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VICTORIA

A WOMAN'S STATUE.

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

III.—MARBLE.

IT was a charming place, full of home-like ease and comfort, and the sweet influences some women diffuse as unconsciously as a flower its perfume. In one room a substantial supper-table was surrounded by hungry-looking gentlemen, whose picturesque shabbiness stamped them all as artists. The *salon*, full of rich, quaint, or beautiful objects, was still further adorned by groups of women, young and old, plainly dressed, but with the earnest look of persons doing and daring much to carry out some chosen purpose; a look which beautifies the plainest face, for earnest living always ennobles.

The third room was a studio, the walls of which were lined with such a variety of paintings, that it was evident no single hand had produced them. Many pieces of statuary stood about, none bearing the unmistakable marks of genius, however, except one statue standing apart in an alcove, and one picture hanging over it.

Two men were looking at this fine figure, with the ideally beautiful face hinted rather than carved, for the head was still unfinished.

"Why does she delay, when it needs so little to make this splendid piece of work perfect?" asked the younger man, with genuine admiration and irrepressible envy in his face, distinguished sculptor though he was.

"Because Victoria values love and gratitude more than fame and fortune. She is so busy helping others win small successes, that she has no time to secure the great ones waiting for her," answered the other man in a tone that made the hearer wince, as if conscious that his own ambitions suffered by comparison with hers.

"That is very noble! Tell me more about her before we meet again. Your letters are

so brief they never tell me half enough. Yet I have no right to demand more," and Albany sighed, remembering the English wife who had chained him to her side so long.

Hurst pitied him, and dropping the satirical undertone that wounded his friend, generously told what he alone could tell, unconsciously betraying how proud and happy this task made him.

"You know how faithfully she did her hard duty, how patiently she waited for your return as her reward, how bravely she bore the bitter disappointment, for contempt killed love, and pride made her strong. What you do not know is the life she has led for the last ten years. I could not let her pine in solitude there in Rome, but persuaded her to come to Paris, where one is forced to work, and finds it impossible to resist the charms of society."

"Beautiful and brilliant as she was, it must have been a dangerous experiment for you, old friend," said Albany with a smile, as he glanced at the gray head and plain face beside him.

"I did not think of myself, but of her," he answered simply, with a look that made the other redden. "I was not disappointed in my hope, but surprised at the task she gave herself to. Shunning the gay world, as if for her it had too dangerous a charm, she worked at her art till she attracted to her the best of our guild, making a little world of her own. Her benevolence unconsciously widened it till it embraced the poor, the young, the unfortunate, the aspiring who come to suffer, hope, strive, and despair, or succeed here in this city of tragedy and comedy. If these faulty pictures and statues could speak, they would tell an eloquent story of effort encouraged, virtue cherished, poverty lightened, and talent kindly fostered, without hope of reward or thought of praise."

As Hurst paused, he pointed from the walls of the studio to the *salon* beyond, where these weary, homeless artists gathered for rest, good cheer, and the social influences so many of them suffered for in the lonely studios of Paris.

"Such a life would be impossible for any but a very noble woman. And you are happy to have been allowed to share it with her," said Albany, trying to speak heartily, yet bitterly envying the loyal heart whose faithfulness had made friendship almost as sweet as love.

"I am happy, and still hope to be supremely so," answered Hurst, with a glow that transfigured his rugged face. "She is noble; look and see if that is not a creature to love and trust and honor like a patron saint, as these young people do," he added, as the group fell apart, leaving visible the person who had attracted them all about her like a household fire.

A woman of forty, very simply dressed in black, with no ornament but the nosegay of odorous violets some loving soul had brought her, stood there bidding a guest good-night. Youth was gone, but in its place was the imperishable charm experience brings to those who discover the true significance of life. The wise, sweet look of one who has learned to suffer and submit. The repose of a spirit strong yet humble, glad to live because it knows how to make life happy, fit to die because the faith that sustains it is immortal. Silver threads shone in the dark hair, lines were on the serene forehead, and the shadow of pain or weariness sometimes dimmed for a moment the brave, bright expression this face always wore. But Victoria at forty was more beautiful than in her prime, for the stern yet salutary lessons the last ten years had brought her had refined both countenance and heart, till the one was pure as marble.

other tender as a mother's for all the sins and sorrows of this weary world.

Both men looked long and in silence.

"If I had only waited and been true!" thought the man who had loved and left her, with a regretful pang.

