; and despite expostulating policemen and disapproving coachmen, handed her in safety to the other side. A few moments' search sufficed to discover the old gentleman, who exclaimed:

"I wish we had never left the steps, Judith! The crowd here is most rough and unpleasant, and how we are ever to find the carriage, I don't know."

"Your carriage is just over there, if you like to come to it, and sit in it till your turn comes round again," said Aglionby politely, and secretly much amused at the mixture of reckless impetuosity and nervous helplessness characteristic of the country cousin in a great crowd.

"Where? How? Thank you, sir!" said the elderly gentleman, crimsoning in his agitation, and looking excited.

"There!" said Aglionby, his eyes gleaming with subdued mockery, as he stretched a long arm, and pointed a long forefinger toward the spot where he saw the carriage clearly enough.

"Suppose you follow me—I know the place all through," he suggested, and the old gentleman, tucking the young lady's arm through his own, and glaring (no other word will describe the look) with sudden interest at Aglionby's back, and up to his close-cropped, dark hair, followed him whither he led him through the masses of the crowd, until, by what seemed to the bewildered strangers nothing short of a miracle, they stood beside their own chariot, which, hired though it was, was still a haven of refuge, with the tall, dark young man holding the door open composedly, and smiling slightly.

"Thank you, thank you, sir!" said the old man, handing his niece in, and still staring at Aglionby with a fixedness, and with a suspicious expression, at which the latter could, with difficulty, refrain from laughing aloud.

"The old boy must think me a plausible member of the swell-mob," he thought. "He's thinking that he would not like to meet me alone on a country road, late at night, and armed with a stick. She looks as if she didn't care what happened, so long as she got out of the crowd, and away from the risk of the many-headed—of whom I am one, and she knows it. I saw her look at me during the meeting."

Aloud he said:

"If you will sit here, your man will drive you on as soon as he can, and you will be all right. Good afternoon!"

"Sir, pardon me, but will you not—can we—"

"Thank you. I'm walking," replied Aglionby, slightly lifting his hat, and striding away.

CHAPTER II.

MEETING THE SECOND.

AGLIONBY carried himself homewards as fast as might be, through a tortuous maze of side streets and short cuts. He lived in lodgings in a southern suburb of Irkford, in a quiet, modest, dingy-looking street, called Crane Street, and in apartments suited to his very moderate means. As he bent his steps toward Crane Street, his mind was running eagerly and delightedly on the spectacle, the excitement of that afternoon. He was not given to airing any crotchets or enthusiasms; his fault was extreme reserve and taciturnity; but at the same time he silently cherished ardent longings, wishes, ambitions.

"I call that *life*, that sort of thing, for those who take part in it," he said within himself. "One afternoon of that would be worth a hundred years of selling gray shirtings and towelings, and being badgered, if your sales don't come up to the mark you are expected to reach. It's a life for a galley-slave, by gad! and nothing better. I wish I saw my way out of it. 'Aglionby this!' 'Aglionby that!'" His face darkened. "And then old Jenkinson, who's rolling in money, can go canting to people about its being a misfortune for any young man to have anything to depend upon but his own exertions? Hum! Ha! I wish he'd just let one of his own sons exchange with me, and see where his own exertions landed him. I should like to cut the whole concern, and go off to Canada, or New Zealand; only I like Irkford, and I like the life there is here. I like the politics, and the stir and the throb of a big city like this. And then Liz—poor little Liz!—she would scream at the very notion of such a thing."

A smile dawned in Aglionby's face and eyes, which for a few moments had been preternaturally grave, and even severe. This smile was unquestionably a tender one; it transfigured his face, and made it look that of another being, gave a softness and graciousness to the hard, sharp outlines, and melted away the cynical fittle lines about the mouth. He looked up, rousing himself from his abstraction, with a vague consciousness that he must be near home, and found himself within a few

paces of his house. He strode up the little walk, and opened the door with a latchkey.

Apparently its rattle in the lock had been heard, for as he was pulling it out, and standing just within the narrow little passage, about to close the door, some one came tripping out of a back parlor and said:

"How late you are!"

"I'm sorry, my child! Couldn't afford so many bus fares in one day, so I had to walk," he replied, putting the latchkey into his pocket with one hand, and with the other possessing himself of her slim fingers; then his arm by some means slipped round her waist, and thus pinioned he led her into the dark little back parlor whence she had emerged.

"Come, let me go, sir! You and I are going to have our teas all alone, and that's more luck than you deserve. And then off we go! Oh, I'm dying to be off, and we shall get no places, if we're not in lots of time."

"Well, stop—you can spare time for me to have one look at you. Let's see how your new finery suits you."

He held her off at arms-length, and gazed at her, with his keen eyes softening visibly. Handsome though his own features were, his hard and cynical expression made his face almost a plain and decidedly a somber one. Surely she compensated for his want of attractiveness, for she was an exquisitely pretty creature. Tall, lithe and *svelte*, her form was enchanting, while the long, slender white throat supported a lovely little head. She was fair, with a delicate complexion, untouched by the smoke and closeness of the town. She had one of those faces, child's and woman's at once, which appeal irresistibly to all male hearts, and to most feminine ones. Soft blue eyes; a lovely mouth, pensive yet pouting, and a dreamy smile; abundance of pale hair, which, however, just failed to have the true corn-colored tinge which makes the difference between flax and gold—all these charms she possessed, together with that other charm unusually wielded by women at nineteen years of age. So much for the first view; the real, undeniable advantages—and they were all that Aglionby had ever seen. From the hour in which he had been betrothed to her, he had been firmly convinced that she embodied his ideal of womanhood. Perhaps a feminine eye would have been required to perceive, a feminine finger to point out, certain other characteristics, which, however, she might read who ran.

Miss Lizzie Vane wore a dress which faithfully followed every worst point of the prevailing fashion, and exaggerated all of them a little by way of originality. Her gown was the gown of the present day. It fitted her almost half the length from her throat to her heels, like a skin; it was well tied back just behind the knees, and on the ground behind an abundance of perfectly meaningless little frills, arranged upon a spoon or wedge-shaped piece of stuff, waggled and whisked about with her every movement. This was the "train" of Miss Vane's dress: for a young lady moving in her exalted sphere, and living too in one of the palatial family mansions of Crane Street, could hardly be expected to dispense with so useful, so necessary an appen-

dage. Her waist was—let us say—*very* slim indeed; her bust and hips forced into a prominence displeasing in itself, and out of all proportion with the rest of her figure. Her plentiful hair was gathered behind into as small and shabby a round knob as it could by any means be received into; in front a great wisp of it was pulled forward, relentlessly cut short, and then curled, frizzled, piled and towered both on the front of her head, and over her pretty white forehead. Certainly a pair of liquid blue eyes look at you with a very bewitching glance from out a forest of such little ringlets, and so Aglionby thought. So much for Miss Vane's appearance while in repose. The exigencies of her sub-skirt arrangements, the position of what she called her "kicking-straps" necessitated a sidelong crab-like movement, which if gracefully managed is amusing for a short time as a novelty, but he who would call it soothing or agreeable as a permanent form of locomotion in one who is to be a companion for life must be a man who is very much in love indeed.

It was upon this sinuous-looking form that Aglionby gazed with admiring eyes. Then his glance left her form and fell upon her face. That at least was lovely, since it had no waist to be compressed into an attenuation suggestive of the most painful results in case of any unlooked-for accident. No frizzing and no torturing of hair could make it otherwise. Ill-temper now, old age in her future, could alone have the power to make Lizzie Vane's face an ugly one, and—to tell the whole truth—no power, in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, would ever make the said face a noble one, or put a spark of intellectual fire into the sweet blue eyes.

"Do come and get your tea!" she implored him, wriggling impatiently. "Ma has gone out. I've been waiting for you for such a time I should have died of dullness, if Mr. Golding hadn't looked in and cheered my solitude."

She laughed a little affectedly.

"Percy came, did he? Ah! your society would suit him better than the home-truths we've been hearing this afternoon. There was too much of the sledge-hammer about our proceedings to suit friend Percy," he said, smiling sardonically, as he seated himself; and Miss Vane, bending in an elegant serpentine attitude, stood before the tray, and poured out the tea.

"Why don't you sit down, too?" he asked.

"I thought you were going to get tea with me."

"So I am, but I shall stand. I can't sit down, I'm so impatient, and I must be off to get ready," replied Lizzie, conscious of a tremulous tension about the knees, which she knew by experience meant a crack, and a sudden unseemly expansion of garment, in the event of sitting down, or of assuming any other than an upright posture.

"How do you like my dress? You don't even seem to see it," she said, bending into a graceful curve, and looking affectionately over her shoulder at the spoon-shaped train before alluded to.

"It's—well, I don't understand such things. I suppose it's very pretty, but I don't think it suits you quite so well as some you've had.

It looks a little too tight, as if there hadn't been quite enough stuff, doesn't it?"

"There's a compliment!" cried she, with more heat than the occasion seemed to demand. "But you're no judge. Mr. Golding said he had never seen anything in more perfect taste."

"Well, Percy's more of a judge than I am, and then he has sisters," said Bernard with ready acquiescence, "so I suppose it must be right. And," he added, in the most perfect innocence and good faith, "I suppose they know what's what in a big shop like Lund and Robinson's, eh?"

"Yes," said Lizzie eagerly, and all smiles; "why? did you see anything like it in their windows?"

"No—no. At least I didn't observe anything, but when I went to buy that ribbon for you last week, the girl who served me had on a dress exactly like this of yours—only black, you know. She reminded me of you, somehow."

He smiled, thinking he had paid an unexceptionable compliment. Indeed, a year ago, the idea of his going into a draper's shop to buy ribbons for a girl would have been scouted by him as being out of the range of possibility. But flimsy creatures have ere this wielded considerable power over other creatures which were anything but flimsy. Lizzie Vane's influence had tamed him, not only to the buying of ribbons, but to a feeling of anxiety to understand her and sympathize with her, in her own particular province—that of dress and millinery. To his surprise and discomfiture, his last well-meant effort produced only an angry pout.

"Really, your ideas are so odd, Bernard. To think of comparing me with a shop-girl!" she expostulated.

It was Bernard's turn to look surprised. "I didn't compare you with a shop-girl," he said; "and if I had—I don't know much about such things—but that girl I speak of was infinitely superior to some of her customers. Why not a shop-girl, Lizzie?" he added reflectively. "Suppose you had been obliged to go out, as they call it, to earn your living. I'd rather be a saleswoman in one of those big shops full of pretty things, than a nursery governess, with a lot of impudent squalling brats to tyrannize over me."

"I've never considered the subject, not having felt the necessity for it," retorted Miss Vane loftily. Bernard smiled slightly. If anybody but Lizzie had been talking, scathing would have been the comments upon pampered ignorance and upstart vanity. As it was, he let the observation pass, and spreading a slice of bread and butter attacked another topic—one which he had tried before with scant success. He spoke out of the fullness of his heart, not because he hoped that Lizzie would feel interested in the subject.

"We had a meeting this afternoon, Liz. I don't believe there ever was such a meeting!"

"Oh, I know nothing about meetings," she replied with temper.

"No; I'm glad of it, my child."

This was his usual reply to such announcements on the part of his betrothed. He made it, not because it was what he really felt, but

rather what he thought he ought to feel under the circumstances. Perhaps he cherished a hope that frequent repetition of the words would produce the desired sensation.

"There were lots of ladies, there though," he added, and the face of the young woman who had sat near him was vaguely present in his mind as he spoke.

"I expect they were frights," she said, not yet appeased.

"Not a bit of it. There were some very fine ladies indeed there, I can tell you. A very fine-looking young woman sat close to me."

"How was *she* dressed?" asked Miss Vane.

"Oh, how do I know? In black, I think."

"Had she a hat or a bonnet on?"

"I don't know. She'd something that shaded her eyes—a low, round thing."

"A round hat with a brim! At a large meeting! Impossible! No one would wear such a thing."

"Now you give it a name, it was a hat with a brim," he rejoined. "White straw it was, with a white feather laid round it, somehow, flat-looking. And a little silk shawl quite loose round her shoulders"

"She could not have been young, and she must have been a dowdy. I said they were all frights," said Lizzie, interested for once in her life in a public meeting.

"She was young, handsome, and no dowdy," he replied composedly, but with more tenacity of the point than he was wont to display in matters relating to dress and appearance. "You know, my dear, ladies who are somebodies often dress much more plainly than people in our position. I daresay a countess's daughter would be more simply dressed than you and Lucy Golding, when you go to town in the omnibus. My aunt, Mrs. Bryce—"

"Well! commend me to public meetings for making a man too polite for anything," was the exasperated reply. "When you've done, if you do not *very* strongly object, we might be thinking of setting off."

"Any time; I'm ready as soon as you are," he answered, promptly jumping up.

Miss Vane floated sideways from the room, and presently returned attired in a large white hat, turned up at one side with a large pale blue feather, and a bunch (also large) of blush roses. Over her pale gray dress she had flung a buff-colored *dolman* of so gorgeous a show at the first glance as to belie its very moderate cost. This garment was richly braided, and further adorned with large buttons and a narrow bordering of a fur, which, with the best intentions, did not quite succeed in matching the color of the cloak it was supposed to trim.

Gathering up the cataract of little frills which hung behind her, Miss Vane announced herself ready, and after giving a critical glance at Bernard, and rather mournfully remarking that she "supposed he must do," they set out together; presently found an omnibus, and in it went down to the town again, and descended at the entrance of one of the Irkford theaters.

As may be supposed, the more select and expensive seats were beyond their means: they occupied places in the upper circle, and being very early, secured seats in the front row of the same, forming one of innumerable couples in similar circumstances who that

evening chose that means of amusing themselves.

They were perhaps a rather noticeable pair, certainly a contrasted one. His somber face, with its gleaming eyes and occasional smile; his careless dress, and nonchalant, unconventional attitudes, might have struck some eyes. Any one who had cared to observe him so far, would also have remarked that, underlying all the carelessness of dress and mien, there was a pride which could not be concealed—a certain imperious hauteur in the glance, which scarcely agreed with his ostensible station, occupation, and surroundings. His heart was not in the place, or the play, or the scene at all; he went to please her, and for nothing else. She was an almost startling contrast to her lover—fair, delicate-looking, and pretty to admiration, despite her ridiculous dress, and absurdly vulgar and affected airs and graces. She could not, and did not fail to attract attention. Aglionby never noticed that people looked at her. Miss Vane was, however, fully conscious of the fact. This evening, after they had sat waiting for some time, she drew his attention to it, saying plaintively: "Bernard, that odious man on the other side has never taken his eyes off my face. It is so disagreeable. What am I to do?"

"A—what?" he asked abstractedly. "Oh, that man is staring at you? don't look at him, and then you can't see him."

Brutal retort, thought Lizzie in despair. Mr. Golding had more than once wondered at some "fellow's" impudence in staring at her, and expressed a wish to knock her offender down; a style of argument which appealed, as it seemed to her, to more elevated, chivalric feeling than that used by Bernard.

"Well, you might try to enliven me a bit!" she exclaimed, rather impatiently. "What am I to do *but* sit and look at people, if you never open your lips?"

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure. The fact is, this seems rather flat after this afternoon. I wish you could have seen the ovation they gave to— It was grand; and he was grand too! He smashed the government all to atoms."

"Dear me! The government is always being smashed to atoms, according to what you say; but it seems to me to keep on governing all the same," observed Lizzie, unconsciously touching a sore spot.

"Of course it does," he growled; "and will do, unless it is kicked out."

"I wish political meetings didn't make people so awfully grumpy," observed the young lady, rather ruefully. "You do seem to think of nothing but politics."

"There's nothing else much worth thinking of. When a fellow's like me, Liz—"

"I wish you wouldn't call me 'Liz.'"

"No? What then?"

"Lilian is what I like to be called."

"But if Lilian is not your name—which it isn't—"

"Never mind, I shall never get you to understand. When a fellow's like you, well what happens?"

"A slave in a warehouse, and with absolutely no prospects except to sell gray shirts till he's superannuated, he's apt, if he has

not something to take his mind outside his daily drudgery, to get either despondent or dissipated. Now politics take me out of myself, and—holloa! Why there she is!"

"She? who?" asked Miss Vane, forgetting her superfine manners and craning forward as eagerly as he did.

"Why, she—the girl I was telling you about. They must have got home safely then."

"Which? Where? Do show me! Do you mean the girl that had the hat with the brim? I should like to see *her*."

"The same. Look at her, going into that box with the old gentleman; and tell me, if you dare, that she isn't a fine-looking girl."

"I can see nothing fine-looking about her," said Miss Vane crushingly, and not altogether truthfully, as a dismal suspicion began to form itself in her mind that there was something more admirable about the perfect simplicity of the lady in question, than in even her own truly *recherché* toilet.

"Come, come, Liz! you're jealous!"

"Jealous, Bernard! Why, she has on one of those plain washing silks that look no better than a brown holland. And nothing in her hair, and no color, no eyes, no *go!*" said Lizzie, becoming energetic in her contempt.

"My dear child, she has far more than what you call 'go!' Look at the way in which she moves. Look at the gleam of her eyes—how she measures everything so calmly and deliberately! I tell you that woman would look just the same, only rather cooler, if every soul in this theater was one of a mob thirsting for her blood."

"Well, to be sure! What next? A quiet, plain-looking girl like that! I am better-looking than she is, and I'm no beauty."

This was one of Miss Vane's favorite remarks, and was always made in the firm conviction that since there was not a word of truth in it, it must be magnanimous.

"And I declare, Bernard, she's looking at you. She is! And she is pointing you out to her pa. Oh, and you are blushing! He's blushing for the first time in his life! Eh—h—h! what fun!"

There was certainly a heightened color in his face, as he turned to her, with a curling lip and in a voice which was new to her in its coolness and disdain, observed that she was behaving like a child.

Lizzie's mirth was checked for the moment. At that tone she experienced the same constrained sensation, the same quickened breath and beating heart, though in a lesser degree, as when he had one night suddenly upset all her calculations, and claimed her love and her life, in a manner which had subdued her. She became silent, and her lip quivered for a moment. This great clumsy Bernard, at whose *gaucheries* she many a time laughed, had sometimes a way of looking at her, and speaking to her, which sent her heart into her mouth.

He leaned back in his seat, and studied the playbill until the curtain went up, and then he looked toward the box before he looked at the stage. They were not looking at him now; they were intently watching the first scene of *Diplomacy* with the absorbed interest of country folk who do not often get the chance of seeing a play.

The curtain went down on the end of the first act.

"Oh, my! What lovely dresses that Mrs. Kendal has, to be sure! I wish I'd had this made a long plain princess robe, like that gray and gold one she has. Don't you think it would have suited me better, Bernard?"

"It might have suited you; the question is, how would the passages and the size of the rooms at your mother's house have suited it," he answered, honestly endeavoring to go deeply and conscientiously into the subject.

"Tsh!" she replied impatiently. During the remainder of the performance she was sulky and silent. Aglionby did not perceive it. He was interested in his late neighbors at the Liberal Demonstration. He could not help seeing that they looked at him more than once, and exchanged remarks about him. It was the old gentleman who looked at him oftenest, and who even once leveled his opera-glass, and looked long and intently through it in his direction. The young lady, as Bernard saw, looked exceedingly grave, when her features were not animated during the play; but her face was one on which a grave expression sits well, though her smile, when she did smile now and then, was a sweet one. There was something in her countenance which indefinably attracted him, and led him to wonder what she would be like to talk to. He admired the old man, too—his huge stature, and the proud carriage of his head; and the conclusion he came to was still that they lived in the country, and were most likely people of consequence, wherever their home might be.

When the play was over, he made his way, with Liz on his arm, down the stairs. In the large entrance-hall was a great crowd of people going away. At the very door Bernard joggled elbows with some one, and looking round, saw the old gentleman with the young lady on his arm. This time it was she who was next to him—so near that their elbows touched, and he could look into her very eyes. He saw that she had one of those marble-pale countenances, whose pallor by no means betokens ill-health. How calm and composed the deep, steady gray eye! How steadfast the meeting of her lips one upon the other—steadfast, yet sweet! And what a store of intellectual strength was betokened by that smooth, expansive white brow, which had the unmistakable arch that denotes power of thought!

He saw that her eyes were fixed upon Lizzie, who happened also to look round at that moment, flushed with excitement, and a little, perhaps, with vexation—brilliantly, dazzlingly pretty, with that beauty which by gaslight looks ethereal and almost transparent. When she saw the steady eyes of the strange girl fixed upon her, she bridled, tossed back her head, hung upon Aglionby's arm, and said in an affected and audible voice:

"Do let us get out, Bernard, dear! I'm almost stifled."

"Bern—" broke suddenly from the old gentleman's lips. He made a lunge forward; he stretched out his hand toward Aglionby's coat-sleeve; he cried, "Sir! sir! Mr. A—!" But in vain. The crowd closed in between

them. The elderly gentleman and his companion were left to await their conveyance; Aglionby and Miss Vane to make their way through the crowd: she to grumble bitterly as they waited for an omnibus, and to wish ardently that cabs were not so ruinously expensive.

The second meeting had brought them no nearer than the first.

CHAPTER III.

AN INTERLUDE.

"But for loving, why, you would not, sweet,
Though we prayed you,
Paid you, brayed you
In a mortar, for you *could* not, sweet."

SUNDAY at Irkford is a day which may or may not be dull, according to the habits of those who have to spend it there, by which I would intimate that the place is so large as to allow of Sunday being spent there in divers and various ways without any scandal accruing therefrom. Some kind of provision is made for the spiritual (or otherwise) entertainment of all, from Christians and secularists, through every denomination of the Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics who form no inconsiderable item of its population.

It was Bernard's only clear holiday throughout the week, as he had only the half of Saturday. He had got into a groove, as we all get into grooves, and his mode of spending the day seldom varied. The morning he usually disposed of in walking, if it were fine; or, in reading, writing, and smoking, if it were wet—in either case, alone. Miss Vane was not much to be seen during these morning hours. Bernard usually dined at the timely hour of a quarter past one on this day with Lizzie and Mrs. Vane. In the afternoon he was supposed to be at the service of his betrothed—generally, in the evenings also; on which occasions he would accompany her to a church in some outlying fields, which church was a favorite walk in summer for hundreds of persons who attended the service, and afterward walked home in the evening freshness and coolness. It was the nearest approach to a "summer Sunday evening" in the country which was to be had. Bernard and Lizzie generally strolled back by some roundabout route, leading at last into the gas-lighted thoroughfare, and so quietly and peacefully home to supper, and, when Miss Vane had retired, to a pipe, a book, and bed.

There were occasional Sunday evenings on which his *fiancée* was deprived of his society; occasions on which he devoted his attention to the furtherance of the Liberal cause in politics, and the secular one in religious and philosophical matters, at a meeting composed of himself and a body of kindred spirits, or rather of spirits as nearly akin to his own as he could find—and that was not very near, for his was a caustic, lonely, and somewhat bitter nature. This knot of men—chiefly young, as may be supposed from their proceedings—called themselves by the somewhat ambiguous and misleading title of "The Agnostics." It was very much of a misnomer, since their confession of agnosticism certainly went no further than matters religious; on all other

topics—social, moral, and political—they professed to have the newest lights, and to be capable of taking the lead at any moment. These "Agnostics" were all ardent, hard-working fellows; Bernard Aglionby was the one cynic in their ranks. They talked as pessimists of the most terrible and gloomy school. They acted, hoped, and enjoyed themselves as optimists of the brightest cheerfulness, again, always with the exception of Bernard, and with him a tinge of pessimistic melancholy was constitutional. It needed a corrective, which neither his life, his companions, nor his surroundings had yet supplied.

Mr. Percy Golding, it need hardly be mentioned, did not belong to the aspiring body of "Agnostics" just spoken of.

On the day in question the club did not meet, therefore Aglionby was at liberty to dispose of his time as seemed good in his own eyes. He got his breakfast, and, just as the piously-disposed were wending their way to their different temples, he put on his hat, ran upstairs, and, knocking at the closed door of the beloved of his soul, said:

"I'm going out, Lizzie. Shan't be back again till dinner-time."

"All right!" cried Miss Vane, and Aglionby, whistling, set off. He did not miss Lizzie in these Sunday morning walks. In the first place, they extended so far that certainly no town-bred girl could have joined him in them, however good her will. Next, they were always devoted to meditations—sometimes when he got quite out into the country to reading—in which she had no part nor lot. His Lizzie was a dear girl; he never thought of her without a smile or a softened look; but, equally, there were long hours during which he never thought of her at all. He did not want feminine influence in his deeper thoughts, so he often told himself. What a bewildering thing it would be, if Lizzie ever were to take it into her head to pretend that she felt an interest in politics, for instance. What a hopeless muddle would result! Fortunately, she had better sense. She knew what she was equal to, and with wisdom confined herself to doing it. He never said within himself that she knew what she liked, and never troubled her head about any person or thing outside the sphere of her little, little world. He would have liked dearly to marry her out of hand, give her a carriage, a fine house, a check-book, and *carte blanche* to amuse herself as she chose, and give what entertainments it pleased her to have; while he would have been very proud of her beauty, would have lived in the utmost harmony with her, and she would never have interfered in the really serious concerns which were outside her sphere—in the business, the politics, and the statesmanship of life. In their mutual bark she was metaphorically to recline in the comfortable, cushioned cabin, with a novel and her fancy work, while he was to be the man at the wheel.

It was a fine, crisp October morning, as he set out, turning his face toward the south, and quickly threading the mazes of streets, till he came to a great highroad, full of persons

dressed in their best, with their prayer-books in their hands, and with their Sunday gloves, umbrellas, and expressions in full force. On either side of the road were large houses, residences of rich merchants, fashionable doctors, men of law in large practice, bank directors, and other favored ones of fortune. There were trees, too, in the gardens, waving over the road, and an occasional Sunday omnibus taking a load of passengers out into the country.

He pursued his way until the last houses were left behind, and those which did now and then appear, were really mansions in the country, in grounds or parks of their own. The air was pleasant, and blew with an agreeable freshness upon his face. Far away he could see the soft outlines of blue Derbyshire hills, while to the right extended a flat, smooth, highly-cultivated plain. He met very few persons when he had advanced so far on his way. With his hands in his pockets, and his face occasionally turned upward to look into the deep field of liquid blue above, he marched on and on, thinking busily of many things—chiefly of the meeting yesterday, and, naturally enough, of those two strangers with whom he had been twice in one day brought into collision.

"I suppose she took an interest in it all," he reflected. "I wonder what she thought of it, and whether she agreed or disagreed. She must have come because she was interested—or perhaps the old boy made her come. I shouldn't wonder. He looked as if he were one who wouldn't let any one out of his sight whom he imagined ought to be in attendance upon him."

A pause in his thoughts, which presently returned to another but a parallel track.

"I wonder what the Tories will make of our meeting yesterday: I'm awfully anxious to see to-morrow's papers. By the way, I wonder will my letter be in to-morrow morning's *Daily Chronicle*. It should be, and it should touch up those denominational schools a bit. I hope it will draw down a storm of abuse. I like being abused—when I know I am in the right of it. I like battle." His eyes gleamed with that light—not a mild one—which oftenest illumined them. "Pity there is so little chance of combat, of any sort, in an Irkford salesroom."

Of late, these reflections upon that state of life in which his lot was cast had been more numerous and more discontented than usual.

"If I could only see my way to something else, not another day would I remain," he thought. "It is slavery—neither more nor less. I should think that father of mine, poor fellow, hardly saw the probable results of his decisive step in life, or he might have looked again before he took it. I am one of those results"—he smiled in grim amusement—"and some of the others I have to put up with, as a salesman of cotton goods."

He laughed again, not mirthfully, and, looking at his watch, wheeled round on his heel, and returned over the same ground as that which he had already traversed. He arrived again in Crane Street, and found Miss Vane quite ready to receive him, and dinner almost ready to be eaten. Lizzie was got up regard-

less of trouble, at least, one trembled to think of the amount of time which must have been devoted to the frizzing and arranging of the frizz of hair which projected, like an excrescence, over her forehead, and hung almost into her eyes; trembled because, if she had little leisure, her work must have suffered direly from the tyranny of fashion, and if she had much leisure she occupied it in a deplorable manner. It did not seem to strike Bernard in that light; probably he had not the faintest idea but that her hair grew ready frizzed as he saw it. His eyes lighted, his face softened as she met his view.

"Well, my lass, good morning; you do look bonny!" he exclaimed, kissing her tenderly.

"Don't call me 'lass,' Bernard, dear, as if I were a factory girl!" she said plaintively, raising her blue eyes to his face.

"I won't call you anything that you don't like, my beauty—does that suit you better? What am I to do for you this afternoon? I am at your service."

"Oh, we are going to Mrs. Golding's to tea, and then I want you to go to church with me."

The light certainly did die out of Aglionby's eyes, as this enchanting programme was unfolded for his delight.

"Tea at Mrs. Golding's?" he said, trying hard not to speak ruefully. "Have you quite promised? Is there no means of getting out of it?"

"I don't want to get out of it," said Lizzie candidly. "I like going there, there'll be others there as well as us, and I've promised Mr. Golding to sing his favorite song."

"Have you? What is that?" asked Bernard, who was never jealous by any chance—a characteristic not perfectly agreeable to Miss Vane's ideas of a model lover.

"It's called, 'We sat by the river, you and I,'" she answered. "Come, dinner's ready; Ma's calling."

"All right, we'll leave the river till afterwards, though what river you and Percy can imagine yourselves by, at Mrs. Golding's, except one of tea, which there always is there, I can't conceive."

"I shouldn't think you would like to imagine us by any river, unless you were there too," she said, marveling at his utter incapacity to comprehend that other men admired her.

"He thinks I'm like him, I suppose. He sees no one but me; and he thinks I can't even see that others see me. I do wonder sometimes that I ever said 'Yes' to him so easily as I did, except that he is so much more of a man than any of the others, and so awfully indifferent to everybody else—and then, Lucy Golding said I never could bring him to book, however much I tried. I'll show her this afternoon whether I haven't brought him to book."

They sat down to dinner. Mrs. Vane, Lizzie's mother, was of course present as well. Her aspect might have afforded a timely warning to any man not already in love. She had once been exquisitely pretty in the style of a wax-doll, or a Dresden shepherdess. She had had eyes of forget-me-not blue: it is a color that does not stand the test of tears and sleeplessness, with both of which ills Mrs. Vane's

life had been plentifully troubled. She had had a profusion of flaxen hair, which was now thin, and streaked with gray. She had had a pretty figure and a peach-blossom complexion. Figure and complexion had both vanished like a dream. She had been the essence of the much-be-praised "womanly woman," in the sense of not taking the most remote or elementary interest in any question outside of personal, or domestic, or family gossip. Advancing years had not made her more intellectual; the ardent hater of the "strong-minded female" must have hailed Mrs. Vane as his ideal—no one ever had been able to accuse her of strong-mindedness. In addition to this, she was prone to tell Aglionby, now that he was, as she said, "like a near relation," that "Lizzie is so like what I used to be at her age, Bernard: I think I see myself again in her—only for the dress. We wore more stuff in our skirts in those days, and I think it looked better—not but what she's very good taste."

Mrs. Vane might have furnished a warning to Bernard in more ways than one. She was the widow of a man who had held a somewhat higher position than Aglionby's, in a business of the same kind—such a position as Bernard himself looked forward to attaining before he could make Lizzie his wife. His higher position had afforded him the means of marrying, and had enabled him to save sufficient money to leave a tiny income to his widow and his one child, which income they eked out by taking two lodgers, Bernard Aglionby and another young man, who did not trouble them much, and who always went home to the country at the end of the week, and stayed there till Monday.

Lizzie had been at a cheap school, where she had acquired some flimsy accomplishments, and a little superficial information—generally incorrect—upon such matter as geography, history, and "common subjects." The large and first-rate High School for Girls had been disdained, as not being select enough, since tradesmen's daughters went to it. The other large school in the vicinity, at which a really first-rate education was to be obtained, was a ladies' college, avowedly intended for rich and exclusive pupils, and of which the terms were prohibitory to persons of Mrs. Vane's annual income; therefore Lizzie had gone to the cheap day-school already mentioned, and had flirted at a very early age with the students of the college hard by, with the big boys on their way to the grammar-school, and with the clerks going down to business, specimens of each of which class she was in the habit of meeting on her way to and from her seminary. She had been the belle of that truly select establishment for a long time before she had left it. Languishing youths had written her notes, and sent her valentines and gloves and goodies in abundance; in fact Miss Vane was a reigning beauty—in her set. If she had been in another set, the "society" papers would have chronicled her doings, and told of her costumes, would have disputed about the color of her eyes, and fought fiercely over her reputation, or want of it.

