

VICTORIA.

A WOMAN'S STATUE.

By L. M. ALCOTT, Author of "Little Women," "Little Men," "Eight Cousins," "Jack and Jill," etc., etc.

II.—PLASTER.

WHERE has the old fellow hidden himself? Among the clouds to study sunsets, I fancy," said a young man as he sprang up the long flight of stone stairs in one of the tall houses where artists congregate in Rome. Door after door he scrutinized, but none bore the name he wanted, and, growing impatient, he knocked loudly at one which stood ajar, with a modest card nailed to it bearing the name "V. Stanhope."

A clear voice answered, "Good-morning, neighbor," and stepping in, Max Albany found himself face to face with a beautiful woman standing in a flood of sunshine that glorified all it touched.

Hastily uncovering, he added, with surprise and admiration very visible upon his comely countenance :

"Pardon my abruptness. I am looking for Owen Hurst, and I cannot find him. Has he left Rome?"

"His studio is at the end of the corridor, but he is not there yet. Gone to meet a friend, I think," answered the lady, in a voice which made one long to hear it again.

"I am the friend. I will wait for him, lest we miss one another. Is it permitted to look and admire, Mademoiselle?" asked Albany, glancing about the large room, rich only in casts, statuettes, and medallions.

A gracious gesture gave the required permission, and the artist returned to her work, like one accustomed to such requests, and loath to waste time in listening to compliments.

Full of interest and curiosity, Albany looked at the groups of childish figures, the female heads, and graceful studies of vines and flowers all about the room, for these seemed to be the chosen work of this fair artist, and a fit-

ting task for the slender hands that so skillfully molded the ductile clay.

But the loveliest face there was the living one, and this alone satisfied Albany's beauty-loving eye. While affecting to examine the work, which he found wonderfully good, he was covertly studying this woman, who seemed to be unconscious of her own charms, indifferent to praise, and careless of the impression she could not fail to make upon whoever saw her for the first time.

As if disdainful of all feminine arts to enhance her beauty, she wore her hair clustering in dark rings about her head; tried vainly to conceal the symmetry of her figure under an artistic blouse of gray linen, and kept her studio as bare of all color and ornament as a nun's cell, except the pure marble faces and innocent images of little children.

There was something wonderfully attractive in this blooming woman, so free from any touch of coquetry, so austere simple in her surroundings, so utterly wrapped up in her chosen work, leading a high and lonely life with all Rome and its allurements waiting to welcome her below there. To Albany it was pathetic, for the sculptor's trained eye could read years of effort in the work before him, and the fact that so many of these exquisite studies still lingered there hinted at disappointment, or a rare patience in their maker, the modesty of true genius which can bide its time and never tire of striving after perfection.

Why had he never heard of her as woman or artist? Why had Hurst never written of his fair neighbor, for the studio bore signs of long occupancy, and his friend had been in Rome for years? Who was "V. Stanhope," hidden away here unknown, unsought, unwon? Such beauty and talent could not be long concealed; was he to be the finder of the treasure, the happy patron to give the

world another work of the name? He was rich, a worshiper of art, and had made his own mark, young as he was; generous and enthusiastic, as successful men should be; and just returned from several years of solitary travel in the East, he eagerly welcomed any touch of romance to give color to the life which seemed tame after the wild splendors he had been enjoying.

Resolved to wake the statue to a knowledge of his admiration, he soon turned from the finished works to that she was so intent upon, and, pausing beside her, said warmly, after a moment of silent regard :

"This is your best. A noble head, and very like."

"Whom?" she asked, with a quick look and a bright color in cheeks before as pale as if she lived too secluded and absorbed a life.

"Yourself. One cannot help recognizing the arch of the brow, the large-lidded eyes, the firm mouth, and softly-molded outlines, even in this poor clay," he answered, longing to caress the curves that enchanted the sculptor's eye.

"As I hope to be, not as I am," she said as if to herself, and with the yearning look Goethe's *Mignon* wore when she sung :

"Oh, let me seem until I be!"

Struck with the tone, the look, Albany forgot the compliment upon his lips, and answered, with the grave sincerity of one who understood her mood and meaning :

"It would be well for all of us to put our ideals into shape, if only to show how far we fall short in our efforts to attain them. I have tried it, and I know the help it is."

Such frank sympathy seemed to touch Victoria to a fuller confidence. She looked at her guest with the calm scrutiny of one used to reading character, and a sudden smile warmed her whole face as she turned to a curtained

alcove, saying, with a half-eager, half-timid look, very flattering to the young sculptor :

"You are the friend Hurst has often spoken of. You take a kind interest in beginners, and your criticism would be valuable. May I show you my most ambitious work, and will you honestly tell me if it has any merit?"

"If you will honor me so much. Let me help you," and Albany held the curtain while Victoria slowly drew a light veil from her model, showing him the statue of a woman standing in the soft gloom of the red-lined alcove.

It was only plaster, but it shone white and fair against the warm background, draped from throat to ankle, with loosely folded hands, looking straight before her with a singular expression of mingled strength and sweetness in the finely molded face. Involuntarily Albany fell back a step, surprised at the magnificent proportions of the creature, for she was life-sized, and as full of power as of beauty.

One look suggested its meaning to the quick fancy of a man who understood the language of lines, for it was the attitude, the look of so many women who stand awaiting what fate shall bring them; with the same expectancy in the wistful eyes, tenderness in the sweet mouth; on the forehead a gentle pride, and in every feature a hint of lovely possibilities bidding their time to bloom and wane, or wither under the blight of sorrow, pain, or sin.

Unconsciously Victoria had fallen into the same pose, and looked up at her work with the same glance, as if asking fate for some success greater than art could ever bring her. Glancing at her, Albany saw this, and marked also the difference in the live model and her counterpart, for the statue proved how beautiful the woman could be when she chose, and how sternly she hid the charms most women would have gloried in.

It almost seemed as if the work betrayed how much the sacrifice had cost her, for she had dwelt with loving fidelity upon the graceful outlines of limbs hidden jealously under the gray blouse; had lengthened the short locks to rich masses on the shoulders; let the serious lips relax into an enchanting smile; lifted the large eyes with a look of passionate aspiration; softened the straight dark brows, and folded the delicate hands together with a soft naturalness that made one long to touch and feel them cling. Even the drapery, simple as were the large, loose folds, had a hint of an innate love of ornament, for the hems were embroidered, a deeply wrought girdle bound the waist, and at the feet lay a crown, a rose garland, a pen, and a brush, as if waiting for her to stoop and choose among these symbols of a woman's different kingdoms.

Victoria stood mute, and Albany looked in silence till he was satisfied; then, turning to her, he offered his hand, saying heartily :

"Welcome, comrade! This is brave work, and will bring you honor. Why is it here unknown?"

She pressed the generous hand gratefully, but shook her head as she said, looking at the clay upon her stand :

"It has waited five years, and must wait still longer, for it is not perfect yet. I am in

no haste to show it, and I think it never will be done, because I live my studies for it, and am never tired of trying to find in myself the image of the woman I hope to create. A foolish fancy, perhaps; but I work so slowly and poorly there is little danger of its engrossing me too much, and these simple things keep me busy with happy, humble models, as you see."

"Have you no ambition to be known and honored as the rest of us have? These lovely creations need only to be seen, to give you a high place in our world of art. Why are they here unknown?" asked Albany, finding the interview grow more interesting with each moment.

"I have a very high ambition, so high that I cannot hope to satisfy it for years to come. My father was an artist, and bequeathed his name and fame to me. I must do honor to them both, by adding my own success to his. That is what I work for; and, when I have anything worthy of him, will gladly show it to the world."

There was no doubt of her assertion, for, as she spoke, her eyes kindled, her face glowed, and she looked up at the one picture the room contained with the brave, bright expression of one born to achieve success, in spite of all obstacles.

"You are right, that head *is* better than this; but it still lacks the expression you desire to give it. I see it now, and wish I could catch and preserve it for you," said Albany, recognizing a spirit as ambitious as his own, and finding a new charm in this awakened face.

"You cannot; it is fugitive, and will vanish with the momentary emotion that brings it. I want to make that woman's face *after* the battle has been fought, the victory won, the courage tried and proved, the life a success in spite of fate, the soul safe above temptation, at whatever cost of happiness and hope."

Victoria's voice and countenance were almost tragic with the intensity of her desire, and Albany was hesitating how to reply, when quick steps approached and Hurst appeared, eager to greet his friend, though evidently surprised to find him there. With a few words of thanks for her hospitality the men departed, leaving the woman to veil her statue, draw the curtain before it, and return to her work with new energy born of that unexpected interview.

"Who is that fine creature?" was Albany's first question, when they were alone.

"The bravest woman in Rome, and the most inaccessible," answered Hurst gruffly.

"I did not find her so." And the other related his visit with satisfaction, adding, as if anxious to know more :

"Is she poor?"

"No; rich."

"Yet lives alone here, and works with a terrible sort of ardor, to judge by what she has done. Has she no friends, no family?"

"No family, and few friends, because she does not care for them. Ten years ago her father died; you remember him? and this girl, eighteen then, came here to live for her art. She has done so with a devotion that

puts us drones to shame. She might be known, admired, and adored, if she would. But she will not, and lives here like a nun, with a few good women for her friends, and me for her watch-dog."

Albany laughed at Hurst's grim look, and evident desire to keep his fair neighbor to himself. But the younger man felt that he had already crossed the threshold of the enchanted castle, and was conscious of a strong desire to wake this sleeping beauty into life, since he had caught a glimpse of the real woman in an unguarded moment.

"Wait till the right Pygmalion comes, then see how readily the marble Galatea will step down from her pedestal and turn into a lover of the tenderest type. Well for us that these feminine geniuses value love more than fame. We should have to look to our laurels if their hearts did not conquer pride and ambition."

"Do not disturb her peace, Max. She has known sorrow, but is happy now. Let her rest and dream and work till her hour comes, as I have done."

Hurst spoke earnestly, and his friend saw something in his rugged face that bade him respect the loyal love which could live silent and faithful all those years.

"I will," he answered heartily, and asked no more; but his love of beauty and the irresistible desire to seek whatever is forbidden half unconsciously influenced both acts and words from that day forth.

He had come to Rome for the winter, and naturally took a studio under the same roof with his friend. His presence was like a fresh breeze in that dim and dusty place, where the others had worked so long, saying little, feeling much, and leading the inward life which is too apt to foster melancholy and unfit the dreamer for the wholesome duties that keep brain and heart sane and steadfast. This newcomer, with his cheerful voice, fine face, rich gifts, and all the romance of adventure still fresh about him, was irresistibly charming not only to serious Hurst but to solitary Victoria, who could not forget him even when she tried to shut him out of both studio and mind.

She heard him singing as he worked, and paused to listen; caught a gay word as he passed her door, and found herself smiling after he had gone. When he was silent, she wondered what absorbed him; when he left flowers on her threshold she could not let them lie and wither there as other offerings did; and when he ventured to knock at her door it was opened to him with ever-increasing willingness, she knew not why.

Sympathy did its subtle work without the need of many words, and very soon Hurst knew why Max lingered there, why Victoria forgot the old friend for the new, leaving him to a sadder solitude than before.

"The statue is waking at last, though not for me," poor Hurst said to himself, trying to face the truth manfully after a visit which plainly proved that his fears were well founded.

Dust lay thick on Victoria's marbles, the clay was dry on her molding-stand, no new work had left her hand, and she was sitting idly at her high window in the attitude of one who waits and watches for a desired guest.

Hurst's jealous eye also marked several slight changes which were full of meaning. The ugly blouse was replaced by a silvery gray dress that flowed about her in soft folds. A little scarf of lace was drawn over the dark hair as if to hide the short curls; the hands that used to be so busy now played with a splendid rose, and the eyes, once so seldom lifted from their task, looked out at the purple sunset as if they saw some lovely castle in the air and longed to inhabit it. The wonder-working breath of love had blown over her, and ten years of lonely sacrifice and struggle were effaced. A new ambition possessed her, the woman had found her fate, and waited to enter into her kingdom. Hurst saw it, and without a word went away to bury the hope he had cherished so patiently and long.

Albany had spoken, and Victoria had asked for a day to look into her own heart before she answered him. She had looked, and the reply had come too swiftly and sweetly for her to doubt its truth. With the morning he would return to hear it, and she sat wrapt in the blissful dream that comes but once in any life.

"This is safe and happy, and I do not lose my art, but gain a constant inspiration in such companionship. Father would have loved and trusted Max as I do, and I may venture at last to be a woman as well as an artist. Ah, how could I live so long without him!"

The words were on her lips when a low tap at the door roused her, and with a quick flutter of the expectant heart she half rose to greet her lover, who could not wait until tomorrow. In answer to her call the door slowly opened, and on the threshold stood a woman closely veiled and dressed in faded weeds. An old woman she seemed, for the hands trembled, the step was feeble, and behind the veil a worn white face was dimly visible.

Anxious not to betray her disappointment, Victoria was about to hasten toward her unknown guest when she was startled by a half-articulate cry as the woman fell upon her knees, thrust back the veil, and showed her the face she saw ten years ago, awfully aged by suffering and time.

"Hear me before you turn from me!" besought the unhappy woman in a voice of passionate entreaty as she stretched her wasted hands to the daughter who stood regarding her as if turned to stone.

"I have come a weary way to find you, for I am dying, and I have no friend on earth but you, my child," went on the piteous voice choked with tears and full of a despairing humility which would have wrung the coldest heart. "I could not die till I had seen you, asked for pardon, and heard you call me mother once. I have searched for you so long! hoped and waited, prayed heaven to grant me this one boon, and kept alive in spite of suffering, poverty, and the bitterest remorse that I might fall down before my daughter, and let my heart break in telling her how great my love is, how terrible my penance."

The words ended in a rain of tears, and the gray head was bowed into the hands, as if to hide its dishonor from the clear, cold eyes that

seemed to have no pity in them. The room was very still, and from without came the soft chime of bells ringing the Angelus, as if to remind these troubled souls that to all earthly anguish rest comes at last.

Victoria stood motionless, trying to recover from the shock of that swift and sudden fall from perfect happiness to unspeakable despair. In one clear sentence, written as if with fire, she saw the answer she must give her lover, the future that now lay before her, the darker for the brightness out of which she stepped. This terrible burden must be accepted, yet could not be shared, for she would not bring her shame to the man whom she most desired to honor. She had long believed this mother dead, and had shrunk from even confiding her story to Max till love made it right for her to speak and possible for him to forgive. Death brings pardon and oblivion for all sin, but the living sinner, working out his inevitable punishment, is the saddest ghost that haunts the world. Could she bring such a shadow into the proud and honorable home she hoped to share? Could she bear to let him help her turn the last pathetic pages of this tragedy, the memory of which would always stand between them in spite of pity, love, and time? Involuntarily Victoria looked about her for some hope to sustain, some sign to guide her in this sore strait, and there before her hung the picture that had never left her since she found her father dead beside it. There was her answer, and reading it her soul seemed to grow calm and strong. Her promise upheld her, and the memory of his suffering softened her heart toward this suppliant who should have been so near and dear, yet was so distant and so dreaded.

Looking down at the bowed figure, worn and wasted, gray and feeble, homeless, friendless, and abased, a sudden dew filled the daughter's eyes, the ice melted from her face, and the voice that simply said, "My poor mother!" was as tender as the arms that lifted the gray head and laid it on an innocent bosom as its last refuge.

No one ever knew what passed between those two women, but when morning came at last, bringing Albany, to learn his fate, no sign of that night's storm was visible except in Victoria's colorless face, sad eyes, and steady lips.

"I love you, but I will not marry you because of a great shame and sorrow in my life, and a new duty which you cannot share with me. A time may come when I can hope for happiness, and be worthier of it, after I have earned it. Do not try to turn or change me. Say farewell, and let me go my way alone. Forget me and forgive me, since fate parts us, and I can only submit."

This was his answer, and all day he vainly tried to win a different one. She told him enough of the truth to see how it afflicted him, and, wise in her love, she resolved to spare him further struggle, herself further temptation, by flight.

In the silence of the night she vanished with the pale shadow which henceforth was to be always hovering near her, and when morning came the door was locked, the studio deserted, and only the unfinished statue left to haunt

the place Victoria fled from to live the hardest chapter of her life.

For more than a year she lived alone with her dying mother in a small Italian village by the sea, shut away from friends, art, love, and hope. The brave soul lived for duty only, for all that could make her task sweet was wanting, and the poor creature whose ruined life left only bitterness and despair was a mother but in name. There was a peculiar anguish in this companionship, for in the once brilliant, beautiful woman Victoria saw and recognized the traits she had inherited; traits which but for her father's warning might have led her by the same primrose path to an end as sad as this. A stern lesson to watch the slow wasting of what seemed her worsen self, but a salutary one, and when it ended she felt as if the earth had closed over the sin and shame of her life, leaving only a great pity and sympathy for all human weakness in her heart.

"My hard duty is done, now I may hope for happiness and feel that I have earned it," she said, as she turned her face toward Rome, leaving a quiet grave and bitter grief behind her.

Hurst alone knew where she had hidden herself, and he had written now and then a word of cheer, but few tidings, for Albany had gone to solace his impatience elsewhere and never wrote. Victoria was too proud to recall him, yet in spite of an instinctive fear that he would find it impossible to accept and share the stain on her name, she still hoped, and as she climbed the stairs to her old studio her heart beat fast, and she listened for the beloved voice to welcome her. No one came, not even Hurst, who knew she was to arrive; but her door stood open, the sunlight shone warm across her floor, no dust lay on her lovely images, and a great sheaf of lilies stood before the alcove where her veiled statue waited. Her modeling tools were ready, and a mass of clay upon the stand invited her longing hands to the labor they loved. A letter lay beside the tools, and opening it she read with all the eager color fading out of her face, and lips that closed as if to shut in the cry of a broken heart:

"MY FRIEND:—

"There is no way to spare you the hard truth, and it is best to learn it from one who loves you. Max is married. He was not brave enough to share your burden, nor patient enough to wait till you were free. Forget him and live for your art, as I try to do. I know you will prefer to suffer the first grief alone, but I am near to live and die for you. Remember me. HURST."

How Victoria lived through that night no words ever told, but when her anxious neighbor ventured to tap at her door next day he was startled to hear the same clear voice bid him enter, to see the woman he loved turn from her work with a smile sadder than tears, and to hear her say, in a voice the more pathetic for its struggle to be cheery:

"Welcome, old friend! See, I obey you, and try to find consolation in work as you do. Say nothing of the past, but help me to bear the present; it is so hard—the future so hopeless!"

She stretched her hands to him as if there was no other refuge left her, and he took her tenderly in his strong arms, blessing the sorrow that gave him the bliss of comforting her.

"I hoped so much—love was so sweet—life looked so rich and full—how shall I bear to live when all my beautiful dreams are gone, my happiness destroyed?" she cried, clinging to him with a rain of tears that washed the bloom of youth away forever.

"Build stronger, look higher, and live down despair. Love is not all, nor happiness, my child. Wring the sweet out of the bitter, and grow strong through suffering. Great souls are made so, and you are too noble to be weak. Give me your hand, brave comrade, and let us face this hard world together. I will never fail you, and ask nothing but the right to be your friend."

There was such an inspiring ring in Hurst's voice, such courage in his face, where the last year of patient waiting had left deep lines, such utter self-forgetfulness in his words, and tender devotion in the spirit that looked out of his honest eyes, that Victoria felt her heavy heart answer as to stirring music, and standing erect she swept away her tears and answered heroically:

"Lead me, I will follow. It is not necessary to be happy, it is necessary to be brave and true."

(To be continued.)

Star of Bethlehem.

BY LOUISE CAPRON CUSTICE.

UPON my darling's grave there grows
This flower, and dearer far to me
Than lily pale, or blushing rose,
Or any other flower can be.

RIGHT star of Hope! its petals gleam
So chastely pure, so snowy white,
And make the emerald grasses seem
Greener than elsewhere to my sight.

IT lifts its dainty, delicate head
To gaze, like Faith, toward the skies;
Though earth-bound in its narrow bed,
To Heaven it turns its tender eyes.

THE Eastern shepherds wandered far
To find the Saviour whom they sought;
Led by a radiant, rising star,
Gold, myrrh, and frankincense they brought.

O, guided by the guardian ray,
They knelt the living Christ beside;
But these pure petals point the way,
And lead me to the Christ who died.

A Vagary of Fashion.



MADE up my mind I was going, but mother shook her head dubiously, as a mother with seven children, two of them grown-up girls, and a small income will when an occasion demanding a large outlay of money presents itself.

"Talk about the endurance of martyrs," mother said with a sigh; "why the troubles of John Rogers with his family of nine—or was it ten, my dear? I never could get John Rogers and his family straight—were as nothing compared with mine and my family of seven; he was going straight to heaven, but I am left to battle in the world with mine; what with trying to get an education for my boys and husbands for my girls it's better to be a martyr and go to heaven at once."

"Let your girls hunt up that important article for themselves, my dear mother," I said, laughingly. "I'm sure they'll be more likely to succeed than you."

"My dear Dowie [I was born Fauntleroy and baptised Eudoxie] my dear Dowie, you talk like a child. You have no idea of the difficulty there is in getting a desirable husband."

"I've no doubt desirable men are scarce," I answered gayly, plucking a scarlet geranium from the plant in the window, and fastening it in my dark hair—perfectly conscious of how pretty a picture I made to the eye of the casual passer-by. "I've no doubt they are scarce; but I'll manage to pick up somebody worth having."

"You are so hard to please that I am in despair about you, Dowie. Now there's Mr. Abrams: he's as nice a young man as you will be likely to meet. He has five hundred thousand dollars and admires you immensely."

"But there is an impassible barrier between us and matrimony: he wants none of my religion and I want none of his. I wouldn't object to his money if his religion was not in the way, although he has rather more nose than would be convenient in a small house."

"You wouldn't be likely to live in a small house if you were Mrs. Abrams. It's strange girls never can see where their best interests are. What's the difference whether a man's nose be big or little as long as he makes a good husband?"

"The nose is the least objectionable feature of your proposed match. I don't suppose you want me to change my faith, and I do assure you Mr. Abram's Roman nose and my religion could never be mated."

"Well, well, it's no good talking about it," mother interrupted sighingly, "but it's a pity; such a lot of money. Then there is Mr. Wallace; he's worth nearly a million, and thinks a great deal of you."

"What *are* you talking about? The man has one wife already; and has no intention, I suppose, of becoming a Mormon—or, if he has, I haven't. I think your seven children and their lack of husbands have driven you mad, Mrs. Fauntleroy."

"I don't know," said mother plaintively. "He has lots of money, and I'd be more civil to him if I were you; you always treat him with such—well, insolence is not too strong a word. He told me last night he thought you were the handsomest woman he ever saw."

"The impudent villain! What is it his business whether I am handsome or not? I believe you and he are in conspiracy to murder his wife and marry him to me," I said, half amused and half indignant.

"You know I wasn't thinking of your *marrying* him," mother cried, highly disgusted with my "levity," "but that he could be of service to the boys when they are a little older; and there is no need of making yourself disagreeable if he *is* married."

"I don't admire married men who have the bad taste to admire me, or any other woman except their wives."

"Well, there's Captain Felton"—

"Not available; he's engaged to my best friend. My dear mother, I quite agree with you that a rich husband is indispensable to my future happiness and grandeur, but I can't forswear my faith, murder one of my friends, or break the heart of another, for the sake of obtaining one. No; I'll look farther though I may fare worse."

"In less than a year you will be twenty-two years old," said my mother, with due solemnity, in view of this awful fact.

"I can't deny it," I said with resignation, "but I hope for the best before the year is out. Henri Junius Browne says, 'Boys fall in love with faces, men with forms, philosophers with talents;' as I possess all these attractions, a lovely face, a perfect form, and talent enough to make people think I'm a great deal smarter than I am, I think I ought to gain a matrimonial prize."

"It's all a chance, Dowie; I've seen the ugliest girls marry the handsomest men, and the most stupid girls marry the smartest men."

"That's natural enough. Ugly girls would of course worship beauty, and as handsome men all adore themselves, from Narcissus down, all they want is a reflection of themselves, and that they find in the flattering tongues and eyes of their ugly sweethearts and wives: smart men are notoriously egotistical and want no rivals; therefore are satisfied with simpletons whose stupidity contrasts with, and heightens their own brilliancy. Now, according to that theory, I ought to marry a very rich man, because I am poor and I adore money. I have beauty myself, and one beauty is enough in a family; I don't want a smart man, for I'm not *too* smart myself, and a smart man might find out that I'm not a female Solon; but I do want money, and money I'm bound to have; so I'm determined to go to Nellie's party. The golden fish will be there, and I'm resolved to capture him."

"Do you know anything of this gentleman Nellie has selected for you, Doxie?"

"Nothing, my dear madam, except that he has two millions of dollars and neither wife nor lady-love; and that is all I need to know about that future husband of mine."

"But my dear," mother said, looking as grave as if the preliminaries were all arranged, marriage settlements drawn and signed, and trousseau purchased, "but my dear, he mightn't have a good disposition; he might be bad-tempered, or stingy, or—"

"My dear mother, he has two millions of dollars! two millions of dollars cover a multitude of faults very effectually. Besides, if his temper is bad, mine is as sweet as honey, and if he is stingy, I am, as you have often assured me, the most extravagant creature in the world; so we'll neutralize each other's bad qualities."

"Don't place too much dependence on that," mother said with a sigh as she opened her pocket-book and looked over her cash in hand and a package of unpaid bills. "However, you are not married to him yet; so we'll let the future take care of itself for the present. Now, Doxie, how much money do you expect me to give you?"

"All you can spare," I answered promptly.

"Well, I can't spare much," mother said, putting her unpaid bills and the money necessary to pay them on one side, and her surplus funds on the other.

"Of course, mother, I'd like to have a handsome and becoming dress if you can afford it, but then if you can't, I'll be satisfied with a becoming one, and depend upon my handsome self, and not upon my handsome dress to lure my golden fish."

"You know, Doxie, that the girls all dress richly."

"So they do; but they all have fathers with big bank accounts to pay for their splendor. They can't expect penniless me to dress as richly as they do; or if they do they will be mistaken."

"I don't want you to look shabby," mother said, restlessly shifting her roll of money from one side of her secretary to the other.

"I don't intend to look shabby; moreover, madam, Miss Fauntleroy couldn't look shabby if she tried. I have had visions," I said wistfully, "of a rich white silk, trimmed with some of your old lace and blush roses, but if you can't afford it—"

"Hardly," mother said doubtfully; "still, if you will go—"

"I will go, mother; that's a settled fact. Why should the spirit of mortal be proud? if I can't get a white silk why shouldn't I go in something else? I'll have a good time, never fear, whatever I wear."

"I wish I had your contented spirit, Doxie."

"I wish you had, mother dear, if it would give you any happiness. But, while you are wishing, why don't you wish for a hundred thousand dollars at once, and then both my contented spirit and your discontented one would be satisfied."

"Well, about your dress? You say you have decided on a white silk. I think myself that is a judicious choice because I have such

quantities of lace; but I can't tell whether you can have it until you count the cost."

"I have already counted it. I've done nothing but calculate the cost of that important and fateful ball-dress ever since Nellie told me she was going to have a ball on her birthday, and had invited Mr. Allen for my special benefit. Seventy-five dollars will cover the cost of everything; but if that is more than you can afford, I'll be satisfied with a cream-colored cashmere, trimmed with silk and fringes."

"I prefer the white silk with lace and roses," mother said decidedly.

"So do I," I returned quite as decidedly; "but if I can't get the one I'll take the other."

"Seventy-five dollars is a good deal of money for us you know, Doxie," mother continued dubiously, "and if you should fail—"

"There is no such word as fail in the lexicon of so handsome and determined a woman as I am. You shall enjoy the felicity of being mother-in-law to a rich man in less than a year."

"I wasn't thinking of your matrimonial failure or success," mother said laughingly, "but if you should fail to make a success in the fit and style of your dress, it would be a great deal of money wasted. And you know we can't afford a silk dress and a dressmaker too, unless we go in debt."

"Which we won't; I'd stay at home before I'd go in debt one single penny. I don't care much for the opinion of the world, but I care a great deal for the good opinion of Eudoxie Fauntleroy; and my self-respect, no less than my pride, would be outraged at people saying Doxie Fauntleroy bought a dress, which she has never paid for, for the purpose of getting a rich husband. And, appalling thought, if I shouldn't get the rich husband after all!—but that is a side of the picture I refuse to look upon."

"Well, if nothing happens between now and the tenth of next month you shall have the money to buy the silk. But remember that I can give you only seventy-five dollars, or eighty at the farthest, and you must be careful."

"Nothing will happen, mother, and with eighty dollars I can make myself so splendid you'll think I'm the Queen of Sheba."

But, alas, something did happen. Aunt Doxie, who is old and grim and disagreeable and rich, fell sick, and because she is old and grim and disagreeable *and rich*, mother insisted that I should go and nurse her through her illness, that is in theory; practically and as a matter of fact aunt Doxie wouldn't have allowed me to touch her, sick or well, with a forty-foot pole—as I don't suppose any one else would, even if I were able to handle such a weapon, but I use the expression "forty-foot pole" merely as a strong and significant figure of speech—and would have no one near her except her handmaiden Hannah, who had grown as old and grim and disagreeable and almost as rich in her service as aunt Doxie herself. As I had nursed aunt Doxie through several fatal illnesses, all of which had terminated in the complete recovery of the pa-

tient, and were fatal to no one but me, who was speedily routed out of the house as soon as aunt Doxie was sufficiently recovered to rout me, I naturally preferred to stay at home and make my ball dress rather than go to aunt Doxie, to be bullied by Hannah while aunt Doxie was sick, and turned out of the house as soon as aunt Doxie got well. But mother insisted upon my going, and go I did—with the usual result; and I returned home a sadder and a poorer woman, for it had taken a considerable slice out of my money for my dress to pay the expenses of the trip. But that was not all my trials and tribulations; for when I reached home I found the wind had been taking liberties with our house and blown the roof off, and mother sitting, like a female Marius, amid the ruins and weeping her eyes out; so I immediately sat down, like another female Marius amid the ruins, and wept *my* eyes out, for I knew my ball-dress had gone with the roof of our house.

I wept all that night and all next day, while the tanners were pounding away at the roof; but on the third day I aroused me from my grief and said,

"Mother, I'm going to have a ball dress."

"Where will you get it, Doxie?—unless you go in debt for it. You know that every cent I have, and more, will have to go to those ti-ti-tanners."

"Well, mother, if you can give me five or six dollars I know I can manage it."

"Why Eudoxie Fauntleroy, *what* can you do with five or six dollars? You haven't a single dress you can possibly utilize for a ball dress—now if you hadn't cut up your graduation dress for Bertha this spring."

"But I have cut it up, so that's out of the question. I haven't a dress, mother, but I have an inspiration. Helen Yorke told me Madame Dupuy was making up lots of dresses, and she said they were lovely too, of unbleached cotton. Now why can't I have one of them for Nellie's party?"

"A dress of unbleached cotton for Nellie Cleveland's ball? Doxie, you've taken leave of your senses."

"No I haven't. I admit I couldn't wear a dress of such material at any other time than the present, but it is a vagary of fashion that I may as well take advantage of. I believe I can make a very effective dress; at all events I can only fail; so give me the money and let me try the experiment. I'll take my scarlet silk that I wore to Fanny Frelon's masquerade, and that is of no earthly use except to cut up for trimmings, and with that and twenty yards of unbleached cotton I believe I can make a dress worth looking at—with Miss Fauntleroy inside of it."

And I did. I suppose a woman of less daring independence of spirit would never have attempted such a thing; but with the aid of my taste, ingenuity, and good looks, I made a success with my rather unpromising material. I bought a soft, pretty piece of cotton, of a dark cream color, and cut it into a princess dress with a square-cut front and elbow sleeves, and a long, very long train—my dress was cheap, and I didn't mind the general public tramping over it. I trimmed it with narrow ruffles,

bound with scarlet silk, and ornamented the front with black lace and scarlet ribbons; I placed a Frenchy combination of black lace, scarlet roses, and cream-colored ribbons on the left side of my square corsage, and another on the right side of my skirt, and the general effect was graceful and stylish, if not strikingly original. I possess an antique necklace of dead gold, jet, and coral, which just suited my dress, and when my toilet was made and I clasped it round my throat, and drew on my long cream-colored gloves, I looked in the glass and decided that the young lady it reflected was sufficiently handsome and sufficiently well-dressed to attend any ball. My dress was certainly elegant and distinguished in appearance, if not in fact, and both mother and Bertha agreed that it was becoming.

And so evidently did a handsome young gentleman who stumbled over my train—and swore at it under his breath; I expect—the very first minute I entered the ball-room. He made his apologies in an easy way, but in spite of his well-bred ease of manner, his handsome face was flushed to the temples over his mishap. The sight of a young gentleman blushing was so novel a one, that I looked at him with considerable interest, which caused him to blush still more violently, and retarded his efforts to disentangle himself from my flounces and ribbons carpeting the floor for a yard or two behind me.

"Oh, Allen, you here?" said Harry Cleveland, coming up at that moment. "I have been looking for you to present you to Miss Halleck, or some one else, if you'd rather, for this set of the lancers."

"Allen! magic name. So this handsome young man was the fortunate possessor of two millions."

"I should be most happy to be presented to Miss Halleck," he said, looking at me with rather audacious though admiring eyes; "but—"

"But he is in bondage," I interrupted laughingly, glancing down at my train, which still engulfed him in its voluminous folds.

"And would prefer to stay there, perhaps," Harry said, smilingly.

"I certainly should, if Miss—"

"Fauntleroy," I said softly, with a smile and a blush.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Doxie, I thought you and Mr. Allen had met before now," and Harry presented him in more ceremonious and orthodox style.

"If Miss Fauntleroy will permit me," said Mr. Allen, finishing his interrupted sentence.

Miss Fauntleroy would certainly permit Mr. Allen to remain in bondage to her charms, for she was here for the purpose of making him captive to them.

We immediately set about making ourselves agreeable to each other, and succeeded so well that it was late in the evening before Nellie found a chance to say,

"I have been trying all the evening to present Mr. Allen to you. He admired you ever so much, especially your *dress*. He says there is something rather uncommon about your dress that commands attention at once; and I believe he is right, although there are half-a-

dozen cream-colored silks trimmed with scarlet in the room, yours is unlike all the rest, and is as becoming and stylish as can be—he'd laugh if he knew it cost only ten cents a yard, and you made it yourself. Never mind, Doxie, if you marry the man I've chosen for you, you can have a hundred silk dresses if you want them."

"Well, I do want them, Nellie, and I think, although it's rather early to venture an opinion on that subject, that I want him too. But where have your eyes been, girl, that you haven't seen him talking and dancing with me all the evening?"

"O Doxie, Doxie! that's his cousin Frank. Oh, what a dreadful mistake! Don't fall in love with *him*, Doxie, for you know I always said you'd marry a chimney-sweeper if you'd fall in love with one, and care not what anybody said. Frank is the nicest fellow in the world, but he hasn't a penny except what he makes from month to month. *Don't* say you like him, though I suppose you can't help it, for everybody does."

It was a dreadful mistake, for already I had perceived a certain something in the young man's handsome, tender eyes, that warned me of the possibility that I might some day become very dear to him, and I—well, of course it is folly to talk about a woman being in love with a man she has known only one evening; but Nellie was right in this, that I'd marry the man I loved, no matter what his worldly station or share of this world's goods might be, and I was woman enough to know there was a dangerous future ahead for me, if I should be thrown much and intimately in the society of this handsome and agreeable young gentleman.

And after all there is a certain charm in the thought of a man working hard, early and late, for the woman he loves; and an equally great charm I felt, later on in our acquaintance, when I stood beside him one evening and caught his sweet and tender eyes bent upon me with such a *true* look in them, in the thought of a woman doing her share, in her graceful, womanly way, in making his home the earthly paradise that the home of all married true lovers should be. And this thought took possession of my fancy, and made me forget, for a time at least, that I had resolved to marry a rich man.

And so the radiant days of June, glorious with the beauty and sweetness of countless roses, sped on into the midsummer heats of July and August, and these in turn melted away into the golden September, while I dreamed of the sweet possibilities of a future shared by one who loved me so loyally and well as I now knew I was loved; for there was nothing of the flirt in my lover's earnest nature, and when he fell in love he made no secret of it either to the world or to the woman he loved. But yet, spite of the sweetness of the thought that his true and honest heart was mine, that his home might some day be my home, and his tender, faithful love stand ever between me and the cares and sorrows of life, I dreaded the declaration his eloquent eyes foretold, for I was too ambitious a woman to be perfectly happy in a marriage where only love was to be gained; and so, when he came

to me one fragrant, moonlit night, with his hands filled with roses, and tossed them in my lap with some laughing compliment, I buried my face in their cool white depths with a shuddering sigh, for I knew, like the Lady of Shalott, that my fate had come upon me.

"Miss Doxie," he said, with a happy, confident light in his handsome eyes, "I am going to ask you a question. You know what it is, don't you?"

But I made him no answer, and kept my face hidden in his roses.

"Surely, Doxie, you know what I am going to ask you?" and he took both my hands in his.

"If you are going to ask me to marry you—don't do it."

"Why?" he said, dropping my hands, and the tender, caressing light died out of his eyes, and was replaced with so bitter and disappointed a look that it went straight to my heart. "Don't you love me, Doxie?"

"Because I can't refuse you, and—and—I *never* intended to marry a poor man. I wanted to marry a rich one."

"Well, I'll try very hard, for your sake, to become a rich one some day. But oh, Doxie, how can I wait all these weary weary years, till I become a rich man and am able to buy my wife?"

"You won't have to buy your wife, Frank; she will give herself to you whenever you want her—whenever these two hands," I said, taking them in mine and putting them to my lips, "are able to make a living for us."

"They are able now, my darling," he said, in a passionate whisper, "and I want my wife as soon as she will come to me. Oh, Doxie!" he cried, putting his lips to mine for the first time in a tender, reverential kiss, "I can hardly realize my happiness. What *ever* made you fall in love with me, my own dear love?"

"Well, I never would have thought of doing such an improper thing, if I hadn't thought you had two millions of dollars. But what made you fall in love with *me*?"

"I think I fell heels over head in love—no, that doesn't sound romantic. I fell in love to the uttermost depths of my heart, when I tangled myself up in that long, long train of yours, the night of Nellie Cleveland's party. And don't you know, Doxie, I think I should never have had the courage to ask so imposing a young lady as you to marry me if it hadn't been for that dress. But I thought a girl who can make and wear such a dress will not be afraid to marry even so poor a man as I, if she cares for him."

"Well," I said laughingly, "that dress accomplished its mission after all then. I made it and wore it in the hope and expectation of getting a husband, but I expected to win a higher prize than *you*—I expected to get two millions."

"Doxie," he said, looking straight into my eyes, "would you rather have the two millions? It is not too late; you may win them yet, perhaps."

"I'd rather have *you* than all the millions in the world."

And so I would, though I think mother wouldn't.

Kith and Kin.

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

(Continued from page 119.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE SISTERS.



NOW, Del, I'll go upstairs, and remove the stains of travel," remarked Judith, putting aside Rhoda's renewed demands for news.

"Yes, do, and I'll come with you," answered Delphine, as they passed out of the parlor together.

Outside, in the hall, they stood still, and looked each at the other, their hands locked together. Then both bent forward, and exchanged a grave kiss.

"Now I feel as if I really were at home again," said Judith, in a tone of satisfaction. "I'll come to your room Del, since my things have not walked upstairs; and according to Rhoda's account, there is no one to bring them at present."

"All right," said Delphine, flying up the shallow oaken stairs with a rapid motion, and then arrived at the top, standing still and looking down upon her more slowly-moving sister.

"You are more like some 'strange bright bird' than ever, child," said Judith, her eyes dwelling upon her with deep pleasure.

"Don't add, 'with plumage gay,' I pray you," laughed Delphine, "for my plumage is very old and shabby, and is likely to continue so."

"It shows off your beauty the better, then," replied the other, as they went arm in arm down a long, light, broad corridor. There was abundance of room in Yoresett House. If the girls had not many other luxuries, they could each indulge in that of a separate bedroom, and one or two sitting-rooms apiece as well. The only difficulty about it being, as Rhoda had more than once observed, that there was no furniture in any of them.

Delphine flitted about the room, pouring out water for Judith to wash her hands in, placing a brush and comb for her, and so forth, all her movements being instinct with a grace on which the eyes of the elder girl continually dwelt. Delphine was more like a ray of sunshine than anything else, but not the sunshine that is broad and busy and glaring, rather like those rays of it which came quietly stealing through trees on a summer afternoon, as the sun goes westering. Her hair was of the real golden hue, and she wore it braided low down behind, and falling in loose and natural waves about a delicate and sweet oval face. She possessed, too, the great beauty which does not always accompany such hair and such a complexion, a pair of limpid, golden-brown eyes, which might be light in their actual color, but which, as Judith had often said, "always behaved as if they were dark."

Seen alone, it could not be denied that Judith Conisbrough possessed grace, as well as dignity of carriage. Seen beside Delphine, the dignity remained, but one wondered where the grace had gone. The girls were aged respectively twenty and twenty-two; and their friendship was as closely knit a bond as could well exist.

"How did Mr. Danesdale get here, Delphine, and where does he come from?" asked Judith. "How long is it since he established himself here in this fashion? And have I been away four days? or am I laboring under a delusion, and been absent four months?"

"Your questions are numerous, my dear, for you. I will answer the last one first. You left here last Thursday, so that as to-day is Monday, you have been away just four days. Mr. Danesdale got here by the prosaic method of pulling the bell, and asking Louisa if Mrs. Conisbrough was at home. He performed this prodigious deed last Thursday afternoon—not many hours after you and uncle Aglionby had started on your travels."

"But what brought him here? The Danesdales and we have not had much to do with each other for a long time, now. Surely, he did not deliberately come to call upon us."

"He came very deliberately, as he does everything," replied Delphine, with a sudden infectious laugh, which began in her eyes, and ended with her voice. "He came, as I tell you, and was admitted. He introduced himself, and said he had been shooting, and that in returning, coming through Yoresett, he had been prowling round our back premises, of course not knowing whose they were, and that his dog, in a moment of temporary mental aberration, having perceived our cat, had rushed into the garden after her, and was then planted beneath the big apple-tree, awaiting her descent from it, while she sat aloft and growled. He—Mr. Danesdale I mean, not the dog—thought his personal intervention would be necessary to reconcile the conflicting powers. He had asked a man whose garden it was, and as he knew Mrs. Conisbrough's name perfectly well, he had ventured—and so on. A very elegant speech, but it took him *such* a long time to get through it."

"Well, did you let him into the garden, then?"

"We let him into the garden, and watching him carefully, and in some alarm, as being such a very unusual kind of visitor for us to have, we perceived him go into the garden, call his dog to him, and administer a cuff to it."

"Beat it? oh, horrid!" said Miss Conisbrough, with a red face of indignation.

"So Rhoda thought, for she ran out to him, and caught hold of his arm, and in a voice trembling with emotion, cried 'For shame!'"

Judith laughed.

"He turned round, took off his hat, and said, 'did you ever t—train a dog?'"

Judith laughed again at the ludicrous exact imitation of Mr. Danesdale's tones.

"Rhoda said 'no.' 'Then,' he answered, with the most melancholy drawl, 'don't hinder me in the performance of a painful duty.' Upon which Rhoda blushed violently,

though she indignantly denies it to this day."

"To this day! it might have happened a month ago, to hear you talk."

"It does seem quite a long time ago. He gave his dog a slight chastisement, and sent it in a state of abject repentance out into the road. Then mother asked him to sit down in the parlor and rest, which he did: he stayed quite a long time, and told us where he had been traveling, and what he had been doing, and what he meant to do, now that he had got home."

"Evidently under the impression that his family and ours were on intimate terms," interrupted Judith significantly.

"Quite so, and he described the party they had staying at the Castle, and, I'm sorry to say, made great fun of some of his sister's friends."

"Implying that you were not so dull," murmured Judith."

"Perhaps so," said Delphine, who had seated herself on the edge of the bed, and who looked pensively across toward her sister. "But then you must reflect, Judith, that as soon as he mentioned us at home, which he would be almost sure to do, his darkness would be enlightened, for Philippa Danesdale is not our devoted friend; he would hear all about us, and about our poverty and our general insignificance."

"Yes, of course; and what conclusion do you draw from that?"

"Oh, nothing in particular, only you seemed to think that if he had known at first all about us and our circumstances, he might not have been so polite as he has been."

"So I did think, and so I do."

"Cynic! But in that case, why does he continue to come? for he has been several times—nearly every day—since, on some pretext or other."

"True," said Judith reflectively, standing still with a hairbrush in one hand, and a hand-glass in the other, and looking with abstracted earnestness at Delphine, who for her part met the glance openly with her luminous eyes, which seemed to reveal everything, while in reality they concealed nearly all that was passing in her mind.

"He must come, then," said Judith, slowly, "because he likes to come."

"Or," suggested Delphine, with a shadowy smile, "to amuse himself—young men like to amuse themselves, so I've heard; and speaking from my own point of view as a young woman, I should suppose it was true—and if they have inquiring minds, and are in a strange country, they like to amuse themselves by studying the manners and customs of the natives. Now, Mr. Danesdale is in a strange country—I'm sure Danesdale must be very strange to him after the years he's been away, and we, as natives, must be strange too."

"Ergo?"

"He finds amusement in studying us."

"It is an ingenious hypothesis, and one which does you credit," said Judith. "I have only one objection to make to it."

"And what is that?"

"That I don't believe, and it would take a great deal to convince me, that Mr. Danes-

dale was ever amused at anything in his whole life."

"Oh, Judith! Why, he was intensely amused at Rhoda and her goose this very afternoon."

"Was he? Well, I beg his pardon, and yours. In the meantime, don't you think mamma will be feeling herself injured at our long absence?" said Judith, giving a final shake to her garments. The two girls, arm in arm again, went down the broad, light passage, which, however, was beginning to be dusk now, and back again into the parlor. Neither of them had said, "He comes to see some one," yet the thought had been present in both minds.

"Now," said Rhoda, as they came into the parlor; "draw round the fire, and in the twilight tell us the tale of your adventures at Irkford. Give a sensational account of the meeting at once."

Judith essayed to do so, but succeeded ill, so ill that Rhoda at last said:

"Was it enthusiastic? I can't picture it. Was the room as large as the whole inside of Yoresett Church?"

(Yoresett Church would seat 800 persons at the outside.)

Judith laughed.

"I must have told my tale badly indeed, Rhoda. The room held twenty-five thousand people."

"Oh, dear!" said Rhoda, subdued by the picture conjured up. "I can't imagine it," she said at last. "One ought to see such things, and I never shall. And you went to the play? Oh, *how* I should like to go to the play! What was it called? 'Diplomacy?' That sounds political too. Mr. Danesdale says he has been over and over again to every theatre in Europe, worth speaking of, and he's going to give me an account of his experience."

"Indeed! Then I may as well keep my one little visit quiet. It is sure to fall flat, with such prospects as you speak of looming in the distance."

"Mean thing!"

"Did uncle seem to enjoy it?" asked Mrs. Conisbrough.

"He was delighted with the meeting. He saw lots of faces that he knew on the platform, and if he had not been so shy, I am sure some of those gentlemen would have given him a hearty welcome. But, of course, he wouldn't make any advances to them."

"Just like him!"

"It gave me an odd sensation," Judith went on, "to see all those multitudes. We *are* ambitious, you know, Del, you and I."

"Of libraries!" suggested Rhoda.

"But surely it would satisfy any ambition to walk on to a platform, and on the instant of one's appearance to be cheered madly by twenty-five thousand voices, as if they never meant to leave off."

"Yes, indeed. And did they groan? I have often wondered what groaning on a large scale could be like."

"Oh, yes! They groaned. It has a most extraordinary effect. There's something fearful in it. When any one whom they didn't like was mentioned, you know, then they

hooted and groaned. There was a young man near to us whom I watched a little. He was standing close to the end of our bench; I never saw any face look so earnest, or express such an intensity of interest. I think his eyes had a great deal to do with it. I never saw eyes that gleamed like his, nor any face which took such an expression of scorn and contempt. I am sure that young man has a terrible tongue and a hot temper."

"Dear me! This is thrilling!" said Rhoda, holding up a very dilapidated linen table napkin which she was supposed to be repairing, and then laying it down. "I see now what you were interested in. It was the young man, not the meeting. Proceed, I implore you!"

"No; I was interested in him as expressing the opinion of the meeting in a condensed form as it were. The spirit that I saw in his face was the general spirit felt, I am sure. And, oddly enough, when the meeting was over, he came to my assistance when I had got separated from uncle, for there were about one hundred and fifty thousand in all."

"Tremendous!" remarked Delphine.

"E-normous!" cried Rhoda. "And this interesting young man; how many more times did you see him?"

"Once," replied Judith, repressing a smile.

"You did! This is portentous! I suppose you cried, 'Ha! Do I behold my doom? Speak, stranger, whence and *what* art thou?' But where did you see him again? I am interested. Everything's interesting here."

"At the theatre."

"No! And did he see you?"

"He saw us; yes, distinctly. I saw him in the upper circle pointing us out to —"

"To his friend, the friend of the hero? What was his friend like? Any one in whom I could take an interest?"

"I really don't know. She was one of the prettiest creatures I ever saw in my life, despite her vulgarity and affectation."

"*She!* It was a *she!*"

"Yes. *She* was *his* sweetheart, my dear. No one could possibly have mistaken that fact."

"Oh—h!" Rhoda groaned. "How you do dash my hopes to the ground! Upon the whole, I think our hero is more interesting than yours."

"Yours?" laughed Judith, provokingly. "Which? Who? Where? Do tell me about him."

"You saw our hero this afternoon. Unreasoning jealousy alone makes you try to deny it. And he is a gentleman by birth and breeding, who lives at home at ease, and is not engaged to a vulgar girl whom he takes to the upper circle, not that I know where that is, but you mention it so sneeringly that I am sure it must be an inferior part of the house. No; I think, taken all in all, Delphine, we prefer our hero to this groaning, hooting, gleaming, bad-tempered one of Judith's."

Joining in the chorus of laughter, which greeted her observations, Rhoda departed, saying she had a little cooking to do.

Judith and Delphine had much to talk about, but Mr. Danesdale's name was not mentioned again until late at night, when they were both

in their respective beds, and Judith called from her room to Delphine's, which opened into it:

"By the way, Del, what is Mr. Danesdale's name? His Christian name, by which he is known to those who love him best, you know."

"Randulf," came sleepily from the other room.

"*Randulf*—what a queer name!"

"It might have been better. Good-night, dear!"

"Good-night. Yes, I remember now, I have heard Philippa speak of '*Randulf*.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

SPECTRES.

THE morning broke fine, but with a delicate white mist over everything, swathing Addle-brough hill and the other great green fells which shut in the dale, and enrapping the woods which filled the hollows and gorges in the said hills. The Misses Conisbrough, surveying the prospect from the windows of the breakfast-room, decided that it was going to be a glorious day, and that they would go out and spend the morning at High Gill, where it would be sheltered and sunny.

There was absolutely nothing to prevent them from going out when, and for as long as they chose. No numerous engagements; no probable callers, or other claims upon their time and attention existed, to detain them.

Judith and Delphine and Rhoda Conisbrough were girls whose life had its trials. Fatherless, brotherless, and very poor, they had never known any other existence than the one they led now. Mrs. Conisbrough's income was of the very slenderest proportions. She possessed the house she lived in; it had been given by old John Aglionby's father to his daughter, Mrs. Conisbrough's mother; and she, as an only child, had inherited it. The years of her married life had been passed there, with the clergyman her husband. Her income was sufficient, by strict economy, to maintain herself and her daughters in respectability; that sad kind of respectability which has to be ever on the alert to conceal the scantiness of the clothing that is beneath the decent outside garment. They had enough of food, enough of firing, and a servant to wait upon them and keep up appearances before outside eyes. There, their comforts might almost be said to end. The girls had never known what real comfort or plenty meant. What few and meager pretences of luxury they had ever known, had come through the hands of their greatuncle, whose heiresses they were supposed to be, but who loved to keep the reins of power in his own hand, and make his favors appreciated through their very rarity. His help had procured them an occasional visit to the seaside, an occasional dress for some rare and seldom-occurring festivity, an unfrequent sudden little expedition like this of Judith's to some neighboring town with him. It was a pinched, cramped, sordid life, and they were one and all girls of mind and spirit; girls who could not vegetate in inactivity without suffering from it, mentally and morally. They did suffer. Active brains

and quick imaginations they all possessed—possessed also intellect of no mean order, and apparently these things had been given them for no other purpose than that they might suppress all their promptings. Everywhere, turn where they would, even in this quiet dale at the world's end, there met them beauty and pleasures, and opportunities for enjoyment, and everywhere and always they were confronted by the one grinding answer to all wishes of that kind—"There is no money." Women like these it is who suffer tortures undreamed of by the busy and active, by those whose hands are full, and whose lives are running over with occupation; who may use their brains, and turn their talents into money, or exercise them in benevolent works. Such cannot know the degrading, the souring influence of a life of monotonous poverty, of gray care, of the pinching and scraping which results in no gain, no profit, which has for its sole object to hide from inquisitive or indifferent neighbors the real extent of the barrenness of the land. They were young yet; they had rubbed on somehow. Rhoda was still too much a child, lived too intensely in the present, and rejoiced too much in the mere fact of a life of perfect health and perfect ignorance to have suffered much so far. But her sisters suffered, and suffered the more in knowing that the social law was no longer so stringent, which used to decree for women in their position, "Thus far and no farther. Thou shalt work, not for honorable profit, but to conceal thy inherited poverty. Thou shalt wither and die where thou art—only thou shalt not come forward, nor have thy name spoken, for that is a shame." And, if circumstances did not change, Rhoda too would suffer in years to come. Mrs. Conisbrough said it was their wretched poverty that was at the bottom of it all. It was poverty which prevented her from dressing her daughters suitably, and taking them out into the society they were fitted for.

"Had I been able to do that," she often said, "both Judith and Delphine would marry easily. Any one can see that Judith goes about like a queen; and Delphine's face, if she had her proper chances, would set a score of men raving. Instead of which they are wait—waiting here; seeing no one, doing nothing, and their uncle will do nothing to keep me, though you would think that out of sheer self-respect he would wish them to make a different appearance in the world."

Judith, tired of these outbursts, and ashamed of hearing them, occasionally remonstrated. A more than usually open discussion had taken place on the subject only a day or two before her departure with her great-uncle for Irkford. "Political meetings," Mrs. Conisbrough had complained, "were not the places where girls found husbands. Their uncle could take them to such places just to gratify himself, but he obstinately closed his eyes against doing anything which was for their real good." Judith's indignation had been roused, and she had spoken out, more plainly than was her wont, to her mother.

"I would not take a penny from my uncle, mother, to do as you seem to think we ought to do. You mean, I suppose, to buy dresses, and

go to balls and other places for men to look at us, and fall in love with us. It is disgusting, and, for my part, if he offered me the invaluable chance to-morrow, with the alternative of never leaving Yoresett again, I know which I would choose. But if he would give me a hundred pounds now, to do as I like with, I would not be here another week."

"Why, what in the world would you do with it?"

"I should do the only thing that I know of as being open to me. As I have never been properly educated, and all my accomplishments consist of a few songs which I sing very badly, no one would take me to teach their children. Besides, I can't teach, though I can learn as fast as anybody. I should go to some large town, such as Irkford or Leeds, and go to the principal doctor in it, and tell him how much money I had got, and ask him whether I could be made into a nurse."

"Preposterous!" said Mrs. Conisbrough coarsely.

"It would be hateful, and I should loathe it at first. But I am able to do nothing else, and it is not an expensive trade to learn. It would earn my bread. I should be of some use to some one; for there must be people to do the drudgery of this world, and it would be, oh, the whole universe higher than selling myself to a man in exchange for a home and clothing. Any girl out of the street can do that."

"Judith, I forbid you ever to utter such—such coarse, horrible expressions again in my hearing. To speak in that way of marriage—the happiest and holiest institution there is."

"If that is what you call marriage, give me unholy institutions."

"I am too much shocked and grieved to say any more," replied Mrs. Conisbrough, really hurt.

"I am very sorry if you are hurt, mother. Unfortunately, Del and I have so very much time on our hands, and so little to do with it, that we get bitter sometimes, and wish we were housemaids."

"You little know what you are talking about. That murmuring spirit of yours is shocking, Judith. I can't really imagine what you have to complain of," said her mother with the sublime inconsistency of a weak-willed woman, who is tenacious of no proposition except the one which asserts that surely never was mortal vexed as she is vexed. "You have a house to live in, clothes to cover you, and food to eat."

"So has a well-to-do farmer's cow in winter. If I felt like a cow, I should consider myself well-off, I daresay."