"I have not waited in vain if that smile is for me," said the other to himself, as his eye met a glance from Victoria, full of affectionate confidence and respect.

"The expression she desired for her statue is on her own face now. A lovely look, and yet it troubles me, it is so like the peace one sees only on faces when they wait for death and are not afraid," said Albany half aloud, for his trained eye was quick to see lines of suffering which had escaped Hurst, familiar as he was with that beloved face.

"Only a fancy—she is tired—they ask too much of her, and she forgets herself. Wait a little, they are going, then she will come to us and rest."

Hurst spoke quickly, and shrunk as if the words his friend spoke touched some hidden fear of his own. Then they stood for a few moments watching their hostess as her guests took leave, and, as he looked, Albany saw her give a smile to each so cordial that it was like sunshine; he heard her speak to them so wisely, so kindly, that each felt the balm of sympathy; he recognized her power over these ardent young men and aspiring women, and learned how much she had done for them; for Hurst, in rapid, graphic sentences, poured into his ear the history of many of those who lingered beside this beautiful woman with the maternal face, the generous hand, the beneficent heart.

She came to them at last, as calm and frank in manner as when she greeted Albany on his arrival, and even jealous Hurst could see no trace of pain or regret as she welcomed again this old lover after years of absence.

"I am reproaching you for not finishing this fine work and letting the world admire it as I do," said Albany, taking refuge in the safe subject of the statue, as he was ill at ease in the presence of these two.

"I am tired of marble and have been trying to work in a more precious material," answered Victoria with a tranquil smile, adding, as her face grew serious, and a gesture explained her words, "These are my statues, and I find the task of helping to mold and perfect them so absorbing that any other form of art seems selfish, poor, and cold beside it."

She spoke humbly, but if Albany had any doubt of her success, he would have been beautifully answered by the grateful and affectionate faces that turned to look their last at her with glances that softened and brightened each like a flash of sunshine.

"I know, I have heard of this, and I feel how much nobler your art is than mine; how much greater the genius that shapes human lives than the talent that only molds clay and chisels stone," and Albany bowed to her as to a master, while admiration, love, and reverence met and mingled in the look he gave her.

"Nearly two years spent in watching the and painful liberation of a penitent soul

from a suffering body was too deep an experience to be forgotten; and, when my duty was done, I found art would not satisfy my hungry heart nor fill my empty arms, so I took in these needy comrades and learned to be happy serving them. Owen helped me, and I am content, though I have given no great work to the world."

There was something sweet yet solemn in Victoria's expression as she spoke and laid her hand on Hurst's arm, as if accustomed to lean on this support which never failed her.

"I was less patient, wise, and strong; and now, though the world applauds me, and I seem successful, I know that I am a failure, and each year find life more wearisome. I blindly left the friend who would have been my guide and inspiration, now it is too late to go back and undo my folly."

Intense regret sounded sharp and bitter in Albany's words, and he turned away to hide the pain he could not control; but Hurst held the slender hand fast, as if eager to claim it, and prouder of its touch than if it made a knight of him.

Victoria saw the look, felt the remorse, and following a sudden impulse resolved to say now what she had thought to keep secret a little longer. The pain of one friend would be diverted from past wrong to present pity, and the hope of the other would no longer be fed in vain.

"I have something to tell, and to ask of you both; come and listen, for we may never be together again as in the old times when we were comrades in Rome," she said cheerfully, leading the way to a group of seats close by, and beckoning them to places beside her.

They followed, and sat looking at her, vaguely feeling that some crisis was at hand, but glad to look and listen in the still, bright room, with the beautiful marble face smiling down at them as if the woman who spoke were already transfigured there.

"I meant to tell this only to Owen, and not so soon, so abruptly; but I am not as strong as I thought myself, and the sight of these familiar faces makes me long for sympathy and find it hard to keep silent." She began with a slight tremor in her voice, as she looked with eyes suddenly grown dim from one friend to the other.

"Tell us, what shall we do for you?" cried both, involuntarily leaning nearer as if to protect her from some unknown harm.

"Help me to die bravely, for my days are numbered, and life is very sweet," she answered, with a hand outstretched to each, and a wistful yet submissive look that made their hearts stand still with fear and pity.

She gave them no time to question, but in a few rapid words told the hard truth, seeming to find courage as she shared the burden that oppressed her.