Just a year ago Bernard Aglionby had come to lodge with them, replacing another

young man who had recommended his place to him. Naturally they had frequently met. Lucy Golding and she had talked him over. Lucy said Percy knew him well, but that he never came to her house; that he was well known to be impervious to all feminine charms and womanly wiles. This, and other communications of a like nature had somewhat piqued Miss Vane, and had inspired her with a deep interest in Aglionby. Soon, existence ceased to be worth having until at any rate a smile and a compliment had been wrung from Bernard—some token to show that he was not proof against her, however nearly case-hardened. It had been some little time before the experiment had succeeded—before Aglionby had even thoroughly roused to the consciousness that there was a pretty girl in the house who smiled kindly upon him. Then, whatever he might have felt, he had for some time concealed his sentiments behind a mask of impassive calm, until one day he broke forth, and made love in a fashion so imperious, and so vehement, as, metaphorically speaking, to carry Miss Vane off her feet. She could not withstand the torrent of his fiery nature.

His piercing eyes seemed to burn through her. His voice, and his glance, and his ardor had for the moment thrilled and subdued her, and it was such a triumph over Lucy and Percy, and all the rest of them—over Bernard's friends, too—those sad "Agnostics" who never went to church, and who talked about republicanism as if they would not be sorry to see it established, and who all—there was the point—seemed to think that Aglionby was quite above woman's influence—these incentives, put together, formed a stronger influence than she could resist. Aglionby became her accepted lover, and, looking at it all from her point of view, she presently began to find that a great conquest brings its cares and pains as well as its pleasures. Still, it was a conquest, and her power had made itself felt now and then. More than once she had cajoled Bernard into giving up some political meeting, or some evening of debate; or she had withdrawn him from his brother Agnostics in order to take her to the theater, or go out with her to some suburban tea-party. Suburban tea-parties and theater-going were things which she liked, and which Bernard, as she very well knew, disliked, so that every time he accompanied her to either one or the other entertainment, was a new and tangible proof of her ascendancy over him.

This afternoon she had what she considered a very convincing proof of this ascendancy. Bernard meekly followed her to Mrs. Golding's, and there there were, as he had prophesied, rivers of tea, many muffins and tea-cakes, a number of young people, and a little music by way of diversion. Bernard sat in silent anguish during this last form assumed by the entertainment. He had some scientific knowledge of music; his mother while she lived had taken care of that; and he had a fine natural taste and discrimination in the matter, thrilling in answer to all that was grand or elevated in the art. His one solitary personal extravagance was to attend the series of five concerts which were given every au-

tumn and winter season at Irkford. The performances this afternoon caused him pain and dejection. He experienced a sense of something akin to shame; to him it all appeared a sort of *exposé*. Lizzie, in the sublime blissfulness of ignorance, boldly sat down and sang in a small voice, nasal, flat, and affected:

"We sat by the river, you and I,
In the sweet summer-time long ago."

It was terrible. He was thankful when at last Lizzie arose and said it was time to be going to church. That was her moment of triumph, or rather, it ought to have been—for Miss Golding, it may be innocently, or it may be of malice aforethought, but certainly with every appearance of ingenuous surprise, exclaimed:

"To church! I thought you never went to church, Mr. Aglionby."

"I go with Lizzie whenever she likes," he said carelessly and haughtily. "It pleases her, and does me no harm."

"Oh—oh! Bernard!" cried his betrothed, her cup of pleasure dashed from her lips; while a young lady who was almost a stranger and who appeared struck with this remark of Bernard's, said severely that she could not understand how going to church could harm any one. To which he, inwardly annoyed by the silly stupidity of the whole affair, replied nonchalantly that it was nevertheless very bad for some constitutions, his among them, and amidst the consternation produced by this statement, he and Lizzie departed.

"Really, Bernard, you do upset me when you come out with those awful remarks of yours. Poor Miss Smith couldn't make you out at all."

"I daresay not. I am sure it is a matter of complete indifference to me whether she made me out or not."

"Yes, you will set public opinion at defiance, and it will do you no good, say what you like."

"My child," said he, drawing her hand through his arm, and laying his own upon it, "I think you can hardly be called a judge as to what is public opinion. If you mean that Miss Smith represents it, I don't care to please it. And if I go to church with you at your wish, what do fifty Miss Smiths and their silly ideas matter?"

"Ah, but I don't know whether it is not very wicked in you to come to church, when you don't believe a word of what is going on. I am not sure that I do right to bring you, only I keep hoping that it will have some good effect upon you."

"Well, it has," he said tenderly. "It has the effect of making me love you and prize you ten times more for your goodness and your faith."

They were reconciled, as they entered the gates of the churchyard, and joined the throng going in, while the loud, clanging bells overhead sounded almost deafening, and the steeple rocked to their clamorous summons.

Bernard liked sitting there, through the evening service, with Lizzie by his side; and he liked the walk home through the fields, under the clear, starlit sky, and then through the streets, between the lines of lamps. When she hung on his arm, and they talked nothings

together, then he felt at home with her, he forgot her bad singing, and her conventional little thoughts and stereotyped ideas. In the province of talking nothings Lizzie was at home, was natural, unaffected, even spirited. So soon as she left them she became insipid and artificial, and this was what Aglionby had dimly felt for some time, though he had not given a definite name to the sensation. They talked nothings to-night, and he parted from her in the warm conviction that she was a dear, lovely little creature, that she was the woman who loved him, and whom he loved, and to whom he was going to be loyal and true his life's end.

CHAPTER IV.

MEETING THE THIRD.

THE morning of Monday was half over. Aglionby stood in the saleroom of the warehouse, which at the moment was empty. He had disposed satisfactorily of large amounts of goods already, and now for the first time he found a leisure moment, in which to take up a newspaper and glance over it. It was the advanced Liberal journal of Irkford, the *Daily Chronicle*. In a conspicuous place at the head of a column, in the middle of the paper, was a letter to the editor, entitled, "Education in Denominational Schools." This letter was signed, "Pride of Science," as if with a defiant challenge to the rival "Pride of Ignorance." Aglionby's eyes gleamed as he glanced down the columns, and his most disagreeable smile stole over his face. The letter was from his own pen, and was not the first, by several, with which he had enriched the columns of that journal, on that and kindred topics. He was not aware, himself, of the attention which these letters had attracted. He knew that generally they called forth angry replies, accusing him of wishing to undermine the whole fabric of respectability; to explode the secure foundations of society, and cause anarchy to be crowned; and to these fulminations he delighted to reply with a pitiless, slashing acerbity; an intuitive stabbing of the weak points in his opponents' armor which must have made those enemies writhe. He had never yet paused to ask himself whether his course of action in the matter were noble or not. He resisted abuses, and those abuses flourishing rankly under a system which he thoroughly disliked; and he hastened to expose them, and to hold up them and their perpetrators to ridicule; dangling them before such a public as chose to take an interest in his proceedings, and scourging them well, with whipping words and unsparing hand. His letter this morning was a pungent one. He had written it, on the Thursday night before, in a bitter mood, and the bitterness came out very clearly in the composition. He had made a point of investigating the proceedings and system at several denominational schools, and had collected some significant facts, which he had used with considerable cleverness to bring a good deal of discredit on the clerical and denominational party.

"I shall be pelted to death for this, in tomorrow morning's issue."

(To be continued.)



A Valuable Gift.

A VERY important addition has recently been made to the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, by the gift from Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, one of its trustees, of a collection of original drawings by eminent masters of the Italian, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, and Flemish schools.

The London Academy, on hearing that this collection was destined to come to America, remarked that as this was held by good critics to be one of the best in Italy, the United States would at once step into prominence among the possessors of similar collections.

The drawings are on exhibition in glass cases, so that they may be conveniently examined and yet sheltered from every injury. The number of them is 690. The majority belong to Italian schools—Florentine, Roman, Venetian, Bolognese, Neapolitan, Siennese, etc.—while not a few are by French, Spanish, German, Dutch, and Flemish masters. Among the more noted names may be mentioned those of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Benvenuto Cellini, Fra Bartolomeo, Spagnoletto, Salvator Rosa, Il Sodoma, Perugino, Leonardo da Vinci, Parmagianino, Correggio, Andrea Montegna, Tiziano, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Palma Vecchio, the Caracci, Guercino, Domenichino, Guido Reni, Brunelleschi, Luca Giordano, Nicholas Poussin, Claude Lorraine, Watteau, Velasquez, Murillo, Durer, Lucas Cranach, Rembrandt, Rubens, and Vandyck.

It is stated that no collection in any way comparable with this in scope or number of specimens has ever been seen in America, and that its acquisition as a permanent possession by the Metropolitan Museum of Art marks an epoch in art study on this side of the water.



My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"I AM positive," says Miss Jennie, after the class has exchanged greetings, "that matrimony hangs over the heads of some of us. I don't speak from personal fear, friends, for I am quite safe myself."

"Really," say I, "you must possess some wonderful countercharm to give you such comfortable security."

"Oh, no; not at all," says Jennie calmly, "but papa has had a present from Scotland of a colossal dog, who, I am entirely confident, will never let either a burglar or suitor enter the door, so I am guarded against either invader. He didn't become a member of our family, fortunately, till after New Year's Day, or we should have foregone the pleasure of receiving our friends then."

"Why don't you tie him up?"

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale—not his, but another's. Dogs of his race, papa's friend wrote, invariably perish of broken hearts unless they are left untrammelled by collars, chains, and such things. Their free spirits cannot brook confinement. It is a dreadful case of the white elephant

business, for the donor is coming on in a few months, and we must keep his pet alive and well, though we are rather likely to die in the attempt, as he regards butchers, bakers and grocers as personal enemies, and apparently prefers starvation for all of us to letting a man bring anything into the house. But, for pity's sake, change the subject. Once I get well launched on our despotie Nero I shall not know how to stop, so hold on to me, please, before it is too late."

"Well," I say, while we all laugh at her comical air of entreaty, "if you have a premonition that some of your friends are in peril of matrimony, suppose we talk about weddings. We have all attended many, but, I dare say, that if the care and responsibility of one fell upon any of us, we should feel quite at a loss about a good many details."

"It must be easier in town than in the country," says Miss Little, "for there are so many things caterers and other people do for you here."

"Yes, entertaining of any kind is simplified here, but a great many people do live out of town, and do desire to have the pleasure of receiving their friends, and are willing to work for the pleasure."

"I am going to Lincoln next week, to help my aunt get ready for her daughter's marriage," says Sophie Mapes, "and I would be really glad if you would give us a few hints about weddings. What is the first preparation to make?"

"If your aunt is an experienced housekeeper I suppose she has already made the wedding cake, and put it away to get dry enough to cut when the great occasion comes."

"I should think people would always buy the bride's cake," says Miss Kitty.

"It costs from sixty cents to one dollar a pound," I tell her, "and the home-made is richer and better, and much cheaper, to say nothing of the pretty sentiment of having it the work of loving hands."

"I should be afraid of spoiling it," says Nellie Greene.

"I will bring you an infallible and excellent recipe next time we meet," I say. "It was given me by a pretty little woman who made her own wedding cake, not because she was obliged to, but for a fancy she had that it was a pleasant thing to do. I have tried the cake, and can truthfully say that it is perfect of its kind. Another preliminary which, like the cake, should be attended to in time, is the list for cards, if any are to be sent. When it is not made up till the last minute, some people are sure to be forgotten in the hurry, and valued friends thus offended. If it is at least sketched out in advance, oversights can be rectified and new names added as they come to remembrance."

"How long before the wedding should cards be sent?"

"From ten to fourteen days before," I say. "Generally a note of invitation, or of simple announcement is sent in an envelope containing a card on which is the name of the young couple and an 'at home' card. But as the fashion in cards and invitations is constantly changing, I should advise any one personally interested in the matter to apply to some well-known city engraver for circular and samples."

"If the marriage is in church, when should the reception be?" asks Miss Belden, a young lady who lives out of town; "and must there be a reception at all?"

"The time for the reception may be fixed for as early a moment as can be after the ceremony, so that guests who are invited to both can go direct from the church to the house, if they please. But of course giving a reception is not obligatory, and many people dispense with it, starting directly after the ceremony upon their bridal trip, and re-

ceiving calls from their friends after their return, upon certain days announced upon the cards."

"Suppose," says Miss Belden, "that the ceremony is in the house, and for any reason a reception cannot be conveniently given."

"Then it need not be," I answer. "The marriage may be entirely private, or only the near relatives of both parties may be asked."

"Then there would have to be a collation, of course," says Miss Belden, "and what ought it to be? I am really anxious to know all about it, for my sister will be married some time this winter, and I am very ignorant about the etiquette of weddings, if I may call it so."

"Oh, a small collation for a few relatives is just forty times as much bother as a great big supper for three hundred dear friends," says Jennie.

"What makes you think so?" asks one of the girls.

"Because, if you have a large affair you have a caterer of course, and then you have no more trouble than if you were one of the invited guests. But if you only entertain a handful of people, the chances are that you will prepare for them yourselves, and that is no end of a nuisance."

"Well," says Miss Belden, "as I live in a place where no caterer doth dwell, we shall have to depend upon ourselves entirely, and I think it will be easier to provide refreshments for twenty-five people than for three hundred."

"I agree with you fully," say I, "and I don't think you need to dread the trouble of getting up a small collation. Great variety will not be looked for, and as you are in the country, your friends, even if many of them live in town, will not expect the display that attends city entertainments."

"I wish I knew exactly what to have."

"Have a dish of lobster or chicken salad, for one thing," I say.

"And use my recipe for making it," interrupts Jennie.

"Gladly," says Miss B. with a grateful glance at the speaker.

"Bring it next time," I say. "More than one of us will be glad of it. But for our collation, if you can get oysters without difficulty, have a large dish of them scolloped. Perhaps Jennie has a good recipe for them too?"

"Yes, ma'am, an elegant one. I'll bring it next time."

"Thank you. Then I should have tongue or turkey sandwiches, and that would do for solids, unless you wanted a cold baked ham, which, if you will cook it according to my own method, will be not only delicious, but ornamental."

"I should like to know your method, if you are willing to tell."

"Not only willing, but glad," I say, "but I will not stop to tell you now. We'll have it next time with the other recipes."

"Will we need ice cream?" asks Miss Belden.

"Not absolutely," I answer, "but it would be very nice to have it, and in cold weather it is very little trouble to make. You can even make it the day before, pack it in ice and salt, and leave it out of doors till it is wanted. Charlotte russe is a good thing to have too, and in the country, where cream is not hard to get, it ought not to be a rarity."

"We often have it," says Miss Belden. "I make it from the recipe in Jennie June's Cook Book, and it always turns out right."

"Have it then by all means," I continue, "and have one or two baskets of sliced and fancy cakes, and if you choose one or two loaves of cake. The bride's cake should be heavily frosted, and occupy a table by itself. A small pile of white paper may be on the table to unfold slices of the cake for the guests to take away with them if they wish. A carving knife with the handle wound with white satin ribbon should be laid by the

cake, and before the refreshments are attacked, the bride must take the knife and cut her own cake. It is only necessary, to bring good luck to herself and the friends who eat it, for her to stick the knife in and make the beginning; some one else may finish the work and cut as many slices as will be needed."

"Will people expect to sit down to a table at such a collation?" asks Miss Belden.

"No indeed; that would be too much to expect. If you have not too many guests, put chairs enough around the room to seat the ladies at least, and let the gentleman wait upon them. The dishes should be well arranged upon the table. Solids and sweets may be all put on together, and everything displayed to the best advantage. There should be a tall center-piece, which should be of flowers in summer, but as yours will be a winter wedding, and a florist's establishment probably not in your vicinity, you must substitute fruit, Christmas greens, and mottoes. By setting one tall dish within another, and crowning the erection with a vase, you can build up a very handsome epergne, and if you have pressed ferns and fall leaves to make a bouquet for the apex, you will hardly wish for flowers. If your structure is not towering enough to be effective, use an inverted milk-pan for the base. Cover the pan with green tissue paper, and wreath around it evergreens and bright red berries if you can get them. Fill the dishes above with oranges, red apples, white grapes, raisins, bananas, and anything else that is obtainable, and will add to the beauty of the structure. Mottoes, lady-fingers, and showy little fancy cakes can be used to fill up the interstices. I have seen home-made center-pieces of the kind which have far excelled in taste and beauty the conventional epergnes upon extravagant tables at fashionable parties."

"Here, the time is up," exclaims Jennie, as I stop speaking and look at my watch, "and I did especially want to ask some questions about wooden and tin weddings."

"Well, my dear, hold over your questions till next time, and we will listen to them and the recipes you are going to bring. Meanwhile we shall have something to look forward to."

WINDOW SHADES are now made in garnet, and also in old blue.

DINNER-CARD EASELS.—Little boxwood easels on which the dinner-card rests are a very pretty adjunct to the table.

A PRETTY NOVELTY is the terra-cotta and china plaques fitted with small clocks in the center of each. The borders of the plaques are painted in bold, effective subjects—generally apple blossoms, blackberries, wild flowers, and nasturtiums.

ROYAL UPHOLSTERY.—In the English royal palaces are at least two sleeping-rooms—those of the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold—which are furnished throughout with embroidery on creamy-white linen of even though coarse texture, and very beautiful they both are. One is entirely worked in two shades of blue crewel, in a design borrowed from Chinese ideas; the other is bordered with honeysuckles, and with powderings of the same flowers over the center. Bed and window hangings, coverlet, sofas, chairs, and ottomans all are embroidered to match. The effect, as we have said, is singularly good, and as the work will clean as long as a piece of it hangs together, it would fully repay the labor of any lady who would undertake a similar decoration for her own boudoir or bedroom.

A Dainty CRADLE.—A white-wood box on castors was made, with a canopy for the curtains. This was lined with quilted sky-blue satin and the canopy covered with plain sky-blue satin, edged with Irish lace three inches wide. Across

the inside canopy was painted a branch of apple blossoms, with four goldfinches perched upon it looking down at the baby. The outside of the *bureaulette* was covered with white muslin edged with Irish lace 8 inches wide. The curtains were muslin and lace, looped back with blue satin bows. The blankets were embroidered with daisies, and had "Dormez bien" worked across the top. They were bound with blue ribbon. The sheets and pillow-cases were trimmed with narrow tulle lace. The coverlid was quilted blue satin, with a border of Irish lace. A less costly way would be to use satine and imitation lace.—*Art Interchange.*

A PRIZE CHILDREN'S PARTY.—A gentleman offered a prize of \$10 for the best programme for a children's party, and the following won the money: "From 4.30 to 5 let the children play games, such as magic music, cat and mouse, hissing and clapping. From 5 to 5.30 tea. From 5.30 to 6.30 a 'Punch and Judy' show or a conjuror. From 6.30 to 7.30, dancing or games, such as blindman's-buff, musical chairs, or post. From 7.30 to 8 a distribution of presents by a branie or lottery, or a person dressed up to represent an old market woman, or Father Christmas. From 8 to 8.45, supper, with costume crackers. From 8.45 till 9 snapdragon. From 9 to 9.30 dancing, to end with Sir Roger de Coverley."

NOVELTIES FROM NANCY.—From Nancy comes the odd ware which is intended to deceive the eye by appearing to be destined for other purposes than the real one. Thus, for example, a book in this ware is not a calf-bound book as it appears, but a receptacle for stray articles. Another specimen of this ware resembles a folded newspaper, but is a glove-box. Another is a ring-box, but resembles a bunch of cigarettes. Still another of these "eye-deceivers"—for such is the signification of the French name applied to them—is apparently a double tulip, so exquisitely colored and posed as to deceive any passing observer, but it is, in point of fact, a match-safe, the matches being hidden in a deep hollow between the flower and the upright green leaf. Another appears to be a glove-box, but is meant for a small riding-whip case.

About Horns.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

THAT the term "a horn" should be synonymous, to the mind of man, at least, with "a drink," dates back no doubt to the ancient days when the horns of animals were first used for drinking cups.

Pindar, Eschylus, and Xenophon make mention of them as appropriate to this purpose, and the horns of the ram, goat, and rhinoceros were most frequently employed, an Oriental belief concerning the latter being that it foretold the presence of poison contained in the draught quaffed by beads of perspiration appearing upon the outside of the cup.

Drinking horns were often richly ornamented and decorated with rare jewels and metals; one in the hand of Harold, embroidered upon the famous Bayeux tapestry, is represented as elaborately adorned with gold and silver.

To an old Norse legend is accredited the story of undoubtedly the deepest and greatest drinking horn ever before heard of. Upon a visit of the god Thor to the castle of Utgard Loke, as a test of his guest's skill in performing wonderful deeds of prowess, Loke presents to Thor a huge horn which he commands him to empty at one draught. Thor, accepting the challenge, puts the cup to his lips and drinks long and deep; but, as he takes the vessel from his mouth, he perceives, to his great

surprise, that it is not half emptied. Again he drinks as long as he has strength to swallow, and still the horn appears as full as before! Angry and chagrined at his non-success Thor once more conveys the cup to his lips, and endeavors to drain it to the dregs, but it is still but lightly exhausted, and Thor is scarcely able to hold it without spilling its contents.

Utgard, smiling at his guest's discomfiture, explains the curious phenomenon.

One end of the wonderful horn rests in the sea, and although Thor has not succeeded in emptying the ocean, he has caused a slight ebb in the tide. Thus, when a Norseman watches the going out of the tide upon his coast, he cries, "Behold, Thor drinks!"

Another drinking horn, to which allusion is frequently made in Norse poem and story, is the "Gjalla Horn" owned by Heimdal son of Odin.

"He is full of wisdom," says the poem, "for when the dawn colors the sea with crimson and scarlet he drinks with the Gjalla Horn the waters of clear mead which flow from Mimer's fountain." This same horn is used by Heimdal to summon together the gods.

"He blows with all his strength
To assemble at early morn;
To battle the gods he calls
With the ancient Gjalla Horn."

In the Nibelungen Lied we read that the draught which caused Sigfried to forget his bride Brunhild, was tendered him in a "golden wrought horn" by the hands of the fair Chreimbild; and Sigdrifa, the beautiful Volkgrie, gave Sigurd to drink from a horn filled with mead.

At the sacrificial feasts of the Norseman, the conductor of the sacrifice consecrated the drinking horns as well as the food. The guests first drank "Odin's Horn" for the victory and the rule of the king; next they drank Nijord and Frey's horns for prosperous seasons and for peace. A characteristic ceremony in connection with this horn was, that when the bowl was raised the promise of performing some great deed which should furnish material for the songs of the scalds or poets was thus made. The old Saxons, famous drinkers, drank ale out of buffalo horns. One of their kings gave to the monastery at Croyland his great drinking horn that the elder monks might drink therefrom at festivals, and "in their benediction sometimes remember the soul of the donor."

The cornucopia or horn of plenty is always pictured as the horn of a goat. Diodorus says it is one from the head of the goat by which Jupiter was suckled. He explains the fable thus:

In Libya there is a strip of land shaped like a horn bestowed by King Ammon on his bride Amalthara who nursed Jupiter with goat's milk."

Horns were used as a mode of investiture among the Danes in England. When King Canute gave lands in Pusey in Berkshire to the family of that name, he solemnly delivered at that time a horn as a confirmation of the grant.

Edward the Confessor made a like donation to the family of Nigil. The celebrated horn of Alphus, kept in the society in York Minster, was a drinking horn belonging to this prince, and was by him given with all his lands and revenue to that church.

Upon presenting it he filled it with wine, and upon his knees at the altar repeated the following words: "Deo et St. Petro omnes terras et redditus propinavit," thereby drinking off in testimony his gift.

In the days of the Round Table Morgan La Faye sent to King Arthur a drinking horn which had the following virtue: "No lady could drink therefrom who was not to her husband true; all others who made the attempt were sure to spill what it contained." This horn was carried to King Marke,

"and his queene with an hundred ladies and more tried the experiment, but only four managed to drink cleane." The fair Guinevere, alas! was not of the number!

Drinking horns very often had a screw at the end which being removed converted them at once into hunting horns; this fact will account for persons of distinction carrying their own.

The old Breton hunters, when they assembled in sultry weather at the fountain of Breton which rises beneath a stone there, were accustomed to draw up water with their horns which had just been sounded to animate the chase, and sprinkle the stones for the purpose of invoking rain. In England still, as in days of yore,

"The hoarse-sounding horn
Invites men to the chase, the sport of kings."

Horns have been worn as tokens of power and articles of ornament. When Tamugin assumed the title of Gheugis Khan, he commanded that a white horn should thenceforward be the standard of his troops. So the great Mogul "lifted up his horn on high and was exalted."

Horns were a sign of power among the Jews. In the song of exaltation and thanksgiving sung by Hannah the mother of Samuel, she cries:

"The Lord shall give strength unto his kings,
and exalt the horn of his anointed!"

In Abyssinia have been found silver ornamented horns of warriors and distinguished men. During the reign of Henry V. horned head-gear was introduced in England, and from the effigy of Beatrice Countess of Arundel at Arundel Castle, who is represented with two horns outspread to a great length, we may infer that the size and extent of the head horns marked the degree of rank; to cut off such horns would be to degrade rank, and to exalt them would be to add honor and dignity to the wearer.

In nearly all nations horns have been used for summoning together a multitude. Among the ancient Israelites it was customary to station men upon towers and high places to watch the approach of an enemy, and if these guards saw any danger they blew horns to warn the people to arm themselves for defense.

The sound of the horns which caused the walls of Jericho to fall were trumpets of rams' horns.

"And it shall come to pass that when they make a long blast with the ram's horn, and when ye hear the sound of the trumpet, all the people shall shout with a great shout, and the wall of the city shall fall down flat."

In Scotland the messenger-at-arms goes to the cross of Edinburgh and gives three blasts of the horn before he heralds the judgment of outlawry or denounces a rebel.

In Persia the Kerma is a horn the sound of which is described as being loud enough to be heard at a distance of some miles.

"Up daughter, up; the Kerma's breath
Has blown a blast 'twould waken death,"

cries Al Hassan to the fair heroine in the *Fire Worshippers*, and a shell called *siunkas*, common to India and to the Mediterranean, is also used as a horn for sounding alarms. To summon his chieftains "sure and true"

"Hafed flew
To the town wall where high in view
A ponderous sea horn hung, and blew
A signal deep and dread as those
The storm fiend at his rising blows."

Among the ceremonies of Judaism the blowing of horns is still strictly observed. Upon *Rosh Hashanah* or New Years, and upon *Yom Hakipurim* or Day of Atonement is blown the *shophar* or trumpet, an instrument made of a ram's horn.

"In the seventh month, on the first day of the month ye shall have a holy convocation; ye shall

do no service work; it is a day of sounding the trumpet unto you."

Upon the Jewish New Year the *Shophar* is blown to remind the Israelites to live and act according to the dictates of that law which God revealed on Sinai, on which occasion, "The voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder."

To us Christians is also proclaimed that at the last day "The trumpet shall sound and the dead be raised."

Correspondents' Class.

This department is intended exclusively as a means of communication between those who have facilities to ask in regard to art decorative, industrial, or art proper, and those who have information to give to those seeking it. Questions in regard to literary and social matters, household, fashions and the like, belong to the department of the Ladies' Club. The "Class" must adhere strictly in future to its original purpose.—(Ed.)

"DELL."—1. Varnish landscapes in oil with mastic varnish.

2. Megilp is a good vehicle, and tempers colors to any tint requisite for glazing or scumbling. It is made with equal parts of strong mastic and clarified oil.

"SELF-TAUGHT ARTIST."—1. Gray, pearly, and half-tints for shadow color for flesh are thus produced: White, Vermilion, and Black. White and Terre Verte. White, Black, Indian Red, and Raw Umber. Deeper shades thus: Light Red and Raw Umber. Indian Red, Lake, and Black.

These tints are capable of many modifications to meet almost every variety of color observable in nature. Women and children require the tints for the first and subsequent paintings to be kept exceedingly delicate and pearly.

2. Artists differ very much in the compounds used for drying. A good drying oil is prepared by boiling linseed oil and litharge together. It makes it much darker, but it dries more rapidly. Sugar of lead is likewise a good dryer, and can be ground in with any color to facilitate the drying. Mastic varnish is good. Copal is sometimes used instead. The spirit wash recommended by your "Guide" may be spirit sandarac varnish. It is made as follows: six ounces of pulverized sandarac, two ounces of pulverized shellac, four ounces of pulverized resin, four of turpentine, thirty-two ounces of alcohol; let the vessel you make it in be surrounded with warm water, gradually made hot; when all the gums are dissolved, strain, and in a few days it will be ready for use. It is good for varnishing anything that is wanted to dry quickly.

"R. DAVID."—For complete directions as to china painting, firing, etc., see article headed "Art Industrial" in the June number of *Demorest's Magazine*.

"Mrs. J. B. W."—1. Fresh-water shells can be cleaned by soaking them in a solution of chloride of lime, and polishing them with pumice stone. You can use water or oil colors for painting on them.

2. In any first-class house which keeps artist's materials. Send order through our Purchasing Bureau.

3. The colors of pressed flowers are fleeting, leaves may be varnished and preserved over a season.

"Mrs. E. R. S."—Your vases would be best restored by a thin covering of plaster of Paris. You could do it yourself by using care, and experimenting first on an inexpensive figure. Any application made with the idea of whitening the present yellow surface is likely to injure the vase. Take these suggestions: The uses of gypsum (or plaster of Paris) in the arts are varied and impor-

tant. When calcined, its combined water is driven off. If now ground to powder and again mixed with water, this water recombines with it, and the mass becomes first plastic, then solid, and takes the form of any model. When mixed with glue-water plaster of Paris is converted into stucco. (You could use it that way, making it very thin. You would thus obtain a new, white surface on your vases having their exact form.) If mixed with a solution of borax, alum, or sulphate of potash, and subsequently rebaked and powdered, and again mixed with a solution of alum, it forms a hard cast which takes a high polish. This composition is called Keene's cement if made with alum, Parian if with borax, and Martin's if with potash. (The Parian mixture would improve your vases.) It would, in fact, form a marble-like glaze.

"JAPANESE."—Japanning is the process of ornamenting wood, leather, paper, or metal, by covering it with a brilliant, hard varnish, in which are often introduced gilt or colored designs. The articles thus ornamented are first made perfectly smooth and primed with a mixture of oxgall and rotten-stone. Being again smoothed, they are next covered with a thin coat of varnish, obtained from the juice of certain trees, which at first, appearing like cream, changes by exposure to the air to a deep black. This being dried in the sun or by artificial heat and rubbed, another coat of varnish is applied, and another polishing succeeds. These processes are repeated perhaps 18 times, using toward the last the finest quality of varnish, until a perfectly smooth and brilliant surface is obtained. The ornamental design is then drawn with a pencil dipped in varnish of boiled oil and turpentine, and before this is quite dry the gold or silver leaf is laid upon it.

QUESTIONS.

"COR. CLASS.—Will you give me directions for painting in water-colors? Mixing the colors? Should the paint be used in thin washes?"

"SUBSCRIBER."

"COR. CLASS.—Will some one give directions how to mount the pictures in the Magazines, so as to make a portfolio?"

"ARTISTE."

"COR. CLASS.—How are silk goods to be prepared for painting in oil?"

"LUCY."

"COR. CLASS.—Will some one give full directions for painting photographs on concave glasses? What kind of paint to use, and how to prepare the photos? Also, where to buy materials?"

"SWEET LIPS."

"COR. CLASS.—Give directions for the process of *diapering* in glass painting, also, *inscriptions* and *heraldic work*?"

"HOME DECORATION."

Miss ALICE DONLEVY of New York, in an article in the *Art Interchange* on decoration on wood, says that "many pretty souvenirs of the beauties of the lakes of Killarney are brought over to this country in the shape of book-racks, boxes, etc. Our climate and our furnace heat soon injure not only Irish wood mosaic, but other European inlaid woods, and such objects of household art soon cease to be useful. Woods from Killarney are of three different hues. Raw sienna, laid on apple-wood in thin washes, will give you the color of the lightest Killarney wood. Raw sienna for the first wash, burnt sienna for the second and successive washes will supply you with the hue of the second Killarney wood. Vandyke brown and India ink mixed together and laid on as a first wash; the black of the India ink will settle in the grain of the wood and add to the richness of the whole effect; only when this wash of color is perfectly dry lay on successive but thin washes of burnt sienna—this will give the effect of the darkest Killarney wood."