"Who said anything about cows? You always wander so far from the point. Not only that, but you have your uncle's money to look to. When he dies, you will, every one, be well off, and I shall perhaps have a little rest, if I'm not killed with trouble before ever he goes—poor, dear old man!"

The last words came hastily, as an afterthought. "It is best to bow at the name of the devil—he can do so much harm." Mrs. Conisbrough had become suddenly desirous of counteracting the impression which her first remarks might have produced, that she cherished hopes of Mr. Aglionby's speedy demise,

or that she considered him a stingy curmudgeon. If any such speech ever penetrated to his ears, the service of all these years would assuredly go for naught.

"I would far rather that uncle would help me to make myself well-off," said Judith. "I mean as soon as I get the chance to write to some of the women's rights ladies, and ask them to help me; only they will very naturally inquire, 'What can you do?'—and I must perforce answer, 'Nothing, madam.'"

"If ever you do so disgrace yourself, you— you will break my heart," said Mrs. Conisbrough, who at the words "women's rights" beheld in her mind's eye a woman on a platform, dressed in men's clothes, and shouting at the top of her voice. She herself was one of those women who never look at a newspaper, and viewed them in the light of useful protectors to white-painted pantry shelves, when not ruined for that exalted purpose by the stupid persons who would cut them, instead of leaving them in the original broadsheet.

But Judith had left the room, far more deeply moved and agitated than her mother, though the latter bore every outward appearance of chagrin. Mrs. Conisbrough was left to fume over her troubles. She accused her girls of being obstinate, self-opinionated, and unconventional; she did not know where they got that restless spirit from; in her days young people were much more strictly brought up, and scarcely ventured to open their mouths before their elders—the fact being that her own daughters had never been brought up at all. She always allowed things to drift as far and as long as she could. The girls had grown up, struggled up, scrambled up—anything that the reader likes. They had never been brought up by a hand firm and tender at once; and this fact accounted for some of their defects as well as for some of their virtues. Then again, though their lives were even more secluded, their opportunities fewer, their means narrower than hers had been at their age; though they lived at the end of the world, in a dale without a railway, their souls had received a sprinkling from the spray of that huge breaker of the nineteenth century spirit which we call progress. How it had reached them it would have been hard to say, but perhaps the very silence and monotony of their existence had enabled them to hear its thunder as it rolled onward,

"In lapses huge, and solemn roar,
Ever on, without a shore."

Certain it was that they had heard it, had been baptized with some drops of its potent brine, and that thoughts and speculations disturbed their minds, which would never have entered hers; that things which to her formed the *summum bonum* of existence, caused them no pang by their absence. While she was always lamenting their want of money, their absence of "chances," they cried out that they had no work; nothing to do. She wanted them to be married; they wished to have employment. The difference of aim and opinion was a deep and radical one; it marked a profound dissimilarity in the mental constitutions of mother and daughters; it was a constant

jar, and a breech which threatened to grow wider.

She knew that this morning Judith and Delphine would have a weighty confabulation upon certain points which would not be submitted to her; that aspects of the Irkford visit would be described and dwelt upon, of which she would never hear anything. She accused her girls in her own mind of reserve and secretiveness, oblivious of the fact that she never gave an opinion upon their aspirations in the matter of work, save to condemn them.

Mrs. Conisbrough watched them as they left the house, and went up the street toward the hill in whose recesses High Gill was hidden—three as lovely, lissom figures as a mother's heart could wish to see. She heaved a deep sigh. Her comely countenance looked clouded and downcast; and she shook her head.

"God forgive me!" she thought within herself; "sometimes I really wish he was dead, and all safe! Once in possession we should be right, I know. It is all absolutely his, and he can leave it as absolutely to us. No one could set aside any will that he chose to make. Besides, anything else, as all this time, and after all that he has promised, would be so hideously unnatural."

She went to her seat by the fire, and to a great basket of household linen, every article of which required repair, for all the things at Yoresett House had been in use for many years, and nobody in the establishment had much money wherewith to buy new ones.

The morning droned on, and she sat undisturbed in the breakfast parlor, whose windows looked, not upon the market-place, but to the back, over a delightful garden in which stood the big apple-tree beneath which Mr. Danesdale's dog had sat and watched Mrs. Conisbrough's cat; and beyond that, to delicious-looking, rounded, green hills, like those which form the background of some of Mr. Burne Jones's pictures. There were autumn woods, too, to be seen—a blaze of scarlet and gold, from which the mist had now completely cleared away. Deep in one of these woods was High Gill, the favorite resort of the girls. They loved to pass a summer afternoon or an autumn morning there, listening to the lulling roar of the water, and watching the rainbows made by the spray.

Profound silence throughout the old house, till at last there came the sound of horses' hoofs along the street outside—hoofs which paused before her door.

"It must be Uncle John, I suppose," she thought, and very soon afterwards, he walked into the room, saluting her with the words:

"Well, Marion, good-day!"

"Good-morning, Uncle! How good of you to come and see me so soon! Sit down, and have a glass of wine."

"No, thank you. I won't trouble your ever-generous hospitality," said the old man, and his smile, as he spoke, was a sinister one, bearing a great resemblance to Bernard's most malevolent grimace. His rugged eyebrows came down in a kind of penthouse over his eyes, effectually concealing their expression, save when they caught the light, and then there

was that in them which was not the lambent glow of benevolence.

The old squire, as Aglionby was called in those parts, was not famed for the sweetness of his temper, nor for its certainty. Mrs. Conisbrough had experienced, ere now, specimens of the defectiveness of this temper; but though the men of the Aglionby race were not famed for the ingratiating amiability of their manners, she thought she had never seen her uncle look so uncompromisingly vindictive as he did now. She disliked, too, the suave and mellifluous accents in which he spoke, and which belied the expression in his eyes.

"Well, at least sit down and rest," she urged him. "The girls have all gone out for a walk."

"Oh, have they? I hope Judith's safe return satisfied your maternal anxiety."

"I was not anxious about her, so long as I knew she was with you. She looked wonderfully brightened up by the little change. It was so kind of you to take her!"

"Humph! If it doesn't make her discontented with the home-coming."

"Oh, well-regulated minds—"

"Like yours, Marion. I know how admirably you were brought up. And I am sure you have brought up your girls as well as ever you were brought up yourself. They are truthful, I think. They ought to be, with a parson for their father, and such a good woman as you for their mother. I am sure you taught them the sinfulness of telling lies, haven't you, now?"

"Lies—"

"Yes, lies. I always call them what they are. 'Falsehoods,' untruths,—such rubbish; *lies* is the word for them, and lies I call them."

"Really, uncle," she said, with a nervous laugh, "one would think you were accusing me of telling untruths." Mrs. Conisbrough's tongue seemed to refuse to form the rougher word.

"The last thing in the world, my dear, that I should think of. I was just saying that you were so well taught the wickedness of telling lies, that you would be sure to bring up your daughters with a great respect for the truth. And then, having yourself been a parson's wife—you look surprised, my dear," he added, blandly. "It was your remark about well-regulated minds, and humdrum life, which sent my thoughts upon this task. I'm sure you have taught your daughters the necessity and beauty of truthfulness."

"I hope I have indeed, Uncle John. The world would be in a bad way without truthfulness, the most indispensable of moral virtues, I should call it."

"Ha, ha!" he burst out, and there was something so absolutely malignant in the tone of his laugh, that Mrs. Conisbrough looked at him, vaguely alarmed. "You never spoke a truer word, my dear. A bad way, indeed—a very bad way. All sorts of relations would be getting wrong with one another, and all sorts of injustice would reign rampant. Did you read the Tichborne case, when every one was interested in it?"

"No—I never read newspapers."

"That's a pity. There are so many interesting little scraps in them, such as ladies

like. In the first place, of course, there are the births, marriages, and deaths, and then, for us men, the political news, and the leading articles—you women don't care about such things, of course. But there are all kinds of bits of gossip that women *do* care for—such as long-lost sons turning up again, and all that kind of thing. That Tichborne case was the case of a man who called himself the rightful heir, you know."

"Yes, I think—of course I heard a great deal about it, though I didn't read it. But you see, we only have a newspaper once a week," she faltered, turning pale, and pressing her hands against her heart.

He was remorseless.

"It is just in the weekly papers that they cull together the choicest morsels of that kind," he said, smiling unpleasantly. "You consult your paper next Saturday, and I'll warrant you'll find little bits that will interest you."

He rose, and grasped his hat as if to go; held out his hand, and when she nervously placed her own within it, clutched it in a grip of iron, so that her rings cut into her flesh, and staring into her face, with intent eyes, which seemed to flame with anger, said in a rough harsh voice:

"Last Saturday afternoon, I saw my grandson. Last Saturday evening I saw my grandson again. Yesterday morning I found him and had a long conversation with him, and told him who I was."

"Oh—oh!" she cried faintly, and nerveless, pale, trembling, she would have sunk backwards into her chair, but that the grip with which he held her hand, sustained her.

"He is no at all what I should have expected. He is very poor, and working hard at a warehouse, where he has to slave for a lot of d—d upstart tradesmen, who would kick him out of doors if he uttered a murmur. That's what he's been doing for years, ever since his mother died, and before that too. He may have wanted a sovereign, many a time, while I have been living in plenty? Ah! it's enough to turn one's brain."

"Ah! Loose my hand! Let me go!" she almost panted, as with laboring breath, and disturbed visage, she tried to get her hand free. "Uncle, you hurt me!" she at last cried petulantly, as if petulance would relieve the agony of her overstrained nerves. He laughed roughly, as he flung away, rather than loosed her hand, and continued in the same grimly jocular strain to banter her concerning her skeleton in the cupboard. She felt in her heart sickening qualms of fear, as he thus burst open the door as it were, took the spectre out, and dangled it relentlessly before her eyes, aghast as they were at the unexpected revelation.

"Fancy what lies those relations of his must have told—that mother, you know," he went on. "I always said she was a graceless baggage, and she has deceived the lad himself to such an extent that he won't even hear a word in her dispraise. Some people are fools, Marion, and some are liars. That's just the difference in this world. What a *fool* you must have been, once upon a time, to be duped

as you were, for a *liar* you couldn't have been."

He turned towards the door, when she, suddenly springing up, ran after him, seized his hand, and exclaimed, agony and apprehension pleading and urgency in her voice :

"Uncle John, be pitiful, I pray. Remember my poor girls! What *are* they to do? What will become of us all? Oh, miserable woman that I am, why was I ever born?"

"Ah, why?" he retorted, almost brutally. "Being a parson's wife, you ought to know more about that than I do. As for me, I'm an old pagan, like a lot of those I knew in this dale when we were all young together, and if we had no Christian meekness, we were free from some Christian vices too—lying amongst them. Good-day, my dear."

He did not turn again, but went away, leaving her alone with her fears, her misery, and her humiliation.

"What does he mean?" she kept repeating, beating her hands together, as she paced about the room. "What does he mean, and what does he intend to do? Why does he not speak out? It is enough to kill one to be kept in this agony of suspense. After all these years—after all his promises, and all my servitude—no, it cannot, *cannot* be! no, it cannot," she reiterated, catching her breath. "What could I tell him? Why did he not wait, instead of speaking to me in that manner, as if he wanted to tear the very heart out of my breast. How can any one speak, or explain—how can a nervous woman collect herself, with a man glaring at her more like a devil than a human being—mad with unreasoning rage! And then they talk about women having no self-command! Oh, if I dared, what a tale I could tell about *men*, and their boasted generosity to those who are weaker than themselves. I believe if I said what I thought, that I could make even a man blush—if that is possible. But I must not lose my self-command in this way," she added, suddenly collecting and composing herself, and seating herself in her rocking-chair she swayed slightly to and fro, with clasped hands, and eyes fixed on the ground, lost in a painful, terrified calculation of chances.

"I must think, think, think about it," she thought within herself. "It is that thinking and calculating which wears me out more than anything else. Oh!" (as her mind, despite the necessity for dwelling on the matter in hand, persistently reverted to its grief and woes). "This life is a hard, dreary business; and what *brutes* men are. Hard, grasping wretches! They keep us in slavery. They hate to see us free, lest they should lose our blind submission to them; I know they do. If we try to make ourselves free, they grind us to powder. Judith and Delphine are right, yes, they are perfectly right in their principles, but they do not know, as I do, what will become of them if they carry those principles out. They talk about selling themselves, and the degradation of trying to please men that they may fall in love with them; but when they are as old as I am, and have lived through what I have, they will know that it is the only way for a woman to find a little ease and comfort in this world. It is the only thing to do,

unless they want to be crushed to death for defying the universal law."

This was the form of reflection into which Mrs. Conisbrough's emotions usually crystallised after they had been deeply stirred, as this morning. She spoke as she felt. She loved ease and hated discomfort, and nothing moved her so profoundly as the loss of the first, and as having to endure the second. Presently she somewhat calmed down, and when the girls came in from their stroll, she looked not very different from usual, though she was pale and silent. She gathered that they had been at the waterfall all the morning, and (implied, though not expressed) occupied, Judith and Delphine, in what Rhoda called "talking secrets." Immediately after dinner, Mrs. Conisbrough retired to her own room, saying she felt tired, and wanted a rest. She did not mention their uncle's visit to the girls, who were thus left for the afternoon as well as for the morning to follow their own devices.

CHAPTER IX.

SCAR FOOT.

RHODA had put on an ancient straw hat and a pair of leather gloves, and gone to "do a little gardening." Judith and Delphine were alone in the parlor.

"Then you'll go?" said the latter.

"I shall go, this very afternoon. We have quite decided that it is the best, and there is no use in delaying it. He was in a very good temper, and, for him, quite gentle all the time we were at Irkford. Yes, I shall go."

"The sky has turned gray, and it looks as if there might be a storm."

"I'll put on my old things, I cannot wait.

"Well, God speed you, I say. I shall be trembling all the time until you return."

Judith ran upstairs, and soon returned, equipped evidently for a long walk over a rough road, in strong boots, her skirt kilted conveniently high, and her soft rough hat on her head. Delphine came with her to the door, looking wistfully at her.

"Let me go, Judith!" she said suddenly. "It is always you who have the disagreeable things to do."

"You, child! don't talk nonsense, and never fear. I am all right. Good-bye!"

Delphine kissed her hand after her, and watched her down the sloping market-place, till she turned a bend in the road, and was lost to view. Judith stepped forward at a pace which carried her quickly over the ground. There was nothing of what is popularly known as "masculine" in her movements, but they were free, graceful and untrammelled: she did not hobble on high heels, nor were her garments tied back in such a manner as to impede her every motion. Her gown followed the old Danesdale rule for what a gown should be—it was not long enough to catch the dirt, and it was "walking width and striding sidth,"* as a gown should be. The walk she had before her was one which required such a gown and such a *chaussure* as she wore—

* That is, for walking, wide enough, and to spare, with space enough to stride in, if necessary, without being pulled up short at each pace.

along a good country road, which kept pretty much on the level until she arrived at a brown, bleak-looking village, which had a weather-beaten appearance, a green in the center, with five old horses grazing upon it. Then the road became a rough one. Beautiful, no doubt, in its varying charm of uphill and downhill, in the grand views of the high hills, and the long, bare-backed fells which spread around on every side, with the white sinuous roads traced over them; roads which led over wild passes, and lonely "commons" to other valleys and dales, remoter even than this one. Lovely in spring, in summer: lovely, in a way, at every season, but, on this gray October afternoon, invested with a certain savage melancholy, a bleak desolation unnoticed, probably, by most of those who lived amidst it, but which had its undoubted influence upon their habits and their characters, and which must have stirred an artist's heart and set a poet's brain working in lines which he might have made as rough and abrupt as he chose, but which, to fully express the poetry of the scene, must have had in them something both of grandeur and of grace.

It was a strange, forsaken country, full of antique gray villages, which made no progress, and most of which appeared gradually falling into decay, inhabited by persons many of whom had never been even into the neighboring Swaledale. All this district, in the early days of English religious dissent, was a stronghold of the people called Quakers. Here and there, in unexpected places, in archaic-looking little towns, in tiny, half-forsaken hamlets, will be found some square stone meeting-house, often incapable of holding more than from a dozen to twenty persons. There was such a meeting-house, though one rather more considerable in size, in the brown village through which Judith had passed, and in its dreary little yard were mouldering the bones of some of these stern old "Friends," unindicated even by a name, with nothing to show them save the grass-covered mound beneath which they lay. Sturdy spirits, Spartan souls they had been—spirits of the kind known in their day as "god-fearing," a kind one seldom meets with and seldom hears of now. Looking round on the present race, one feels indeed that they would be hard set to comprehend those "god-fearing" men, or any of their works or ways, or to understand the spirit that breathed into and animated them. Emaculate orthodoxy faints away on the one hand in incense and altar bouquets of hot-house flowers; on the other dilutes its intellect in the steam of "tea-meetings," in the reek of muffins, and the blasphemous familiarity with the Deity of revival hymns; while, opposed to it, rampant secularism jeers at the notion of a Deity, and ignorantly points the finger at the word "fear," being apparently unable to comprehend that there is a holy awe which is as far removed from abject terror as the exalted paganism of Marcus Aurelius is removed from its own blatant annihilation of what it is pleased to call the superstition of a God. Vociferously its adherents denounce the god-fearing man as a peurile creature, a prey to timid superstition. Neither that orthodoxy, nor this hetrodoxy would know what to make of the stern, cold

religiousness, the unyielding righteousness of those ancient "god-fearing" men, any more than they could own anything to be good which lies outside the pale of their own dogmatism and their own crotchets. "There were giants on the earth in those days," as Judith Conisbrough often thought, for she had a high opinion of these departed Quaker dalesmen. Where is the hero in the ranks either of secularism or orthodoxy, who will bring the same concentrated fervor to bear upon his cause; who will suffer all things and endure all things, and such things as were suffered and endured by those early Methodists and Quakers—those "god-fearing," uncultivated rustics?

Judith left the village behind her, crossed the bridge, and took the road up the hill to the left, and now, as ever, though her heart was not light to begin with, the glorious sweep of country which met her eyes, made that heart bound. Ay, it was bonny, she often thought; it was solemn, too, this rare, unspoiled dale, this undesecrated temple of nature. She loved every foot of the road as well as she knew it, and that was by heart; she loved the quaint, bleak shape of barebacked Addlebrough, with his "scar" of gray rock on the summit. She loved the three or four great hills which brooded over the other side, treeless and cold; and dear to her was the little group of very old houses shaded by a wood of broad-boughed trees, which hamlet went by the name of Counterside. She had heard her greatuncle tell how he and his sister, her mother's mother, used to go to school at a queer little brown house in the said hamlet, trudging with hornbook and slate in hand from Scar Foot to Counterside, and back again from Counterside to Scar Foot.

Then the road grew lonelier and wilder; the birds chirped in the tangled autumn hedgerows: a tiny little crested wren hopped forth and impudently nodded into Judith's face ere it flew away. The spikes of the wild arum, the "lords and ladies" of our childhood, gleamed scarlet through the lush grass. The brilliant berries, and sinister beauty of the black briony cast their charm over the hedges of thorn which in spring had been a waste of hawthorn blossom. The few autumn flowers flourished—the yellow coltsfoot, the lilac scabious, the blue duckweed. But chiefest and most glorious were the red berries; what is the tale of the number of those bushes, plants and herbs which die down in the autumn in the shape of a scarlet berry? There were the aforesaid "lords and ladies," the aforesaid black briony, and in addition to them the spikes of the honeysuckle, the broad, flat tufts left by the wild guelder rose; the hips and the haws in their thousands, all helping to make the hedgerows a vivid mass of color.

Judith lingered because she could not do otherwise. She was one of those people who cannot rush along such a road, without pausing or pondering. She felt it a desecration, a thankless course too, as if a beggar spurned the hand held out to him, filled with gold.

Turning a corner, she suddenly had in view on the left, and far below her, a small and

lovely lake, perhaps a mile in length, of an irregular oval in shape, bordered on all sides by the great fells before spoken of, and, on its margin in many parts, by trees. From the moment in which she came in sight of it, her eyes dwelt upon it with an earnestness that was wistful in its intensity. She knew it well, and loved it, every silver foot of it, with a deep, inborn love given by the inherited tastes of generations of forefathers, who had lived and moved and had their being by the side of that fair sheet of water, in the midst of those pure and elevating natural surroundings. For it—this fairy sheet of water, this Shennamere, as it was called, an old corruption of "Shining Mere"—and the old house at its head, of which she had not yet come in sight, were inextricably woven in her mind and fancy with all of glad and happy, of bright and pleasant, which her life had contained. There was no remembrance so far back as not to include that of Scar Foot by Shennamere. Infancy, childhood, little girlhood, young womanhood, large portions of each of these periods had been passed here, and passed happily. Influences like these must have sunk somewhat into even a light nature, and hers was no light one, but deep and earnest; calm on the outside, and undemonstrative, but capable of intensely concentrated feelings—of love and resentment keen and enduring, of suffering and patience practically unlimited for that which she felt to be worthy, noble or right: tenacious of early impressions which colored and modified all her thoughts and feelings. Should she live to be a hundred, should she pass through the most varied, distracting experiences, to the end of her days Judith Conisbrough's heart would leap up at the sight of this mere, and the name of the beloved old house would be as music in her ears.

For about a mile the road went above the lakeside, then down a long, steep hill, with a rough stone wall at one side, and with shady trees stretching over it, till, still turning a little to the left, the back of a large house came in view; behind it ran a roaring beck; a small wood of large old trees gave it shelter—trees in which the rooks were cawing hoarsely. There was the farmyard to pass through, and the farmer's wife to greet ere she came to an old stone gateway, and, passing through it, found herself in front of the house. It was a large, fine old three-gabled house. Over the stone archway she had passed through, a slab was let in with the initials J. A., and the date, 1667. John Aglionby of that period had built himself this house, but upon the remains of an older and a smaller one where his fathers had lived before him. Over the doorway was a larger slab, with the same date carved on it, and "JOHN AND JUDITH AGLIONBIE, THEIR HOUSE," above and below it.

Judith passed several windows, and paused before the door in the porch, before she went in, surveying the prospect. The clouds had lifted a little, and one pale, white gleam of light stole through them, and slipped adown the side of the hill opposite, showing up the bare gray houses and stone roofs of the tiny village called Stalling Busk, and then slid gently on to the lake, and touched it with a

silver finger, so that even on this dark afternoon it was veritably "Shennamere."

Raydaleside and the Stake Fell looked black and threatening, and the clouds that were piled above them seemed big with the coming storm. From where Judith stood, a most delightful old-fashioned flower-garden, with no pretensions at all to elegance, and therefore, full of the greater charm of sincerity, sloped down almost to the lakeside. There was just a paling, a little strip of green field with a path through it, and then the margin of the mere, with a small wooden jetty running into it, to which a boat was moored, with the name *Delphine* painted in white letters on its grass-green side. Many an hour had the two girls passed in it, floating about the lake, with or without their granduncle. Just now it rocked uneasily; not constantly, but occasionally. The whole surface of the lake seemed to sway restlessly. It all portended a coming storm, and as Judith looked across the water, there came a sound from Raydaleside like some prolonged wierd whisper. Storm-portents, all. She knew it; and as the breath of that whisper struck cold upon her face she turned to the door, and with a strange, unwonted chill at her heart, lifted the latch and walked in.

CHAPTER X.

"IN THE PLOT."

THOUGH large and solidly built, and with some pretensions to elegance outside at least, the house at Scar Foot was in reality planned more like a large farmhouse than anything else. The door by which Judith entered, let her straight into a splendid old square kitchen or houseplace, with flagged floor, warmly carpeted over, with massive beams of oak, and corner cupboards and flat cupboards, wainscoting and chair rail of the same material. There were solid-looking old oak chairs too, black, and polished brilliantly by the friction on their seats and arms, of generations of small clothes, hands and elbows. The room was furnished comfortably and even handsomely, but it was always used by Mr. Aglionby as a sort of hall or entrance chamber. Over the way on the right, was another spacious, comfortable room, serving as a sort of library, for all the books were kept there. Upstairs was the large-drawing-room or reception-room—"the great parlor" had been its name from time immemorial. The master's own favorite den and sanctum, into which no person dared to penetrate without first knocking and being invited to enter, was a much smaller room than any of those already described, arrived at by passing through the houseplace on the left of the entrance. This little room was panelled throughout with oak.

Not finding her greatuncle in the houseplace, where a roaring fire was burning cheerily, Judith knocked at the door of the sanctum and a rough voice from within bade her enter. She found the old man there, puffing at his "churchwarden," with his newspaper beside him, and his colley dog, Friend, couched at his feet. He looked up as she entered, and she saw with surprise that a black look darkened visibly over his face. He did not speak.

"Good-afternoon, uncle. I have walked over to see you."

"Vastly obliged, I'm sure, my dear," he replied, with the urbanity of tone which with him portended anything but urbanity of temper.

"We have heard nothing of you since our return," she pursued.

"I was at your house this morning, anyhow," he said snarlingly.

"Were you?" she said in great astonishment. "Then didn't you see mother?"

"Of course I saw her."

"She did not mention your having been. How very extraordinary!"

"Humph!" was the only reply.

Judith seated herself, as she usually did, opposite to him, in an oaken elbow-chair, and stooping to take Friend's head between her two hands, and brushing the hair from his eyes, she said: "Perhaps she will tell us about it to-night. She was tired, and went to lie down after dinner, so she doesn't even know that I am here. I came early to save the daylight. Do you know, uncle, I think there's going to be a storm."

"It is more than probable that your surmise is correct," he rejoined sententiously.

"Shennamere is restless, and the wind comes moaning from off Raydaleside," she went on, keeping to commonplace topics before she approached the important one which lay near her heart, and which, after long and earnest discussion with Delphine, they had decided should be broached to-day. She was sorry to see that her uncle was not in the most auspicious mood for granting favors, but she felt it impossible now to turn back with the favor she desired, unasked, after all her heart-beatings, her doubts and difficulties, and hesitations, and—she took heart of grace—he never had refused any of her rare and few petitions. He might, perhaps, have grimaced over them a little, in his uncanny way, but in the end they had been granted, always.

"Ay," her uncle responded to her last remark; "whoever thinks that Shennamere is always ashine, knows naught of the weather in these parts; and whoever lives at Scar Foot should fear neither solitude nor wild weather."

"Well, you have never feared them, have you, uncle?"

"What do you know about it?" he returned surlily.

Judith, looking out through the window, saw the storm-clouds gathering more thickly. She must broach her errand. With her heart in her throat, at first, not from fear, to which sensation she was a stranger, but from the tremendous effort of not only overcoming her own innate reserve, but of laying siege to his also, she said:

"Uncle, I came to see you this afternoon, with a purpose."

He looked sharply up, on the alert instantly—his eyes gleaming, his face expressive of attention. She went on:

"You have been very good to us girls, especially to Delphine and me, and most especially to me, all our lives."

"Humph!"

"And I am sure we have returned your goodness with the only thing we had to give—affection, that is."

A peculiar sound between a sneer and a snort, was the answer.

"I am more than twenty-one years old now—nearly twenty-two, indeed."

"Thrilling news, I must say!"

"I am not a very clever person, and I am a very ignorant one."

"Some grains of truth appear to have penetrated to your mind, though they have taken a long time to get there, if you have only found that out now."

"But I don't think I am more stupid than most people, and when one is young, one can always learn."

"Do you desire a master for Italian and the guitar?"

"Not at present," she replied composedly, but her heart grew heavier as she saw no sign of responsiveness, or of sympathy on his face; only a hard, stolid fixity of expression, worse almost than laughter.

"I don't think I should ever care to perform on the guitar," she proceeded, "though I should like to know Italian well enough. But I did not come to you with any such absurd request. It was a much more serious business that brought me here. Uncle, mamma has often told me that you are rich."

"The devil she has!" broke discordantly from him.

"And if she had never said so, we have heard it from numbers of other people. And mamma has often said that when you died—" she hesitated, faltered.

He removed his pipe from his mouth, and, with gleaming eyes, and lips that had grown ominously thin, relieved her from the necessity of finishing the sentence.

"You lasses would have my money to cut capers with, eh?"

"Oh no, no! But that, as you had no one else to leave it to—we—you, uncle, you know what I mean; and do listen to me. You quite misunderstand me. I hope you will live for years and years—for twenty years to come. Why not? And I do not want your money. I hate to think that people point us out as being your heiresses; and when mamma talks about it, it makes me feel fit to sink into the earth with shame. But uncle, you know—for you cannot help knowing—that mamma has not enough money for us to live upon. We can starve and pinch, and economise upon her income, but we can't have any comfort upon it, and it is terrible. We cannot speak about it to strangers—we don't wish to; but it is none the less misery that we live in. And—I am so tired of being idle, and so is Delphine: we should like to work sixteen hours a day, if we could keep ourselves by doing so. And if you would give me a hundred pounds now, uncle, you should never need to think of spending another penny upon me as long as we both live, nor of leaving me any money when you die; nor to Delphine either. We have a proper plan. We want to work, not to waste the money. Oh uncle, dear, you know what it has cost me to ask this. Surely you won't refuse!"

The pleading in her voice amounted to passion. She laid her hand upon his arm in the urgency of her appeal, and looked with an intensity of eagerness into his face.

Mr. Aglionby put down his pipe and rose from his chair, his face white with anger; his lips and hands trembling.

"What! you are in the plot too, shameless girl!" he said, in a fury which, if not loud, was none the less dreadful.

Judith recoiled, her face pale, her eyes dilated, and gazed at him as if fascinated.

"Your precious mother has bequeathed her impudence and her slipperiness to you too, eh? A bad lot, those Arkendales, every one of them. The men were freebooters, and the women no better, and you are like the rest of them. You thought to come and wheedle something solid out of me before it was too late. I know you. I know what it is to be an old man with a lot of female vultures sitting round him, waiting for him to die that they may pick him clean. It seems some of them can't even let the breath leave his body before beginning their work. But," his voice changed suddenly from raving in a broad Yorkshire dialect to the treacherously smooth tones of polite conventionality, "though I am past seventy-two years of age, my dear, I am not a drivelling idiot yet, and so you may tell your respected mother on your return. And—"

"My mother knows nothing about this," Judith said, or rather, she tried to say it. She was stunned, bewildered by the torrent of anger she had drawn upon herself, and utterly at a loss to comprehend his repeated references to some "plot," some "scheme," of which he seemed to accuse her of being cognizant.

"Bah," he vociferated, returning to his raging anger, which appeared to have overmastered him completely, and as he spoke, he hissed out his words in a way which irresistibly reminded her in the midst of her dismay of the streaming out of boiling water. And they fell too upon her head with the same scalding effect. She stood still, while he raged on with wild words and wilder accusations: nothing being clear in them, save that she and all belonging to her had played a part to cheat and fleece him, and to "oust the poor lad from his rights," all of which accusations were as mysterious to her as they were outrageous to her dignity. She had forgotten by now the errand on which she had come, while her mind, in painful bewilderment, sought to assign some reason for this fit of frantic anger. The accusations and the epithets he used at last roused her indignation beyond control. Raising her head, she fixed her clear eyes unblenchingly upon his face, and standing proudly upright began in a louder, clearer voice:

"Uncle, listen to—"

"*Begone!*" he almost shouted with a stamp of his foot, and turning upon her with eyes that scintillated with fury; "and may you never darken my doors again."

She paused a moment, for her mind refused altogether to comprehend his words. Then as some understanding of what he had said began to dawn upon her, she turned to the door, saying, in an almost toneless voice:

"Good-bye, uncle. You are not yourself. You are making a dreadful mistake. Some day you will repent it."

(To be continued.)

His St. Cecelia.

BY ELLA WHEELER.



Y heaven, Aubrey, if there isn't the original of Carlo Dolce's "St. Cecelia."

Aubrey West looked, and paused involuntarily. Framed in the farm house window was a head of classic beauty. The dark hair coiled low, the drooping lashes, the straight profile, the careless lock on the low Roman brow, the slender feminine throat revealed by the rolling dress collar; all as like the great artist's masterpiece as the fair martyr herself could have been.

Rex Miller, West's companion, looked at the picture with his artist soul akindle in his eyes.

"I must see that girl," he said. "Come on, Aubrey, and let us ask for a drink of water at the door."

Aubrey shouldered his gun and whistled to the dog, and walked on by his companion's side as he repeated:

"Whoso giveth a cup of cold water to the least of my little ones." That's you or me, I suppose, Rex, for I fear we *are* least in the catalogue of saints; but I give you my opinion, old fellow, that your St. Cecelia will lose her classic resemblance when you have heard her speak. Ten to one she has a nasal twang, and of course her grammar will set your teeth on edge. Better not destroy the pretty picture, Rex."

But Rex had already tapped on the open door, and a second later was making his best New York bow to the pretty St. Cecelia, who answered his knock in person. His quick eye noted the fact that she was of good stature, and neatly attired in a fresh print dress, and that the lifted lashes revealed dark blue eyes, as blue and as calm as a summer lake.

"May we trouble you for a glass of water?" inquired Rex, in his most winning tones. "We have had a long walk since noon, and are very thirsty and tired."

"Certainly—come in and rest, while I draw a fresh bucket."

The voice was clear and sweet, the manner modest, but composed.

"No illusion destroyed so far," remarked Rex, *sotto voce*, as he fanned himself with his broad straw hat. "What a lovely creature for such a place."

"Full many a gem, etc.," began Aubrey, who was fond of quotations, but was interrupted by the entrance of St. Cecelia, bearing a tray and a pitcher and two glistening glasses. Behind her came a man in stout jean and heavy boots, who greeted the strangers with a hearty "How-do-do-sir—hot day, isn't it?"

"We found it so," responded Rex, as he bowed his thanks to his St. Cecelia, for her cooling beverage. "We have been on the tramp all the afternoon, and find ourselves pretty well tired out."

"After game I reckon?" observed the farmer glancing at Aubrey's gun and the dog that crouched in the open doorway.

"Yes—after anything in the way of recreation," Rex responded. "We are just on a vacation—my friend and I—and we came out for a few weeks of sketching and hunting and fishing. We wander a little farther from New York every day. I am told there is excellent trout fishing near here—and I saw some bits of scenery near, that I am anxious to transfer to canvas. Do you know of any place where we could obtain board for a week or two?"

Aubrey looked at his friend in unconcealed wonder. Not half an hour previous he had heard him complain of the dreadful monotony of the surrounding scenery, and they had been told by a country lad that the trout fishing was some ten miles beyond.

"As fur the fishing, I can't say;" the farmer responded. "Not much in my line these days; and as fur the scenery, it strikes me as well enough fur farmin', but not much fur picturs. But if you want board fur a spell, I reckon me and my old woman can accommodate you. We take a boarder now and then, havin' a spare chamber or two."

That night, after tea, farmer Downing's gray horse and hired man were dispatched to the station, three miles distant, to bring the baggage of his boarder. At the same time they conveyed Aubrey to the evening train. He parted from his friend in a frame of mind very nearly akin to anger.

"I see no sense in this sudden whim of yours," he said as soon as they were alone. "I understand it very well. You have discovered a pretty face, and you want to make havoc with the heart beneath it. It is a shame and blemish on your manhood, Rex—your mad, meaningless infatuation with every fair face you see. You make fervid love to every woman you meet; but you never say a word that will compromise you. I don't so much mind how far you carry this business in society—it is Greek meet Greek there. But I do think it is a shame for you to discover the thorn in the rose of life to this girl. Come away and let her alone."

"You are talking like a lunatic," was Rex's placid rejoinder. "I am not plotting or planning any mischief to this girl. She *is* a new specimen to me—I shall enjoy studying her as I would a new plant. But I have no idea of making love to her. I do mean to make a picture of her, if she will allow me. I believe it will establish my name as an artist, if I put work enough on it. I think you are most uncommonly unkind, to run off like this and leave me here. You might amuse yourself as well here as anywhere, for a couple of weeks."

But Aubrey went, and Rex remained—remained to win a place in the heart of every member of the simple Downing household, within twenty-four hours.

"He is so cheerful," said the good mother. "It is a pleasure to have him about."

"He is so free from city airs—so at hum like," said farmer Downing.

"He is so—so *different* from Mr. Jones," said Anna the daughter.

Mr. Jones was the village school-master, who had last occupied the "spare chamber," and who had been a constant reproach to Anna's youthful gavity, by his solemnity of countenance, and deep sepulchral voice.

"Mr. Jones was a good man," interposed Mrs. Downing, a trifle reprovingly.

"Yes, mother, I know he was," Anna answered, "but whenever he spoke, I always was reminded of that old hymn, 'Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.' I am sure Mr. Miller is a much nicer person to have about the house."

Anna herself was a very devout little soul: she was foremost in the village prayer meeting and Sunday-school, and a very thorough Orthodox in her creed. Yet, for all that, the spirited pleasantry of the worldly Rex was more agreeable to her than the melancholy piety of the devout Jones.

"Don't you get awfully tired and bored with this sort of thing?" asked Rex irreverently, one afternoon as Anna came down arrayed for the Sunday-school, bible and class-book in hand.

She turned her calm eyes upon him reprovingly. "No," she said, "how could I be bored with my Master's work? Besides, I meet all the young people there."

"O!" ejaculated Rex. "Well, perhaps you would not object to my accompanying you. It is a dog's age since I have been inside a Sunday-school."

As he walked beside the neat figure of the girl so lovely in her lawn dress and wide straw hat, he could not help thinking how fascinating she would be in a Broadway belle's promenade costume. He could not have been more delicately attentive to the belle than he was to her.

As he watched her in the Sunday-school—himself the unconscious object of two score or more of eyes, he fancied her moving about a drawing-room, dispensing hospitality to the same number of guests.

"It seems to me you are wasting your life here," he said to her as they strolled homeward. "I could not help fancying you in an elegant drawing-room to-day, instead of in that dingy basement of a country church. You are well fitted to adorn the former. It seems a shame you should be buried here. Do you never long for the world and its pleasures?"

"No," she said with sweet sincerity, for I have always been taught that the world was sinful and its pleasures vain; and it has been my daily prayer to keep unspotted from the world."

"I have found the world a very pleasant place," Rex answered; "but then I have always lived in it,—and have been cradled in its pleasures. I should die if I remained here long."

"Then why do you remain?" she asked, with a touch of spirit in her voice. She was nettled, she knew not why, at his remarks.

"Why," he answered, looking down upon her upturned face with his slow, dangerous smile—*you* tell me why, I cannot."

It was a full minute before the meaning under his words dawned upon her. No man had ever looked upon her in that way before.

—or spoken to her in such a manner. She flushed slowly, and her long lashes drooped over her cheeks.

"Do you know," he said, breaking the almost painful silence, "I want to paint your picture? You have a face like Carlo Dolci's St. Cecilia. Indeed, I have hard work to keep myself from calling you Cecilia."

"You may call me that if you like," she answered, "and you may paint my picture if you like. I have never thought much about my face—I strive so hard to keep from all vanity."

"Then you must take away every mirror in the house," laughed Rex. "But Cecilia was a saint, and it is quite proper for you to worship her; and I will leave you a *fac-simile* of her in your own picture, and you can say your prayers before it, thus combining the Christian and the worldly woman in one."

Anna gave the irreverent speaker a reproving glance, but it was tempered by a smile.

"Pity she is so awfully devout and straight-laced," thought Rex, as he smoked his cigar on the veranda a little later. "How I would like to see her a full-fledged society woman. By Jove, she would be dangerous though."

He began the picture the next day; and while he painted he talked to his fair sitter of the world from which he came—of the beautiful women and courtly men, of the operas and theaters and drives and promenades, of the thousand and one allurements that lay beyond the green pastures and fair fields where her peaceful life had been spent. To do him justice, he did not speak one word of love to her,—he paid her very few compliments even. But he was one of those men whose very voice is a caress, his every look a compliment, and his fine word pictures of the world beyond her were very alluring. It ceased to be a world to shun; it grew to be a world to crave. When the picture was finished and the artist gone, the calm look of heavenly peace had gone too out of Anna Downing's blue eyes, and in its place was the restless fire of discontent.

In her heart too was the turbulent unrest which grew into fierce pain. He had come and he had gone—and all the world, all the current of her life was changed.

She tried to reason about it in the quiet of her chamber. What had he said, what had he done that any stranger might not say and do? Nothing, nothing, and yet all the world had grown blank with his going. He had drawn her heart as the magnet draws the steel; he had made her dissatisfied with her quiet life, her homely duties. He had made her eager for the things she had been taught to distrust, and then he had gone, and forever. She knelt down by her little white bed, where she had so often knelt before, but not to pray. She buried her face in her hands, but it was not God who filled her heart and thoughts—it was a man. And kneeling there she wept the hot, passionate tears that every woman weeps sooner or later.

SIX YEARS LATER.

Two men walking leisurely in opposite directions met suddenly in the Champs Ely-

sées one lovely spring day. Both uttered a simultaneous ejaculation of surprise, and grasped each other's outstretched hand.

"Aubrey, by all that is curious!" cried one, and "Rex, or my eyes deceive me!" cried the other. "Where did you come from, old fellow?"

"London, yesterday. Rome last week. America last year. And you?"

"Directly from New York," Aubrey responded. "I am over on a purely business trip. I return in ten days or two weeks at the longest."

"Then we will return together. How fortunate we met. Where are you bound for?"

"Nowhere in particular. I came out to see the handsome equipages and fair women. And by the way I wonder if you can help me in my dilemma. I am keeping track of a certain carriage—there it is yonder, the dappled bays drawing it. It will pass here presently. I saw it over yonder, and came here to catch another glimpse of one of the occupants, a remarkably lovely girl, whose face is curiously familiar to me, but I cannot, for the life of me, place her."

Rex stationed himself in a position to obtain a good view of the occupants of the approaching carriage. They were two: a middle aged lady of imposing appearance, who no sooner saw him than she smiled and bowed with the cordial recognition that one American is apt to give another in a foreign land.

"Why that is Mrs. Cunningham of New York," Rex said. "I have met her in society several times in days gone by. I believe she has been abroad some years. Nice of her to remember me so well—but, great Olympus! who *is* that with her? what a lovely face, and where *have* I seen it?"

"That is just what I have been saying to myself for the last half hour," answered Aubrey, "and, why Rex, she too is bowing to you."

Indeed it was true. The lovely head was slightly bent, the soft eyes lifted, the whole face lighted with a well bred, yet cordial smile of recognition.

Rex lifted his hat, and the carriage and its fair occupants were lost in the crowd. Then Rex turned to his friend. "Aubrey," he said, "do you remember our vacation six years ago, and our St. Cecilia? well that face in the carriage was like hers, only riper and richer. I placed the tantalizing resemblance as soon as she smiled."

"That's it—that's the queer haunting memory I've been chasing for half an hour," Aubrey cried. "Well, I wonder who she is; of course it isn't the original of your picture that gave you such passing fame, which you might have made permanent if you had kept at work."

"No, it isn't likely it is she," laughed Rex. "She has been the village minister's wife there five years no doubt. But I didn't suppose there was another *fac-simile* of Dolci's St. Cecilia in the world. It is some *protegé* of Mrs. Cunningham. She was always picking up prodigies of some kind, and toting them around and introducing them into society. Sometimes it was a poet, sometimes an artist, now it's evidently a beauty. I tell

you what, Aubrey, I'll not rest till I find her address, and get an introduction to that girl."

"'Gone' again," laughed Aubrey. "I thought you had outgrown that failing. But evidently you *have* been introduced, for the fair vision bowed to you."

"Met her in a jam somewhere some time, no doubt," Rex responded. "And when Mrs. Cunningham told her who I was, she remembered, and bowed because I was an American. If she'd met me in New York she would never have remembered me, and if she had she would never have bowed. If I had had anything more than a formal introduction to a girl with that face, I should remember it."

Three days later Rex informed Aubrey, that greatly to his disgust he had searched the city through, and could find no trace of Mrs. Cunningham and her *protegé*.

"Don't find Mrs. Cunningham registered any where? She must have private rooms in the city. It's a deuced shame too. I am desperately anxious to see that face again."

"I believe you would rise from your death-bed and prance around in search of a fair face that pleased your fancy, Rex," laughed Aubrey. "Seems to me you are old enough to outgrow that weakness. You are old enough to get in earnest and settle down, Rex."

"I will if I can find that face, and its possessor will assist me," declared Rex with great earnestness.

He forgot all about the fair unknown, however, during the next week, but the very first face he saw as he preceded Aubrey on shipboard at Liverpool, was Mrs. Cunningham's, and by her the lovely stranger.

Mrs. Cunningham greeted him with a pleasant smile, and gave her hand. "You have met my young friend I believe," she said, "and no introduction is necessary."

The young lady turned her sweet smiling eyes upon the embarrassed face of the young man.

"You surely have not forgotten 'St. Cecilia'?" she said with a lovely blush. "Though six years *is* a long time to carry the memory of a face in one's mind."

"It is so unexpected," murmured Rex. "I noticed the striking resemblance that day in the Champs Elysées, but did not suppose it to be more than that. This is my friend Mr. West, Mrs. Cunningham—Miss Downing."

Miss Downing gave Aubrey a charming smile. "Do you always hunt in couples?" she asked.

Aubrey laughed. "No," he said, "but it *is* a striking coincidence that we should have been in company, for the first time in more than a year, when we saw you again."

"Some fortunate fate attends us, Aubrey, when we are together," Rex added. "Let us never again separate."

"Is not she wonderfully improved?" he asked, when he and Aubrey were alone together a little later. "What ease of manner—what composure—what elegance—what culture the years have brought to our St. Cecilia."

"But they have taken the heavenly calm from her eyes," said Aubrey.

The following day Miss Downing related to Rex the circumstances that had brought about the changes in her life.

"Just a year after you were with us," she said, "a malignant fever deprived me of both parents. I was left with a competence and no home. I went to school in New York, a fashionable boarding-school, where I remained two years. There I met Mrs. Cunningham's daughter, and spent my vacations with her at her home. Mrs. Cunningham conceived a liking for and an interest in me. On the marriage of her daughter, which took place soon after we left school, she gave me the vacant place in her life, and for the last three years we have been traveling together almost constantly. She has been of great benefit to me. I have spent a good deal of the last year in New York. I often wondered why I did not meet you. It seems you have been abroad. We have only been in Europe a few months—on a visit to Mrs. Cunningham's daughter, who resides in Paris."

"Ah, that is why I could find no trace of you at the hotels," Rex cried, and then explained what a search he made for them after that day at the Champs Elysées. "The resemblance was so tantalizing," he said, "and I was so anxious to trace it out."

Rex found the sea voyage all too brief, and expressed his regret to Mrs. Cunningham when New York came in sight. "I am so sorry to say adieu to you and your *protégé*," he said.

"You need not," Mrs. Cunningham responded, "for any great length of time. I shall be very glad to welcome Mr. Miller to my home at any time, and I am sure Miss Downing will be not unwilling to continue the acquaintance."

Mrs. Cunningham knew very well that Rex Miller's bank account was not to be despised, that his social position was undisputed, and his family among the best in the city. She was quite willing to encourage his attentions to her attractive ward.

"You may bring your friend, Mr. West, also," she added. "I like his face."

Mrs. Cunningham had two motives for this additional permission. She knew Rex Miller's reputation as a male flirt—as a devoted admirer of fair women; but an incorrigible bachelor. She saw the respectful admiration in Aubrey's eyes for her young friend, and it struck her that a little competition might serve a good purpose. Besides this, if they called together she could entertain Aubrey, and leave Rex in the undisturbed possession of Miss Downing's society.

Mrs. Cunningham was a born general, and she had grown to feel some slight alarm at Miss Downing's persistent refusal of eligible proposals.

"You are twenty-five, my dear," she said, "and though you do not look a day older than you did at twenty, you cannot afford to be so reckless of offers as you are. I was quite shocked at your refusal of young Peabody. There are only two sickly men between him and a baronetcy. I wonder what you are waiting for!"

"For my prince," laughed Miss Downing; "and I don't want to marry a foreigner. I

prefer to live in my own country. I like its customs and people far better than any other."

As the weeks slipped by, Rex Miller availed himself so frequently of Mrs. Cunningham's permission to call, and made himself so agreeable that her heart grew quite buoyant.

"Surely he is the prince," she said to herself. "I fancy Anna has loved him ever since that summer acquaintance, which she says so little about. How romantic that it should terminate as it will."

When Rex brought Aubrey with him, as he sometimes did, Mrs. Cunningham succeeded in making herself so agreeable to him that he found little time to devote to Miss Downing. And yet he seemed always willing to go again. The girl exerted a strange fascination over him that he could not resist.

"I am a fool," he said to himself, time and again, "to run my head into the silken noose; Rex has the inside track, and will win the woman who has loved him for six years. Mrs. Cunningham approves, and I am only invited there as a sort of foil, and yet I cannot keep away."

Rex too was charmed and fascinated, and for the first time in his life he was in earnest about a woman. He loved his St. Cecelia with passionate fervor; but he felt very uncertain about his chances of success. He told his friend as much.

"I dread to speak," he said, "lest I lose her friendship even. I cannot read her heart. I wish a thousand times every day that she were the simple girl I once wanted to see transformed into the society woman she now is. I could read every thought of hers six years ago. I could fathom the eyes that now baffle me. I could understand every act, for she was as frank as a child. Now she is full of worldly tact and caution. I would give half my life to see her just as she was then."

"So would I," said Aubrey, "to see the old calm in her eyes. But I think your chances are good, Rex. I am very sure she loves you."

"I will ask her," said Rex.

He did ask her the next day. "I cannot wait longer," he said, "to know my fate. I love you St. Cecelia. Will you be my wife?"

She looked at him gravely. "I am very sorry it has come to this," she said, "for I must give you pain. No, I cannot be your wife."

"Why?" he asked. "I would give you the devotion of my whole life."

"That could not undo the great wrong you once did me," she said. "You came into my quiet life and made me discontented, and filled me full of unrest. I never have known a perfectly happy hour since I first saw you. You destroyed the old sweet content, and the world has never given me anything to replace it. You have been my worst enemy—I could not be your wife."

"But I love you, Cecelia—surely you will not send me away sorrowing all my life for you?" he said, with strong emotion in his voice—great pain in his eyes.

"I am sorry for you," she answered, "almost as sorry for you as I was for myself six years ago. Do you know—" and she laughed

a short bitter laugh, that grated on his ears; "do you know I fancied I loved you six years ago? and I have said 'No,' to every honest man since who has laid his heart at my feet, believing I had given my heart's best love to you. I know better now. I do not love you—I never did—I never can. These weeks of intimacy have convinced me of it. I could never be happy as your wife."

There was no more to say, so he left her. Left the city too, that night.

A few days later, Aubrey West started up from a long reverie and seized his hat. "It can do no harm to ask," he said. "I can but be refused."

But he was not refused. An hour afterward he was looking with wrapt wonder, into the beautiful face upturned to his.

"The heavenly calm has come back into your eyes," he said.

"Yes," answered St. Cecelia, "and into my heart, my prince."

It was not the brilliant marriage Mrs. Cunningham had desired, but she liked Aubrey West so well she could not withhold her blessing.

Miss Leigh's Mission to Englishwomen in Paris, which was opened upon a humble scale some years ago, reports having "sheltered over 1,800 Englishwomen, received 30,000 visits from those needing advice or assistance, and having found situations by its Free Registry for 1,016." They have five homes with seventy beds, an Orphanage, containing over two hundred children, a Young Women's Christian Association, a Governess's Institute, and a Crèche, with eighty little ones on its list. In addition, there is now a Mission Hall, with Bible classes, mother's meetings, and soup kitchens. Another lady in Paris, Miss Pryde, 16 Rue de Tilsit, ought also to be mentioned and remembered in connection with kindly and invaluable services to English girls in Paris. Miss Pryde, for the last eight years, has specially devoted her attention to the case of governesses out of situations, or temporarily resident in the French capital for the purpose of learning the language. Miss Pryde has sought out and been brought into contact with many hundreds of governesses, and has found them often in a state of absolute destitution. She has lately connected her undertaking with the International School of High Art in Paris. By this arrangement young ladies are afforded special facilities for acquiring and turning to account various branches of art industry. This will be a great boon to many girls who have quick brains and skillful fingers, but find it hard to live as governesses.

A work demanding the utmost possible combination of delicacy, sympathy, and wise discrimination, is being carried on efficiently by Mrs. Hampson's Home, Islington, London. Mrs. Hampson has devoted herself for the last three or four years to the reception of women and girls who have gone astray, or are in peril of doing so, and in some instances are about to become mothers, and have no refuge in the time of their sorrow and shame except the workhouse. Most of these poor creatures have been ruined and deserted; others of them have fallen into vice through frivolity and thoughtlessness, and without the help afforded by such an agency as this the majority would probably either drift away into abandoned courses, or sink into utter misery and despair. Eighty-two girls and women have been aided and reclaimed during the past ten months.