"My father bequeathed me his malady as well as his talent, and I have known it for a year, but I hoped to work on and accomplish more before the summons came. I want to finish one statue, and leave one evidence behind me of my skill, not for my own honor but for his. Seeing you, Max, seems to rouse the old ambition, and I shall try to put these last touches to my woman; if I cannot

will you promise me to do it? No one can so well, and for my sake I think you will find time in your busy, brilliant life for this little labor of love."

"I will, so gladly, so proudly, if I must; but you will be here to finish it I know; this is not true, we cannot let you die," cried Albany in despair, for he felt what he tried not to believe.

Hurst sat dumb, his face grown years older in a moment, for in losing Victoria he lost all.

"I am not mistaken. I have seen the wisest men, and they have told me the truth. A few months more are left me, and I have much to do. Keep my secret for a little while, and help me to be ready for the end."

"We will!" they answered solemnly. Then Albany bowed his head upon his hands, unmanned for the moment; but Hurst forgot himself, and when she turned to him the brave face looked back at her steady, strong, and tender, in spite of the despair at his heart.

"Faithful friend, you never fail me!" she said, holding fast the hand that was ready to sustain her even through the valley of the shadow.

For an hour they talked together as men and women talk when confronted with the stern realities of life; those rare and memorable moments when strong emotion loosens the tongue, unbars the heart, and sets human beings face to face without disguise. Albany needed comfort most, for he had no store of sweet memories to console and strengthen him, and Victoria forgot to pity herself in compassion for him. Hurst was like a man who suddenly sees an end to a long-cherished hope, and accepts the inevitable with dignity and courage.

When they went at last, both looked back for a parting glance, as the others had done, at the beloved mistress of this home for the homeless, and saw her standing in the soft glow of the lamps serene again, smiling at them so cheerfully that it was impossible to believe that such a life must end so soon.

But it did end sooner even than they thought, for Victoria had lived so long for others she could not leave any duty undone, and hastened to set her house in order without delay. When all else was done she finished her statue, working with the old ardor while her strength lasted, and refusing to give over in spite of Hurst's entreaties and Albany's desire to have a hand in this masterly work.

"You may name it for me, and say a good word for it if Hurst chooses to let others see it. I give it to him, a very poor return for all these years of tender friendship," she said, as she laid down her tools and folded the hands now grown too weak to wield them.

"He asked for love and you give him a stone. Poor Hurst!" answered Albany, with a sympathetic glance at Owen, who was carefully blowing away the fine dust from the waves of hair upon the marble forehead.

"No, happy Hurst, for instead of a feeble, faulty woman he has an imperishable image of a far finer creature than I can ever be. I finished it for him, and put my heart into the work. It is well there was so little to do, because the old fever came back, the old dreams

haunted me, and I felt as I used to feel when an ambitious girl."

Victoria spoke as if to herself, leaning back upon her couch weary yet happy, looking like one glad to rest after a long and arduous pilgrimage.

"A great artist was spoilt when you gave up your dreams and laid down your chisel. Did the sacrifice cost you nothing?" asked Albany, feeling how impossible it was for him to do likewise, much as he admired her devotion.

"It cost me twelve years and the love of my life. But I do not regret the loss, for, though the artist is spoilt, the woman is saved. That statue is all I leave behind to do me honor; but in the hearts of those who love me is a memory I value more than the world's praise, so I am content, and when I meet my father I can truly say, 'I have done my best to keep the promise I made you.'"

She looked up at the picture which always hung before her as she worked, and an expression brighter than a smile passed over her face, as if some voice inaudible to other ears answered her with words of tender commendation. Seeing how wan and weary she was, Hurst softly laid a cushion underneath her head, begging her to rest. Like a docile child she thanked him and obeyed, giving Albany her hand as he said good-by; but as he lingered at the door loath to go, he saw her draw Hurst's rough head down, and kiss him with a silent tenderness more eloquent than the sweetest words.

"Come in an hour and wake me, I shall be rested then; and I love to be with you while I can," she said, laying her cheek upon the pillow he had smoothed for her.

"I will come. Sleep, my dearest, nothing shall disturb you."

Hurst's voice was soft and steady, but as he left the room he groped like a blind man, with eyes too dim for seeing, and his friend had no words of comfort for the grief he saw in that haggard face.

Victoria rested well after twenty years of patient pain and effort, so well that when her lover went to call her he found her lying there beautiful and white, and cold as the pale statue looking down upon the rapture of repose which makes dead faces lovely when the end is peace. Her work was done, her probation over, her hard-won reward bestowed, for those who loved her felt the inspiration of her life even while they mourned her death; and for years in many striving, aspiring souls her memory was a talisman against temptation, a consolation in hours of trial.