YOUNG AMERICA

The Spelling Reform.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

IS it spelling is teasing you dearie?
The words, as they stand on the line,
Do they bristle in order of battle?
Have courage my youngest of nine.
Every one of your sisters and brothers
Had tussles with i's and with e's;
But the scholars in these days, my Susie,
Declare we may spell as we please.

NO longer need blue eyes grow misty,
And scan the hard lesson, perplexed;
Nor little feet loiter, reluctant
To cross the school threshold, for next
They'll be making a royal road over
Our grammars, and histories, and sums,
And we'll find the whole circle of studies
As easy as twirling our thumbs.

WHEN I think of the Frenchmen who've puzzled
Over plough, over through, over tough,
Of the stupid though beautiful ladies
Whose schooling was trouble enough
To turn golden hair into silver
(On the heads of professors, I mean),
I have scarcely the power of praising
This wonderful change of the scene.

NEVER mind, little girl, derivations,
Nor speak of deep digging for roots;
We have passed the old classical nations
In the speed of our seven-league boots.
And we will not be trammelled and hampered
By Richardson, Johnson, nor he,
The great Unabridged; from their fetters
The spelling reform sets us free.

KNOW that the l's and the s'es,
Are trying to one of your age;
That our present irregular language
Would bother the wits of a sage.
But believe me, my dear little Susie,
Though the ghost of great Webster should walk,
He would not prevent careless spellers
From spelling the same way they talk.

FOR filosofers clerely hav stated,
That yu and the rest hav a rite
To lern how to spel by the sound, luv,
And decide on the sound by your site.
So put the long lesson away dere,
Run out for a game with the cat;
The mor yu can pla wy the beter;
The filologist's won't question that.

Prunes and Prisms.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

CHAPTER II.

A SCRAPE FOR PUTKINS.

"I WONDER," said a small voice, "where Tippy is. She's most always never anywheres. Tippy!"

No answer; although the little footsteps paused on the middle of the long flight of stairs, to admit of accepting any reply if such were offered.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the sturdy little figure, balancing itself with a great degree of nicety on the railing. "I'm a-goin' to holler!"

Thereupon a shriek arose, but having reserved his forces for future need, it fell helplessly to the ground, and still no answer. Seeing this, the little figure straightened up, and sent out such an ear-splitting call, that not only "Tippy," but everybody in the house flew to the spot.

"Oh, Putkins!" cried Cicely, rushing down to meet him, and dragging him to the top of the stairs. "What is the matter, dearie?"

"Nothin'," said Putkins, wriggling away, "only I wanted you dru-ed-fly!"

"Don't you know better than to yell so?" asked Rex, who, supposing the little brother so near his heart was mortally injured, had jumped like a shot, upsetting his ink-bottle, and scattered papers to the four winds.

"Why, she wouldn't a-come without it," said Putkins, looking at him severely.

"We shan't any of us come with it," said Rex, coolly, as he marched back to repair damages, "if you try it too often."

"What do you want, Putty dear?" asked Cicely, with a dreadful sinking at heart. Should she ever get that composition done in the world! And all the other girls' were neatly tied with resplendent ribbons. She knew, for she had heard them saying so over and over.

"Oh, I want you," said Putkins, with a decided air, holding out his fat little hand confidently. "I'm tired of Jane. She's got the toof-ache; an' besides, she's at the mussheen, an' she ain't nice; an' you can be horse this time—I'll let you. An' then I want to play 'nag'ry, an' No an' his children, an' the ark; an' then if you're tired, you may read to me, but it's got to be a good long one."

"Oh, misery! what shall I do?" thought poor Cicely, giving up all hope. To refuse Putkins was a thing so near an impossibility, that it was considered settled for her to respond to all his demands, at all hours and on all occasions. The little motherless boy had only to look, and Cecy was there; and knowing his power, he looked so very often, that feet and hands were kept busy enough.

"Come," said Putkins, with the air of a man who would wait no longer. "I'm tired standin'. We'll begin with the horse. Come."

"Putkins," said Cicely, making one effort for the composition, "if Tippy doesn't get her composition written in time—it will be—why, perfectly dreadful!"

She gazed up in his clear brown eyes for some trace of pity, but none came.

"I don't care for comp-sish—come!"

"Then we shall all cry," exclaimed Cicely, despairingly, "every single one of us, we shall be so ashamed."

"Will Wex cry?" asked Putkins, whirling around in the greatest astonishment to look at her.

"Yes, indeed!" cried Cecy recklessly, "he'll cry too!"

"Then you may go," said Putkins, coming

down, by a long jump, from all his magnificent tones, to a mild, humble little voice. To have Rex cry took out all the desirable features from his triumphant play, and wilted him completely.

"You dear, blessed child, you!" cried Cicely, grasping him to give him a good hug. "You're the very bestest boy in all the world—Putty—Putty—Putty-kins!"

"You're choking me," observed Putkins, who might concede a point, but didn't care to be extinguished. "I'll make you play if you don't let me down!" And he flourished his little gray skirts wildly in the air.

So Cicely ran back to her own room delighted, while Putkins trailed off down stairs to Maum Silvy's domains, to find comfort in whatever should chance to turn up in that fascinating region.

Here he discovered little black Prunty, with a big pan of potatoes, which she was paring, and whining dismally at every movement of the knife. The moment she espied Putkins her countenance changed; down went the knife on the floor, while every tooth in her little black mouth showed in an expansive smile.

"Um," said Putkins sociably, while his brown eyes roved comprehensively all over the kitchen and its occupants. "What you doin'?"

"Nothin'," said Prunty with a delighted grin, seeing here a chance of escape, for Putkins, who always found kind treatment at her hands, invariably seized her whenever opportunity allowed. "I'll come, Putkins."

"No ye won't, neither!" said Maum Silvy, grasping one arm as she was preparing to flee, and jamming her back into the old wooden chair again; "not until every tater in that ere dish is ready for the pot. Thar, ye come in, Putty, an' wait till she gits froo, ef she ever does, an' then ye can both go, land knows where, I don't keer!" And she stalked off to the big sink, where, for the space of ten minutes, nothing was heard but the rattle of dishes and the clatter of pots and kettles.

"Oh, taters are hard as rocks," grumbled Prunty, slowly picking up the knife; then she took two slices of the skin very meditatively off them, leaned back and yawned.

"Is it very hard?" asked Putkins sympathetically, drawing near. "Very hard, indeed, Poony?"

"Awful!" said Prunty, twisting up her face into a grimace, delighted at producing sympathy, from whatever quarter it might be offered. "My bans is most broke wid this ole shovel of a knife," and she stuck out one little black paw before Putkins' eyes.

"You needn't do 'em. I'll do the rest," cried the little fellow, running to the big knife-basket for another knife. "There—see, this is sharp, Poony! Now, I'll help—I will!" he cried, waving it in the air.

"Oh, lawk a massy!" cried Prunty, her eyes showing not much more than the whites, as the glittering steel shone before them, "dat's de big carvin' knife. Oh lawk! put it down, afore Maum Silvy gibs ye a clip ober de head."

"She ain't a-goin' to give me a clip!" cried Putkins disdainfully, and commencing to march proudly around the kitchen to show his bravery. "There, I'm a soldier—see, Poony!" and then he set up such a prancing over the bits of old carpet that Maum Silvy would insist on having at different places through the kitchen, "so's to draw up handy for my feet when I sits down," as she always said—that Prunty held her breath in very terror, and would have turned white, if she could, at the sight.

Just then Maum Silvy turned around from the sink, and saw it.

"Massy—" she began, but got no further, for Putkins, notwithstanding his soldierly pretensions,

started to run for the door at her exclamation, but catching his little foot in a tag of the old carpet sticking out from under the table, fell flat, and rolled over and over, the knife in his hand!

Maum Silvy never knew *how* she reached him, but pick him up she did, his face as white as a piece of cloth, and a dark red stain, from which some drops of blood were coming, right across his chubby little chin!

Pruny gave *one* look, and at once set up a most unearthly howl, and started for the hall.

"He's deaded!—oh—oh!" she wailed, flying blindly on for the family.

"Oh, my precious, precious chile!" crooned poor Maum Silvy, holding him close to her motherly breast, while the big tears rolled down on the little unconscious face. "Oh, de woe is me! wot would his mudder say if she wor here! Miss Alice, I didn't mean ter neglec' yer chile—oh, I didn't mean ter!" cried the poor old creature, perfectly paralyzed with grief and fear.

"The doctor must be sent for," cried Rex, rushing in, his face whiter, if that were possible, than Putkins'. "Who *can* go? You can't be trusted!" he said, through set, drawn lips, to Pruny. Meanwhile he was dashing cold water into the upturned face of the little figure in Maum Silvy's lap. "But I must be here. Where is Cicely? *Go and tell her!*" he commanded, with blazing eyes, and stamping his foot, to Pruny, who stood with gaping mouth, and eyes almost out of their sockets, staring in stupidity, while he worked over the child.

"Yes—that's it! I want Tippy!" said a voice right under them.

Maum Silvy started so that the little heap in her lap nearly rolled off onto the floor. It would if Rex hadn't caught it up in his arms, to almost smother it with kisses.

"Ger-racious!" she cried, still staring at them, while Cicely, flying wildly in, precipitated herself joyfully on to the bundle in Rex's arms.

"An' I want somethin' to eat, too," cried Putkins, in an injured tone, "I'm most dreadful hungry. Gimme a piece of cake, Tippy," he said, in a wheedling tone.

"You shall have a whole loaf, you darling!" cried Cecy, embracing with the greatest fervor his toes, as they dangled down in tall Rex's arms. "Oh, Rexie, he don't know anything's happened," she whispered up into the thankful face.

"No, and he mustn't be told, either," he whispered back warningly. "Do you feel badly anywhere, Put dear?" he asked, looking keenly into the little face, into which a faint pink color was quickly coming. "The cut I see is nothing but a mere scratch," he telegraphed to poor Maum Silvy, who had sunk back into the big old chair, perfectly terror-stricken.

"N-no, only here," said Putkins, with a sigh, and putting his little hand in the region of his stomach.

"How does it feel?" cried Cecy, in alarm, and standing up on tiptoe to get a nearer view of his face; "oh, tell us, pet—do be quick!"

"Why, hungry," said Putkins, not comprehending such unusual solicitude, "of course, an' I want some cake."

"He's been stunned," said Maum Silvy at that, and recovering life enough to get out of her chair, she staggered off to the cake box, and brought out a delicious loaf of rich cake that she had been saving for some extra fine occasion.

"Oh, my eyes!" cried Pruny at sight of this; and leaving Putkins and the tragic scene, she ambled over to the table, where her mother had already cut out a big triangle of the plummy delicacy. "Gimme a piece, mammy, *do!*"

Maum Silvy gave her a rap with the knife handle, but Pruny ducked her little woolly head, her eyes still fastened on the cake.

"I hain't no strength to try slips nor nothin' on

ye *this* day," cried Maum Silvy, in despair; "I'm so beat out I couldn't lift a straw. Thar, ye lettle honey-bird ye, so ye should hev a mite o' Maum Silvy's cake, so ye should," she said, cramming the immense piece into Putkins' delighted hand.

Pruny's mouth fairly watered at the sight. "I sh'd think ye might give me a crum—jest one," she begged, "wen I've been so scart, an' all."

"Scart!" cried Maum Silvy, turning on her, "ef ye'd done as ye'd orter, 'twouldn't a-happened. I know ye was at the bottom of it all!"

"I didn't mean ter!" wailed Pruny, her nerves completely upset by the whole thing, and flinging herself down flat on the floor, she buried her face in her little black hands. "Oh, deary—whaffi lost? I *didn't* mean ter!"

"Do give her a piece," begged Rex and Cicely together, who couldn't bear to see her cry, and knowing how fond she was of Putkins, they redoubled their entreaties till Maum Silvy broke off another bit.

"She shall have a *big* piece," commanded Putkins, taking his little white teeth out of his own delicious feast, and, breaking his portion in two parts, he tried to lean out of Rex's arms toward the prostrate figure on the floor. "My Pruny shall have this—she shall!" he cried, holding the piece in his fat little hand toward her.

But now that Pruny had some prospect of the longed-for cake, she didn't want it, but wailed on as if broken-hearted, despite all entreaties to get up and be comforted.

"I didn't mean ter," she sobbed. "Oh, dear me, I didn't go fer ter do it—I didn't!"

"We know you didn't," cried Cicely, leaning over her to comfort and console, and patting the poor little woolly head. "There, there, Pruny, don't cry! We know you love Putkins dearly. Do stop crying!" she implored.

But Pruny refused to accept any comfort, and Cecy stopped at last, at her wit's end, while Putkins, who thought something dreadful was being done to his staunch friend and ally, immediately deserted the charms of *his* cake, and lent his wails to the general outcry.

"Thar, thar," cried Maum Silvy, putting them all aside with her ample hand, "I know wot de pore chile wants. She wants her own bressed maniny to say she hain't done it—so she does!" And she gathered her up from the floor, and pressed her to her breast with loving, hungry clasp. "An' no more she hain't—no—I don't keer who says it. *So!*" she cried, waving back and forth, meanwhile showering kisses on the dark little face, wet with tears, that snuggled with a sigh of delight up against the warm, motherly breast. "Thar, she's mother's own honey-bird, so she is!" crooned Maum Silvy over her, "de bestest chile dat ever breeved—so she is!"

Pruny's little head popped up, like a bird out of its nest; and two or three tears trailed off from her stubby little nose. But she was smiling gleefully. "I want my cake, mammy," she said, and put out her hand for the bit that Maum Silvy with a chuckle pressed into it.

"Can't the children go up into the nursery," asked Cicely, "and play together now? Do let Pruny, Maum Silvy."

"An' give us another piece," cried Pruny, "as big, as—oh, so big," she measured off on her arm what she considered a sufficient entertainment, "fer us to play tea-party with. Do, mammy."

"Ye go along!" cried Maum Silvy laughing, and giving her a tickle, which set Pruny into fits of delighted laughter, in which all the others joined, till the kitchen presented quite a jubilant appearance. "Wal, I s'pose I must—only ye can't have no more of *this* cake; 'twould make it your clean down sick. But I'll give ye some cookies an' raisuns, an' that'll be nuf sight better!"

"Oh, oh!" cried the childrea, who jumping down to the floor, now capered around and around the room in high content.

"And do give them some lumps of white sugar," cried Cicely, wiping her eyes to see them go.

"And stop in my room," cried Rex, drawing the first long breath since the accident. "I've got some peanuts, to make the thing go off fine!"

"Oh, oh!" cried Pruny at this, out of her wits with joy. "He said *peanuts*, Putkins, he really did! Didn't ye *hear* him? Come on!" and she snatched one end of his little linen apron with a dreadful grip. "Do come on, before he takes 'em all back!"

(To be continued.)

Advice to Girls.

"SEE," counsels Mr. Ruskin, "that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and, in order to do that, find out first what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it; take pen and paper and write down as minute a description of yourself as you can, with the date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at: so always have two mirrors on your toilet-table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily. Write down, then, frankly what you are, or, at least, what you think yourself, not dwelling upon those inevitable faults which are of little consequence, and which the action of a right life will shake or smooth away, but that you may determine to the best of your intelligence what you are good for and can be made into. Girls should be like daisies—nice and white, with an edge of red if you look close; making the ground bright wherever they are; knowing simply and quietly that they do it, and are meant to do it, and that it would be wrong if they didn't do it.

Answer to Rebus Enigma in January.

CAN you fancy a letter of three straight lines. H
And another of three straight lines below it? A
If you fancy a third one of three straight lines, N
Now is the time to show it.

And a fourth you may fancy, the same as my
third, N

Then a fifth like the second, to help out the
word, A

And a last, the same as the first, if you know it. H
Six letters are here to help you in your labor.

Guess the answer if you can, then show it to your
neighbor.

Answer, "Hannah."

Can you *fancy* C a letter of \equiv three straight lines,

And anot *he r* \square $\overline{\text{IT}}$ below it?

If you *FAN* C a 3d l of \equiv ,
Now is the time to S *HOE* it.

And a 4th U may *FAN* C t h e s aim as my 3d.
Then a fifth *LIKE* t h e 2d 2 help out the *WORD*,

And a last t h e same as t h e 1st, if you know it.
6 letters R H ear C to help U in your (ever) labor.

Guess the answer IF U can, then show it to your
(ever) neighbor.

Word—HANNAH.

Influence of Associates.

THAT children are greatly under the power of their companions, any observing person will have frequently noticed, and their example for good or evil is often much weightier than that of older persons. Alice wants to do many a thing simply because Mary Jane does. Tom wouldn't lend his marbles, but from the fear that Gus Jones will hold him up to the boys as a "stingy one." A choice of intimates for our youth cannot be overestimated in importance. But to our tale: I went to pass a few days with my old friend Lance, the village instructor of Chenac. One day, just as school was dismissed, I heard a great hubbub in the playground, accompanied by shouts and hisses, and amid the tumult could clearly distinguish the words, "She cheats, she cheats!" I ran to the edge of a little terrace which overlooks the playground, to ascertain what was going on, and discovered Lance watching the scene through the branches of a tree.

Just below us a little girl of about twelve was leaning against a stone wall, covering her face with her arm, while a dozen children surrounding her were still vociferating, "She cheats!" And at the slightest attempt to escape, they cut off her retreat.

"Why don't you interfere?" I whispered. "It is better not to," he replied. "They are not fighting, and although they are making a great racket, they are really doing Marie a benefit." "How so?" I asked. "Have you never noticed," said he, "that children, as well as grown people, are greatly influenced by public sentiment, which, in their case, is the opinion of their playmates, and that when this judgment is a correct one, it will avail more than the wisest instruction?"

"This little girl Marie has not a bad nature, but she is insufferably proud, and will tell a string of lies rather than admit herself mistaken, or own that another scholar is brighter or wiser than she.

"This morning the children were playing at stage-coach; some were horses, others passengers, and one was conductor. Marie conceived the desire to be conductor, and as she could not get the post fairly, she tried stratagem, and quietly putting out her foot, tripped the real conductor, and threw him on his face. I was watching the game from my window, and at first intended to punish her in another manner; but upon reflection, remembering that I myself was cured of gluttony in this way, decided to let the children shame her out of her fault."

As the idea of a glutton fitted Lance so poorly, I begged him to relate his experience.

"When I was about ten years old," he said, "I was living with my parents at Charmance. One morning, just as my mother had finished cake-baking, I stole a loaf and ate it up, lying to hide my fault, for which I was so severely punished I formed many resolutions to amend, but nevertheless yielded again to the first temptation. One of my playmates had brought to school a pot of sweetmeats which he imprudently showed to me. Now, as we were too poor to afford such luxuries often, the appetizing sweets haunted me all school-time, and made my mouth water for them.

"At recess, when the school-room was deserted, I watched a chunce, and stealing to Elbert's basket, confiscated a large part of the titbits. When my playmate at noon-time discovered the theft, he raised a great outcry to ascertain the perpetrator. At last, suspicion fell on me, for in my haste I had let some of the sweetmeats fall on my coat. The outcries and hisses of the pupils as they hurled at me the odious epithet, 'Glutton, glutton,' were insupportable. I tried in vain for some time to escape, and when at last I succeeded in doing so, and ran home, I dared not confess my conduct. It afterward, however, came out,

and from that time forth, my mother never lost her cookies or pears."

The fear of ridicule is not a high motive, but in some natures it is more effectual than an appeal to honor. The judgment of companions being unscrupulous touches the young on their tenderest point, and is often very efficacious."

EDITH D. SOMNER.

The Rich Mouse AND HIS NEPHEWS.

BY HARRY ALLAN.

ONCE upon a time, a little brown mouse, named Adolphus, lived in one of the oldest and most tumble-down castles in all England.

"Woe is me!" he was sighing one day. "Why wasn't I born a rat?"

"Because you wasn't," snapped his mother, upon hearing him say this for the hundredth time. "Such an ill-natured mouse was never before born, I do believe. Just because your brother is more apt than yourself to get the fortune, you must needs mope about, wishing you were larger. Fie upon you!"

Adolphus did not dare say a word to his mother; but he retired sulkily to a corner of his home, and grumbled to himself—

"That's all very well for her to say; but if she had any chance for it, she'd be as bad as I am, I know. 'Taint fair, anyhow."

"What isn't fair, sir? Just tell me that," interrupted a squeaking voice, belonging to a little weazened, dried-up mouse, who had just entered.

"What isn't fair, sir, I say?" he cried again, upon finding that Adolphus did not answer at once.

"Oh! nothing, please, Uncle," gasped Adolphus, shivering to his very tail with fear.

"Oh! nothing, please, indeed! I verily believe it was my message which you think not fair. Was it?"

But as Adolphus made no answer, he went on—

"Three days ago I sent a message to your mother, telling her that whichever one of my nephews had become the largest by May-day, was to be the heir of all my fortune. Now, you are the smallest, and you are not growing a bit. For this reason you are grumbling that my decision is unfair, aren't you?" and the little dried-up mouse Uncle shot such angry gleams from his eyes that Adolphus, half scared to death, was fain to take to his heels and run out of the room. Not only did Adolphus run out of the room, he ran out of the castle, and into a forest which surrounded it. Here he found an old, rotten log which had sheltered him many times before. It was, in fact, his play-house. He cuddled up in one corner of it, and began grumbling and crying and making himself altogether miserable for a while.

Suddenly, he felt something touch him upon the shoulder, and looking up, he saw one of the Brownies, which lived in the wood, before him, with its hands behind it. The Brownie said never a word, but stood silently staring. Adolphus was not in the least frightened; for this particular Brownie was well known to him, and had often helped him when he was in trouble.

The fact that his visitor kept its hands behind it, aroused the little mouse's curiosity; so he stole behind it.

"Why, bless me! What is that?" cried Adolphus, full of amazement.

"What's what?" answered the Brownie's gruff voice.

"Why, that *thing* in your hands."

"Ho, ho! He don't know his own cousin when

he sees him," answered Brownie, bringing the burden before him, and spreading it out.

"Cousin! I've no cousin!"

"Well, it belongs to the mouse family, anyhow. Shut your eyes one minute, and then see if it doesn't."

Accordingly, Adolphus shut his eyes. Brownie puffed two or three drafts of air into the bundle he carried, when, lo! it filled out, and took the shape of an enormous mouse.

"Look now," cried Brownie, and upon opening his eyes, Adolphus started back in amazement.

"Oh! if I was only as large as that!" he cried.

"Well," answered Brownie, "run home, and tell your mother you are going to stay with me awhile, and we'll make you as large as this mouse in my hands."

So Adolphus hastened home, and, regardless of his mother's protestations, he soon returned, and set off to live with Brownie until May-day.

* * * * *

As the days passed on, and Adolphus did not return, Tom, his fat and lazy brother, almost went into ecstasies in anticipation of the fortune which was to be his.

Right here, let me say, this fortune of the little dried-up mouse Uncle was nothing to be sneezed at. In his youth, he had found a hole leading into the castle pantry, and the secret he had jealously guarded. Search as they would all the other mice in the castle could neither find it nor any other inlet into the storehouse. So they were in a great measure dependent upon what he brought them from it. You can imagine how rich he grew—how he was looked up to by all mousedom. But he was growing old, and felt that his wealth was a burden too heavy for him; so he wished to shift it upon the shoulders of one of his nephews. And now, in Adolphus' absence, Tom saw the prospect of all this wealth falling to him.

The morning of the first of May dawned bright and clear. Noon came, and with it, the old Uncle.

"Well," he said, upon entering, "Thomas! here you are; but where's your brother?"

"Oh! he's run off," returned Tom. "He was but a little fellow beside me, so he gave up and ran away."

"Quite a thankless fellow, I'm afraid," said the Uncle; "I caught him grumbling when I was last here. But, if he's really gone, nothing remains but for you and I to—But, bless me! what's this?" and he almost lost his color from very fright; for in at the door waddled Adolphus, ten times as large as any mouse that had ever before been seen. When he reached the middle of the room, he was forced to sit down and rest, so great was the labor of walking.

But in spite of his uncomfortable size, he smiled exultantly; for well he knew that he was the larger, and that the fortune was his.

And so, indeed, it became.

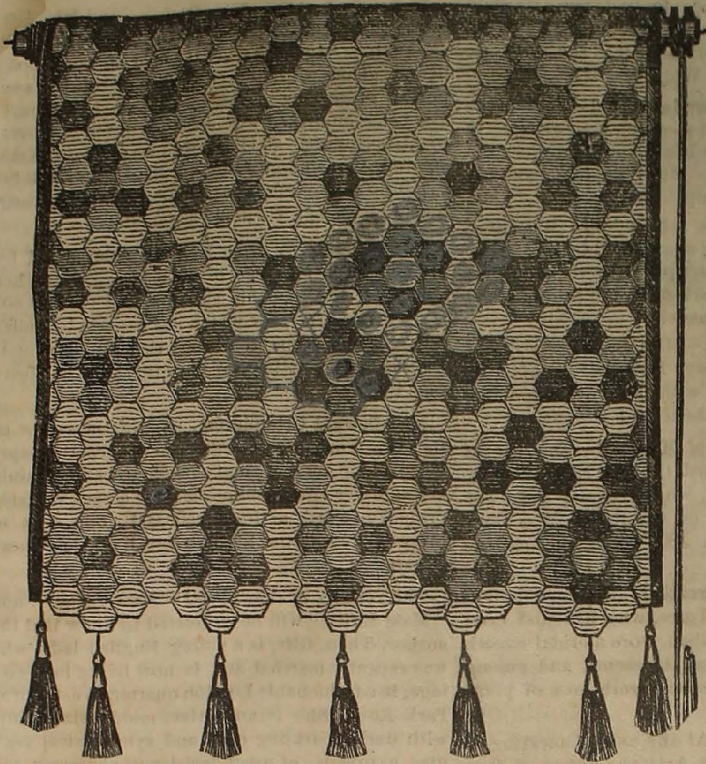
Owing to his great size, however, he was unable to enter the hole leading to it, and he found that if he would enjoy his riches at all, he must share them with some one who could get at them.

At first Adolphus thought of Brownie; but wealth such as cheese and cake was of no use to a creature who could live on air, if need be. So the choice was narrowed down to some member of the mouse family.

Tom had taken his disappointment so to heart that he was crying at a great rate in one corner of the room.

Upon seeing this, Adolphus, who was a good fellow enough at heart, made up his mind that Tom should be the sharer with him.

Thus it chanced that a fortune which had been meant for a single nephew, became the property of both, through the very means taken to confine it to one.

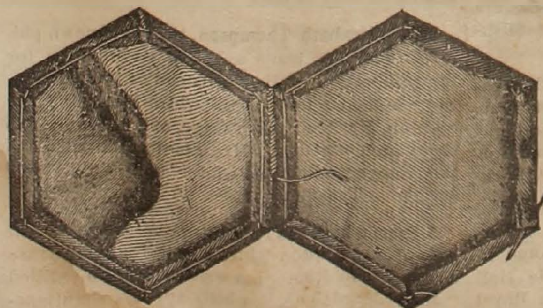


Window-shade in Mosaic.

MATERIALS: Silk or glazed calico in various colors; cardboard; wool; wooden tassel heads; filoselle.

This shade consists of hexagons joined together, as shown in full size. Seven hexagons of three colors, forming a contrast, are inclosed in the white ground, forming a rosette. According to our model, the colors are irregularly placed, and in every possible variety. A dark red middle is surrounded by yellow and blue alternately; a mauve color by green and pink; a light yellow middle is surrounded by dark red and blue; a blue center by two shades of yellow; a red by two greens; violet, by blue and yellow; gray by blue and yellow. In this manner the colors may be varied according to taste. The joining hexagons of the separate rosettes are white throughout. With this, and all mosaic work, the greatest accuracy must be observed with regard to the size and form of the hexagon. For each hexagon, the silk must be fastened over cardboard, the two straight side edges lying opposite to each other. The edges of the silk must be turned over on the wrong side, as shown in No. 3, and carefully fastened at the corner with a stitch. The two are then exactly fitted and sewn together, according to the design. The even stuff edges represent the lead that unites the panes of glass in colored windows.

The piece of cardboard is pushed out with the thumb, and may be used for other hexagon pieces

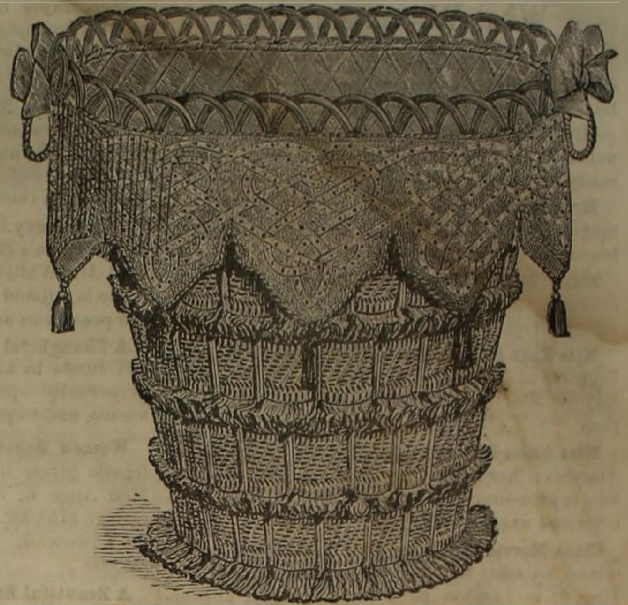


DETAIL OF WINDOW SHADE.

as long as it remains stiff. The whole shade is rolled at the upper cross end, and at the two long sides a dark brown hem is placed an inch broad, and on the bottom, the lining is cut to the pattern. The tassels are of bright-colored wool, and long wooden tops are covered with filoselle.

Knitted Lace.

Knit to and fro along 22 stitches as follows: 1st row: Slip 1, knit 1, 4 times alternately cotton forward, decrease 1, then knit 2 together, twice cotton forward, decrease 2, twice cotton forward, decrease 1, knit 2 together, cotton forward, decrease 1, knit 1. 2d and all rows with even numbers, knitted, knit 1, purl 1 in the double-made stitches. 3d row: Slip 1, knit 2, 3 times alternately cotton forward, decrease 1, then knit 10, cotton forward, knit 2. 5th row: Slip 1, knit 1, 3 times alternately cotton forward, decrease 1, then knit 2 together, twice cotton forward, decrease 1, knit 3, knit 2 together, twice cotton forward, decrease 1 knit 1, cotton forward, knit 2. 7th row: Slip 1, knit 2, twice alternately cotton, forward, decrease 1, then knit 5, twice alternately cotton forward, decrease 1, then knit 5, cotton forward, knit 2. 9th row: Slip 1, knit 1, twice alternately cotton forward, decrease 1, then knit 4, cotton forward, decrease 1, knit 3, cotton forward, decrease 1, knit 2 together, twice cotton forward, decrease 1, knit 1, cotton forward, knit 2. 11th row: Slip 1, knit 2, twice alternately cotton forward, decrease 1, then knit 5, cotton forward, decrease 2, cotton forward, knit 5, knit 2 together, cotton forward, decrease 1, knit 1. 13th row: Slip 1, knit 1, 3 times alternately cotton forward, decrease 1, then knit 2 together, twice cotton forward, decrease 1, knit 3, knit 2 together, cotton forward, decrease 1, knit 1. 15th row: Slip 1, knit 2, 3 times alternately cotton forward, decrease 1, then knit 9, knit 2 together, cotton forward, decrease 1, knit 1. After the 16th row repeat the 1st to the 16th row as often as necessary. Then work the edging with the glazed thread as shown in the illustration.



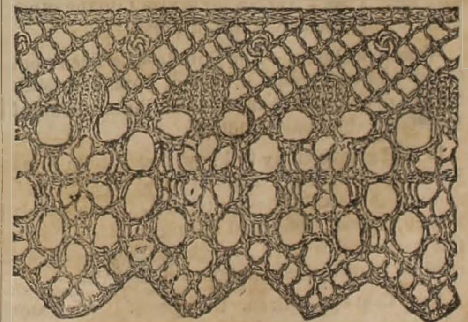
Scrap Basket.

TAKE any ordinary waste-paper basket, and run fancy ribbons between the splints.

Around the top, make a valance of black cloth cut in points, and braid it with cherry-colored velvet or worsted braid, then stud it with beads.

Add to each point a tassel or ball to correspond with colors used to ornament the basket. Below each row of ribbon, around the basket, run a narrow frill, fringe, or full plaiting of ribbon, giving the basket a softer outline, and greatly adding to its beauty.

Line the basket throughout with silesia, and cut strips of the same two inches wide; notch both edges, plait in full box-plaits, and secure firmly around the top of basket inside.



KNITTED LACE.



MONOGRAM.—N. G.

What Women are Doing.