✠ THE KISS OF PEACE. ✠

A RUSSIAN EASTER IDYL.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

THROUGHOUT the land the brooding winter lay
 With white warm wings upon the frozen ground,
 Until at last a faint, low, throbbing sound
 Within proclaimed the birth of Spring's new day.
 In Ivanofka now the rigid fast,
 That seven long weeks precedes the Easter rites,
 Was drawing to a close, and acolytes
 Within the dim cathedral's walls, and vast,
 Were lighting sacred tapers ; but the bells'
 Glad chimes, that ring the tidings unto all
 The city, in their " *Christás vasces* " call,
 Slept yet untuneful in their brazen cells.
 'Twas Easter-eve, and in the northern sky
 Myriads of starry wonders o'er and o'er
 Repeated the bright sign that went before
 The Magi in the East, and here on high
 Now shone a radiant splendor unto those

Who sought the Lord arisen. Midst the crowd
 Of surging populace, with head low bowed
 In thought, alike blind, deaf to friends or foes,
 Walked Ivan Yarasloff, serf, vassal, slave.
 A thousand years before the Northern Bear
 Growled monarch absolute, within his lair
 In Ivanofka, Finnish tribes of brave,
 Bold, daring men held rightful sovereignty
 O'er all the land ; but Russian power and might
 Swept through the *Corellu's* ranks, and in the fight
 Left weakened slaves that once were strong and free.
 Unto this dooméd race belonged Ivan ;
 Years back, upon the grand and vast estates
 Of the Nicollii, noble potentates,
 Ivan's ancestral vassalage began.
 But, as 'tis said, through centuries will creep
 Some savage trait, to break out in the man,
 So now, within the bosom of Ivan,
 There waked the generation's drowsy sleep
 Of serfdom, and again a Norseman bold
 Dared brave his enemy, not face to face
 Alone, but, though it brought death and disgrace,
 Heart against heart he wrestled, as of old.
 A spirit strong, and true, and brave, within
 And underneath the habit of the slave,
 As armor, wore the man, which courage gave ;
 And from some far remote and haughty Finn,
 Who doubtless ruled a regent midst his tribe,
 A kingly presence Ivan proudly bore
 As heritage, while face and figure wore
 A noble, manly beauty, all beside
 Him envied. On the ancient family tree
 Of the Nicollü bloomed one tender flower,
 All beauteous attributes her maiden dower ;
 A daughter fair, the Countess Olga she.
 And Ivan loved her. Well his sin he knew,
 To lift a slave's dull eyes to fruit so fair.
 Deserved the knout, quick banishment, despair,
 And death. Yet thus does Love its chase pursue,
 That in the hunt, though danger boldly stare,
 And death ride stalking by the hunter's side,
 All dauntless, fearless, followeth he with pride
 On to the end, glad thus for Love to dare.
 No tender word as yet from each to each
 Had passed their lips' sealed portals ; save in sighs
 They were as dumb, and but for traitorous eyes
 They were as blind. No need to break poor speech
 For those who truly love, for well they know,
 Who feel the pain, all language fain would say,
 Know when the trembling lips would glad betray
 The surging feelings which full hearts o'erflow.
 For 'tis a law of Love to quick divine
 In one, who unto us would be most dear,
 A passion reverent, and true, sincere.
 And so, without a tender word or sign,
 The Countess Olga knew that in her slave
 She saw her lover. With dull pain and smart,
 Then in her own unconscious waking heart
 She looked, and looking, Ivan quick forgave.
 To each and all Love comes in wondrous ways.
 Nor can we watch our hearts from whence, or where.
 Unthought, unwooded it enters ; lo ! 'tis there
 To make our perfect peace, or mar our days.
 Full many a roving zephyr woos the rose,
 And seeks to reach her inmost heart with wiles

Of passionate tenderness and rapturous smiles,
 Or with a fierce hot ardor burns and glows,
 And yet on none the bud her flower bestows.
 But ah! one day there comes a gentle wind
 At whose warm touch the petals blow apart,
 And lo! behold a tender rose-red heart,
 For one and one alone, is there enshrined.
 In all the garden court no flower more fair
 Than Countess Olga; low before her bowed
 Her father's noble kinsmen, brave and proud,
 And each her gracious favor hoped to wear
 Upon his heart. To none she token gave
 Save gentle courtesy and timid word;
 None yet the rose's heart had found nor stirred.
 Unto his people all, and to the slave,
 Ivan especially, the count was kind;
 Nor dreamed he that within his vassal's heart
 There burned a passion rank nor rage could thwart,
 That he, as those in ancient days, should find
 The Finnish aborigine's bold son
 An enemy, whose aim was at his heart.
 The love he bore his daughter was a part
 Of Count Nicollü's life, and on no one
 Of her most ardent suitors had he smiled;
 No knowledge bore he that Love's wondrous power
 Of frost or fire had touched his little flower,
 For still he deemed her but a simple child.
 But women's eyes are quick and keen to see
 The birth and gradual growth of mutual love,
 E'en though it may not their own bosoms move.
 Thus Marya, too a serf, intuitively
 Read Ivan's and the Countess's! Then,
 Fierce as the women of her tribe, in hate
 Of all the Russians, she in passionate
 Warm words denounced Ivan. "You, of all men,"
 She cried, "to turn a traitor to your race!
 I know your secret, Ivan Yarasloff.
 Now let Th' Nicollü sneer, and jeer, and scoff
 At we poor serfs; soon shall he feel disgrace,
 To know his daughter loves one!" Ivan stared.
 "His daughter loves one!" timid echoed he;
 "Ay, 'loves one,' more than worthy her," cried she.
 "We Finns, before the Russian vandals dared
 Usurp the land, were counted noble too;
 We are an ancient race; but what are they?
 A rude, though conquering people of to-day.
 Hear me Zamola! What I speak is true!"
 Invoking thus her pagan deity,
 Nor watching Ivan's reverent Christian sign,
 Made 'neath the Icon's fragrant burning shrine,
 In answer to her heathen heresy,
 She ceased and left him. In his throbbing brain
 Still rang her words, "His daughter loves one." She,
 The fair, proud Olga, love a serf! And he,
 The Finn, most "worthy" to thus win again
 Back from the Russians its most precious pearl!
 The thought burned in his heart, and o'er and o'er
 He searched his beggar memory, poor in store,
 For tender word, or look, or touch. A whirl
 Of mad suggestions, sprang up from the seed
 Of Marya's angry whisper. He would test
 The truth of her suspicions, manifest
 Some daring sign, perform some noble deed
 To win warm recognition, or sweet praise
 From Olga. Pondering thus, Ivan the street

Quick paced with feverish and impatient feet
 On Easter-eve. The dreary winter days
 Were ended. Spring, with sudden quickening force,
 Broke icy bounds and leaped to warmer life;
 In Ivan's bosom, too, warm thoughts were rife,
 And like a torrent ran his wild blood's course.
 Now, in the great cathedral's sacred walls,
 A blaze of tapers flashed a thousand lights,
 While priests and devotees performed their rites,
 And hushed and solemn silence reigned o'er all,
 Ivan drew near, and watched the patient crowd
 Of men and women, waiting in the throng
 For the "Glad Tidings." Soon their midst among
 His quick eye sought out Olga and the proud
 Count Nicollü. On either side they stood,
 As is the custom in the church, and when
 The joyful bells rang gladly out, and men
 And women met, and cried in Christian brotherhood,
 "*Christüs vascrés!*" and gave the Kiss of Peace,
 Ivan, whose throbbing heart made wild unrest,
 Grew bold. "Courage," he cried, "here is the test.
 Now for an instant claim a serf's release
 From bondage!" Unto all, or bond or free
 At Easter-tide, this embrace is allowed.
 Nor prince, nor peasant, in the holy crowd,
 Dare say one "Nay," nor even Majesty!
 With trembling heart, yet firm and noble mien,
 Ivan, now passion pale, advanced to meet
 Her whom in all the world he cared to greet
 With Kiss of Peace, when lo! joy unforeseen,
 As some fair cloud upon a summer's day
 Finds in one other perfect strength and tone,
 And in an instant's flash the two grow one,
 So Olga, in his embrace swooned away;
 Nor peace, nor any friendly fellowships
 Could throb so wildly. In each conscious breast
 A tenderer still and more triumphant guest
 Had entered into life at touch of lips.
 Close to his heart he folded her, and kept
 The surging crowd from coming all too near
 This burden, which he proudly held so dear.
 And down the aisle they slowly, stealthily crept,
 Nor looked behind, nor looked on either side,
 Nor any anxious, careful effort made
 To see where now the Count Nicollü strayed.
 But slowly pushing all the mass aside,
 They reached the outer door and gained the street.
 To Ivan the heavens seemed full of searching eyes
 That looked upon his daring with surprise;
 Forgiveness for the sin he would entreat;
 Above, the same white, slowly-sailing moon
 That on the first offending pair once shone
 Smiled down; in all the world they seemed alone,
 These two, whose hearts beat one quick, happy tune.
 Then, slowly slipping from his fond embrace.
 The Countess Olga, with a tender glow
 Of lovelight in her eyes, looked up, and low
 In whispers called his name, and hid her face.
 "Olga!" he quick replied, grown bold and brave,
 "Forgive me, for I love you! I, Ivan
 The serf! You, as a woman, I, a man,
 Have seen and dared forget I was a slave!"
 He paused, to wait for the sweet words to grow
 Up from her blushing throat; and still the same
 Reply made she, repeating but his name,

"Ivan," in tender variation. Low,
 Then in a lover's tone, he "Olga" cried,
 Till the two voices were an octave full,
 In perfect harmony made beautiful.
 Again "Ivan!" he heard, and terrified
 They turned to see beside them on the street
 The Count Nicollü. Pale his countenance,
 And full of bitter, rancorous hate the glance
 That on them fell; then quick from their retreat—
 A pillar's shadowy gloom—he drew them out
 With rough, rude violence, into the light,
 And viewed with trembling rage their pale affright.
 "For you, vile slave, the forty lashéd knout
 And transport!" hoarse he cried. "Ivan! Ivan!"
 Now came the anguished cry, with catching breath,
 From lips beloved. "And for you, better death
 My daughter, than thus lay a curséd ban
 Upon the progeny of *Rurik's* name!"
 Thus speaking, Count Nicollü bowed his head,
 Nor looked upon his child again, but led
 Her homeward. Mingled sorrow, grief, and shame
 A torrent raged within the new-born man,
 For her he now held stül more loved and dear
 There was a wrathful father's ire to fear;
 While in the bosom of the Finn, Ivan,
 The brutal instinct of his savage tribe
 Resentful rose, and 'gainst the laws rebelled,
 That thus within th' oppressor's slavery held
 Him. To the knout condemned! His pride
 Writhed at the thought. Unto the glittering sky
 He lifted piteous eyes; the shining stars
 But mocked him; cold, immovable, bright bars
 They seemed, that shut out Heaven. "Ah! Heaven is
 high,
 The Czar far off!" he cried in bitterness,
 And through th' unquiet night the streets he paced,
 With thoughts of her his love had thus disgraced,
 And for his wrongs saw pardon nor redress.
 Unto the ancient knighthood of *Boyar*,
 A proud and loyal order of noblesse,
 The Count belonged; nor stern, nor pitiless
 Unto appeal was he, from near nor far.
 Then, when he heard his daughter's cry ring out
 At Ivan's sentence, all his knightly heart
 Made protest 'gainst the degrading pain and smart
 That one she loved should suffer 'neath the knout.
 And, though revenge 'gainst th' audacious slave
 Raged in his bosom, and to distant lands
 The serf he still would send, his stern commands
 He changed, and Ivan to the service gave.
 For did a noble lightly disapprove
 Some mild offense, were there no fault nor blame,
 A hated vassal thus could he proclaim
 "Unruly," and with speed him quick remove.
 Midst roar of cannon, rush and blaze of light,
 And din of pealing bells, in glad array
 The happy people met the happy day,
 Whose birth they waited through the night.
 And in the court, and on the crowded square,
 Each met the other with a kindly bow,
 And greetings warm returned, and high or low
 Each from the other took the offering rare
 That Easter gave. And hither Marya came,
 By Olga sent, to search and find Ivan;
 Was't him, this wretched creature pale and wan,

Whose haggard face at sight of her aflame
 With hope began to glow? Ivan, and thus!
 A wild desire to hear from her he loved,
 Whose answering, passionate kiss her own had proved,
 Now made the lover's heart all clamorous;
 And brushing light on Marya's brow the Kiss
 Of Peace she offered, his glad eager eyes
 Fain would have roughly torn the slow replies
 From out her lips. "Ivan," she said, "dismiss
 What tiny germ of hope or seed of thought
 The sight of me has planted in your mind;
 There is no happy future more, behind
 The past is not with blacker sorrow fraught
 Than that which looms before. Ivan, I come
 From her who sent me, bearing unto you
 The heavy burden of a love so true,
 Its weight of tender words has made me dumb.
 For pardon, I bring passionate appeal,
 From out a heart reproachful for the wrong
 She feels is hers! To love, and yet be strong,
 Should be a woman's way; and, too, to heal
 The smarting wounds she makes, if all too weak
 She fails to be thus strong; and so I bring
 You tender sympathy, and comforting,
 The tears, and sobs, and looks I cannot speak.
 And more, I bring 'Farewell,' Ivan," she said,
 "A farewell deep and long as love and death;
 She sends it whom you love with dying breath,
 For unto all the world will she be dead.
 Nay, start not, living death; from haughty pride
 The Finn has felled the Russian low with shame;
 To save the honor of his ancient name,
 Nicollü to the convent sends a bride
 Of heaven; there she for you devout will pray,
 Till death shall claim her heart as now has love."
 And ending thus her speech, all interwove
 With warm desire its meaning to convey,
 Marya made motion homeward then to turn;
 But following her, Ivan, with restless breath,
 That caught his words and broke them, cried, "Nor death,
 Nor life, nor pride, nor shame, nor duty stern
 Shall now divide our love, that shall not cease,
 But ever deeper, higher, nobler grow.
 That we again on earth shall meet I know;
 Tell her I swear it, by our Kiss of Peace!"
 Then, through the sunshine slow his shadow crept,
 And all the gay and happy populace
 Who met the man looked wondering at his face.
 His oath, the Count Nicollü faithful kept,
 And ere the rounded, golden, Easter moon
 Had drawn a new and slender silver bow,
 The order came for Ivan swift to go;
 And ere the moon swung fuller he was gone.
 For now grim Ursa Major's evil eye
 Glared wrathful down upon the crescent court
 That glittered in the East, and 'gainst the Porte
 "War" came, the uneasy, wild, unceasing cry.
 And, with the hundred thousand conscript slaves,
 Whose sluggish hearts no patriot fire could feel,
 For whom no law bare merciful repeal,
 And whose dull march but led to nameless graves,
 One walked alone with spirit hot within,
 That burned to reach the foe's unwelcoming shore,
 One who, with new-born courage solemn swore,
 A wondrous victory for love to win.

And ne'er again the count upon his child
 Looked with a father's love ; but as one dead,
 With whom his own life's light and hope had fled,
 He held her memory. From the world exiled
 Then passed the daughter of his home away ;
 But love alone a woman's heart enthalls,
 And father's ire, nor narrow convent walls,
 Could all the force of Olga's deep love stay.
 No captive then her tender heart and true,
 It sought and found a passionate release
 In giving o'er and o'er a Kiss of Peace
 That on swift wings of thought to Ivan flew.
 And thus the slow days passed their length between
 The lovers ; each in dreams by day and night
 Their dear-bought happiness of brief delight
 Lived o'er in mem'ry with a rapture keen.
 She telling weary hours upon her beads
 In prayer for him, within closed walls afar ;
 He striving through the din and heat of war
 For her a name to win through valorous deeds.
 At last proud news from out the red-dyed East
 Came, flushing northern skies, of victories
 Won o'er the enemy, on land and seas,
 And still the cry of triumph loud increased.
 From Kura, Paskewitche, the mountain pass
 Attacked and crossed ; Bajasid's fortress won ;
 Then, envious murmurs of a bold brave son
 Of Russia, conscript he of lower class,
 Who honors proud deserved, were mingled in
 The talk political, and o'er and o'er
 The tale was told, and reached the emperor,
 Who willed then, through the ukase of "*The Tchin,*"
 From Peter handed down, that low or high
 His station, who so valiant served the state,
 Reward and freedom now for him would wait,
 And noble rank his name should glorify.
 " And further," came the proud imperial word,
 " A grateful country's honored dues to show,
 St. Andrew's Cross will I myself bestow
 On him whose record brave we thus have heard."
 At length, midst all the dusky smoke of war,
 The light of peace shone through, and home again
 There marched the remnants of a fierce campaign,
 To pass review before the mighty Czar.
 Still warm in ardor as was Eastern heat,
 Still calm in patience as was Northern cold,
 Ivan, his dreams and hopes now saw unfold
 In happiness before him, and complete
 His joy, when low before the Czar he bowed,
 To wear the cross and hear his humble name
 Ennobled, ne'er again to feel the shame
 Of vassalage. With throbbing heart and proud
 He rose, and backward moved to take his leave,
 When from the royal lips came there request,
 That one whose worth was made thus manifest
 Should from the gracious Czar favor receive.
 What he should ask was his. Quick spake Ivan :
 " Give me for wife, your noble majesty,
 Her who 'twixt convent walls now prays for me."
 Freed from the shackles of the slave, the man
 Burst all restraint, nor felt nor shame, nor fear,
 To offer her he loved his new-earned name,
 High as her own in rank, and won through fame.
 The Czar, who recognized the hero here
 In braving such request, smiled and replied,

" You are indeed possessed of valiant heart
 To thus a nunnery's laws and rules dare thwart,
 And boldly ask to give you as a bride
 One given to Heaven ; but word of majesty
 Must e'er be kept, and so I here decree
 That she from solemn vows shall now be free
 Whom you would wed ; for valorous bravery
 Reward from Heaven as well is surely due."
 Thus nobly won, Ivan his bride then sought,
 But found his eager quest with slow haste fraught ;
 The Count Nicollü dead, there were but few
 Who now remembered where, or how, or when
 The Countess Olga from the world had fled.
 Of Marya then he thought, a slender thread
 To hang his hopes upon ; but for love men
 Will follow shadows holding faintest trace
 Of the loved figure. Marya too no more !
 The glad new day held darkest dawn before
 For Ivan ! But through royal power and grace
 Hope still shone forth, and searching, strong appeal
 Pierced through the convent walls within the land,
 And by the mighty emperor's command
 None dared the Countess Olga now conceal.
 Then came, in answer to the imperial word,
 " Unto the Czar the Church gives up her bride ;"
 For higher law than this none know beside :
 " The Czar's will is the Lord's will." Ivan heard
 With joy the quick response, and on swift feet
 That bore him, in his lover's eager haste,
 With laggard speed, the hidden way he traced
 That led to his beloved's retreat.
 The narrow doors within the narrow halls
 Swung slowly back, and soon a willing bride
 Flew gladly to the open arms and wide
 That welcomed her, and from the convent walls'
 Dark shadows into brighter, perfect day
 The two walked, hand in hand, and heart in heart ;
 Nor life, nor death, nor pride, nor shame could part
 Their love. To Ivanofka quickly now their way
 They wended, for again the spring-time fast
 Was swift approaching its most solemn height,
 And ere the dear-remembered Easter rite
 Of Christian kiss and greetings should be passed
 They hoped to reach the spot, and there renew
 Their vows of love. Again the golden moon
 Shone softly down ; again the same sweet tune
 Beat wildly in each breast where fond and true,
 Through weary years of waiting, love full grown
 Now felt its freedom, passionate and strong.
 Apart they stood, amidst the crowded throng
 That filled the great cathedral's square, and none
 Of all the people gathered there could recognize
 In either altered face the slave Ivan,
 Or her, of whom once circling rumors ran
 Throughout the court, in ripples of surprise.
 Alone they stood, and e'er they entered in
 The sacred portals, Ivan tender spoke
 In earnest words, but softly silence broke :
 " Olga, beloved, thus the prize to win,
 Long hoped and coveted, makes proud the slave
 Who dared to madly love in fear and shame ;
 But prouder now the man who dares a name
 To offer. Love alone the spirit gave,
 Which honor bravely won, and unto love
 With trembling, happy heart, I timid come

For dear reward." Then Olga, as one dumb
 With wealth of feeling that she fain would prove
 In truant words, but lifted up her face
 Aglow, and luminous with tender light,
 And faltering, "Love thy valor shall requite,"
 Was folded close within his fond embrace.
 Then, through the crowd they slowly made their way,
 And reached the sacred blazing altar, where
 Devout they knelt together, deep in prayer,
 Until the morn dawned on their wedding day.
 And gladly rang the joyous Easter bells,
 And "Christ's vascrés," came the happy call,
 While Christian greetings unto one and all

Were mingled with the mad and merry peals.
 And ere the answering ringing walls could cease
 To blow back echoes in that holy hour,
 Again on Olga's lips Ivan the flower
 Of purest love pressed in a Kiss of Peace—
 Of happy peace, and tender rapturous joy,
 O'er wondrous victory won. And shame nor pride,
 Nor life, nor death, nor time, could now divide
 A love which each and all failed to destroy!
 And never worthier bride was nobler won,
 And never gladder Easter bells were rung
 Than these, which wedding pœans gayly sung
 O'er Countess Olga and proud Russia's son!

Literary Pseudonyms.

BY JAMES GRANT.

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet."
 —*Romeo and Juliet*, Act II., Scene 2.



IN all ages and in all countries authors have shrouded themselves under the veil of an assumed name. The reasons for this are probably as numerous almost as is the variety of appellations, and, could they be marshaled before one, would afford a curious insight into the peculiarities and individualities of those who, either for pleasure or profit, choose to wield the pen.

William Lloyd Garrison, when quite a boy, employed in a certain newspaper office, began to write under an alias for the journal on which he worked. Faithfully preserving his incognito, he must have been about equally gratified and amused to receive one day at the post office a letter from his master, thanking him cordially for his previous contributions, and urging him to continue them in future.

It is not often that a great and influential periodical is started entirely anonymously or under pseudonyms. Yet the famous *Edinburgh Review*—the first of the great periodicals which form a marked feature of the critical literature of the nineteenth century—was commenced in this way. So great was the secrecy felt or believed to be necessary, that the knot of promising young men who joined the enterprise, chief among whom were Francis Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Horner, and Henry Brougham, held their "dark divans" for some time in a dingy garret in the rear of Williamson's printing office in Edinburgh, to which each one concerned repaired alone stealthily, under cover of darkness, and by devious and unfrequented paths; and so little encouragement did the enterprise receive, that at first hardly one of the articles were avowed by the writers under their rightful names.

Without doubt the most celebrated pseudonym was that over which the "Letters of Junius" were written. These, a series of remarkable political epistles, were published in the columns of the London *Public Advertiser*—then the most popular and weighty journal in England—from 1769 to 1772. In them the

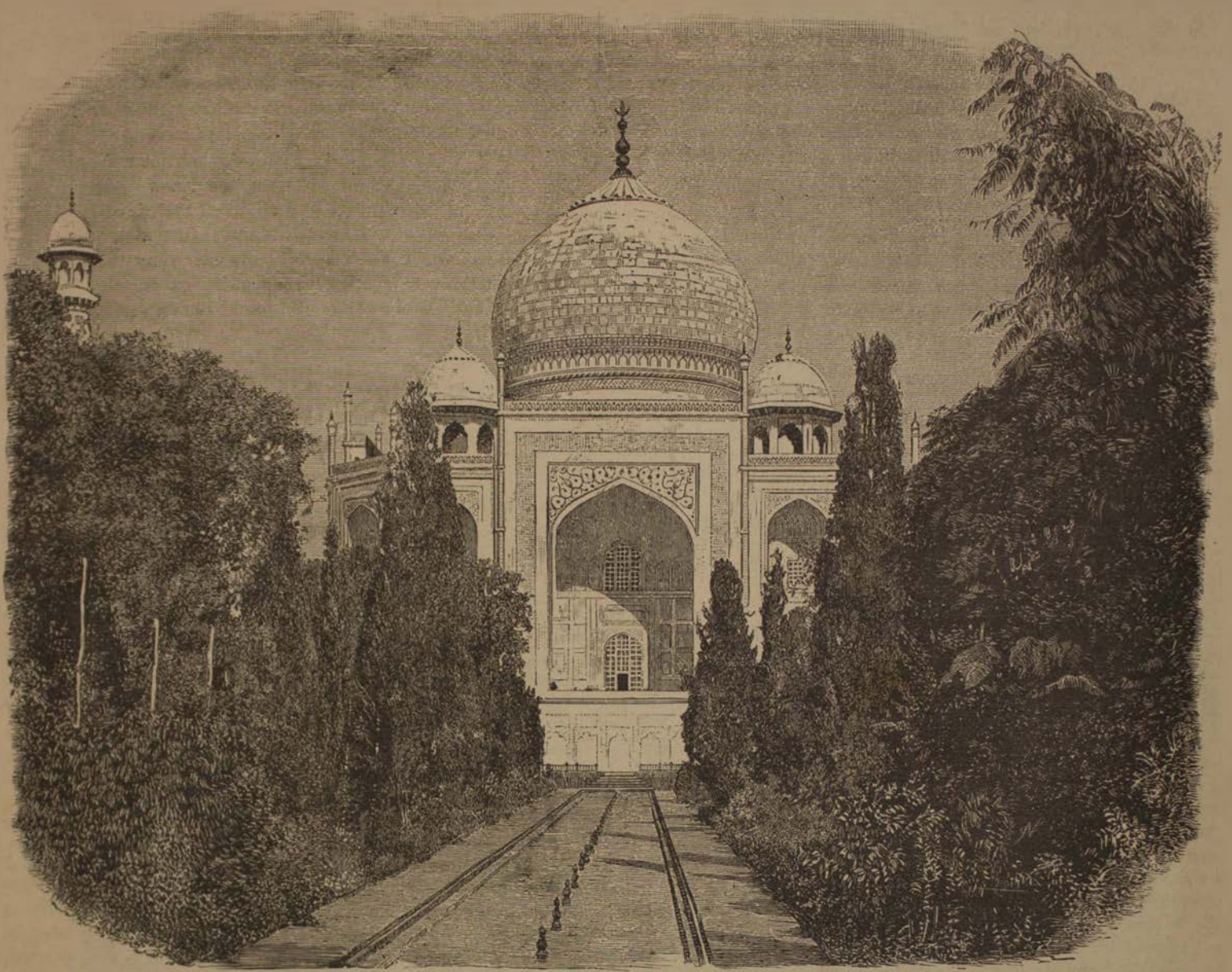
writer, concealing his identity under his signature, attacked many of the public characters of the day who were in any way connected with the government, not even sparing the king himself. The most determined efforts were made, alike by the persons assailed and the general public indignation, to discover the author, but in vain. Of all these efforts, strange to say, "Junius" was only too well aware. He wrote to the publisher: "It is not in the nature of things that you or anybody else should know me unless I make myself known; all arts, all inquiries, or rewards, would be ineffectual." At a still later date he remarks: "I am the sole depository of my secret, and it shall die with me." Since 1840, however, evidence has accumulated which goes very far to indicate Sir Philip Francis as the author of these memorable philippics, though it is only fair to state that other facts point very strongly to Edmund Burke. It is among the certainties, however, that the identity of "Junius" will never be revealed.

Though, as a rule, a pseudonym is an undoubted convenience, there have been cases where, probably, an avowal of the writer's real name would have secured earlier recognition of merit. But this would take away the undoubted fascination which exists to many minds of watching their literary progeny, unsuspected of their immediate acquaintances, cast upon the world to live or die, without the feeling of mortification due to the one result, or the heralding of one's name by fame's trumpet in the other.

Doubtless many will be gratified, in perusing the appended list of pseudonyms, to lift the mask from many of our most enjoyable writers in this country and in England:

Arthur Sketchley, George Rose.
A. L. O. E. (a lady of England), Miss Charlotte Tucker.
"Aunt Mary," Mrs. Mary A. Lathbury.
A Veteran Observer, E. D. Mansfield, LL.D.
"Benaully," Benjamin, Austin, and Lyman Abbott, collaborators.
Barry Gray, R. B. Coffin.
Bon Gaultier, Prof. W. E. Aytoun and Theodore Martin, collaborators.
Bill Arp, Charles H. Smith.
Barry Cornwall, Bryan Waller Procter.
Carl Benson, Charles Astor Bristed.
Can-tell A. Bigly (Can-tell-a-big-lye), George W. Peck.
Currier Bell, Charlotte Brontë.
Cuthbert Bede, Rev. Edward Bradley.
Country Parson, Rev. A. K. H. Boyd.

Dunn Brown, Rev. Samuel Fiske.
Dr. Oldham, of Greystones, Caleb S. Henry, LL.D.
Dr. Syntax, William Coombe.
Elizabeth Wetherell, Susan Warner.
Elizabeth Berger, Elizabeth Sheppard.
Edmund Kirke, J. R. Gilmore.
Ethan Spike, Matthew G. Whittier.
Fanny Forester, Mrs. Emily Chubbuck Judson.
Fat Contributor, A. M. Griswold.
Fleeta, Kate W. Hamilton.
Fanny Fern, Sara Payson Willis Parton.
Frank Forester, Henry William Herbert.
Florence Percy, Mrs. Akers.
George Sand, Amantine Lucile Aurore Dudevant.
Gail Hamilton, Mary Abigail Dodge.
Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Sarah Jane Clarke Lipincott.
George Eliot, Marian Evans Lewes Cross.
"Guth," George Alfred Townsend.
Howard Glyndon, Miss Laura C. Redden.
Harry Gringo, Lieut. Henry A. Wise, U. S. N.
Hohne Lee, Mrs. Harriet Parr.
Helen Mar, Mrs. D. M. F. Walker.
Ike Marvel, Donald G. Mitchell.
Jennie June, Mrs. D. G. Croly.
John Phoenix, Capt. Geo. K. Derby, U. S. A.
January Searle, George S. Phillips.
Josh Billings, Henry W. Shaw.
Kirke White, Henry Kirke White.
Louisa Muhlbach, Madam Clara Mundt.
L. Pylodet (anagram), L. Leypoldt.
Monk Lewis, Matthew Gregory Lewis.
Mrs. Markham, Mrs. Elizabeth Penrose.
Mark Twain, Samuel Langhorne Clemens.
Mrs. Partington, B. P. Shillaber.
Miles O'Reilly, Col. Charles G. Halpine.
Minnie Myrtle, Miss Anna L. Johnson.
Major Jack Downing, Seba Smith.
Mrs. Gilman, Mr. Ballou.
Marion Harland, Mrs. M. V. Terhune.
Nimrod, Charles J. Apperley.
Oliver Optic, William T. Adams.
Old Humphrey, George Mogridge.
Owen Meredith, Hon. Edward R. Bulwer-Lytton.
Orpheus C. Kerr (office-seeker), R. H. Newell.
Paul Craghton, J. T. Trowbridge.
Porte Crayon, Gen. D. P. Strother.
Parson Brownlow, William January Brownlow.
Peter Parley, Samuel Griswold Goodrich.
Peter Pindar, John Wolcott.
Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby, David R. Locke.
Samuel A. Bard, Ephraim J. Squier.
Sophie May, Miss R. S. Clarke.
Se De Kay, Charles D. Kirke.
Sam Slick, Judge Thomas C. Haliburton.
Stonehenge, John H. Walsh.
Shirley Dare, Miss Susan Dunning.
Talvi, Teresa A. L. Von Jakob.
Timothy Titcomb, Josiah Gilbert Holland.
Trusta (anagram), Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
"Uncle Will," Prof. Wm. Wells.
Zadkiel, Lieut. Richard J. Morrison.



VIEW OF THE TAJ MAHAL FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

The Taj Mahal.



ABOUT eight hundred miles to the northwest of Calcutta is situated the ancient Hindoo city of Agra, the walls of which inclose an area of eleven square miles, a large portion of which, however, is occupied by gardens, fountains, etc.

The former capital of the province of Agra, the city has at all times been a place of importance, though of late years the population has declined somewhat, owing to the removal of the government to Delhi. During the Sepoy rebellion of 1857, the English sustained a protracted and severe siege at the hands of the insurgents, until the place was relieved by Colonel Greathed. Situated on the southwest bank of the Jumna, the principal tributary of the sacred Ganges, Agra is sacred to the Hindoos, as the place of the incarnation of Vishnu, under the appellation of Parasu Rama.

But it is to none of these things that attention is called. The principal point of interest in the city—indeed to the country for hundreds of miles around—is the magnificent mausoleum constructed by the Shah Jehan, about the middle of the seventeenth century, in memory of his dearly beloved wife, Noor Mahal. In its construction, which may be said to have rivaled even the pyramids, twenty thousand men were engaged for twenty-two years, and the total cost, exclusive of the forced labor of the workmen, was \$4,000,000.

The origin of this beautiful and imposing pile was as follows: Noor Mahal, "Ranoo Begum, the Ornament of the Palace," as she is described in her epitaph, died in giving birth to a son, and as a last request desired the emperor to erect over her remains the tomb he had promised, and also desired him not to marry a second time, and so introduce another to contend for his favor and riches. Both of these requests Shah Jehan respected, and at once set about fulfilling the first.

The mausoleum is acknowledged by all who have set eyes upon it to be matchless in its beauty, and a glimpse of its glories alone well worth a journey around the world. It stands

in a beautiful park, about a mile outside the city, upon the right bank of the river. This park, a gem in itself, is planted with the choicest exotics of the tropics, and nearly a hundred fountains throw their crystal jets into the perfumed air. This inclosure, which is only some quarter of a mile square, is inclosed by a high fence, and is approached by a handsome gateway, which, were it not for the glories of the Taj, would alone be a work of wonder and interest.

At the further end of a wide tree-embowered avenue, stands the royal tomb on a terrace of red sandstone about twenty feet in height. On this terrace rises yet another of the purest marble, three hundred feet square. Each of its four corners is adorned by a slender Oriental minaret, a hundred and fifty feet in height, and twenty-five in diameter, tapering toward the top, until at the summit it is crowned by an openwork cupola, from which a magnificent panorama of the immediate surroundings and the adjacent country can be obtained. Indeed, it is only from the summit of one of these minarets, that the beautiful and fairy-like proportions of the Taj can be seen or appreciated to complete advantage.

In the exact center of the second terrace is the tomb, equidistant from the four sentinel minarets, of octagon shape, and crowned by a high and swelling dome of the form that one soon learns to recognize as the one characteristic element, no less than the minaret, of Mussulman architecture. The building is a hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and the dome rises to the height of two hundred feet above the pavement of the terrace. At each corner of the roof rests a minaret in miniature of those at the four angles of the terrace. The entire building, from corner stone to the topmost pinnacle, is of the purest white marble, and in that dry smokeless climate has been preserved of an alabaster whiteness. The whole exterior is enriched with carving and sculptured tracery.

Beneath the dome in the interior, sleep, side by side, Jehan and Noor Mahal. The tomb of each is of nearly pellucid marble, adorned with precious stones and exquisitely wrought with the sculptor's art. The crypt is entered by a marble stairway, in which are the sarcophagi of the royal lovers. That of the queen, in addition to the inscription before referred to, bears the date of her death, 1631, has passages from the Koran inserted in mosaic composed of gems, one of which runs to this effect: "Preserve us from the tribe of unbelievers." The other bears simply the name of the emperor and the date of his death, 1666.

The whole Koran is stated to be worked in the walls of the mausoleum in a mosaic of gems like that on the queen's tomb, and immediately above these marble memorial stones stand the cenotaphs or tablets carved in an exquisite and graceful manner. To this day they are kept covered with fresh flowers brought hither by loving pilgrim hands from all parts of the land.

A recent American traveler in the East, Dr. I. S. Prime, has put on record the following expression of his emotions on beholding this masterpiece of art. "Every one who has seen it will simply say that words are powerless to express the ideas which its sublimity

and beauty inspire. I could only compare the emotions which it excited to those awakened by listening to exquisite music, and the building to some sublime poem, whose words transport the soul out of itself. The very first glimpse of the structure, as I entered the gateway a quarter of a mile distant, and looked down the long avenue of acacias and cypress was overpowering, and I felt at every step, as I drew nearer, that I must withdraw my gaze or be overcome. Often, as I stood within the Taj, its silent grandeur was equally overpowering. Moonlight is said to add greatly to the effect of the whole scene, giving to the building the appearance of a cloud-castle built in air."

A Noble Memorial.

No more suitable tribute could have been offered to the memory of the Princess Alice, of Hesse-Darmstadt, than that which has been done. She founded some years ago in her court city a hospital and school for nurses, showing ever a constant practical interest in its operations. By her death the hospital was subjected to a loss, which for some time at least must be regarded as irreparable. But the endowment given by the English people will make up for the lack of pecuniary support which the influence of the princess enabled her to secure, and besides providing resources enough to enable this hospital to prosecute its work efficiently, leaves a surplus to be divided among kindred institutions. The following inscription has been placed on the walls of the hospital in Darmstadt: "This Hospital and School for Nurses, founded by her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess Alice of Great Britain and Ireland, has been endowed forever, as a memorial of her Royal Highness, by those in Great Britain, Ireland, India, and the Colonies, who reverence her pure and whole character, and her life of loving self-sacrifice. Si monumentum requiris, circumspice. Obiit December 14, 1878."

The Matterhorn.

(See *Sepia Picture in Oil.*)

THE Matterhorn, of which we give an admirable representation, is the grandest mountain of the Alps. Supposed at one time to be inaccessible, it stood in the grandeur of its towering majesty, a sealed mystery and an unexplored wonder. It was no marvel that superstition peopled those inaccessible heights with mysterious beings of whom the world knew nothing, spirits whose solitary home was amid the glittering glaciers, and who looked down with contempt on the puny efforts of man to scale the parapets of their icy fortress.

Rising proudly from amidst a waste of snow, this great Alpine peak is composed of stratified rocks. It is fifteen thousand feet high, and even in August, when the earth is ablaze with the glow of flowers, the crags and perpendicular precipices of this wonderful peak are glittering with the footsteps of the great ice-king who has his eternal home amid the mountain fastnesses.

The first attempt made to ascend this mountain was in 1858-59. The greatest height reached was twelve thousand six hundred and fifty feet. The next attempt failed to reach the summit, as did several others. These Alpine climbers were resolute and brave, but the dangerous cliffs baffled them beyond a certain point. So the great Matterhorn remained, as ever, an unknown mystery.

On the 13th of July 1869, a party started on their perilous ascent of the Matterhorn. Up the icy crags and narrow ledges they toiled with wonderful courage. It is said that the guides on the Matterhorn are more serious than on any other mountain, for well they know that death lurks among the terrible glaciers of the mystic peak. After laborious efforts the perilous task was at length accomplished, and a vision of beauty burst upon the weary climbers. Standing on the level summit, the snows of which bore no imprint of man's feet, a wonderful panorama was spread before them. All the principal peaks of the Alps were visible. Toward the south lay the plains of Piedmont, and stretching far away was the dark forest. The blue heavens were filled with light, which falling on the turrets and domes of ice, threw a flood of glory on their crystal beauty. Nature never seems grander than when we meet her face to face on the mountain's peak; and, deeply impressed, the climbers, gay and exultant, prepared to descend.

Some of the happy party never saw the end of that perilous ascent. In descending, the rope which bound the climbers together broke, and four of the number slid rapidly down the terrible cliffs to meet an awful death amid the silence of the snows. Lord Francis Douglas, a young Englishman, the Rev. Mr. Hudson, and his friend, Mr. Hadow, and a guide thus miserably perished. Three persons escaped this fate: two guides and Mr. Whymper, who had made several brave but unsuccessful attempts previously to reach the summit of the mountain. The Matterhorn had been conquered, but an awful tragedy was the price paid for victory.



THE TAJ MAHAL FROM THE RIVER JUMNA.

The Cottage Home.

(See Full Page Engraving.)

THIS beautiful and life-like engraving is from a painting in the Royal Collection at Osborne. The painter is J. V. Gibson, an English artist, residing in Manchester, England.

In 1857, the prince consort, in visiting a local gallery in Salford, was so much struck by the merit of the picture, that he purchased it from the owners, Messrs. Agnew and Sons, print sellers, and had it removed to Osborne, where it was given a place in the royal collection.

Nothing shows more forcibly the contrasts of life than this lowly scene, with its plain surroundings, and the elegance of the palace to which the picture was transferred. The royal children surrounded by all that exalted rank and princely wealth could give, must have pondered sometimes, in looking at this picture, on one of the profoundest problems of life, the inequality in conditions of the human race, and yet each grade is but a part of the plan of the great Architect of the universe.

The picture, which we are glad to give our readers an opportunity of seeing, represents a scene of domestic cottage life. The housewife is preparing the vegetables for dinner, and to do this she has laid aside the little dress on which she was sewing, and hung it on the back of the chair. There is an air of placid content on her sweet face, which shows that "the lines have fallen to her in pleasant places," and though no pomp nor glitter surrounds her, the sunshine of happiness warms and lights up her cottage home. As she sits there in her neat attire, she seems the personification of tranquility and contentment. Life to her is not a "fitful fever," but a state of sweet serenity; a stream that flows on noiselessly, but cheerfully. Surrounded by her little family, her duties are her pleasures. She walks amid the perfumed paths of her garden; she listens to the choral harmony of the birds, and to the drowsy humming of the bees, and the sunshine falls upon her like a gracious benediction, and she wonders what the queen on her throne has that she has not.

The original of our engraving is most carefully painted. Although in the style of the old Dutch masters, it is not so minute in its details. The coloring is bright and harmonious, and the treatment of the subject remarkably sweet and serene. Altogether the picture is quite worthy of the gallery at Osborne, where, by its mute eloquence, it can place royalty in sympathy with its lowly subjects, as perhaps was the intention of "Albert the Good," when he placed the painting of "The Cottage Home" before the eyes of the royal children of England.

For are not pictures teachers not only of the beautiful, but of the good? Who among us has not had his imagination quickened, his good resolves strengthened, and his best sympathies freshened, and even created, by the contemplation of a picture?



Anna Murphy Jameson.

In the cold dark days of the winter of 1859, a fair faced, elderly lady might have been seen every morning seated at one of the comfortable desks, marked "For Ladies Only," in the Reading Room of the British Museum. Heaped about her were also to be observed piles of both engravings and rare manuscripts, in the study of which she was entirely absorbed, until the stroke of the sharp-voiced clock warned her the time had arrived for her return home.

Had a stranger inquired from any of the regular habitues or attendants of the library the personality of this lady, he would have been told it was one who though not, strictly speaking, an artist herself, had by her taste, thorough culture and familiarity with art, both painting and sculpture, become an acknowledged authority upon all subjects pertaining to that branch of study—Mrs. Anna Jameson, who was even then busy in writing her last book in the series upon Sacred and Mythological Art.

Anna Murphy Jameson, as her maiden name indicates, was of Irish origin, and was born in Dublin in 1794, the daughter of a miniature painter who acquired considerable celebrity in his profession. Mr. Murphy also claimed to be a patriot, and was one of the band of United Irishmen, though fortunately for himself he was in England during the struggle in which Emmet and other brave, misguided men went to their death.

After the removal of the family to England, Mr. Murphy was frequently called from home by professional engagements, and his wife, being pretty, young and attractive, was often included in the invitations which came from Castle and Hall. The children, four little girls, were thus left to the rule and companionship of their governess, who though an excellent and painstaking teacher, had never found her way to their hearts, and whose sway was therefore irksome and heavy to bear.

On one occasion, some difficulty having arisen concerning the advisability of the manufacture of "mud pies," so delightful to child-

ish hearts, but so detrimental to clean dresses and pinafores, Anna resolved to endure such tyranny no longer, so she told the younger children to eat all the bread and butter they possibly could for tea, and what they could not eat to hide in their pockets, and that they would that evening set out for Scotland to find their father and mother. The plan worked well until they had reached the outskirts of the village, when the unusual appearance of the party, each carrying a tiny bundle, and Anna as eldest and strongest the plaid under which they proposed to sleep at night, attracted the attention of some energetic gossip, who gave an alarm and they were taken home again, greatly to the chagrin and disappointment of their leader.

In 1813 the family settled in London, where Anna's education made progress, though in a fitful and desultory way. She studied French, Spanish and Italian, and took the most enthusiastic interest in the works of Sir William Jones, the great Oriental Scholar, who was then first disclosing to English readers the wonderful romance of India and Persia, without doubt the oldest in the world. So spell-bound was she by what she read, that she began herself to write an Indian tale, which became the chief and absorbing interest in the nursery, and which was some years afterward published in "Sketches at Home and Abroad."

When sixteen Miss Murphy undertook the position of governess in the family of the Marquis of Westminster, where she remained four years. In the winter of 1820, she was introduced to Robert Jameson, a young barrister of considerable talents, and who was said to have been very agreeable in manner and fascinating in person. As was natural perhaps, they fell in love; an engagement followed, which was broken off, however, in the course of a few months.

The next summer Anna went to Italy as governess or companion to a young girl, to whom she became much attached. In those days everybody kept a journal, and Miss Murphy was not an exception to the general rule. She was separated from her lover, a grief which she felt to be lasting, and to which she clung, after the fashion of some of Jane Austin's heroines. Though surrounded constantly by luxury and genial companionship, yet she was a stranger, so she confided her sorrows and loneliness, her doubts and hopes and longings to her little book, in which she also recorded her impressions of places and people, of what she saw and what she read.

This journey lasted a year, when Anna took up her former calling of child's governess, and entered the family of Lord Hatherton, where she spent four profitable years. In the mean time her broken engagement was renewed, and she was married in 1825.

This step promised much happiness, there being countless reasons why it should be so, but a very few days were needed to prove upon how uncertain and unstable a foundation she was resting her hopes and her future life. But it was this step that gave the impetus toward a literary career, for shortly after her marriage, bringing out her diary of travel to amuse her husband in the winter evenings, he

read some of her sketches of character and scenery to a friend, who offered to publish it and take all pecuniary risk. To this Mrs. Jameson laughingly assented, saying, "Do it if you like, and should it sell for more than enough to pay your expenses, give me a Spanish guitar for my share of the profits." The book was curtailed and published under the name of "A Lady's Diary," with a final paragraph stating that "The writer died on her way home at Autun, in her 26th year, and was buried in the garden of the Capuchin Monastery near that city." The success of the book was immediate, and it was shortly after republished under its present title, "The Diary of an Ennuyée."

Mr. Jameson not succeeding in his profession as he had hoped, he sought, after four years' trial, a colonial appointment, which took him to Dominica, his wife returning to her father's house. This break-up of the domestic relation was not in reality so great a trial as it seemed to lookers on, for that incompatibility of temper and disposition, which at last quite separated them, had appeared very soon after their marriage.

Mrs. Jameson's first literary venture had been so well received that she made others, "Female Sovereigns" and "Lives of the Poets," appearing about this time. Her first serious and really important contribution to literature, however, was "The Characteristics of Women," a series of essays on Shakespeare's female characters, most thoughtfully and delightfully treated.

Early in 1833, Mr. Jameson, finding his West Indian appointment not to his liking, returned to London, from whence he went to Canada, having secured through some influential friends of his wife an excellent government position, she agreeing to join him when he felt fully established in his new home. Mrs. Jameson during the same year went to Germany, where she found kindly welcome in the highest literary and social circles, her reputation having preceded her.

Her next literary venture was a collection of essays, entitled "Visits and Sketches." They were very varied, being desultory sketches of German society, bits of German legends, and brief biographical notices.

In 1836, Mr. Jameson wrote claiming the fulfillment of her promise of going to him, and she accordingly sailed for America in September, though with not a few misgivings, a most natural thing, when, in sixteen months' time, she had received but two letters from him. When she landed in New York in November, after a stormy passage, she found no escort for the remainder of her journey as had been promised, nor even a letter giving her directions as to her best route.

Going on quite alone to Toronto, she found there no one to welcome her, the slush and dirt ankle-deep, the cold intense, and so, in sleet and snow and utter misery of heart, she made her way alone to her husband's house, half a mile off. Half frozen and suffering acutely from fever and chills, regretting with bitter sorrow the friends and comforts across the sea, the winter dragged slowly along. In the spring, convinced it was impossible for her to live longer with a man so utterly

thoughtless of her comfort and happiness as was her husband, legal papers were formally drawn up assuring Mrs. Jameson an allowance of three hundred pounds per annum—not a large allowance considering his excellent income.

Before leaving Canada forever, she made a two months' journey into the West, exploring Lake Huron and visiting many Indian settlements, the results of which she recorded in "Summer Rambles and Winter Studies." Upon arriving in England, she found the almost entire support of her father's family would devolve upon her, he having been for some months in a semi-paralyzed condition, therefore her work became incessant and laborious.

In 1843, she went again to Rome, settling herself in the Piazza di Spagna, 53. One of the jokes of her small circle was the name given her by the Italian coachman of one of her friends—*La Signora di Cuiquante tre*, which she would insist was very unkind, reminding her thus perpetually of her age, she being then just fifty-three. In the somber old drawing-room, looking out over the sunny square, she held a sort of court every Sunday evening of people of her own tastes—artists and travelers and literateurs—such as Gibson, the sculptor; Charles Hemans, art critic; Overbeck, religious artist; Mr. and Mrs. Cobden, Madame de Goethe, daughter-in-law of the poet, and Dr. Braun, the archæologist.

At Easter, 1843, she again returned to England to supervise the publication of her volume on Sacred and Legendary Art. It is in this book and the series which followed, that Mrs. Jameson's talents are best displayed. She had a peculiar fitness for legendary art, though not so much the history, perhaps, as the poetry. She had a difficult task in handling stories whose facts she partly or wholly disbelieved, while she admired their spirit. Take, for instance, the legend of St. Dorothea, who lived in the earliest ages of Christianity, and whose real history, founded on fact or tradition, has been so disguised by practical and ecclesiastical embroidery, that it has in some sort the air of an ideal being. The legend in itself is fantastic; nevertheless, laugh at it if we will, there is heroism in it, and power. God's strength made perfect in woman's weakness, tender, long-suffering forgiveness, and glimpses of that spiritual world where the meek shall inherit the earth, and all that is beautiful shall endure forever.

In 1851, Mrs. Jameson's name was placed on the pension list, and in reply to a letter requesting him to act as one of her trustees, Thackeray sent the following characteristic reply:

"DEAR MRS. JAMESON—I am nearly as glad as you are, and shall be pleased to be your godfather, to promise and vow the necessary things in your name. I saw Lord John Russell yesterday and thanked him, and told him how happy some people were made, and what you said about your mother, which touched the Premier's heart. And I wish I had a couple of trustees and a pension for

"Yours, very truly,

"W. M. THACKARAY."

In 1854, Mr. Jameson died, leaving all his property to charitable institutions; some time before, he had persuaded his wife to return him the documents that secured to her her annuity from him, on the pretext that it would enable him to invest in lands to be left to her after his death. When the facts became known concerning the will, certain of her friends collected a sum wherewith an annuity of one hundred pounds was assured her for her lifetime, to the great relief of her mind.

In 1859, one stormy day in March, she took a severe cold returning from the British Museum to her lodgings, and after a week's illness, in which her brain wandered, and she talked much of drawings and engravings, she died, and was borne to her rest in Kensal Green by the side of her father and mother, whom she had in life so tenderly and dutifully loved.

L. P. L.

A Terra Incognita.

BY H. F. R.



OMNINO *ignotum pro magnifico*,"

—whatever is unknown is thought to be magnificent—is a truth capable of many applications. When, from Se-
raglio Point, the traveler for the first time gazes on the tree-embowered houses and mosques and minarets of Constantinople, the first idea

that impresses him is an expectation of the great beauty which a closer inspection will reveal. But, alas! better had he remained at that distance where enchantment casts her glamour over the scene; close contact dispels the magnificence.

To children, and to "children of a larger growth," as well, the fairyland whose higher margin is bounded by the foot-lights is a *terra incognita* of beauty and magnificence—a wonderland whose paths they would be only too happy to tread. But managers are gruff and hard-hearted, and unless one possesses the magic "Open Sesame!" the stage door will forever remain closed to us who only can enter at the box door.

We will presume, O reader, that you have never been "behind"—not time—but the scenes. And although it will dispel many a fond illusion, and cause many a shock to your preconceived ideas of what stage life is, we, being favored of the gods—not those of the gallery—will engage to pilot you in a visit to one of our leading theaters, not a thousand miles from Union Square, New York.

Well, here we are. A long alleyway conducts us to a dingy door, from a box at one side of which appears an aged man—some broken-down actor, perhaps—who might be cast for the lean and slippered pantaloon in Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." With

a nod he pulls a cord, the aforesaid dingy door creaks on its hinges, and there yawns before us a cobwebby passage, its sides lined with "flats" and "wings," and its floor sloping gradually downward. Be careful there, my friend; that scene there is still wet from the painter's brush, and both his work and your clothes would suffer by contact. Distant sounds of hammering greet our ear, and, on opening another door, we are nearly knocked down by a "flat" being slid rapidly along the floor by a couple of sturdy scene-shifters. That danger past, and after threading our way through sundry deposits of paints, coils of india-rubber gas-pipe, stage properties, and all the litter of last night's performance (for it is yet early in the day), we emerge upon the stage.

Can it be possible! You don't mean to tell me that this is the spot where that beautiful scene was set last night? The very place, I assure you. See, here is where the duel was fought; and right here by this shabby old garden seat is where the hero made hot love to the heroine; and there against the rear wall is her father's mansion, now partially rolled up, it is true, but still her father's mansion for all that. And you don't mean to say that those dismal-looking rows of seats, the women moving among them with pails and brooms, are the ones that were filled with beauty and fashion only a few short hours ago, and will be again? Well, I would never have believed it! Ah, you will see sharper contrasts than that ere our visit is over.

Mysterious subterranean sounds have been heard beneath our feet; let us go down stairs. Descending a narrow stairway behind one of the stage boxes, we find ourselves in an underground, musty-smelling region, from which a number of passages radiate in all directions, lined with the dressing-rooms of the company. But they are all empty now, so we cannot enter. Immediately under the stage, which we can tell is over our heads by the tramping of feet and shifting of scenes, is the green-room, and back of the green-room is the "music-room," where the leader of the orchestra and several of its members are engaged in rehearsing the evening's music. Dull work it seems to be; all the players seem as if they had not had enough sleep the night before, and, the morning being a damp one, are all more or less muffled up. But to-night these same gentlemen will look smart and natty, with their white ties and evening dress, under the glare of the great chandelier.

The shrill voice of the call-boy now is heard, "Everybody up for the third act!" which is about to be rehearsed, so let us ascend. The stage is in somewhat better trim than when we were here before; part of the scene to be rehearsed has been set; and a number of ladies and gentlemen in street costume, with many others, engaged in the act, hover in the wings; yonder, in one of the orchestra chairs, sits the proprietor, and down by the footlights, though their location is only indicated by their shades, stands the stage-manager, prompt-book in hand.

Everything being ready, the act is called. A gentleman in morning dress comes on at the left entrance and rehearses his lines; he

is joined in a few minutes by a lady in street costume and another gentleman. The act proceeds smoothly enough for a few minutes, all of the performers being perfect in their lines; but a signal from the proprietor in the orchestra chairs stops them for a moment, and some slight instruction as to business is given to the lady, and the part in question is repeated. Not yet, however, does it please the critic, and another repetition has to be gone through, this time with better success. All goes merrily again until the act nears its conclusion; but then the interruptions come thick and fast from the "governor." The lady has a fall to execute, and indicates it by spreading her hands palms downward, it not being customary to fall actually except in dress rehearsals or in the actual representation. Instructions and suggestions come rapidly from the stage manager: a different inflection here; a different attitude there; in this place more force, a better gesture in that, until one would think everybody would be heartily sick of the whole thing. But actors and actresses are a wonderfully patient class.

At length the act is concluded, and something else takes its place. But as it would be only a repetition of what we have just witnessed, let us take our departure until the evening performance.

At half-past seven—the performance commences at eight—we again pass the scrutiny of our aged friend at the door. Now, you say, the stage looks something like! Yes, a theater always looks better under the gas than the sunlight. On the stage all is bustle and confusion—but a confusion out of which order is rapidly being produced. Carpenters, scene-shifters, gas-men, and "supes" hurry back and forth. To a novice the amazingly fragile nature of what appear from the house to be substantial buildings, etc., is now surprisingly apparent. The solid wall is seen to be a strip of canvas with thin pieces of wood glued to its edges for stiffness, the whole being mounted on a wooden frame. All of the side scenes are perfectly flat; the illusions of buildings, projections, etc., are part of the stage painter's art. The work of the latter is seen to be remarkably coarse, compared by other standards, yet the most admirable judgment is necessary in laying on the colors, because of the various distances at which the scenes are to be viewed. In some cases mere blotches of color appear to suffice; in others much refinement of detail is necessary.

Take a peep through that little hole in the curtain there. Is the house filling up? Pretty well, you answer: a few in the balcony, a very few in the orchestra; and as many as both put together in the upper gallery. Plenty of time yet. Most theaters fill while the orchestra is playing the overture.

Let us descend once more. The dressing-rooms are all tenanted now, and sounds of jest and laughter issue from them. Some of the actors, dressed early, lounge in the passages or in the green-room. Here comes a laggard; it wants only a few minutes of eight, so, as he is "on" in the first act, he has not much time to dress. Others, who do not appear till the second or third act, saunter in more leisurely. Sounds from the orchestra are now

heard, and at ten minutes to the hour the overture begins. Immediately the call-boy, prompt-book in hand, appears and cries, "Overture! Everybody up for the first act!" and summons by name each actor who should be on the stage at the rising of the curtain. It is this call-boy's duty to call every actor in the course of the play, even if he has only just made his exit. By this precaution the characters are always in their places at the wings waiting for their "cues"—some phrase or word in the dialogue—to make their entrance.

But a general movement now takes place toward the stage, so let us ascend. But who is this? A lady rushes past us in great haste; it is Miss X., and she is terribly late. The curtain will rise in a minute or so, and as she will be called in about three minutes after, she has not much time to dress. Her carriage, she breathlessly exclaims, was stopped by a blockade, and she had to get out and foot it.

Behind the scenes we find the stage lit up; the gas man is going his rounds to see if everything is all right; the man with the lime-light has just arranged it; actors, stage-manager, prompter, carpenters, and scene-shifters encumber the stage, and among them all is a stalwart metropolitan fireman in uniform, looking strangely out of place among all these different costumes. His presence reminds us of what a terribly dangerous place a stage is for an outbreak of fire. Those "skies" aloft there seem to sway alarmingly close to the side-light, but accidents rarely occur. Now the overture is drawing near its end; the order issues from the prompter's lips, "Clear the stage!" and, along with all others not engaged in the act, we hide ourselves in one of the slips. The overture is ended; the "act music" begins—a few bars preparatory to the curtain's rising. "All ready!" says the stage-manager; tinkle, tinkle goes the prompter's bell, the curtain rises and the act begins.

By the way, where is Miss X., the lady who was late? All that we have described has only occupied a minute or so of time, indeed, there goes the boy to call her, but she cannot possibly be dressed, say you.

What is the matter with Mr. Y.? you ask. He is certainly taking his time to-night. See how slowly he speaks his lines, and what a quantity of business he puts on; I never saw him do that before. And Mrs. Z.; she is doing the same thing. At this rate the act will last an hour! Gently, my friend, they are "keeping the stage" for Miss X., our belated friend. See, there she comes; she has got the cue; now the play runs along merrily enough. Not a soul in the audience noticed any unusual delay, I'll wager. This is only one example of the many ways actors and actresses help and assist each other in the course of a play.

The act ends amid applause by the audience; the orchestra commences the *entr'acte*; the actors and actresses leave the stage and scatter here and there among the dressing-rooms; and three or four times the same scenes are repeated in the course of the evening at that one theater, and at a score of others in the great metropolis.

Talks with Women.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

THE ART OF TALKING.



THE man or woman who knows how to talk, must first have learned how to keep still. We all know the incessant talker—the woman (it is generally a woman) who pours forth a continuous stream of babble, yet never by any accident says anything—that is, anything good to remember, or carry away.

The most of us are fortunate enough to know, too, a man or woman, perhaps more than one of each sex, who can hardly speak at all without saying something that is stimulating and suggestive; something true and noble; something honest and candid, that all at once makes the world seem a better world; that clears the mental horizon of many mists and shadows, and enables us to do the thing we are doing with better will and courage; to take hold of the disagreeable duty, and accept the inevitable with cheerful patience. This is the difference between the mental and moral constitution of individuals—it is the result of the involuntary action of mind upon mind, and may be as strong in the illiterate as in the learned.

You know at once whether the man or woman you employ for a given purpose is quiet and self-respecting, or a chattering busy-body, and you have confidence in them or not, accordingly. But this is not what is meant by talking as an art; and, in order to interest, amuse, or instruct other people, this requires more than the gift of speech—more than the faculty of making oneself understood; it requires long and patient cultivation of the faculty of thought, as well as that of expression, for unless thought has preceded speech, the latter will be idle and worthless.