This was the success she chose, and this was hers, for the beauty that might have been a snare made virtue lovely; the talent that might have rendered the womanly heart hard and selfish was sacrificed to a higher art, and the life that was full of effort, disappointment, solitude, and pain for her, was help, sunshine, courage, and devotion for others.

As she lay dead in the home that had been the refuge for so many, those who came to look their last found that some hand had carved a name upon the pedestal of the statue at whose feet she rested. The word "Victoria" made it seem the beautiful symbol of

its creator, for the dead face now wore the same high and holy look carved there by the Great Sculptor who alone can stamp upon perishable clay the immortal longings of a human soul.

THE END.

Life and I.

LIFE and I are lovers, straying
Hand in hand along,
Often like two children maying,
Full of mirth and song.

LIFE plucks all the blooming hours
Growing by the way,
Binds them on my brow like flowers,
Calls me Queen of May.

THEN again in rainy weather,
We sit *vis à vis*,
Planning work we'll do together
In the years to be.

SOMETIMES life denies me blisses,
And I frown or pout,
But we make it up with kisses
Ere the day is out.

WOMANLIKE I sometimes grieve him—
Try his trust and faith,
Saying I shall one day leave him
For his rival, Death.

THEN he always grows more zealous—
Kinder, and more true—
Loves tho' more for being jealous
As all lover's do.

THO' I swear by stars above him,
And by worlds beyond,
That I love him, love him, love him—
Tho' my heart is fond.

THO' he gives me, doth my lover,
Kisses with each breath,
I shall one day throw him over,
And plight troth with—Death.

ELLA WHEELER.

Little Blossom.

CHAPTER I.

"THE world buds every year,
But the heart just once, and when
The blossom falls off ere
No new blossom comes again.
Ah, the rose goes with the wind
But the thorns remain behind!

"Was it well in him, if he
Felt not love to speak of love so?
If he still unmoved must be
Was it nobly sought to move so?
Pluck the flower and then not wear it,
Spurn, despise it, yet not spare it?

"Need he say that I was fair
With such meaning in his tone
Just to speak of one whose hair
Had the same tinge as my own?
Pluck my life up, root and bloom
Just to plant it on her tomb?

"And she'd scarce so fair a face,
So he used to say as mine,
And her form had far less grace
And her brow was far less fine,
But 'twas just that he loved then
More than he could love again.

"Why, if beauty could not bind him,
Did he praise me, speaking low,
Use my face just to remind him,
How no face could please him now?
Why, if loving could not move him,
Did he teach me still to love him?"

OWEN MEREDITH.

A GUEST was expected at Westwood, Mr. May's beautiful suburban home, and Mrs. Ford, the host's handsome widowed daughter, had arranged herself *en grand tenue* to welcome him. Malcolm Thorne had been absent in Europe for the past four years, and there had been a supposition on the part of his friends that a sort of *tendresse* had existed between the young man and the beautiful Florence May. It could not have amounted to much however, for shortly after his departure she had married Henry Ford, who had died but a few months after the wedding. Three years had gone by since then, and the heavy mourning weeds had been long since laid by, and a subdued mixture of grays and whites and lavenders now showed itself in her elegant costumes. This evening she had dressed with especial care, for Malcolm Thorne was a man whom all women considered to be worth pleasing, and perhaps a close observer would have noted an unusual animation in both lips and eyes, as the young widow sat with her parents on the wide piazza, awaiting their guest who was to come to tea.

One member of the household was absent, the youngest, whom her father delighted to call "little Blossom." She was scarcely more than a child yet, and so sensitive and shy as to seem younger than she really was. A dreamy, meditative, gentle creature, fragile and delicate, but fair and fresh as a flower, with an exquisite beauty all her own. She had been out on a long ramble, and had forgotten that tea-time was approaching, and now she was hurrying along the road, anxious to be in time, when the sound of approaching wheels caught her ear. She had been notified of the expected visit, and so she quickly divined that this might be Mr. Thorne, and turning, she looked full toward him. As his eyes met hers, a look of troubled agitation came into his face, and throwing the reins to his servant and telling him to go on slowly, he descended from the carriage and came to Blossy's side.