Mrs. Garfield has refused to let her photograph be sold or her likeness be engraved.

Miss Blanche Willis Howard, of Bangor, who wrote "One Summer," has another novel nearly ready for publication.

Mrs. M. Merrick, of Quincy, Ill., has built a magnificent hall for lectures on practical benevolence and good works.

Many States offer a premium to women for celibacy. In Nebraska unmarried women vote on school questions.

Miss Kate Hillard's course of Saturday Morning Lectures at Mrs. Anna Randall-Dichl's Conservatory of Elocution are attracting marked attention.

Miss Anna Dickenson is called the "Aspasia" of America; her play of "Aurelian" as read by her, is pronounced "a remarkable study of character and expression."

Clara Morris in England.—Clara Morris has received an offer to open the season at the Court Theater in London next October. Her appearance in England would be likely to create a stir. Whether she will go or not is not yet known.

Indian Students.—Sixteen Indian girls from the Indian Territory, ranging from sixteen to twenty-five years, have entered Moody's seminary, at Northfield, Mass., where they will study four years, and then do missionary work among their own people.

The Duchess of Galliere has given fifteen millions of francs, for the construction and maintenance of two superb institutions of learning, one of which is for orphans.

Miss Ross, of Kansas, daughter of ex-Senator Ross, is said to be one of the rising politicians of that State. Miss Boutwell is said to be a good financier.

A Woman writes: "As to the question of the sexes, I think that woman's *love of dress* is the stamp of her inferiority. It ends the discussion with me. I can't respect my sex as I do the other while we are such creatures of dress."

Women Sculptors.—The Countess de Beaumont Castries is to execute a bust of Sophie Arnault for the opera, and Madame Léon Bertaux one of Vestris for the same building.

It will grieve many to know that Estelle Anna Lewis, the author of "Sappho" and other poems, and whose *nom de plume*, Stella, has been widely known, is dead. She died in England last month, but her remains were brought to New York, according to directions contained in her will.

Mrs. Captain Wilson, the intrepid navigator who took command of her husband's ship under pressure of a violent storm, when it and he had become disabled, and brought it safely to port, has been made an inspectress in the New York Custom House. Mrs. Wilson is a widow now with a child to support.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, the clever novelist, is very ill in Florence. She is threatened with total blindness, and is shut up in a dark room. Her physicians say that she has just escaped brain fever.

Mrs. Isabella Samuel has applied to the Session Judge at Allahabad for a dissolution of marriage on the ground of her husband having turned Mohammedan and married a Mohammedan wife. The application was granted.

Lady Harberton recommends the adoption of trousers for walking dress, or, as she calls them, "skirts," divided above the knees and made full down to the ankles.

Mrs. Hayes has already invited Mrs. Garfield to visit her this winter in Washington in order that she may become initiated into the domestic and social duties of the White House.

A Woman's Newspaper in Poland.—Under the title of *Dnutygodnik* (Bi-weekly), a newspaper in the Polish language has been started at Posen in the interests of women. Miss Von Radonska has undertaken the editorship.

"Rose Terry."—Those who admire Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke's charming stories will be pleased to read Mr. Whittier's description of their author. "She is tall and slim, dark-eyed and pretty," said the poet to an acquaintance.

A Thoughtful Legacy.—Miss Lisetta Reist has left funds to keep Tower Street Hill, London, perpetually sprinkled with sand to ease the horses, and to prevent them from slipping.

Women Benefactors of Harvard.—The list of female givers to Harvard College is headed by Mrs. Anne E. P. Sever, who last year gave the college \$140,000. Next on the list is Miss Mary P. Townsend, who in 1861 gave the college \$25,000.

A Beautiful Bridal Wreath.—The young daughter of the Duchess La Torre, who has just been married to a wealthy Cuban, wore a bridal wreath made of diamond orange blossoms, and among the wonders of her trousseau were hose of point d'Alençon.

Honors for Women.—At the annual meeting of the Académie des Beaux Arts, the names of four female laureats were proclaimed. Mesdames Colin, Viger, and Robinet divided the Lambert prize between them, and Madame de Grandval carried off the one for symphonic music which bears the name of Rossini.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian has signified her acceptance of the post of President of the Ladies' Committee, which has been formed by the Society of Arts, for the purpose of holding a Congress on Domestic Economy in London during the coming season.

Lady Land Leaguers.—Some Dublin ladies have formed a "Ladies' Land League," for the protection and aid of evicted widows and orphans, having a central committee in Dublin, which will be in connection with the Irish National Land League. It is their intention to form branches in every county in Ireland, the first of which will be established in Bohola, Strade, and Balla, County Mayo.

A Curious Stroke of Fortune.—Mrs. Coward, a domestic servant at Bowness, Windermere, has just come into a fortune amounting to near £100,000. Some years ago she made a will, bequeathing all her savings to a nephew, who was in a bank at Bury. The latter, who was a young man at the same time made his will, leaving his possessions to Mrs. Coward. He died the other day, and the amount of his fortune reaches the sum named.

The Ladies' Art Association has had an exhibition and sale of original works, which lasted one week, and was very successful. The profits are to form the nucleus of a fund for the establishment of a studio building for women.

A Young Lady in Westport, Conn., has this season gathered with her own hands from the fourteen acre pond, Cranberry Plain, over eight hundred pond lilies (American lotus), and forwarded them to the Flower Mission in New York.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart is erecting an organ in the cathedral at Garden City, L. I., which will be the largest ever made, as it will have one hundred and fifteen stops, while that of the Music Hall in Boston has but eighty-four, and that in Royal Albert Hall of London, one hundred and eleven.

Dickens's Letters.—Miss Dickens and Miss Hogarth, the editors of "Charles Dickens's Letters," are anxious to get together more of his correspondence. They will, therefore, be grateful if any person possessing letters of Dickens which have not been published will send them under cover to Miss Hogarth, at 11 Strathmore Gardens, Kensington, W. London, England. The letters will be carefully preserved, copied, and returned to their owners with as little delay as possible.

Mrs. Yoakam, of Coos River, Oregon, aided by her daughter and one hired man, carries on her farm, and she has this summer laid down 1,600 pounds of butter, for which she expects to realize fifty cents per pound during the coming winter. Besides sufficient hay for her stock, she has forty tons to sell.

Mrs. Oswald Ottendorfer, wife of the editor of the New York *Staats Zeitung*, manages the paper left to her by her first husband, and mainly through her efforts it has become a very valuable property, worth at least \$600,000. She goes to the office every day and directs its management generally.

The readers of the "Pretty Miss Bellew" and "Maid Ellice" will be interested to know that the author, Theo. Gift, is a young English lady, who was recently married and is now living in a cottage, in a fashionable London quarter, Westbourne Park Row. She is an active, middle-sized lady, with dark, sparkling eyes and symmetrical features, expressive of great decision of character, and also kindliness and humor. She is rather quaint and old-fashioned in her dress, and is fond of wearing a Charlotte Corday cap and fichu.

A Lady-bird in a Salon.—Madame Adam's (Juliette Lamber's) salon is described as having an air of grave simplicity. In it she looks, says a French writer, "like a bird in a bookcase." She is tall and graceful; her face, somewhat narrowed, combines delicacy with energy.

Death from Overwork.—Miss Chessar, who died recently in London of apoplexy, brought on by overwork, had written the able leading articles in the *Queen* for sixteen years. She was a member of the London School Board for many years, and was a woman of solid attainments and great energy of character.

Miss Maggie Smith, the enrolling clerk of the Iowa State Senate, and recommended by Lieutenant-Governor Campbell as the best enrolling clerk the Iowa Senate has had for many years, has been nominated for county recorder by the Republicans of Davis County, Iowa. Miss Smith is the first lady in the State to be nominated for that office.

Dr. Lucy S. Pidgin, of Boston, who graduated last March from the United States Medical College of New York, being number two in a class of sixteen, has been elected secretary of the West Side Medical Association of New York City. This is probably the first instance of a woman being elected to such a position in an association composed almost entirely of men.

Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the well-known philanthropist, has made a liberal contribution for the publication of the "History of Woman Suffrage in the United States," which Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Matilda Joslyn Gage, and Susan B. Anthony are compiling. Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony are spending the winter at Mrs. Stanton's cottage at Tenafly, N. J.

A Poem which the Pope liked.—Mrs. Greenough, wife of the sculptor, who has been for many years a resident in Rome, has written a poem entitled "Mary Magdalene," which appears simultaneously in London and Boston. An Italian trans-

lation of a part of the poem was read before the Society of Arcadia in Rome, and the cardinals present were so pleased with it that the Pope ordered the poem to be printed.

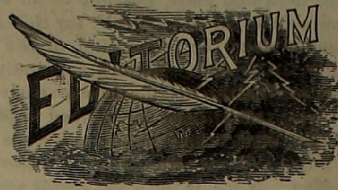
A Touching Motto.—Miss Dudu Fletcher borrows from the German this, under the circumstances, pathetic motto for the title-page of her new novel, "The Head of Medusa": "Yet I fall unconquered, and my weapons are not broken; only my heart broke." She also writes with tenderness: "I dedicate this book to my dear mother, begging her to accept it from me as one more proof—where surely no proof is needed—of my deep love for her, my admiration, and my profound respect.—George Fleming."

Mrs. Valeria Stone—who has from time to time made generous gifts to colleges and religious societies, is a widow, living in the neighborhood of Boston. Her husband, a millionaire, always intended to give a large part of his estate away, but died without making all the required legal arrangements. His widow, instead of using the property in her own gratification, has divided about \$600,000 among relatives and other friends, many of them poor persons; has founded professorships, in Amherst, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Oberlin, Drury, and other colleges; has given \$150,000 to Andover Theological Seminary and Phillips Academy; secured, by the payment of \$10,000, an appropriation of \$25,000 to a Congregational academy in Maine; given the American Missionary Association \$150,000, and various sums to half a dozen other benevolent organizations.

The Countess of Scarbrough has established a practical cookery kitchen in connection with the girls' school at Lumley Castle. The wife of the vicar, who has passed through the course at South Kensington, gives the instruction. Taking advantage of Mr. Buckmaster's visit to Durham, a few days since, he was invited to give a public lecture on cheap and wholesome cookery. The girls prepared all the illustrations, and the audience tasted the various dishes and pronounced them very good. Lady Scarbrough expressed her satisfaction with the cooking and the clean, neat appearance of the girls. Dr. Heath, who presided, said the great increase of tea-drinking as a substitute for wholesome food was having a most pernicious influence on the physical condition of the people."

Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, of the New York State Board of Charities, has prepared a petition to the Legislature concerning the condition of the Richmond County institutions, which has been signed by the superintendents of the poor of the county. It is to the effect that prisoners in the county jail are allowed to remain idle, that young offenders are not kept apart from the more depraved, and that the sexes are not sufficiently separated. In regard to the County Home the petition says there is no classification of the women there. The Legislature is asked to take steps to establish houses of correction or refuge.

French Academic Honors.—Among those recently decorated by the French Academy was Mrs. Emily Bovell Sturge, M.D., of Paris, membre de la Société de Médecine Publique, et d'Hygiène Professionnelle. It is the custom in France to confer this decoration on persons who have distinguished themselves in scientific, literary, or educational work, but hitherto it has rarely been bestowed on a woman, and Mrs. Sturge is, we understand, the first English woman who has received this honor. The decoration consists of a small wreath of palms in silver (Palme Académiques) suspended on the left side of the chest by a small velvet ribbon. This is worn on dress occasions only; for every-day wear a small violet bow peeps out at a button-hole, similar, except in color, to the decoration of the Legion of Honor.



Hobbies.

It is probably true that hobbies in regard to food have killed far more people than have been cured by them, and they have laid the foundation of innumerable diseases, for the development of which they were never held responsible. Hobbyists are only separated by a degree from maniacs, that is, persons afflicted with one idea to the verge of insanity, and which sometimes obtain control of the entire brain power, at which time it becomes insanity itself. The psychological effect of allowing the mind to dwell much upon one subject is to enlarge, probably exaggerate its importance, and the constant effort on the part of the hobbyist is to make this one special subject assume the same abnormal proportions in the minds of other people that it does in his own.

He does not see that this would be detrimental to the symmetrical growth and structure of society—that for every one to be possessed with one idea, would be very much the same as for every person to be afflicted with enlargement of the liver—a monotony of disease that would quickly become insupportable, and that persons would commit suicide to escape from. The hobbyist has no idea (usually) that he is self-seeking, or self-opinionated, much less that his condition is abnormal, and one which requires treatment. As a general rule, he considers himself (or herself) a benefactor; the particular hobby which they represent would bring about the millennium if the whole world would only adopt it. It may be Graham bread, or the getting rid of corsets, or the absence of meat, or the wearing of short hair, or the application of shoulder-straps, or reduction in the number of meals, or the drinking or non-drinking of tea and coffee, down or up to the acquisition of suffrage for women; whatever it is, make it an accomplished fact, and the evangelization of the world is complete.

Now all this is so very absurd to one that is able to look upon different sides, and estimate their values—that is, a person of average intelligence who is not a hobbyist—that advocacy even of a good thing fails of its proper and legitimate influence in the hands of the known hobbyist. It is seen that human life and human welfare, while it may be helped or retarded, does not depend on the influences in any one direction. That the flexibility is such that people can adapt themselves to almost any circumstances and conditions, even those which are not in themselves desirable, and that races and individuals have prosperously lived and attained immortality without having known anything of the idea which is to work such wonderful results.

It is well too not to condemn anything merely because it is somebody's hobby. The fact that it has seized with extraordinary force upon one human mind is sufficient to show that it may be worth consideration, and is worth respectful treatment. No one agency in food, or dress, or opinion, will set in motion machinery to make a paradise of the world, so long as fierce strifes, and hatreds, and envyings, and jealousies, and self-love, and uncharitableness have possession of so many hearts, and rule so many minds. Whatever is helpful to us, bodily or mentally, by

strengthening and stimulating faculty, or removing an obstacle to growth, is good, and should be encouraged, but not to the exclusion of other good things, or the belittling of what has an equal claim to our thought and care. As hobbyist, we can only grow in one direction, and necessarily become as unnatural as Strasburg geese, which by careful cultivation in one direction become all liver, and are valuable for that alone. Shall life do no more for us, when its opportunities and resources, properly employed, enable us to become rounded and perfected in character? The well-balanced, fully-developed, large-hearted, and large-minded man or woman, who, knowing that they themselves embody the weakness as well as the strength of the race, are tolerant both of the weakness and the strength, whatever form its manifestation may take, without becoming absorbed in such manifestation.

"Bubbles."

THE charming picture of which we are able to present a fine engraving in the present number, was engraved by Bien from a painting by Teniers, the famous Dutch artist, an example of whose work is considered essential to completeness by the best galleries in Europe. Speaking of the pictures in Buckingham Palace by Teniers, De Waagen says the one he preferred to all others is the boy blowing soap-bubbles at an open window, and this homely subject has indeed furnished the great painter with the inspiration for one of his best efforts. It represents in a marked degree the excellencies for which he was distinguished—perfect freedom with singular accuracy of drawing and an extraordinary delicacy in the perception and finish of details. Witness the carving upon the stone front of the window, the figure of the bottle, the grace of the vine, and the high lights upon it which throw the figure of the woman back into place. The figure of the child is beautifully free and unconstrained, and the plume of his hat falling over the sill gives exactly the touch needed to connect it with the principal object.

Decorative Art in the Household.

WE are making arrangements for the introduction of a new department of Decorative Art and Art Needlework, which we hope will prove of great interest and value particularly to our young lady readers. We intend to give patterns for the decoration of linen in outline embroidery, also for the treatment of paneled doors and small decorative articles of furniture and furnishing. The new Art Department will be placed in competent hands, and we have no doubt will prove a most attractive feature.

Miss Alcott's New Story.

WE can promise our readers a treat in Miss Alcott's new story of "Victoria, or Clay, Plaster, Marble." It is written in an inspired vein, and well depicts a woman artist's struggles and triumphs. It is dramatic in composition, and the author, according to her own statement, has indulged the romantic vein more than is usual with her, but it is thoroughly good and noble in spirit. Here is a sentence taken from the MS. at random. * * "Lead on, I will follow; it is not necessary to be happy, it is necessary to be brave and true." That has the true ring, and young women struggling with many doubts and difficulties will find true inspiration in "Victoria," which we shall begin to publish next month.

What we Live for.

WE hear it said that the first object in life of a majority of the people in this country is making money, and we repeat it with a certain sense of virtuous condemnation, as if it did not in the least refer to ourselves or our purposes. We sentimentalize a great deal over what ought to be, totally oblivious of the fact that what *is* we are engaged with all our strength and energy in making. Life, active life—that which originates, formulates, gives tone and color, and influences other lives with most determinate force—is bound within very narrow limits, and the direction this exercise of faculty takes is of the greatest importance to others as well as ourselves. It has become too much the custom to estimate almost everything with which we have to do by a money standard—by its actual return in dollars and cents—and to under-estimate whatever does not foot up a balance at the end of the year on the "right side of the ledger."

But this is certainly—putting ethics quite out of the question—a mercenary and vulgar way of looking at any subject. In trade we must obtain an income in excess of our outlay, or we have nothing as compensation for labor, and business could not be transacted; but even from a business point of view, there are some occupations that hold such manifest advantages over others, that to reduce both to the same ledger standard would be to show an utter lack of appreciation of the best elements that enter into our lives.

Farming, according to this estimate, is the worst paying business in the world: but the farmer has all out of doors; he is not confined to one, two, or three rooms in a tenement house, or a "floor" in an apartment house. He is always sure of a "living," that is, of food enough, whether the times are good or bad, and if he is not in a hurry to acquire land and get rich, he can live an independent and comparatively care-free life.

Education with some people is only worth what it will fetch in the market. They consent to a certain expenditure of time and money, because it will furnish a *quid pro quo* in a means of livelihood. The actual elevation of mind and character, the pleasure which comes from genuine self-cultivation, the rising to higher levels of thought, and the new society in art and literature to which knowledge introduces us, count for nothing in their estimation, and do not enter into their list of assets, as against the liabilities. Prudence dictates, as well as honor and honesty, that we shall not expend what we have not got, even in what is desirable, but it is equally apparent that to gauge every interest in life by a mere money standard is to take out of life all that makes it most worth the living—friendship, love, home, children, self-education, and the development of character. As before remarked, active life is bounded within narrow limits. Time once gone, opportunities once lost, cannot be recalled. Thirty years, the space between twenty and fifty, is quickly bridged, and then we begin to live mentally, morally, physically and spiritually on what we have garnered up. If we have lived for nothing but money, we find ourselves as poor as if we were destitute of money; that is, we are poor in friends, in taste, in power of high and varied enjoyment, in the knowledge of all the wealth of intellectual resource which lies about us. Our money is of little value to us because we expend it on poor things, and it turns to dead ashes while we grasp it, or creates a Nemesis which pursues us. Money is a good thing, but it is a secondary good, and it is mischievous if exalted to the first place. Health, home, friends, children, faithfulness—in a word, character—are all better, and it is for these we should live; using money as a servant to assist in

achieving desirable ends, but not as an end, or even desirable as an end in itself, for riches have been a snare since the foundation of the world, and will be to the end. Nations and individuals that have reached the heights through early struggles and deprivations have succumbed to prosperity, and been undermined by the successes which deprived them of all stimulus to exertion and self-sacrifice. Work is the great savior and purifier and regenerator, and when we are no longer obliged to work, human nature is apt to run to self-indulgence, and unless refinement and intellectual tastes have been cultivated, to self-indulgence of the lowest kind. Let us at least, in our career of money-getting, stop a moment and inquire what we are living for? Perhaps we can return a satisfactory answer. Perhaps the enlargement of our home-life, of our human interests, of our own outlook, are our principal objects, and in that case if money comes as an instrumentality by which our best and wisest purposes can be assisted, so much the better; but money which is merely accumulation in garret or cellar, either becomes, according to the old fable, birds that fly away or rats that undermine the house, and the experience of mauking justifies the quaint old lesson which is conveyed.

State Reformatories for Women.

At a recent conference of the New York State Aids Association, reference was made to the work of the Society in securing the passage of the Tramps Act, which makes vagabondage in New York State a penal offense, and to the effort to secure the aid of the State Government in establishing reformatories for women, equivalent to those which are already in existence for men. This last work has not yet been accomplished, but it is hoped that it will be during the winter session of the State Legislature.

It is almost incredible that neither in New York City nor in any of the counties of New York State, should public provision have been made of a character to arrest the progress of those first steps toward crime which are so much more fatal to women than for men, while for men who can and do protect themselves there is every opportunity and every assistance in reclaiming from error, and recalling to a sense of the duty they owe to themselves and society. Judges in the criminal courts of New York, hardened as they are to wretchedness and misery of every description, have expressed profound sympathy for the case of young women and girls, arrested for some misdemeanor, brought before a court, and sent, in the absence of bail, to the society and daily companionship of the lowest, most degraded class—contact with whom must brutalize and degrade them for the rest of their lives.

Boys and men are not subject to this cruel and wicked necessity. For these reformatories exist, where time and opportunity for redemption is afforded them, if they choose to avail themselves of it. Judge Cowing remarked several months since that there was nothing needed so much in the way of a philanthropic institution as well-managed reformatories for young girls and women, where industries would be cultivated, and the ignorant taught some handicraft that would make them earn an honest living. Work is a great renovator and panacea. Constant occupation and cheerful surroundings are found to be the best cure of insanity, and the first is the only method of weaning the mind away from vice or vicious tendencies. It is ardently to be hoped that the State Industrial Reformatories contemplated will become an established fact.

Modern Improvements in Business Houses.

Now that the march of material improvement has begun, and is carried on by steam and electric telegraph, it is hard to tell where it will stop. One of our great business houses (Ridley & Co.) of Grand Street have recently adopted modern improvements for facilitating the handling of goods in parcels, for purifying underground air, and for lighting a large area which deserve notice, although it will probably not be long before all business establishments and even private houses will employ the new means for lighting and generating pure air, more or less.

The first innovation that strikes us on entering the great ground floor (covering upwards of sixteen city lots) is a system of elevated railways in miniature which line the air above the counters in every part of the store, and are traversed by small racks or holders consisting of a gutta-percha frame to the upper part of which small papier-maché wheels are attached, while the lower part forms an open box formed by thin sheets of metal which hold whatever is placed inside by means of simple, self-acting springs. These racks are numbered, and graded to run upon an incline, and stop at certain stations, so that all that is required is that they shall be put on the track and started at one end of the route, and taken off at the other. This does away almost entirely with the employment of "cash" boys and cash girls, who waste the time of the customer, and are a source of never-ending noise and confusion in every large store.

Of course, only the very largest establishments can employ a system like this to advantage, but it is certainly curious as showing what the ingenuity of the age can accomplish in supplementing human skill and forethought. The cost is great as a first outlay, in this instance probably eighteen thousand dollars all told; but much of this expenditure is saved at once by the absence of cash boys, while the saving of time to the customer, the absence of confusion, and the actual ability to sell more goods on the part of the saleswomen are benefits that increasingly redound to the profit of the proprietors.

A second improvement is the use of the electric light, which renders every part of an area of an acre as bright as day throughout the evening. Heretofore the difficulty has been to break up the light into small sections, but this seems at last to have been at least partially overcome. Broadway, it is announced, will be lighted by the new year with twenty-two electric lamps of the Brush patent from Thirty-fourth Street to Union Square. The basements or cellar-like vaults of several large buildings are already utilized by the use of electric lamps, and they are further rendered habitable by the use of ozone generators, which as seen at Ridley's, where forty of them are in use in the basement, exercise a remarkable influence in the purification of the air.

"Kith and Kin."

WE begin in the present number the new novel by Miss Jessie Fothergill, with the above title. Miss Fothergill is already well known as the author of three successful novels. "The First Violin," "Probation," and "The Welsteads," and of this last effort Mr. Bentley, her English publisher, writes that it is by far the finest she has yet written, and he considers it the strongest since "Jane Eyre." We have bought the right to the advance sheets at a heavy outlay, confident that our readers will appreciate the effort in their interests.

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.

Rudolph and Stephanie.

A sensible couple. They were to be married this month, but the bride was not in good health, and so the ceremony was postponed until warmer weather. Rudolph, it should be remembered, is the Crown-prince of Austria, while Stephanie is a princess of the royal house of Belgium. People whose health is constitutionally infirm should not marry at all. It should be regarded as positively wicked to run the risk of bringing children in the world whose lives will be miserable through ill health. Women, especially in this country, are apt to marry too young. The mortality among wives who marry under twenty is exceptionally large. Wifehood and maternity involve responsibilities which require all the stamina a full age only can give.

Marriage, on the whole, promotes longevity, and other things being equal, the mother will live longer than the spinster. But it is a question whether men should marry before twenty-five, or a woman before entering her twenty-first year. It is a good omen when princes and princesses, like Rudolph and Stephanie, are influenced by higher considerations than those suggested by an absorbing passion.

Why Bridal Tours?

An eminent physician of New York, upon the occasion of his daughter's marriage, prohibited her from going on the usual bridal tour. He did this from considerations of health and delicacy which are not generally borne in mind. The first experiences of a bride are such that she would naturally court retirement and rest rather than ostentatious publicity. A young couple in public cars and at hotel tables cannot keep the precious and happy secret all to themselves. Their newly-formed relation tells itself in a thousand ways. Of this the bride is conscious, and the ordeal to a sensitive young woman is most trying. Then, the sudden change in the life of the woman is liable to bring on physical derangements which may last a lifetime, for the shock to and exaltation of her feelings react on the body often injuriously. So the New York doctor we have been speaking of ordered his daughter with her young husband to enter at once upon the duties of a new home, and to postpone the tour until at least a month had passed away. Of course there is another side to this question. It may be that even the fondest affection would not continue if two people were forced to spend all their time together without the distraction necessitated by travel and the reserve necessary to be kept up in public places. This is an interesting topic, and one which might form a profitable subject to debate in women's societies. It is a subject also upon which women physicians might be heard to advantage.

L'Ange de la Commune.

She is called Louise Michel, and she taught school in Nouméa. She is an extraordinary personage whose name is now often to be seen in the Paris press. She is a believer in Charlotte Corday, who, it will be remembered, killed Marat to help save her country. Louise Michel wished so to kill Napoleon III. At that time she dressed entirely in black with the exception of a red rose in her hair. She had her photograph taken, which represented her with one hand on a death's head and the other pointing upwards. This she hoped to be-

come historical after she had murdered the emperor.

But Sadowa put an end to the career of the object of her detestation. She was an ardent communist, and proposed to the revolutionary committee to go to Versailles and kill Thiers. But Ferre, who was in command, disarmed her, and said the revolution must not be established on a crime. Subsequently this red enthusiast was exiled to New Caledonia. She had denounced herself to the Versailles government, but they failed to take her life, as she hoped they would. She taught school among the exiles and attended the sick until amnestied. On her return to Paris she publicly announced her willingness to kill some enemy of liberty, and the world may be startled some time by this woman who craves so dreadful a notoriety. Ferre, who was executed by the Thiers government, has been magnified into a hero by the communists, and there was a demonstration at his tomb the other day in Paris. Although he had prevented her from obtaining the kind of fame she coveted, Louise Michel was the first to lay a wreath of immortelles upon his grave.

Why get Divorced?

Dr. J. Burr Williams, of Richmond, Ind., recently married Sarah Black the second time. They had one child, but quarreled, and under the operation of the easy divorce laws of the West were separated. He married a second wife who soon died, whereupon, in view of the necessity of properly educating his child, he remarried his former wife.

It is a pity that this consideration of the future of children does not prevent more divorces. Those who take the responsibility of bringing offspring into the world ought to consider their education and future rather than the gratification of their vagrant fancies. Even if the married mate has faults of temper or conduct, it is better to bear with them than permit the little ones to encounter the discomforts and infelicities of a divided home. It is the experience of persons who are familiar with the history of divorced couples, that the second marriages, while the first partner is living, are rarely happy. The first experiences of married life always have a sacredness and a hold on one's memory which can never be forgotten. The disagreements of temper which led to the dissolution of the first marriage are borne far less patiently in a subsequent marriage, and the unhappy divorcee finds the last state even worse than the first. Moral.—Don't be in a hurry to get divorced, even if there may be serious reasons for it, and never separate if by so doing the welfare of children should be involved.

Ross's Sea.

The Italian and English antarctic expeditions, which will sail for the southern seas this spring, expect to reach Ross's Sea during the summer. A huge body of fresh water pours out through certain apertures in the antarctic continent, and it is known to come from a vast but unexplored sea named after Admiral Ross. Captain Maury, in 1861, said that his investigations led him to believe that there was no difference between the antarctic winter and the antarctic summer. It will be remembered that all the shores of the antarctic continent present high mountain bluffs, frozen and precipitous. What a marvel it would be if the open polar sea should be found within the limits of the antarctic instead of the arctic circle. In that case, the South Pole might be discovered before the North Pole, a not improbable contingency under the circumstances.

Look Upward.

Do not fail to look upon the starry heavens these clear wintry nights. Particularly observe the constellation of Cassiopeia; there it is expected a star will make its appearance of special interest to the astronomical world. This star appeared in the year 1264, again in 1572; Tycho Brahe wrote about it, and he thinks that it also appeared in 945. It may blaze forth again at any time. Twenty-three of these periodical stars have been tabulated, most of them having occurred near the limits of the Milky Way. In 1572 the "Pilgrim," as it was called, was described near the zenith brighter than Jupiter. Its light was so vivid that it could be seen at noonday, and even at night when the sky was so overcast as to hide all other stars. So look out for the "Pilgrim." Just now Venus and Jupiter are approaching each other, and near Jupiter will be seen Saturn with its mysterious rings.

Game for Europe.

There seems to be no end to the natural resources of the United States. The list of articles we export abroad would fill all the pages of this Magazine. But lately we have begun shipping wild Western game for the European market. We are sending forward quail, prairie chickens, wild turkeys, venison, antelope, and bear. This promises to be a good winter for game, as abundant snow fell early, and shippers know the art of packing. What would the world do without the productions of America? We furnish clothes for mankind with our cotton; food in the form of grain and provisions; light with our petroleum; while luxuries, such as our fruit, oysters, and wild game are abundantly supplied at very cheap rates. The game trade alone is worth several millions of dollars for the winter season.

The World of Passion.

A famous German actor named Dettmar became in love with, and was beloved by, an actress, Fraulein Lange. He was married, and was to have procured a divorce from his wife in order to live with the object of his affection. But before the divorce was granted, he died suddenly while learning a new part. The actress heard the news as she was going upon the stage; she went through her part, which was a gay one; then went home, settled up her affairs, and deliberately killed herself. It was noted as an odd circumstance that Dettmar had often played Goethe's drama of Egmont, whose mistress kills herself upon hearing of the death of her lover. We are apt to think all the romantic tragedies took place in the past, but there are probably as many of them occurring to-day as in any other period of history. But it requires the glamor of antiquity to give them special interest in our eyes. "To-day is king," says Emerson; yes, but he is often in disguise. We do not realize the greatness or the romance of certain occurrences until after a certain lapse of time.

That Sea-serpent again.

This time he was seen off Cape Satauo in the Indian Ocean. Captain Davison of the steamer *Maru* saw him, and a lady on board drew a picture of the saurian. The captain and lady saw the snake rear himself 30 feet out of the water. It was fighting a whale, and the latter was hard pushed, for the snake had him by the belly. This strange animal had a forked tail, was as thick as a mast, and had somewhat of the characteristics of a whale. An animal similar to that described by the lady has been found in the Eocene formations of Alabama. It is called the *zeuglodon*. There seems to be no doubt that the sea does hold a huge serpent, which has been frequently, though imperfectly, seen and never yet captured.

Our African Rival.

Who would suppose that the land of the obelisk, Egypt, should be a rival of the United States? Yet it produces grain and cotton abundantly. During the civil war it became greatly enriched from the high price of cotton. Recently it has begun to grow jute. Just think of it, the oldest and the youngest of nations rivals in trade. It is predicted that in a not distant future all Northern Africa will be utilized to furnish the world with grain and cotton. Long before the Christian era, Northern Africa was the granary of the world. Should Italy seize Tunis, and Spain Morocco, should the desert of Sahara be converted into a vast sea, as is proposed by certain French engineers, we might expect to see a most fruitful section of the globe rehabilitated, yielding again its golden grain, its cotton, and its wool.

The Last Supper.