There was a time when talking was cultivated much more than it is to-day. It was before the age of printing—before the period of newspapers, which have become thought and visible speech for so many American men, and are daily supplying more and more the place of thought and speech to men and women all over the civilized world.

Observe cars, stages, steamboats, and every man comes laden with his daily supply, and he sits down and devours them, thankful, above all things, to the quiet friend who tells him all the news, keeps him informed about what is going on, and manufactures his opinions without any trouble to himself. Get a bird's-eye glimpse of nine out of ten American men in the morning, or in the evening, and, for the single hour spent at home, they will be buried in newspapers; not for the purpose of communicating what they find there, but in order to cram themselves with the current news, and be able to understand the allusions, or take part in the chat upon current events, which varies the more serious work or business of the day.

Conversation in an ordinary family is a rarity. Perhaps not a member of it, except the man of the house, reads even the newspapers, and the household vocabulary is confined to the making of certain little statements in regard to Ellen the cook, or Mary the chambermaid; to the iteration of common and familiar expletives and ejaculations concerning the doings of friends or neighbors, and a repetition of charges to children, not to do what it is very likely they had never thought of doing; or complaints and assertions regarding the weather, which can be eternally renewed, as weather occurs every day. It would be quite a revelation to many people, if a phonographic reporter were to take down verbatim the exact list of the words, sentences, exclamations, and declarations made in an ordinary family during a day, and I advise some of the bright young readers of this article to try the experiment phonetically, or otherwise, and see what they will get out of it.

The multiplication of newspapers, it might be supposed, would stimulate and encourage the art of talking, by giving men, and women too, something to talk about, for, as a rule, they are more suggestive in this respect to the women who read them than to men. The majority of men who read, for a special purpose, to be made acquainted, as before remarked, with current events—they have not time, and they are too much absorbed in business to be interested in the literature or social aspects of newspapers; these are more addressed to women; in fact, the latter are a new feature; one that the newspaper proper has taken up within a few years in order to meet family demands, as well as the requirements of the politician and man of business. The rush, the hurry, the eager competition, are all destructive to the cultivation of talking as a fine art; and modern inventive genius has busied itself in furnishing substitutes for the human voice and the human mode of expression, in the phonograph, the telephone, and other instrumentalities for conveying thought without speech, or with speech reduced to its lowest and most arbitrary terms. A few men of comparative leisure, men of literary taste and culture, keep themselves *en rapport* with the world of thought, and save the race from utter absorption in the money-making and money-spending idea. Some of these even, like Charles Lamb, are obliged to "cast up accounts," or sell stocks, or buy grain for a living; but their leisure is filled with books, and the friends who love them, and to whom the rare occasions of a talk about them, are esteemed a greater treat than a banquet at Delmonico's.

There are persons whose talk is so delightful that those who appreciate it would gladly pay to hear it. The father of Miss L. M. Alcott is one of these fruitful talkers; so great is his reputation in this respect, that he is often asked, and does occasionally give a "conversation," to which men and women of learning and intelligence gladly pay to gain admittance. The reason is that he is not only a man of culture, but a man of ideas, with a charming faculty for presenting an old acquaintance in a new dress, and a new acquaintance in so gracious a manner

that we meet him as a friend, and not as an enemy.

Mr. James Parton, the famous biographer, is one of the men whose talk is an "education." "I dislike to lose one word that Mr. Parton utters," remarked a lady, "when I am where he is, for what he says is not only good in itself, but so suggestive that I find myself stimulated to better thinking, and better speaking."

This is doubtless an attribute of all original minds that have at once the power of expression and the gift of sympathy. It is said of George Eliot that a great charm of her talking was the unconscious wisdom with which she surprised others into saying better things than they had ever before been capable of. This is the gift of genius; men and women of talent and intelligence may say bright, clever, and witty things, very ordinary men and women may remember and repeat the sayings of others, but it is creative genius alone that possesses the divine spark which can enkindle its generous semblance in the mind of another.

Margaret Fuller was, perhaps, the most remarkable woman talker that this country has ever known, but she was the antipodes of George Eliot. Her words had the voluble flow, the steady force, the dogmatic directness of a torrent which forces its passage and admits of no interference or qualification. Her eloquence was in itself a gift, it was the very genius of talk, and it utilized all the stores of wit, humor, anecdote, epigram, and personal reminiscence laid up in a capacious memory. From all that has been said and written of her, one would imagine that exactness, depth, and discrimination were sometimes sacrificed to the brilliant and epigrammatic in her boundless stream of apt and ready language; a peculiarity that can hardly be construed into a fault, for it is inevitable that one who talks so much, and so well, must sometimes talk for effect, and be unable to withstand the temptation of saying a bright thing, even if not quite just.

Talking to people is a very different thing from talking with them. Talking to them is a fashionable accomplishment of the present day; it is a familiar sort of lecture; it is a revival of the old method of conveying instruction practiced by the Greek and Roman philosophers, particularly by the Greek, whose schools have been preserved to us, and form the basis of the classical study in our schools to-day.

In those days, however, there was a greater necessity for imparting knowledge orally than exists to-day; in the absence of books, newspapers, and printing-presses, and in the sort of study to which the schools were for the most part confined. The facts of the material universe were but little known; the horizon itself was limited; geography was confined to the countries with which commerce was connected, and information concerning them restricted to the stories told by the occasional traveler who returned from a long voyage or journey by sea or land. Education was unknown to the common people except in their special departments of industry, and then it was the practice, not the theory or literature of it, with which they were acquainted. The schools, were schools of ethics and philosophy,

and dealt little with mere facts, still less with figures. But they cultivated the deductive, the reasoning, the argumentative faculties, and worked out intellectual methods, and laid those foundations in ethical ideas and practice which we build upon to-day, and which still have their distinct representatives in would-be Stoics, and pleasure-loving Epicureans, in passionless Platonists, and Diogenic Cynics.

Our talkers of the present day are elevated upon no such high plane. Their ambition is limited to presenting, in a pleasing manner, literary or historical facts, incidents, and data—to the discussion or analysis of a special work or author. This is well enough in its way if it is thoroughly well done by competent individuals, and it has had a special use of late years, in supplementing, in a certain way, the imperfect teaching of our common schools; but it is overdone, and, like most other things, overdone by talkers of very inferior mental and moral caliber, who, without the basis of a previous thorough education and training, take up this as one of the methods of making a livelihood, "crave" for it in some "literary" direction, and step out, after a few weeks or months, as the case may be, a full-fledged talker, whose wisdom must be paid for at the rate of fifty cents a ticket.

Only the absurd system in our public schools (below the high schools), which exalts mathematics at the expense of all other studies, and turns out scholars that have neither been taught to read the authors that have made the literature of their own tongue, or think their own thoughts in regard to them, could have afforded an opportunity to mere pretenders of this class. But to the majority of people, standard authors, not to say classic authors, are mere traditions, the fragments which they know in regard to them having all been obtained at second-hand from the conversation of a well-informed friend or a newspaper paragraph.

A very different kind of training from this is required for those who would be fitted to shine as conversationalists—as talkers *with* people. Conversation implies, among those who engage in it, a certain equality of character and culture, of ideas, and training in giving them expression. A "Talk," on the contrary, almost implies the contrary—at least it implies a supposition, on the part of the talker, of knowing more about his subject than the majority of his listeners, and a willingness on the part of his listeners to give time, possibly money, to hear what he has to say. Conversation affords the opportunity of replying—of "talking back;" a talk is usually all one side, and naturally tends toward dogmatic and authoritative forms of expression.

Sometimes conversation runs into a talk, as, for example, when one brilliant talker is found in a small group of friends, he gradually and naturally absorbs the conversations, for others stop talking in order to listen, and as, perhaps, no other persons can lift and sustain themselves at his level, that which began in a conversation ends in a talk, from which all go away brightened, possibly strengthened and elevated.

The finest conversations in the world are the "Imaginary Conversations" of Walter Savage

Landor. They consist of exactly what is stated in the title, imaginary conversations between distinguished men and some women of ancient and comparatively modern times, from Greek and Roman philosophers, to the English lake poets. The perfection of these conversations can only be understood by one intimately conversant with the life, the thought, the character, the religion, the personal habits, the customs of the ancients, for in the strong and clear current of their wisdom all these are reflected, and if such conversations upon the events, the personages, the achievements of those times did not take place, they might have done, and it is a thousand pities they did not. The books are such as all young men and women should read and study for the noble style, the elevation of thought, and freedom from all pedantry and pretense.

Not that all the characters introduced talk alike; on the contrary, individuality is so strongly marked, and so conscientiously preserved, as to render each conversation a scene in a drama, and compel the author to disavow sentiments and opinions truthfully put into the mouths of his *dramatis personæ*, but which he did not himself always share. Of course, many wise remarks, many striking aphorisms, many sage reflections and acute opinions are obtained from the records of the personages as they have come down to us, but they are as admirably and accurately interwoven as the thread in tapestry, not thrust in and labeled as might have been the case with a less skillful author.

There are two elements in our lives that have an enormous influence in shaping the character of our thoughts and their expression: one is what we read—the other is what we hear. Young people who are isolated from cultivated society should be doubly careful what they read, in order to have the habit of thinking in good English, and also of having something to think about. D'Israeli's novels are severely criticised, but if they were good for but the one thing, they would be worth reading, especially his later ones, and this is for the truthfulness with which he pictures the language used in high and refined circles. Novels are very apt to deal with the exclusive classes, because it is easy to reach the ordinary imagination through the ordinary channels of extravagant upholstery; but the language put into the mouths of the educated, and presumably refined, is often such as would be heard in the mixed society of a very third-rate boarding-house.

Probably there is no influence which tends more to the growth of unconscious excellence in talking, than the habits of a cultivated and intellectual home circle, the regular reading of best books, and the intelligent talk in the family, about what has been read, or heard, or seen. Nothing can quite make up for the absence of this element in the home life of children, and in this respect the children of the middle classes, which cover the great army of professional workers, are infinitely better off than the children of the rich, who relegate their children to the nursery, and until they are grown men and women never allow them to participate in the social life of the family. Is not the society of servants into which they

are thrust partly responsible for the low tone of the tastes and associations which they often cultivate in after life?

Character has much to do with the charm of bright and pleasant talk. It requires sympathy and a certain amount of unselfishness to enable one to enter into another person's feelings, and select such topics of conversation and chat as will prove interesting to him, and hold his interest; one must in fact have the habit of thinking more of others than of oneself, and more of what will be agreeable to them. Besides, the naturally noble, truthful, and refined in character, seeks its correspondence in books, in its social relations, in work, and in all those things which make up our mental, moral, and spiritual environment; and it is out of this that our thought and its expression in language grows.

To be a brilliant talker is a great social attraction, as it is to be a beautiful singer, but it is not the most desirable thing in the world; it is better to be a truthful talker, one whose word can be absolutely relied upon, whose simplicity and directness make the accuracy of a statement unquestionable, and its meaning clear to the ordinary comprehension. Nor is it necessary to interlard common conversation with quotations, or read for the sake of being able to do so; this is the very frequent mistake of the silly and underbred. Quotations may be made at the proper time and place, but the aptness must be such as to express the unuttered thought of more than one, to save them from the embarrassment of a seemingly forced intrusion.

Still, a good memory is a great help to a good talker; in fact, a person can hardly sustain such a reputation without it. It is not only what you read, but what you see, and what you hear, that serve, sometimes years afterward, to give point or illustration to a remark.

Thus the cultivation of the habit of observation is essential to one who would have subjects for bright and suggestive remarks or agreeable conversation always on hand. We all know the individual who goes through the world without seeing anything unless it knocks up against him.

*"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."*

How different is one whose sympathetic sight sees in every natural occurrence some correspondence with the mental and spiritual phenomena which are so largely the outgrowth of inflexible environment. It is related of "George Eliot" by a lady who once saw her on a very dark and gloomy day in a railway carriage, riding up to London, that just before reaching the great city the sun burst forth from behind a bank of black clouds—George Eliot's eyes became luminous, then tears filled them, and her hands were clasped tightly over her great, sympathetic heart, as she leaned forward and said to her husband, "George, what would be the effect, if a ray like that, warm and bright, could be put into a wretched, darkened life? Would it not restore the man to humanity, as this restores light and warmth to the darkened earth?"

It is thus that some eyes, in simply traveling day by day the round of regular duty, see the heavens opened, and angels ascending and descending, while others surrounded with good gifts, and with nothing to do but please themselves, find in their experiences only weariness and vexation. We must first *think* wisely, if we would talk wisely, and our thinking depends largely upon the company we keep, both as regards men and women and books. But we are not to talk, any more than walk, on stilts, nor talk much at all, until we have something of our own to say, for after all, the first and most essential element of the art of talking, is knowing when to keep silent.

An Acquisition to the White House.

THE life-size portrait of Mrs. Hayes which is to be placed in the White House beside the Presidents' pictures by the Women's National Temperance Union has a frame of oak ten feet high and four or five feet wide. The base of the pilaster will be exquisitely carved with laurel, the emblem of victory; the top will be of oak, the emblem of power; the sides will be carved with lilies, the emblem of purity; the bottom with English hawthorn and water lilies, the emblems of poetry and beauty. The picture and frame will cost \$2,750.

Useful Girls' School.

It would be an excellent thing if some schools for young women were opened in the United States similar to those which have been founded in Wurtemberg. These schools, intended for the daughters of small farmers and peasants, are opened only during the winter months, and each of them accommodates about thirty pupils, the fee for tuition being twenty-five marks, or five dollars, while about fifteen cents a day is charged for board and lodging. The manager of the school sees that her pupils are taught cooking, washing, house-cleaning, and so on, while another teacher is employed to give them two or three hours' tuition a day in reading, writing, and arithmetic. A physician gives lectures on natural history and domestic medicine, so that nothing is neglected that is likely to make good housewives of them.

Higher Education in France.

A BILL has lately passed the two houses of legislature in Paris authorizing the establishment of a number of *lycées* for girls. Instruction in France is divided into three degrees, the *écoles communales*, or public schools, the *lycées*, corresponding to our colleges, and the *facultés*, or higher instruction, such as is comprehended in our law, medical and scientific schools. The movement is one which corresponds therefore to that in this country which aims to secure a collegiate course of training for women, except that their discipline is made exceedingly strict, and membership of the *lycée* for women will be, as it is for men, narrowly exclusive. It is not only necessary to pass these different examinations, but recommendations and appointments must be secured from people of standing—a system not unlike that adopted at West Point. These new colleges are to be opened in the coming year. A plot will be immediately purchased and mortar and bricks carted to the place that there may be no delay in putting the law in force.

Reformatory School for Girls.

ON the breezy heath at Hampstead, almost classic ground to lovers of English literature, stands an old mansion, once the home of luxury and love, but now used as a reformatory school for girls. When one thinks of the hundreds of young girls, taken in some instances from the lowest slums of London, who are rescued from a life of sin and shame, and trained there to ways of honesty and virtue, the good that is effected can hardly be over-estimated. Each inmate has been convicted of some crime or misdemeanor, and sentenced for a longer or shorter period, according to the nature of the offense and condition of the criminal, the sentence always including eight days of imprisonment before entering the institution. Of course, in a home containing on an average one hundred and thirty girls, of various dispositions and of widely different training, the discipline must be strict. There is, however, as much home feeling maintained as is possible, while health and comfort are carefully studied, and play is wisely combined with work. The reformatory is not supported, but only subsidized by government, its chief revenue being derived from the laundry work of the institution. The value of the institution is proved by the fact that seventy-five per cent. of the girls trained at Heathfield turn out well, and are restored to the world as useful and respectable members of society.

Women as Medical Missionaries.

THE idea of sending ladies to India as medical missionaries is one which has been heartily taken up in connection with the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society. It is proposed to give the lady missionaries a medical training of at least two years, and to encourage as many as possible to acquire a thorough medical education and to take medical degrees. The scope in India for the services of women thus qualified is boundless, and the good they might do is incalculable. Male doctors are not allowed to attend women in India, and the native nurses are too generally incompetent, while many of their customs in the treatment of the sick are to the last degree cruel and revolting. It is believed that thousands of Indian mothers die every year for lack of skillful medical attendance, and the sufferings of women and children generally from the same cause are said to be too terrible for description. A lady who was in India for seventeen years describes how, with funds supplied by English friends, she established a lying-in hospital at an isolated country mission station in India. The building was of the humblest description, costing not more than \$20 or \$30, and its furniture was of the scantiest. But she said that what was done for the Hindoo mother in that unpretending hospital created a bond of sympathy which nothing else could have done, and called forth the deepest gratitude of her black sisters. The English government is now beginning to take up this important subject, and is placing trained nurses in out-of-the-way country towns, paying liberal salaries. English female practitioners, however, would have an immense advantage, and would, especially among Hindoo women of the higher classes, find a sphere of benevolence and spiritual usefulness of unsurpassed importance.

Glass Clothing.

THE ingenuity that led to the manufacture of articles of clothing from paper has been eclipsed, as similar articles are now made from glass. An up-town dry goods house has on

exhibition a glass table-cloth several feet square, of variegated colors, with ornamental border and fringed edges. The fabric is flexible, and only a little heavier than those woven of flax, while it is claimed that it can be washed and ironed like the ordinary table-cloth. Glass has been spun and woven in Austria for some years, but it is a new undertaking in this country. A prominent glass-manufacturing firm of Pittsburg, Penn., recently engaged in the manufacture of this brittle substance into fabrics which they claim are as perfect, delicate, and durable as the finest silk. They can spin two hundred and fifty fine threads, each ten miles in length, in one minute. The weaving is done with an ordinary loom, but the process is more difficult and much more interesting than the spinning of cotton or other threads.

"We can duplicate in glass any costume," said the manufacturer, "and can make it just as brilliant in color, elaborate in finish, perfect in fit, and equal in its smallest details, even to the buttons on the original. The fabric is very strong, cannot be ripped or torn, and can be sold at a less price than linen, cotton, or silk, or other fabric imitated. It is also very warm, easy fitting, and comfortable, whether worn as dress, shawl, or other garment in ordinary clothing.

Among the articles already manufactured of glass are beautiful feathers, which resemble those of the ostrich, towels, napkins, and table-cloths.

Ambergris.

AMBERGRIS is supposed to be a morbid secretion of the liver of the spermaceti whale, found floating, or washed ashore in Southern seas. It is a little lighter than water, and might be easily mistaken for a piece of the bark of a tree. On examination, however, it is found to be of a waxy nature, streaked with gray, yellow, and black, and emitting a peculiar aromatic odor. It fuses at 140 and 150 degrees Fahr., and at a higher temperature gives out a white smoke, which condenses into a crystalline fatty matter. It is found all sizes, from one pound up to twenty or thirty; but occasionally pieces are picked up, or found in whales, weighing one or two hundred pounds.

But the great use of ambergris is in the manufacture of perfumery. Not that its fragrance is either very powerful or pleasing; but it possesses the peculiar property of causing other ingredients to throw out their odors, and makes them more specific and durable. In this respect it bears a resemblance to the use of mordants in dyeing, without which the colors would fail to become permanent. Hence all the best perfumes contain ambergris, which is one reason of their costliness; and hence also the fact that home-made cologne, for instance, smells only of alcohol.

The costliness of ambergris is owing, of course, to its comparative scarcity and the uncertainty attending its discovery. It is therefore held more valuable than gold, ranging in price from twelve to twenty or more dollars an ounce. Thus it is not a little singular that two of the most precious products of the sea are the results of disease—pearls and ambergris.

Two Ways of Doing.

MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON, of New York, who has given away \$600,000 for benevolent purposes during the last sixteen years, now says that she believes she has done more harm than good. She says that the poor are of two kinds—"God's poor and the devil's poor"—and that she has been victimized by the latter class.

Emancipation vs. Slavery.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

LITTLE Violet Gray, curled up on the lounge in her room, resting after her hard day's work in the ward schools, heard a knock at her door, and lazily answered "Come." She fancied it was Jessie, the boarding-mistress's daughter, whom she often helped with her arithmetic lesson in the evening. Jessie was overworked and hard-pressed for time, and it was little chance she had for study. During Miss Gray's year in the house she had learned more than in all her life before.

The door opened slowly, but it was not Jessie who entered. It was, instead, a lady of imposing height and appearance. She was elegantly attired, and held herself with an air which seemed to say, "Behold, I come!"

Violet rose with more haste than dignity from her reclining posture, and with flushing cheeks stood before her imposing guest. "Pray be seated," she said, "and pardon me. I fancied it was a little girl who often comes in my room at this hour."

The imposing presence slowly seated herself, and settled her elegant draperies gracefully.

"You will pardon the intrusion of a stranger, I hope," she said in measured accents and with great deliberation, as if she wished her hearer not to lose a syllable of her speech, "and allow me to present my card. It may be that my name is not wholly unfamiliar to you."

Violet took the handsome card and read thereon in bold, free letters, "Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith." A flush of pleasure rose to her cheeks as she extended her hand. "Do I then find myself honored by a visit from the well-known lecturer?" she asked.

Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith gave a very limp hand to the extended one, as she replied, "I am no other than the lecturer whose name you seem to be familiar with. Pardon me for the correction, but, as you know perhaps by my lectures, I am in favor of equal rights and equal freedom for both sexes. Therefore, I object to the terms doctress, lecturer, poetess, etc. Those who adopt a profession are alike doctors and lecturers irrespective of sex. Sex has nothing to do with the matter, and should be ignored so far as the profession goes. Not that I want women to lose their individuality—far from it. No woman need adopt a masculine attire or a masculine vice, simply because she follows a profession heretofore deemed masculine, but let her sex speak in her dress, in her voice, in her sweetness and grace of manner, and not in any *ess* tacked upon her professional name."

She paused and looked at Violet. "I understand you," Violet said, smiling, "and will remember your injunction in the future."

"And now," proceeded Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith, "I must proceed to the object of my visit. I am in the city for the purpose of forming an association of intellectual women, a sort of inter-State convention, for the purpose of broadening woman's sphere of thought, and widening her range of vision, and enlarging her opportunities of culture."

"A very excellent undertaking," commented Violet, feeling the need of saying something appreciative.

"So we think who have undertaken it," replied Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith. "Our cities are teeming with girls and women, who, like yourself, are possessed of much crude talent, but have no opportunity to use it, and no real comprehension of their own powers. What we want is to bring them together, and by the contact of mind with mind, and the broader light poured in upon

them by minds of higher cultivation, to break down the social barriers that now block their way to fields of greater influence, and means of higher culture. We want you to attend our meetings, and give us your aid."

"But I can do so little," objected Violet; "really nothing at all in such a place. I am afraid I must do my little part in this world very quietly. I fear I am not meant to shine in any great assemblage of talent."

"That is owing to your cramped mode of thought!" responded Mrs. Odessa N. S., with a superior smile.

"You are used to this narrow, contracted mode of existence and labor, and you shrink from a larger field. You fancy yourself doing your duty, when you are simply throwing away your talents."

Violet flushed and her eyes sparkled. "No," she said, "I am not throwing my life or talents away. I am using them daily for the benefit of unfolding minds. There is no higher, no greater calling than that of an instructor of little children. If, to the best of my abilities, and according to my highest impulses, I lead and direct them, I am not throwing my talents away."

Mrs. O. N. S. smiled again her superior smile.

"But if your manner of thought is contracted, as it must be with your limited advantages, and your highest impulses those of the ordinary trammelled mind, on which the light of emancipation has not yet shone, then you cannot be doing your whole duty by the children. Woman's mind is full of narrow aims and ambitions at the present time; what we want to do is to get upon the broader platform and reach a higher life. A few of us have attained it, and we are anxious to bring others up to our heights, to free them from the trammels society and a false education have imposed upon them, to teach them how to be as free as their fellow-men in their mode of life and their choice of a career."

"I am already in favor of woman's enlarged sphere, and I believe in her right to any profession or trade she may choose," answered Violet quietly. "But I do not think we are all fitted for public life."

"We are all fitted for something better than these surroundings of yours," said Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith, as she looked about the room with a scarcely concealed shudder. "Ah, my child, you were named to me as a girl of rare force of character and unusual brain. But you are all in embryo yet. Your character is unformed, your tastes lack refinement, your mind is uncultured. The time will come, if you respond to the call I make upon you to come up higher, when you will shiver at the distasteful life and surroundings that you have left behind you, and regret the wasted talents that were almost thrown away upon unappreciative plebeians. I hope you will take your first step upward by a daily attendance at our meetings. We have arranged the time to accommodate those like yourself engaged in teaching, and our first meeting will be held in Blank's Hall, the first Monday morning of your vacation, two weeks hence. You will have an opportunity to meet some of the rarest minds in the State, for the most prominent of the emancipated sisterhood will be represented on this occasion. I shall hope to see you there."

With a bow and another light hand clasp, Mrs. Nottingham Smith took her departure,

Little Violet was strangely absent-minded when Jessie presented herself that evening; her usual power of concentration, that made her so successful with each moment's duty heretofore, seemed gone, and she felt restless and impatient for the child to go. This mood did not pass with a night's sleep, either. She carried it into her schoolroom the next day, and the next; and she

dwelt upon Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith's words, and grew to feel that her life was indeed a cramped one, full of petty aims.

"I am living a dull, narrow, treadmill existence," she said, "and that I have been content with it heretofore and thought myself doing my whole duty, only proves how dull my finer feelings and aspirations have become. I might be filling a higher sphere, doing more good, thinking greater thoughts, and associating with a better class of people if I were only—well—*emancipated*. I shall be glad when vacation comes."

Vacation came, and with it the inter-State association of emancipated women. Violet was one of the first to enter Blank's Hall on Monday morning. It filled rapidly, and such a medley of striking people Violet had never seen gathered together before. There were elegant women in long trained dresses, and women in bloomers, and women with elaborate coiffures, and women with hair "shingled" and parted on one side. And all seemed full of business, and were gathered in little "cliques" and first and foremost, and everywhere present was Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith. She smiled a welcome to Violet, and introduced her to Miss Jonas Winters, novelist, and the Honorable Mrs. Brown. Violet felt herself inclined to laugh at the very odd attire of the latter, which was a curious combination of masculinity and femininity; but her natural refinement, uncultured though it was, according to Mrs. O. N. S., forbade her doing so. She was somewhat surprised, therefore, to hear Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith remark as the Hon. Mrs. Brown moved away to speak to a new-comer:

"What is the necessity of any woman's making such a guy of herself as Mrs. Brown does? She is really a ridiculous figure, is she not, in that nondescript suit?"

Violet did not answer save to ask the name of the lady who had just entered. She was a very sweet-faced woman, with so kind a smile and so gracious a manner, that Violet felt her heart go out toward her involuntarily. Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith and Miss Jonas Winters, novelist, both frowned and drew back with sudden hauteur as their eyes fell on the new-comer.

"Really," cried Miss Winters, "I was not aware *she* was coming. I wonder who invited her?"

"Not I," responded Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith. "I can assure you of that. She probably came uninvited. It is like her boldness."

"How lovely she is!" cried impolitic Violet; "please tell me who she is."

Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith frowned more forbiddingly than ever as she turned to answer Violet's query.

"That," she said with cold irony, "is Mrs. Burton. It may be you have heard her name in connection with a scandal which was in every one's mouth a few years ago. It may be you were too young to have heard it. I assure you I did not ask her to attend this meeting, and I shall treat her in a way that she will not be apt to come again."

When the meeting was called to order and the preliminaries gone through with, the object of the meeting was discussed, and those who had papers to read were called upon to send in their names and the titles of their papers.

It so happened that Violet was seated next Mrs. Burton, and that lady chanced to address her and they fell into pleasant converse. Violet was charmed with her sweet voice and her gentle manners.

"I cannot associate her with anything evil," she said mentally, "and I believe she is a good, true woman. I don't see why those ladies felt it necessary to tell me she had been a subject of scandal. There are precious few prominent

people in the world who have not been more or less scandalized in some way."

Violet was invited by Miss Jonas Winters, novelist, to dine with her party at the hotel. Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith had gone to the residence of a personal friend in the city, and was not one of the party; as a consequence she came under discussion.

"How like a general she takes the lead," some one present observed.

"Yes, and who would ever have supposed she would develop as she has?" responded Miss Jonas Winters, novelist. "You know before her marriage she was not considered *anybody*. Her people were poor, and I am told, quite illiterate. Her marriage was a fortunate thing for her. It enabled her to step into a position she could never have attained alone."

The tone was kind, the words full of approbation of Mrs. Smith's having made such excellent use of her opportunities. Yet all the same Violet knew the motive that prompted the remark was an unworthy one. It was envy of Mrs. Smith's foremost place in the association, and her powers of generalship; and every woman present made a mental note of the fact that Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith sprang from a very low family.

The next day Violet chanced to be near a knot of ladies who were nearly all strangers to her. They were discussing a paper which was to be read the following morning by Mrs. Gordon, a woman of marked beauty and brilliancy, who had occupied considerable time the previous day, and won much attention from the reporters who had been present by an eloquent and impromptu speech.

"It seems scarcely desirable that one person should monopolize so much time," remarked a lady in bloomers near Violet.

"It is quite probable Mrs. Gordon may not be called upon for her paper," observed Miss Jonas Winters quietly. "She has done her share I think—we must give all a chance. No doubt the paper is excellent, but we cannot hear all the good things at one session."

"I scarcely see how a woman, who devotes so much time to toilets as does the elegant Mrs. Gordon, can do justice to an elaborate paper," observed Madam Bloomer with quiet sarcasm. "If women talk and write on emancipation, I like to see them illustrate it in their lives."

Violet looked for Mrs. Gordon's paper with considerable interest, but it was "unavoidably crowded out," so the minutes said, though several inferior ones could have been better spared, and many aimless discussions might have been omitted with no detriment to the proceedings. But the wire-pullers who had resolved that Mrs. Gordon should not distinguish herself further, succeeded in keeping her paper in the background.

Mrs. Burton, whose sweet and lovable character seemed to breathe in every word and act, was by the majority of the ladies present treated with cold disdain. Those who had not heard the old scandal connected with her life were informed that one existed, and that the originators of this association "regretted the presence of any person of that kind, as they claimed to be a blameless body."

"But is not the life of this woman beyond reproach now?" queried one daring dissenter. "Surely, whatever may have been her early errors and follies, she cannot be aught but a noble woman and wear the face she does; besides I have heard her highly spoken of by her neighbors."

"Oh, yes; since that old affair she has been very exemplary in her conduct—quite a model of propriety. But you know we do not care to admit a woman to our midst who has been so scandalized. We must maintain the reputation of the convention."

The last meeting of the convention was quite informal. Business being disposed of, and the session at an end, and the next place of meeting fixed upon, and new converts added to their ranks, the ladies made themselves generally agreeable, congratulating each other upon their separate and united successes, and the general uplifting and "cultivating" effect of the session.

Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith sought out Violet Gray.

"My dear," she said, "I do not see your name among our new members. I fear we have fixed upon a place of meeting so far distant you will not feel that you can attend; but you know we want to give this rare opportunity to all alike. I trust, however, you have derived some benefit from this session."

"I have in one way," answered Violet frankly. "I shall more than ever feel content in my own little sphere, and never sigh after a larger field; for I find as much that is noble in my narrow life, as much that must be appreciated by the Great Ruler, and less that is unworthy and belittling than I find in the lives of many of these emancipated women."

"Really!" cried the amazed Odessa; "really, Miss Gray, I must ask you to explain so strange an assertion. What have you heard at this session of the finest minds in two States, that can be termed 'belittling,' I pray?"

"Gossip and malice," responded Violet quietly, "just what we are apt to hear where any large number of women meet together. I should have been prepared for it at a sewing-circle or a meeting of frivolous society women. But I confess I was unprepared to find it in this 'emancipated' congregation of fine minds. One of the first things to greet my ear was an old dead and cold scandal, concerning the most lovable and womanly member of the association. Next I heard of the low origin of one of the prominent members. Then I happened to overhear a few wire-pullers plan to keep a brilliant woman in the background, and they succeeded. I also heard an elegantly attired woman sneer at the masculine garb of one of her sister associates, and the sister associate in turn condemned the fashionable dress of still another. This is not emancipation from woman's trammels—this is not reaching the platform men occupy. Men do not meet at conventions to backbite and criticize, to rake up old scandals. They meet to exchange views, to combat each other if need be, squarely and fairly, but in good open warfare. You may succeed in opening the trades and professions to women by your conventions and associations, your papers and your speeches; but you will never succeed in becoming truly *emancipated* from the worst hindrance to woman's true culture and growth, until you rise to the moral height that scorns gossip, and puts all scandal and tale-bearing and personal envy and jealousy down in the dust under your feet, where it belongs. You will never become broad-minded, as you desire to be, until you feel yourself so strong and *safe* and *sure* in your own unsullied virtue and moral worth, that you are not afraid to meet and exchange views with one whose past life may have been darkened by a cloud. I do not say, admit or countenance *untrue* women to your midst; far from it. But I do say, treat women like Mrs. Burton with all due kindness, and encourage them to live the good life, and think the noble thoughts they are striving to, instead of holding back your garments and retailing to every new-comer some old tale of error. These are a few of the things that impressed me unfavorably, with your no doubt at the bottom excellent project, Mrs. Smith, and now I shall go back to my little round of duties, praying more fervently than ever to be kept from all envying and striving after vainglory, and more than ever

content and satisfied with the work given me to do."

"A strange, crotchety young person," Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith was heard to call Miss Violet Gray, in speaking of her. "She seemed to possess latent powers, and an odd command of language, which was quite remarkable in its way. But there was no culture, and really, yes really, her tastes seemed distressingly low. No appreciation of higher things, you know, and curiously content with her common duties. Impossible to emancipate her."

Poor Violet!

Correspondents' Class.

THIS department is intended exclusively as a means of communication between those who have questions 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.)

"SUBSCRIBER."—For full directions for painting in water-colors, please see answer to "Maria J." in Demorest's Monthly for September, 1879.

"LUCY."—For full directions for painting on silks, satins, and velvets, see answer to "Mrs. D—," in September, 1880, number of Magazine.

"HOME DECORATION."—*Diapering*.—Diapers are often used for the purpose of giving richness to the work, either as ornamentation on portions of the drapery, or as backgrounds for the figures. There are two ways of introducing them—either in the form of a traced pattern, or in what is called a "*stickel*" diaper; the former is effected by placing the design under the piece of glass on which the main outlines of the drapery, etc., have been painted, and tracing the pattern with the pencil in the ordinary way; and the latter, by covering the piece of glass with a coating of mat, and picking the pattern out with a hard stick. Again, there are two styles of diapers, the flowing pattern and the set pattern. The flowing diaper is foliated; and the set pattern, one in which the various designs are repeated. The same pattern must not be allowed to occur on more than one of the draperies in the same subject, nor must the same style of diaper be repeated in it. For instance, a figure, the drapery of which has a running diaper, should be set off with a background having a set diaper.

"*Inscriptions*."—It is sometimes required to have an inscription in a stained-glass window, either as a label running under the subject, which label usually refers to the subject illustrated, or as a memorial inscription at the bottom of the window, setting forth for what purpose, and by whom, the window was erected. There are two ways of writing these inscriptions: one is by tracing a black letter on a plain ground, and the other by picking out of a solid mat a clear letter on a black ground. When the latter is to be done, the color must be mixed with but little gum, and an even coat laid upon the glass with a flat camel's hair and badger brush. The letters are then to be sketched in with a soft pencil, and picked out with a stick.

"*Heraldic Work*."—Heraldry is one of the best branches of glass-painting, and to execute it well requires a certain knowledge of that art itself. In written descriptions of the shield or coat of arms to be painted

GULES signifies Red.	PURPURE signifies Purple.
AZURE signifies Blue.	VERT signifies Green.
OR signifies Yellow.	SABLE signifies Black.
ARGENT signifies White.	



A CITY OR VILLAGE RESIDENCE.

In painting, put on no line or ornament save that which is represented on the shield itself, as by adding to it in any way it is made incorrect. The only latitude that is allowed to the glass-painter is in the way of drapering. Diapers can be put on the "field," as it is called, provided they are not allowed to appear too prominent. Should the shield to be copied neither have the colors indicated, nor their names written beneath, as is sometimes the case in engravings, it will be found on looking closely at it that there are certain lines or marks on it varying in their direction. These lines indicate the colors. For instance, lines perpendicular in their direction signify red; horizontal lines blue; lines running diagonally from the left of the shield to the right represent purple; those running the same from the right to the left, green; perpendicular lines with horizontal lines crossing, represent black; absence of color, white; and black dots on a white ground, yellow. In heraldry, Or (yellow) and Argent (white) represent the metals gold and silver; and it is the rule in English heraldry for metal not to lie upon metal, nor color upon color. Thus, if the field be argent or silver, the charge could not be gold or silver, but must be a color. There are deviations from this rule, but they are few in number. Heraldic painting on glass is very effective in consequence of the richness of the colors, and nothing is more suitable for a hall or corridor window especially when colored shields are disposed upon

white grounds, as then we have richness of effect without material diminution of color.

QUESTIONS.

"Can any one give me some ideas and instruction in regard to—1. Underglaze colors; 2. Vehicles necessary; 3. The sketching; 4. The painting?"

ARTIST."

"Does the Art Students' League School in New York City admit young women?"

WESTERN GIRL."
[It offers equal opportunities to both sexes.—ED.]

Beautiful Carving.

A new sideboard in the state dining-room at the White House is interesting, because its exquisite design and carving is the work of Miss Laura Frye, the daughter of an English wood carver, now resident in Cincinnati. It is of the richest San Domingo mahogany, elaborately carved. There are spread eagles grasping the thunderbolts of war and the olive branches of peace, clusters of honeysuckle and woodbine, sprays of morning glory and of trumpet vine, bands of ivy, and pilasters of acanthus leaves. It is a magnificent specimen of artistic taste and workmanship, and it far surpasses the carved oaken tables made from the timbers of the Arctic ship *Resolute*, and just presented by Queen Victoria.

A City or Village Residence.

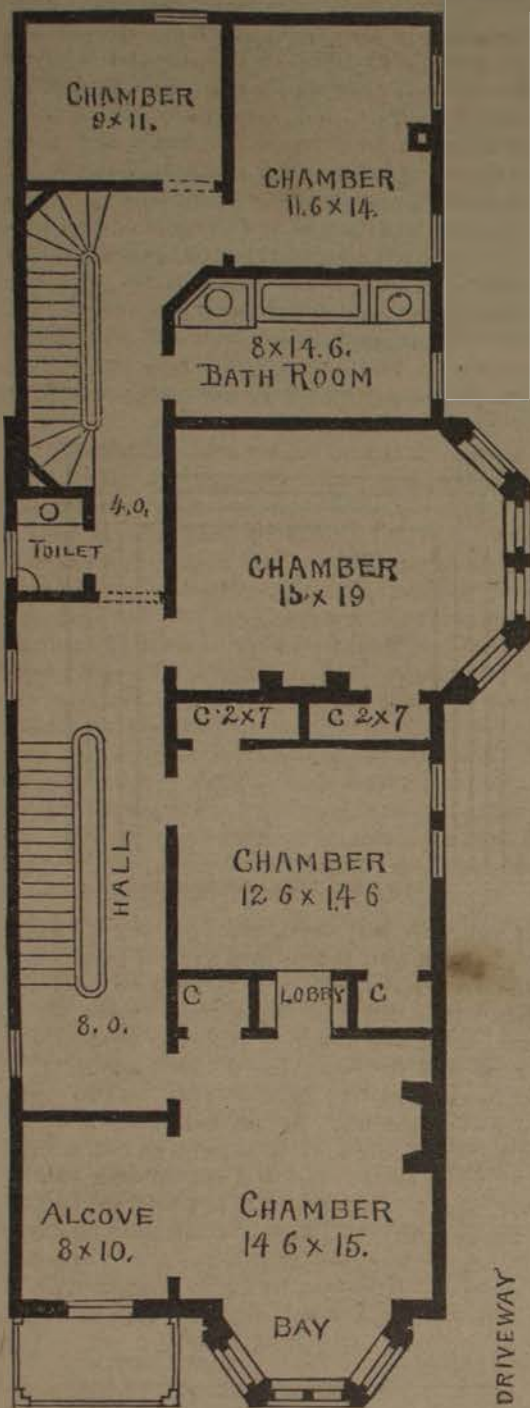
NEARLY every man who has accumulated enough feels disposed to build a "home," which he can make the theater of his hospitality, and have it appropriately and delightfully adorned. In planning a dwelling, the *lady of the house* should be consulted, particularly about the interior arrangements of rooms—parlor, kitchen, laundry, closets, stairs, etc. Therefore let the plans be studied by the ladies and gentlemen.

The design here presented, is suited to any site. Great care has been given to ventilation, drainage, sunlight, bathroom, etc., laundry with convenient stairway, large closets, and high ceilings.

The dwelling is here shown for a fifty feet plot; less frontage can be used. A garden with driveway, and a stable are shown.

This is a frame house with brick foundation walls and slate roof, and will cost \$7,000; the same plan may be reduced to cost \$6,000, and made to produce much the same architectural effect. If the side bay windows are omitted, with a rear extension 16 feet deep and two stories high, it will cost about \$4,000.

The dwelling as here shown, when completed, will compare with a \$15,000 stone and brick city residence.



SECOND STORY PLAN

REFERENCE TO PLANS.

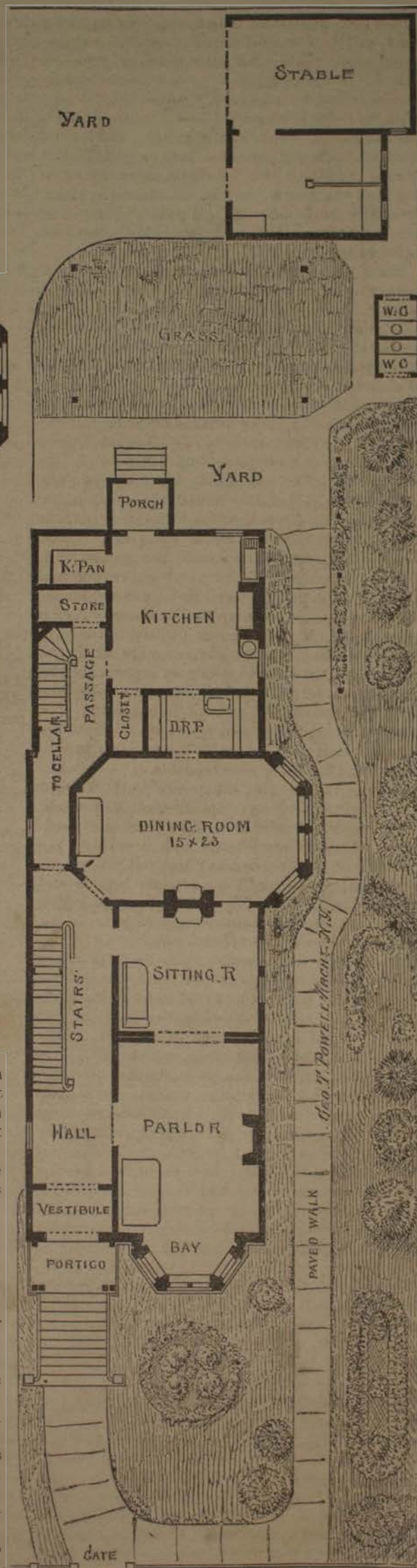
FIRST STORY.—Parlor 15'x24', sitting-room 13' 6"x15' 0", dining-room 15'x23', hall 8 feet wide, dining-room pantry 6'x11' 6", kitchen 15' 6"x16', kitchen pantry 5'x7', closet 3' 6"x7' 0", laundry in basement 15' 6"x16' 0".

SECOND STORY.—All the sizes for rooms are shown. The attic gives five fine bed-rooms equal to second story in size.

The garden may be laid out as shown, and have the following ornamental trees on the front and the side, to wit: arbor vitae, variegated althea, rhododendrons, Austrian pines, almond tree, Kilmarnock willow, juniper trees, etc.; farther in the rear may be planted pear and quince trees; and grape vines on a trellis. If the stable is dispensed with, a lawn is gained for games, drying, etc., or more trees. The following climbing vines may be planted: honeysuckle, Baltimore white rose, prairie red rose, Virginia and Japan creeper.

The following flowers may be planted in beds with effect: moss rose, white rose, white lily, fleur de lys, tiger lilies, geraniums, gladiolas, dahlias, chrysanthemums, heliotrope, verbenas, dusty miller, coleus, etc.

It is important in having a house built to



have all drawings prepared, also to have different estimates of the expense before building. Mr. Geo. T. Powell, of 141 Centre Street, New York is the architect. Complete plans, etc., and any further information can be obtained by addressing the architect as above.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

(*"Every wise woman buildeth her house."*—PROV. XIV.)

ONE day, walking down a country road, I saw in front of me two young people, and joining them entered a laboring man's newly-built home.

We found our way first of all into the tidy kitchen.

The young people stood and looked with great satisfaction at the simple homely room.

"I always did like a spattered floor," said the young girl. "It is so clean and comfortable."

"Clean and comfortable." The homely words at once began to give a home feeling to the empty room, and filled the shelves with shining tins and the window with growing plants.

Before I speak one word on home art, let me bear my testimony that home comfort is the first thing to work for, and I would heartily shake hands with a near neighbor who laid one restriction on the architect planning the new home. It was that the kitchen be sunny and roomy, and the sink big, for, she said, the comfort of the home on that room. In these papers on home art and home comfort we will try to remember that home comfort is certainly the more needful and more honorable thing of the two.

In these dainty days of "decoration" and almost superfine "household art," let us try to remember in building our homes the record reads: "The wise man digged and went deep, and laid the foundation on a rock; and when the flood arose, the stream beat upon that house, and could not shake it, because it was well built."

Before we think of art in our homes let us first with jealous care be sure the house rests on foundation stones of sterner stuff, the granite of self-sacrifice, honesty, economy, comfort, peace, and love. On these we may build what we please, our home cannot fall or fail us utterly. In it we may always find as household possessions something choicer than French faience, rarer than tapestry, embroidered hanging or Eastern rug, more costly and precious than walls of cedar, and more subtly woven with thread of gold than any Damascus scarf, and, praise God! something that cannot be shivered with touch of poverty as a Venetian vase in sudden cold.

If we choose first for ourselves the better things, then we have full right to use our best endeavor to make each one of our homes a Palace Beautiful, in which by faithful serving we earn and hold the right to rule as prince or princess, king or queen.

One day in New York City, when hunting up some miserable mission-school children in a most wretched quarter of the town, in a row of forlorn houses back from the street, still back of that, in a yet more miserable line of woeful homes, I saw up high a window clean and bright with blooming plants.

Could there have been found in that crowded city a more miserable spot for a home? But it was conquered and glorified, made lady-looking, sweet and beautiful.

May I not safely say there is no dingy, remote corner, where willing hands may not make a home not simply homely and homelike, though that is good, but lovely and beautiful? We may wisely choose the country fields if choice is given

us, but once put in a back tenement why conquer that, make that feel the touch of our hand. One room under a slanting roof can hold both home art and home comfort as surely, if not so largely, as the brown-stone mansion.

I hold distinct remembrance of the surprised remark of a young lawyer looking at certain small housekeeping in two not over-sized upper rooms. "Why, I always supposed before people had to be rich to live nicely." A most grand mistake, which we are all more or less apt to fall into, forgetting the rule of pious George Herbert,

"He that needs five thousand pounds to live
Is full as poor as he that needs but five."

If then we have anywhere a corner our own, we may put on it our own mark, touch it with the wand of patient work and will it to be beautiful.

If we have any sort of a home we may put a little of ourselves into it and transform it to what we will. If the home is not already established, but is to be built or altered let me give here a few suggestions.

First, plan in your building or altering to spend not more than two-thirds of what you think you can well afford. Then there is left a margin for unexpected things and for comfort after the house is finished.

A woman once told me her ideal of luxurious living was to spend only ninety-nine cents out of every dollar. In house-building or house-furnishing, it is wise for comfort and luxury's sake to plan for the spending of sixty-seven rather than the ninety-nine cents in the dollar. It is certainly wise to consider in house-building, not only what you want or would like, but what you can do without.

Unless you are an uncommonly practical woman, let a good architect direct your planning, and trust his judgment; but trust nobody in house-building without looking at the matter yourself. As a rule two heads are better than one. Still, if you do think your architect knows better than yourself, be a little amenable to him, as you would be to your family doctor. Remember it is his business to know some things. I have in mind now a delightful old place, the pride of the street, with old trees and winding drive, which a new owner desired to have "improved." The architect, seeing the good possibilities made a plan keeping the old-time character of the house and grounds, only adding to its beauty and comfort. But this would not do for the new-comer, was too old-fashioned; so the house was changed to a commonplace, imposing thing, with no special individuality. The winding drive, which gave a glimpse of a distant gateway and hinted of orchards and gardens beyond, was filled up, done away with for a straight path and flight of stone steps. The shrubs, which in years of kindly growth had broken and hidden the set lines of trees, were all cut down and a good open view given of the new barn beyond. The whole character of the place was gone. The architect said he could have almost shed tears when he had to give up his plan.

If your home is to be in the country, and has any natural character of its own, try to keep it and make the most of it. Don't cut down trees or think none good but those *you* have planted. At least consider before doing it what they may be worth to you. There was a sisterhood of three tall tulip trees in pleasant view two fields away from my front windows, so restful to the eyes always, I felt we almost owned them. One morning they called to us while working over the hotbed in the back garden, "They are cutting down our tulip trees, one has gone." In distress I dropped plants and trowel, and seeing our affliction (it was as if we had lost a friend), ran down the steps and

across the fields and called out, "Must those trees go?" The workman answered in a neighborly way, "Why—we plan building, and are clearing the place a little." "If those trees were on our land," we answered, "we would not part with them for hundreds of dollars. The group is the tallest and most beautiful in sight, and it must have taken twenty years for them to grow." "It is easy to see how long," the man answered, bending over the fallen tree and counting the rings. Presently he looked up and said, "Forty—the tree was forty years old. I think I will leave that last one standing."

Forty years of sun and rain and evening dews, nature's perfect work in one little hour lost as a rule.

We may trust this nature. She generally knows better than we do what things look best in the given place, and we may kindly take her suggestions about our house building.

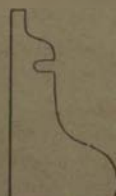
One of the most delightful homes I know of is built on top of a rocky hill; the lower half of the house of the rough stone of the place, the upper story of wood with projecting balconies. The color of the stone was of course exactly the right color to use for building in that place. In a few years vines hid the roughness of the stones, which still never had seemed out of place there. The comfort of a stone house was thus gained with little expense, and to the great improving and clearing the immediate land just about the house. If there is any peculiar native flower or tree whose leaf or blossom can be utilized in the conventional ornamentation of the woodwork do not overlook it, but suggest it to your architect if you do not use a pencil yourself. So make use of the things at hand, and put an individuality, not simply money, but part of your own self into the home, that it may say a little more to you and yours than to all the world outside.

Among the needful things not to do without are a sunny kitchen, a good-sized bath-room, comfortable closets, a dumb-waiter, and back stairs walled off and closed with door from the rest of the house. Do not leave it with open stairway if you wish to keep kitchen sounds and odors to the kitchen; also at least one good-sized room shut off from furnace heat in your cellar. These are some of the needful things.

The things to do without are first set wash-bowls in bedrooms. Forbid them for health's sake. If you have hot and cold water in the bath-room on the second floor your servants or you yourself need not mind the extra work in the care of movable washstands, which are vastly better in looks than the set white marble monstrosities which disfigure our rooms. Then do with as near no nailed-on moldings on your woodwork as you have moral strength enough to fight away. Remember for economy's sake you must pay for not only every extra foot of this needless and ugly wood, but also for the carpenter's time for nailing it on; and, when fastened there without hope of redress, they have given you only cracks and corners to catch the dust to be labored over painfully in the spring and fall cleaning. If you must have a molding (we believe none is the better way) the cove is the simplest.



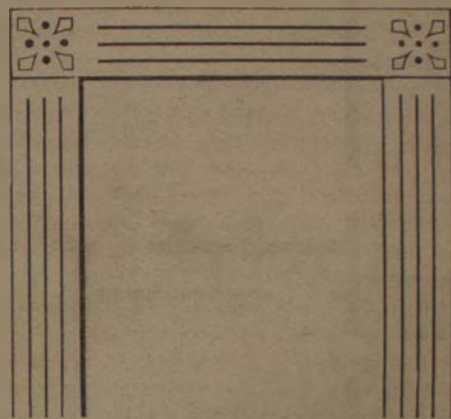
1. COVE.



2. OEGEE.

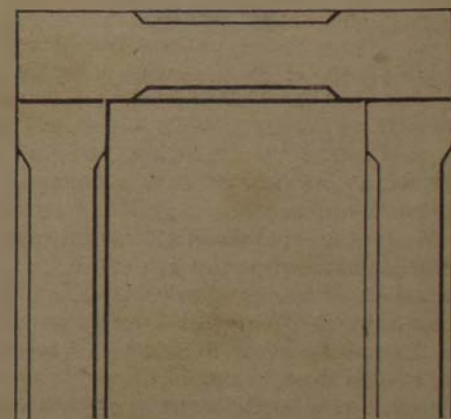
The ogee, which you will find in three-fourths of our houses, is to be discarded by all housekeepers as only convenient "catch-alls" for dust, espe-

cially trying in the panels of doors. If you are brave enough to have your door and window panes without any moldings, you will satisfy economy, comfort, and good taste. A beveled edge about a door frame is simple and good enough for bedrooms for ordinary homes. If more elaborate work is wished, one deep, square groove one-third the width of the door frame, with the heavier portions projecting on the architraves, is more elaborate for a living room. We say nothing of the possibilities of carving, which may be used continually, when it is not a question of expense. The doors of old-fashioned houses in New England, with three to five grooves and no moldings, are also good.



3. OLD NEW ENGLAND DOORWAY.

If you wish real wood, and economy is an object, common pine is beautiful without paint, even if the wood is not selected. It must be carefully cleaned from dirt and finger marks, using sandpaper, soap, and water. Then one coat of oil is good first to obtain the darker color. After that has soaked into the wood, put on two coats of egg-shell varnish. In house-cleaning wood so treated needs only to be wiped with a cloth wrung out of warm water. Oak and ash will bear harder usage, and butternut, which is easily worked, is darker in color. The harder woods need oil only, no varnish. Hard woods after the spring and fall cleaning are improved by being rubbed with a woolen cloth and very little oil. This gives in time a pleasant, soft polish.



4. FROM AN ENGLISH COTTAGE.

I can say nothing now of fillers for the wood of colored paints, which for all artistic or household purposes are greatly to be preferred to the glaring white, and in some cases even to the native wood. These are only a few hints which I hope you may find useful. Remember, please, above all things, nobody's dictum is absolute. You must use your own judgment, but be sure it is your own, from your own thinking and for your own circumstances, and not that of such and such a neighbor round the corner. Any questions that I can answer I will gladly attend to, and when I cannot give an opinion, will try to learn the truth, or frankly confess my ignorance.

HETTA L. H. WARD.

It Does Pay.

M. A. P.

DID you know, dear reader, that there are some who have looked into the Medusa face of Hard Times, and have not been petrified, nay, not even dismayed?

Mrs. Burr was one of these. Assenting cheerfully when her husband uttered the fateful word, "Retrench!" she declared her soul could not be cramped by lodging her body more narrowly, so the third floor was let to lodgers, and the parlor was turned into a family sitting-room.

This is why Mrs. Arnold, calling one afternoon, found herself in the presence of a lapboard, paper patterns, cloth scraps, and in short all the paraphernalia of home tailoring.

"Well, now, Mrs. Burr, do you find it pays to cut and make yourself garments that are so cheap ready-made?" This question was asked in a tone savoring of criticism. Mrs. Burr answered quietly, "That depends," but a keen look into her visitor's face said something that brought a faint flush, and the words:

"I have no head for planning as you have. I am no more than a child in these matters."

Did Mrs. Arnold, as some people fancy, read her old friend's mind? Did she recognize the mental "casting up accounts" by which Mrs. Burr was trying to understand *how it paid* to spend more money than one had, when less would not defraud some poor man of his just dues? Mrs. Arnold's husband had failed twice, but just now was out of employment—"out of mischief," one of his dupes had said; but since the family lived as well as usual, that might not be so certain after all.

Mrs. Burr took up a part of the pattern she had been using, as if to go on with her work; then she laid it down again, and her countenance, usually strong, almost severe in expression, as is wont to be the case where life has been a series of conquests over difficulty, relaxed into an expression of pity.

"Mrs. Arnold," she began impulsively, "would you like to have me tell you how I know it *does pay*?"

"Yes, I really would; and I would be glad, if I only could, to succeed as you do."

"It does not pay when your time is worth more money, which you can earn in some other way of course; but the case is different when it must otherwise bring a loss upon some one else, or perhaps on many others, for our leaning in one direction generally shows the drift of our lives.