Does it not seem extravagant? Three thousand dollars was paid in New York recently for an old engraving of "The Last Supper," copied from the fresco at Milan, painted by Leonardo de Vinci. The engraver was Raphael Morghens. The print was originally in the collection of Cardinal Achinto, and on its dispersion was sold for 8,820 francs. It had various masters, but was finally bought by an American collector for three thousand dollars. This seems like a high price; but then rare and beautiful art will always command high figures.

The Vote Cast.

At the Presidential election last November, 9,192,345 votes were cast. This is 781,459 more

than were cast in 1876. James A. Garfield received 4,429,416 votes, being only 3,401 more than his chief opponent. It does seem desirable that there should be some other way of electing a President than through Electoral Colleges. Why should not the people vote directly for their chief executive? The present system is liable to break down at any time by the failure of some one elector to make good his pledge, or through some informality—as, for instance, such as lately occurred in the State of Georgia—to render the election invalid. It now seems that the new Congress which meets in December next will be very evenly divided. A few deaths on one side or the other may even yet change the majority into a minority, or vice versa. Luckily there is but little danger of any party strife, for the business interests of the country are so pressing that they will override all possible party complications.

The Population Problem

Just think of it! There is now a certainty that within the coming generation millions of human beings must perish of starvation in India. Previous to the British conquest pestilence and wars kept down the population, but with British domination has come peace, and the result is a rapid multiplication of Hindoos; so rapid that they begin to swarm like ants and to press upon all the means of existence. France considers itself an over-populated State, but there are barely one hundred and fifty persons to the square mile. In India there are some two hundred and forty-three persons to the square mile. In the district of Bengal, strictly rural, there is as much as one thousand two hundred and eighty persons to the square mile. In a part of India equal to the size of Ireland, in the north, there are six hundred and eighty persons to the square mile. There is no use of ignoring a fact so momentous as the certain starvation of literally tens of millions of human beings in India, and that within the coming few decades. Both religion and social custom induce the Hindoos to marry early. It is inculcated in every family as a means of preserving the purity of morals. The results, as they marry young and are prolific, that most Hindoos at thirty-five are grandfathers. There is nothing to keep down population, for curiously enough the swamps and morasses that might breed contagion are drained and utilized by this exceedingly industrious and thrifty people. So the country is not only free from wars, but there is an absence of malarial disorders due to the soil being cultivated to the uttermost. What a problem is here for humanitarians, and what a puzzle the whole matter is to those who wish well of the race. Here is a thrifty, frugal, sober people, unwarlike, anxious to cultivate the arts of peace; but their virtues and purity, their devotion to their families, is going to condemn millions of them to painful deaths by starvation. It will be remembered Malthus, a Scotch clergyman, predicted, sixty years ago, that the world would, in time, become over-populated; that when man conquered disease and stopped fighting, the tendency would be to an overproduction of human beings, and that this would result in universal starvation, unless early marriages were prohibited, and the number of children born were somehow reduced.

Volcanoes near us.

It seems that Pike's Peak not only was but is a volcano. Travelers in Colorado, in coming down from Denver to the springs, will remember this huge mountain fourteen thousand feet high, not quite the highest among the Rockies, for there are other peaks that penetrate higher up into the atmosphere. But Pike's Peak is associated in the public mind with the first mining excitement. Previous to the railroad era, it was stated that gold in abundance could be found in the Clear Creek country, and tens of thousands of adventurous persons started for Pike's Peak. The result was disastrous in most cases, for although there was gold and silver, there was no means of reducing it, and taking supplies across the plains was a very costly business. These same mines are now worked with a profit, for the railroad has brought about lower rates for freight, and then it is known how to treat the ores. It was always understood that Pike's Peak was an extinct volcano, but Signal Sergeant O'Keefe announces that on the night of the 29th of October last the crater displayed signs of volcanic activity. The top of Pike's Peak is usually crowned with snow. There is a signal station at the Peak, and at some distance

below is the crater. From the middle to the end of October there were repeated disturbances, earthquake shocks, sullen roars, and the emission of some smoke and fire. At last accounts the volcano was not active, but at any time almost within sight of Denver, and not far from Pueblo, within a day's journey of Kansas City, it may be possible to see a Vesuvius, perhaps under full headway. It would be worth a trip from New York to see it.

Hop, Skip, and a Jump

It is difficult for elderly people to keep track of all the new dances. Every season develops some characteristic eccentricity, and it seems now as if the coming generation of dancers will require a preliminary gymnastic training. We all remember the horror with which the sedate members of the community hailed the waltz. It was deemed immodest, but still habit became a second nature, and the schottische, the polka, and the galop followed, each more objectionable than the other. Now we have the German and the Society Waltz. The latest are called the "Sally Waters," the Rockaway, the Cradle, the Knickerbocker, and the New Glide. These cannot very well be described in a paragraph, but they involve hopping, skipping, jumping, the swaying of the body, and a series of evolutions dazzling to the eye and bewildering to the senses. There is a new quadrille called the Polo. Each new dance is more intricate than the old. It is idle now, at this late day, to criticize waltzing or any of its variations. It is one of the things which is the fashion, and to which we must consent whether we like it or not. We do not believe that dancing is immoral, or that it injures the purity of young people. It is done in public, under the eyes of parents and friends, and physiologists are aware that the force expended in dancing is a safety valve for ridding young people of merely animal excitement. It is now known that the contortions of the Shakers were instituted in the interests of morality. So let the young people dance. It has its uses, however it may shock the old-fashioned.

The British "Cat" Abolished.

Good news for Jack Tars the world over. Some years since, the American Congress decided that there should be no more whipping in the American navy. The discipline of our marine service has not suffered by that humane act, nor has its efficiency been impaired by the action of our government in abolishing the grog ration. And now comes the news that the British Admiralty has got rid of the cat. It seems that there are three "cats"—the marine, the navy, and the prison "cat." The latter has nine lashes, each a yard long, and on each lash are three knots. These 27 claws of the prison "cat" each makes a laceration upon a heavy stroke. Twenty cuts on the bare back means 540 lacerations, on all of which blood is drawn. But the prison "cat" is a mere kitten compared with the navy "cat." In the queen's service, the "cat" for seamen and marines has nine knots at each tail, making 81 lacerations for each stroke, and for 20 strokes 1,620 bleeding wounds. It is this infamous punishment which no longer disgraces the British Navy. Now let us hear of the abolition of the spirit ration.

Ho! for the Southern Pole.

We have not yet succeeded in piercing the mystery of the northern pole. It may take millions of dollars and thousands of lives, but it will be done. But now a new enterprise is on foot. It is nothing less than an antarctic exploration. No one hopes as yet to reach the southern pole; but there are other scientific reasons for learning more about the antarctic regions. Lieut. Bove, an Italian officer, who accompanied the Swedish arctic expedition, is the promoter of this new geographical enterprise. He says, that to study the problem of terrestrial magnetism, that part of the world should not be neglected. It is believed that immense deposits of guano can be found in these far southern seas. Then, in 1882, the transit of Venus across the sun's disk will again occur, not to be repeated for one hundred years. At no place would the observation be so important as somewhere in the antarctic circle. It has been decided that the Italian Government will send a vessel south to observe the transit of Venus, and to open, if possible, new trade connections. Great Britain, ever on the alert to extend her commerce, has already organized an antarctic exploring expedition, and Sir Allan

Young, who will have command of it, will leave England for Cape Town in a yacht this winter, so as to make the necessary preparations for the voyage.

The Next Great War.

All publicists agree that the coming two years will see one of the most gigantic wars known to the history of the race. So far there are no signs of special troubles; but there is a contest on foot between Russia and Germany, and between England and Russia. When Gambetta becomes President of the French Republic, which is his whenever he demands it, then look out for a combination to wrest Alsace and Lorraine from Germany. Gambetta is one of the ablest as well as most ambitious men of the age. He will not assume the presidency until France is ready to avenge Sadowa, and conquer back the lost provinces. Then the Russian people are angry at being cheated out of the fruits of their victory over the Turks. This was the work of Prince Bismarck. Great Britain is jealous of Russia, because of her splendid conquests in Central Asia, which imperil the British possessions of the East Indies.

Europe to-day is one vast camp; nearly all the able-bodied men of the continent are on the list of the armies. The officers, who belong to the ruling classes, are all eager for war, as it brings with it a chance for promotion and distinction. It is not improbable but that the next war will see Germany and England in battle array against France and Russia. Should such be the case, the very earth will shake beneath the tread of the myriads of armed men who will meet in the shock of battle. The armies of Xerxes will sink into insignificance compared with the mighty hosts who will contend on the old historic battle-grounds of Europe and Central Asia.

Future wars will differ from those in the past, both in strategy and tactics. The change in tactics will be necessitated by the universal use of *armes de precision*, that is, the breech-loading needle-guns, Springfield rifles, and long distance muskets, with which the troops of all nations are now armed. In the battles of twenty years past, the musket could not kill or wound at a greater distance than two hundred yards, and hence positions could be carried by the rapid massing of troops, and the hurling of columns of infantry upon the strategic points that commanded the field, or threatened the communications of the enemy.

But now the rifle will kill at a thousand instead of two hundred yards, and the close formation of troops, the dashing attack by column, are as obsolete in war as the spear of the phalanx, the sword of the legion, or the arrow of the yeoman. The troops must be kept out of sight of each other, and battles must be fought behind intrenchments or other defenses. When troops are exposed, they must scatter, lie on the ground, or fight from behind trees and rocks, as do the Indians. In strategy the change is to be brought about by the necessity of handling, literally, millions of men on the field. There can be no secret movements of armies, no surprises, for balloons, telegraphs, and telephones will make armies act as one man over hundreds of miles of country, and every important change of position will speedily be made known to the enemy. Then, the new engines of war brought into play will be so deadly that commanders will not dare risk a close meeting. For it would be wholesale destruction to face the mitrailleuse, the breech-loading cannon, the repeating rifle, and the explosives that could be made of dynamite and nitro-glycerine. We are certain to have another and the greatest war the world has ever seen. It may be so destructive and expensive that nations may come to the conclusion to stop fighting for the future, and to learn the lesson taught by the poet, that "Peace hath her victories, not less renowned than war."

High-priced Cows.

Just think of paying an average of nearly four hundred dollars for imported Guernsey cows, while as much as four hundred and twenty-six dollars was paid for imported Jersey cows. One Jersey cow, five and a half years old, sold for eight hundred and seventy-five dollars, while a seven year old cow of the same breed brought five hundred and sixty dollars. The work of improving our cattle goes bravely on. Our people are paying the highest prices for the best breeds. It is of the utmost importance that we should constantly improve our cattle. The English commissioner,

who recently visited this country to inquire into our agricultural resources, in a report recently submitted to Parliament, predicted that within twenty years our surplus wheat supply will fail, due to the growth of our population, and the rapid exhaustion of our wheat lands; but the meat supply they regard as practically unlimited.

There is room in this country for raising cattle that will supply Europe for centuries to come, hence the importance for breeding from the very best, and improving our stock. But what a pity it is, that in the meantime something cannot be done to improve the blood and stamina, moral, mental, and physical, of the human race.

New York in Peril.

The metropolis, as Gothamites are fond of calling their home, seems just at present to be in the full tide of prosperity. Its hotels are thronged, its merchants never had so much business, it is erecting more new dwellings and stores than any other city in the world, and yet there are prophets of evil, who think that in eight or ten years New York will reach its maximum of wealth and population, and after that will steadily decline.

This change will commence, they say, upon the opening of the Welland Canal, which will allow ships to pass from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie, and so bring a vast lake commerce in connection with the ports of Europe. It will then be possible to load a 1,500 ton steamship with grain or provisions at Duluth (the zenith city of the unsalted seas), two thousand miles in the interior continent, and to proceed without breaking bulk to Liverpool, or any seaport in the world. New York's greatness is based upon this foreign commerce, because it is the *termini* of the foreign trade of the country and the *entrepôt* of nearly all the goods consumed in the United States.

Should this immense business be diverted to the St. Lawrence route, then indeed will the metropolis be shorn of much of its splendor. But the Welland Canal is not yet completed, the St. Lawrence is frozen for seven months in the year, and two thousand miles of tortuous lake and river navigation, in addition to three thousand miles of ocean navigation, would consume so much time, that it would be found inadequate for the swift movements required by the operations of modern commerce. Still, so serious has this matter seemed, that it has been proposed to deepen and widen the Erie Canal, from Buffalo to Albany, so as to admit of the passage of 1,500 ton steamers. That would be a gigantic work, one of the greatest of modern times. But perhaps the true solution of the problem is the reduction in railway rates, so as to make railway transportation as cheap as navigation by water.

Who Can He Be?

He calls himself John Baker. He is a small, dark man, restless in manner, fluent and eloquent in speech, and gives one the impression of a suppressed human volcano. He has written and lectured about Russia and the Nihilists. His friends say that he is shadowed constantly by the Russian police, and he is believed to be the chief of the Nihilists in the United States. He came to this country in 1862, and joined the Union Army; he lost his left arm fighting for the flag of the Union. Four years he was on the frontier fighting Indians. Of late years he has lived in Boston and Springfield, Mass., where he has contributed to the newspapers, lectured at lyceums, and become acquainted with the leading men of New England. At present he lives in Brooklyn with an American wife, whom he has lately married. John Baker makes no claim of high rank. It is known that some of his family are in Siberia, and it is believed by his friends that time will show him to belong to one of the proudest families in the empire. He is in fact a Russian Mazzini. His life has one burning purpose: to free his country from the terrible system which now oppresses it. Ninety per cent. of the Russian people, he says, cannot read or write. The common people are the victims of priests; immorality is rife; evils without number exist, but they cannot be corrected, as Russia has neither a free Parliament, free speech, nor a free press. Government is a vast system of repression, and every blow is aimed at the intellectual life of the nation. Spies swarm; justice is unknown, and political offenses are visited with terrible punishments, which do not spare the women and children of respected families. According to Mr. Baker, as he calls himself, Nihilism is simply a protest against the

state of things which has become intolerable. He thinks the claim of the Czar to be the representative of God on earth, so far as the Russian people are concerned, is simply blasphemous, in view of the fact that he is the father of three separate families, and that Mellkoff, who is now the regent, practically, of the empire, is his own natural son by an Armenian mother. The Russians are not fit for a republic; but it must have a Parliament, a free press and free speech, while the house of Romanoff must be swept out of the way in the march of Russian progress. A vast, widely-ramified conspiracy is now at work, for the so-called Nihilists swarm in all the cities of Russia, are represented in all the departments, and embrace some even of the secret service spies of the government. The conspiracy itself is probably the most widely extended and skillfully managed of any known to history. It will some day form a curious chapter in the records of the nineteenth century. But who is John Baker, and what is his real name?

Feminine Folly.

What a curious story is that of Mrs. Bergmann, a beautiful young woman, barely seventeen, who is married to a young man in everything her equal. On a voyage from Europe to this country she gets acquainted with a young Spaniard eighteen years of age. She becomes infatuated, and she tells her husband she no longer loves him. The young Spaniard is finishing his education in New York, under the oversight of his guardian. He cares nothing for the enamored woman, but she insists upon pursuing the object of her adoration. She walks the streets of New York, frequents public halls, goes to balls, but can find no trace of the handsome young Spaniard. Her husband, her mother, her friends spend their time in trying to cure her of her infatuation. But no, she must see her late *compagnon du voyage* to tell him how she loves him. Physicians are called in, and asked to pronounce her insane; but they cannot so judge her, for she is only fond, foolish, and self-willed, not mad. At length her friends try a heroic remedy to cure her of her folly. After wandering about one day, she returns to her home with the matron of the city prison, and behold there stands before her the object of her infatuation. The meeting is a genuine surprise to her but a painful one; her friends are present; so is the young man's guardian. The young Spaniard addresses her, but his manner is scornful, his language harsh. "Why do you follow me up?" he says. "I do not care for you. I am not old enough to love a woman, and if I were I would not be guilty of the crime of paying attentions to a married lady." All this and more was said in Spanish, and translated to the bewildered and love-stricken woman, but the delusion was not cured. She said she loved him, and would continue to love him, and she knew that he had been coerced into saying such dreadful things to her. In the meantime the husband has applied for a divorce, and the wife continues the search for a lost lover.

The Wondrous Tale of Troy.

Truly it is a marvelous story, that which Dr. Schliemann tells about old Troy. In digging down he unearths seven cities, one lying on top of the other. Troy was then fifth, that is to say, it was built above the ruins of a still more ancient city, and that on top of another one, which bore evidence of being inhabited by a wandering race of Chinamen or Tartars; for the vessels and ornaments found correspond with those common to every modern Chinese settlement. Some over-acute theorists had relegated the story of Troy to the misty regions of legend and fable; but it seems such a town really existed, and that it was conquered and burned by the combined armies of Greece many long centuries before the Christian era. Dr. Schliemann has written a big book about his explorations, and the story modestly told by himself will connect his name for all time with Homer and the heroes of the Trojan war. Of course in the Iliad the contest between the rival people as well as the contesting heroes was very much magnified. Troy within its walls could not have contained more than 3,000 people. True, the outlying region might have been populated, but no iron can be found, while copper and bronze weapons are common in the ruins. It is a startling fact that the dust from the inter-stellar spaces will in time bury deep in the earth the proudest cities. Dr. Schliemann found the seven cities one under the other, separated by layers of earth, thirty feet apart. This suggests that perhaps be-

neath Babylon and Nineveh may be found other cities, showing a civilization long antedating theirs.

We live in an old, old world, and the recorded history does not begin to give us an idea of the tens of thousands of years man has been on this planet. But it is some comfort to know that Homer did not invent the materials for his great effort; that Achilles and Hector fought, Nestor and Ulysses consulted, Cassandra prophesied, Paris and Helen loved, and Agamemnon, king of men, commanded. It is notable that the four great epic poets of history are a statement of the theology current in their time. In other words, the Iliad and the Æneid tell us of the faith of Greece. Dante's divine comedy sums up the theology of the Middle Ages, while Milton's Paradise Lost is a compendium of the Protestant faith. Who is there to write the epic of this busy, doubtful, scientific age?

The New Administration.

Well, we have elected a President who is not a strong partisan, and the new Congress which has been chosen is very equally divided between the two parties. It is a curious circumstance that out of the nine million votes polled, the majority of the successful candidate was less than four thousand over his highest rival. It perhaps would be better if the Administration was backed by a decided majority in both houses of Congress, for then responsibility could be placed where it belonged. The country is prosperous, but there is much which might be done by Congress to add to the wealth and power of the nation. We are without ships or a navy. The American flag is no longer seen on every sea, our enormous commerce is carried in foreign bottoms, and we pay tribute to the shipowners of every country but our own. Congress should set free the industries which would give us ships, and might give us a navy to protect our seacoast. There are vast public works needed to bind the States together, and to enable the farmer of the interior to reach the seaports on the ocean. But yet we will not continue in this strain, for fear it might lead to what might seem like a discussion of the vexed political topics of the day.

The Pacific Ocean Aflame.

Ships in the neighborhood of the Sandwich Islands can now witness one of the grandest spectacles that earth affords. The Mauna Loa is again belching forth its fiery torrents. The mighty forces imprisoned under the beds of the Pacific are finding vent through this volcanic cone. Mauna Loa is a volcano situated on the island of Hawaii. It is 13,760 feet high and is marked by two distinct craters, one at the summit, and the other, Kilauea, at a somewhat lower level. This island has been the scene of several marvelous exhibitions of volcanic fury. There was a great eruption in 1840, another in 1843; but these were exceeded in August, 1855, when the flow of fire, smoke, and lava continued until July, 1856. The evidence of this torrent was discovered for a distance of over sixty miles. The floor of the great crater Kilauea resembled, it was said, a lake of fire which had been scooped one thousand feet deep, and covered an area of twenty-eight square miles. This enormous vent relieves the great basin of the Central Pacific, the rim of which rests upon a volcanic formation, set with volcanoes all around. It is notable that most of the volcanoes are under the floor of the ocean, and only show themselves on islands cast up from the great deep. The evidence of violent disturbance all over the earth points to the time when the present land was under the surface of the water, and subject to volcanic action. It was the commingling of fire and water which one time or other distorted or depressed the surface of this earth. This new eruption may exceed any which has preceded it. It calls attention to the Sandwich Islands, once populated by a race of handsome, simple-minded savages. We have civilized and poisoned out of existence nine-tenths of the former inhabitants of these islands. Some day the islands will belong to the United States. The climate is temperate the year around, and with coolie labor they will grow immense crops of coffee and sugar-cane.

A Romance of the Custom House.

Not a place to look for a romance, surely. But there is a story in connection with a recent appointment that is worth telling. Mrs. Captain

Wilson, a widow with one child, was recently appointed as an inspector at the New York Custom House. It has been found that many respectable and wealthy ladies coming from abroad do not scruple to conceal about their persons diamonds, furs, and other dutiable articles. Women are needed to make the necessary examinations of suspected persons. Mrs. Wilson had been waiting for the appointment for eight long years. The venerable journalist, Thurlow Weed, had pressed her case upon all the collectors of the port of New York. Her story shows what a woman can do in a great emergency. When a girl of fourteen, she ran away with and married a sea captain. For seven years she lived with him on board ships, and became during that time acquainted with the science and practice of navigation.

On February 14, 1872, she found herself with her husband on the ship *Sharon* bound for Liverpool. On the banks of Newfoundland a terrific gale was encountered. The vessel was thrown on her beam ends, and shifted her cargo. In endeavoring to right the ship Captain Wilson, his chief officer, and a part of the crew were so disabled that they had to be taken into their cabins, and were of no further use in the management of the craft. Here was a dilemma. A wrecked ship afloat on a furious ocean, and no commander. But Mrs. Wilson was equal to the emergency. She appeared on deck and took command of the vessel. The men obeyed her, for she had experience and understood navigation. She said to the men, "Boys, our lives are in danger; let us stick together, and all of us work with a will. I will take my husband's place and take you to some port." The sailors, admiring the plucky little woman, promised to obey her implicitly. The men were divided into four watches, the cargo pitched overboard, the decks cleared, but to their horror it was found that the vessel was leaking badly. Still they managed to keep her afloat for twenty-one days. Only one mast was uninjured, and upon that was put the little sail that was left. The twenty-one weary days seemed like so many years, and the plucky little woman had not only the ship to take care of, but a sick husband to attend. At length they reached Bermuda, but the inhospitable wind drove them from that port; but finally they made St. Thomas, and ship and crew were saved by one weak woman. Subsequent to her landing the husband died, and she became the mother to the one child who is still with her. Mrs. Wilson was of course the heroine of the day. She received presents of gold chains and lockets. A dinner was given her, at which seventy-five guests sat down, but after awhile she was forgotten, and had to support her child as a drygoods clerk. But now she is in the public service, and, it is to be hoped, will be cared for during life.

Jupiter and the Sun.

The nearness of Jupiter to the earth has enabled those who have telescopes to become acquainted with some of the phenomena connected with the atmosphere of that planet. We have typhons, hurricanes, and tempests on this earth of a very furious and destructive character, but they at most affect only a few thousand miles of the earth's surface; but the tempests which dash over the surface of Jupiter are literally a million times more furious than anything within the experience of the inhabitants of earth. The entire atmosphere of that enormous planet is seen to be in a state of furious commotion, and it does not seem possible that life of any kind could exist on a globe so exposed to the fury of the elements. It may be that Jupiter is in the condition of the earth millions of ages ago, when, as astronomers tell us, it was a huge ball of fire occupying vastly more space than it does at present. According to the nebular hypothesis, the solar system was once a vast sea of fire, or rather fire mist, which on cooling combined in globes circulating around a common center; as the globes cooled they became smaller, and finally land and ocean appeared, and afterwards became capable of supporting vegetable and animal life. Undoubtedly on other planets, and in distant stellar systems, there are animated intelligent beings, and some of them may be inhabited by a race which are superior to us as we are to the lower order of animals. Spectrum analysis has proved that the materials of the universe are identical with those we find on this earth, and it ought to follow, as the conditions are similar, that life in all its forms should be reproduced in all the advanced stellar systems. The sun also has been observed in a state of un-

usual perturbation; its atmosphere seems to be shaken with storms similar to those on the surface of Jupiter, only to a vastly greater extent. It is barely possible that underneath this scething, furlous atmosphere there may be an under-stratum undisturbed by storms, and in which sentient beings may live, move, and have their being. Undoubtedly the time will come when this with the other riddles of the universe will be solved by science.

The Steam Marine of the World.

Ninety-five vessels are now in stocks in the Clyde ship-yards. Most of them are iron or steel ocean steamships of the largest size. They are intended for French, German, and English ship-owners. America has forsaken the sea. Our grain, cattle, cotton, and other products give employment and profit to the ship-owners of every nation but our own. In our tariff we discriminate against the builders of our ships. We tax copper, cordage, and other materials which enter into the construction of a vessel. Our merchants are not permitted by law to buy their vessels where they are cheapest. In other words, our laws prohibit, practically, the building of ships in America, and forbid enterprising men from purchasing them elsewhere and putting them under the American flag. It is estimated that if we were at liberty to buy our ships in the cheapest markets, in one year's time one-third of the vessels now plying between Europe and America would float the American flag, while our ships would soon be sailing on every sea.

The Suez Canal.

In view of the success of De Lesseps in raising funds for opening the Isthmus of Darin, it may be well to know of the great financial success of the Suez Canal Company. All the English engineers predicted that it was an engineering feat sure to end in disaster, but it did not. Strangely enough, it is the English themselves who are the largest users of the canal, and who have made it a practical financial success. In the first ten months of the year 1880 the increase over the corresponding period of 1879 was from \$4,865,000 to \$6,633,000. The tonnage for the year 1880 is fully four millions of tons. The highest estimate made by De Lesseps when he projected the canal, was only three million tons per annum, and the *London Economist* admits that the canal has only been opened ten years and his estimate is already exceeded by one-third. It adds, "these results should inspire confidence in his estimates of the future of the Panama Ship Canal."

A Hard Story.

Think of a baby of stone! A child was born to Mrs. J. A. Knisely, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, which exhibited a tendency to a kind of flesh not known to physicians. Indeed the little body, when it grew, became hard like stone. Large sums of money were spent to make the flesh of the child like that of other little ones, but all without result. So extraordinary was the development, that showmen everywhere offered large sums of money to have the child put upon exhibition, but the parents, who are people of means, would not hear of it. At length the little one died, and there has been an earnest desire on the part of physicians to get possession of the body in order to experiment upon it. The parents, however, have built a strong vault which is guarded by a watchman in order to prevent the body of the child from being removed. This is a hard story, but a true one.

Italy to Resume.

For a long time past Italy has been cursed with the plague of inconvertible paper money. For several years past it was in the same position as the United States was from 1862 to 1878. That is to say, gold and silver were not in circulation, while the price of paper money was steadily appreciating in view of resumption. Encouraged by the success of the United States in resuming specie payments Italy is about to make the attempt, and so a new demand will be made upon the coin of the world for use in the peninsular kingdom. The condition of trade in Italy is not prosperous. The people are heavily taxed, manufactures languish, agriculture is depressed, and a gloomy feeling pervades all ranks of society. It is a glorious country, blessed by nature and fruitful beyond precedent. Its population is hard-working and

skillful. The Italian people are second to none in keenness of intellect and ability to plan and execute great enterprises. They cannot long remain in their present condition, and it is safe to predict that within a few years after the resumption of specie payments Italy will be as prosperous as the most favored nation in the Western continent. But it is interesting to Americans to know that other countries are profiting by her experience in getting rid of irredeemable paper money.

The Three F's.

The landlords in Ireland are coming to their senses. The "Boycotting" of the peasants and people of Ireland has brought the more sensible of them to terms. So now a meeting of the landlords proposes as a cure for the evils of the land system a programme which is included in the motto, "Fair rent, free sale, and fixity of tenure." Undoubtedly, this would improve the condition of Ireland in time, but it is not likely that the Irish people would accept these terms now, though they would have been glad of them a year ago. Ireland wants some such radical change as that which occurred in France during the revolution, and in Prussia after the Napoleonic Wars. In these cases the land was confiscated, or bought and divided among the peasantry. This division of the soil transformed both France and Prussia. From being thriftless and poor, the populations of these two countries became industrious and rich. The direct ownership of the soil is indispensable to the growth of the more prudent and money-saving faculties of the farming class. The advanced, liberal thinkers of England, men like Richard Cobden, John Stuart Mill, John Bright, Sir Charles Dilke, Charles Bradlaugh, and their associates, have long held that the government ought to purchase the land at a fair valuation, and resell it to the peasantry, giving them if necessary a half century to pay it in. This would settle the Irish land question permanently. But, of course, the British landlords, who control Parliament, and especially the House of Lords, will never consent to so radical a change. For it would mean a great social as well as political revolution, and would involve England and Scotland, as well as Ireland. With the land of Great Britain in the hands of the working farmers, there would be an end to the magnificent peerage, which has so long dominated over the destinies of that empire.

The Crescent and the Cross.

The Greek threatens war against the Turk. He claims the boundary established by the Berlin conference. The Turk so far will not come to terms, and the Greek army may at any moment enter Macedonia. The territory in dispute is not as large as Vermont, but its addition to the dominions of King Otho would add to the prestige of the Greek race. And here it may be remarked, that the Grecian race has been making itself felt on the finances and trade of the countries bordering on the east end of the Mediterranean, and the seas which pour into it. The trade and commerce of these old historic regions is in the hands of the Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. The Greeks are not only increasing in influence, but in numbers. They are replacing the Turks and other nations in every direction. There is a great deal in blood. The genius of the race once showed itself in war, philosophy, and the arts. It gave birth to heroes, philosophers, and artists. The modern Greek, however, is not warlike or artistic, but he has developed an extraordinary faculty for making money. He is reputed to be clever and full of resources, but dishonest. Should there be a war, and the Greeks develop any fighting ability, it would be a genuine surprise to the rest of Europe.

The Raid on the Jews.

This outbreak of prejudice against the Jews is one of the most remarkable episodes of our time. It first manifested itself in this country in the exclusion of Israelites from the Grand Union Hotel, at Saratoga. This was followed by the proprietor of the Manhattan Beach pleasure resort, at Coney Island, who notified Hebrew families that he regarded them as undesirable patrons of his hotel; and now comes the news from Germany, that Prince Bismarck himself is heading an anti-Jewish crusade. Among the leaders in the movement against the Jews is the chaplain of Kaiser Wilhelm. The charges in Germany against the Jews are, that while they avoid hard work, they

have managed to secure to themselves an undue amount of the wealth of the country, as compared with their less favored Christian fellow-citizens. Indeed, it is this jealousy of the superior ability of the Jews in making money which is the root of the dislike felt for them by their competitors in trade throughout the civilized world. In Germany, France, England, and the United States, there are less than three million of Jews, where there are nearly two hundred million of the members of the other sects, yet the Hebrew element probably controls one-third of the wealth of the civilized world. Nor is it in business alone that they show their superiority; they can boast of statesmen like Disraeli, of composers such as Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and Offenbach. In all departments of art, save alone sculpture, the Jews are pre-eminent. Rachel and Bernhardt are of the chosen race; the Booths and the Wallacks are of kindred blood. This crusade does not seem to have any chance of success; the whole spirit of the age is against restrictions upon races or individuals. In this country the Jews are losing their distinctiveness; they are intermarrying with Christians, and the Reformed Church, composed of the most wealthy and influential Hebrews, differs but little in faith and practice from the Unitarian denomination. It is difficult in this country to tell a Hebrew of the third generation. Probably the true solution of the Jewish problem is for us to utilize the blood and brains of this remarkable people, by incorporating them into our own population.

Scientific Items.

For Red or Inflamed Eyes.—Take a heaping tablespoonful of rock salt, dissolved in rain-water.

Reading in a Reclining Position has a tendency to weaken the eyes, and weak eyes are never handsome eyes.

Economy.—In Paris animal and vegetable refuse of all kinds is converted into charcoal.

Indian Shawls.—The manufacture of Cashmere shawls is under the control of the government of the country, a duty being imposed on every pair made. Heavy penalties are also inflicted if a genuine article is not produced.

A New Use for the Cucumber.—It is not generally known that in the art of perfuming the cucumber finds its way to the toilet-table under the form of cold cream and milk of cucumbers. The large seeds of the plant are employed instead of almonds in making cheap sugar plums.

How to Keep Apples in Frosty Weather.—During frosty weather apples should be kept in a drawer or cupboard with the light completely shut out. When a thaw comes, open the drawer or cupboard, but by screens or other means still keep the light excluded. Thawed in the light, the apples rot. If this fact be remembered, no trouble to keep the apples from frost need be taken.

Best Method of Frying.—Whatever in the way of food is plunged into a large body of boiling fat is instantly sealed up by the formation of a film or skin, which preserves the juices and their flavors, and excludes the grease; hence scientific frying is really one of the very best modes of cooking, while on the other hand the stinky fashion is the very worst.

A Substitute for Shoddy.—A new material has been discovered which it is supposed will largely take the place of low wools and shoddy. It is composed of twenty-five per cent. cotton and seventy-five per cent. of a material neither wool, shoddy, nor vegetable matter, but supposed to be hair of different animals which has undergone a peculiar chemical process that destroys the outer

shell of the hair, while it is said to have felting qualities, it can be sold at prices lower than any shoddy.—*Textile Manufacturer.*

Hardening Tools.—It is said that the engravers and watchmakers of Germany harden their tools in sealing-wax. The tool is heated to whiteness and plunged into the wax, withdrawn after an instant and plunged in again, the process being repeated until the steel is too cold to enter the wax. The steel is said to become, after this process, almost as hard as the diamond, and when touched with a little oil or turpentine, the tools are excellent for engraving, and also for piercing the hardest metals.

Furniture Polish.—For a polish to clean up and brighten old furniture, pianos, etc., dissolve four ounces orange shellac in one quart of ninety-five per cent. alcohol; to this add one quart of linseed oil and one pint of turpentine; when mixed add four ounces of sulphuric ether and four ounces of aqua ammonia; mix thoroughly and well before using. Apply with a cloth or sponge, and rub the surface to which it is applied until the polish appears.

Fire-proof Paper.—A French journal describes a kind of paper which is fire-proof and water-proof. It is made of a mixture of asbestos fiber, paper paste, and a solution of common salt and alum: is passed through a bath of dissolved gum lac, and then goes to the finishing rollers. The strength and fire-resisting capability are increased by the alum and salt; and the lac renders the paper impermeable to moisture, without producing unsuitability for ink.

Genuine Gold Paper.—The paper on which the *San Francisco Call* is printed is made from pulp in manufacturing which water is taken from a gold miner's ditch. So much float gold is lost in working the earth that it gets into the paper pulp, which takes up the finest particles of the metal. A scientific reader of this journal, by analyzing its materials discovered not only gold, but also platinum, silver, iron, tin and lead, which are all associates of gold in California ores.

Absorbent Eggs.—Many do not know that eggs readily acquire the flavor of the substances in which they are preserved.

Fruit and Zinc.—It is not sufficiently well-known to the public that zinc yields readily to the action of fruit acids, and consequently that the use of zinc or galvanized iron in the preparation or preservation of fruit is not free from danger.

Oysters Tanned.—Oysters, if placed in spirits of wine and allowed to harden, will become as tough almost as shoe-leather; it is plain therefore that it is a bad thing to drink spirits with an oyster lunch.

Bread the Staff of Life.—A shilling's worth of whole wheat-meal bread contains three times more flesh-forming, seventy times more heat-producing, and three times more bone-forming material than is to be found in one shilling's-worth of beef-steak.

Salts of Flour.—Professor Hosford of Cambridge, Mass., recommends the addition to flour of those salts which it is proved by analysis are lost in the operation of grinding the wheat. Flour prepared in this way gives off, as it is made into dough, a certain amount of carbonic acid, sufficient, in fact, to obviate the use of yeast. The process, which is patented, is being worked commercially.

Scientific Education.—One can get some idea of the amount of scientific instruction given in England from the fact that while twelve years ago the number of schools examined under the Science and Art Department was only 212, and the number of students only 10,000, there were last year over 1,300 of these schools and nearly 60,000 pupils.



Lamb Cutlets.—Trim the cutlets neatly, egg and bread-crumbs them, and fry them in heated clarified drippings, or butter, a light brown color; drain and arrange them in a circle on a dish with parsley and lemon sliced as a garnish.

Tea Cakes.—Two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, and butter or lard the size of two eggs.

Raised Muffins.—One pint of sweet milk, two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of yeast; add flour till thick as pound cake.

Griddle Cakes.—Take one quart of sour milk or buttermilk, one cup of wheat flour, two eggs well beaten; stir in enough maize to make a thin batter, add salt, and a quarter teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little milk. Fry on griddle.

Plain Omelet.—Materials, four or five eggs, a little onion and parsley, chopped. First fry the chopped onion and parsley in lard or butter, then mix in the eggs, well beaten up previously, and when the omelet is set, fry only on one side. Roll it up, and serve quickly.

Boiled Parsnips.—With a vegetable cutter, cut them out raw to any shape preferred. Drop them in fast boiling water, add salt and a small quantity of whole pepper; when done drain thoroughly, toss them in a saucepan with a little butter, and some parsley finely chopped.

"White Tea" (for the little ones).—Put two lumps of sugar into a cup, fill it quarter full with cream or milk, and pour the boiling water in last. The flavor is very perceptibly better than a mere cup of hot water seasoned with sugar and cream.

Luncheon Dish.—Take the green tops of some cold boiled asparagus, arrange them neatly on a dish. Remove the meat from a freshly cooked lobster, arrange it tastefully on the asparagus; pour over all a good mayonnaise sauce, and serve.

Breakfast Dish.—Cut one beef kidney in small squares, fry them in butter five minutes, add quarter of an onion chopped a little, pepper and salt, dredge them with flour; add some thick brown sauce, toss over a clear fire until thoroughly cooked, and serve.

Salmon Salad.—If canned salmon be used, drain it dry and pick into flakes with a silver fork. Mince some celery and boiled beetroot together in equal quantities, and mix with salad dressing an hour before required. Cut a crisp lettuce finely, and add it the last thing. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs.

Boiled Salsify.—Scrape the roots, cut them in short lengths and throw them into vinegar and water as they are being done. Boil them till tender in salted water, drain them, toss them in a saucepan with a piece of butter, a little lemon juice, and some minced parsley, add salt, and serve.

Canadian Johnny-Cake.—Mix together two teaspoonfuls of Indian meal, half a cup of flour, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one of carbonate of soda, and one of salt. Rub in a tablespoonful of butter, add milk enough to make a cake batter, and bake in a greased pound cake tin. It is best eaten hot, with plenty of butter.

Fish Cakes.—Take the remnants of any cold fish, well freed from bones, pull them to pieces, and thoroughly incorporate with them a small piece of butter and some mashed potatoes; add a

little chopped parsley, season the whole with pepper and salt to taste, and a little cayenne. Form the mixture into cakes, and fry in butter till of a golden color. Serve garnished with fried parsley.

Furmenty from a very old recipe.—Take clean wheat and bray it in a mortar, that the hulls be all gone off, and seethe it till it burst, and take it up and let it cool; and take clean, fresh broth and sweet milk of almonds, or sweet milk of kine, and temper it all, and take the yolk of eggs. Boil it a little and set it down, and mess it forth with fat venison or fresh mutton.

Oyster Fritters.—Drain them thoroughly, chop fine, season with pepper and salt. Make a batter of eggs, milk, and flour; stir the chopped oysters in this, and fry in hot butter; or fry them whole, enveloped in batter, one in each fritter; in this case the batter should be thicker than if they were chopped.

Sally Luns.—Melt two ounces of butter, stir into it three gills of tepid milk, mix in this one ounce of fresh German yeast, a good pinch of salt, two ounces of sifted sugar, and two eggs. Strain on to two pounds of fine flour, and work all well together. Let the dough rise for half an hour; then knead and put into tins, allowing the cakes to rise well before baking them in a moderate oven.

Apple Croutes.—Peel and core the apples and halve them; take half slices of bread, spread thickly with butter and sprinkle with sugar, then lay apple on bread, core side down; sprinkle on more sugar and any kind of spice to taste. Bake.

Stuffing for Veal.—Chop half a pound of suet, put it in a basin with three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of pepper, a little thyme, three whole eggs, mix well. A pound of bread-crumbs and one more egg may be used. It will make it cut firmer.

Potato Snow.—Boil some potatoes in their skins; when they are cooked, peel them and pass them through a coarse hair sieve into a vegetable dish with a few small pieces of butter in it. The dish must be very hot, and the operation must be conducted quickly not to allow the potatoes to get cold; wipe the rim of the dish and serve at once.

New England Drop Cakes.—One pint milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of soda, a half teaspoonful of salt, equal parts of Indian and rye meal until the mixture comes to a stiff batter. Drop from a spoon into boiling lard, and cook to a light brown.

Potato Bails.—Take half a dozen potatoes, boil them, pass them through a sieve, and work into them in a bowl one gill of cream and the yolks of three eggs; add pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste, and some parsley finely chopped. When they are well mixed and smooth, take them up by tablespoonfuls, roll each in a ball, flatten it, and flour it slightly. Lay them all in a sauté pan with plenty of butter melted, and cook them slowly. Turn them over when one side is done, and serve hot as soon as both sides are colored.

Potato Croquettes.—Take six boiled potatoes, pass them through a sieve; add to them three tablespoonfuls of ham grated or minced finely, a little grated nutmeg, pepper and salt to taste, and some chopped parsley; work into this mixture the yolks of three or four eggs, then fashion it into the shape of balls or corks, roll them in bread-crumbs, fry in hot lard, and serve with fried parsley.

To Dress Shad.—Scale, empty, and wash the fish carefully, and make two or three incisions across the back. Season it with pepper and salt, and lay it in oil for a few minutes. Broil on both sides, over a clear fire, and serve with caper sauce.

Baked Smelts.—Wash and dry the fish thoroughly in a cloth, and arrange them nicely in a flat baking dish. Cover them with fine bread-crumbs, and place little pieces of butter over them. Season and bake for fifteen minutes. Just before serving, add a squeeze of lemon-juice, and garnish with fried parsley and cut lemon.

Veal with Tomato Sauce.—Take a piece of breast of veal, cut it in pieces an inch square, toss them in a saucepan with some olive oil till they begin to take color; add a shallot finely minced, some French tomato sauce, pepper and salt to taste, and some minced parsley; let the whole simmer gently by the side of the fire, shaking the pan occasionally, for about half an hour.

Fried Calf's Liver and Bacon.—Cut the liver in slices half an inch thick, and cut as many slices of fat bacon a quarter of an inch thick as there are slices of liver; put a little butter in the frying-pan, fry the slices of bacon in it, take them out and fry in the same frying-pan the slices of liver, sprinkled on both sides with salt, about four or five minutes on each side; serve arranged in a circle, round a heap of mashed potatoes, alternately, a slice of bacon and a slice of liver.

Lemon Pie.—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of white sugar, the yolks of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, milk to fill the plate. This makes a large pie, and should be made with under crust only. Bake until nearly done, take from the oven, pour over it a frosting made of beaten white of the eggs and powdered sugar, then set back in the oven, and brown lightly.

Baked Apples with Syrup.—Materials, half a dozen apples, half a pound of moist sugar, a little cinnamon, cloves, or nutmeg. Put the apples, washed, peeled, and cored, into a deep pie dish half filled with water, and add in the above ingredients. Let all stand in a hot oven until the apples are soft and brown, and the syrup thick. When cold, place them in a glass dish, pouring the syrup over them.

Rhubarb Tart.—Make a puff crust. Line the edges of a deep pie dish with it, and wash, wipe, and cut the rhubarb into pieces about an inch long. Pile the fruit high in the dish, as it shrinks very much in cooking. Put in the sugar, cover with crust, cut into narrow cross-bars, and bake in a well-heated oven, from one-half to three-quarters of an hour. A little lemon juice and minced peel is considered an improvement to the flavor of the tart.

Brazilian Tea Dish.—Take some slices of bread about half an inch thick, cut off all crust, steep the bread in a little milk; when soaked through, cover each piece with beaten yolk of egg, fry with butter a light brown, then arrange the slices on a hot plate, and lay on each piece a tolerably thick covering of powdered sugar and cinnamon well mingled.

Apple Dumplings.—Pare a fine large boiling apple, cut in halves; take out the core and fill the vacuum up with sugar (if agreeable, add a piece of candied peel). Inclose it in the usual paste. Tie each dumpling in a separate cloth; hang them up in an airy place a month. They will become as hard as a brickbat; then boil, and they will be delicious.

Grilled Mackerel.—Split a couple of mackerel down the back, and remove the bone. Mix some olive oil in a dish with pepper and salt, lay the mackerel in this, and turn them over so that they are well oiled on both sides. Place them in a double gridiron, and grill them for about ten minutes in front of a clear, but not too fierce fire, turning them frequently during the process. Serve back downwards, with a large piece of *maître d'hôtel* butter on each fish.

Boiled Lemon Pudding.—Mix one-half pound of chopped suet, three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, six ounces of moist sugar, and a quarter of a pound of flour, well together, adding the juice of two small lemons, and the peel, which should be finely minced. When well mixed, moisten with two eggs, and sufficient milk to make a thick batter. Put into a buttered mold and boil for three hours and a half. Turn out, sift sugar over it, and serve with any sauce desired. This pudding also bakes well.

Fig Pudding.—Three-quarters pound grated bread-crumbs, six ounces suet, chopped fine, a half pound figs, also chopped, six ounces moist sugar, some nutmeg, a teaspoonful of milk, and one egg. Mix the bread and suet first, then the figs, sugar, nutmeg, and egg, and add the milk lastly. Boil in a basin for four hours. Serve with sweet sauce. Half the quantity can be made, and boiled two hours.

Orange Cream.—Squeeze the juice from six large oranges and one lemon. Strain, and put in a saucepan with one ounce of isinglass, and sufficient water to make in all about a pint and a half. Put sugar on the orange and lemon rinds, add it to the other ingredients, and boil all together for about ten minutes. Strain through a muslin bag, and when cold beat up with it one half pint of thick cream. Wet a mold, pour in the cream, and put in a cool place to set.

Lemon Cheese Cakes.—Take the juice of six lemons, grating the rind of four, the yolks of six eggs, and the whites of two, mix thoroughly, and put all in a jug; place it in a saucepan of boiling water; stir one way until the mixture is a nice thick paste. When quite cold cover closely. It will keep good for a fortnight, and be sufficient for twenty-four cheese cakes. To make into cakes, add a few pounded almonds or a little candied peel; line some patty-pans with good puff paste, more than half fill with the mixture, and bake for about fifteen minutes in a good brisk oven.

Gingerbread.—Two pounds flour, two pounds brown treacle, half pound moist sugar, half pound beef dripping, two ounces ground ginger, half ounce carbonate of soda, one egg. Dissolve carbonate of soda in teacup of warm water. Mix all dry ingredients first, then add treacle, egg, and water. Only half fill cake tin; bake in a slow oven.—*Current*: two pounds flour, three-quarters pound moist sugar, five ounces beef dripping, a little baking powder, a pinch of carbonate of soda, and a little spice, one pound currants or sultanas. Mix thoroughly; moisten with milk, but, if too wet, will be heavy; bake in a quick oven.

Braised Partridge.—Truss two birds as for boiling, and lard their breasts very finely with fat bacon, put them into a small braizing pan over a couple of slices of bacon, add two small onions stuck with half a dozen cloves, two carrots cut in pieces, a bundle of sweet herbs, pepper and salt to taste, a cupful of stock, and one of white wine; place a buttered paper over all, and braise them gently for two hours, keeping a few hot embers on the lid of the pan. Serve with their own liquor, strained, and well freed from fat.

Spinach.—Have a pot of boiling water, add salt, and to each gallon of water a small teaspoonful of carbonate of ammonia; when boiled tender, and carefully dried and chopped fine, put in a saucepan, adding butter or sweet oil to taste, with pepper, salt, a very little sugar, and the juice of a lemon. May be served on toast, thin buttered, and poached eggs over it that have been dropped in water to which a little vinegar has been added, or served plain, with hard-boiled eggs sliced and quartered.

NOBILITY OF FASHIONS

THE COSMOPOLITAN
IN STYLE
FURNISHING

BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE
SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

PERFECTION
OF ARTISTIC
EXCELLENCE



We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Designs and Styles in Dress furnished in this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not merely COPY. It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by our more refined and elevated taste at home. Besides, its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace important information for dealers, and valuable hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, dress becomingly, and keep themselves informed of the changes in the Fashions and the specialties required in the exercise of good taste.

ALWAYS FIRST PREMIUM.

CENTENNIAL AWARD OVER ALL COMPETITORS,
MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Review of Fashions.

THERE is little to criticise, little to condemn, little to wish otherwise in the fashions of women's dress, as we find them in the beginning of the year of our Lord, 1881. There are fashions for all—fashions so intrinsically beautiful, that one is glad of their existence, as we are of the sun, and the flowers, and the forest trees. There are also fashions for use, fashions for the street, for warmth, for comfort at home by the fireside, and the essential features of these fashions can be made inexpensive and permanent, if one can find enough sensible women to carry them out and retain them. A great many picturesque ideas have been introduced into dress recently, without in the least impairing its generally substantial and convenient character. We have the walking skirt, the comfortable hat or bonnet of beaver, or felt, or velvet, tied down about the ears. We have the collar, or cape abroad, and the pretty white neckerchief at home. We have in street garments everything needed or desirable, from the stitched walking jacket, and round cloak of cloth or silk, fur or flannel-lined, to the magnificent dolman cloaks and pelisses of richest silk or satin, faced with finest fur, enriched with *passenteries*, and lined with crimson or old-gold plush. Nor is our clothing over-loaded—at least not necessarily—with trimmings or ornaments. There is in ornamentation a wonderful variety, and much artistic beauty; but even the most ignorant know better nowadays, or at least they are beginning to do so, than to neutralize one thing with another, or pile on incongruities until all sense of harmony is lost, and the result is confusion.

In dress, as in everything else, there should be an adequate reason for the existence of even the smallest part of the design, and what is objectless should be got rid of. The trimmed skirt has for some time largely superseded the over-skirt, and is every way an improvement. The dress can be made lighter and more compact. It is more complete in itself, and has prepared the popular mind for the reception of the whole

dress, the dress cut all in one or made all in one, which seems to be toward what we are tending, and which we already partly possess in the "Jersey" dress for walking, and the princess dress for evening wear.

Young ladies have done a very sensible thing this winter, in adopting the short dress largely for dancing purposes, even for the most elegant balls, and enjoy them much more in consequence. White seems to be the livery for ball and evening dresses this season, and some of them are distinguished by remarkable beauty and elegance.

One of the ways of utilizing lace flounces, which are no longer gathered straight round the skirt as formerly, is to swing one as a *jabot* down the back of a princess dress, with a rich embroidery of chenille and beads on either side, and also upon the front. A magnificent dress worn at a New Year's reception was of ivory white satin, cut in the princess form, and having the entire front covered with embroidery in cut steel, and chenille. The back of the dress, from the neck to the edge of the train, which was finished by a thick ruching, was ornamented, in fact covered, with a superb flounce of real point lace, bordered by an exquisite embroidery of pearls and chenille, the pearls representing, or rather outlining the flower and leaves of the convolvuli.

The irregular fall of a lace flounce at the back is much more graceful than the Watteau plait, and is an admirable way of utilizing lace flounces that lay idly by.

Another dress, prepared also for New Year's day, was an *éru* satin, embroidered by hand, with bouquets consisting of two, with bulbs, and leaf, of large, vivid, and most perfectly shaded roses. At a short distance one could not but imagine that the roses were natural, and had been pinned to the skirt or the bodice, and that the smaller sprays had been attached to the sleeves, or were peeping out from a pocket. Only close examination revealed the fact that they were executed by the needle, and inspired by the skillful eyes and artistic sense of some clever workwoman.

Models for the Month.

MIDWINTER is the time for social gaiety, and the display of beautiful toilets; and the beauty of the materials this season, its prosperity, and the contrast which our happy country offers to so many others in the greater equalization of comfort and happiness, makes pleasure in pretty clothes a perfectly legitimate indulgence.

The first design to which we shall call attention is the "Félicité" toilet, a strictly full dress costume, and one that requires beauty of form, including fair, rounded arms, if one would not suggest unpleasant remarks. The "Félicité" for a young or young married lady of handsome figure, furnishes a very refined and graceful model. It may be made in black, white, or colors, solid crimson, or a pale tint, but it should be, so far as the underdress is concerned, all of a color, and the drapery, if not of beaded lace, gauzy and diaphanous, so that the toilet may be relieved from the appearance and reality of undue weight. The effect is as clean and shapely as that of a princess dress, but it is not a princess. The low bodice is pointed, finished with a shirred plastron in front, and laced up the back. The skirt is cut with a long round train, over which a second train forms a fan-shape, and is laced down the center. The ornamentation consists of a beaded apron, beaded bands for bodice and sleeves, and two scarfs, which starting from under the bodice, cross in front, and are carried over the sides to the right, where they are fastened under an enormous bow. Embroidered muslin may be used instead of beaded tulle, or satin striped gauze, or painted silk, or *crêpe de chine*. There are charming opportunities for a pretty painted design for any one who has the artistic faculty.

At this season there is of course little that is really novel in design. Styles have been fixed, so far as essentials are concerned, for months previous; the differences are those of individual taste, and the introduction of novelty in the way of accessories.

We call attention however to the "Agnita"

polonaise, as one quite new and specially adapted to early spring use and wear. It is a simple and most graceful design, and may be used for spring suit materials, for more delicate fabrics for house wear, or for linen to be embroidered, or ivory white satine damask. It may also be made in black—black cashmere, or black figured silk—with very good effect, or in gray, or seal brown, the plastron being formed of silk or satin, and repeated in the loops at the side and in front. The "Diana" basque is a new and good design for an independent garment to be worn with a different skirt, but it is also an excellent pattern of basque for a woolen traveling or walking suit. As an independent jacket it would be made in plush, dark satin, small figured brocade, or velvet *en suite*; it may be reproduced in cloth, flannel, cashmere, or camel's-hair. It is double-breasted; three yards and three-quarters is the amount of material required, and no trimming, save buttons and contrasting material for collar and cuffs. If the jacket is plush, a satin lining to these should be substituted for satin upon the outside, as all plush is more elegant than a combination in this form. If it is woolen, the collar and cuffs may be plush; satin, silk, or velvet.

There are several useful models for walking dresses, among them the "Almeda," which is suitable for a combination of plain with checked material, and the "Frankfort" basque, which would unite admirably with the "Ulrica" walking skirt. The "Almeda" requires only thirteen yards of material, all told—eight and a quarter of plain, four and three-quarters of the plaid, the skirt being "trimmed" upon a lining, for which four and a half yards of silesia is needed. The upper part of the dress is a redingote, tight-fitting, and showing upon the front sashes of the contrasting material. The "Frankfort" basque is suitable for a tourist. It is a pretty and most useful design to accompany a trimmed skirt for serviceable wear, the hood giving a finish which adapts it to the street without additional covering, if the weather does not render such covering necessary. At the same time the pretty hood is a most stylish finish for indoors, and if made loose can be omitted, or omitted altogether, and the belt also, if preferred. If the "Ulrica," and "Frankfort" should be selected for a costume, it may be made all of one color and material, except the lining of the hood; or it may be made in plain and checked, the check taking the place of the figure upon the skirt; or for a more elegant dress, kilted folds, and plaitings of satin may be trimmed upon the lining of the skirt, cashmere used for the upper skirts, or camel's-hair, and the satin repeated in the lining of the hood.

The "Kathleen" is an overskirt which is very effective draped and shirred upon a lining. It is suitable for the fine woolen materials, which are handsomer than a common silk, and is not weighty, for only one or two founces are needed additional upon the underskirt, and the whole amount of material for the "Kathleen" is only five yards.

The "Altania" is a simple, well-fitting basque for a traveling suit, or it may be used for the house or street. All the trimming required is the collar, cuffs, and facing of the basque, for which one yard of material suffices; three yards and one quarter being needed for the basque itself.

The "Taya" pelisse is one of the most original

designs of the season, which has seen so many new designs in cloaks, and is usually made in very rich materials—satin or satin de Lyon—lined with plush, and mounted with figured velvet.



TAYA PELISSE.

A NOVEL and stylish garment, made of black satin de Lyon, with revers of satin brocaded with velvet designs in relief. The pelisse is closed in front with jetted *passementerie* ornaments, and a *cordelière* crosses the back and is fastened in the upper corner of the revers on the sides. The design is used to complete a street or visiting costume of black satin de Lyon. Black fur felt poke bonnet trimmed with a scarf of black Surah silk, which also forms the strings. An ornament of magpie feathers is fastened on the left side. With it is worn the "Olga" muff of black satin, trimmed with white lace and black satin ribbon, and lined with blue Surah silk. Patterns of pelisse in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each. Pattern of muff, fifteen cents.

The Bonnet of the Period.

It would be just as correct to say the hat of the period, for one is about as common as the other. Still the bonnet is the style *par excellence*, the large beaver hats of last winter having been knocked into the quaint gypsy bonnets of the present. The winter of 1880 and '81 will be remembered, however, as a notable one for the variety and beauty of the millinery achievements. The most opposite styles have found equal favor, and the hats and bonnets regularly worn have ranged all the way up from the "Derby," used indiscriminately by the "boys" and young ladies of a family, to the black, or gray poke of beaver, and the dainty crown of white or ruby satin, glittering with beaded embroidery, and softened with plumes of richly shaded, or softly curling feathers.

The marked changes have been obtained by the introduction of beaver in place of felt, and the combination of plush with satin, in dressy bonnets. Black beaver too, has made the first marked innovation on black velvet, which for so many years has been the "stand-by" of economists. This year, however, the black has been so far broken as to admit of red and old-gold lining, the color in plush being used when the bonnet was of velvet, in satin if the bonnet was plush or beaver. This little dash of bright color has had an excellent effect in brightening up otherwise dull costumes. Nothing can be prettier than a costume of dark green cloth, for example, with crimson balayuse, and crimson lining to the dark green plush, or velvet bonnet.

The beaded trimmings have had an immense success, and one too that is likely to be permanent, or at least last for some time. Jet has always been *in*, as often as it has been *out* of fashion; but the recent methods of shading and coloring beads render them capable of such infinitely varied effects that they will not tire by their monotony, while nothing can compare with the effects which they are capable of producing. A dainty little fashion in bonnets, which has found favor in high quarters, is a small, close-fitting crown of satin or smooth feathers, covered across the front with a half handkerchief of black or white Spanish lace, the round corner of which is sometimes placed toward the front, sometimes toward the back. Then ostrich tips and a horseshoe of gold or pearls are the ornaments.

Perhaps the most elegant bonnet made this season was a large poke, composed entirely of feathers from the breasts of ravens, and trimmed with ravens' wings.

It was made to order, and could not be duplicated, because sufficient feathers could not be found.

Feathers have been used to the exclusion of flowers upon winter bonnets.

FINE PROOFS of the elegant and artistic portrait of Maria Antoinette given in this number, but mounted on heavy cardboard with a gilt border, ready for framing (or suitable for the parlor as they are), will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of twenty-five cents, in stamps. These pictures are quite equal to those formerly sold in art stores at \$5 each.

Evening Toilets.

FIG. 1.—Ball-dress for a young girl of fourteen. The underskirt and plaitings are of India mull, and the polonaise of salmon pink and blue brocaded satin foulard. The design illustrated is the "Evadne" costume, cut low and square in the neck. The hair is dressed low, with a cluster of azaleas on the right side. Black satin slippers, with pink satin bows, and blue silk stockings embroidered with pink. The costume is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—This represents a front view of the "Evadne" costume, illustrated in Fig. 1. The design is made in satin brocade of cream color and *violette de Nice* over a Madras muslin skirt, and trimmed with plaitings *plastron*, and *jabot*, of the latter. The hair is tied with a lilac ribbon, and ornamented with a cluster of violets. A knot of *Maréchal Niel* roses is fastened at the right corner of the corsage. Violet velvet dog-collar with silver pendants. Lavender gloves. Black satin slippers, with violet bows. For sizes and price of patterns, see previous description.

FIG. 3.—Evening toilet of cream-colored *Sicilienne*, and *vin de Champagne*, and silvered brocade. The low corsage is cut without sleeves, is laced up the back, and is ornamented with a shirred *plastron* of *vin de Champagne* satin. The skirt and fan-train are of cream *Sicilienne*, and the corsage, scarfs, and apron of brocade, trimmed with a rich fringe of opalescent beads. The design used is the "Félicité" toilet. A cluster of cloth of gold roses is fastened at the left corner of the corsage. The hair is dressed *à l'ingenué*, with a cluster of roses behind the ear at the right. *Bernhardt* gloves with kid lace tops. Gold ornaments. This toilet is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



ALMEDA COSTUME.

Almeda Costume.—Peculiarly novel and stylish, this model combines a long redingote with a trimmed skirt. The redingote 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 separate skirt giving the effect of a

long vest in front, and plaited at the back, is added to give the redingote the required length; and the front is ornamented with two sashes of contrasting material, and a deep pointed *plastron*. At the back are two large bows, one concealing the joining of the plain and plaited back of the redingote, and the other low down on the skirt which is short enough to escape the ground all around and is trimmed with side plaitings. The design is suitable for almost any dress goods, and is very effective made in a combination of contrasting materials, as illustrated. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



FÉLICITÉ TOILET.

Félicité Toilet.—The low corsage is without sleeves, pointed back and front, laced up the back and ornamented in front with a pointed *plastron*, shirred at intervals. The skirt is cut walking length on the front and sides, while the back breadths and second side gores fall in a very long, round train, over which is a second train, plaited in fan shape but slashed open and laced down the middle. Two scarfs, proceed from under the lower edge of the corsage and cross each other in front, the ends of both fastened together on the right side of the skirt under a large bow. The trimming, as illustrated, consists of embroidered bands encircling the neck and *plastron*, and continuing all around the scarf draperies, and an apron of jetted or beaded *tulle* edged with a rich bead fringe. This design is desirable for all handsome materials. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



FRANKFORT BASQUE.

Frankfort Basque.—The foundation of this practical garment is a double-breasted, tight-fitting cuirass basque having broad plaits stitched on the outside, one on each side of the front, and one in the middle of the back, and finished with a belt and a capuchin hood, either or both of which can be omitted, and the design still be stylish and complete. The basque has two darts in each side of the front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounded to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back; and the hood is ornamented with *rows*. While especially designed to be made in cloth or heavy woolen goods to be worn as a street garment with a skirt of a different material, it is quite as appropriate for house wear, and can be made in any kind of dress goods excepting the thinnest. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Plush Costumes.

The latest styles of dress for afternoon receptions and for ceremonious visiting, especially for young and young married ladies, consist of a handsome combination of silk plush with plain or ribbed cashmere, the latter being the newest and finest, as well as most expensive. The costume is complete, and consists of a trimmed skirt attached to a bodice of French twill, a plush jacket, trimmed with large pearl buttons, and cap and muff of plush to match, with additional finish of cord, and satin, and feathers.

These suits are very pretty, and answer many purposes; they are not too warm for calls, or the brief time spent at an afternoon reception, and they are thick enough for the coldest weather, with the addition of an outside wrap or shawl, to throw off on entering a heated room. In the early spring they are ready to be utilized as church costumes, and are useful as long as they last, because harmonious, ladylike, and complete. The skirt is combined of the two materials, the wool being used for the draping, the plush for trimming. *Satin de Lyon* may be used instead of wool for richer suits, and velvet instead of plush for combination with wool; but the favorite conjunction of the season is the happy union of the same shades of solid color in plush and cashmere.

OUR readers cannot fail to appreciate the artistic merit of the oil pictures we are giving in almost every number of this Magazine. These pictures are good illustrations of the wonderful progress and development of art pictures by the lithographic process.

Coiffures and Jewelry.

No. 1.—An elegant solid gold bracelet in colored or Etruscan gold, finished with richly chased heads.

No. 2.—A handsome solid gold bracelet, formed of a double wire of red gold, one end open in the form of a loop through which the other end passes, forming a clasp that is fastened by a tiny padlock of gold, and locked with a miniature key. It is a custom for a gentleman to give one of these bracelets to a lady, lock it upon her arm, and wear the key as a charm upon his watch-chain.

No. 3.—A gentleman's spiral stud of solid gold, set with a pure white stone in knife-edge diamond-setting. The stone is set in high mounting, with patent foil back, greatly enhancing its natural brilliancy, and giving it all the fire and beauty of a genuine diamond. Price, \$4.50.

Nos. 4, 5, 16 and 17.—These represent styles of ladies' coiffures which can easily be arranged from the illustrations. In all, the front hair is parted in the middle and drawn loosely back, a fringe of short hair being left to fall over the forehead in fluffy curls.

No. 6.—A solid gold finger-ring, flat, and divided into three bands, finely chased near the setting, and set with a pure white stone as brilliant and showy as a genuine diamond. The stone is set high, in the latest style of knife-edge diamond-setting, and has a patent foil back that greatly enhances the brilliancy of the stone. Price, \$8.