"Now for my story:

"When I was fifteen and a half, perhaps, years old, my father failed in business.

"I should not have remembered the time as especially painful—for his creditors respected him, and after the usual settlement he was offered and accepted a subordinate position, where, however, the remuneration was very small—but for an incident which shocked me so much, I may say it has colored my whole life.

"My mother had a very small annuity, and at this time she defrayed most of the necessary expenses of the family. One day she brought home material for a new dress for me—it was a cheap woolen fabric, not nearly as good as I had been used to wear—and handing me two dollars she said:

"Bess, I have spent all I can afford for your dress, and have so many other matters on my mind, you may engage the dressmaker, and I hope you will be able to sew on it a good deal yourself."

"I was putting on my rubbers to go out, when a man called to see my father. I caught a glimpse of him as he entered the parlor;—he was in con-

sumption, and the haggard anxiety expressed in his large bright eyes haunts me yet.

"I did not hear the conversation that ensued—once there came a fit of coughing that shocked us all, and soon after the front door closed, and my father came out into the dining-room where we were.

"He threw himself into a chair and groaned out, 'I wish I was dead.'

"The man was a creditor, and had been to beg that the amount of his debt be paid in full and at once, and papa had not the money to give him.

"I knew my father had not been a reckless speculator, nor had he been foolishly and blindly extravagant in his expenditures; he was above many that fail innocent, yet I felt that dying man's blood was on our heads.

"Mamma stood as if thunderstruck, then she drew a long breath and said consolingly:

"The first money you earn can go to that man, my dear."

"And he will be dead very likely," was his only reply, in a voice husky with emotion.

"I had been brought up to devise, with mamma's help, little ways and means for the benefit of the poor in our district. This was a different matter to be sure, but all the more my sympathies, nay, my sense of honor was touched.

"I could not add to papa's grief by a sight of my tears, so I fled to my room, and falling on my knees by my bed, I sobbed over this, to me, new example of human sorrow unwittingly made more poignant by the mistakes or misfortunes of a member of my own family. I racked my brain for some project by which I could help the poor consumptive. I did not yet know the sum owed him, and, with a child's hopefulness, it seemed to me I could do *something* to lighten the weary load resting on two families.

"I could not teach—I was too young and too ignorant. I could not take in sewing, because I had no idea how to set about getting it, even if I had felt qualified for such an experiment.

"I had two dollars in my pocket—could I not save that for the poor man in some way? First I thought of getting Aunt Nancy Tyler, a very good seamstress, but not a dressmaker, to do her best on the garment, since I knew she would ask but a trifle, in comparison with Miss Leroy our regular mantua-maker. Then as a thought flashed into my mind, I was conscious of a thrill that sent the blood bounding through my body at a galloping pace—suppose I cut my new dress myself, by an old one!

"I quivered with excitement as I took from the closet a worn-out but nicely-fitting dress—for the day of paper patterns was not yet—and ripped the waist carefully apart.

"Fashions did not change often enough then to trouble me in the least. It was in the days when we wore those plain waists and full skirts plaited at the belt. They look very antiquated and absurd in old photographs, spreading their voluminous folds over the hoopskirts that were 'such a comfort' once, and they were comfortable to walk in.

"Well, I smoothed my lining carefully with a hot iron, trying not to stretch it the wrong way, and cut into my new lining that very afternoon, with a feeling as if I had indeed 'crossed the Rubicon,' and was not altogether guiltless in so doing.

"I dared not tell mamma lest she should feel that a spoiled garment was about to be added to her cares, so when I had basted my waist lining, I brought an old looking-glass down from the attic to aid me in getting a view of my own back.

"When the lining was adjusted, pinned in front, inspected and found reasonable, I placed myself in front of the glass, and brought the old mirror into position for a view of the back.

"At first I shut my eyes in dread, for I was young, and this seemed to me an affair involving very serious consequences, as indeed it did, though in a way I did not look for.

"It was a good fit, and when I saw it was, I performed a jolly little waltz all by myself, till suddenly discovering that none of the curtains had been lowered, I came to my senses, dashed into the closet, snatched off the waist lining, and putting on my wrapper, I proceeded at once to measure and cut the skirt breadths.

"There were six of them, and the sleeves were plain.

"To make a long story short, I made my dress—every stitch of it myself. Mamma did not seek to know particulars, when I told her the second or third day of my voluntary solitude that I was trying an experiment in the useful arts.

"Don't let it be an expensive one,' was her only comment, and my heart sank within me, lest her words should prove a prophecy.

"It was with no little trepidation that after putting the last stitches into the trimming on my sleeves—it was velvet ribbon taken from the old dress—I arrayed myself in my new 'cuir' colored gown, and started down stairs to have my work decided upon by my mother and a maiden aunt who had come to increase the family income with a reasonable weekly payment of board.

"How do you like it?' I asked, trying to revolve as the dummies in the store windows do, but alas, with none of their self-complacent dignity, and stumbling in my erratic orbit against chairs and playthings.

"I thought so!' cried mother in a tone of triumph that brought me to the 'face-about' with a whirl.

"I thought you were up-stairs finishing your dress to save me trouble. Hasn't she done well sister?"

"A wild idea darted into my head—it was that of concealing the fact that I had cut as well as made the dress, for I had seen in a moment that my mother had not doubted that Miss Leroy had cut and basted while I had merely done the sewing requisite. The buttonholes had indeed cost me tears, but I had taken lessons of Aunt Nancy, and had at last produced very creditable work even on them.

"Aunt Lucy adjusted her spectacles and came forward with a critical air.

"She's finished it well, and it's a very fair fit, considering she's still in the coltish age—hardly got her growth yet.' This was her comment.

"Miss Leroy is a very good fit,' remarked my mother decidedly. 'Bess likes her clothes loose, and she has quite likely sewed the seams outside the bastings—'You did, eh?' for she saw my odd expression.

"Mother, I cut and made it myself to save that two dollars for the poor consumptive!' I burst out, my words tumbling over one another, lest some one should stop me. I never had been so proud and happy, as when I saw the tears in my mother's eyes. She did not speak for a moment; then she said:

"Show me, Bess, how you did it,' and when I had explained, she suggested that we make my little brother some clothes and give what we could save in that way also to the sick man.

"I delightedly assented, but begged to be allowed to carry my two dollars at once—it 'burned in my pocket,' and I believe I was really afraid a burglar would think it worth his while to insinuate his cruel hand beneath my pillow, where I kept it, unless I disposed of it at once. I learned then that my father owed the man one hundred dollars more than he could pay, and my *two* seemed frightfully little, as I rung the door-bell of the house where he lived.

"I found him seated in an arm-chair, and sur-

rounded by all those evidences of respectable poverty, whose effect, pathetic in youth and health, is doubly dreary when they increase the odd illness makes against hope and life.

"The carpet would have been said to be worn to rags, but that it was mended everywhere so carefully, and the chintz coverings on the chairs were faded by washing, but they were clean, so was the clothing of the invalid. While I sat considering how to begin, I could hear a sick baby wailing dolorously in another room. Yet a lovely pink hyacinth was blooming on the table; the doctor brought it, so said Mr. Cole, for that was the sick man's name. I thought it showed how everybody's heart was touched by his sad lot, and I felt depressed lest my poor father was openly blamed for part of the misery. I told him in as few words as possible that I had brought him a trifle which I had saved, and that my mother hoped to save more for him; and adding that my father would help him if he could also, I broke down and burst into tears.

"He could speak only in a whisper, but what he said, broken though his sentences were by coughing, comforted me unspeakably.

"He gave me to understand that he would rather die feeling us his friends than have had the money paid at once and grudgingly.

"Then he begged me not to cry, and called my attention to the flower as if I needed comfort and not he. I never smell a hyacinth without a mental picture of the divinest form of sympathy, that where the greater sufferer aids the less."

Both ladies wiped the tears that came at this recital, and then Mrs. Burr proceeded more cheerfully:

"We saved three dollars on Fred's suit, though where you use old clothes as patterns I grant the fit is not apt to be so good as a good paper model, because of a certain stretch of the goods caused by wear which may trouble a beginner. Sometimes we cut down papa's clothes, and I have often made my Georgie serviceable garments from his father's old ones. While they wear short pants, it is not true that boys in general are too hard on them not to have this kind of second-hand work pay.

"You may also turn faded cloth. You see this coat across the shoulders is so faded it is spoiled. I shall by turning it make George a good school jacket. I have also turned coats for my husband with entire success.

"But to return to my story:

"Mamma and I had managed with aunt Lucy's help to save fifteen dollars by the time papa received his first month's pay. It was fifty dollars.

"Mr. Cole was still living, and papa talked the matter over with mother, deciding that by saving for home use just what we had laid by, he could hand the whole month's salary to the dying man. I went with papa, and when Mr. Cole, now propped up in bed—the sick baby was dead—received the check, he smiled as he whispered,

"They won't have to run in debt for my bed of rest now!"

"I was but a child then, and I could not understand how he could seem so happy at the thought.

"Papa's voice shook as he assured him that his family should never be forgotten by himself nor his.

"The reply seemed a benediction.

"I know you are an honest man, and will defraud none of his just dues. God bless you."

"He spoke truth. Papa did pay his creditors in full, though he never became a rich man.

"When he paid the last few dollars still owing the Coles, the poor sufferer had been lying in his 'bed of rest' three months. I laid on his breast a white hyacinth that I might always think of the two, the patient suffering, the getting ready to bloom in the dark shown in the nature of each.

"I have known more prosperous times than these. Mrs. Arnold, and then I felt it my duty to help the poor by hiring work done. Mamma did so by Mrs. Cole, till at last she married again, and—well, I am not ashamed to say she has helped me."

"It is not that lovely old Mrs. Forbush whose carriage I often see at your door!"

"Yes," was the reply; "a woman who bore adversity so well was likely to bear its opposite well also."

* * * * *

"Will you show me how to cut and make Kitty's school dress?" asked Mrs. Arnold.

"With pleasure," and they looked the MAGAZINE over for a pretty child's dress pattern.

Fever Breeders.

HOUSES that have been empty may become fever breeders when they come to be re-occupied. An English sanitary officer alleges that he has observed typhoid, diphtheria, or other zymotic affections to arise under these circumstances. The cause is supposed to be in the disuse of cisterns, pipes, and drains, the processes of putrefaction going on in the impure air in them, the unobstructed access of this air to the house, while the closure of windows and doors effectually shuts out fresh air. Persons moving from the city to their country homes for the summer should see that the drain and pipes are in perfect order, that the cellar and closets are cleared of rubbish, and the whole house thoroughly aired before occupying. Carbolic acid used freely in the cellar is a good and cheap disinfectant.

Letters from Europe—No. 2.

PARIS, FRANCE, Dec. 10th.

THERE are quite a good many people in this house from New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, etc., all here to learn French, so there was quite a chatter of French at table to-night. We were glad to leave smoky old London; it is an enlarged edition of Pittsburg. We went on Sunday to hear Spurgeon, but I was not at all impressed with the greatest preacher in the world; he is rather fat and wheezy, and his sermon this morning long and dry. I also heard Hay Aitken, a brilliant man in England. He is far above Spurgeon, I think. On Monday we left London, and stopped at Canterbury to see the Cathedral. This old town is also the scene of "Chaucer's Canterbury Tales." The streets of the town are mossy and crooked like those of Chester. The Cathedral is a long walk from the station. A fine old structure it is, with carvings of figures in stone everywhere. Inside is shown the very stone whereon Thomas à Becket was murdered, and the shrine where he was afterwards buried, before his bones were taken up and burned by Henry the Eighth. I, too, felt as if I were making a pilgrimage to Canterbury when we walked up the steps of the shrine, where people had crawled on their hands and knees. Edward, the Black Prince, is also buried here, and has a magnificent tomb. Hung just above it are the gauntlets, coat, and helmet he wore at the battle of Cressy. Henry the Fifth is buried here also. Well, after going down into the crypt where the Huguenots took refuge during Elizabeth's reign, we started back to the station. Stopping off obliged us to stay all night at Dover, and cross the channel this morning.

Dec. 21st.—We have been on the Champs Elysees, to the Bon Marche, drove through the Tuileries garden, and looked in several shops. This

is a beautiful long street we are on, and right near the Archade Triomphe, from which the streets go out like the rays of the sun. How I envy some of these girls here who speak not only French, but German perfectly.

I find, in shopping here, many things as expensive as in New York. London I found more expensive than New York, except in furs. You can buy a lovely seal-skin sacque for sixty dollars. I invested in a feather cap, at only one dollar and twenty-five cents—what we must pay from eight to fifteen dollars in New York. We have spent a most delightful two weeks in Paris. I really feel as if we know nothing in our country. Every lady I talk to here in this house, speaks four or five languages, besides knowing music, politics, science, and everything. It is a mistake that Parisians do not know anything but their own tongue. I have been going through some of the jewelry stores, in the Palais Royal, and have seen the finest jewelry I ever saw. Don't ever speak of diamonds after those I saw there. We have also been in the endless, the beautiful Louvre, where I saw the masterpieces of Rubens, of Raphael, Murillo, Guido, and others. I saw the famous Mona Lisa of De Vinci, and the conception of the Virgin, by Murillo, it was a rare treat; Many artists are there copying all the time; I felt like painting a plaque too. Then we strolled awhile in the Tuileries gardens. It looks sad to see the Grand Palace destroyed by the war; only the walls are left. Everybody says we must wait till spring to see Paris in its glory, but it is very lovely, even now, though it has rained a great deal since we came. We leave Paris to-morrow for Lyons.

LYONS, Dec. 23d.—We left our kind friends early this morning, swallowing our "petit pains and cafe" before daylight. Paris was in a pour of rain; indeed it has rained and rained, so that we did not do as much sight-seeing as we otherwise would. We were all hoping to get into sunshine by coming south, and sure enough, as we neared Dijon, it grew bright and warm, and to-night the stars are shining, so I hope we will have a fair day for our visits to-morrow to the silk looms, castles, and cathedrals. The French country after we leave Paris is perfectly lovely, green hills covered with grape vines, and long smooth drives bordered with rows of Normandy poplars.

We passed through Macon, the birthplace of Lamartine. Dijon is a very interesting place, one of the cities captured by the Germans in 1870. I must not forget to tell you we went to "Thunder" for our breakfast. Do not think me profane; for we really did stop at the town of Tonnerre (Thunder) for our breakfasts. I have enjoyed to-day very much. To-morrow we go first to the top of the town where we can see the cathedral of Notre Dame, and from its summit the hills of Savoy on one side, and Mont Blanc in the distance on the other. Just think of seeing Mt. Blanc! Then we will go through the manufactories of silks and velvets. We are talking of taking a boat from here on Christmas morning, and sailing down the Rhone to Avignon. The conjunction of the Rhone and Saone rivers is here. The Rhone is the river that Hannibal crossed. I think it will be very interesting to sail down between those vine-clad hills. I can then sing the song,

"I have crossed the proud Alps,
I have sailed down the Rhone,
But there is no spot
Like the simple cot
And the hill and valley I call my own."

I will be celebrating my Christmas away in sunny France, while you are quietly eating your turkey and cranberries in the home-nest. We are in the Hotel de Bordeaux, where everything is very foreign and nice; very clean with its waxed floors and stone stairs. We called for celery to-night

at dinner, and behold! it came to us boiled, with some kind of gravy.

This is a grand, grand trip, and every one who can should take it.

NIMES, Dec. 26th.—I wrote that we expected to sail down the Rhone on Christmas day, and so we did. We found that the large boats were not running in winter, but we were bent on sailing down the Rhone any way. So we took a small boat, upon which only peasants travel, and came in that as far as Valence. We would have come to Avignon, but the boat did not go farther, so that obliged us to stay at the dirty village of Valence over Sunday. The scenery upon the Rhone grew more and more beautiful as we came down. We passed miles and miles of hills covered with sticks like a porcupine, the supports for the grape-vines that make France so rich. In the plateaus of the river were groves of mulberry trees, but of course they are now bare of leaves. As we came on toward Valence great mountains rose from the river, and here and there upon the crags the ruins of old feudal castles could be seen. We had been wishing to see a village in all its simplicity, and I think we found it, when we reached Valence, for when we landed we were objects of keenest curiosity, and crowds of peasant men and boys, followed us, as we, in turn, followed a brawny peasant, each with one of our trunks on his shoulder. This is the way in which our trunks were "expressed." As we went up into the town from the river the excitement increased, men, boys, and dogs keeping close to our heels. Barnum's circus could not make more disturbance than our little procession did. When we had gone through the dirty streets to the dirty hotel, we found that we were about the only Americans who had ever been in the place.

They could remember a few English, but no Americans. Of course not a soul in the town could speak a word of English. We were compelled to labor on with our French, but it is a difficult thing to learn a language so as to speak with the natives. We did not find much to interest us here, though we walked about the streets that evening, then went up to our bare floored rooms, and spent our Christmas evening in a cheerless way. On Sunday we walked about the streets, but had to hold our noses and watch where we stepped, for the dirt was frightful. There is an artillery school here where Napoleon went to school once, but it is now a tumble-down old affair.

We were well cured of our wish to see the inhabitants in their primitive ways, and were delighted when Monday came that we could get away. Nothing can be more picturesque than these French villages at a distance, with their old gray stones and mossy roofs, but on a nearer view they are dripping with slime and dirt, and the people, too, are not much better. We took the train for this neighborhood, which is rich with Roman antiquities. As we approached Avignon, the scenery was most lovely; in the valley through which we passed the roses were in bloom in the gardens, and leaves on many of the trees, while on the mountain tops near by was dazzling white snow that was touched here and there by the setting sun. It seemed almost a contradiction of nature, this summer and winter side by side. At Avignon we found much to interest us. This was in former times the residence of the popes of Rome. The old palace of the popes is an immense stone building, with tiny windows; the old chaps could not have needed much light. We could not get inside for it is now used as soldiers' barracks, so we passed on into the cathedral which adjoins it. Before the door of this, in the middle of a grass-plot, is an immense crucifix with a ghastly life figure of Christ upon it; the cathedral stands upon high ground, and the painful sight

can be seen for some distance. Inside all was dark and musty with the age of five hundred years. At the right of the door was another life size of Christ, sitting with the blood-red robe of Pilate upon him; the blood is trickling in bright red down the thin figure. A woman in black was saying her prayers before this, and when she had finished, she lifted the robe and pressed kiss after kiss upon the bare waxen feet. Poor woman! She thought she was easing the soul of her dead in purgatory. By this spot I caught sight, in the dim light, of a corpse in long white robes which made me jump, for I did not at first see it in the dark; when we looked nearer it proved to be of Christ too, but this time he was represented as lying in the sepulcher. I tell you these Catholics here make things horribly real. In the darkness we passed on to the various tombs and altars, before which a few candles were burning, giving a still more weird look to the place. We hurried out into the daylight, glad to get the smell of must and bones from our lungs; we passed on into the garden, a beautiful place where flowers were in bloom, and fountains were playing. The old popes had good taste, for their garden could not be better situated. It leads up gradually to the top of the old Roman cliff, and from there a wide view of the country is obtained. Just below is the river Rhone, and across it St. Benezet's bridge, now falling to pieces with age. Then away across the two branches of the river, upon the sides of the mountains, stands many an old ruin and castle; just across is one which connects with the palace of the popes by a secret passage-way under the river; this is from St. André's tower. Near it is an immense ruin of a Roman fort, now used as a monastery. These secret ways and stony old fortifications carry us back to feudal ages, when they had to use all sorts of precautions against their fierce foes. I never realized history as I do now. One cannot without seeing the wonderful reminders of the past.

That scene from the pope's garden was the finest we have seen in Europe, and I can never forget it. In the afternoon we went to the museum, where are some relics found on the spot. Avignon is a very, very interesting place, and I was so glad to see it. We stopped at the Hotel de Louvre, which was once a monastery, so the rooms and passages were of cold stone. We ate in what was once a chapel, it was most gloomy and weird.

Nimes is only a few hours by rail, so we took the train at night and reached here at ten o'clock. If you will take the map you can see just where we are; it is right in the midst of the old Roman region, so that towers, and temples, and walls are the order of the day. Nimes is a beautiful place, situated in a valley with high hills all around, clothed with olive and mulberry trees. One of the most magnificent views in existence is the amphitheater here; it is right in the center of the town, and is almost as large as the one at Rome. It is built like an immense circus, and of the hugest blocks of stone put together without cement. I cannot imagine how they made those stony arches without. They must have been good masons fifteen hundred years ago. Underneath this are the dens where the wild beasts were kept ready for combat, and near by is the room where those men slain in the fight were thrown. What bloodthirsty wretches they were! The guide says that every Sunday in summer bull-fights are held here yet. After seeing this we went on to the old Roman bath, which is in the midst of a beautiful garden at the foot of the hill. This is almost in a state of perfect preservation, and well deserves the name of Nymph's Fountain, for the water is as clear as crystal. Just to the right of it stands the temple of Diana, built twenty-eight years before Christ. It is now falling to pieces,

yet enough remains to make a picturesque ruin; inside the place is strewn with broken columns and armless statuary. I tried to buy one of the guide, but they will not sell anything of the sort for love or money. And thus perish my hopes of picking up old curios. After seeing that, we went to the top of the hill to another remain—a tower called Tourmaque—a gloomy pile of stones rising to an immense height where the great men were buried. It was a wild sort of a place, for the wind blew fiercely on the top of this high hill, and sighed and moaned among the pine and cypress trees that are thickly planted there. This too was built B.C. A great bridge is near here too, which we are to see to-day. I am ceasing to be awed by the great age of things, we have seen so many. But it certainly does make one want to study history. I will always read the history of Rome with more interest than ever. We leave this most interesting town of France in the way of antiquities to-day, and go down to the sea-coast, going by the Mediterranean Sea to Barcelona, Spain. We were to have gone through the middle of Spain clear to the south, but were told such stories of robbery and discomfort, that we have decided to go by the coast.

We are having a grand trip, something to remember always, we stay in the open air so much. It is like summer here almost, or rather like our October, warm sunshine through the day, but cool evenings; the leaves and flowers are in the parks, swans sailing about, and children playing as in Central Park in summer.

You will think it strange we go into Africa. By looking at the map you will see we go to the coast of Africa first, before going to Malaga, but we must go far out to sea anyway, and our route is to go to Oran first, taking the Spanish coast on the return. We came to Certe last night, and have spent the morning in picking up shells on the Mediterranean. I am sorry I cannot carry some home, but we were advised to take no baggage to Spain, and so have left our trunks at Nimes, taking only shawl-straps.

CETTE, Dec. 31st.—This New Year's evening we are about ready to go on board a ship bound for Africa. We have come down from Nimes to this seaport for the Mediterranean coast, so as to decide about the Spanish trip, and have found that a safer and cheaper way is to go by sea. I am glad to avoid the land journey after the stories we have heard, but still it seems a terrible undertaking to cross the cruel sea again away to Africa. I feel to-night somewhat as I did on leaving America, and thought I must write a line home.

This afternoon we went on board to see our vessel, which came in to-day. It seems stanch but is not so large as the Atlantic steamers. We expect to land on the African coast at Oran, on Tuesday afternoon. I can only hope that the *Ville de Barcelona* will take us safely over. It is not a long trip, and I do not feel afraid of anything but sea-sickness. Traveling is not so hard after all; we rise late, then stroll about the towns, then rest and retire early—so that it has not been so very fatiguing so far. Our hotel here is nice, but I never saw such looking cut-throats as are in the streets. I suppose it is always so at these ports, so many sailors of every nation. The sea looks blue and beautiful from here. I ought to be a good sailor before I get back.

When you read this I dare say I will be in Spain about the Alhambra region; we want to get there in about three weeks. We will have to stay at Oran about six days, and then will have to come back to this side. I will hope to hear from my dear home then. Well, farewell, we go on board now, and sail at midnight. It is a lovely starlight night, and all looks propitious for our voyage.

E. H. P.

Practical Hints for the Toilet.

"SOME souls lose all things but the love of beauty, and by that love they are redeemable. For love and beauty they acknowledge good, and good is God."

I think it as much a duty to make the most of what beauty we possess, warding off the ravages of time, and keeping up the little details of the toilet, as are the every-day duties of a thrifty housewife.

If nature has given us little or none, let art assist. By this I do not mean the use of cosmetics alone, but there are so many simple, harmless ways of improving the complexion and one's self. I often wonder if some of the tired, sallow-faced women I meet daily knew of them if they would not be of some material benefit. It must be always with a sort of heartache the young wife sees the rose-tint of her cheek giving way to a dead, sallow look, the red lips so often likened to a cherry growing so pale, and with what a feeling of horror the first gray hair is observed. The health cannot but be affected to some extent by the annoyance these seemingly little things will cause.

As it lies in the power of *every one* to remedy, if not entirely prevent these premature marks of age, a few timely hints may not come amiss. The hot sponge bath twice a week with the free use of soap is a great aid to beauty of complexion, as the warm water with the use of flesh-brush or rough cloth (a small square of Turkish toweling is best) opens and cleanses the pores as nothing else will, and helps bring out impurities. Use tepid water with a little alcohol in it to rinse with, rub briskly with a moderately coarse towel, and the most delicate will suffer no inconvenience from it, but rather feel so refreshed and renewed they will need no second urging to take it. If possible, the room should be of the same temperature as the water.

Many object to the use of soap for the face, but supposing of course that only the purest toilet soaps are used for that purpose, it is the only effectual way of getting rid of those so-called black heads, for they are caused by the filling of the pores with dust or dirt. To those who complain of its leaving a glossy look on the face I would say, have always on your toilet table a bottle with equal parts of glycerine and rose-water, and after washing the face with soap, or indeed after any application of water to the face, apply the mixture, and wipe—*not rub*—the face dry with a soft handkerchief dusting it with a little oatmeal powder.

The cold sponge bath every morning is not only very conducive to health, but is a great renewer of youth. Have the water quite salt; the German bath salt is highly recommended, but I think common salt answers the purpose. Sponge the body quickly, and rub thoroughly until a regular glow is produced. If persevered in, you will see the benefit that accrues from it.

"The celebrated Diana, the French beauty of Poitiers, preserved her beauty to an advanced age by merely observing the following rules:

(1) She was jealously careful of her health.
(2) Bathed in cold water in the severest weather.
(3) She suffered no cosmetic to approach her.
(4) Rose at six o'clock, sprang into the saddle, galloped about six miles, when she returned, breakfasted, went about her duties, and amused herself by reading. The system appears a singu-

lar one, but in her case it was undoubtedly successful, as she reigned in absolute sovereignty over the heart of the King of France when she was nearly sixty years of age." It is certainly a well-known fact that the laws of health are the laws of beauty.

A simple cosmetic which has the advantage of being perfectly harmless is simple tincture of benzoin. One can get five cents' worth of gum benzoin, boil it in an ounce of alcohol until it forms a rich tincture, but the better way is to get it already prepared at a drug store always asking for *simple* tincture, as the compound is unfit for the purpose. Ten cents' worth will last a long time. Have a small bottle or glass of any kind that is convenient to be kept on your toilet table, put a few spoonfuls of water in it, and put enough of the tincture in to give it a rich, milky appearance, apply two or three times a day to the face with a small sponge or cloth, allowing it to dry on the face. It is said to remove tan, and certainly gives a decided brilliancy to the complexion. A celebrated beauty, who has succeeded in keeping off wrinkles and preserving her beauty past the prime of life, claims that the smoothness of her face is owing to the use of pure olive oil. She says before retiring she would apply the oil to her face rubbing it in thoroughly, pressing the skin back toward the temples, and she also advises its use after the bath, rubbing it freely on the joints, and with as much friction as possible. I think its use might in a great measure prevent that stiffness which always seems a characteristic of old age. An old cloth should be laid on the pillow to prevent its being soiled by contact with the face. And in the morning the face should be thoroughly washed and rubbed briskly with a coarse towel. I do not advise the use of soap oftener than twice a week, and always avoid going out immediately after washing, as the face is then more susceptible to the effects of the weather. Or, if you must go, apply the glycerine and a little oatmeal or rice powder—two things that should be on every toilet table. A bandoline which is cheap, simple, and more effective than the so-called article offered for sale, is quince seed macerated, soaked in a little water until it attains the thickness of syrup. It will not in the least injure the hair. Now a word or two to the tired, worn sisters, and I am done. Try the hot bath twice a week, using the oil afterward, and you will find the little aches of joints and limbs greatly relieved; if possible try the salt water bath daily. Then in the morning rise ten minutes earlier, if you cannot otherwise spare the time, and give a little more attention to your toilet; you will feel all the better for it afterward, physically and mentally. Do your hair becomingly, and don't think just "because John is the only one you will see at breakfast that it is not necessary to put on a collar." Yours *used to be* the most attractive face in the world to him; why should it not be so still? Put on the collar or baste a little white lace or ruffle in the neck, add a knot of pretty ribbon, or if in summer a leaf and flower; 'twill not take more than two or three minutes, and you don't know how much it will add to your comfort and general appearance. Have a clean white apron ready, and after your breakfast is prepared (if you are your own housemaid) lay aside your kitchen apron, don the white one, and if you meet your husband with one of the bright smiles you used to give him, he will not be the man I take him for if he does not respond with a kiss and a grateful, admiring glance at the bright-faced, neatly dressed little wife, and the idea will never present itself to contrast *his* wife with any other, except it be in her favor. Hoping this hastily-written article will be of some benefit to those for whom it is intended, I am as ever,

FLOY.

A Provident Dispensary for Working Women.

THERE are, according to a recent estimate, one hundred and eighty-six thousand working women in the city of New York, of whom it is truly said, that they do more real labor and drudgery for less wages than any other portion of our industrial classes. How to aid them, so as to do them lasting good, is a great problem, which, in one direction, one able, intelligent woman appears to have solved. This lady is Dr. Ella A. Jennings, and her scheme of a "Provident" Dispensary, which does not merely furnish a given amount of drugs, has won the indorsement of a number of the best men and women the community can boast.

Working-girls have neither time nor means to consult physicians in regard to trifling ailments, which, neglected, often assume serious proportions. They are also frequently obliged to live away from home, and are ignorant of the ways and means to preserve their health and strength. Yet they will not, if they can help it, apply to a charity, preferring to pay their own way with such means as are within their reach. The "Provident" Dispensary, which occupies a central position at 42 University Place, from which however it hopes to remove in May to a permanent building, was founded by Dr. Jennings about eighteen months ago, and its first annual report shows that it has already treated over two thousand cases, besides the large percentage who have not the means to pay anything, for, during the year from January 1st, 1880, to January 1st, 1881, \$675.87 were received from the twenty-five cent payments alone, which is the regular charge to the working-girls that can afford to pay, for advice, treatment, and medicine, at the "Provident" Dispensary—the amount received usually barely paying the cost of medicine. It is, however, all that is charged, and it makes the girls feel independent and retain their self-respect, while the advice they receive in regard to food, habits, clothing, and the like, is of more value to them than the medicine. The "Provident" Dispensary deserves to be sustained, and its example followed in other cities.

Why We Eat Oysters Raw.

DR. WILLIAM ROBERTS, in his interesting lectures on the digestive ferments, writes: "Our practice in regard to the oyster is quite exceptional, and furnishes a striking example of the general correctness of the popular judgment on dietetic questions. The oyster is almost the only animal substance which we eat habitually, and by preference, in the raw or uncooked state; and it is interesting to know that there is a sound physiological reason at the bottom of this preference. The fawn-colored mass which constitutes the dainty of the oyster is its liver, and this is little less than a heap of glycogen. Associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contact with it during life, is its appropriate digestive ferment—the hepatic diastase. The mere crushing of the dainty between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested without other help by its own diastase. The oyster in the uncooked state, or merely warmed, is, in fact, self-digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking; for the heat employed immediately destroys the associated ferment, and a cooked oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers."

CURRENT TOPICS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS
EVENTS OF THE DAY.

INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH.—CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR POINT OF VIEW.

The Woman Question.

There has not much been said recently about woman suffrage, but the movement for giving woman equal rights with man continues right on, and from most unexpected quarters is getting encouragement. The women who first came to the front as agitators were met with jeers, and, in some cases, were made odious by their opponents. But conservative Great Britain made the first step in advance, by permitting women who were householders not only to vote for school officers, but to become members of the board themselves. However plausible the argument might seem against women mixing in the dirty pool of politics, there could be no doubt of the propriety of their having the oversight and care of their own children in the schools. In New York City there are, or were, three vacancies in the local school-boards, and it is surprising what an amount of interest women developed in having them filled by representatives of their own sex. It is said that in Kansas a State law inadvertently gives women the right of suffrage. Under this law the State constitution is so defined that wherever the pronoun he or his is given it shall mean either sex. Of course there was no intention of giving the women suffrage, but they are going to claim their rights under the law at the next election. In the State of New York women vote for school officers except in the large cities, for the State School Superintendent held that the law as passed related only to those schools organized in a certain way. Undoubtedly the law should be amended so as to give the women in the cities the same right in this respect as they have in the country. This movement for the additional rights to women is one of the most hopeful auguries of the times. Wherever women are privileged and most respected, there you will find the highest civilization. In every country where man debases woman, and subordinates her, she in turn drags him down to her level. All reforms pass through three stages: First, ridicule; then, opposition; finally, if they are desirable reforms, acceptance. The woman movement has been through the first stage; it is now slowly but surely passing from the second to the third.

Reform it Altogether.

Surely women ought to rise as one man (no joke intended) against our absurd divorce laws. They ought to hold conventions in every State, and national conventions once a year, to urge an amendment to the Federal Constitution, making the laws affecting the relation of the sexes uniform in every State of the Union. Under our present State enactments a man may be married in New Jersey, yet be a single person in New York; while a woman might be, in the eyes of the law, a wife in one State, and a concubine in another. Then there are complications about children and property, which are a source of confusion and loss, as well as a social discomfort for which really there is no necessity. In this State a person divorced for cause cannot remarry. But in Connecticut and New Jersey there is no impediment to their taking another legal partner. In the meantime precedents are being established of a very grave and dangerous character. A woman in Illinois claimed the portion of the estate of a married man after his death. She proved that a contract existed by which she was to receive a certain portion of his estate, in consideration of having lived with him and borne him children. Judge Miller of the United States Circuit Court,

a high authority in legal matters, decided that the contract was a valid one, and the money was paid over to the woman. If this decision holds good, then it is idle to talk of illicit relations between men and women. For concubinage, on the basis of a contract, has the sanction of the law. At this time the French Chamber is discussing the question of divorce. In France marriage is indissoluble, a fact which has proved a very great hardship in many cases. It is proposed to permit divorces under certain circumstances. M. Cazot was the principal opponent in the Senate, and his argument was that the men of France did not require any law of divorce, as custom or convention gave them all the freedom in marriage which they wanted. This sneer at marriage was received with applause. Indeed this question of marriage and divorce is agitating every country in Christendom. But all good men and pure women should unite in demanding marriage laws which would preserve the sanctity of the home, and secure to children the care and oversight of both parents. Why don't the women move in this matter?

Bi metalism.

A hard word this, good reader. But it involves a very important matter to all commercial nations. Some political economists argue that we should have only one unit of value, and that should be gold. But the bi-metalists point out the fact that silver is the money of the mass of mankind. Over 800,000,000 of the human race use silver exclusively. About 260,000,000 use gold and silver, while less than 200,000,000 use gold exclusively. Then, in gold countries the mass of the people are forced to use silver in retail trade. France, the most prosperous nation on earth, is bi-metallic. Germany was prosperous until she demonetized silver in 1873, which caused a panic, and hard times prevailed ever since. We, too, demonetized silver in 1873, and we all know what followed in the way of bad times, until the silver dollar was recoinced in 1878. One half of the total silver product of the world is mined in the United States, and hence we are interested in that metal, as one of our great products. We invited the nations to a conference two years ago, to secure the adoption of bi-metalism throughout the world. But no conclusion was arrived at, owing to the attitude of France, who was willing that Germany should suffer for her folly in demonetizing silver. But France now calls for another conference, and one is soon to meet in Paris, when, no doubt, it will be agreed that civilized nations shall hereafter use both gold and silver in all commercial transactions. Should it be adopted, we may expect to see prosperous times the world over; for the effect of any addition to the currency, whether gold, silver, or paper, is to advance prices. And higher prices mean profitable production and good times.

The Telephone.

It now seems that this is an old invention. Sound was transmitted by means of a wire in England as far back as 1667. In 1854 M. Boursal, a Frenchman, said in a published paper, "If a man speaks near a movable disk adapted to produce electric disturbances, another disk at a distance may be made to execute the same disturbances, and thus the articulations of the voice may be transmitted." This is really all there is of the telephone. Among those who improved that instrument are Manzetti, an Italian; John Camack, an Englishman; Prof. Heiler, of Vienna, and Van der Weyde. Elisha Gray, of Chicago, obtained some patents in 1874, Charles E. Buell, of New Haven, in the following year, and on the 14th of February, 1876, Bell and Gray simultaneously filed specifications for telephones. The claims to a patent for the latter, however, are to be contested by Daniel Drawbaugh, who worked a successful telephone in 1868. If all patents are set aside, as they should be, the telephone will soon become a rival of the telegraph, and in time will probably supersede it. There can be no telegraph monopoly if people can speak to each other directly through the telephone. We have no doubt the day will come when literally millions of people throughout the country will be listening to orators, lecturers, and singers, who, situated at some central point, can send their voices out to the whole country, if not to the whole world. Oh, that one could live for a hundred years so as to see the marvels which science and invention have in store for mankind!

Reproducing the Colors of Nature.

They say it has been accomplished at last. French chemists, it is claimed, can take photographs in which are reproduced the colors as well as the form of the object. This has always been one of the possibilities of the photograph. The negative at first does actually reproduce color as well as form, and if it could be kept in a very dark room the shades would not die out. But up to this time it has been impossible to find a mordant that would render the colors permanent.

"Like the snowflake on the river,
A moment seen, then gone forever."

What a marvelous change it would make if the camera could give us nature in all its hues. The photographer to-day does sad injustice to many charming women. A classic outline, no matter what the complexion, takes well in an ordinary portrait. But those dear little blonde women with tiptilted noses, charming complexions, all grace and vivacity, they are crucified by the photographer. Let us hail the French discoverer, and crown him with laurels. The pretty women who look ugly in photographs ought to, in some way, shower benefactions upon him.

Poor Old Ireland.

The aggressive attitude of the English Government, its forcible suppression of debate, the arrest of Davitt, and the pouring of troops into Ireland, has, for a while at least, discouraged the Irish. Many of the tenants are now paying their rents, and "Boycotting" is not as popular as it was. The Englishmen are incensed against the Irish, and are not in a mood to do them justice. But the Irish land question is up, and it must be settled. The condition of Ireland is a disgrace to Great Britain and to Christendom. After the passage of the Coercion bill, the land reform question will come up; but it is doubtful if any really effective legislation can be got through the House of Lords. The landed interest is supreme in that body, and it is not likely that the aristocracy will so legislate on the land question in Ireland as to make a precedent for similar legislation in England and Scotland.

German Socialism.

Have Kaiser Wilhelm and Bismarck turned Socialists? In his opening address to the Reichstag the emperor proposed laws which were clearly planks taken from the programme of the Socialists. He asks for legislation to legalize trade guilds and give them certain rights, so that they can care for their sick and helpless, and even combine against their employers, under certain circumstances. The origin of the Communistic agitation in Germany was the distress which came upon the nation by the demonetization of silver and the heavy taxation. It proved to be so serious that repressive laws had to be passed, and these failing to remove the discontent, Bismarck is devising means to in some way satisfy the mass of the population. There are certain phases of Communism which, after all, are not so dreadful. Our common schools are on a Communistic basis—property is forced to pay its share in the education of children. Bachelors, old maids, and other childless people have to give their share for training the offspring of poor people. Then public parks and public roads are Communistic, in that the property of the community is taxed for the benefit of the community, the burden falling mainly on the shoulders of the richest citizens. But the Communism which demands the distribution of the property of the rich among the poor, and which calls for the support of the idle by the industrious—that is thoroughly detestable, and deserves the bad name it has achieved.

A Broom Drill.

A new idea in amusements this, and its inventors were some Yankee girls in Lowell, Mass. Twelve young ladies, commanded by Captain Cora V. Barnard, gave a public drill of their proficiency in handling the broom. The exhibition took place in a church, the girls were pretty, and were uniformed appropriately in red, white, and blue. The brooms were decorated with colored ribbons, and, as the young women marched with the streamers behind them, they looked very martial, and were warmly applauded. Miss May Dun-

lap was the drummer. But, after all, the best broom drills, because the most useful, are those which take place in halls and kitchens, where there is only one broom and no streamers.

Where is the Jeannette?

The vessel sent out to discover the North Pole, entitled the *Jeannette*, has not been heard from for over a year, and early this spring the government will send another vessel to search for her. The past has been an exceptionally severe winter, and it is feared there is such an accumulation of ice in the Arctic waters, that Captain De Long will not be able to return except by sledges. The rescuing vessel will meet with great difficulties, for the severity of the past season will put obstacles in the way of an advance northward. In discussing the matter in the Senate, Senator Edmunds doubted the wisdom of wasting any more treasure and human lives in seeking to reach the North Pole. Perhaps it would be just as well to wait until the navigation of the air becomes feasible. When that is successfully accomplished, then the secrets of both the North and South Poles will be revealed to mankind. But let us hope that no harm has come to the captain or crew of the *Jeannette*.

How She Killed Two Bears.

Lottie Merrill, who lives in Wayne Co., Pa., is a handsome young woman who is fond of hunting. When she is on the warpath to kill game, she wears pantaloons of doeskin, a cloth blouse, and big snowshoes. On one of her expeditions recently she came across two little bear cubs, no bigger than kittens. Before she had time to capture them, she encountered a huge she-bear. Not having time to cock her rifle, the animal seized her and she fainted. The bear, thinking her dead, let her drop. On recovering consciousness she seized her rifle and shot the animal in the side. The wounded brute made a dash at her, whereupon she drew a hunting knife and with one vigorous stroke nearly severed the head from the body. But another bear made his appearance before she had time to reload her rifle. She received him with a sheath knife which she plunged in his throat. A struggle for life ensued, and the brave girl fought with all the desperation of despair. The death hug took place dangerously near a cliff which sloped at an angle of 45° down to the Willapaupack Creek. They finally slid down the declivity, the bear underneath. Finally a tree was struck with such force that the bear was killed and two of Lottie's ribs were broken and her arm dislocated. She was subsequently found by some hunters and taken home, where, at last accounts, she was in a dangerous condition. This is Lottie's third miraculous escape while hunting. The male bear she killed weighed 408 pounds. It is to be hoped that Lottie, when married, will not have a bear for a husband.

Sinecures for the Dead.

Disagreeable people have their uses. Some of the most valuable public servants are those who in popular legislatures advocate unpopular reforms, or make disclosures which many good people would prefer were kept quiet. Charles Bradlaugh in the British Parliament has opened up the subject of sinecures. There are, it seems, hundreds if not thousands of people who receive permanent incomes, who never render any service to the nation. The English descendants of William Penn receive \$20,000 per annum, in compensation for his surrender of certain imaginary proprietary rights for Pennsylvania. The descendants of Marlborough receive \$25,000. The Duke of Schaumburg was accidentally killed in the battle of the Boyne, for which his descendants receive \$20,000 per annum. Already this annuity has cost England nearly \$4,000,000. An illegitimate son of Charles II. was made Duke of Grafton, and he received a pension which has cost England nearly \$1,000,000. The Duke of Richmond, the descendant of another of Charles the Second's mistresses, received a royalty upon all the coal consumed in England. This proved so lucrative that in the reign of George the Third, Parliament bought the right for about \$100,000 per annum. This scandalous list might be extended indefinitely, but Bradlaugh is voted a nuisance in England for trying to put a stop to these monstrous sinecures.

Down with the Tartan.

The people of Scotland are excited, angered. They are holding meetings and petitioning the Queen—for what do you suppose, good reader? Why it seems that an effort is making to abolish the distinctive Scotch garb of the army. This the people of Scotland don't like; they are fond of their old national uniform, and want the kilt and the tartan retained. It is a matter of astonishment to most people, why so cool a garment as a kilt should ever have been popular in so cold a country as is the Scotch Highlands. So far as warmth and comfort went, a good pair of trousers would certainly be preferable. The Duke of Edinburgh has joined with the Scotch people in protesting against the abolition of the tartan.

How will this all end?

The statistics of divorces are appalling. In the good old State of Maine the number of separations of husband from wife is steadily on the increase. There are twenty-three divorces to-day where one occurred fifty years ago, and so throughout the country. We live in an age when discontent is rife and traveling is easy and cheap, and the temptation to seek fresh fields and pastures new is ever present. Marriage is no longer regarded as a religious sacrament. It is a civil contract, amenable to the passion and caprices of the parties to it, and the result is dissevered homes, perpetual estrangement of people who in the olden times would have lived fairly comfortable lives together. And, worse than all, in tens and thousands of homes are children, deprived, some of a mother's care, others of a father's protection. The birth of children carries with it of necessity the indissolubility of the marriage tie. The child has a right to demand the care of both its parents until it becomes of age. As this involves at least twenty years, other children are born in the interval, and so the union naturally becomes one for life. Wherever parents separate they do cruel wrong to their offspring, and should be under the ban of society for so doing. Are there no ministers, male or female, to uphold the sanctity of the home, and to demand that they who bring children into the world shall sacrifice their own vainglorious fancies for the sake of their offspring?

Old and Honored.

Peter Cooper has just been celebrating his ninety-ninth birthday. He signalized the occasion by giving another \$100,000 to various wise charities. Mr. Cooper is an example to all who wish to benefit their kind; he has given away wisely, and has enjoyed the consciousness of the good he has done. Literally tens of thousands of persons benefited by his art and scientific schools, and are to-day living witnesses of his wise benefactions. Mr. Cooper has lived nearly all of his long life in New York City. His great age shows that city life is compatible with health and longevity. There is no great secret touching his heartiness and good bodily condition. He comes of a long-lived stock, and he lives temperately. He does not poison himself with tobacco or stimulate his system with liquor. What a different world it would be if everybody was as temperate, as sensible, and as good as old Peter Cooper.

Improving the Locomotive.

They are actually about to construct a road between New York and Philadelphia, in which a speed is promised of eighty miles an hour. In other words, it is expected to make the distance between the two cities in about an hour. This is almost as swift as flying; it is more rapid than the flight of the storm. But still inventors are not satisfied. They believe a steam locomotive can be so improved as to do swifter and more efficient work at less cost. Then comes Edison to the front, and he declares that the motor of the future is to be electricity, and the place for testing them is on the elevated roads of New York City. If we can make eighty miles between New York and Philadelphia, it will not be many years before the same rate of speed will be demanded between New York and San Francisco. The child is living who will see the distance between those two cities covered in forty-eight hours. Even with the present speed on the English road, about fifty miles an hour, when the tunnel under the channel is completed, the traveler can leave London in the early morning, spend the greater part of his

day in Paris, and return to his home or hotel in London before bedtime. What a marvelous age for traveling we live in.

The New Administration.

Men of all parties agree in wishing well to President James A. Garfield and his new cabinet. It is only fair to give a new administration a chance to show what they can do before criticising it. Mr. Garfield has come from the ranks of the common people. He was a tow-boy on a canal. He worked for a living to get his education. He has lived in his time on \$2 a week. He becomes President at a time of great industrial activity. The nation is prosperous, riches are accumulating. The wealthy are adding enormously to their stores. Is it too much to expect of the new President, in view of his personal antecedents, that he should remember the class from which he sprang? That he should try to put a good education, such a one as he prized, within the reach of every poor boy and poor girl, without distinction of race or color, in the United States? Ought he not help to do something to ameliorate the condition of the very poor? It is not the little ignorant boys and girls or the poor laborers and working women who will call on him for assistance at the White House. But the people who will ask him favors are those who are already rich, and who want to become more so at the expense of other people. Will not James A. Garfield keep in mind the wants and wishes of the classes who will not visit him in the high places of power?

The Wonderful Geysers.

"Earth hath its bubbles," says Macbeth, speaking of the witches. But this remark is true irrespective of supernatural occurrences. In this wonderful Western country of ours there are places where geysers abound. These are flows of water and mud, which burst out of the earth, sometimes quite unexpectedly, and form natural fountains, wonderful to behold. Iceland is famous for its geysers. In our own Yellowstone region are to be found some of the most remarkable of these greatest of nature's curiosities. In Montana recently, near the North Missouri River, in a flat, quiet country, two geysers appeared to the wonder of the whole neighborhood. The earth, which apparently had been motionless for ages, was suddenly torn apart, and up high in air dashed the mighty streams of water. The origin of this phenomenon is as yet unknown, but when the Northern Pacific side track reaches the great national park, some time before next summer, then will tens of thousands of Eastern people have a chance to see this literally enchanted region and the most wonderful things they contain are the spouting geysers.

Fishing off the Banks.

Well, our down-east fishermen have been taught a lesson of modesty. They supposed they knew all about catching codfish. They used bait and hooks, and they laughed to scorn the information which they got from the Fish Commission, that there was a way of catching the codfish without bait or hooks. Now it happens that we have had a great deal of trouble with our Canadian neighbors because of the supposed necessity for using bait. We have paid a bonus of \$5,000,000 to secure a right for catching bait in the waters of our neighbors to the north of us, and a good deal of natural ill-feeling existed, because, after paying this monstrous award, the Canadians persisted in ill-treating our fishermen. When Professor Baird told the fishermen that in Norway codfish were caught by nets and seines fixed in a certain way, he was laughed at for attempting to instruct Yankee fishermen, who for generations had caught their fish by hooks and lines and bait. But an innovating fisherman was tempted to make the experiment, and lo, he beat all his associates in the catch! Now fishing by seine is all the rage, and one schooner can do the work of three. In other words, three fish can be caught at the same cost of labor and time, where one fish was captured before. And the Yankees have improved upon the methods of the Norway fishermen. They can do better than those who originated the new system. But who would have believed that it could have been possible to instruct Yankee fishermen in the pursuit of their favorite calling?

Beer Drinking.

In Great Britain there is annually brewed over 1,000,000,000 gallons of beer. The consumption per head annually is 34 gallons. Germany brews 900,000,000 gallons yearly, at the rate of 22 gallons for every man, woman, and child in the empire. In Sweden and Norway the annual consumption was only 6 gallons per annum, but strong drink largely took its place. What a pity it is that people will not realize how much more wholesome the worst water is, compared with the best beer. And yet the beer is a heavy tax on the community, and the water can be had for very little.

The Lepper.

That is what they call him. John Hughes walked 568 miles at the Rink in New York, in less than 142 hours. This it seems beat Rowell, the English champion's best time. Hughes, when he commenced walking matches, was apparently a clumsy Irishman; but he must have had an excellent organization, as his constant practice has made him one of the swiftest walkers of his time. So far the walking mania has placed at the head of the list Hart, a negro, Hughes, an Irishman, and Rowell, an Englishman. Weston is the only American of any importance who has contested in these matches, but he has been left behind in every walk he has undertaken for some years past. But if America cannot produce champion walkers, we are in the front rank as marksmen. Captain Carver killed 64 pigeons on the wing, while the English champion succeeded in slaughtering only 62. We really do not see the value either of the walking or the shooting, except to gamblers, who bet on the result.

Dead, dead, dead.

Thomas Carlyle has gone to his rest. His case is a curious one, bodily and otherwise. Since he was nineteen years of age he was a dyspeptic. His food often disagreed with him and his stomach was capricious, yet he lived to the age of 83. Carlyle deserved well of his race. At a time when the doctrine of manumission was taught by the philosophers and political economists, Carlyle raised his voice for a cultivation of the higher feelings. Man, he declared, was not controlled by his stomach alone, nor was personal profit the end of existence. He taught that character was of value, that there was such a thing as nobility of soul, that this universe was made for the poet, the seer, the prophet, as well as for the dull plodder of earth. Ruskin in a certain way is carrying on the work begun by Carlyle; for he too is preaching the doctrine of living for others, rather than always caring for one's self. With splendid rhetoric, with eloquence unparalleled, the author of "Modern Painters" and "The Stones of Venice" is trying to impress upon this mechanical age, this period of egoism and low aims, that there is a higher law; that justice, truth, and virtue are verities; that mankind's highest life is in the affections, the mind, and the imagination. Success to him. Carlyle, it seems, is not to be buried in Westminster. His friends declined the offer of Dean Stanley to put him there. All that is mortal of the author of "Sartor Resartus" was placed in a grave in the parish where he was born, in Scotland.

Amending the British Constitution.

But, says the reader, Great Britain has no constitution, at least no written one. That is very true, and yet somehow we find that Great Britain is more conservative of her old institutions and even of their abuses, than are Americans of the written letter of their constitution. The constitution of Great Britain is comprised under the head of precedents and judge-made laws. To the Irish members is due the most recent change in the conduct of business by Parliament. In this country all our legislative bodies, save alone the Senate of the United States, make provision for protecting majorities against minorities. In other words we have the previous question, which cuts short debate. The British Parliament had no such device for putting a stop to interminable talk. Taking advantage of this fact, the Irish members tried to stop the progress of a coercion bill, aimed at their countrymen, and kept on talking so as not to allow Parliament to act on that particular question. In doing this they were strictly within the rule, and the forty Irish members stopped the progress of all business, in a body 600 strong. At length the patience of Parliament became exhausted, and the

speaker usurped the power to end the debate. His action was indorsed by the vast majority of the members, and so the most sacred of Parliamentary traditions has been set aside in the face of a stern necessity. Hereafter the will of the speaker can end tiresome debate and bring the House to a vote. The Irish members do not seem to have helped their cause by the course they pursued. Indeed the vigor of the government seems to have demoralized the agitators, and the problem of Irish misery is as far from solution.

Egypt in America.

Well, the obelisk has been erected in Central Park and the inscriptions translated. It seems they commemorate the victorious careers of three monarchs, Thutines, Ramses, and Usokon. It is now settled that the obelisk was erected from 1600 to 1800 years before Christ. The stone may be an object of curiosity to the sightseer, but it is singularly out of place in New York City. It seems that two new pyramids have just been discovered near Memphis. They were erected by two kings during the sixth dynasty. Thousands of inscriptions cover the vaults and passages, which are expected to shed a world of light upon the history, religion, and social life of ancient Egypt. By the way, the greatest of Egyptologists, Mariette-Bey, has just died. He it was who uncovered the sphinx and restored to light the treasures of the Necropolis at Meydoom after a repose of seven thousand years. It is known that there exist on the upper Nile, across the great bend of the river, numerous pyramids whose vaults have never been opened and which may contain materials of history surpassing anything which as yet has been discovered.

Extravagant New York.

Never was so much money spent in gayety in New York as during the past winter. More diamonds and rich jewelry were bought than in any previous season. In one fancy-dress ball, the Arion, the committee spent \$70,000 in decorations, costumes, processions, and the like. The ball was held in Madison Square inclosure, and embraces an entire block, which makes undoubtedly the largest ballroom in the world. When these balls were first held, they were brilliant spectacles, but the last one was a showy saturnalia. New York is becoming a very wealthy, but also a very wicked city.

The Tennessee Horror.

Ten negroes lynched in Springfield, Tennessee, by a mob. It was supposed that some four or five of these colored men were implicated in the murder of an old miser. These men were being tried in court and the judge had just got through his charge, when a mob of two hundred men broke into the court-room, and seizing the prisoners, hung them from the windows of the court-house. They then seized five other negroes, against whom there was some suspicion, and hung them also. It is very certain that at least seven of these men must have been innocent of the crime of murder. But the horrible part of it is, that every one of the two hundred who composed the mob were deliberate, premeditated murderers. And not one of these wretches will ever get their deserts, yet they are worse than murderers, for they insulted justice ministering at its altar, and gave an item to foreign nations to show how, under our veneer of civilization, a certain class of Americans were really barbarians at heart.

A Pitiful Case.

The New York papers have been telling the story of a little child, a girl, who was most inhumanly punished by her father. A wretch of a servant girl stole money and valuables. When the things were missed, the thief charged the pilfering upon a tender little girl, the youngest child of the family. The stupid father believed the servant, and maltreated his own flesh and blood. The little thing, in her terror, confessed to crimes which she never committed. More things were missed, and again was the little one beaten. Finally the house was fired and the stupid father again wreaked his vengeance upon his innocent and terrified child. But at length a detective was employed and he soon discovered the real culprit. The villainous and malicious servant was punished, of course, and the good name of the little girl was restored. The stupid and brutal father, at last accounts, had been indicted by the Grand Jury, and will have to stand trial for his unjust and inhuman treatment of his own offspring.

Miss Helen Potter.