No. 7.—Ear-drop of solid gold, set with a pure white stone, mounted high in knife-edge diamond-

setting, with patent foil back, which greatly adds to the brilliancy of the stone, and gives it all the beauty and fire of a genuine diamond of the purest water. Price, \$7 per pair. The same style, with a stone of a slightly yellowish luster and a little larger, \$8 per pair.

No. 8.—A handsome and richly-ornamented bracelet of "rolled" gold, three-quarters of an inch wide. The band is hollowed through the center and enriched with filigree scroll-work and tiny ornaments of polished gold, upon a groundwork of Roman gold. Raised edges of highly polished gold and heavy chasing complete the design. All the polished gold displayed is solid. Price, \$17 per pair.

No. 9.—A chaste and delicate design for a bracelet, in "rolled" gold, three-eighths of an inch wide. The band is dead gold, with a border of delicate filigree, and a narrow, raised band on each edge is of highly polished gold. Price, \$12 per pair.

No. 10.—A pretty bracelet of "rolled" gold, five-eighths of an inch wide. The band is Etruscan gold, enriched with delicate filigree ornaments and tiny polished plaques. Price, \$14 per pair.

No. 11.—An Etruscan gold bracelet, three-quarters of an inch wide. The band is "rolled" gold with filigree ornaments, and the front has a raised medallion set with turquoise and pearls in polished gold. At each side are transverse raised bars of polished gold. All the polished gold seen is solid, and the jewels are real. Price, \$16 per pair.

No. 12.—This beautiful ring is of solid gold, set with a fine, pure white stone, that closely resem-

bles a genuine diamond, and has all the beauty and brilliancy of a real gem. The finger-ring is richly chased, and the stone is set in the latest style of diamond-setting. A patent foil back increases the natural brilliancy of the stone exceedingly. Price, \$8.

No. 13.—A handsome ear-ring of solid gold, the setting faintly chased, and supporting a pure white stone that has all the brilliancy and beauty of a genuine diamond, surmounted by an ornament in frosted gold, with a clover-leaf highly burnished in the center. Price, \$1.75 per pair. The same style, somewhat larger, can be furnished for \$2.25 per pair.

No. 14.—A solid gold bracelet, in colored or Etruscan gold, with delicate tracery in relief.

No. 15.—A dainty bangle-ring of solid gold, the two ends lapped about half an inch, like a spiral, and set with a single real pearl on each end, and a pink conch-shell pearl in the center. Price, \$10.

Hosiery.

In the hosiery department extreme fancy seems to have given place to quieter taste in make and decoration. The prevailing rule is solid colors, although there is still a demand for the fancy and decorated styles. The dark colors most sought for are old gold, wine, garnet, admiral blue, cardinal and brown and the more delicate colors of straw, heliotrope, pearl blue, flesh and cream. The shades sought for children are the dark Cambridge and Oxford hues. Both for ladies and children there is an increasing sale of the French straight ribbed stockings, which are shapeless until they are put on the foot.



AGNITA POLONAISE.

Agnita Polonaise.—Peculiarly graceful and stylish, although simply arranged, this design represents a tight-fitting polonaise, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The front and sides of the polonaise are gracefully draped and the front of the waist is ornamented with a shirred *plastron*. This design is suitable for any style of dress goods, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with fringe, and a *plastron* of contrasting material, or in any other way

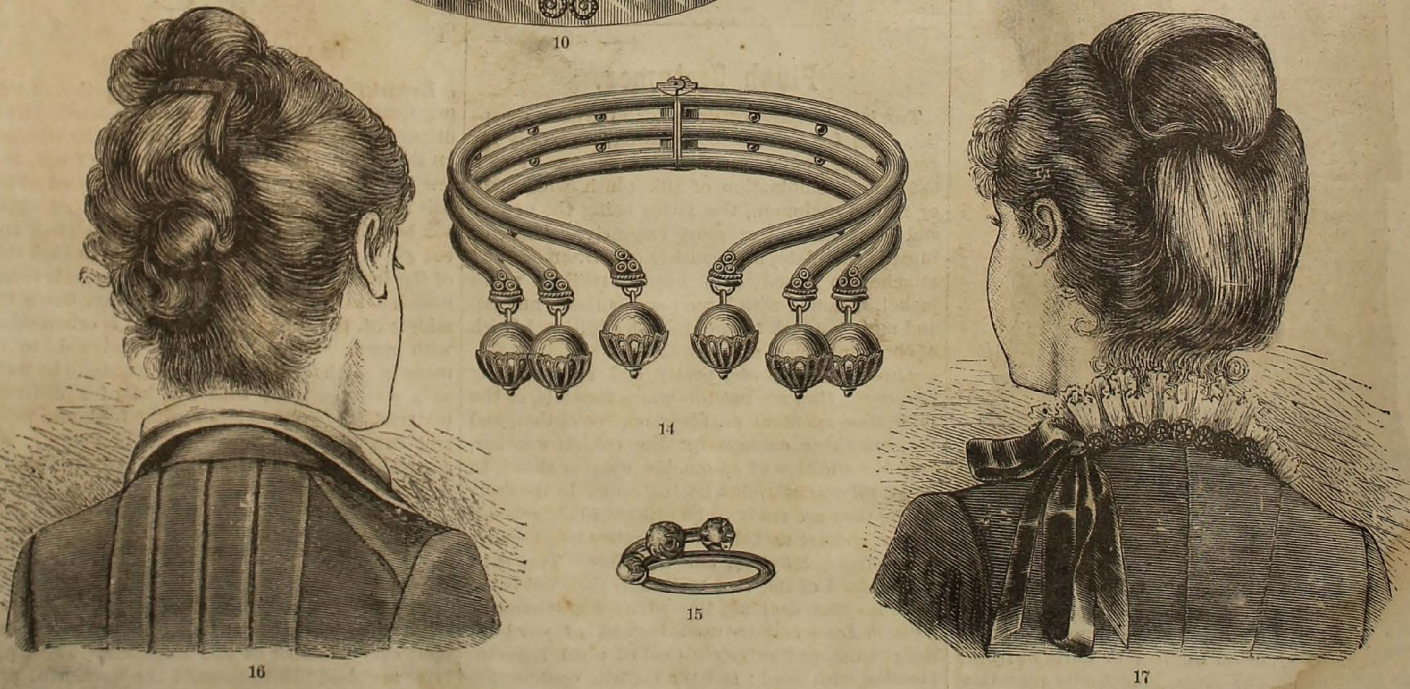
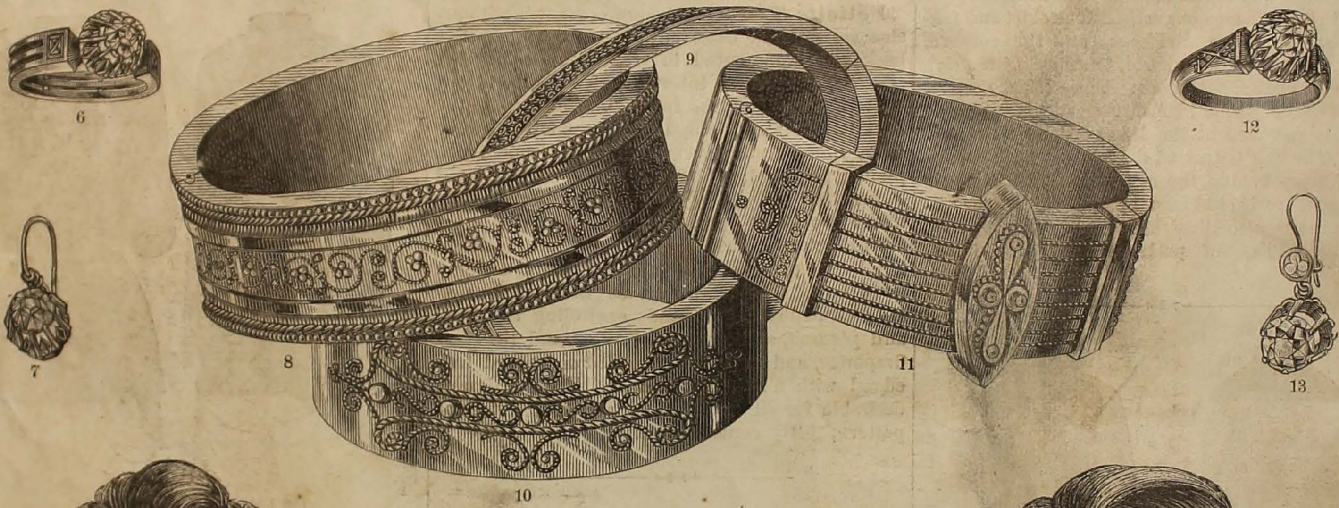
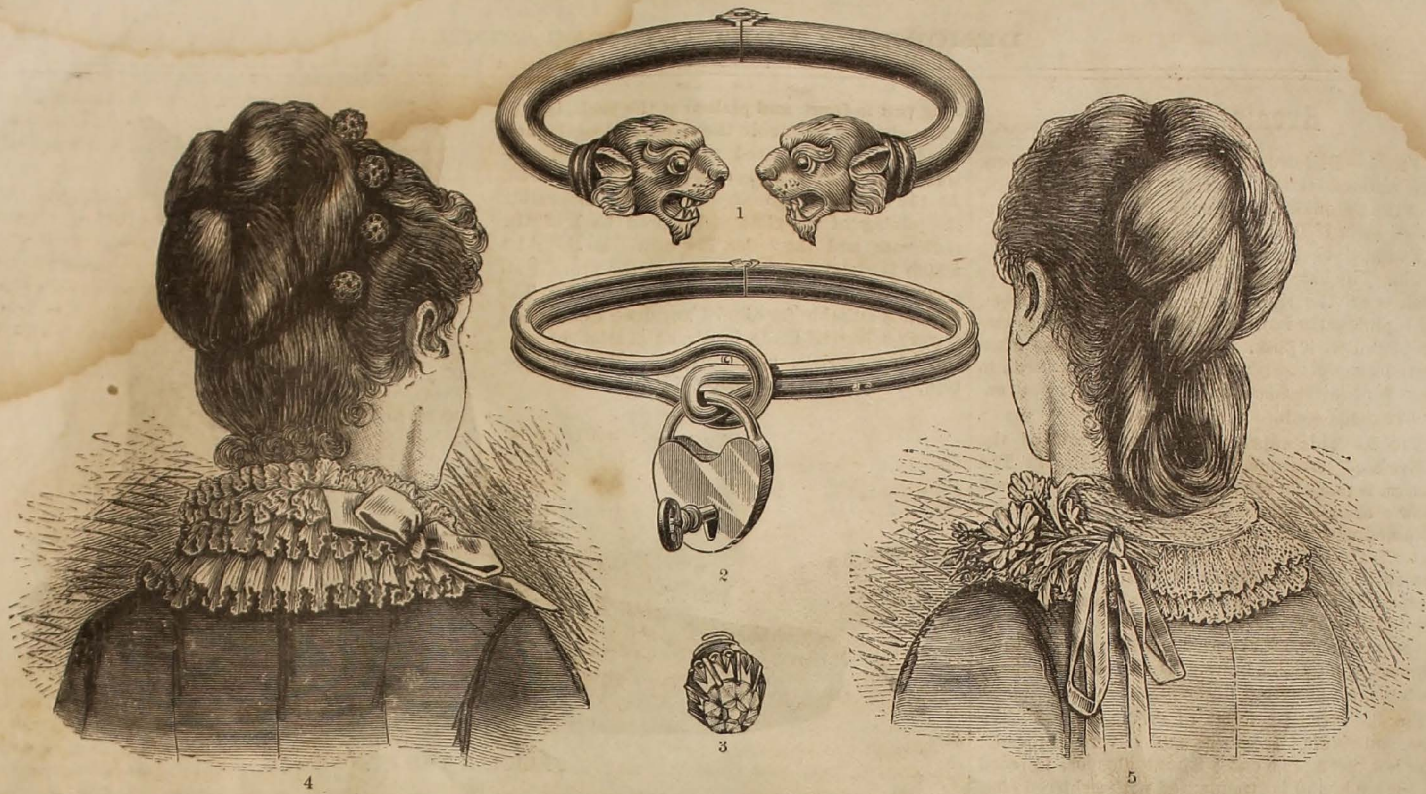


TAYA PELISSE.

to suit the taste and fabric selected. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

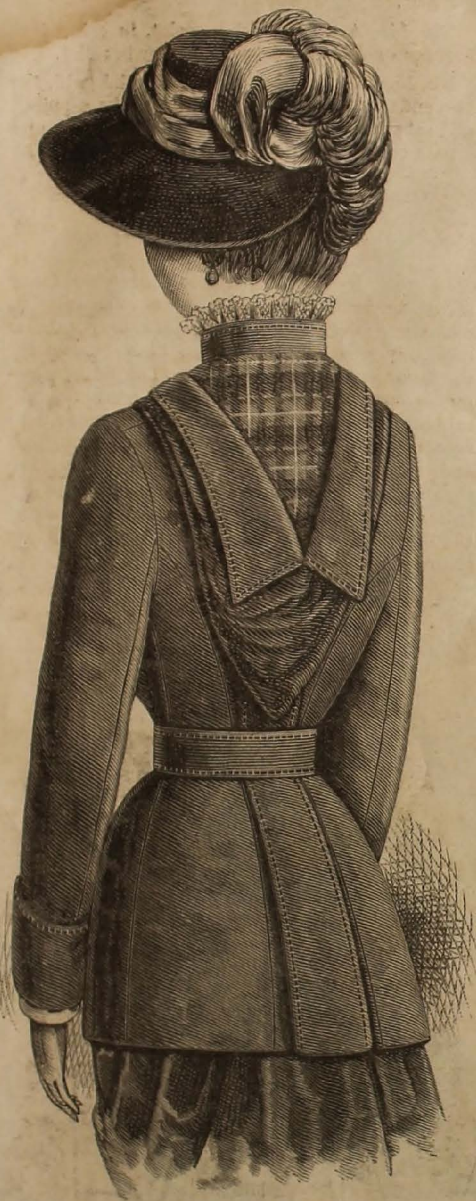
Taya Pelisse.—Strictly novel in design, and very peculiar in cut and arrangement, this pelisse has loose *sacque* fronts extending around the armholes, forming that portion of the garment usually composed of the side gore and side form. A seam down the middle of the back, and loose sleeves cut in one with an outer back piece that falls like a blouse over a skirt which is plaited

front and back, and is ornamented with broad *revers* on the front. The sleeves have broad *revers* or cuffs, and the turned-over collar is plaited in fan shape in front and trimmed with *revers*. This stylish model is appropriate for all but the heaviest goods that are used for cloaks or wraps, and is especially adapted to the richest materials used for ladies' out-door garments—satin, *satin de Lyon*, silk, brocaded velvet, etc. It is most effective in a combination of fabrics, as illustrated. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



Made-up Laces.

In the made-up laces are daintily fashioned articles. Among these are new designs in Pompadour vests, embroidered fichus, Medici's collars, antique fraises, stylish breakfast caps, and among other novelties new designs and fabrics in laces sold by the yard, many of the fine imitations being very close copies of real laces.



Frankfort Basque.

The illustration represents a stylish and very practical garment, the "Frankfort" basque, made of gray tweed, and worn with a black silk skirt. The basque is ornamented with two box-plaits in front and one at the back, stitched down near the edges, and a hood lined with gay plaid *natté* silk, in red, green, and gold. Dark green felt hat, with old-gold silk scarf, lightly twisted around the crown, and plume shaded from dark green to palest yellow. The basque is also illustrated among the separate fashions elsewhere. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Short Costumes.

AMONG the handsome short costumes recently worn, was one consisting of a black Spanish lace, tea green over an under-dress of old-gold satin, with front of striped brocade in old-gold, red, olive, and blue. The sash was of old-gold satin.

Another was of ivory satin, trimmed with swans-down, and thick cordons with spiked ends. This had a basque fitting closely like a cuirass, long coat sleeves, and trimmed skirt.

A pretty, short costume of white satin had the entire front formed of puffs, caught by tassels of pearl beads. The back was laid in kilt plaits. The corsage was of satin brocade, cut square, with elbow sleeves, and was trimmed with pearl embroidery, and white Languedoc lace.

An original costume was of garnet velvet and peach-blossom satin, the satin front painted with peach-blossoms, and these were repeated upon the crown of a satin hat which accompanied the dress, and was further enriched with garnet velvet and white ostrich plumes.

An artistic dress consisted of a short skirt of brown velvet, with a single and rather scant flounce, and a polonaise of pale pink cashmere, embroidered in olives and browns in chenille; the latter being used for leaves, the former for stems and fibers.

Young ladies can safely anticipate the season by embroidering themselves dresses of white linen in shades of blue, or dark green and brown. They will be exceedingly fashionable in the outline embroidery.

Muffs to Match Costumes.

THIS pretty fashion grows in the estimation of ladies who can afford to gratify their fancies, or rather who find a dressy street costume a necessity of their position. With such a toilet, a fur collar or cape is out of place, the neck is finished at the throat with a broad lace, or muslin tie, the warmth of the cloak being sufficient at the neck, as it is often fur-lined or fur-trimmed. In these cases to complete a pretty costume nothing can be more suitable or more convenient than the trimmed muff matching the dress or cloak or entire costume, and it is particularly liked by young ladies and those who are only recently married, for it gives novelty and distinction to a visiting dress.

RECEPTION SILKS.—In silks intended for carriage and reception costumes are elegant fabrics in the new "high art" colors, many of them in copy of old tapestry and antique China patterns. Among the embossed and brocaded evening silks and satins are some exquisite materials adapted to the present gay season.

Altania Basque.—Tight fitting, with two darts in each front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounded to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The front and side gores are of medium length, but the side forms and back pieces are quite long, and looped in the middle of the back by three plaits laid one over the other in the middle seam. Below these plaits the seam is left open and ornamented with *revers*. The design is suitable for all classes of dress goods, and the collar, cuffs, and *revers* can be effectively made in a contrasting material. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



Diana Basque.

The illustration represents the "Diana" basque made of ocean blue plush, to complete a short costume of plush and brocaded satin. The collar, cuffs, and *revers* are of blue satin brocaded in two shades. The basque is closed with two rows of enameled Watteau buttons. Shirred *guimpe* of India muslin edged with lace in the neck, and plaitings to match in the sleeves. Price of basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



ALTANIA BASQUE.

Dresses for Misses and Infants.

FIG. 1.—A stylish little suit for a boy of four years. It is made of ocean blue lady's cloth, and trimmed with Stuart plaid. The design used is the "Lancelot" suit, composed of a kilt-plaited skirt and a half-fitting jacket. A plaid sash is tied in a large bow at the back; white "Pierrot" collar trimmed with embroidery. The suit is illustrated elsewhere among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes from two to six years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIGS. 2, 3, AND 5.—Short dresses for infants from six months to one year of age. The designs illustrated are Nos. 2134, 2133, and 2132. The first, in "Gabrielle" style, is made of white nainsook, and trimmed with Hamburg edgings. No. 3 is of fine French *batiste*, handsomely trimmed with tucks, embroidery, and insertion; and No. 5 of Victoria lawn trimmed, as illustrated, with lace, tucks, and insertion. Double illustrations of these charming little dresses are given among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, twenty cents each.

FIG. 4.—Young girl's dress of rifle-green cashmere, trimmed with bands of green satin and satin ribbon bows. The plaited skirt is combined with the "Norine" polonaise to compose the costume. "Vermicelli" lace ruffles are worn at the neck and wrists. The hair is dressed low, and tied with a pale blue satin ribbon. The polonaise is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from eight to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each size.

FIG. 6.—The "Musette" dress, made of polka-dotted blue and white percale, trimmed with white embroidery upon the "Spanish" flounce and down each side of the front. This pretty dress is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, twenty cents each.

FIG. 7.—Light blue cashmere cloak, trimmed with Smyrna lace insertion and edging, and fastened with pearl buttons. White embroidered satin cap-bonnet, trimmed with lace and pale blue satin ribbon. The design illustrated is the "Infant's Short Cloak" for children of one year or under, just putting on short clothes. The double illustration is among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from six months to one year. Price, twenty-five cents.



LANCELOT SUIT.

Lancelot Suit.—An extremely stylish little suit, and very practical in design, composed of a kilt-plaited skirt, and a half-fitting jacket having loose sacque fronts extending in square tabs on each side, and a French back. A sash crosses the front of the skirt just above the plaiting, passes under the tabs, and is tied in a large bow at the back. The design may be reproduced in any of the materials used for boys' dresses, and is desirable for a combination, as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



MUSETTE DRESS.

Musette Dress.—This pretty little dress, simple and graceful in design, is cut in "Gabrielle" style, half-fitting, with side forms back and front extending to the shoulders. It is cut off below the waist, at about the depth of a cuirass basque, and a deep "Spanish" flounce added to give the necessary length. This design is pretty for any of the lighter materials used for children's dresses, and may be trimmed with lace and insertion, or tucks or puffs and embroidery to suit the taste and material employed. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, twenty cents each.



INFANT'S SHORT CLOAK.

Infant's Short Cloak.—For infants just putting on short clothes, or under one year of age, this is a popular design, in plain sacque shape with close sleeves, under a short circular cape. It is quite loose, and reaches nearly to the bottom of the skirt, and is suitable for light qualities of cloth, cashmere or opera flannel; or for summer wear may be made of *piqué*, Marseilles or other white goods usually chosen for infants' outer garments. It may be trimmed with silk bands, fringe, embroidery, or lace and insertion, as illustrated. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

Infant's Short Dress.—A charming little dress in sacque shape, having a wide front, and a narrow back, and the necessary length contributed by a flounce which is sewed to the bottom. The simplicity of the design makes it an especially desirable style for the first short dresses for infants. It can appropriately be made in any of the materials generally selected for these dresses, and very handsomely trimmed with embroidery, puffs, or lace and insertion, or it can be made quite plain, and the trimming on the front omitted altogether. Pattern No. 2132, in a size for from six months to one year of age. Price, twenty cents.



INFANT'S SHORT DRESS.

Infant's Short Dress.—An extremely simple design, in sacque shape having a wide front and narrow back. This style is especially desirable for the first short dresses of young children, and can appropriately be made in any of the materials usually selected for the purpose. It may be very handsomely trimmed with tucks, embroidery, and insertion, as illustrated, or it can be made quite plain, with either plain or embroidered ruffles around the bottom. Pattern No. 2133, in a size for from six months to one year of age. Price, twenty cents.



INFANT'S SHORT DRESS.

Infant's Short Dress.—A very graceful, dressy design, half-fitting, and in Gabrielle style, having side forms back and front extending to the shoulders. The back pieces and side forms for the back are cut short, and a flounce added to the bottom furnishes the necessary length. It can appropriately be made in any of the materials usually selected for infants' dresses, and elaborately trimmed with puffs, lace, insertion and embroidery; or it can be made entirely plain and the trimming on the front omitted altogether. Pattern No. 2134, in a size for from six months to one year of age. Price, twenty cents.



INFANT'S SHORT DRESS.



1 2 3 4 5 6

CHILDREN'S FANCY COSTUMES.

Children's Fancy Costumes.

FIG. 1.—CORDON BLEU, OR FRENCH COOK'S DRESS.—Short, brown satin skirt, with a square, white silk apron, turned up and fastened at the left side; cuirass basque of white silk, buttoned at the side, cut square in the neck and trimmed with revers of scarlet and white *pekin* satin. Elbow-sleeves trimmed with a band of *pekin* and white lace ruffle. A broad blue satin ribbon crosses the right shoulder and fastens with a large bow on the left side. A leather strap, from which hangs a little case holding two kitchen knives, is hung from the waist. Knitted cap of white silk finished with a silver ball. Striped scarlet and white silk stockings, and white satin slippers.

FIG. 2.—LA PETITE MARIEE, OR THE LITTLE BRIDE.—The skirt is white silk, full and trimmed with swan's-down. The overskirt is caught up on the right side with a cluster of white flowers and orange buds, and white satin ribbon disposed in long loops. The basque is a white silk *casquin*, with a belt of satin ribbon. The neck is cut low, and filled in with a *fichu* of white *tulle*, trimmed with lace. Elbow-sleeves of white *tulle* and lace. A cluster of orange-blossoms on the left front. Cap of *tulle* and lace, trimmed with orange blossoms and a bouquet of orange flowers in the hand.

FIG. 3.—LOUIS XIII. COSTUME.—Full trowsers of black velvet, gathered in at the bottom and trimmed with a deep ruffle of white lace; loops of white satin ribbon upon the side of the trowsers, and at the belt in front; full shirt of white, *foulard* silk; black velvet jacket, cut very short and trimmed with rows of gold braid. Large collar trimmed with lace, and fastened with a cord and tassels. Short black velvet cloak hanging from the left shoulder. Black felt hat trimmed with a long white plume. White silk stockings and black satin shoes.

FIG. 4.—BROTHER JONATHAN.—Costume for a boy of eight or ten years of age. The trowsers are of red, white, and blue striped *foulard*. Vest of striped red velvet in two shades, with a double row of buttons. The coat, of majolica-green *pekin* satin, is cut very short in front, and has broad pointed revers and a wide turned-down collar; at the back it terminates in long, narrow coat-tails, and is ornamented with brass buttons. Shirt with ruffled bosom and cuffs, and high white linen collar and white muslin cravat. Navy-blue silk stockings, and patent-leather shoes tied with red ribbon. Black satin hat with a broad band of red ribbon. Large silver fob-chain and blue cotton umbrella.

FIG. 5.—THE WHITE BUTTERFLY.—A charming fancy dress for a little girl four or five years of age. The skirts are very full and double, of white tarlatan over pale yellow cambric muslin; loose, plaited blouse of tarlatan and cambric, with a yellow sash dotted with black. The wings are pale yellow satin, painted with black dots and variegated stripes, and stiffened with ribbon wire. Silver antennæ fastened on the head with a silver coronet. White silk stockings and white satin slippers, with yellow painted satin butterflies.

FIG. 6.—"CHILD OF THE REGIMENT."—The short skirt is made of white *taffeta*, plain in front, but plaited full at the sides and back. It is trimmed with two rows of gilt braid and a bias band of blue around the bottom, and the front is ornamented with stripes of gilt braid, each held in the middle by a gilt button. The coat meets at the throat in front, but turns back in revers immediately below, and opens wide over a white silk vest, across which it is fastened with gilt straps. The skirt of the coat is left open in the back and turned over in revers; and it is ornamented with large pockets and cuffs and a turned-over collar of blue trimmed with gilt braid. The revers are

lined with blue, and trimmed with gilt braid, and down the front on each side are straps of gilt braid and buttons. Three-cornered felt hat, trimmed with gilt braid. Blue silk boots, and a tiny knapsack slung at the side by a blue and gold strap passed over the shoulder, complete the costume.



"MARGERET."—A woman of your height and age should not wear a jacket or medium garment; there is a want of dignity, a sense of inadequacy in it to your age and character. A deep cloak of the "Florella" or "Leonie" style would suit you better, or in cloth the "Russian" paletot, an extremely useful and sensible garment, that may be worn ten years, and will never be out of fashion. The hooded ulster and "Windsor" redingote are also good designs, especially for country driving and walking wear in districts where it is not very cold, but where there is liability to rain and moist weather. In summer you may wear a dressy little visite, dolman, or even a cape, that does not come far below the waist, and leaves the long lines of the skirt unbroken; but a garment that cuts the skirt in two is not becoming to ladies who are rather tall, and past forty; in fact no garment is so graceful or well worn by them as a large, really elegant shawl, an India cashmere for example.

"ARTICLES DE PARIS."—Pronounced Par-ee. They consist of decorative trifles, such as beaded bands and bracelets, bordered handkerchiefs trimmed with imitation lace; filigree jewelry imitated from the Genoese; embroidered mitts, made-up lingerie, purses, bags, belts, châtelaines, and the like. Speaking of such objects, which are a Parisian specialty, it is common and natural enough to call them articles de Par-ee, but for an American in America to call Paris *Par-ee* on every occasion would be the grossest kind of affectation.

"BLANCHE OWEN."—Prefix the Mr. to the Christian name, as "Mr. Henry," this is very commonly done at an age when the man asserts himself in the boy. Your writing is refined, and certainly looks "educated," and intelligent. Deep mourning is usually worn six months before it is lightened at all; after that, thin muslin, or crêpe lisse ruffles, or white mull neckerchiefs may lighten it. There is no reason why you should exclude yourself from your intimate friends; and after six months you may go out evenings, but not to very gay entertainments until a year has elapsed.

"ANXIOUS."—Get a complete suit of seal-brown cashmere trimmed with plush, with plush jacket, bonnet, and muff. Seal brown has taken the place of black largely, and is exceedingly fashionable this winter. The suit will be an elegant church dress afterward, and good for two winters; you can use fine camel's hair instead of cashmere. For your one handsome dress get a black damasse, or brocade, and make it up with trained princess back, and draped front, simply, but stylishly. Alter over your plain black silk into a walking-dress, and put velvet with it; a good silk-faced velvet will answer every purpose, and if necessary make a deep plain basque of the velvet, because it can always be utilized with other skirts. If you get a complete suit you will only need an ulster for a wrap, and we should advise the "Capuchin" (with hood). In the spring you can get a dressy black dolman or visite.

"MRS. J. B. W."—Garnet will brighten the steel gray of the empress cloth. You can have it in velvet or wool as suits your taste or convenience.

"THREE KITTY'S."—Art decorative articles sell well at bazars, also useful articles such as aprons, school-bags in linen, braided, or embroidered, serviceable needle-books, cushions, caps, and neckerchiefs. Handkerchief sets are very pretty. They consist of an apron made of a square of checked gingham, and handkerchief in a smaller square, trimmed with linen lace, or Breton; some are only half squares, and the bias edge is also finished with lace. Ivory linen toilet sets, braided or embroidered, are very good, also wall-protectors and wall-pockets, the former to put over the washstand, the latter for the combs and brushes.

"C. M. S."—Jenny June's cook-book is one of the best we know of for young housekeepers, and can be

obtained of the American News Company and its agencies, or as a premium for two subscriptions to this magazine.

"MRS. R. G. H."—For each of the three windows that constitute the bay window in your parlor you require a shade of old blue, or bronze, or olive linen. The arch should be curtained with thin ivory-tinted linen, bordered with antique lace. Within the recess, on either side, should be old-fashioned or easy chairs, and in front of the center window a stand and *Jardinière*, or fernery. The dining-room bay window should have brown shades, and here should the stand of plants be placed, and your ivies trained, with seats in the sides of the recess. Of course if you use white shades for your upper windows you will have to use the same for your bay windows, but white shades are out of date now in cities, and are not fashionable in the country, so, in newly furnishing, you might as well adopt the latest ideas.

"ROSA."—The Hon. Anne Seymour Damer, whose statue stands in the entrance hall of the British Museum, is an instance of what woman may accomplish in sculpture. She was born in 1748, and lived to the ripe old age of eighty. Her father and mother were both of noble birth, and the young girl was constantly surrounded by those exciting influences which lead so many women to fritter away their lives upon trifles. An every-day incident was the opening event of her true and noble life. Looking from a window one day, she saw Hume the historian, whose praises were upon all lips, talking with an Italian boy, who was offering plaster casts for sale. Subsequently, with the freedom of youth, she expressed her contempt for such art in the presence of the historian. Hume challenged her to make any half as good, and she, cut to the quick by his somewhat contemptuous manner, procured some wax and modeled a head, which, when she showed it to Hume, excited his surprise and commendation. "But," said he, "it is much easier to model a figure than to cut it from the block." This was enough to excite anew the amateur sculptress, so, obtaining stone and chisel, she produced a bust that drew from him higher praise than before.

By this time she was fairly launched in her profession. It soon became a passion with her, and careful study in the details of her art enabled her to mount, by successive stages, to a high place among English sculptors. When nineteen she was married, but unfortunately, her husband taking his own life when she was twenty-eight, thenceforth, for fifty-two years, she gave herself up to her chosen calling. Her works are numerous, and most of them are executed with rare delicacy and finish. Her devotion to her art is evidenced by a clause in her will, which, while directing the destruction of her papers, desired that her working apron and graving tool might be placed in her coffin, "the ruling passion strong in death."

"R. S. B."—You could trim your armure cloth with satin or velvet, but it does not require either. A deep collar and upper cuffs of black furry plush would add warmth and style to a garment made of such material; but, other than this, the most suitable finish is stitching and inner facing.

"Music."—There is a large supply of teachers and music teachers everywhere excepting the new districts, where living is a sort of exile. It will not be much use sending to a music store for information. If you could succeed in striking out some new idea—for example, form classes at moderate prices and bring the children out in little entertainments—you might succeed in your wish for independence.