MISS HELEN POTTER, the impersonator and elocutionist, has made a most successful trip this winter. She began her season early in October, being greeted by a large audience at Lynn, Mass. From that point she went to Rhode Island, achieving a great success in Providence. She traveled through New Hampshire and Connecticut, and was in New York just at the time of the Presidential election, where despite the adverse circumstances of the great political excitement, she made a marked impression. Starting westward she went to Canada, from there to Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin. From this point the route extends through Minnesota and Iowa, returning through Illinois, Ohio, Western New York and Pennsylvania. So successful has been her trip that it is probable that she will, during April and May, go as far West as Denver, Colorado.

Of this gifted lady's impersonation the *Chicago World*, says:

"Her dramatic genius, fully acknowledged by the whole press and public, places her pre-eminently at the head of all those in her profession; in fact, she holds the position of queen of the rostrum. Her voice has been perfected by long and systematic training, until there is nothing from the most simple tones to rare ventriloquism she cannot do. This education, together with unusual powers of mimicry back of it, enables her to imitate the most diverse voices. Being a great natural orator, as well as a mimic, she can easily reproduce the eloquence of John B. Gough or Elizabeth Cady Stanton, with her wonderful histrionic powers, she can reproduce Charlotte Cushman and Madame Ristori. Miss Potter does not caricature, but gives the original in voice, costume and gesture, and a number of those whom she impersonates have given her special studies. On the platform her appearance is commanding and agreeable, her acting being natural and graceful, and everything she does is done apparently with the greatest ease."

Besides these characters Miss Potter also impersonates successfully Lawrence Barrett, Olive Logan, Mrs. Scott Siddons, Sojourner Truth, and Sarah Bernhardt. The troupe that accompanies Miss Potter, consisting of a quartette of young lady violinists, is also a great attraction.

Miss Potter is a most estimable lady in private, and is personally held in the highest esteem by those who have the pleasure of her acquaintance. Her residence having been erroneously given in a former number of the Magazine, we take pleasure in giving it correctly, at 105th Street near 10th avenue, New York City.

Do You Want a Story?

AMONG the numerous inquiries daily addressed to periodicals, and which reach their editors through the post, and in other ways, is the constantly recurring one, "Do you want a story?"

This, it may as well be admitted, is rarely answered. Ninety-nine out of a hundred such queries come from total strangers, whose names are alike to fame and the editor unknown, and who are not the judges of their own competence for literary work. A reply, therefore, would have to be so indefinite that it would be useless: the editor's drawer is crowded with stories and articles "to be returned," and the probability is that the story, sketch, or article sent by the unknown correspondent would share the same fate; while on the other hand it *might* prove to be fresh, bright, novel and interesting, and therefore welcome, even if it had to be kept for a time before publication.

It is equally impossible, therefore, to write a decided no, a decided yes, or explain eternally and successively to each inquirer the true state of the case, which is perfectly natural, and always understood by experienced writers, who only address such an inquiry in regard to the preparation of a special piece of work adapted to local conditions, given time, or purpose. It is really a useless waste of time, paper, and postage to send letters which in the nature of things cannot receive a satisfactory answer, and which life is too short for answering at all. The repetition of such questions is still more unnecessary.

Said a French manager when an irate author

complained that he had fallen asleep over his play, and was therefore incompetent to offer an opinion. "My dear sir, falling asleep during the reading of a play is an opinion." Just so, no reply to a question of the sort indicated is a reply, for it means—No; which the author is at liberty to construe liberally, and consider means, no, not unless it is better or more desirable than anything of the kind on hand.

The Secret of National Prosperity.

THE American is so proud of doing great things, and believing himself an important part of a great nation, that he is apt to overlook the fact that his country, though active and energetic, is still little more than a precocious child who is only as yet engaged in laying the foundations of a future, which will be great and prosperous, or the reverse, according to the wisdom which lays the foundation of thrift among its inhabitants.

The prosperity of a country is not to be reckoned by its speculative values; by its stock exchange lists; by the wealth of a few; or even by the rapid growth in luxury of its people. It is better seen in the solid comfort and steady industry of the farmer and artisan; in the absence of poverty, and those pests of property and nests of vice, the "poor-house;" in the low rate of crime, and disease; and the cultivation of that spirit of self-respecting manhood, and womanhood among the poor, which provides against its own emergencies, and only assumes such responsibilities as in the nature of things they may expect to fully meet.

These evidences of present and future prosperity are conspicuous by their absence, especially from our cities. The poor-house is a recognized institution; the tramp abounds, and is not only a professed beggar, but often thief, and if necessary to his own safety, murderer as well. Poverty exists in its worst and most hopeless form, for it is unaccompanied by thrift, and is not only ready to accept help, but demands it, and considers itself as entitled to the rewards of the labor of others. There are in the West, and in parts of New England, villages which have not yet quite lost the characteristics of Puritan ancestry, which, though rigid, were always true and self-respecting. In some of these public opinion makes labor universal, and actual poverty is unknown, but in the larger towns and cities the case is very much reversed; the idle and drunken absorb a large part of the prosperity which would naturally grow out of hard industry and successful development of the country's resources.

Benevolent institutions increase, and grow day by day, but they do little good; at least they do not prevent the great volume of misery and want from becoming larger and larger. About eighteen months ago a young man came into possession of property divided by the death of his father between himself, his mother, a sister, and younger brother.

He desired to act in accordance with the principles of a higher law than that enacted by man, and with the concurrence of his mother, became his own agent, and determined to investigate causes, relieve want, and encourage well-doing as far as possible. But he found little opportunity to play the part of voluntary benefactor. The property of his family was largely made up of the structures in which the poor live, and he found that rent was the one spot where the shoe pinched all the year round; and that the one thought with the majority of his tenants was how to avoid paying it. His self-imposed task he was obliged to relinquish, for he had not the strength

or the courage to press for what all declared themselves unable to pay, and to secure an income he was obliged to put the task of collecting in less sympathetic hands.

This young man was no hero, but it only shows how utterly impossible it is to deal with shiftlessness and irresponsibility. As a nation we have a burden imposed upon us, not of our own making, in the aggregation of many persons from other lands who have left their own country for its good. But this burden the American republic voluntarily assumed, and it renders it all the more incumbent upon its people to institute such regulations, to formulate such laws, to create as far as possible such conditions as will enable the evil elements to do as little harm as possible, and assist them toward the realization of a better life.

One of the most important of these is the fostering of a spirit of prudence and economy in small ways. Thousands of people never save because they think they could save nothing "worth while." Had we postal savings banks instituted by the government, and paying some small rate of interest on deposits, a vast number of persons would save enough to preserve them from the calamities which now plunge them into wretchedness, and make them a burden upon the public. Even penny deposits would then be possible, as is the case in England, and in other ways inducements should be multiplied for the industrious poor to save, and have their savings protected, so that their confidence may be strengthened, and a stimulus given to habits of forethought, and self-denial; for it is self-denial, not self-indulgence on the part of the masses that lies at the root of a nation's prosperity.

Spring Work.

VERY much of the enjoyment of life proceeds from the order and regularity with which we attend to every duty in its season, leaving heart and mind free, and unburdened with petty cares and anxieties. It is true that our own obedience to the demands of circumstances and the necessities of daily life, do not always relieve us from care; for our lives are so intertwined with those of others, that their failures affect us often very injuriously. Still, for these we are not responsible, and all that is required of us is to do our own duty, and assist the world at large by the influence of a good example.

There are people, both men and women, who are in a state of chronic backwardness; nothing that they attempt, or for which they are responsible, is ever executed on time; the spring work lapses over into the summer, the summer into fall, the fall into winter, and that which would have done so much for protection and comfort during the cold weather is lacking, and finally done without or postponed, to the serious detriment perhaps of something or somebody.

Spring work is of many kinds to the housekeeper who is also the mother of a family, and who lives in the country. It begins with twenty things at once, all of which require to be attended to at very nearly the same time. If the amount of help is restricted, the husband engaged in business, or busy with his farming, the garden paths and yards must be cleared of the leaves and debris, which the disappearing snow renders so unsightly; plants have to be set out, and those special herbs and seeds planted which the housewife has under her own special charge. Children can be made very useful in this work, and nothing pleases them more than to be set at work which is useful, and at the same time fully as much "fun" as

play. All that is necessary is to teach them exactly how to do it, have patience with their mistakes, and let them get as much pleasure out of it as they please. Perhaps the next step for the housekeeper to take is the annual cleaning. In the city this is often postponed till fall, and executed just before the "family" returns from the country, superintended by an experienced servant. But this arrangement pre-supposes wealth, and trained servants, and we are now speaking for the majority, and especially for those who have houses which they occupy from year to year, or homes in the country. Spring cleaning is a disagreeable necessity, but it can be mitigated, and is really only a necessity for those who live upon carpets nailed tightly to each floor, and incapable of removal except by an eruption or domestic earthquake. If floors were more sensibly and perfectly laid, if they were stained, and only covered in the center with a square rug or carpet which could be taken up, the great need of a general renovation would be done away with, and one source of domestic discomfort very much abated.

The cleaning of bed-room closets and bedsteads should precede the general cleaning, and take place during the month of March, one set at a time. If this work is done thoroughly, and at the proper time, it will not only promote comfort but save labor, and the deterioration of much that is valuable throughout the year. Bedsteads should be taken apart, and first thoroughly cleaned with warm salted water and soap; when dry pour into every crack and crevice drops of kerosene oil, over this blow Persian insect powder through a small bellows. From closets every article of clothing should be removed, shaken, hung out to air, and well brushed before being replaced. In the mean time clean shelves and floor and paint with warm water and soap, scrubbing the shelves and floor, but not the paint; when dry pour round the edges and into every crack a strong solution of salt in boiling water, and if there are mice holes shake into them strong cayenne pepper, and stop them up with chloride of lime, sealing them with putty or cement. Sprinkle finally some borax upon the shelves before covering them with paper, and you will not only be clean, but free from the depredations of insects for the entire summer.

The preparation of spring clothing is a work of much less time and difficulty if the fall work has been well done, that is light clothing mended, washed, and rough dried before having been put away. Dirt impoverishes quicker than wear, and it is above all things foolish and absurd to harbor so deadly an enemy to thrift and comfort.

The sewing machine has lightened sewing, and the ready paper pattern removed all anxiety in regard to "making-over" processes, as well as the making up of new garments; and for children, and especially for spring and summer, the simpler the better.

There is an immense amount of detail and steady drudging labor to be remembered and performed by conscientious wives and mothers, and it ought to be better known and appreciated by the average husbands and fathers. The sensible woman will do it and make as little fuss about it as possible; but it would strengthen her heart as well as her hands if she felt that in her place she was doing as good and necessary work as he in his, and that he fully acknowledged it. Our homes are the most important element in our lives, and require incessant care, work and watchfulness at all seasons, but the spring makes unusual drafts upon the time of those who are perhaps always sufficiently occupied, and if we can help by labor or patience to lighten the burden, we may well consider it a joyful opportunity to make a contribution to the good genius of spring work.



SPRING BREAKFASTS.

THOSE who are least versed in music know how necessary it is to strike the key-note of the simplest composition correctly, in order not only to insure harmony, but prevent jar and discord; if this is true of musical mechanism, how much more true it is when dealing with human minds, hearts, senses, tastes, and passions!

Breakfast in a well-ordered and rightly-constructed family strikes the key-note for the day, and that note should be one of sweetness and harmony. Happy the home which possesses a light, cheerful breakfast room, with plants in a wide, latticed window, and an outlook upon lawn, or garden, or greenery of some kind. Warmth and light are the two first elements of comfort and enjoyment, and if possible the warmth should be obtained through a fire that may be seen. Neatness, cleanliness, and taste in the arrangement of the table and its surroundings, however simple they may be, are also among the essentials, and depend largely upon the habits of the mistress of the house. No matter what the cost or expense at which the house is kept, if the mistress is usually absent from her post, and the details left to servants, there will be little of sweetness or brightness at the morning meal.

Two breakfast rooms come back as models, both of which were within our experience, and both in the country. One was the pretty side-room of an ample mansion with grounds and shaded walks and flower-gemmed lawn, upon which the deep bay window, filled with plants and trailing vines, looked out. In the wide fireplace an open fire glowed during the early spring months, the same as in the coldest days of winter, and the brushing up of the hearth was the work of three persons before it could be called complete.

First came the housemaid, who had made the fire as her first duty; then the daughter of the house, in apron and india-rubber gloves; finally the gentle mistress of the domain, who, without soiling the immaculate purity of hands, kerchief, or cap-strings, would remove the last faint speck of dust or ashes, and critically survey the glass, the china, the damask, the silver, and lastly, the food, to see that all was in order. The pretty flower or foliage decorations, which in some pretty forms were never absent, were the daughter's special concern, and at seven in winter and half-past six o'clock in summer the breakfast bell sounded, and the member of the family who was absent without sufficient cause was disgraced.

But it was rarely that one was absent; breakfast was so social and delightful a meal that every one anticipated it, and felt the day badly begun unless the family reunion was participated in. The meal over, a servant cleared away the dishes and plates that had contained meat; but the glass, silver, and china were washed upon a tray, in a cedar tub, by the quick, deft hand of the daughter, who sang as she put on the gloss as a finishing-touch, and usually made all the arrangements for dessert before considering her morning duties at an end.

The second room, in which remembered breakfasts took place, was a small apartment in a cottage, the windows looking upon a garden filled with common flowers, and bushes laden in summer with all kinds of small fruits. The table was simple enough; the service was old, blue willow-ware, the forks only three-pronged, and

steel; but the little bouquet, in an old-fashioned blue "jug," was never wanting, and all the refinement that comes from exquisite cleanliness was there.

At this breakfast table also punctuality was enforced, and in summer it was not difficult, for no one would care to miss the light-raised biscuit, the yellow butter, the amber coffee, the fresh eggs, and the crowning dish, a high, open glass dish of berries or other fruit, that always graced the center. Sometimes, instead of biscuit, were rice-cakes or bread-cakes, but there was always, in addition to the brown toast and white toast, something appetizing, in the shape of warm Graham rolls, raised biscuit, or light cakes, and this gives an immense zest to breakfast.

One of the popular dishes was rolls made by mixing one quart of Graham flour with a pint of buttermilk, a little salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and an even teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, rubbed into the flour.

The biscuit were always made from light bread dough, with the addition of butter "flaked in," made into balls, and left to rise again in the pan.

Rice cakes were made by blending the night before a coffee cup of prepared flour with the same in bulk of well-boiled rice, and covering it down in a cool place. The next morning an egg was beaten with a pint of milk, and salt to taste; then mixed gradually with the rice and flour. Half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda was added to correct acidity, and a tablespoonful of melted butter to make the cakes crisp and brown.

"Mince" was a great breakfast dish in this family, for not one liked heavy meat dishes so early in the morning. The dish was prepared by chopping very fine the remains of chicken, turkey, veal, or lamb, adding to it a grating of bread-crumbs and a suspicion of parsley or onion or both, and in the case of veal a dash of lemon juice. A few spoonfuls of gravy were then brought to a boil, the mince was put in it, and this brought to a boil also; then a tablespoonful of mushroom or tomato catsup was added, and the mince was poured over sippets of thin buttered toast, and served with quartered lemon and sprigs of parsley or watercress.

Watercresses were in immense demand; they came with the fresh eggs, and made a green nest for the pretty red radishes when they made their appearance. Oranges, too, frequently made a bright spot of color, and were often cut up in round, thin slices, and sugared as a refreshment after the solid part of the meal. Oatmeal was a "standing" dish, and always eaten with cream, for it was too plentiful in those days to be considered a great luxury; but we had not then the advantage we have now of the "granulated" oats from which all waste and harshness has been extracted, and only that left which is purely assimilative.

The cottage breakfasts did not deal largely in ham and eggs or sausages, for its inmates had a holy horror of pork; but occasionally the principal dish consisted of bacon cut very thin and "frizzled," English fashion, and poached eggs on toast; this is a fine substitute for ham and fried eggs, and a little practice will soon teach the cook how to poach dexterously, and without breaking the yolks, which spoils the form and often the taste and quality.

But, after all, the principal thing about a spring breakfast table is brightness, cheerfulness, and punctuality. Every member of the family, particularly the younger portion, should make a religious duty of being ready at the proper hour, person and toilet showing no signs of neglect. Of course elaborate dressing is out of place; the costume should be simple, but it should be neat and attractive to the eye, and hair, nails, teeth, and hands should have received careful attention.

Experience judges housekeeping and housekeeper more by the family aspect at the breakfast table than the dinner table dressed up for company, and the fact that the family meals are two or three times per day while the company meals are only a few times in the year, renders it of infinitely more importance, so far as the moral influence is concerned, that care and refinement should be exercised in the one case more than the other.

"HOW TO LIVE IN COLD WEATHER."

There is no end to the number of books in which we are taught how to live, how not to live, how to cook and eat, and how or what not to cook and eat. One of the latest contributions to literature of this kind consists of a pamphlet by Mrs. Amelia Lewis, who within its eighty-four pages undertakes the solution of the problem propounded in her title. Mrs. Lewis is announced as the inventor of a new system of preparing food, but what that system is, or at least in what consists its novel features, we have not been able to discover. She believes in the "stew" as the dish of the future, but it is also a dish of the present, and a very popular dish with the intelligent poor. Mrs. Lewis has many very good things to say, however, in regard to economical cooking, and in regard to stews which she believes are destined to achieve immortality. She shall speak for herself.

Stews.—The stew is the great dish of the future. Upon the amalgamation of foods depends higher civilization. No people ever become great on raw cereals or half-cooked pieces of meat. Civilization in our day means "harmony," and this can only be brought about by lessening the combative and warring tendencies of our nature. Our nature depends on the assimilation of our food, and food is best assimilated when best combined and amalgamated, as well as softened in its hard fibrous constituents. We are putting the human machine under a heavy press of exertion, and this can only be kept up by providing the steam for it in the least injurious manner.

We want to take in food that shall digest quickly and give us quickly energy, strength, vitality; food that shall stimulate gradually our faculties and please our palate. In the whole food economy, in the whole range of profitable meals, there is nothing so conducive to comfort, health, and energy, as a well-combined, well-cooked stew.

A stew means the placing together substances that accord in taste and nutrition, and that are able to communicate quickly nutritious matter to the blood, without unduly exercising the digestive organs. Such a dish is eminently *the* dish of the nineteenth century and the dish of the future, and much study is due to a good, artistic stew.

Stews are combinations of animal and vegetable substances that agree well with each other, and produce a wholesome and nutritious dish. All meat substances can make a stew, and most vegetables are palatable for it; the flavoring matter of spices is also required in it. Stews are admirable in winter, because no dish maintains better the temperature of the body; it is therefore useful that we should study its composition.

Stews should not be cooked too long; this is one of the greatest mistakes in making them; they should be long enough under a heat process to amalgamate them well and reduce the hardness of fiber in meat and vegetable, but they should not be so long as to evaporate valuable particles in either animal or vegetable substance. Unskillful people imagine that a stew may be on the fire any time; this is wrong; it must be no longer on the fire than to amalgamate its different constituents well together.

Stews may be made of meat, fish, fat, or of no animal substance at all; animal substance alone can make a stew, and vegetable substance also, but the best stews are made by both. The stew-

ing process, as far as cooking is concerned, means gently and gradually to let heat reduce both animal and vegetable substances to a condition of softness, such as can be easily dealt with by the digestive organs.

The amalgamation of stews is an art of its own, and I shall describe it generally as far as possible.

Meat Stews.—To make a good stew the meat must be tender and not too fat, and the vessel in which it is cooked bright inside. To begin by putting in the meat with cold water and thickening it afterward will never make a good stew. A stew should be commenced in gravy. Most people use stock for stews; I prefer butter or suet, but never lard.

Take a small piece of butter and melt it; when it is quite melted stir in a little flour gradually and combine thoroughly till it has well amalgamated. Now add warm water gently, while stirring all the while over the fire, till a smooth, even consistency is arrived at. Put in the meat to be stewed and allow it to get thoroughly warm, till you add the vegetables, condiments, and flavoring required. Keep the vessel well shut, and only open the lid when absolutely necessary, shaking the stew now and then, in preference to stirring it with the spoon.

This is the simplest and original form of stew, from which many deviations may be made.

Another form of stew is made by putting butter or fat in a saucepan, melting it thoroughly, and placing pieces of meat in, to brown the outside; if this is done, a little flour should be sprinkled over the meat and warm water be gradually added, while stirring all the time to make the gravy at once. A stew may be either white or brown, according to the way the fat is prepared. For white stews butter only must be used, and only just melted to retain a light color before adding the flour and watered milk; for brown stews butter or suet or dripping can be used, and be allowed to get a deeper color before being mixed with the water. The cooking-vessel is of great importance for stews; it must be clean and bright within, and the most nutritious stew will be that which is cooked in an inside vessel and surrounded by steam engendered in an outside vessel, as my own cooking utensils carry on the operation.

Various Stews.—Beef stews form a very excellent dish, and can be made in various ways.

Beef Steak Stew.—Take some finely chopped beef fat or a piece of butter, heat it in the stew-pan, and sprinkle some flour in, brown, and add warm water. Place into this gravy the steak, which must be a thick cut, and in one piece, if possible. Add salt, pepper (whole black), three cloves, a small piece of mace, and a bay-leaf, if it is handy. Close up tight and let gently simmer for three-quarters of an hour, shaking the stew now and then; after that time put in two tablespoonfuls of mushroom catsup or any dark sauce, and allow the stew to simmer another quarter of an hour. It should then be done and be served upon a hot dish, the gravy being poured over it.

To this stew, steamed rice makes an excellent adjunct, the recipe for which will be given.

It is optional to brown the steak a little in the fat, but it must be done with a closed lid, else some of the best nutrition will be lost.

Beef steak stew is very nourishing with vegetables. Melt the fat, and brown slightly in it small cut onions; add flour and warm water, the meat, and salt and pepper. Instead of flavoring with spices, put to it small cut carrots and turnips; let gently simmer and add two spoonfuls of dark sauce.

Either of these can be carried out with large pieces of meat, as there is no better dish in winter than stewed beef; it gives far more warmth than boiled salt beef.

Mutton Stews must be made carefully and with little fat, and for mutton it is best to brown the meat slightly first.

Veal Stews are delicious simmered in their own gravy with the addition of a slice or two of lemon, and a tin of green peas, when the stew is nearly done. Mashed potatoes fit well with veal stews.

Chicken Stews are generally prepared with white sauce. The gravy made, the chicken should be cut in pieces and a couple of slices of lemon (without the peel), some mace, and pepper and salt. If lemon is not used, milk can be added instead of water. It will enhance the nutritiousness of the stew if a small piece or two of veal is added to the chicken.

Very appetizing vegetable stews may be made of vegetables alone, beginning always with the foundation gravy. Dripping can very well be used, or oleomargarine, or finely chopped beef suet. For stews mix onion with turnip and carrot, add pepper and salt; mix carrots with potatoes and chopped parsley, parsnips and carrots, cabbage and a few whole onions, and employ your own ingenuity how to vary for a family. A small piece of meat is sufficient with vegetable stews, or no meat at all is needed. You will be astonished what heat these vegetable stews supply.

A Celebrated Onion Stew.—There are people who despise one of the most valuable vegetables we have, that is, the onion, and let the tomato replace it, but pleasant and stimulating as is the flavor of the tomato, it cannot replace the onion for muscle workers. The unpleasant smell caused by onions is far less powerful when these have been stewed whole, or stewed after having been fried.

Take finely chopped beef suet or other fat, and warm through; slice in a good many onions right across in rings, let them just change color in the fat; sprinkle over some flour and add warm water. Place into this gravy small pieces of steak, cut thick; add pepper and salt and cover up close to stew for twenty minutes. Place then over the stew as many potatoes as will be required for dinner, pretty well of one size, and close up again, allowing the whole to simmer gently till done. Do not stir at all, so that the potatoes remain whole. Add the last ten minutes two spoons of sauce or mushroom catsup, and let simmer for that time. Turn out carefully, placing the potatoes, which will be whole, round the dish. This stew has been very successful.

A good and cheap mutton stew is made with a piece of breast or neck of mutton by placing it in a saucepan with the usual gravy or warm water, and slicing over it turnips and carrots, also a parsnip and onion if desired. Cover this with a suet crust made of flour, finely chopped beef suet and warm water. Put the crust right over the stew, and now let simmer till done. It will make an excellent meal for a large family of small means.

Preference of Stews over Steaks.—It is very desirable that stews should be encouraged among work-people in winter, instead of the constant fried steaks, which do not give as much warmth or vitality to the body as the well amalgamated stew. As in all cooking, much depends upon the way of combining and carrying on the heat operation. A stew that has been cooked violently cannot well amalgamate; the meat becomes hard, the fat swims on the top, and that delicate flavor is lost which all stews ought to have, of however plain materials they may be made.

There are numberless variations to be made in stews, delicate and plain, and several more recipes will be given; but the best teacher is your own ingenuity, when you know the principle on which stews are made. The thickening process must begin a stew, not end it, and must be most carefully executed, so as to have a good foundation

to go on. There is perhaps no daintier dish than a brown game stew, dressed with currant jelly and some delicate canned vegetables, steamed rice or macaroni.

Potatoes in Stew.—Potatoes combine well with stews in winter, and a stew with pieces of mutton put at the bottom of a saucepan, a layer of sliced onions placed over them, pepper and salt sprinkled on, and potatoes put last, repeated two or three times, is an excellent winter dish when it has gently simmered for about three-quarters of an hour.

Fish Pudding.—Fish balls are good food, but when burned up in fat they lose half their nutrition. Mix finely chopped fish, particularly cod, with dried herbs, boiled potatoes, pepper, salt, and mace, an egg, and some butter. Place in well greased mold and put in the oven, brown well the outside, and dish up; or warm well through in covered pan. Eat with it boiled beetroot, stewed onions, or any other vegetable.

Prince Albert's Pudding.—(Francatellis). To make it properly, beat half a pound of butter to a cream, stir in the yolks of six eggs, half a pound of butter, six ounces of sifted sugar, half a pound of Sultana raisins, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, add the whites of the eggs beaten to a foam. Line a buttered mold with slices of citron, blanched almonds, candied orange and lime rind, candied slices of other fruit, angelica, vanilla, and rose drops, and pour in the mixture; cover with oiled paper and cloth. Serve with a rich lemon sauce.

Rhode Island Chowder.—Cut six ounces of pickled pork into dice. Put it, with two large onions sliced, into the pot; fry till the onion begins to brown; remove the pork and onions. Slice five or six medium-sized potatoes and three pounds of fresh cod or other firm fish. Put into the pot a layer of potatoes, then one of fish, seasoning each layer as you proceed with a sprinkling of the fried onions and pork, also a little soup herbs, pepper, and salt. Pour on cold water enough to barely cover the whole, and boil twenty minutes; then add three large ship biscuits soaked in milk, also half a pint of hot milk. As soon as it boils again remove it from the fire, and serve it at once. Clams are frequently used instead of fish, in which case a layer of sliced or canned tomatoes is added.

Banbury Cakes.—These cakes are merely cases of puff pastry, which incloses a mixture somewhat resembling mincemeat. Wash and dry half a pound of currants, mince a quarter pound of orange and lemon candied peel; break up small two ounces of ratifias, shred finely one ounce of beef suet, and rub it into a fine powder with two ounces of sifted sugar, add a pinch of salt, and mix all the ingredients together. Make one pound of very light puff paste, roll it out thin, cut it into rounds about four inches in diameter; spread a spoonful of the fruit mixture in the center of each; wet the edges, and fold over the paste to form a puff. Brush lightly with white of egg, sift sugar over; place the cakes on a floured baking sheet, and bake in an oven at pastry heat for half an hour.

Mock Pate de Foie Gras.—Boil a calf's liver in slightly salted water till tender, boiling the tongue in another vessel the day before needed; cut the liver in small pieces and rub gradually to a paste, moistening with melted butter. Work into the soft paste a quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne, half a grated nutmeg, some ground cloves and mace, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, salt to taste, a teaspoonful made French mustard and a tablespoonful of boiling water, in which a large onion has been steeped. Mix thoroughly, and pack in jelly pots very hard, inserting here and there bits of the tongue; cover with melted butter and fasten the lids.

YOUNG AMERICA

Prunes and Prisms.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

(Continued from page 143.)

CHAPTER IV.

DARK TRIAL.

THE party was a thing of the past! The Fanshawes had packed up, and departed for their city home; everything was going on in the old ruts and grooves once more, and Cicely was her own bright, merry self again!

"You needn't expect me home to dinner," called out Rex, as he was shooting off the verandah steps, three or four days later, with his "specimen basket" slung over his shoulder. "I'm going off to Sachem's Head with the fellows. Good-bye, Ce!"

"Good luck to you!" called Cicely merrily from the upper window. "Have you got anything to eat?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh yes," halloed Rex, nearly down to the big stone gateway, "Maum Silvy has looked out for that. It's all right, Ce!" And he was off.

"He'll kill himself some day," said Cicely to herself, slamming to the window-blind, after his figure had disappeared, "poking around after specimens. Oh, I *do* hope he'll find some salamanders; he's hunted so long for them." And then she straightway forgot Rex, and specimens, and everything else, in an absorbing talk with Aunt Elderkin over her new summer bonnet!

Somewhere about half-past four, in tramped Rex, about as wet and dirty as one would wish to be, with his pantaloons tucked carefully into his high boots, and everything about his personal appearance indicating a hard and long tussle. But his face glowed triumphantly, and his voice had a jubilant ring, as he shouted the second he was within the door, "I've *found* them, Ce—capital ones, too—the salamanders, you know!"

Down went Cicely's work-basket out of her lap, and to all points of the compass rolled every article in it. "Oh, Rex!" she cried delightedly, flying over the stairs, "have you *really*?"

"Wat is't?" cried little Black Pruny, whom she was instructing in the mysteries of patchwork, and who was nearly upset by her violent start. "Say, I want ter see too—I do!" and she started to run after her.

"Oh no, you mustn't, Pruny," said Cicely, waving her off, "go straight back." And then the library door was shut quickly on all the delightful mystery.

Inside, Cicely was saying to Rex, "I wouldn't have her find it out for the world! You couldn't keep her hands off 'em! *Hush!*"

Outside, Pruny had her little black ear plastered up against the keyhole in an agony, trying to catch any chance scraps of talk.

"Somebody's in thar," she said at last, pulling her ear away, and getting up; "I heerd Mister Rex say 'Sal Amandy,' I did, for shore! I wonder who she is!"

But Maum Silvy's voice in accents that could not be put aside, calling to her from the kitchen regions, to "come down an' clean de knives right slap!" Pruny clattered down the hall vowing vengeance at every step, for her exclusion from the secret, and turning over and over in her mind a thousand plans for coming at the hidden mystery.

"I'll jump in de windy," she said at last. "I reckon dey doosn't shet *me* out agen, dey doosn't! An' den I'll ketch a squint at Sal Amandy myself."

So as soon as her mother's broad back was turned, Pruny dropped knives and all unceremoniously, and stealing off, rushed out and around the back of the house to the window opening into the library, where the mysterious visitor was supposed at this very moment to be hidden. Here she dropped off her shoes and stockings in a little heap on the ground.

"I'll jest git a look at her bunnit," said Pruny, swinging herself up like a squirrel to the ledge beneath the window, and pushing the blind cautiously back. "Why, thar ain't nobody here—thar ain't!" she exclaimed in astonishment, peering all around. "I guess she's hid in de cubbud."

Now the very idea of anything being *locked* up, if she didn't care for it in the least, the moment it *was* locked up, set Pruny into a perfect frenzy to find it out and unearth it. So now, without wasting an instant, she precipitated herself quickly into the room, with lithe, rapid movements, and began a triumphant survey of the premises.

"I'll peek in de cubbud," she said, having examined all other corners and nooks, "dar maybe some old woman dar, who'll jump out at me—But I'll jest open it a crack, so's ef she *does* jump, I can snap her nose—"

But alas! it wasn't any old woman who did the jumping part of the performance, but Pruny herself. For, just as she had made up her mind to try her fate with the closet door, she stepped upon something soft and slimy, and that, horror of horrors! wriggled under her bare foot.

With one wild look of terror, she saw on the carpet a queer little object with four legs and the strangest sort of a tail, and that she had stepped directly on the creature, while about a yard away were two more, making decidedly for her!

With a howl of anguish Pruny fell prostrate on the floor, unable to move a muscle—"Its de ebil one!" she gasped. "Take me out—some one—Take me—*ow—ut!*"

The little wriggling things crept about, and joined themselves unto three or four more, while Pruny, hiding her face, renewed her howls of terror.

"Open the door," said some one on the outside.

"Oh Rex, *do* hurry and get the key."

"Hush up, you little idiot!" cried Rex, rattling the key in the lock, "if you've meddled with my salamanders—*Je-whickets!*" he exclaimed, with a long whistle, and stood quite still.

"Oh Rex, *they've got—they've got out!*" cried Cicely in the greatest excitement, running hither and thither, "do stop 'em, somebody—there's a splendid big fellow racing under the bookease!"

But Aunt Elderkin went quickly over to the prostrate figure, who still screamed blindly on—"Child," she said, with firm hands lifting her up, "there's nothing that can hurt you."

"*Take 'em off!*" cried Pruny, not daring to look up, but huddling her face still deeper in her hands, and shrieking at her touch, "they're all *over me—all over me!*"

"They're *not*," said Miss Elderkin decidedly, and gathering her into her lap—

"They're runnin' inter my neck—*ow—ow—ow!* an' all up my legs," cried the poor child, giving a

series of spasmodic kicks that nearly overturned her comforter—*ow—ow—OW!*"

"What did you come prying into this room for?" demanded Rex, who after seeing his treasures safe again, now came up and confronted her with flashing eyes. "*Say!* and what did you meddle with my salamanders for, *say!*?"

"I hain't seen no Sal Amandays," mumbled Pruny, shrinking back, and pressing her little black hands tightly up against her terror-stricken face, "she warn't here—*take 'em off!*"

"Why, *these* are salamanders, you little goose!" cried Cicely, running up to her with the basket, and trying to pull away the hands. "See, aren't they lovely? Look, Pruny, look!"

But the howls became so furious at the mere mention of *looking*, that Aunt Elderkin gathered her up in her arms, and bore her off, the little black hands clutching the good lady wildly about the throat, while the bare toes tucked themselves up as far as possible under her scanty little skirt, in mortal terror from the millions of dreadful creatures supposed to be lurking around!

But about eight o'clock, any one who had chanced to look into the kitchen, would have seen a peaceful sight enough, so far as Pruny herself was concerned. The candles in the big pewter candlesticks were burning brightly, for Maum Silvy never would consent to any arrangement so unew-fangled as a lamp. "I *spise* 'em!" she always said, when the subject was mildly broached, "candles was alwus good enough for my mudder an' my gran'mudder, an' I 'xpects to die a usin' 'em! Dar's somethin' ginteel about a candle—but la! a *lamp!*" which generally ended the whole matter, for that time at least, and there, drawn up to the old table, sat Pruny, surrounded by whole collection of remarkable dolls, some bits of bright paper, and a box cover full of sundry gay pictures, donated by Cicely, by way of comfort to her perturbed spirit; and a little old paint-box, which Rex, on seeing her fright and distress, had hauled out from some receptacle of unused treasures, as a quietus to the shrieks and groans that had filled the house. And she was perfectly happy; as a single glance at her face, bedaubed and streaked as it was by the different bits of paint from which she was adorning, with much hard breathing and with many little grunts of approval at each stage of the progress, each picture according to her own artistic fancy. Muff sat on one corner of the table, his great green eyes round and interested, taking in each movement with solemn earnestness.

Suddenly Maum Silvy laid down the big blue stocking she was knitting, and turned around to look at the clock.

"I declar for't!" she exclaimed, "ef 'taint eight o'clock! ye'd orter be a-bed. Start, now, Pruny, an' put up yer jimcracks, an' be off!"

"Oh, I don't want ter!" cried Pruny, in the greatest dismay, just on the point of putting on a green hat, to a gentleman who seemed to consider it the greatest bliss in life to present a bouquet of flowers of the hugest proportions to a wasp-waisted lady. "Oh, *don't* make me, Maumy; *please*, don't!" she begged.

"Ef yer ain't de *onwasomablest* ebil!" exclaimed her mother, looking over across the table with decision in her eye, "don't ye try dat game on me eb'ry night, an' don't I tell ye de same ting? Ye's *got* to go, an' ye knows it, so ye mought as well start fust as last!"

"But I'm a-paintin'," expostulated Pruny, beginning to cry.

"Stop yer blubberin'," cried Maum Silvy, exasperated. "Massy, is dat wot ye call de muss yer makin'?" she asked, viewing the artist's efforts with the intensest scorn.

"Yis," said Pruny through her tears, "an' they'd be splen-*did*, ef I could only finish! Le' me

set up, Maumy—*do*, jest a minute more!" she added in a wheedling tone, looking up coaxingly.

"Not de shake of a lobster's whisker!" cried Maum Silvy vehemently, "an' wot's more, ef ye don't start *now*!"—she glanced up back of the clock, where a small stick reposed in conscious ability to come down at any moment when wanted.

"Oh, dear, dear," whined Prunty, perfectly demoralized at the idea of her evening's pleasure receiving such an ignoble extinguishing. "I wish dar warn't no beds!" she cried passionately, beginning to slowly pack up her precious belongings. "I—don't—never—have—no—fun," she sobbed, at each fresh step of the way.

"An' ef ye set up, an' be an' ole woman 'fore yer time," cried Maum Silvy, whose word on this point was as inexorable as the law of the Medes and the Persians, "den ye won't hev no fun neither, I reckon, an' I shan't do my duty by ye. No, chillern orter be in bed arly; dat's my idee, an' bum bye ye'll tank me for't!"

"I shan't—*never*—tank—you!" cried Prunty in gusts. Then wiping her little painty hands on her tearful face, she stood up ready to go.

"Mussy," cried Maum Silvy, looking at her, "ye ain't a-goin' to git inter de bed wid me, a-lookin' like dat, I kin tell ye. De Injuns is nothin' to it! Run to de sink an' gib yerself a good swash."

Prunty looked twice to see if she meant it, and finding that it was really expected of her, she went slowly off, grumbling at every step.

"An' now, don't be long a-gittin' in!" called her mother after her, as she picked her way up the back stairs, grasping her treasures tightly. "I declar," she said to herself, as she turned to her knitting again, "I sh'd like to go myself; I feel somehow beat out to-night, an' I've got so much to do to-morrer. Well," with a capacious yawn, "I'll go long up pooty arly, dat's a fac'!"

But it wasn't till about two hours later that Maum Silvy gathered herself out of her ample chair and started to lock up and make things safe for the night.

"Mussy sakes!" she exclaimed, coming up suddenly to fasten a window against the little wooden tub where Rex had, with loving care, deposited his salamanders, "ef here ain't dese ole squashy reptiles agin! I don't see how Mister Rex can like sech dirty tings! I don't wonder Prunty took on so about 'em;" and she turned up her nose with a snort of dislike, and banging down the window, snapped back the fastening.

"Now to-morrer I guess I'll set to on dat soft soap," she soliloquized going heavily up to bed over each creaking stair, "an' I'll clean up de back chamber windys; it's been a good spell sence dey was touched, an' —," but having reached to the top, and feeling a little stiff in the joints, she stopped laying out plans for the morrow, and began to put her mind on the quickest way to get to bed.

"I'm tankful I've got a good bed," she said to herself with a look at the comfortable four-poster with its gay patched quilt under which little Prunty was fast asleep, forgetful of past sorrows and disappointments. "I declar, we ain't none o' us half thankful enuf for our marcies, an' dat's a fac'," she added morally. "A good bed an' a comfy house, an' plenty to eat, we never orter complain. Well, I must start dat soft soap to-morrer—yes, I will!" and she blew out the light and stepped into bed, where in ten minutes she was sleeping peacefully to the melody of her sonorous breathing.

And so, all but one in that big, old rambling country house went to bed and to sleep in peace and comfort with never a shade of care or anxiety, and that one was—Muff!

Muff, the sleepy-eyed, who had always been regarded as existing solely for his own personal comfort, who had been much given to the picking out of the best places, and the securing of all that could possibly fall to his share as spoils—never reaching that point where he willingly refused a good bite—was at this very moment resisting the enticements of a fascinating nibble that he knew meant "*mouse!*" was putting steadily away all the beguilements of his usual tempting sleep by the kitchen fire—to *watch!* And there he was wearing the point of his nose almost off against the crack of the door into which he was staring with all the sharpness of which his big, green eyes were capable, and that door led into the dark wood-cellar.

Hark! there is a rustle within that makes him prick up his ears and stare at the crack more wildly than ever. He sniffs, and draws in a long breath close to the sill only to pull his nose out suddenly for a strangling cough. What is it that smells so strong coming in such little puffs under the door right in his very face? Muff don't ex-



AND QUICK AS LIGHTNING, DASHES THE WHOLE OVER MAUM SILVY'S BIG NIGHTCAP.

actly know; he couldn't tell for his life. All that he does know is that *something is wrong—something that needs watching*, for the sake of the dear ones sleeping so unconsciously above stairs, and in his inmost heart he *means to do it!*

And now there is a rustling sound nearer and yet nearer! And peering very close, as close as he can for the smoke, he sees a red light shoot up now and then in among the wood. Oh! now, anybody who sees Muff would see a perfectly frantic creature! He scratches and shakes the door, he mee-ows at the top of his voice with unearthly tones, *but nobody comes! Shall he stay and watch any longer? Stay only to perish!* He can't get up the stairs, for the door leading out into the main hall is closed and fast, though he tries it with many cries. There is a window half open, he knows where it is, that would let him safely out—away—anywhere from the doomed, burning building. SHALL HE DO IT? Muff stops thinking about it, and turning back to the crack again, through which now is seen a mass of brilliant, seething flame, redoubles his efforts to make somebody hear, and *that flame burns on and on!*

* * * * *

Hark! Rex starts up impelled by some uneasy dream to lean upon his elbow and listen. *What is that crackling sound? What?* and the volume of

dense smoke that now rushes into his room almost blinding him is the only answer!

"Fire—*FIRE!*" he screams, leaping from the bed, and throwing up the window. Alas! what is a fire in a village, with only strong hands to do battle—although hearts are kind and willing, what can they do alone?

"Wake up!" he cries, rushing out into the hall, to find it already hot and stifling, with the dreadful roaring sound beneath!

Already is Cicely out of bed, dazed and frightened, but roused by his thrilling cry; but comprehending enough to fly in her night robe into the nursery. And how Putkins is wailing, as the nearly frantic nurse grasps him from his little white bed, and throws a blanket all around him, to rush screaming down the broad stairs out into the open air.

"Maum Silvy—Maum Silvy!" cries Cicely, wringing her hands—"Oh Rex!" For he was half way up the stairs leading to the attic, down which comes the sound of the regular breathing, interspersed by sundry snorts, in which way Maum Silvy usually indicated that she was taking her rest.

"Wake up!" cries Rex, through set teeth, and shaking her arm vigorously. But Maum Silvy was very tired; and she was dreaming of her battle with the soft soap, so that he couldn't arouse her.

"Prunty!" he screamed, close to the little black ear. Up flies the small figure in the middle of the bed, to stare at him, from eyes that are pretty much all whites.

"The house is on fire!" begins Rex.

"Hurry!" gasped Cicely, in the middle of the stairs, with face as white as death,—*"Oh Rex, they are calling us. Hurry!"*

"I can't wake her," cried Rex, in despair; "and Prunty don't know anything!"

Cicely flashes past him to seize the big white pitcher that fortunately is filled to the brim; and quick as lightning, dashes the whole over Maum Silvy's big nightcap.

"Ow—*splut—splut!*" Maum Silvy chokes herself up into a sitting posture, to sneeze violently three or four times.

Rex meanwhile grasped Prunty from the bed.

"Oh, Maum Silvy!" cried Cicely in anguish, and clasping her hands, "Don't you understand? The house is on fire!" she fairly groaned.

Ah! now Maum Silvy understands! And before she knows it, Cicely finds herself taken up from the floor, and borne aloft by strong big hands, down, down, passing Rex with his burden, to meet the neighbors, who with wild, frightened faces, are pouring up to the home—the old home, that is so soon to be but a thing of the past!

The rest is soon told. How, working with frantic haste, as only men *can* work, who see their houses in danger, the stalwart villagers toiled with every nerve and muscle strained to its utmost to save the doomed building. But all in vain! The fiery elements, powerful and relentless, with a bitter greed claims its own; and the dear home-tree, with all its precious treasures of many, many years, vanishes like a dream, before their very eyes—and *the father away!*

Miss Elderkin, summoned by a small boy, with the startling intelligence that "the Seymours an' their house was all burnt up!" was early on the spot with calm, ready ingenuity to marshal the distracted, sorry brood, who cluster around her comforting wing.

"There isn't a single thing," sobbed Cicely,

clinging to her with wild fingers of despair—"not a single thing left!"

Aunt Elderkin can only be conscious, as she clasps them one and all to her faithful heart, that it will not be quite such a story for the father's ears as might be. *All here*, is her only thought! not one missing.

"*Billing's house is took!*" screamed one of the men. "Look alive there, boys. That'll go like tinder!"

All eyes turned horror-stricken to see that a little cottage, down at the end of a lane, running from the rear of the big old-fashioned house that had been the "Seymour homestead," had in some inexplicable manner, caught fire, and was, in almost an instant, it seemed, sending out long, lurid arms of flame! It was occupied by a poor laborer, who possessed, like many other poor men, enough of only one thing: and that was children! Nine little ones blessed the poor old shanty, and looked to it as their only shelter. Treacherous it proved, for without warning their refuge was in a moment's time the prey of a remorseless devourer, more cruel than hunger—more terrible than poverty in any of its worst forms! And before any one scarcely awoke to the danger, the rickety old wooden building was completely entwined in flames.

"The childer—oh! the childer!" screamed the poor mother, rushing in and out, perfectly distracted among the crowd, and wringing her hands. "There's John, an' the twins, an' Looisy."

"An' Jimmy, an' the baby"—put in one of the oldest, in an agonized shout, "oh, where be they? Where—"

"They're here—they're here!" shouted the father, in a feigned voice. "Here!" And he pushed forward with his arms tightly clasped around something, which he dropped into the mother's arms, who had sunk almost paralyzed to the ground.

"I'll go for the others!" A dozen hands pulled him back, just as two frightened, screaming children, as they had jumped from their little beds, precipitated themselves in among the group.

The man gave one look. "Where's ANGELINE?" he gasped in a hoarse whisper.

"I thought she—came—with the—t'other's?" the frightened children sobbed, clinging to their mother's skirts. The poor woman groaned, and clasped her baby tighter—tighter to her breast!

With white, set face, the father rushed for the burning building, while the cry went around "A child is in there!"

"It's no use," cried one, holding him by main force. "See!" The flames, as if hungry for their prey, streamed out with many tongues, from the poor little old windows, licking the sides of the building with engulfing sweep.

"My child!" cried the man, rendered almost crazy by the sight. "Let me go!" He gave a desperate lunge, wild-eyed and fierce as he was, to free himself; but the others in very pity held fast.

"It's no use," he said; "neighbor, you'll only lose your life, and then, your other children—"

A shout, so long and shrill arose from the assembled crowd that the very sky seemed to resound! The man covered his face involuntarily. "Don't let me see it!" he moaned like a hunted creature.

Up pressed the crowd closer; and from their midst, something appeared, that made the shout break out again, to be echoed from one to another. It was a little figure bearing a heavy burden; and from the burden came a voice; and the voice said—"Pappy!"

The man sprang to his feet. Up staggered the figure closer, holding fast the burden, that now was kicking vigorously, and still vociferating shrilly—"Pappy—Pappy!"

"It's Ang'line! It's Ang'line!" screamed all the other children, getting in the way, and pouncing down upon the figure and its heavy load, in the greatest excitement.

"Be still!" said the figure, with an admonitory pat on the nearest one, "can't ye! she's been mos' burned to def. Ain't yer 'shamed!"

But little Angeline was already in her father's arms, who with rapid steps bore her to the poor woman crouched upon the ground, hiding her face in silent misery.

"They're all here, now, mother!" he said huskily, but with a happy ring to the words: and he dropped the fat little creature crowing into her outstretched arms hungry.

"Twarn't nothin'!" said Pruny, who, immediately besieged on every side, was being handed around from one to the other, as a most precious parcel.

"Twarn't hot, nor nothin'; I jest clum up ober de back porch. Anjy was a-screechin' at the windy. I seen her!" she answered in rapid gusto, whirling around and around, to reply to the string of questions that fell upon her ear at one and the same time, and bobbing her head in all directions, to enforce her words. "'Twas just as easy as pie!" she kept repeating, giving a reassuring kick.

"You're a little heroine!" cried one of the villagers; and his eyes shone.

"Ain't little her'win!" cried Pruny, who didn't like the sound of the word, and perfectly disgusted, she gave a small hitch of scorn.

"And her face is all blistered!" cried a tender-hearted woman, trying to express her kind feelings, and just longing to pet her!

"Ain't blistered!" exclaimed Pruny, dreadfully vexed, and rubbing the part in question with both smarting little hands. "Its all nice, now!" She glared up at them all with such a vindictive expression, enhanced by the dabs of paint not wholly obliterated by her scanty ablutions of the evening before, that one and all immediately fell back.

"Poor child! she wants to be let alone," they said, moving off.

"I ain't poor child!" fairly screamed Pruny, who never could endure to be pitied—and wholly wrought up by the events of the night, she gave several angry stamps of her small bare foot. "Ain't—ain't—ain't!" she cried, explosively—"an' I'm agoin' 'home' she was going to say—but as she turned around, and realized that for her there was no more a resting-place, she flung herself down on the ground with a bitter cry.

"Everythin's burnded up!" she moaned—"Thar ain't nothin' left!"

Rex bounded through the crowd, with eager footsteps, having just heard of the story that

was now in everybody's mouth. His face was blackened by smoke; his hands torn and bleeding by the dreadful ordeal through which he had passed; for in the very thickest of the battle, where even stout men had quailed and given up, the boy was to be seen, until beaten back by something stronger than his will.

With a light over the blackened tensely-drawn face, that was heavenly in its pity, he stooped down, and lifted the little shaking figure from the ground.

"Pruny," he said, "we are all left to each other. Come, child!" and grasping her in his arms, he carried her tenderly over to the assembled homeless family.

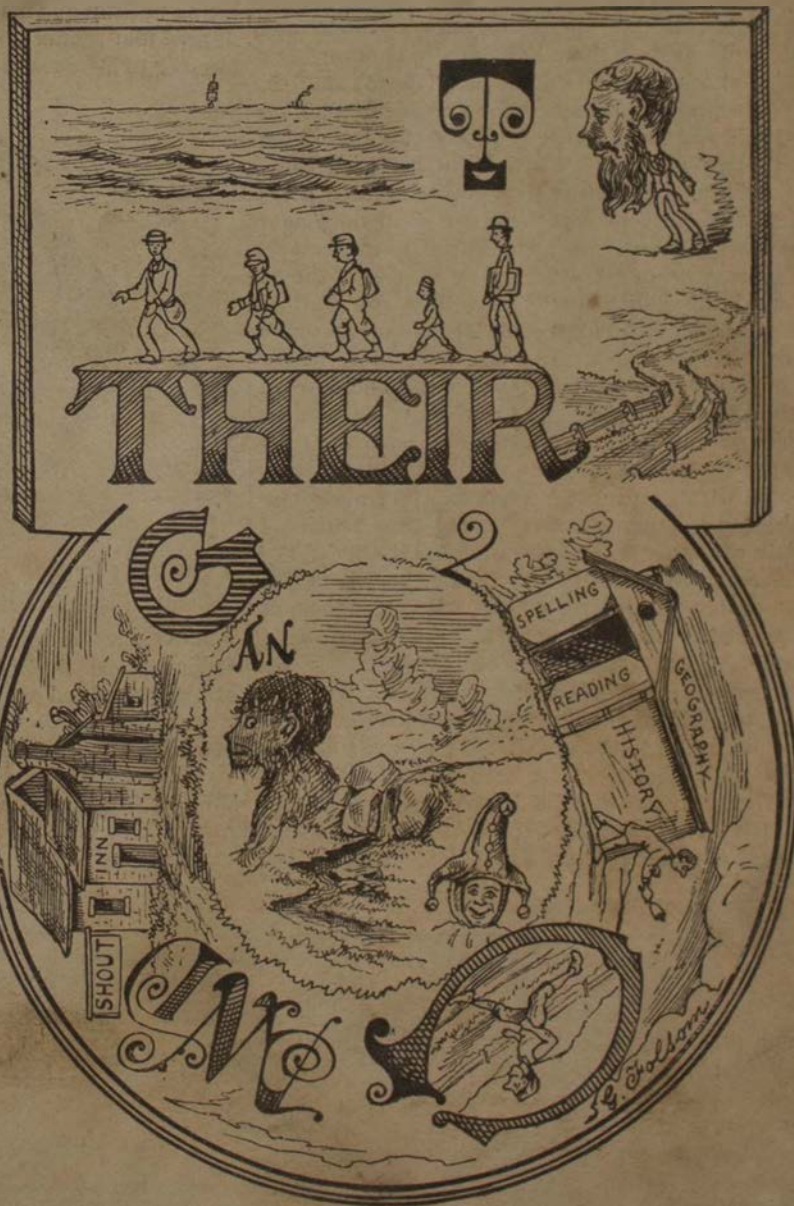
Deacon Hitchcock's big ample house had gathered them in, in spite of all the many places offered by loving, sympathetic households—gathered them in, to take one breath, and look around, and into the face of the storm of sorrow that had swept in engulfing force over them.

And as a great and crushing weight of trouble often shuts out everything but some little insignificant feature or circumstance so now, to save her life, Cicely could think of nothing but the newly arrived salamanders, and their warm reception!

"They're perfect, cheats, Rex!" she cried, with a little hysterical laugh—"Oh dear! we're all salamanders now!"

But Rex, with a determined purpose, strong in every line of his face, was saying to Aunt Elderkin and Deacon Hitchcock—"Now, we'll send for Uncle Joe."

(To be continued.)



REBUS ENIGMA—ANSWER IN MAY MAGAZINE.



Knitted Jacket for Wearing Under Cloak, etc.

MATERIALS.—Twelve ounces of single wool, thick steel needles. This bodice is very elastic, and can be worn either over the corsets or as an outside wrap. It is begun at the waist.

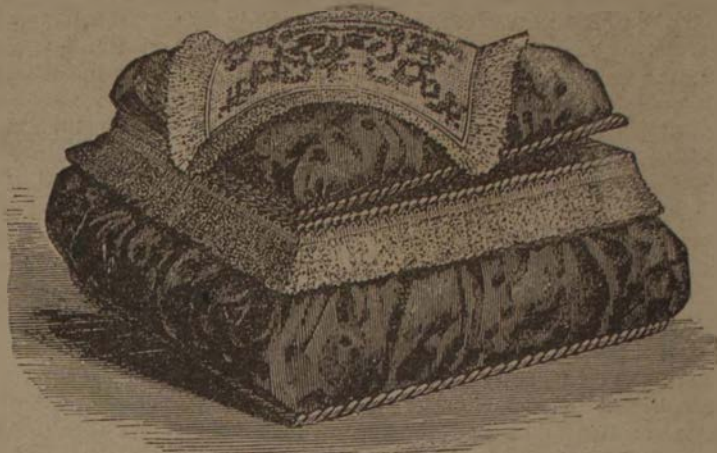
Cast on 108 stitches, and knit the first two rows backward and forward.—3d row. Slip the first stitch,* thin the wool forward, knit 2 together; repeat from * to the end of the row. Coming back, knit 1 row plain, then 9 rows, alternately 1 stitch plain and 1 purled, so as to form narrow ribs, work another plain row, then repeat the third row, and coming back knit 1 row plain. Over this waistband continue to knit in the following manner: knit only the first 3 stitches of the last row, increasing one stitch between the second and third, then in returning knit plain. Begin again, and knit 5 stitches, increasing between the 4th and 5th, and return in plain knitting; in coming back knit 7 stitches, increasing between the 6th and 7th. Now begin the increasings for the chest by making 2 stitches in the 4th stitch; repeat this, increasing in every 4th row, put 1 stitch further each time, so as to form a slanting line, the same as a dress plait. To prevent repetition we shall no longer mention this increase. In the next row knit 10 stitches, working the 10th in the 3d hole of the 3d row of the waistband; in the next row knit 12 stitches, the 12th in the same 3d hole of the open row, and come back. Increase once more in the 4th hole of the open row, then work one row all round the waistband, and form a similar pointed piece or gore on the opposite side, coming as far as the 4th hole in the open row of the waistband. Go on with the jacket in plain knitting, always increasing slantings. After having thus knitted 4 plain rows, begin the increasing for the back. For this count 23 stitches on each side, beginning for the center, and increasing on each side of these 46 stitches in every 2d row, placing the increasings each time 2 stitches farther on each side. In the 56th row the armhole will be reached. To form this armhole, count 47 stitches on each side for the fronts, and 74 in the middle for the back; cast off the stitches between the back and fronts. First work the fronts, knitting 64 rows plain, then knit on the sides of the shoulders the 2 stitches together before the last, in every 2d row at the same time

on the side near the neck; knit seven times, once in every row, and afterward in every 2d row, the two stitches before the last together, until no stitches are left. As the shoulders form a point by increasing 15 stitches from the selvage, begin at the armhole with the two stitches of the selvage, just under the decreasing for the shoulders. Over these 15 stitches knit plain along the armhole, but knitting together the 2 stitches before the last at the other end of each row, until the pointed piece is finished. When the two fronts are completed work 44 plain rows in the back; in the next 32 rows, decrease 2 stitches at the end of each row, then sew or knit the pieces together at the shoulders. After this, beginning at the waist and going up to the neck, along the front, work first one plain row, and then one row of open knitting (like that at the waist), then 2 more plain rows, and cast off the stitches. The sleeves are also knitted plain. They are begun at the top. Cast on 32 stitches, and increase 1 stitch in each row till you have 68. Knit 9 rows plain; in the 10th knit the two last stitches together and repeat this, decreasing 9 times, knitting 9 plain rows between each decreasing. Then work 2 plain rows, then 9 rows, alternating 2 plain stitches and 2 purled, so as to form ribs. Work one plain row, one row of open knitting, then 3 more plain rows and cast off the stitches. Sew up the sleeve, and sew it into the armhole; finish the jacket by sewing on buttons and making loops. The difference in figures may render a few changes necessary in the number of stitches, but these can be easily made.