"E. W."—Do you read the House and Home Department, and the Answers to Correspondents? We give much detailed information here that cannot be put into lengthy articles, or reiterated in other columns.

Your idea in regard to your ceiling is very good, only the stars should not entirely cover it. If it is a long room, cut off the ends with a gilt bar, and treat them differently from the center. If it is a square room, cut off the corners, and treat the crescents thus formed a little in the Japanese style. The cream for the walls is good, but walls are now made dark, or, if not, there are papers with a dado which give the effect of feathery grasses with tiny butterflies and insects; above this flecks of white and silvery gray on grayish blue ground, with, perhaps, a bird in the upper distance, with outspread wings. The autumn-leaf wood-work would be good in subdued tones, but the difficulty would be to get a painter to understand your idea. All upholstery is now done in figured stuffs, garnet and old-gold being the fashionable colors. The shadings in olive, and brown with gold, are also very good, and the bands or mount-

ing are always in velvet or plush of the deepest and darkest shade. The finish is perfectly smooth, even chintz is no longer captoned, that is caught down, as formerly, and the center table has disappeared, small stands, racks, cabinets, and the like having taken its place. Fashionable interiors are rather dark, but are brightened with a variety of beautiful objects, as stated by us many times. All white walls, all white shades, white tidies, and white paint have disappeared utterly, and the great desideratum is to produce natural and blended effects, which resolve themselves into a certain dark, rich uniformity. Doors are unhinged, and *portières* (curtains) hung in their places. These also are dark-striped stuff, or chintz, and coars: Decca shawls are often used for the purpose. Mantels are covered with a drapery, and fire-places also when not in use, or instead of grates, brass andirons are revived, and brass fenders, and a few sticks of hickory-wood make a fire which is considered the most *chic* and decorative thing in the world.

Miss M. W.—We know nothing practically in regard to the articles you mention, and therefore cannot recommend or condemn them. Thanks for your good opinion. We try to deserve it.

EDITOR LADIES' CLUB.—Being a member of 'The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle,' allow me to offer a few words concerning it in reply to 'Cinderella,' as you suggest some member answer.

In regard to its object I would quote from its announcement: 'This new organization aims to promote habits of reading and study in nature, art, science, and in sacred and secular literature in connection with the daily routine of life (especially among those whose educational advantages have been limited) so as to secure to them the college student's general outlook upon the world and life, and to develop the habit of close, connected, persistent thinking.' It encourages individual study in certain lines and books which are indicated. Cards are furnished on which to report amount read and time occupied (about thirty minutes per day will easily do). Examinations on paper are held at one's home. The course extends over matter for four years' reading, about nine months each. Upon completing the specified reading a diploma is to be received. The cost of necessary books and fee is but a little over three dollars. Two or more persons can readily read from the same set if they choose, thereby reducing the outlay; but this 'expense' is merely increasing one's library so much. For all cost there is value received and kept in tangible personal property.

Its membership includes over twenty thousand, some in foreign countries. Its summer meetings at Chautauqua Lake are extremely excellent. The president is the distinguished Doctor J. H. Vincent. The counselors are Lyman Abbott, J. M. Gibson, Bishop H. W. Warren, Bishop E. O. Haven, W. C. Wilkinson. Nothing of its excellence need be said than the mention of such names.

If 'Cinderella' or any one interested will write to Doctor J. H. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J., full information would be received. If such wish the particular views of a member I would be pleased to answer questions to me personally by letter or other ways. But the half is not told. It is a grand, noble, Christian effort to help all who join; many, very many excellent scholars are in its membership.

These words are too many perhaps for publication in your department, yet I place these at your disposal in any manner you please by omitting or giving part or none, not forgetting that you may have shorter answers more to your need. In any case I would remain heartily yours, speaking for the 'C. L. S. C's.'

C. W. WASSON.

POSTVILLE, N. Y.

SCENIC.—1. Peter Botte Mountain is in the island of Manritius, so called from a Dutchman who scaled its summit, but lost his life in coming down. It is a rugged cone more than 2,800 feet in height.

2. Engubine tables are bronze tables found near Engubium in 1444. Of the inscriptions five are Umbrian and Etruscan, and two are Latin.

LUCY.—1. Frozen muscle is architecture so called by E. Schlegel. 2. Sir Peter Lily, the painter, was the son of Vander Vias or Eues, of Westphalia, whose house had a lily for its sign. Both father and son went by the nickname of the Lelys (the lily), a sobriquet which Peter adopted as his cognomen.

HISTORY.—The battle of the Standard between the English and the Scotch at Coton Moor near Northallerton in 1138. Here David I, fighting on behalf of Matilda, was defeated by King Stephen's general Robert de Mowbray. It received its name from a ship's mast

erected on a wagon, and placed in the center of the English army; the mast displayed the standards of St. Peter, of York, St. John, of Beverly, and St. Wilfred, of Ripon. On the top of the mast was a little casket containing a consecrated host. 2. "Truth in a Well" is attributed both to Cleanthes and to Democritus the derider.

LETITIA.—1. In the empire of France the royal mantle and standard have both been thickly sown with golden bees instead of Louis flowers, because more than three hundred golden bees were found in the tomb of Childeric when it was opened in 1653. The modern opinion is that what we call a *fleur de lis* is a bee with its wings outstretched. 2. Hesiod named five ages: 1. The golden or patriarchal under the care of Saturn. 2. The silver or voluptuous under Jupiter. 3. The brazen or warlike under Neptune. 4. The heroic or renaissance under Mars. 5. The iron or present under Pluto. Fichte names five also: the antediluvian, post-diluvian, Christian, satanic, and millennial. According to Lucretius there are three ages distinguished by the materials employed in implements. 1. *The age of stone*, when cells or implements of stone were used. 2. *The age of bronze*, when implements were made of copper or brass. 3. *The age of iron*, when implements were made of iron, as at present.

READER.—1. It was once believed that 7 and 9, with their multiples were critical points in life, and 63, which is produced by multiplying 7 and 9 together, was termed the *grand climacteric* which few persons succeeded in outliving. 2. The fathers of the Greek Church were Eusebius, Athanasius, Basil the Great, Gregory Nazianzenus, Gregory of Nyssa, Cyril of Jerusalem, Chrysostom Epiphanius, Cyril of Alexandria, and Ephraim, deacon of Edessa. The fathers of the Latin Church were Lactantius, Hilary, Ambrose of Milan, Jerome, Augustin of Hippo, and St. Bernard.

FATIMA.—1. Frithiof (pronounced *Frith-yoff*) means peacemaker. In the Icelandic myths he married Ingeborg (*In-ge-boy-e*) the daughter of a petty king of Norway, and widow of Iiring, to whose dominions he succeeded. His adventures are recorded in the Saga which bears his name, and was written at the close of the thirteenth century. 2. A philippic is a severe scolding, an invective. So called from the orations of Demosthenes against Philip of Macedon to rouse the Athenians to resist his encroachments. The orations of Cicero against Anthony are called "philippics." 3. Sorbonne, the academic body at Paris is so called from Robert de Sorbon, canon of Cambrai, its founder (13th century).

DEAR DEMOREST,—Please insert in your book, the lady from Fairfax has been supplied with children. Indeed, I have been supplied abundantly. One little boy came and said he had fasted twenty days on bread and water. He looked as if he had; he is now fat and merry. Then a destitute woman with four children came; she was an old schoolmate. I have settled her in a little house on the meadow farm, and will try to help raise her family. Perhaps I can get a home for E. H. children when I have time to leave home or use pen and ink. I will write my experience about farming as soon as time permits. I also have some suggestions for the lady who has been left with a farm, and wrote in the last number of December. Very respectfully,

M. A. HARRISON.

WHITE MOUNTAINS.—The "White Mountain" range includes the whole group of mountains in Northern New Hampshire, but locally it is only applied to the central cluster which includes the six or seven highest and most remarkable. These are all named after our Presidents and great men. Mount Washington, the top of which is reached by railway, rises six thousand two hundred and fifty feet above the sea level. Mount Jefferson comes next, then Mount Adams, Mount Madison, Mount Clay, and Mount Monroe, all upward of five thousand feet; Mount Franklin is very nearly five thousand, and there are several others over four thousand. They probably owe their name to the fact that they are snow-crowned from the first of October till the last of May, eight months of the year. Even by the fourth of July the snow has rarely all disappeared. The season lasts only six or seven weeks, yet for that brief space of time a system of hotels is established as fine as any in the world. The Crawford, "Jura Mountain," and the Franconia Notch House are scarcely equaled in the world for table and system of service, the attendants being drawn mainly from schools and colleges.

MRS. B. M.—We do not know; better address the editor of the *Ledger*.

BEULAH.—You had better get a good quality of black silk, and make it up with an adjustable train, and small visite or dolman prettily trimmed. You can then wear it for a church and visiting, as well as reception dress.

CORA.—The address of the person to whom you are sending must be written, that is street and number, or how is the messenger to find them? Emerald is the birth-stone for May, sapphire for June. Trains are as fashionable as ever for ceremonious dresses. Young ladies do not wear them so much, however, for dancing as formerly. Refined, fastidious about small matters. Cultivate breadth of character and a tolerance in harmony with your real kindness of heart. Exercise a larger faith in humanity.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Address Miss H. Ward, Ladies' Art Association, 24 West 14th St., New York City.

SOLITUDE.—Do not try to reproduce the black in the chamber suit, except in the engravings which you might like to hang upon the walls. Get a pretty drab and blue carpet, and have drab and blue chintz curtains. You can have a chair upholstered with what is left, and it will look very pretty. Your stand and toilet covers may be white linen and canvas embroidered in different shades of blue and drab, or decorated with black outline embroidery; the latter being suitable for linen stand covers and scarfs, not for canvas. Add a bit of rich warm color by one India rug in front of your fireplace.

A READER.—Address the "Women's Exchange," 4 East 20th Street, New York City.

CHRISTA.—The sample is very nice, of a fashionable style of goods, and would make a very handsome double-breasted polonaise after a simple princess pattern. It wants no trimming except a collar and cuffs of dark gray plush or fur.

WINZER.—This Magazine is not published in the German language.

LAURA E. R.—It costs no money and only one stamp, the one you put on your communication, to join the "Ladies' Club." We shall be happy to enroll you as an active member. The object is a mutual one. You write to us for information in regard to anything which you are desirous of understanding, and we ask you in return to furnish us with any facts, data, or suggestions which may be of general interest, and if a member asks a question which is not answered, and which you can answer, to please reply to the query, writing only one side of your paper, and upon no account using a postal card.

Mrs. R. L. H.—See "Fashions" in regard to mourning. We have some very attractive new premiums, especially for clubs of two subscribers and upward.

DAISY AND ANNA.—Your questions in regard to New Year's callers were nearly all answered in the January issue to other correspondents, your letter not reaching us in time to reply to it directly.

Mrs. D. G. H.—S. W. Tilton, publishers, Boston, Mass., is all the address needed. Tilton's designs are among our premiums. Two packages of designs for art needle-work, a perforated pattern, and package of powder are sent for two subscribers; or a decorative art color box, containing ten moist water colors, and three brushes in a tin box, six designs for hand-painting, and six designs for art needle-work.

ISABEL.—Carlos, Prince, Royal, Beauty, Pet, Flower, Hamlet, "Mr. Dobson," "Theo," "Rags," Snow-flake, Dainty, Lady-bird, Brownie, are suitable for horse or dog, and may be used indiscriminately except the last three, "Theo," and "Mr. Dobson," which are only suitable names for horses. "Momie" is the French for mummy cloth, and is pronounced mo-mee.

INVALID.—The best and most comprehensive book we know of in relation to health, and the management of children in sickness is "Advice to a Wife, and Advice to a Mother," by Pye Henry Chavasse, a Fellow of the Royal College of London, and one of the physicians in ordinary to the queen. It was published by Evans, Stoddard & Co., Sansom Street, Philadelphia. The book is wise and learned, but it is not technical; it is full of plain, homely, sensible suggestions, and is invaluable to any young wife and mother, because it is written by one who understands thoroughly their needs.

The best book as a guide for manners ever published in this country is Mrs. H. O. Ward's "Sensible Etiquette, and Manners of Good Society." Published by Porter & Coates of Philadelphia. It is not a mere book of rules, but a charming friend and counselor in social emergencies.

LITERATURE

"The Twin Cousins."—What Miss Alcott is to their older sisters "Sophie May" is to the little girls who have just begun to enjoy reading books. Probably no other series of little children's books ever had the fascination for old and young readers that the "Little Prudy" stories excited ten years ago, and still continue to exercise, for the sets have been worn out, and had to be renewed in many a family as one young reader succeeded another. The demand stimulated the production of the "Dotty Dimple" series, and "Prudy's Fly-Away" series, which proved almost equally attractive, and now we have in course of production the "Flaxie Frizzle" series, of which the "Twin Cousins" is the fourth volume. The fountain of brightness from which these books are drawn seems inexhaustible, and they are unrivaled, in their pure and simple honesty and naturalness, by any of the swarms of children's books which now deluge the market. One volume like the "Twin Cousins" is not enough to satisfy a little girl's craving, when she has once had a taste of "Sophie May;" the cry is "more." So we advise investment in one series at least, and of the last, "Flaxie Frizzle," there are more volumes to come. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass., are the publishers; New York house, Charles T. Dillingham.

"Home, Sweet Home."—Every holiday season for some years past the Boston publishers, Messrs. Lee & Shepard, have delighted the refined and thoughtful by the issue of a sweet, and serious, or sacred poem, exquisitely illustrated by a true artist, Miss L. B. Humphrey. This year "Home, Sweet Home" is the subject of this charming treatment, and a lovely volume has been produced, suitable for a gift at any time, and that is beautiful and desirable, without being expensive as originally illustrated works usually are. The illustrations are twelve in number besides the frontispiece, the first two being reproductions of the author's birthplace, first published in 1831. Miss Humphrey's designs have the same charm of tenderness and poetic feeling which have distinguished her previous efforts in the same line, and have given to this pretty series of illustrated poems so much grace and character.

"Aim! Fire!! Bang!!!" Stories are "immense!" So says a juvenile reader, who is a pretty good critic. They consist of a collection of capitably told "Lamp-Man" stories, that is, such stories as are told in the winter twilight, when it gets dark early, and the children sit and listen while the lamp-man is going his rounds. This is why we have called them lamp-man stories, not because this is their title in the book. Some of the names of the stories are: "Ally's Birthday Party," "The Way they Went to the Picnic," "John Merton's Thanksgiving," "The Little Snow Shoveler," etc., and there are upwards of thirty in all, so that it is "cut, and come again;" no danger of running out of stories for some time. The author is Julia M. Beecher, and the book is issued as one of Lee & Shepard's holiday publications, but it is just as good any time, and a splendid birthday book, for of course it is illustrated; what are books without pictures nowadays?

"Drifting Round the World; or, a Boy's Adventures by Sea and Land," is a book to rejoice any boy's heart. It is a "big" book to begin with, and its two hundred illustrations tell a graphic story of wanderings through strange and little known countries, supplemented by the equally graphic story, the author of which, Capt. C. W. Hall, is so well known to adventurous boy readers by his "Adrift in the Ice Fields." The preface fitly remarks:

"So many books have been written upon the usual routes of European and Asiatic travel, that it is difficult now to excite the interest of young readers without going out of the beaten track. The adventures related in this volume are novel and picturesque, and they follow a comparatively new course. The hero, Rob Randall, ships on a Cape Ann schooner, bound to Greenland, is shipwrecked on the coast of Labrador, reaches Iceland, then passes through Scotland, England, France, Holland, Russia, Asia, and afterward crosses Siberia, sails for Alaska, and from thence to San Francisco, from there reaching home overland, after many strange experiences of Siberia, Tartar, Chinese, and Indian life. In this long journey, devious and broken by various accidents, the reader is introduced to new and striking

scenery, and to peoples little known and seldom described in modern literature."

This is entirely true. The book is not only full of interest, but of information. With pen and pencil, it photographs the lives of strange peoples, describes vividly, yet simply and rapidly, the most picturesque and exciting adventures, and while never missing an opportunity to add to the interest of the journey, wastes no time in dreary detail of unimportant persons, places, and events. It is every way a thoroughly interesting boy's book; excellent for village and Sunday-school libraries; though for these, at least six copies would be wanted, for one would be worn out in a month. Boys will be boys, must have adventure, and exciting books. Give them the really good ones, if you do not want them to find the bad ones for themselves.

"Ego," a novel, by the author of "Castle Foam," is an attempt at being analytical, but it only succeeds in being unreal, and mistily obscure. "Self and circumstance" are apt enough to get befogged, but there is no object in muddling them up still more in a book.

"The Orthoepist."—Alfred Ayres, the author of this original and useful manual, stands for a well-known New York scholar, who succeeds in investing even so technical a subject as pronunciation with interest, by his unique manner of treating it, and the clearness with which he defines the general principles upon which his work is founded.

In his preface the author remarks: "It is not expected that any one who has ever given special attention to the subject of English orthoëpy will agree with the author in every particular; but those who look at all carefully at what he has done, will see that he has taken some pains, and further, that on a few points he hazards an impression of his own. Instance what he says about the slurring of the pronouns, and about the sound of the vowels, especially *o*, when standing under a rhythmic accent. The object in view has been as much to awaken an interest in the subject-matter as to teach."

About three thousand five hundred words are included in the work, many of which are the names of foreign persons, authors, artists, or places, of which the majority are ignorant. It is also a most useful corrective to local faults of pronunciation, which creep into language and are unperceived, and even unknown by those who use them.

There is nothing now which so marks the educated man, or woman, as the accurate use of language, and it is in the minute particulars that difference tells. We recommend the "Orthoepist" to every lady as indispensable to the furnishing of her book-shelves, or writing-desk, and assure her she will find a pleasure to the eyes, as well as instruction to the mind, for it has been issued by the Appletons in a manner which does infinite credit to their taste.

"Bohemian Days."—George Alfred Townsend has long been known as the king of "correspondents," scarcely a newspaper or magazine in this country but has been enriched by the ready intelligence, the keen observation of "Gath," and his later work shows him possessed in addition of the vivid imagination, which was all that was necessary to endow the brilliant storyteller. "Bohemian Days" comprises three short novellettes: "The Rebel Colony in Paris," "Married Abroad," and "The Deaf Man of Kensington." Dividing them are four short poems, or "chords": "Bohemia," "Little Grisette," "The Pigcow Girl," "The Dead Bohemian." All possess a strong interest, which is half cynical, half pathetic, but wholly human. His unveiling of the average man in "Married Abroad" is photographic in its pitiless fidelity to truth, and almost equal to George Eliot's picture of Gwendoline, in "Daniel Deronda." Mr. Townsend has something of the quality of Dickens, but he wants Dickens's apparent faith in modern "sweetness and light," in the good that is, and is to be.

"Art of Correspondence."—Dempsey & Carroll, the well-known art stationers of this city, have issued a volume with the above title, which may be considered as covering the entire ground of polite letter, note, and invitation writing. It not only contains a vast number of models of letters written by distinguished persons under various circumstances, but examples of every description of notes of invitation, couched in the simple and elegant language that is the rule in good society, and which omits all unnecessary words and forms. It introduces also a great improvement in stamped letter and note paper, and that is, the address of the sender, which so many persons omit in writing, or place at the end instead of the beginning of the note, and perhaps write so indistinctly that an answer is impossible. The models of crests, monograms, and of the new bronzed

designs for country residents are beautiful, and deserve special attention. The price of the book is \$2.

"Reminiscences of a Journalist."—This work of nearly four hundred pages is perhaps the most striking and valuable contribution that has been made to the literature of journalism. The ground covered is the last fifty years, which includes the entire period of active modern journalism, the half century during which the modern newspaper has been born, and grown to its present proportions as an element and influence in modern social and political life. The actual working of this influence is not given to us from the point of view of an intelligent outsider, but from the standpoint of one who has played the part of a chief engineer, whose hand has constantly been upon the valve of public opinion, and whose thought has influenced it as much as that of any man, except perhaps Horace Greeley, whose faithful co-worker he was during all the stormy years that marked the agitation of the practical application of the doctrine of human right in this republic. Every one familiar with the New York *Tribune* knows the trenchant pen of Charles T. Congdon, the ring of whose step was like that of the war-horse in battle, but the grasp of whose hand was of the warmest and truest in peace.

The stories of these fifty years, of the distinguished men and women who figured during that time in public life, the records of paper contests, of hard-won victories, and finally, the advice to would-be journalists, which no one has a better right to give, but which is not given as advice by the modest author, who is only doubtful of what has been done, not at all of what will be by a better equipped race of incoming journalists.

"Household Taste."—The sumptuous work that comes to us with the above title is by Walter Smith, State Director of the Massachusetts School of Design, and it has been afforded every advantage which refinement and good taste could dictate in its dress, and the quality of its numerous illustrations. The work is in reality an illustrated history of the decoration and industrial art of the Centennial Exhibition, with engravings of every noteworthy object in these departments, executed with the utmost care. It is a magnificent book for holiday distribution, but it is also a work that no library, small or large, should be without. It is an education to those who are employed in decorative and industrial art, and it is full of valuable suggestions to householders, to those who wish to furnish and beautify their homes according to the best and most correct principles.

But, aside from all these considerations, the work is a mine of wealth, in the treasures of our great exhibition, which it preserves to us in a permanent and most beautiful form.

The frontispiece is an engraving on copper of the "Dying Lioness," from the International Exhibition of 1876, executed by P. Moran, and there are upward of four hundred illustrations of rare specimens and novel designs in bronze, china, glass, tapestries, enameled wares, church and carved furniture, carpets, India fabrics, metals, jewelry, marble, leather goods, lace, gold and silver, stones, tissues, and needle-work. It is a collection and a history to make us more proud of our centennial effort than ever, and it also shows how greatly we are indebted to it for the stimulus given to the growth and cultivation of the industrial arts among our people. Mr. R. Worthington, 770 Broadway, is the publisher, and the price is \$6, which must be considered moderate for the size and character of the work.

"Sermons to Order."—An enterprising London literary bureau offers to fill with neatness and dispatch orders from the American market for second-hand sermons. The sermons are "lithographed in a bold, round hand, so that those who happen to see them would suppose that they were manuscript," for 25 cents each, or \$20 a hundred. The announcement is made by the proprietor of "the concern," that he has "a full assortment of cheaper sermons at 10 cents each, warranted orthodox, and others—a little more expensive—which have a pleasantness, yet an awful solemnity about them." After this proposal has been laid before the public, an overworked profession will only expose itself to unseemly criticism if it strikes out during the next few weeks in any new direction.

Studies in Song.—Whatever comes from the pen of Algernon Charles Swinburne is sure to attract attention. No poet of our age has been more abused than has Swinburne, but none of his age have made a deeper mark. This work contains thirteen of his longest poems, including the magnificent tribute written for the centenary of Walter Savage Landor. "Off Shore," "An Evening on the Broads," and "By the North Sea," testify to the poet's love for the ocean and sympathy with

the sea in all its moods. But perhaps the most curious of the studies contained in the volume, is what is designated by the author as an "Audacious Experiment," in attempting to reproduce the "Grand Chorus of Birds" from the Greek of Aristophanes in English after the original meter. Readers who are not Greek scholars are under obligations for this charming glimpse of old Greek poetry. The book is dedicated to Mrs. Lynn Linton, in memory of her father. Mr. R. Worthington is the publisher.

"A Bad Boy's Diary."—This is the title of a very laughable and very suggestive little work just published by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York. It can hardly be supposed to be a true diary, for no boy capable of getting into so many scrapes ever did so ignorantly or quite unintentionally as this "bad" boy does, but it is full of fun, and puts the bad boy in a much better light than if he had written it himself, while it suggests to parents and educators that the way to keep a bad boy out of mischief is to keep him well employed.

Good Words.

* * * DEMOREST is one of our blessings.

"R. G. H."

"I do not know how it is, but I find more head and more heart in DEMOREST'S than in any other magazine that comes to me.

Mrs. C. B."

* * * "We have had your magazine in our family eighteen years. I may say I have been brought up on it, and I would not feel as if we were rightly living without it. * * *

ELLA D. H."

* * * "Your magazine has been a real blessing to me in my far-away home. I never can tell you how often it has seemed as if words and articles in it were intended for me, and how they have strengthened and helped me. 'Jennie June,' especially, seems to have sounded every depth, and I cannot help thinking that she must have had some sad experiences in her own life, she knows so well how to reach and comfort other women.

"ALOE."

"The pictures are a never-ending pleasure to us; we think us much of them as of the magazine. We have all the best framed, and look for them eagerly every month.

Mrs. H. I. E."

A correspondent writes: "I have taken your magazine for ten years, or have read it that length of time. First I used to read it at a friend's house, then I bought it, then I subscribed for it, and have taken it ever since, and from its sensible pages have picked up the most part of my knowledge.

E. W."

Another says: "I am a dressmaker, and have been a subscriber to your magazine for eight or more years, and every year I find it more valuable; I find I could not do without it.

Miss M. W."

Life Insurance.

If any persons wish to insure their lives on the best and most economical principles we advise them to choose the Washington Life Insurance Co., as this affords them a certainty of getting their money back. We are not much in favor of life insurance as usually conducted, but there are many men on salaries who can only make a provision for their families in this way, and to these we say, go to the best. The system of the Washington Life Insurance Co. is modeled on an equitable if not a humane basis.

"A Literary Thief"—We publish in this number, or rather republish, a poem entitled "Heartsease," sent in MS., and as an original contribution signed "B." when in reality the poem, as was discovered after the sheet was printed, so that it could not be recalled, was written long ago by Mrs. Mary E. Bradley, and published in a magazine the name and date of which we cannot give at this moment. The poem is sweet enough for reprint any time, but we prefer not to be trapped into the publication of any article, good or bad, and should at least have given it (if at all) with the author's full name and the name of the publication where it appeared.

Good Reading.

THERE is no estimating the value of good reading, and the way to acquire a habit of it is for parents to scatter about the house and upon the sitting-room table such books, such papers, and such magazines as they are desirous that their children should read. Let them be a part of the natural air, the atmosphere of home, and they will acquire a taste which will be the most effectual preventive of that vicious craze for story literature which always becomes morbid, and once imbibed is almost impossible to replace with a love for what is genuine and true.

"SCIENCE IN AID OF THE HOUSEWIFE.—Mending of all kinds of clothing, table and bed linen, etc., and elegant embroidery, is now done on the Wilson Oscillating Shuttle Sewing Machine, without an attachment. Wonders will never cease in this age of progress."

—Scientific American.

A MARVELOUS INVENTION.—The old saying that there is "nothing new under the sun" is trite, but hardly true. Here is an apparatus flung upon the public from the brain of a noted French chemist—Milson by name—which gives people at the insignificant cost of a fraction of a cent per day, the invigorating atmosphere created by a thunderstorm or found at mountain elevations, confined within the domains of a small but ornamental piece of furniture, less than two feet high and a foot or so in diameter, adapted to any bedchamber, room, hall or institution.

Deprived of verbiage, the machine is an apparatus which creates ozone—the vitalizing element of pure atmosphere—by the same process that Nature employs in its work. These are phosphorus, sulphur, etc., held in subjection so that they create two elements—phosphorous acid gas, which is prevented from passing into the atmosphere by a mechanical arrangement (although the process is a chemical one), and ozone. The ozone is infiltrated through porous earthenware, and becomes diffused throughout a room, so that under all adverse influences of foul air the atmosphere is maintained at a maximum degree of hygienic purity. The device is a miniature thunderstorm, without the tumult or sulphurous odor. It makes sleeping apartments balmy, inducing perfect rest.

The commendations of prominent officials and newspaper editors, who have tested the power of the ozone generators, and who find them efficacious, attest the value of one of the most recent, remarkable, and withal economical inventions of this inventive age. The United States Ozone Company, of 42 Murray Street, are the sole owners of the invention.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

"First be Sure You're Right, then Go Ahead."—Go straight forward in the way of duty. Providence will take care of the rest.

Suspicion is a feeling that impels one to find out something which he doesn't wish to know.

"Twas ever Thus."—It is the easiest thing in the world to discover all the defects in persons when we do not like them.

No Greater Evidence.—There is no greater evidence of a shallow mind than to court attention by a display of eccentricity.

An Enviably Harvest.—A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

Prejudice.—Sidney Smith is quoted as saying:—"Never try to reason the prejudice out of a man. It wasn't reasoned into him, and it cannot be reasoned out of him."

Revenge not Sweet.—The exasperating thing about revenge is that it never satisfies, but leaves one at the end as angry as at the beginning. After all, one might just as well forgive at once.

In the Long Run.—The words that a wise father speaks to his children in the privacy of home are not at first heard by the world, but, as in whispering-galleries, they are clearly heard at the end, and by posterity.

Value of Little Things.—Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, little farms the best tilled, little books the most read, and little songs the dearest loved.

"Evil be to him, who Evil thinks."—We can never have much confidence in the uprightness of others until we have discovered some degree of uprightness in ourselves. We are apt to suspect everybody if we ourselves ought to be suspected, and just as apt to trust others only when we ourselves can be trusted.

Every good picture is the best of sermons and lectures. The sense informs the soul. Whatever you have, have beauty.—Sydney Smith.

SPICE-BOX

"Splendid Opportunity!"—The Chinese Encyclopedia meets a long felt want, and no family should be without it. It is published in Peking, in 5,020 volumes, and at the price of £2,000 is the same as given away.

Too Much Smile.—A man was sitting for his photograph. The operator said, "Now, sir, look kind o' pleasant—smile a little." The man smiled, and then the operator said, "Oh, that will never do! It is too wide for the instrument."

Charity.—William came running into the house the other day, and asked, eagerly, "Where does charity begin?" "At home," was replied, "In the words of the prophet." "Not by a good deal," replied the boy. "It begins at sea!" (C.)

Judge, said a lawyer to "his honor" during a lull in a case on trial, "what do you consider the best illustrated paper?" "A thousand dollar greenback," growled the judge.

Quite Natural.—A little boy from London went into the country visiting. He had a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it, and then hesitated a moment, when his mother asked him if he didn't like it, to which he replied, smacking his lips, "Yes, ma. I was wishing our milkman would keep a cow."

In a Fix.—Woman is naturally gifted with quicker wit, better judgment, greater self-possession than man, but there are very, very few women who can appear at ease and look pleasant when unexpected callers suddenly surprise her with a set of teeth in her hand and none in her mouth.

Tit for Tat.—Talleyrand was lame, Madame de Stael was cross-eyed. There was no love lost between them, and both disliked to be reminded of their infirmities. "Monsieur," said madame, meeting her dearest foe one day, "how is that poor leg?" "Crooked, as you see," was Talleyrand's reply."

New Challenge.—An improved form of challenge to a duel is the following Quaker note: "If thou wilt eat twelve unripe apples just before retiring at night, I will do the same, and we will see who survives."

Human Nature.—The schoolboy will gloat for half a day over the enigmas in a puzzle column, but when he comes to his regular arithmetic lesson, he considers that he is the most abused boy in the world.

Universal Benevolence.—A well-known Evangelical clergyman, on being accused of leaning toward Universalism, replied that he hoped everybody would go to heaven. "And," said he, "there are some persons I wish were there now."

Sale Extraordinary.—The following advertisement appeared in a paper: "For sale a handsome piano, the property of a young lady who is leaving the town, in a walnut case with turned legs."

Too Much for Our Gravity.—Idioticus writes to ask whether the force of gray-tea is equal to the strength of beef tea.

O do n't!—The song of the baker—"I knead Thee Every Hour." The first note of the song is dough.

New Profession.—A woman who was called as a witness in an assault case tried in court recently, on being asked by the magistrate what was the profession of her husband, answered very promptly, "My husband is a bankrupt, sir."

Too Solemn.—There is something solemn in the tone of a great bell striking midnight, especially if you are a mile from home, and know that your wife is sitting behind the hall door waiting for you.

Hot and Cold.—An editor says, "It is just as easy for a child to fall into a tub of cold water as into a tub of hot water, and yet we never read of a child's falling into a tub of cold water."

Papa's Present.—At the wedding of a rich banker's daughter, among the wedding presents ostentatiously displayed, was a thousand dollar bill, a present from the dotting father to his darling daughter. After the guests had departed the old man coolly rolled up the bill and put it in his waistcoat pocket, and that was the end of it.

Useful.—I suppose you miss your husband very much? he remarked to the charming relict. "Miss him! Of course I do. He was very useful in attending to the fire, winding up the clock, and turning out the gas."