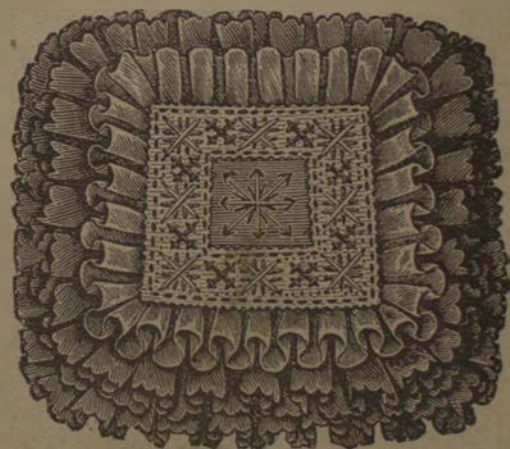
Book Marker.

MAKE the groundwork of gray corded silk, any shape or size desired. Embroider a cross with black silk edged with silver cantille, underneath work a crown with dark olive-green silk and spray of wheat ears and berries with gold cantille, and the leaves with pale green silk. The marker is lined with gray satin, finished on the edge with canary silk, in cat stitch, and at the ends heavy gilt fringe.



Footstool.

THIS footstool can be made out of any old wooden box eight inches high, and have a cover made with hinges. Line the inside with paper muslin, and bring it over the edges of the box, round the top. Plait the puff at the bottom of the box first, and finish with a cord; then place a thin layer of curled hair round the box, and draw the puff up loosely over it, and fasten around the top of box; then finish the edge with fringe or lace, and over that sew the cord. Fasten the covering for the top on three sides, then put in the hair to suit the fancy. Tack the remaining side of material down, and sew on the cord. The center of top is ornamented with a tidy of Java canvas, edged with lace or a piece of the same material as the box is covered with, embroidered in colors. This footstool is very convenient used to conceal a spittoon in a parlor.



Parlor Door Mat.

MATERIALS.—Cloth, Java canvas, and worsteds. Take a piece of black or red cloth one yard long and twenty-one inches wide. Then cut strips for three ruffles, one of yellow, one red, and one black. Have one edge of each pinked, and box plait as shown in the design, laying one ruffle a trifle over the other. In the center put a square of black velvet worked with worsted, and for the border of that work a slip of gray canvas with worsteds of various bright hues. A mat of this description is very pretty if made as long again as the design, and laid in front of a sofa or open grate.

Towel Border.

HAVE the border to the towel either green or red. Work the chickens in dark brown and red worsted or marking cotton, and the bushes in green and red. Repeat the pattern to carry it across the entire end of the towel. Add colored knots to the fringe, and it will make a very pretty tidy if the towel is not too large.



The advantage of this design over many others is that it has a neat and close appearance without being tight like a dress, or close over the arms. It is very easily taken on or off, and is every way well designed for a wrap. The hood may be omitted if preferred. It is finished with a facing and several rows of stitching, and with smoked pearl buttons, the size of which may be graduated to suit the taste.

There are two other outdoor garments, each of which has a hood attachment, which shows how universal the hood is this season. To the "Scarborough" ulster, and measurably to the "Clarendon" jacket (the newest and prettiest design of the season of this kind), the addition of the hood is a matter of choice, but it is an essential part of the new "Paletot Visite," a garment well adapted to ladies of large size, who cannot well wear a tight fitting jacket. The "Clarendon" is a pretty and becoming style, and we should advise the retention of the hood, as it is not only a graceful, but a novel feature, and marks the new jackets from the old more distinctly than any of the minor changes in cut and style. Fine mixed cloths are the kinds preferred for spring wear, and the majority are in light colors, as they adapt themselves to every description of dress. The buttons may be pearl or shell, and the cords and spikes may be added or omitted at pleasure. A light tinted cloth should be faced with silk of the same shade.

Skirts and bodices are represented by some good and graceful designs. The "Antoinette" train is a very effective style, only suitable for a dinner or evening dress, but admirably adapted for use by those who are obliged to make an elegant appearance upon a limited income. It consists of a plain under-skirt, trimmed with narrow plaited flounces upon the sides, and a draped over-dress, shirred high on one side, while upon the other it is arranged in a graceful cascade. A black or white "Antoinette" train may be made of brocade and satin for the plaitings, mounted upon an underskirt of black or white French twilled silk. Figured grenadine and satin or silk may be treated in the same way, and handsome white fabrics also of a thin, silken texture, and with the contrast between plain and figured. Over-skirts are always in order with thin cotton or woolen materials, so no one will complain of the graceful "Lotella" which is so well suited to light bareges, muslins, grenadines, as well as the new gingham, batistes, and cambrics. If one of the new and pretty percales or cotton batistes is selected, the border will be found with the goods or it may be supplied most charmingly by Cash's colored embroidery, put on plain, instead of being gathered into ruffling. A neat and well-fitting basque for spring woolen dresses is the

Perdita, but a more novel "waist" is the surplice corsage "Imogen." This is round and has shirring back and front; in the front it is crossed, and gives the surplice effect.

ROUND, belted waists, gathered on the shoulders in front and made *en surplis*, with a belt of white satin ribbon, are pretty for summer dresses.

LARGE Medici *fouches* in a crossed trio, replace the comb to confine the chevelure, and form a very picturesque coiffure. They are made of silver, gold, and tortoise shell.



Fashionable Bonnets.

FIG. 1.—Mourning bonnet of black English *crêpe* in *capote* shape, composed of flat bands of *crêpe* laid in deep folds over the crown, with a light fringe of dull jet beads falling upon the hair in front, and edging the plaited *brides* which are tied under the chin in an enormous *crêpe* bow.

FIG. 2.—*Capote* of Vandyke red Surah, trimmed with a cluster of three ostrich tips, one black and two shaded red, drooping over the left side and toward the front. The strings are Surah, one quarter of a yard wide, and are black lined with

Vandyke red, and tied in a large bow under the chin.

FIG. 3.—A piquant and stylish design of Tuscan straw in poke-shape. The brim is faced with pale blue *satin merveilleux*, and soft folds of the same color are laid around the crown. A pale coral-pink rose with leaves is placed on the left side in front. The strings are shaded blue Surah with gilt threads shot through, forming a sort of broken plaid, and are tied in a large bow in front.

FIG. 4.—Lace-straw poke-bonnet, very dressy and youthful in effect. The trimming consists of a full cluster of shaded ostrich tips, shading from deep red to the palest tint of coral pink, arranged upon the right side and over the crown of the bonnet, and falling on the *coiffure* at the back.

FIG. 5.—Black Spanish lace, arranged in graceful folds over a *capote* shape, composes this graceful and beautiful design. The strings are formed of a wide scarf of Spanish lace, tied in a large bow under the chin. A long-looped bow of geranium-pink satin ribbon is placed upon the top of the bonnet, with the ends falling toward the back.

Dinner Dress.

TOILET of salmon-pink satin and wine-colored *satin merveilleux* of the shade known as *raisin de Corinthe*. The design illustrated is a combination of the "Perdita" basque and the "Antoinette" train. The train skirt of salmon-pink satin is trimmed with two rows of plaitings all around the bottom, and similar plaitings are arranged in a *quille* at each side of the skirt. The drapery of wine-colored *satin merveilleux* is arranged with the back slightly pointed and reaching nearly to the edge of the train, and the front falls in a shawl-shaped point at the left. A rich fringe of silk and colored cashmere beads, and a *cordelière* to match completes the garniture of the skirt. The basque of wine-color is ornamented with folds of salmon-pink satin, resembling the "Anne of Austria" belt, and cashmere beaded *passenterie* around the neck and down each side of the basque, meeting and terminating in a point at the lower edge of the basque under a tassel matching the *cordelière* on the skirt. Plaitings of cream-white *crêpe lisse* in the neck and sleeves. The hair is dressed in loose waves, and confined with silver *bandoaux*. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of basque, twenty-five cents each size.

SEVERAL bracelets are worn on the arm at once.

BREAKFAST caps of plush and lace are a novelty.

TULIPS and poppies are favorite corsage flowers.

DELICIOUS combinations of pink and ruby shades are seen in French importations of toilets.



DINNER DRESS.

Out-Door Wraps, and Street Garments.

A HANDSOME street dress is no longer a necessity to a good appearance, for cloaks and coats, ulsters and pelisses so cover up and protect the gown, that all it really requires is a respectable ruffle upon the edge of its skirt. This is in many ways a comfort, particularly to busy women. "Costumes" may be pretty to look at when they are harmonious in style, good in material, well-made, and well-fitting; but they require the observance of a vast amount of detail, and are costly to the worker because they easily rub, and become shabby. Moreover, they must keep pace with fashion—they must be tied back, festooned with drapery, and encompassed with hindrances at the nod and beck of fashion, and this increases the anxiety and embarrassment they cause to women who wish to preserve the proprieties with as little expenditure of time and money as possible.

For young girls the dainty suit and neat-fitting jacket have a special fitness; but they are not at all so appropriate to the middle-aged women, who often grow large and ample in their proportions, and need garments which bear some relation to their size and matronly character. Beyond a certain age no woman should wear a jacket, or small and insignificant street garment. A long, handsome cloak, and a large stylish bonnet, give immense character and even distinction to the general appearance of a woman who has reached middle age, and this is no slight advantage.

The summer season affords less choice in cloaks of course, than during the winter, but there is a new and convenient ulster, the "Scarborough," which can be recommended for ordinary and traveling purposes, and the "Mother Hubbard" pelisse, which may be made in black satin, or satin de Lyon and trimmed with lace; or cut from piece lace, and bordered (double) with handsome Spanish or thread lace. The "Valetta" is a good style for silk, and lace shawls, though less used than formerly, if handsome are always good wear, and may be draped down and belted in with very good effect upon a slender figure. The "Scarborough" is a great improvement upon the ordinary ulster, so far as comfort is concerned. The sleeves, instead of being cut and fitted close like a dress, are cut in one with the shoulder and side-pieces, and are therefore slipped on and off without spoiling an under-sleeve. The "Scarborough" may be made in tweed, linen, silk, mohair, or any of the "duster" materials: it is not quite so trim for the street as the more restricted ulster, but it is much more convenient and suitable for summer travel, while those who prefer a closer garment may choose between the "Capuchin," the "Windsor," and the "Russian" paletot.

Of jackets there are as usual a great variety in simple plain styles, and the plainer they are and the neater the cut, the better they look, as they are mostly confined to young women, and to morning occasions or business necessities. For church and visiting there is the "Mother Hubbard," and the pretty mantles, capes, and visites which are charming additions to handsome black toilets, and can be worn by ladies of all ages, because they present no contrasts of color or material, and appear to be merely a graceful addition to an elegant toilet.

IRON gray and *prune* shades are in great favor.

PLUSH collars trimmed with lace are a seasonable fancy.

SATIN sheeting or *satinette* is much used for tea-gowns.

SHORT dresses are called costumes, trained dresses toilets.



STREET OR TRAVELING COSTUMES AND HOUSE DRESS.

Street or Traveling Costumes and House Dress.

FIG. 1.—Traveling costume of *capucine* brown cloth and velvet-finished tiger-tinted plush. The design illustrated is the "Pilgrimage" costume, arranged with a polonaise of cloth cut with a Watteau plait at the back, and completed by a small shoulder-cape of the plush. The short skirt is trimmed with alternate bands of plush and plaitings. "Leonardo da Vinci," hat of the plush, trimmed with shaded gold and brown plaid *natté* silk. Small *cordelières* of brown and gold silk ornament the cape, and a larger one is suspended loosely around the waist. Price of costume pattern, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—Street dress composed of the "Clarendon" jacket, the "Lotella" overskirt, and a plaited skirt. The jacket is of light gray cloth, trimmed with garnet velvet pockets, hood *revers*, cuffs, and collars; the hood is lined with garnet silk, and ornamented with garnet silk spikes and small cords. The skirts are of garnet camel's-hair cloth, trimmed with bands of striped red velvet and light gray satin. Charles IX. hat of black chip, trimmed with garnet velvet and natural ostrich plumes. Pattern of jacket, twenty-five cents each. Overskirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 3.—A pretty house dress of cream-colored *vienna* cloth, made with the "Imogen" waist, "Lotella" overskirt, and a short skirt bordered with a deep kilt-plaiting. The overskirt shows the front view of the one illustrated on Fig. 2. The waist has a box-plaited skirt added to it all around, and has drapery on the front arranged *en surplus*. Blue satin belt and sleeve knots. "Vermicelli" lace ruffles in neck and sleeves, and necktie of blue and white polka-dotted satin. Price of overskirt pattern, thirty cents. Waist, twenty cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.



ANTOINETTE TRAIN.

Antoinette Train.—An essentially graceful drapery is combined with a skirt which is cut walking length in front and at the sides, and has the back falling in a round train of moderate length, to form this *distingué* design. The drapery has the sides arranged differently, the front falling in a shawl-shaped point at the left, and the back slightly pointed and reaching nearly to the edge of the train. It is especially adapted to rich dress materials, and such as drape gracefully, but any variety of goods may be employed, as it is very

easily arranged. It may be trimmed as illustrated, with fringe and a *cordelière*, or in any other style to accord with the fabric chosen. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

"What to Wear."

LADIES should look out for the spring and summer number of "What to Wear," a full description of whose interesting contents will be given in the next number.



LOTELLA OVERSKIRT.

Lotella Overskirt.—Not difficult of arrangement, but remarkably graceful and stylish, the "Lotella" is composed of a long *tablier* draped in gathers at the sides, and a rather *bourraillé* drapery at the back. The design is especially adapted to goods that may be laundered, as the drapery may be arranged with drawing strings at the side; but is quite as fashionable and effective in any other dress material, especially those which drape gracefully. It may be trimmed with bias bands

of a contrasting material, as illustrated, or in any other manner in accordance with the fabric selected. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

"Mother Hubbard" Pelisse.—Cut in circle shape with a seam down the middle of the back, and shirred around the neck, falling loose and moderately full below, this elegant pelisse, although simple in design and arrangement, is entirely novel and stylish in effect. Half-sleeves



"MOTHER HUBBARD" PELISSE.

are inserted at the openings cut for the purpose in the front, and shirred to form a puff. This model is particularly desirable for the materials usually selected for *demi-saison* wraps; silk, *satin de Lyon*, *satin d'Alcyon*, *sicilienne*, *gros de Naples*, cashmere, etc. It may be trimmed, as illustrated, with ruffles and *jabots* of lace, or with fringe or any other garniture suitable to the goods employed. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Paletot-Visite.

Gendarme blue and golden brown plaid camel's-hair cloth visite, in sacque shape, but having the outer parts of the sleeves cut in the same piece with the back. It is ornamented with a capuchin hood lined with *gendarme* blue satin, and wide cuffs of *gendarme* blue satin on the sleeves. The front is closed under *brandebourgs* of satin *passementerie*, corresponding ornaments of *gendarme* blue satin are placed on the cuffs, and a tied *cordelière* to match finishes the hood. Hat of yellow Tuscan and lace straw, a scarf of blue and golden-brown plaid Surah arranged carelessly around the crown, and a long golden-brown ostrich plume drooping over the side and falling on the hair at the back. Pattern of the "Paletot-Visite" in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



Scarborough Ulster.

THIS stylish ulster of *loutre* diagonal cloth, ornamented with a rolling collar and a capuchin hood lined with Vandyke red *satin merveilleux*, is worn over a traveling costume of dark-brown camel's-hair cloth. The design illustrated is the "Scarborough" ulster. Bonnet of old-gold rough-and-ready straw, with strings of *loutre* Surah and shaded brown and yellow ostrich tips. Patterns of ulster in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

VERY pretty scarfs are made of velvety chenille. BONNET strings should be tied in an enormous bow under the chin.

PELERINES made entirely of jet beads, or jetted tulle, are extremely stylish.

Spring Colors.

It cannot be said that any one color predominates this season to the exclusion of others, nor even that the colors most in vogue are exclusively light or dark. There are some beautiful novelties in dark satine and dark gingham, but there are also novelties in light colors, particularly in pink, blues, and grays, which show clusters of very narrow stripes, forming several wide stripes, in which the tones as well as the colors are graduated by varying widths of lines and distances.

Very pretty new effects are produced also by the new China blues, which are shaded from light to dark, and show almost the more delicate patterns of old pottery. They are dainty, and sweet as possible, and challenge comparison with the best ideas of more expensive fabrics.

Spring Bonnets.

THERE is nothing more suggestive of the welcome change of the season from the hard winter to the beneficent spring than the pretty spring bonnet. The bonnet is frequently said to be a crown, or index to the dress, and it does undoubtedly stamp its character. If the bonnet is old, dowdy, ill-advised, or unbecoming, the elegance of the rest of the costume cannot save it from producing a bad impression. Naturally, where changes occur so rapidly, and the diversity is so great as has been the case during the past few years, it is difficult sometimes to choose, but one can at least profit by mistakes, and not make them in the same direction a second time.

Early in the season variety is the most obvious feature of the incoming styles, for manufacturers throw out all sorts of feelers in shape and style, to find the direction popular taste is likely to take. Gradually it settles down upon one or two distinctive modes, which are the antipodes of each other. As for examples the capote and the "poke," the Gainesborough and the Derby, the "beefeater" and the "flower" cap or bonnet. This season is not likely to develop anything very new in shape. The "cabriolet," or "poke," as it is indiscriminately called—although they are really not the same, the *cabriolet* being wider in the brim and shallower in the crown—is sure to be prominent, and will probably divide the honors with the close cottage and little straw capote. The large hats too are in great demand, and are very becoming to some, though extremely unbecoming to others. On general principles it may be said they require a fresh, delicate, youthful face. This is true also of the poke bonnet, yet there are large women, who have reached middle age, yet who still retain brightness and clearness of complexion, to whom the "cabriolet" is well suited; matching well the ample proportions of face and figure.

The newest broad-brimmed hats have flexible brims, indented over the forehead, and swelling out at the sides rather than turned up à la Gainesborough, though there are always hats of this description for those who prefer them. The plaits are black chip, Tuscan, Neapolitan, rough-and-ready, and English "Cobourg." There are many mixed plaits, such as garnet and brown, black and olive with mixture of dark red, and gray or brown with blues, pink and lines of yellow intermixed. Some of the straw capotes have a raised fancy front, which frames the face, and admits of no interlining and but little trimming. The front is oval, and consists of fancy straw, intermingled with cardinal or brown and gold chenille; the color in very small quantities. The trimming may be shaded silk, used for folds, and wide strings and a bunch of shaded leaves and berries.

The revival of the "Neapolitan" braid will be hailed by some of those ladies who remember how light and pretty it is for summer wear. It is a detriment in some eyes that it requires lining, but in others it is an advantage. It is very pretty lined with white, and trimmed with white satin and white lilacs, or moss roses. Gay tastes will prefer a cardinal lining, or a lining of changeable silk, blue-green or red-gold, with exterior trimming to correspond.

Shaded silks are in charming combinations of tints and colors, and are used lavishly in place of the tapestried and brocaded silks; although these are still preferred by some ladies, especially when harmony with other details of costume is requisite.

On the whole, trimmings will be very profuse this season, and flowers and feathers will be mixed together. Fruit will be used undoubtedly, some of the rarest and prettiest sprays, branches consisting of bunches of blackberries or strawberries in every stage of development—leaf, blossom, green fruit and ripe. Currants, cherries, and small black German grapes are favorites, and there are specimen bonnets, the crowns of which are covered with small fruit in close clusters.

Washing Materials.

THE prettiest wear in summer, particularly in the country, is a washable dress—one of the nice ginghams, or cambrics, or satines, or cotton batiste—materials which have done so much within the past few years to raise the standard of washing cottons. Cotton satines now rank among the very choicest of summer materials; unusual pains are taken to secure for them good designs, and as they wash, and wear "forever," as women sometimes say, why they may be considered an excellent investment.

Last year the new patterns in satine were small flower and leaf patterns on light tinted grounds; this year the designs are larger and more striking on dark grounds. The most successful is said to be the "daffodil," on black, or wine-colored ground. These designs may be made up into whole dresses, or into polonaise for wear over a plain skirt of solid dark silk or satine.

The finest ginghams in the market are Anderson's Scotch zephyr ginghams, which are only sold by one house in New York, that of Arnold & Constable.

The colors are very fine, the patterns apt to be striking, but always distinguished, and susceptible of stylish arrangement. The dark wine-colors and olives, with yellow, black and dark lines appear again, but the very newest patterns are not the enormous plaids which prevailed last year, nor the moderate checks in dark colors, but wide stripes in clustered lines of several tones of one color, or two colors combined, as light gray and pink, blue and brown, and the like. These ginghams never lose their color, and are most useful and suitable for house or walking dresses in the country, or for excursions, as they cannot be spoiled, and look gay and pretty out-doors; though they are not considered suitable for a city street. Striped ginghams and bordered cottons will largely take the place of the "handkerchief" dresses of last season, and be made up in the same style; there are some cottons, however, fine enough to take the place of muslins, and much more serviceable, because they are firmer and opaque in texture. Among these are the cotton batistes, a lovely new washing material in small checks and polka-dotted patterns. There are other cottons fine as silk muslin, in dainty floweret and leaflet patterns, with borders which are a tangle of small shaded leaves, in which are clusters of berries upon brown stems. These are fine enough and pretty enough to make up into lovely summer evening dresses, or they would be charming for *fêtes*, garden parties, and afternoon entertainments of that kind.

The dark checked ginghams are very suitable for the wear of young girls, and for school dresses. They make up admirably in the girls' "Pilgrimage" suits, and can be worn "rough" without spoiling. White dresses are rather a dread where there are many children—but a pretty gingham is a sort of god-send, because it does not spoil or lose its color, but always washes up fresh. Anderson's ginghams are forty cents per yard; the new satines are fifty.



IMOGEN WAIST.

Imogen Waist.—The surplice drapery on the front, the shirred back, and the plaited basque skirt render this an especially becoming waist for slender figures. The foundation is an ordinary tight-fitting, plain waist. The design is adapted to light summer fabrics, but is also effective in almost any dress material. This is represented on Fig. 3 of the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, twenty cents each size.



PALETOT-VISITE.

Paletot-Visite.—Somewhat in pelisse style, although shorter than most garments of that class, this stylish model is cut in sacque shape with loose fronts, the back slightly fitted with a curved seam down the middle, and extensions at the sides of the back pieces forming the sleeves, which are trimmed with broad cuffs. A graceful capuchin hood ornaments the back, and the front is closed under *brandebourgs*, tied *cordelières* ornamenting the sleeves and hood. The design is appropriate for all qualities of cloth, and is especially desirable for the materials usually selected for *demi-saison* wraps; and may be simply trimmed as illustrated, with the hood lined with contrasting material and rows of machine stitching on the edges, or more elaborately according to the goods selected. The pattern of this garment is given on the supplement sheet. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



PERDITA BASQUE.

Perdita Basque.—Simple in design, yet singularly effective, the "Perdita" is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in each side of the front, side gores under the arms, and a "French" back. The basque is ornamented with folds on the front and sides resembling the "Anne of Austria" belt, and the back pieces are separated below the waist, disclosing a fan-plaiting, and ornamented with *revers*. This design is adapted to dress goods of almost any quality, and can be effectively trimmed with contrasting material as illustrated. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



PILGRIMAGE COSTUME.

Pilgrimage Costume.—Possessing the distinctive characteristics of style and simplicity combined, this graceful costume is composed of a gored skirt, short enough to escape the ground all around, and a polonaise arranged in a Watteau plait at the back, and cut off at about the depth of a deep cuirass basque in front, with a plaited sash drapery added to the bottom to give the required length. A small shoulder cape completes the design. The polonaise is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a Watteau plait at the back. The skirt may be trimmed, as illustrated, with *quilles* of contrasting material and plaitings alternated, or in any other style to correspond with the material selected; and a heavy *cordelière* knotted loosely around the waist, with smaller *cordelières* to match on the cape—which may be lined with a contrasting color—

furnish all the trimming required on the polonaise. Any dress material, excepting perhaps the thinnest, may be made after this model, which is particularly well adapted for a traveling or street costume. It is illustrated on Fig. 1 of the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Our "Portfolio" for the Spring and Summer of 1881.

Our Spring "Portfolio" of latest designs in fashions for walking, morning, traveling, and indoor dresses, and which includes pictured details of all outdoor garments, wardrobes for children of all ages, and many useful home-made articles for gentlemen, is now ready.

The "Portfolio" of fashions offers unusual attractions this season in the beauty and novelty of its designs, as well as in the constant improvement made in the style of the illustrations. As a mirror of form and design, in which ladies can clearly see the effect of different styles, and thus decide with intelligence upon the selection of patterns and models, its value is indisputable and fully acknowledged. The cost, moreover, is so slight, compared with the advantage gained, that few ladies will be deprived of it, after having had an experience of its great use in aiding them to decide between that which is suitable for one purpose and what for another. Address MME. DEMOREST, 17 E. 14th St., inclosing fifteen cents.

CRUSHED silken roses of exquisitely blended shades are seen upon corsages and bonnets.

DAINTY capuchons of mull and lace are the latest addition to fashionable *lingerie*.

THE keynote of the fashions this season is metallic.

STRIPES and checks are combined in the same costume.

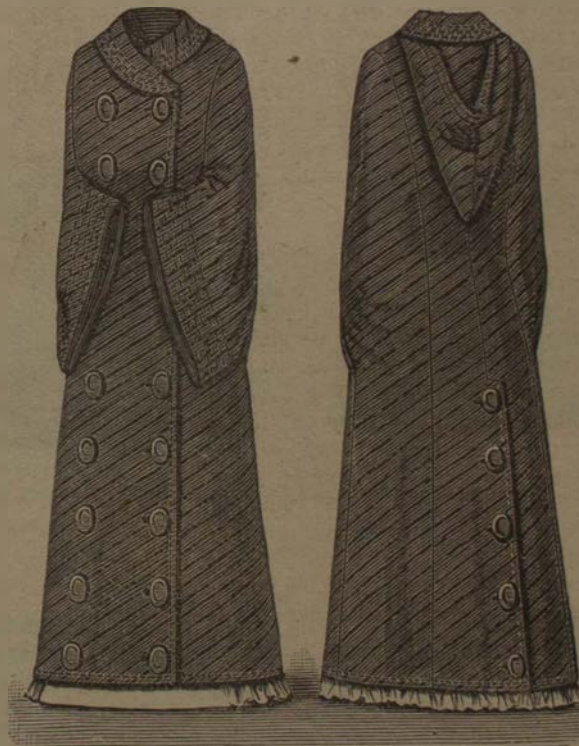
Point d'Aurillac is a new lace much used for dressy *lingerie*.

Bayonnaise, heretofore only used for mourning, comes in pale blue, light drab, French gray, and other delicate shades.



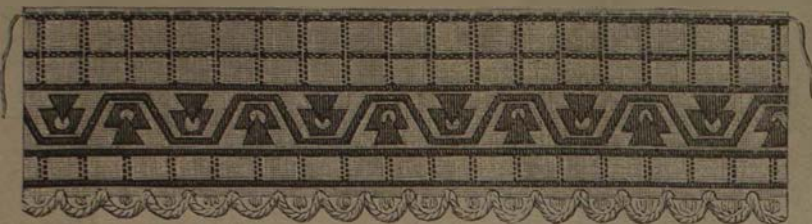
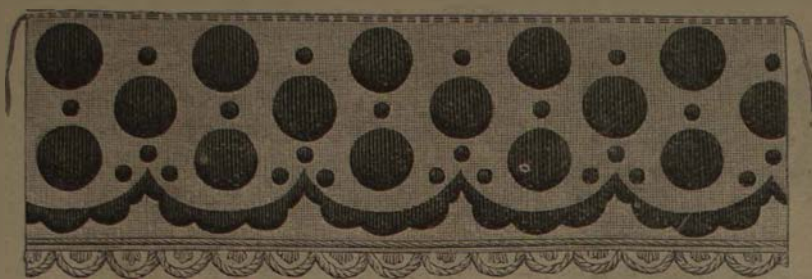
CLARENDON JACKET.

Clarendon Jacket.—A graceful capuchin hood, rolling collar, deep cuffs and large pockets impart a dressy effect to this practical design, which is double-breasted and tight-fitting, with two darts in each side of the front, side forms rounded to the armholes and a seam in the middle of the back. Additional fullness is imparted to the back by extensions on the side forms and back pieces, which are laid in plaits underneath. The design is suitable for any quality of cloth or other goods usually selected for street garments, and many varieties of dress goods. Lining for the hood of a contrasting color, and collar, cuffs and pockets of velvet or any different material furnish all the trimming necessary, although it may be more elaborately trimmed in accordance with the goods selected, if desired. The back view of this jacket is illustrated on Fig. 2 of the full page engraving. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



SCARBOROUGH ULSTER.

Scarborough Ulster.—Practical and stylish, this design has double-breasted sacque fronts, shoulder pieces inserted in dolman style, that extend the entire length of the garment, giving the effect of side forms in the back, and have extensions on their front edges forming the outer parts of the sleeves; and is slightly fitted by a seam down the middle of the back. It is ornamented with a rolling collar and a capuchin hood, which may be lined with the same or a contrasting material. The model is suitable for any material used for ladies' wraps, and may be finished as illustrated, with large buttons and rows of machine stitching, or more elaborately trimmed. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



Cash's Cambric Trimmings.

THE name of CASH has been so long associated with the fine and thoroughly excellent description of dress trimmings for ladies and children that bear the name, that they need no more than the mere mention to ladies who have been accustomed to their use. The single word recalls at once the exquisite neatness of the fine ribbon-like strips, with their laced, or corded edges—the upper one traversed by a thread which drew up into the ready gather or fluting; occupying little time, giving no trouble, and supplying a finish pretty and delicate as finest lace or embroidery, and indeed possessing the beauty of both, yet durable as the solid goods, and as pretty, after many washings, as at first.

J. & J. Cash's goods are patented, and therefore cannot be imitated except at a respectful distance. The peculiar fine silky texture of the cambric, the pretty lace edge, which is so strong and wears so well that no laundress can spoil it, and the steadfastness of color in the infinite variety of the Arabesque, Grecian, Persian, dotted, checked, and floral designs, are all unapproached by any other embroidered washable trimming, and these qualities have constantly commended them to ladies of intelligence and refinement.

The old city of Coventry, England, where the warehouse of J. & J. Cash is situated, is famous for its dyeing; but an additional reason for the fast color in these ruffings, which even extend to the different shades of blue, is the thoroughness of the process of fixing. The honor and honesty of the firm have become a proverb. No piece of goods was ever found short of its full twelve yards, and none of an inferior quality are ever turned out. The patent does not, of course, prevent dishonest efforts of other manufacturers producing a semblance of the "Cash" patterns and general style, but these are easily recognized by one accustomed to buy the genuine articles. For those who are not acquainted with the goods, the best way is to see that every piece bears the firm name, J. & J. Cash, Coventry.

The works of the Messrs. Cash are about one mile from Coventry, on the famous Foleshill road, upon which the celebrated novelist "George Eliot" lived after her father's removal from Nuneaton to Coventry; and their extent and excellent system of cottages for work-people, with gardens and hall for workmen's club, show the vast ramifications which the manufacture has attained, which undoubtedly had a small beginning, and deals with an apparently insignificant part of the attire.

Our illustrations of new spring patterns are selected from a vast number of new designs in colored embroideries, not so much for their superior beauty as to show how readily they adapt themselves to every recent pattern in washing fabrics.

The reds in embroidery are so much used, that probably a larger quantity of this color is sold than any other. But the shades of blue are also fine as well as lasting; the "navy" blue and "robin's egg" blue being in great demand. The browns are new, and find many admirers. Almost all choice designs in goods are reproduced in these trimmings. Indeed, there is not a pattern in the new cotton batiste and zephyr gingham which cannot be trimmed appropriately. For children's wear there

is nothing equal to these charming embroideries, the fineness adapting them specially to the clothing of babies and very young children.

There is a distinction which must be made and remembered between the "Cambric Frillings," which are all white, and intended especially for underwear, and the "Colored Embroideries," which are for the trimming of ladies' and children's washable dresses and aprons. The Cambric Frillings have the same firm, lace edge, woven in by a peculiar process, so that it cannot be torn, or washed out, or ironed out, and therefore invaluable for the trimming of every-day under-clothing, sacques, and aprons.

An original and most charming as well as useful specialty of J. & J. Cash, consists of the "Coventry Tapes." Upon these narrow (fine as silk) tapes is prettily and daintily woven names, initial letters, monograms for shirt, hosiery, underwear, and house-linen labels. The cost is a mere trifle, the convenience great, and, where there is a family, invaluable. Ladies can order twelve dozen of any full name for two dollars and twenty cents. The initial letters, which are in more general use, cost the merest trifle, and can be obtained by the gross, if need be, any time. We recommend our readers to order, as part of their spring outfit, a supply of J. & J. Cash's cambric frilling, colored embroideries, and initial letters for marking.

Daffodil Dresses.

IDEAS are quickly appropriated nowadays, as was shown by the eagerness with which daffodil dresses found purchasers early this season. The material was soft, fine cotton satine, which is almost as handsome, only not so glossy as satin. The grounds were black and wine-color. Upon these dark surfaces shaded daffodils were clustered in groups of two and three, not stiffly, or quite close together, but with natural grace, and so as to well cover the ground. Some of the flowers were shaded in old blue, with toned yellow in the edges; others in shades of olive, with tints of gold and pink in the petals; others were in red, shaded off into russet brown and yellow. The olives and reds were upon black, the blues upon wine-color, and plain black satine for the underskirt accompanied the flowered fabric.

The daffodil idea took wonderfully; the goods were opened in February; about the middle of the month, by Washington's Birthday, they were nearly all sold out, and no more was to be had, to the great disappointment of those who had postponed a purchase till convenient.

The gayly flowered material, which however was too well shaded, and too dark to have a very gay

effect, was not of course suitable for a street dress, but it was wonderfully quaint and old-fashioned looking, exactly suitable for house dresses, for morning wear at the springs, or in the country, and suggestive of all the sweet old-time stories of gardens in which "daffy-down-dillies" grow.

The plain satine skirts were made walking-length, and trimmed with gathered or plaited flounces, two at the back, three to five in front. The "daffodil" part of the fabric was cut into an overdress forming a princess polonaise, open a short distance in front, and drawn away towards the back, where it formed a pretty drapery, a little bunched, but not puffed out by tournures. The daffodil overdress may also be worn over black silk skirts.

Gold Color and Gold Thread.

THE introduction of gold color into manufactured fabrics within the past two or three years is peculiar, and noteworthy because so universal. When it made its appearance three years ago it was in masses, and but few dared take advantage of the innovation. But it was quickly discovered that though yellow in the mass is altogether too showy and pronounced for ordinary, and especially for street wear, yellow in small quantities, and in combination with other colors, is invaluable in bringing out all the best qualities of whatever it is associated with. At present we have no reason to complain of the neglect of this principle. Wherever color is in more than a simple solid quantity there is yellow—in lines, flecks, tones, dashes, or shadings. In such small masses as flowers, or bows, the lower tones are used; such as the pale shades of amber, buff, tea-rose, and the like; never the deepest gold, or buttercup yellow.

The reappearance of cloth of gold has revived a rich old-time fabric, but it is not the only one into which gold is introduced, a much more magnificent stuff is brocade embroidered with solid gold thread, which has been sold as high as thirty dollars per yard during the past season, and the less expensive brocades, and India stuffs in which threads of gold are intermingled with silks of different shades and hues. The most successful revival, however, has occurred in the recent adaptation of fine gold thread to the embroidering of lace. Dress trimmings were more or less made of it last summer, but they were modest, and quiet, mere borders of Breton lace, finely plaited, and with gold thread wrought in the borders so delicately that it had to be looked for to be found.

This season the gold embroidery and the gold beading have assumed much greater proportions. The gold is over-laid and under-laid; it is wrought upon scarfs which, according to width, are arranged as drapery, or made up into bonnets. It is introduced into the most delicate stuffs of which bonnets and evening dresses are made; and as it is necessary that it should be pure, or fire-gilt, it cannot be cheap, and therefore will not become very common.

"What to Wear,"

For the Spring and Summer of 1881, to be ready April first, is the most practical work in the world for the mother of a family to possess. It furnishes comprehensive and reliable information upon every subject connected with the wardrobe, and in compact form contains the solid results of knowledge and experience.

Novelties in Dress Materials.

SOME charming new materials are in stripes of different widths and colors, alternating with narrow black in a cashmere twill. The colored stripes are varied: some showing lines of blue and gold-colored silk upon a brown ground; others a blending of colors in a fine mixture, with lines of high color, or broader blue or gold upon the outer edge. Some are brown and gold upon black; others show a preponderance of gray, robin's egg blue, with lines of red and yellow. Summer serges are in all soft shades of stone gray, ashes of roses, and brown, checked with darker olive and brown, and inter-checked with silk in gold, blue, and wine-colored shades; the combinations are lovely; they cost one dollar and seventy-five cents per yard for goods forty-six inches wide. The vigognes are in darkest shades of olive and brown, with lines of black, and minute specks of red and gold. These are very fine and durable materials, very handsome for suits, polonaises, spring ulsters, and the like. There are clustered stripes and checks upon fine diagonal ground, and double checks of pale gold silk upon almond tints, barred with light blue and wine-color.

The plain English barege and "nun's-veiling" are exquisitely pretty for summer. It is forty-six inches wide, and ninety cents per yard. It is in *écru*, ashes of roses, ivory, almond, wine-color, and several shades of blue, as well as black. The fine plain wool serges are soft and drape well, and their daintiness adapts them to young girls for spring suits; they are inexpensive also, the width being forty-six inches, and the cost one dollar per yard. The colors are solid brown, dark green, indigo blue, wine-color, *écru*, and the pretty, delicate almond tints. The cloths for jackets are in fine ribs, cords, or diagonals, and usually in light brown and gray shades. They are fifty-four inches wide and from two to three dollars per yard. There are new trimming fabrics in silk and wool, checked in alternate squares of black and mixed colors, brown and gold, or blue and gold. There are others diagonally striped with olive and crimson, and blue and brown upon black, with lines of gold thread producing a brilliant appearance between, not at regular intervals, but so as to form clusters, or inclose a high color, and render it still more effective. These materials are of Lord & Taylor's importation or selection, and represent the choicest designs and manufactures for spring suits and costumes.

ELEGANT black materials constitute the most stylish demi-toilets.

ISOLATED jet *passmenterie* ornaments upon the costume give some pleasing effects.



Misses' Street Costumes.

FIG. 1.—Brown cloth ulster, trimmed with large pockets, cuffs, and hood *revers* of seal-brown plush. The hood and shoulder cape are lined with old-gold satin. Light gray felt hat, trimmed with brown and gold ostrich tips, and a scarf of red, gold and brown brocaded Surah silk. The design illustrated is the "Brunswick" ulster. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—This illustrates the "Chelsea" jacket, made of light gray beaver cloth, completing a pretty dress of garnet camel's hair, with handkerchief border in gold and black. The "Marion" overskirt is arranged over a box-plaited skirt to form the dress. The jacket is trimmed with pockets, cuffs, and hood of garnet velvet, the latter lined with red, gold, and black plaid *natté* silk. Hat of black straw, trimmed with garnet and gold satin, and a black ostrich tip. Pattern of jacket, in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each. Overskirt pattern, in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Easter Toilets.

SATIN enters into the composition of most of the elegant toilets, whether for the street or the house. Some very rich costumes are all black, except the beautiful trimming of *clair de lune* and black jet, which is used in marvelous quantities. Other black dresses have not an atom of jet, but are trimmed altogether with thread lace, and exhibit the quaint "Mother Hubbard" pelisse in satin bordered with lace. Still often black dresses are of camel's-hair and satin, a satin plastron brought down almost to a point in front, and the sides drawn away from the shirred pullings of the skirt, which are of extraordinary fineness.

A walking and visiting dress of singular beauty and effectiveness was made recently of blue-green satin—duck's breast shade—after the design of the "Celestine" walking skirt, a basque, and small "Mother Hubbard" visite, very richly trimmed with fringe to match, completed an elegant and very novel dress.

Another remarkably beautiful toilet was of wine-colored velvet, and consisted of walking-skirt, princess polonaise, and plain jacket lined with silk. The neck of the polonaise was finished with fall and jabot of the finest Mechlin lace.

A "Pilgrimage" suit was beautifully made in dark green camel's-hair, the cape and plastron of dark green velvet. The hat was a black chip, trimmed with the velvet and cords to match the dress, neither feathers nor flowers.

The "Pilgrimage" suit has been still more elegantly made in all satin of a dark brown shade. The plastron was shirred with exquisite fineness, and the cords had solid gold thread introduced in them. A small satin capote accompanied it, the crown of which was a solid mass of embroidery in small gold beads. One of the most singular costumes which have appeared this season is made of satin (duck's breast green) and a brocade the pattern of which looks like scales, and is iridescent in color. This is made up with satin into a bonnet, which is shaped like a large bug or beetle, and which has no trimming save two shining balls, which may be considered eyes.

LITTLE golden cats have superseded the *cochon d'or* for the *porte-bonheur*.

"MOUNTAIN bunting" is used for serviceable traveling costumes. It is stiff and wiry, and comes in gray and brown.

SPIDERS, with bodies made of humming-bird feathers, and gilt legs, are used to fasten the strings on new bonnets.

RIDING skirts are cut quite short, with "kneegores" or "*genouillères*," that is to say, adapted to the position of the *equestrienne* when she is in the saddle.

Woolen Walking Dresses.

THE spring is an excellent season in which to invest in a woolen costume, and perhaps the most generally useful material for the great variety of purposes to which such a dress is usually applied is the fine mixed, all-wool tweed, which has enough of rib and mixture to give character, without making it in the least obtrusive; the first necessity of a serviceable dress being the absence of display. The all-wool tweeds are this year forty-six and forty-eight inches wide, and from one dollar to a dollar and a quarter per yard. The prevailing tones are brown, olive brown, gray, and éceru; very much such shades as are found in beiges. But in the tweeds are slight admixtures of other colors, red, old blue, and gold, so little, however, as to be almost imperceptible, and which do not affect the generally neutral tone.

There are three styles in which the tweeds are made. The newest is the walking skirt, polonaise, and cape with hood; the second is the trimmed skirt, basque, and jacket; the third, the jersey, with jacket, or long coat of cloth-finished tweed. The only trimming required is a lining of satin for the hood, a scarf of satin, or figured silk for the "Jersey" dress, and cuffs and collar, if preferred, for any of the styles mentioned.

Camel's hair (of fine quality) is more dressy than tweed, and satin, or raw tapestry silk, with perhaps an inwrought gold thread, is combined with it; but there is little of contrast in tone, or anything save material.

The all dark brown costumes are the most approved, and the newest for traveling. They are accompanied by the capuchin ulster girded about with cable cords, knotted on the ends, but not tasseled. The hat is large, of brown straw, trimmed with heavy cords, or it is a poke bonnet trimmed with feathers, or leaves, and berries, and brown strings, edged upon the ends with cream-colored lace. It is an outfit well suited, except the feathers, to an ocean voyage, or a trip across the country.

"Our Portfolio of Fashions."

THE singular popularity of this publication finds no better evidence than its enormous circulation. This season we start with 70,000, and this may increase to 100,000, at its present rate of advancement. The secret is simply that ladies want to see a truthful, pictured semblance of styles before buying patterns, and in our "PORTFOLIO" they obtain a complete gallery of designs, so large, so distinct in detail, and so well described, that they are enabled to judge accurately of effects, and are not betrayed into useless expenditure. The "PORTFOLIO," with all the new designs in costume for the Spring of 1881, are now ready, and prompt application should be made. Price, fifteen cents, post-free. Address, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, or MME. DEMOREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York City.



Misses' House Dresses.

FIG. 1.—The "Arlette" polonaise, made of prune-colored broadened camel's hair, trimmed with prune-colored *satin de Lyon* sash and collar, is arranged over a plaited skirt of the same colored plain camel's hair, to compose this becoming house dress. Old-gold ribbon bow and a ruffle of "vermicelli" lace at the neck, and frills of the same lace in the sleeves. Pattern of polonaise in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each size.

FIG. 2.—Arranged with graceful handkerchief draperies and a coquettish little capuchin hood, this pretty costume is made up of *capucine* brown and blue and gold plaid handkerchief woolen goods. The plain part of the dress is *capucine* brown. The hood is lined with light blue *pékin* satin, and ornamented with a pretty blue silk tassel. The hair is tied with knots of pale blue satin ribbon. The design illustrated is the "Albertine" costume. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FLOWERS are used with a most lavish hand upon dresses and bonnets.

Our Purchasing Bureau.

THE reputation of our House, and the facilities possessed by our buyers are so well known that it only needs to be said that they are still exerted for the benefit of ladies remote from the large centers, who wish to obtain the newest and prettiest, or the oldest and most artistic things to be found in the metropolis.

"My habit was received," writes one lady, "and fits beautifully. I assure you I make a sensation when I take a ride."

Another says, "The dresses and bonnets were just what I wanted, and I do not at all think I could have chosen so well for myself. The fit is perfect."

A lady writes six months after the reception of two pairs of Mme. Demorest's corsets:

"At first I thought the price high for your corsets, but now I wish you to send me two more. The longer I have worn them the more I like them: the shape is so superior to the generality of corsets, and is retained until they are worn out. The workmanship too is excellent, and I really do not feel willing to wear any other."

"Thanks," writes a young lady, "for my 'love' of a bonnet. I know now how the phrase originated; it must have been with some one to whom you sent one as pretty as mine. I couldn't think of any other word to apply to it."

Orders sent are executed with taste, judgment, and the utmost promptitude. Be sure and mention what you don't want, if you are not clear as to what you do, and the limit in price, ten per cent. of which must be sent with the order, which should be addressed Mme. Demorest's Purchasing Bureau, 17 E. 14th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Our "Illustrated Journal."

IT is the first record that a ladies' paper has attained the circulation of six hundred thousand within the first year of its existence. But we can say with truth, that six hundred thousand comprised the edition with which we started our fall number of this latest of our fashion publications. The cheapness at which we have put this popular publication for the household, must be considered a great reason for its rapid advancement. It not only gives the latest news in regard to fashions, but more valuable and instructive reading for the money than any other paper published in the world. Our vast facilities do not admit of rivalry in our own field, and our friends know that we are not only as good, but better than our word. Demorest's "ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL" is issued quarterly with the seasons, sixteen pages, 16½ by 11¼ inches (same size as the Illustrated Weeklies), and the price is only five cents per copy, or fifteen cents per year, including postage. Try it for one year. Address, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York.

Spring Fashions for Children.

The fashions for children are often marred by the intended thrift, or want of forethought of the mother. She wants to make her money or her material go as far and serve as long as possible, and so she buys in quantity, and uses the same for the girl that she does for herself, or she cuts over an old gown, and to save trouble reproduces the original design as nearly as she can, and makes the dress as absurd and unlike that of a child as possible.

The time has gone by, or at least it is fast going, when the dresses and the costumes of the girl of six to twelve years of age followed closely after those of her mamma. There is more sense and intelligence in regard to the matter. Girls' clothes, like those of boys' up to twelve years, begin to possess a certain useful character, to retain some essential ideas, and among these a degree of simplicity, which is as pretty and becoming as it is welcome to mothers, and those who have the care of children's wardrobes.

Elaborate and very much cut up dresses are an absurdity for growing girls, and ought to be set aside as entirely out of the question. While there is a demand, of course patterns and designs of this description must be furnished to those who want them; but the wisest plan is to encumber the growing girl with as little as possible that can stand in the way of her development, of abundant exercise, and freedom from the constraint of clothes. At the same time such a rule should not be allowed to degenerate into untidiness, or want of neatness and trimness, which is a charm in a girl, and tends so much to the cultivation of nicety in the woman. One of the prettiest designs of the season for a girl of twelve to sixteen is the "Pilgrimage" suit. It consists of deep basque, ruffled skirt and cape, with or without hood. It is good made in plain or checked wool, or gingham; it is a peculiarly simple and practical design, without overskirt, yet pretty and very becoming.

The "Albertine" costume, which we illustrate, is a simple design, very suitable for little girls from eight to twelve years. It consists of a deep, plain, cuirass-shaped basque, to which is attached a killing which forms the skirt. Over the line which marks the conjunction is arranged the handkerchief drapery, which is employed instead of a scarf, and thus produces a welcome variation from the "Jersey." The "Albertine" has a hood, which finishes the dress for the street, and balances the drapery on the skirt. For spring outdoor wear there are three very seasonable styles, which will be welcome, as showing the diversity and the range from the little cape to the protective ulster. These are naturally not unlike the outdoor garments worn by older persons in their simplest forms, but we should not think of endowing our little girls with the formidable dolman, or even the clerical pelisse. The "Mina" cape is the revival of an old English idea for girls, one that was rarely used by ladies, however, because it was a sort of uniform for peasants, and the charity children of the great London schools. In the villages, a white cape and a straw bonnet was the regular Easter equipment, and on Easter Sunday morning it was a pretty sight to see from thatched-roof cottages and farm houses, for miles around, scores of pretty, fresh-faced girls, in print dress, white cape, and straw bonnet, and very happy was that one whose bonnet was tied across with new pink or blue ribbon.

The "Mina" cape is made usually of richer material than the capes of these old-fashioned, long ago little English girls. It may be of the material of the dress; it may be of some other. The hood is a matter of taste, but if the hood is omitted a deeper collar should be added. A jacket



CHELSEA JACKET.

Chelsea Jacket.—Ornamented with the favorite capuchin hood, a turned-down collar, and revers on the double-breasted fronts, this stylish jacket is nearly tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side of the front, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. Additional fullness is imparted to the back of the jacket by the lapped extensions at the side form seams, and extensions on the back pieces forming plaits in the middle of the back. This design is appropriate to any variety of fabric adapted to the out-door garments of young girls, and can also be used for many suit goods. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price twenty cents each.



BRUNSWICK ULSTER.

Brunswick Ulster.—Practical, stylish, and very simple in design, this garment is about three-quarters tight, double-breasted, and fitted with a single dart on each side of the front extending the entire length of the garment, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a short seam and lapped extension down the middle of the back. A shoulder cape and hood, large, square pockets and deep cuffs complete the model. It is suitable for any of the goods usually selected for misses' out-door garments; and with revers on the hood and lining for the cape made of a contrasting material, and the double row of large buttons down the front, no more trimming will be required for ordinary purposes, although it may be more elaborately ornamented, if desired, in accordance with the material chosen. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price twenty-five cents each.

has become a necessity of every girl's wardrobe; the only question is the shape and style, whether longer or shorter. The "Chelsea" is an excellent model, simple, neat, well-fitting, and useful for any purpose for which a jacket may be needed. It may be made in light or dark cloth, and trimmed with velvet, or plush collar and cuffs, if desired. The hood may be added or omitted at pleasure.

The "Brunswick" ulster will win the heart of any miss, and prove useful for many purposes. It is a good riding-coat, school coat, traveling wrap, and waterproof. It may be made in cloth, flannel, tweed, mohair, beige, or linen. Tweed would seem to be the best material for spring use and wear, and is also not too heavy for summer travel, especially in New England. If tweed is used we should recommend the omission of all contrasting material for cuffs and pockets, and several rows of stitching as a finish. The hood is a matter of choice. A pretty spring polonaise is represented in the "Arlette," a design which has the effect of a basque and overskirt, although it is all cut in one. It is adapted to many different materials, but especially suited to a combination of two, plain and figured.

A graceful overskirt, the "Marion," and an "Infant's French Dress," suited for "short" dresses, when the baby begins to lay off long clothes and assume the cares and responsibilities of a child in the family, closes a list of designs in the present month. The infant's dress, it may be remarked, is particularly designed for summer use, and for babies at the creeping age, for it serves both as dress and apron. In gray or brown undressed linen, over a cambric frock, it is a most useful and protective garden apron; in gingham, in hot weather, it is apron and dress both, easily washed, cool, comfortable, yet not untidy looking, and capable of being made dressy by the addition of a sash.



ARLETTE POLONAISE.

Arlette Polonaise.—Novel and dressy in effect, with especially graceful drapery, this design is close fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, deep darts taken out under the arms, side-forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A modified "Dauphin" collar, and a plaited sash, finished with a bow at the back and tied loosely with long ends in front, furnish all the trimming necessary. The design is suitable for almost all dress materials, especially dressy fabrics and those which drape gracefully. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price twenty-five cents each.



ALBERTINE COSTUME.

Albertine Costume.—A tight-fitting cuirass basque, to the bottom of which is added a deep box-plaiting forming the skirt, is the foundation upon which the handkerchief draperies are disposed in this stylish design. A small capuchin hood and a turn-down collar complete the dress. The basque is fitted with a single dart in each side of the front, side gores under the arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. Although this design is especially adapted to goods in handkerchief patterns, it is equally stylish in any other dress materials. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price twenty-five cents each.



MARION OVERSKIRT.

Marion Overskirt.—While adapted especially to goods in *mouchoir* patterns, and plaids to be cut on the bias, this shawl-draped overskirt is also equally stylish in any other variety of dress goods. The apron falls in a deep point, and the back is draped in an especially graceful manner. This design is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Chelsea" jacket. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price twenty-five cents each.



INFANT'S FRENCH DRESS.

Infant's French Dress.—A simple style of blouse dress for children under one year, which makes up prettily in any of the white goods usually employed for the purpose, and may be simply or elaborately trimmed according to taste. It may be worn with a sash, or hanging loosely, whichever way is preferred. Made in colored cambric or gray linen, it is an excellent design for a blouse to be used over the dress of a child to protect its clothes while creeping. Pattern a size from six months to one year. Price twenty cents.



MINA CAPE.

Mina Cape.—A pretty addition to a little girl's street costume, composed of a capuchin hood, and a short cape in circle shape, fitted by gores on the shoulders. The design is suitable for velvet, plush, any quality of cloth, and many of the lighter materials usually chosen for street wear, and may be made of the same material as the dress or jacket with which it is worn, or different from either. The hood and cape, or only the hood, should be lined with a contrasting color or material. If made of heavy goods, no other trimming will be required, but lace or fringe, or any other garniture may be used, according to the goods selected. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, 15 cents each.

"WHAT TO WEAR" for the Spring and Summer of 1881, will be ready on April first. The price is only fifteen cents, postage paid. Address MME. DEMAREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York.

LADIES' CLUB

"COOKING CLASS."—You will find the "Selina" apron, the pattern of which is to be found at any of our agents in St. Louis, just what you need. The cost of it is twenty-five cents. It is a most useful school apron made of black alpaca, and trimmed with a bright border of wool in a cashmere pattern, but for your purpose it should be made in checked gingham, or striped seersucker, and trimmed with a flat border, in plain, high, or sober color, that is red, brown or gendarme blue.

"UARDA."—The "Pilgrimage" costume would perhaps suit you for a spring out-door dress. It is very stylish in appearance, and may be made of any fine woollen fabric combined with plush, satin, satine, satin de Lyon, or tapestry silk. It consists of a polonaise with straight cape laced on the shoulder, and flounced skirt. The polonaise has a very graceful plait in the back, which broadens into a triple plait as it descends upon the skirt, and gives all the fullness needed to the drapery. A girdle of thick cord is knotted on the side.

"MISS TURVEYDROP."—The young gentleman ought, in visiting in a strange place, to have carried gloves in his pocket. He must have felt very awkward at being the only ungloved gentleman in the room. But he was correct in asserting that gloves are no longer worn by gentlemen in New York at evening parties. Perhaps we should say by young men; older gentlemen wear them, for many rightly consider them a mark of refinement. Young ladies do not like this new and rather vulgar fashion, for hands will become moist and warm, and then they are very apt to soil whatever they touch.

"OLD-FASHIONED GIRL."—Send your notes of invitation through the mail, if it is more convenient to do so; they will be much more likely to reach their destination. It is an absurd custom, at least when it is felt to be a necessity, to send notes of invitation by private hand, and is falling into disrepute even in fashionable circles, because it is impossible to make sure of having them safely delivered.

"MRS. G. B."—We cannot reply to questions for non-subscribers who wish them answered in a special number.

"MRS. H. M. B."—The wife's maiden name, as well as her married name, should be placed in a family record.

"H. E. M."—Your best plan, if you want books to read and not to put on shelves, is to apply to the publisher of the "Standard" series, J. K. Pinck, Dey Street, N. Y. City, and also to the office of "Good Literature," New York City. From these two sources you will receive catalogues of a very fine class of books at very low prices, from which you can select superior reading matter. See reply to "B. B."

"ENDYMION."—We should not call Endymion by any means a "stupid" book; on the contrary it is full of admirable passages, of sentences worth quoting, of thought which is the result of a vast and unusual experience. But it is as a study of English politics at a certain period that it is valuable, not as a story; and it is also a genuine study of "high" English life. Novels usually paint the nobility of England as having nothing to do but follow up licentious intrigues; such books as "Endymion" show the hard work, the discouragements, the struggles, the failures, as well as the successes that enter into the science of government; and how much, after all, high life is like low life in the essentials, the emulative points of difference being the rules of courtesy, the gentle amenities, the simplicity and purity in the use of language, and the acknowledgment of the actual power exercised by women, and which has a recognized social function which the wise never disregard, and exercises a powerful influence in the destinies of nations.

"B. B."—Fine camel's hair, bunting, barege, chuddah cloth, nun's veiling, and other pretty materials can be obtained in cream white; bunting is the least expensive—it ranges from forty-five cents to a dollar and a half per yard, the higher prices being double width, and finer than the lower, which are single width, and coarser in the mesh; though they are all wool. Fine bunting and nun's veiling are very suitable materials for dresses for young ladies at the springs, or sea-side. They should be made short, and trimmed with very fine plaiting, and cream satin ribbon.

"AGGIE."—Your instincts and taste are those of a

"What to Wear" for the Spring and Summer of 1881.

THE enormous circulation that this publication has attained shows that ladies generally recognize it for what it is—a *multum in parvo* of information and direction in regard to dress and its belongings—taken from the most useful and practical side. In a handy form for reference are found all sorts of useful facts in regard to costumes, fabrics, out-door garments, hats and bonnets, children's clothing, hosiery, and all the details of the toilet, illustrated, and embodying many new and exclusive styles.

lady, and will prevent you from going far astray in your choice of books. If you can have your choice of current literature. In this way you will reach the cream of periodical literature. In regard to books, it depends very much upon habits of life, ancestry, and the like as to what we prefer to read, and even what we can appreciate. The taste for good literature is cultivated now more in schools, high-class schools, than it used to be, and girls learn to appreciate a class of books of a superior character to the ordinary novel. The choicest books, and those that influence life and character, are not those that we run through, but those that we keep by us, and which become to us a sort of religion. Read Ruskin, Emerson, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, and then you will want to go back to Wordsworth, and finally you will get to Milton. Read Harriet Martineau's "Autobiography" as a study of a life, and to see what an impartial estimate a strong woman could put upon herself and her work. Read Charlotte Bronte for actual studies of hard individual experience, and Wm. Black for the most charming description of English and Scottish scenery, woven like pictures into his stories. Read Landor's Imaginary Conversations for a clear idea of ancient Greek and Roman philosophy, and a recent work, "Studies of the Greek Poets," which gives an admirable digest of the Homeric age of poetry, and of the divisions and classifications of ancient poetry. The chapter on Achilles should be read, and re-read, and the summing up by the author in the concluding paragraph made a special note of—"That true culture comes from the impassioned study of whatever is truly great, no matter how far it is at variance with our own individual ideas or habits of thought."

"W. H. H."—We cannot give the space to your poem on Spring, because its value is principally in the intellectual exercise it afforded to your thought and expression. It is too good for poor poetry, which is nothing but jingle, and not good enough for the standard you seem to have set up for yourself. Keep at it.

"Mrs. C. L. L."—Cords are very fashionable, and the ends may terminate in spikes, tassels, balls, or in a simple knotting of the cord itself; the latter device is often employed for the pilgrimage suits. A suit of olive brown camel's hair trimmed with satin to match, and worn with a small satin bonnet, would be pretty and stylish for spring wear. The suit should be accompanied by a jacket with hood, or straight cape with hood, the latter lined with satin. The polonaise "Ottavia," with "Carpuchin" cape, would make a good and suitable design.

"A READER."—The smooth side is the right side of your material. Get shaded wools for your sofa cushion, and embroider upon the center flowers or initials. Finish the edges with cord; but have no tassels, they are not now in vogue.

"Mrs. P. A. A."—French measure gives three inches more to the yard, and one inch more to the foot than our measure. This would make Madame Junot's "Duchesse" something over five feet seven inches, which is very tall for a woman. "*Ma chère mère*" means, my dear mother, and is pronounced, mah share mare.

"Mrs. G. C."—There is very little humorous poetry of the kind you want. Will the following answer?

"In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject;
They treat themselves with most profound respect;
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue;
Each, praised within, is happy all day long.
But how severely with themselves proceed,
The men who write such verse as we can read."
POPE.

"You ask me for something original;
Yet how shall I begin?
For there's nothing original in me,
Excepting original sin."

"Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear."
BYRON.

"Years following years steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away."
POPE.

"'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were."
SIR JOHN STOKLING.

"I beat my pate and fancy wit will come;
Knock as I please there's nobody at home."

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."—All the existing ranks of English nobility were introduced by the time of Richard II., except that of viscount. The first English duke was the Black Prince, created Duke of Cornwall in 1337; the first marquis was Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, created Marquis of Dublin by Richard II. in 1436; first viscount was John Beaumont, so created by Henry VI. in 1439. The title of earl existed in Saxon times, and that of baron succeeded the appellation of thane after the Norman conquest.

"GRAND BÈ."—Conspicuous among the island rocks about Saint Malo, France, is that one called Grand Bè, chosen by Chateaubriand for his last resting-place, as he wished to be buried near the place of his birth. Singularly enough the name of the island, Bè, signifies a tomb. At low water the island is accessible on foot. The tomb consists of a plain stone, without inscription, surmounted by a granite cross, and is surrounded by an iron railing. It is placed on the edge of the rock, and is the resort of crowds of pilgrims.

"C. L."—Circumstances must always alter cases. To roast in a hot climate in thick mourning materials is as unnecessary as to sit and scorch before a blazing fire until some one came to remove the chair—according to the formula of old Spanish royal etiquette. Crape is unnecessary after six months, even in the deepest mourning, and there are thin open-worked black wools which make up very charmingly over black twilled foulard, and are delightfully cool and agreeable for summer street-wear in or out of mourning. Fringe and lace should be omitted, and only dull armure silk used in trimming, or loops made of dull silk braid. At home it is perfectly proper to wear fine white dresses of a simple style, without lace decoration, and black ribbons if any are used.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—The government does not receive old stamps or pay any commission on them to our knowledge. Walnut bars and rings might be used for straight gathered lambrequins as well as for curtains, but usually they are employed for curtains without lambrequins.

"FORGET-ME-NOT."—The best way to utilize your summer silk is to cut a skirt out of new lining, walking length, and use the material in the two skirts to cover and trim according to any style you prefer; the "Celestine" and the "Marcel" are both good models. If you could put with this a basque of dark red (wine color) tapestry silk or velvet, you would have a very pretty costume. If you cannot do this, use your silk to make a bodice like that of the "Inez," and wear it with a fine lawn waist. Your lavender lawn should be trimmed with ruffles of the same edged with Valenciennes. Make it up with two skirts, round shirred waist, and sleeves shirred lengthwise to below the turn of the elbow. Wear a lavender satin belt ribbon with it, and large bow.

"AN ARDENT ADMIRER OF 'DEMOREST.'"—A whip-churn is required to properly make whipped creams, but if you have not a churn, you must flavor and color your cream, if desired; sweeten with powdered sugar and whip into a rich froth, which may be piled upon glasses in the bottom of which some strawberry preserve has been placed, or in a large glass or china dish upon a little island of jelly or preserved fruit.

CAN any of our learned subscribers inform "Ella" in regard to the origin of the "Marriage Bell"?

"Mrs. A. McH."—We send patterns for complete Baby Outfit for \$1 (one dollar). Address Mme. Demorest, 17 E. 14th Street, New York City.

"ANNA."—Mix a cup of yellow corn meal and one of Graham flour with a quart or more of milk-warm water and two thirds of a cup of yeast, or one yeast cake. Thicken till stiff with buckwheat, and let the batter stand all night (covered) in a rather warm place. In the morning dissolve an even teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in half a cup of warm water, and mix well with the mass, which it will reduce to about the right consistency. Bake on a hot griddle, and you will have no trouble in making them "brown," or in getting rid of them; they will go like "hot cakes."

"WHITE PIGEON."—Sarony, 35 Union Square, New York City.

"CLARA EVERETT."—Faust is pronounced *Fowlst*, and Goethe *Gertuh*, as near as one can write in English German idiomatic sounds. —A combination of plain and flowered satine would make a pretty dress for a calico ball, pink or pale blue, with a chutz figure for the over-dress; and for the design we should recommend a short, ruffled skirt of the plain goods, and the "Ariadne" po-

lonaise. The trimming torchon lace, or embroidery containing the colors, instead of fringe.

"WISCONSIN GIRL."—A grate fire, used alone, can never be made to give a uniform heat, like a furnace, but it looks pretty, and makes a room of moderate dimensions—say 16x18—very comfortable.—Weber and Steinway.

"MINETTE."—We should advise an over-dress of cream-white with your wine-colored velvet skirt, trimmed with knotted silk and chenille fringe—no color in it. Dark colors are fashionable this spring, and will be, more or less, during the summer. There is no one fashionable color for all times and all places—what is suitable at one time, is not suitable at another. Dark olives, blues, browns, and wine shades, are used in the street, but, if such colors were employed in the evening, or upon a very dressy occasion, they would be lightened with something in the shape of lace fichu collarette or over-dress. All the new cotton goods are made in dark colors, brightened with lines of high color, wine, or old-gold. Momie cloths take on cashmere and tapestry effects, and the light shades are reserved for satine, India silk, fine wools, mull, and transparent tissues of various kinds. White Swiss muslin is little used, but India mull, very much trimmed with white lace, is always well worn at proper times, and if handsomely made. There is now no medium in white dresses. For evening wear they are either very simple in form, but very rich in fabric, or they are of fine and delicate materials, very much trimmed with lace and ribbons.

"SAN JACINTO."—If the bride wears a traveling dress, the most suitable dresses for the bridesmaids would be costumes with bonnets or hats to match. But it is not customary for the bride to have bridesmaids under these circumstances. She does not need them, and they are obviously superfluous. Should she choose to have them, however, the wedding being in the morning, and at church, they must wear hats and spring suits, or costumes composed of a pretty over-dress, and velvet or satin skirt.

The bride goes to church with her mother, and her bridesmaids may go with her or follow in another carriage. At the door of the church she is received by her father and a brother or friend, who takes charge of her mother. The father leads his daughter to the altar followed by the bridesmaids, and after them the mother and her escort. The bridegroom, with his "best man," awaits the bride at the altar, and receives her from her father, the groomsmen attend to the proper placing of the bridesmaids, who, with the rest of the party, form a semicircle, the first bridesmaid, or a sister, being watchful to take the bride's bouquet and gloves. The gentlemen wear morning dress, Prince Albert coat, and colored tie, light tan, ecru, or gray kid gloves. The bride's and bridesmaid's gloves should be ivory, and the bride should have a sprig of orange blossom in the lace tie at her throat.

"Mrs. B. S."—We have over a dozen agents in St. Louis, consisting of business houses in different parts of the city—South Fifth, South Fourth, Franklin Avenue, Salisbury Street, etc.—it is impossible to particularize them. The entire list of our agencies in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, is printed in our "Portfolio of Fashions," and "What to Wear."

"OLD SUBSCRIBER."—The bridesmaid's dress must bear some relation to that of the bride—and black cashmere is about as inappropriate a dress for such an occasion as could be selected. However if the bride wears white and it is inexpedient or inconvenient for the bridesmaid to wear white also, she had better wear a black cashmere than a colored woollen dress, and may lighten and brighten it by wearing a white lace *fichu*, ivory white gloves, and a bouquet of natural flowers in her corsage.

"Miss C. H. M. S."—The "Frankfort" basque, and "Castillia" overskirt would combine nicely for a serviceable spring costume, and there is no better material than fine, all-wool serge for wear; camel's hair is softer and drapes more easily, but it is more expensive. A polonaise of black, or dark gray Glenham suiting, which is forty-six inches wide, and pure wool, would make you a handsome and useful over-dress for your velvet skirt. It should have velvet collar and cuffs.

"ELISE DEAN."—You must use your own judgment as to whether you put wool or satin with your purple silk, or make it up as a trimmed skirt, and with it a new jacket; this latter mode would give you the newer and more stylish costume. The "Celestine" walking-skirt is a good model. Use your two skirts to trim this upon a

lining, and make to wear with it a basque of a new material, say purple velvet, or tapestry silk, the mixture purple and old-gold.

"LA MARCELLINE."—Your cashmere will, as you say, make a neat traveling dress; with it you should wear a large black chip hat, and linen duster in traveling. Your black silk and velvet may be utilized as a dinner dress, but will be too warm for frequent wear in the summer; your bunting should serve as one evening dress, and the white linen lawn trimmed with torchon lace would be very suitable as another; if you want a satin we should advise one of the new blue-green shade, rather than pale blue, made as a princess dress, and short, or with trimmed skirt and jacket basque, so that it could be worn for visiting, and also as a dinner, as well as an evening dress on occasions.

For an evening dress, pure and simple, for one so young as yourself (eighteen), pale blue satin may be shirred in narrow ruffles and puffs upon a pale blue twilled lining, walking length, and a pretty, square-cut overdress, draped upon it, of brocade, or damassée to match; or a delicate chintz foulard, which is lighter, and less expensive. The new gingham, and chevots, and checked linen lawns make charming morning dresses, and are trimmed with ruffling and bands of cambric embroidered with colors. CASH'S colored cotton embroideries are the best, because the colors are absolutely fast, and the patterns are always neat and in good taste. Long stemmed rose-buds are more fashionable for the belt than any other flower. But just now there is a rage for water-lilies, as there was recently for buttercups or daisies.

There is a fine imitation of Mechlin lace, which is much used for the throat and for jabots. The lace is put on full, and turned over, instead of being upright, the jabot taking the place of a tie in front.

"MRS. H. D. C."—The best way to make over your brown silk and velvet is to select the design of a short costume, cut a new lining, and mount upon it your silk and trimmings in accordance with the pattern. You can then retire what is not good, and only use the best part, and the fresh arrangement will make it look like new. For your new spring suit we should advise a combination of camel's-hair and satin in the new "blue-green" shade which is so fashionable; it is a bottle-green, which is full of character, without being conspicuous. The "Pilgrimage" pattern would suit you. We do not advise rich materials, as a rule, for summer wear, but, instead, changes of inexpensive ones, such as thin, fine bunting, gingham, cheviot, linen lawns, cambrics, foulards, and the pretty open-worked wools, which make useful and cool overdresses with silk skirt.

Scientific.

Moths in Carpets.—A good way to kill them is to take a coarse towel and wring it out in clean water. Spread it out smoothly on the carpet, then iron it dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation on all suspected places, and those least used. It is not necessary to press hard, heat and steam being the agents, and they do the work effectually on the worms and their eggs.

Novelties in Paper-Making.—One of the successful novelties into which straw paper is worked up is the cork and corrugated paper, which consists of straw paper or board, on which is placed granulated cork, the cork being fastened to the surface of the straw-board by a heavy sizing. Substitute cork for sand as you look at sand-paper, and you will have an idea of the appearance of cork-paper. The article is corrugated as desired. It is used largely as a packing for a great variety of bottled merchandise, being substituted for straw. The manufacturers buy their straw-paper in from fifty to seventy-five ton lots. Another important use for straw-board has been developed in the past few years in the manufacture of round paper-boxes, the peculiarity of which is that the heads or covers are of one piece, instead of consisting of a disk and a rim such as is seen, for instance, on the ordinary pill-box cover. The covers and bottoms, being of the same form, are made by the same machine, and with great rapidity and accuracy. The body of the box is cut from paper tubes, rolled for the purpose, of any desired size;

the heads and bottoms are adjusted, and the box is complete.

A Word for Tea.—Like all other good things, tea may be used to excess; but, moderately consumed, it is a refreshing and wholesome beverage. The domestic quiet life and habits of the Chinese owe much of their strength to the constant use of this beverage, for the weak infusion which they sip allows them to spend all the time they choose at the tea-table. If they were in the habit of sipping weak whiskey in the same way, misery, poverty, quarrels, and sickness would take the place of thrift, quiet, and industry. The general temperance seen among them is owing to the tea much more than to any other cause. One who remembers the carousings described in Scott's novels, and compares those scenes with what would now be considered good society, will acknowledge an improvement, and tea has had much to do with it. Gently but surely has it won its way in the world, until now the sweetest of domestic memories cluster around the smoking teacup.

Thread from Wood.—The manufacture of thread from wood for crochet and sewing purposes has, it is said, recently been started at the Aby Cotton Mill, near the town of Nordköping, in the middle of Sweden. The manufacture has arrived at such a state of perfection that it can produce, at a much lower price, thread of as fine quality as "Clark's," and has from this circumstance been called thread "*à la Clark*." It is wound in balls by machinery, either by hand or steam, which, with the labeling, takes one minute twelve seconds, and the balls are packed up in cardboard boxes, generally ten in a box. Plenty of orders from all parts of Sweden have come in, but as the works are not yet in proper order, there has hardly been time to complete them all. The production gives fair promise of success, and it is expected to be very important for home consumption.—*Scientific American*.

Diphtheria.—In the hill towns and rural districts generally typhoid and diphtheria prevail, as well as in the crowded city. The cause is always to be looked for in the careless sanitary habits of the people. The want of cleanliness and ventilation in the cellars, the decaying potatoes, apples, and cabbages, old rotten cider-barrels, and soap and grease tubs, piles of filthy dirt—rags mingled with ashes on which rats and cats have nightly battles, the damp air, and oftentimes collections of water, and a temperature favorable to organic decomposition—all these are conditions prolific in the formation of infecting poisons, and for increasing the incomes of physicians.

To Clean Marble.—Mix one quarter pound of soft soap with one quarter pound powdered whitening, one ounce soda, and a piece of stone blue the size of a walnut. Boil all together a quarter of an hour, and rub it over the marble while hot with a piece of flannel. Leave it on for twenty-four hours, then wash off with clean water, and polish with a coarse flannel. Fuller's earth and hot water made into a paste and put on hot, left on for a day, is also good.

Cotton-seed Oil.—The manufacture of oil from the cotton-seed is becoming of importance in the United States. The annual quantity of seed converted into oil now amounts to about four hundred and ten thousand tons, the yield being at the rate of some thirty-five gallons of oil to the ton of seed. Moreover, each ton leaves seven hundred and fifty pounds of oil-cake of admirable fattening qualities. A great deal of the oil is exported to Italy and other countries where the olive is a staple; and, in point of fact, cotton-seed oil is there superseding olive oil, not only for utilitarian purposes, but also as an article of food. There is

little doubt that large quantities are imported into this country from Italy and sold as olive oil.

Poison in Candies.—In the statistical report of the confectionery trade it is stated "that most of the large manufacturers adulterate their goods largely with grape sugar, glucose, terra alba, or white earth, and other injurious ingredients, and can thus afford to sell their products for a less price than the small manufacturers pay for sugar. They also say that they cannot use these adulterations in their way of manufacturing, and would not if they could; that if the authorities continue to allow the adulterated goods to be sold as sugar candies, the honest manufacturers will have to leave the business or retail the adulterated goods of the large houses. The cost of granulated sugar by the barrel is ten and a half cents, while that of grape sugar and glucose is four cents, and of terra alba one cent. They allege that the adulteration is from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of impurities, and in gum-drops much more. They say that the consumption of these adulterated candies is the cause of more sickness and death among the children of New York City than all the sewer gas and dirty streets combined."

A New Liquid Glue.—To produce good glue size, dissolve in a copper pan, heated by indirect steam, four and one-half to five pounds of soda, in twenty to twenty-four pounds of boiling water; then add to it, stirring well at the time, thirty pounds of powdered resin, keeping the whole continually boiling until the resin is perfectly dissolved. This soda resin composition, dissolved in the proportion of one pound of resin to thirty pounds or forty pounds of water, is to be mixed well together with a glue solution, made by dissolving ten pounds of glue in about thirty pounds to forty pounds of water; then boil up both solutions together for about ten minutes, after which run it through a fine sieve or filter, and it is then ready for use. The best proportions for mixing the vegetable and animal size are, for one and a half parts resin add one part glue.

Oleomargarine Manufacture.—The process carried out in factories by which suet is converted into the substance called oleomargarine is as follows: The crude suet, after first being washed in cold water, is "rendered," melted, and then drawn off into movable tanks. The hard substance is subjected to a hydraulic pressure of 350 tons, and the oil extracted. The butter is made from the oil thus obtained, while the hard substance remaining is disposed of as stearine. The oil, being carried off into churns, is mixed with milk and from three to five per cent. of dairy butter. It is then drawn off in a consistent form and cooled with broken ice. The latter is soon removed, and the butter worked up with a small portion of salt. When this is done, the article is ready for packing and consumption.

Glycerine in Gastric Troubles.—Doctor Sydney Ringer calls the attention of the medical profession to the value of glycerine as a remedy in flatulence, acidity of the stomach, and pyrosis. He states that sometimes he finds all of these gastric troubles combined, but glycerine, in nearly all cases, relieves them. In some cases, too, it relieves pain and vomiting, probably, like charcoal, by preventing the formation of acrid acids, which irritate delicate and irritable stomachs. Glycerine does not prevent the digestive action of pepsin and hydrochloric acid; and hence, while it prevents the formation of wind and acidity, probably by checking fermentation, it in no way hinders digestion. He administers a drachm or two either before, with, or immediately after food. It may be given in water, coffee, tea, or lemon and soda water. In tea or coffee it may replace sugar, a substance which greatly favors flatulence, as indeed does tea in many cases.

Preservation of Wood.—The method of preserving wood by the application of lime, as pursued by M. Svostal, is published in the French journals. He piles the planks in a tank, and puts over all a layer of quicklime, which is gradually slaked with water. Timber for mines requires about a week to be thoroughly impregnated, and other wood more or less time according to its thickness. The material acquires a remarkable degree of hardness on being subjected to this process, and, it is alleged, will never rot. Beechwood had been prepared in this way for hammers and other tools for iron-works, and it is said to become as hard as oak without parting with any of its elasticity or toughness, and to last much longer than when not thus prepared.

Tasteless Cod-liver Oil.—Doctor Peuteves, in *La France Médicale*, recommends, in order to render cod-liver oil tasteless, the mixing of a tablespoonful of it intimately with the yolk of an egg, and the addition of a few drops of essence of peppermint and half a tumbler of sugared water, so as to obtain an emulsion. By this means the taste and characteristic odor of the oil are entirely covered, and the patients take it without the slightest repugnance. Besides, the oil, being thus rendered miscible with the water in all proportions, is in as complete a state of emulsion as the fats at the moment they penetrate the chyle-vessels; consequently absorption is better assured.

Black and White.—A German work on the "Play of Colors" contains some curious facts about the effects of various colors. The effect of black and white, for instance, depends a great deal on the manner in which they are brought together. Thus, a white necktie worn by a pronounced colored citizen has quite a different effect from a black tie on the snowy shirt front of a blonde young gentleman. In the former case it serves to break the uniformity, and, making a dividing line between head and neck, has something that is quite impressive in its character. But black on white has not the same effect—it is natural. Players assert that a game with black dominoes with white spots has something queer about it. Criminals were paraded in former days carrying black boards, with white, but not very flattering notices. White linen brings out black or dark clothes in full freshness; but white pantaloons worn by an African—unless he be engaged in the cheerful vocation of whitewashing—our authority contends, are by no means becoming. The contrast is too strong. A Bedouin in a white *bourrous* is the incarnation of fierceness. A black point on a white ground appears smaller than a white spot of the same size on a black ground. Obese persons generally look larger in the summer, owing to their wearing light-colored clothes. In other respects, there is something extraordinary in color itself, in accordance with the prescriptions of nature. Thus the domestic fowl lays white eggs, while wild birds always have colored ones. Yellow is the poison color, and the Colorado beetle, the wasp, serpent, etc., are of this protective shade. With the advent of the electric light, it may be added, there will probably be a new departure in colors. In the meantime the chemists of the world are busily engaged in discovering new shades, and it is no easy matter to find names for them.

Ancient Art.—In the Shetlands, old women still employ the spindle and the whorl, exactly as their ancestors employed them 1,000 years ago, the only difference being that modern whorls are far less ornate than their antique predecessors. Near Inverness a potato does duty instead of a stone or clay whorl. At Barvas, in the island of Lewis, the people manufacture hand-made pottery without a wheel, as rude as the rudest ever discovered among the relics of the stone age or in use among modern savages.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

Report is a quick traveler, but an unsafe guide.

He who talks but little may be suspected of knowing more than he says.

Opportunities are very sensitive things; if you slight them on their first visit, you seldom see them again.

Sometimes words wound more than swords.

Resignation only changes the character of our suffering, it does not remove it; it sanctifies sorrow, but it does not lessen our sense of loss.

Every one, however wise, requires the advice of some sagacious friend in the affairs of life.

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

Judgment.—Associate with men of good judgment; for judgment is found in conversation. And we make another man's judgment ours by frequenting his company.—*Fuller*.

Happiness and Wealth.—There are many men who appear to be struggling against adversity, and yet are happy; but yet more who, although abounding in wealth, are miserable.—*Tacitus*.

Cultivation.—As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind, without cultivation, can never produce good fruit.—*Seneca*.

Youth and Age.—Our youth and our manhood we owe to our country, but our declining years are due to ourselves.—*Pliny*.

Women's Influence.—The more one has to do with women, the more one learns to love them; and the more one loves them, the more one is loved again—for every true love finds its response, and the highest love is the highest wisdom.

Good Breeding.—The essence of all fine breeding is in the gift of conciliation. A man who possesses every other title to our respect except that of courtesy is in danger of forfeiting them all. A rude manner renders its owner liable to affront. He is never without dignity who avoids wounding the dignity of others.

Persevere in whatever calling you adopt. Your progress may be slow and results seemingly meager; but that is no reason for growing fainthearted. Remember how the little brook persistently winds its way to the river, and the river to the ocean—both reach their destination.

Pluck.—Whatever your sex or position, life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck, and woe be to the coward. Whether passed on a bed of sickness or in the tented field, it is ever the same fair flag, and admits of no distinction. Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men were born to succeed, not to fail.

Real Knowledge.—It is not knowledge taken passively, but knowledge conquered by labor, that is a real possession. The celebrated teacher, Doctor Arnold of Rugby, said: "I would far rather send a boy to Van Diemen's Land, where he must work for his bread, than send him to Oxford to live in luxury, without any desire in his mind to avail himself of his advantages."

Literary Conscience.—"In France," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "the first consideration for us is not whether we are amused and pleased by a work of art or mind, nor is it whether we are touched by it. What we seek above all to learn is, whether we were right in being amused with it, and in applauding it, and in being moved by it."

Dozing Life Away.—There is no time spent more stupidly than that which some luxurious people pass in the morning between sleeping and waking, after nature has been fully satisfied. He who is awake may be doing something, he who is asleep is receiving the refreshment necessary to fit him for action; but the hours spent in dozing and slumbering can hardly be called existence.

Achievement.—Culture, practice, habit, voluntary energy, and determined effort, long persisted in, end in becoming spontaneous, involuntary, almost unconscious achievement. Not without labor, but through labor, must we attain the best results. In no other way can they be reached.

SPICE BOX

An Object of Interest.—An unpaid note.

Said he, "Let us be one." And she was won.

To the query of a dentist to an applicant for a new set, as to what sort of teeth she wanted, she said: "Something that won't show the dirt."

Ambiguous Post Card.—"Dear Father: Have received the money. Thanks. More next time. Your son, Charles."

A lawsuit over a penny has been decided against the plaintiff at Rosendale, Ulster County, New York. The plaintiff will appeal to a higher court.

Mrs. Partington said of a gentleman that he laughed so heartily that she feared he would burst his jocular vein.

Smith's youngest, the first time he tasted an oyster after seeing two shells and but one fish, boldly asked for "the other half." There is a great future before this boy.

Young lady, examining some bridal veils: "Can you really recommend this one?" Over-zealous shopman: "Oh, yes, miss! It may be used several times."

A man never realizes, remarks a commercial traveler, how plentiful mustard is, and how scarce are bread and meat, until he tackles a railway refreshment-room sandwich.

"Furniture effects are creeping into costumes," says a fashion writer. We shall at once order a black wa'nut ulster with bird's-eye-maple buttons.

"You are an idiot!" angrily exclaimed a domineering wife. "So my friends said when I married you," replied the husband. And she became more infuriated than ever.

"Eugenie, Eugenie, will you still insist on wearing the hair of another woman upon your head?" "Alphonse, Alphonse, do you still insist upon wearing the skin of another calf upon your feet?"

Epigram found written on the back of a bank-note:

"A wee short while ye hae been mine,
Nae langer can I keep ye;
I hope you'll soon be back again,
An' bring anither like ye!"

Teacher.—"Suppose that you have two sticks of candy, and your big brother gives you two more, how many have you got then?"—Little boy (shaking his head): "He wouldn't do it; he ain't that kind of a boy."

A fashionable young lady was seen blacking her brother's boots the other morning, and the next day she helped to do the family washing. It is thought she is fitting herself to become the wife of an Italian count.

It being claimed by one of the sterner sex that man was made first, and lord of creation, the question was asked by an indignant beauty how long he remained lord of creation. "Till he got a wife," was the reply.

Signs of the Times.—When the old gentleman comes home and finds his daughters have got his slippers, and the easy-chair, and the evening's paper ready for him, he realizes that it is the season for "Spring Openings."

A young lady and her father were looking at a druggist who was very nicely balancing the delicate little scales on which the prescription was being weighed. "How precise! how fine! how little!" said the girl. "Yes," said the father, "but he will not do so with the bill."

The Figures and the Life.—"Yes," said a would-be artist, his eyes beaming with loving pride upon his latest creation, "yes, I draw all my figures from the life." "But," blurted out Jones, "who the deuce is it that draws the life from your figures, you know?"

What they Made.—"My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer; "the plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "A hundred dollars each, easy," was the prompt reply.

While the very young daughter of a country clergyman was playing in the garden one day, a stranger came along and inquired if her father was at home. "No," she replied, "but my mother is in the house, and she will pray with you, you poor miserable sinner."

LITERATURE

Miss Fothergill's Story.—"KITH AND KIN" opens well, and promises to more than sustain the reputation of the author's previous works, "The First Violin," "The Wellfields," and "Probation," all of which were among the most popular of Holt's "Leisure-Hour" series.

A RUSSIAN EASTER IDYLL is one of the attractions of the present number, by Mrs. Augusta De Bubna.

Home Art and Home Comfort.—Under this head we have commenced a department of Decorative Art in the Household, by Miss S. H. Ward, a graduate of the Kensington School, one of the early and most efficient promoters of the Ladies' Decorative Art Society in this city, and now a teacher in the school, and member of the Ladies' Art Association of New York.

Miss Ward is thoroughly equipped for her work, and brings to it a true appreciation of the place it occupies, as well as the conscientious spirit which lies at the foundation of all real achievement. Our young lady readers will, in the new department, find suggestive material for their own efforts in this now popular direction, and as our intention has been principally in their behalf, we hope it will be productive to them of good and useful results.

Our Correspondence Club, which has been devoted to technical information concerning decorative and industrial art, will be merged in the new department.

How a Famous Poem was Written.—It is said of Mr. Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia," that he repeats Greek as readily as one might Shakespeare. Neither he nor his publisher had much expectation that his famous book would make much of a stir. A correspondent describes as follows the circumstances under which it was written: Mr. Arnold, in the midst of his editorial labors, for the relief of his imagination and to gratify his love of art, determined to make the life of Prince Gautama of India, the founder of Buddhism, the subject of an epic poem, and went about it so quietly that no one, even within the circle of his own family, was aware of his undertaking until it had been partly completed. It was begun in September, 1878, and the finished epic, in eight books, was put into the hands of the printer, published, and in the market by July, 1879—the work of the busiest editor in England. When once the poem had been begun, it almost wrote itself, and in reading it one catches the vivid energy of the writer as he marched onward upon the wings of his imagination.

"Young Folks' Cyclopaedia of Persons and Places."—An excellent work of nearly a thousand pages has recently been issued under the above title by Henry Holt & Co., of 12 East 23d Street. Within its limits it is not only the best work of the kind in existence, but the only one that has put into compact form the facts in regard to places and persons which boys and girls are most likely to desire to know all about, and of which they ought to be informed. The volume is well and fully, though not expensively, illustrated. In fact the whole book has been gotten up in the most intelligent and thoughtful manner, with a view to quicken a thirst for knowledge in regard to what is best worth knowing, and presents a clear and just idea of the sort of places and persons most talked of, and which come more particularly within the range of a child's reading and study. The picture giving comparative heights of the most famous structures in the world, is an example of the plan of putting much in little, yet rendering the facts and ideas clear to the feeblest comprehension. The Crater of Mount Vesuvius, and Bay and City of Naples, give a true conception of these objects, though necessarily an inadequate one; but the most interesting, perhaps, of the pictures is the frontispiece, which gives the site of the Olympian games, with the buildings restored.

The text of the work is further illustrated with maps, and there is a very successful attempt to furnish the correct orthoepy of proper and foreign names, as far as could be reached by simple lettering. The cost of the work is \$3.50, an amazingly low price considering the mass of valuable matter, and the handsome and useful form. As an addition to young people's libraries it is invaluable, and worth tons of lectures and sermons against pernicious reading, for this does just what is needed—fills the place with something better and more interesting.

"Familiar Talks on English Literature."—Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co., of Chicago, are the publishers of one of the most interesting and important books upon the always interesting, yet not very well understood topic of English literature, which has yet been issued from any press. Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson brings a thorough love for, as well as understanding of her subject, to the study of which she has devoted many years, and with which she has been associated in her lectures before schools and other audiences. But as the author remarks in her preface, this volume must not be taken as a collection of mere reports of these lectures. It is more the crystallization of knowledge and thought upon the subject, presented with a unity and completeness within the limits, which will be best understood by quoting the author's own words:

"I want you," she says, "to picture in your imagination this stream of thought, like a great river, flowing down through hundreds of years, bearing in its bosom so much to fertilize and enrich the age in which we live, and bearing onward to the future all that is noblest and greatest from our own time. * * * And if you can feel how interesting to you is the knowledge of the books that keep a record of this thought, written in our English speech from earliest days, and how important it is for you to know something about it, we can begin together, with real interest and sympathy, these Talks on English Literature."

There are fifty-nine "Talks" in all, and these are preceded by a summary of English literature prior to Chaucer, from 449 to 1300. Talk first tells how the English people came to Britain; second, how letters and learning came to England; third, on the beginnings of a national literature, and so on down through poets and novelists to Shakespeare and the "Lake" school of poets, as it is called, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and others. The work is admirable, and most timely as a text-book for literary societies, and especially for girls' reading societies. It might, perhaps, be deemed too easy and too familiar for schools, although we sympathize with the author in her dislike of the tombstone and graveyard style of text-books, which bury authors, and label them, rather than excite a desire to know more of them. Mrs. Richardson's style is simple, flowing, and delightful, and the motto of her work embodies its purpose: "In literature we have present and prepared to form us, the best which has been taught and said in the world. Our business is to get at this best, and to know it well."—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"Wedding Etiquette."—Not satisfied with the issue of a beautiful volume on the Art of Correspondence, the enterprising stationers Dempsey & Carroll have issued a dainty little volume which contains the whole art of weddings and wedding etiquette, church weddings, at-home weddings, anniversary weddings, from the "wooden" wedding of five years to the "diamond" wedding of seventy-five, and inclusive of the "golden" wedding at fifty, and the "crown" wedding at sixty-five. Of course all the latest forms of invitation are given, and these are models of simplicity and elegance. There are also thirty-six notices of weddings celebrated in different styles, giving some details of each, which are of suggestive value to those who have weddings in prospect, and want to make them events of interest. The forms of invitation are not confined to weddings, they include invitations, receptions, teas, and to meet distinguished people. The cost is one dollar and fifty cents, and it is for sale only by Messrs. Dempsey & Carroll, 46 East 14th Street.

"Ye last Sweet Thing in Corners, or Ye Artist's Vendetta."—This is a very clever little satire on the "Art" craze, on would-be critics, and the real ignorance in regard to art in the midst of unlimited talk and pretense. It is a little "rough," but, possibly, not too much so for the provocation, and it is vigorous and witty from the first pages to the last. The final solution to the difficulties is an inspiration. The monogram, we presume, stands for Florence I. Duncan, and this little brochure, though it makes no pretensions to greatness, is sufficient to establish her claim to the possession of that humorous faculty which is said to be so rare among women. As a parlor play it furnishes an admirable resource for evenings in the country and for young people's literary societies.

"The Magazine of Art."—The recent numbers of this popular periodical do full justice to the promise made by its publishers, Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, on its enlargement. The range of subjects is wider, the work is finer in many respects, and its tone strictly maintained. The reproduction of the Gates of Baptistry, by Ghiberti, a chapter on Indian Pietra Dura Work, an

engraved copy of Ghirtoni's "A Charge of Witchcraft," Teulbach's "In the Forest," and Sir Frederick Leighton's "Elijah," all within the covers of one number, with valuable chapters on "Art in Florence," and kindred topics, will show what we mean, and how well worthy the periodical is of the patronage it has received.

The "Art Interchange" edited by Mrs. McCready Harris (Hope Ledyard), is an excellent little periodical for those who wish to keep informed on the progress of decorative art work. It has greatly improved under this lady's experienced guidance.

Dr. Young, author of "Night Thoughts," was one of the few infant prodigies who have made a mark in after-life. At two years of age he could read; at four, could recite by heart numerous Latin and English poems, though not understanding a word of the first named, and at fourteen, knew Greek, French, Latin, Hebrew, Persian, and Arabic. On reaching man's estate, was a most accomplished linguist, brilliant mathematician, skillful botanist, excellent musician, neat turner, and daring circus-rider.

Characters in Endymion.—The characters in "Endymion," and the persons they are supposed to represent, are as follows: Sidney Wilton, Sidney (Lord) Herbert; Endymion Ferrars, Benjamin Disraeli; Agrippina, Queen Hortense; Florestan, Louis Napoleon; Lord Roehampton, Lord Palmerston; Count of Ferroll, Prince Bismarck; Nigel Penruddocke, Cardinal Manning; Mr. Vigo, Poole, the tailor; Baron Neuchatel, Baron Rothschild; Dr. Comely, Bishop Wilberforce; Job Thornberry, Richard Cobden; Hortensius, Gladstone; St. Barbe, Thackeray; Gushy, Dickens; Bertie Tremaine, Lord Houghton; Mr. Jarrocks, Milner Gibson; Lord Melbourne, Lord Montfort; Lady Montfort, Countess of Beaconsfield; Zenobia, Lady Holland; Lord Waldershare, Lord Strangford; Duke of St. Angelo, Duc de Morney.

Hubbub.—A lady friend of Miss Emma C. Currier wrote from New England and suggested "Hubbub" as the title of her forthcoming novel. But Miss Currier rather preferred another title, and her publishers suggested a third. She hesitated. Each was appropriate. The three titles were written upon three narrow slips of paper, and it was agreed that Miss C. should draw one, and that one should be the title. She drew "Hubbub." The oddest part of this incident is that the friend suggested "Hubbub" because she dreamed that the book appeared with that title.

A Valuable Autograph Book.—The Autograph Book of the Royal Society is extremely valuable and interesting. It is headed by the royal arms and autograph of Charles II., Founder, January 9th, 1644. As one turns the leaves, the eye is continually being arrested by names glorious to the people of England: Boyle, Wallis, Wren, Hooke, Newton, Evelyn, Pepys, Norfolk, besides autographs of successive kings and queens, as well as sovereigns of foreign countries. Twenty-one pages are occupied by the autographs of fellows, and as these represent men of science from all Europe, the volume becomes of greater value and interest annually.

The Domestic Problem.—This very thoughtful and very suggestive little book, by Mrs. A. M. Diaz, deals with many of the difficulties which are encountered every day by women, and if it does not actually apply remedies to them, it talks about them in such plain and sensible fashion that they seem to be half removed. Mrs. Diaz is one of those people who are a law unto themselves, and do not believe in dancing slavish attendance on Mrs. Grundy. She would have every woman formulate her own life, and act and speak honestly and truthfully, according to the best she knows, without reference to what her neighbor would do under the same circumstances. She is particularly emphatic on the food question, and every housekeeper in the country would find it useful to read, and induce her husband to read, the last chapter, wherein the "writer faces her own music." The "View of the Situation," and its "Causes," are also well worth attention, and the suggestive chapters on the "Sewing Circle," "Kindling Wood," and the "supplementary" portion, including the papers contained in the "Schoolmaster's Trunk." The work is fragmentary, and more valuable for its bright, terse, suggestive style of throwing out ideas, than as a sustained, or scientific elucidation of the problem it attacks; but it is good reading for women's sewing circles and literary societies, and furnishes useful hints for men too, if they could be induced to take them into consideration, for it is they who represent the "pie" question.

Christmas Card Competition.—The popularity of the second Christmas Card Competition offered by Prang leaves no question but that it is stimulating a good deal of hitherto latent decorative talent throughout the country. There is no doubt but that the larger number of the competitors are women, and out of the four awards two were given to women, Miss Dora Wheeler and Miss Rosina Emmet taking the second and fourth prizes. Looking at the question from every standpoint, it is by no means certain that these ladies should not have led the list. The judges, Samuel Colman, John Lafarge, and Stanford White, evidently considered the cards from a purely artistic standpoint. The fact that this was a competition of Christmas Cards, it seems, should have entered into their deliberations. Mr. Vedder's design, which took the first prize, is the figure of a woman, classic in face and drapery, from whose head extend Medusa-like folds of ribbon, whose signification does not appear. In one corner is a scroll with the date 1882. Below is the inscription, "Thy wish wish I for thee in every place." The border is an arrangement of leaves in green, blue, and brown tones, corresponding with the drapery and coloring of the figure. This coloring is peculiar, characteristic of Mr. Vedder's work, and very agreeable. With the exception, however, of the sentiment below, there is nothing which connects it with the occasion of the competition. Mr. C. C. Colman's design, which took the third prize, has even less significance. It consists of an agreeable arrangement of bric-a-brac on a table, with a branch of cherry blossoms against a gold background, and above a window of Mr. Tiffany's opaline glass. The work is beautifully executed, and the textures perfectly rendered. But that scarcely seems to be enough to carry off a prize of \$300, which the judges thought worthy to be increased to \$500. Miss Wheeler's design refers to the religious aspect of the Christmas season. Three female figures, clad in long green robes, with floating hair of reddish gold, are blowing trumpets with a sort of ecstasy, and looking toward one corner, in which are the symbolic star and shepherd's crook. The border is a beautiful arrangement of pink and salmon tints representing stamped leather, and combines delightfully with the green of the figures. Miss Emmet regards the human side of the Christmastide, and makes the universal appeal to our sympathies. A mother standing under the the Christmas wreaths lifts to her lips her little babe. This it seems is the true signification of the Christmas season, and in this alone Miss Emmet deserves congratulation. The color corresponds somewhat to Miss Wheeler's, in which the tones vary between greens and pinks, but are even more tenderly opalescent.

Aside from the awards, the exhibition will doubtless result in the sale of many more of the designs, and in other respects will call attention to decorative skill, which can be utilized in other industries, and thus open new avenues to the many who are now pursuing that branch of art.

M. G. H.

Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. will issue a series of new and original volumes on subjects of widespread interest, to be published under the title of "Cassell's Popular Library." The first volume of the series, entitled "History of the Free Trade movement in England," by Augustus Mengredie, will be published early in March, and will be followed by "Lives of the Covenanters," "Boswell & Johnson," "The life of Wesley," "Domestic Folk Lore," and "American Humorists."

Reminiscences of Dr. Spurzheim and George Combe.—A Review of the Science of Phrenology from the Time of its Discovery by Dr. Gall, to the Time of the Visit of George Combe to the United States, in 1838-40, with a new Portrait of Spurzheim. By Nahum Capen, LL D. While the title of this work is sufficiently full to give the reader an impression of its general character, it should be said that the author, Dr. Capen, was himself a personal friend and confidential assistant and adviser of the great advocate of Phrenology during his visit to this country. The volume has been written in response to popular demand, there being little or nothing in print relating to the career of Spurzheim, or available to the general reader, who is not versed in the old periodical literature of Phrenology. Dr. Capen is peculiarly qualified to prepare such a work, and by so doing, has aided greatly toward completing biographical data touching the great apostles of Phrenology; especially Drs. Gall, Spurzheim, and Andrew Combe, and George Combe, the last being generally acknowledged one of the most eminent men in modern literature.

"The easiest way in Cooking, and Housekeeping"—Of cook books there never will be any end, for every housekeeper thinks she could compile one, in-

comparably superior to any that are already in existence; and as cooking has now become an art, to be taught in twelve easy lessons, every teacher of every cooking school will feel qualified to print her receipts and methods for the benefit of a larger public.

Helen Campbell the author of the latest of these treatises, has had an experience which justifies her, however, in considering a manual from her pen of more than ordinary interest. She has been a practical housekeeper as well as taught cooking schools, and classes; and she begins, as most writers on home-living and home-life do begin, by laying down rules for its situation and arrangement, which may or may not be within the housekeeper's possibilities, and the good result of which may be all upset by the carelessness, ignorance, or indifference of a next-door neighbor. The author next discusses drainage, and water supply—how to go through the day's work, and then washing and cleaning in general. Some of her directions are excellent, but we object to the washing of flannels in "hot" water. Either the water should be poured over them boiling, and allowed to cool, or it should be no more than tepid, or new-milk warm, when the articles are put in to wash; and it should also be prepared, by putting in a piece of crude borax, and good clean soap reduced to a jelly. There is some scientific padding in regard to "the body, and its composition," "food, and its laws," and the like, but at last we get to the receipts, and of these, though not particularly new, there are some that we shall have the pleasure of giving to our readers through the "Kitchen" department next month. Fords, Howard, and Hulbert are the publishers.

The Lost Casket.—This is the latest of the series of French novels published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 182 Fifth Avenue, and has been translated by S. Lee from "La Main Coupée" of F. de Boisgobey. It is a good example of the new style of novel and play, which selects some striking incident, and works it up to a climax, toward which every incident, every scene, every character, almost every word that is uttered, tends, and from which the thought, the attention, the interest, is never for one moment turned or distracted. This within its limits makes of a novel a work of art, or mechanism, and it rises to the latter in proportion to the genius with which the characters are created and developed into force, or originality, and the skill with which the plot is woven, and the various figures grouped and distributed in it. "The Lost Casket" is not specially original in idea, but it is very clever, and its motive is at least unusual, while the plot is developed with exceeding subtlety, and nicety; the materials used being skillfully concealed, or cleared up as the story goes along, so that there are no loose ends, and the finale being inevitable, is not an unsatisfactory one. "The Lost Casket" is in paper cover, therefore not expensive, and a capital book for country reading.

"What Girls Can Do," is a useful work recently issued by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, publishers, to whom we are indebted for the "Magazine of Art," and so much that has tended to refine and educate an intelligent class intensely appreciative of whatever teaches them how to know and what to do. The book in question, the author of which is "Phillis Browne," has been written for English girls by an English woman, but it is just as applicable to the majority of American girls, and is valuable not because it is new, but because it formulates and recommends the exercise of faculty in the performance of ordinary domestic duties, such as are too often neglected in the search after what is supposed to be higher and greater. The contents are well divided into work for "Duty," work for "Pleasure," and work for "Necessity," and under the former head we find domestic work in the laundry and kitchen, cooking, marketing, dress-making, nursing, studying, the care of the person, and the care of the health, also charitable work. Under the head of "Work for Pleasure," is reading, gardening, painting, decorative needle-work, and the like. Under the third head, "Works of Necessity," is brought literary and artistic work, teaching, nursing, women doctors, and what the author calls "Le Petite Culture," which means the cultivation of poultry and dairy products on a small scale, and farming in miniature, which is a sensible idea, already acted upon, to a considerable extent, by women in this country, who are able to work upon an independent basis, as our readers know. Mrs. Browne sees in this culture by wives and daughters of English farmers, some mitigation of the evils that threaten agricultural interests in England; but there is no reason why, in this country, scientific knowledge should not be utilized by women sufficiently to supply every community with fresh eggs in winter as well as summer. Women

make shirts for six cents each, while eggs are sixty cents per dozen, and plenty of ground lying idle upon which the hens could roost and root, were the conditions made favorable to them. We recommend "What Girls can Do" to the mothers and daughters for whom the work is intended, for it will be found at least suggestive, though we object to the long recipe for taking out scorch from linen, except when sunshine is not obtainable. Exposure to the hot rays of the sun will take the worst scorch out of linen while it is fresh.

"Diary of a Minister's Wife" has been issued in parts, with pink paper covers, by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., Rose Street, New York, the publishers of "A Bad Boy's Diary." We cannot see the use of either, as they are mere exaggerations of commonplace incidents which would have no interest for any one beyond those who participated in them, even if they were facts. The treatment of country ministers is a question to be settled by the country minister. So long as so many are ready and waiting for any opportunity to serve without salary, and be tortured and abused into the bargain, congregations will abuse them. Let the minister not sink his manhood in his calling, and if he cannot find a living in the ministry without doing so, frankly tell his congregation the truth, and go to chopping wood or farming, anything that will enable him to preserve his self-respect.

A Life of John Howard Raymond, the first president of Vassar College, has been written by his eldest daughter, Mrs. Harlan P. Lloyd, of Cincinnati, and will be published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Dr. Raymond's services in the cause of women's education have given lasting interest to his active life and useful work.

Mrs. Sarah G. Young's pamphlet, "European Modes of Living; or, The Question of Apartment Houses (French Flats)," published by Putnam's Sons, is an earnest protest against the system prevalent in New York of building apartment houses with three or four central dark rooms. It is also a plea for the European house and courtyard system, in which all the rooms are lighted by the sun. Plans of such houses are given.

Mr. Gladstone is said to have one faculty in supernatural degree—that of mastering the contents of a book by glancing through its pages. A friend says of him that he can master any average book in a quarter of an hour. He has a sort of instinct which leads him straight to its salient points, and after a quarter of an hour's study he will be able to tell more about it, and to argue more conclusively on its thesis, than the average reader who begins with the preface and reads through to the last page.

Miss Alcott's "Little Women" has been published in Paris under the title "Les Quatre Filles du Dr. Marsch." It has captivated the French critics, one of whom says it is a rare book, that appeals to the imagination and the heart, and is agreeable and healthy food for young minds.

"A Treatise on Modeling in Clay," by Sarah R. Hartley, a sister of J. S. Hartley, the sculptor, will be published in the spring by Duncan & Hall.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor is busily engaged in translating the prose works of her late husband into German. Mr. Taylor, not without honor in his own country, ranked high in Europe, and his reputation as a poet is fixed. It is said no one ever approached him in English as a translator of "Faust."

The News Comes from Paris that the ex-Empress Eugenie has nearly finished a history of the life and death of the Prince Imperial. It is her purpose to publish the volume as soon as she becomes settled in her new residence at Farnborough. She also intends to publish the daily notes of the Emperor written during his reign, in collecting which she has been assisted by M. Rouher.

Edward Garret, author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," has lately been engaged upon a new work of considerable importance and interest to the heads of Christian households. This work, which is appearing every month in the *Quiver*, is entitled "The Family Council," and, in the form of conversations on the leading events of family life (such as the training of children, the choice of a calling, the marriage of sons and daughters, etc.), conveys a great deal of valuable practical advice in an attractive shape.

M. Zola says:—"Add literature to your journalism," and M. Higginson says:—"Add journalism to your literature."

Dr. Bühler, a German Sanskrit scholar, has returned to Europe with a collection of manuscripts which he has been eighteen years collecting.

"Octave Thanet," an American magazine writer, is Miss Alice French, of Davenport, Iowa.

Miss Braddon is said to receive a larger income from her books than any other English novelist.

Miss Elaine Goodale has written "The Journal of a Farmer's Daughter," a prose picture of life in the Berkshire Hills.

Prof. Darwin, who is past seventy, has been confined to his bed, but he is yet able to read and prosecute his researches, working in the morning from five to ten o'clock.

Prof. H. H. Boyesen, of New York, has been engaged to deliver a course of lectures on the "Saga Literature of the North," before the Lowell Institute, Boston.

Mr. Edward Strahan, of Philadelphia, is writing a book on "The Seven Wonders of the World." It is time to revise the old list of wonders or to enlarge it.

But She isn't Fit to Vote!—Mrs. Martha J. Lamb has finished her "History of the City of New York," on which she has been at work for fourteen years.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson has written a book entitled "A Century of Dishonor."

Elaine Goodale's new book, "The Journal of a Farmer's Daughter," consists of a series of studies of farm life in the Berkshire hills. The work is likely to be notable as an interpretation of pastoral life in those aspects which specially impress a sensitively poetic but perfectly healthful young mind.

Miss Kate Hillard's course of lectures upon the English poets, at Mrs. Anna Randall-Diehl's Conservatory of Elocution, have attracted great attention, and are said to be a complete education in English literature.

Miss Kate Field is at work on "Dramatic Biographies," to be brought out by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. Miss Field will write that of Rachel, Ristori and Fletcher.

Mrs. A. L. Quinby, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has commenced the publication of an eight-page monthly called the *Egis*—"Woman's armor of defense." It is on good paper, and in clean type. Price, one dollar a year. We have seen one number.

"Familiar Talks on English Literature" is by Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, whose lectures on this subject have interested the public widely. It is a history of English literature from its earliest beginning nearly to the present time, told in a clear and attractive style, with a view, especially, of interesting young people.

A Timely Work.—Sarah G. Young has prepared a careful little pamphlet on "European Modes of Living; or, the Question of Apartment Houses (French Flats)." The subject is studied in both its architectural and its hygienic aspects, and the text is illustrated with floor plans of some Parisian apartment houses which suggest methods of design and construction suited to New York's needs.

Good Words.

A LADY of reputation and a valued contributor writes: "I think all your readers must thank you for your selection of 'Kith and Kin' for the Magazine. It is a delightful story so far, and promises something brilliant in its future. You will let me add also, I trust, my great appreciation of the *In Memoriam* article on 'George Eliot,' which I read with the greatest pleasure.

"J. M."

ANOTHER correspondent writes: "I want to say a few words of how much I think of your Magazine. I get so much information from it, and enjoy the stories so much, that I shall never be without it as long as I can subscribe for it. I think it is the best magazine printed.

"CLARA EVERETT."

A WELL-KNOWN literary woman says: "The January number of your Magazine has just reached me. What a perfectly exquisite book it is! I am proud to 'belong' to the contributors of such a Magazine!"

A SUBSCRIBER writes: "We have received our Magazine again after having been without it three years. How like an old friend it looks. I feel like thanking each one of its editors and contributors separately and individually. Neighbors used to borrow my book from a long distance off, but I shall lend it no more; it seems too precious. You may depend upon me as a subscriber always.

J. R. O."

"Miss.

"DEAR DEMAREST: I have been a silent subscriber of your excellent Magazine for only two years; but if I had known and could have appreciated its value as I now do, I would not for any consideration have been without it. It has indeed been a great help to me in my far-away home in Miss., and I shall not fail to recommend it to my friends. I have been especially interested in the charming story, 'Seed-Time and Harvest.'

"K. W."

Take Care of the Coin.

We have recently received many letters containing coin, in payment for subscriptions or goods, the envelopes of which were of so poor a quality as to be inadequate to stand the transit in the mail, and the coins were found loose in the post-office or mail-bag, and some were partly deficient in the amount inclosed. Persons remitting coin by mail should see that it is properly enveloped.

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