"It is little Blossy May—isn't it?" he said, holding out his hand. He spoke in a low tone, but there was an inflection of agitation in his voice too.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Thorne," said Blossy, with a swift flush, "and pleased that you remember me."

"Yes, I remember you," he said slowly, "better than you think. What great clear eyes you have Blossy, and child, what strange

fate caused you to put hops in your hair, this evening of all others?"

He spoke absently, and as if half to himself, and started slightly when Blossy answered with a little laugh:

"It was not a strange fate—it was only the children at the cottage. I had forgotten all about them. But I must go on, Mr. Thorne, or I shall be late for tea, as I must dress."

They walked to the house together, and by degrees the pleasant ease and grace of Mr. Thorne's manner altogether conquered the child's habitual shyness, and the occupants of the porch quite wondered to see her chatting familiarly and pleasantly with her companion as they came up.

After that evening Mr. Thorne became a constant visitor at Westbrook, the friendship between him and little Blossom ripening fast. Every one wondered to see it, and Mrs. Ford, accustomed to receive the homage of all gentlemen guests, did not always manage to conceal a degree of impatience at Mr. Thorne's conspicuous notice of Blossy, but they all looked upon her as such a mere child, that they had no conception of the feeling that was springing into life, in the fresh untainted soil of her heart.

As for Malcolm Thorne, this child's companionship had a deep charm for him, that no one guessed, but it was a pleasure that was born of pain. During his absence in Europe, he had passionately loved a beautiful country-woman of his own whom he had met at Nice, and to whom, for a few happy weeks, he had been engaged, but she had trampled upon his heart's best affections, and had recklessly discarded him to accept the hand and fortune of a titled foreigner, whom she had, shortly afterward, married. It was an overwhelming blow to Mr. Thorne, and one he yet staggered under, though he had not seen her fair bewitching face for two years. Still the memory of it haunted him, and now that he saw little Blossy May again, a resemblance between the two faces, which he had thought of before, stirred his heart with strange, unwonted feelings. There were the same great clear eyes, the same delicate fair complexion, but here the resemblance ended. Marion had the form and bearing of a Juno, and little Blossom was only a fragile, slight young girl.

Very often one sweet vision returned to him. It was the time that he first beheld Marion's striking beauty—she stood by the seaside, gazing out across the water, with the sunset glory dying around her, and a strange head-dress of pale green hops. Ah, little Blossom, you little dream of the feelings those fresh-tinted clusters, meshed in your gold-brown hair, roused in this man's fond heart.

One evening, about this time, Mr. Thorne stopped in front of the porch at Westwood, and sent a messenger in with some request. Mrs. Ford, who was watching from her window, supposed he had come to ask her to drive, and mechanically turned to prepare herself, when a servant entered and said Mr. Thorne wanted to know if Miss Blossy would drive with him. The sweet child, with her heart fluttering wildly in happy anticipation, put on her white gypsy hat, with its wreath of apple-blossoms and tuft of feathers that

suitied her style so well, and, throwing a striped green scarf around her, went out to Mr. Thorne.

When she was seated at his side, and they were driving along the sweet country road together, he turned abruptly and said:

"I suppose even a child like you may have inspirations about dress. How did you know light green was your color?"

"I did not. I never thought of it. Florence lent me this scarf."

"Florence had better give it you," said Mr. Thorne; "it suits you."

He was silent after that, and their drive was a quiet one, but Blossy was perfectly happy to be sitting at his side and to have his kind eyes occasionally fixed upon her. When they were returning home, she gave vent, quite unconsciously, to a little sigh.

"What is it Blossy?" he said turning and meeting her ardent eyes. "You look as if your heart were full of some unspoken emotion. Tell me what it is—nothing sad, I hope."

"How could it be?" said Blossy, "I am so happy this evening."

She knew nothing of conventional forms and concealments, and the words came straight from her innocent heart.

When he was saying good-bye, he told her he would leave town the next morning for a few days, but that they might expect him at Westbrook on Sunday.

"And I shall not see you till then?" said Blossy.

"Why, how sweet you are to want to see me! Good-bye, my little friend. I will see you again as soon as I can, you may be sure of that."

So he pressed her hand and drove away.

CHAPTER II.

"There are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion, That if by chance, it be shaken, or into its depth, like a pebble, Drops some careless word, it o'erflows, and its secret, Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together."

LONGFELLOW.

ONE evening, when there were numerous guests at Westwood, and Blossy had shyly stolen off to a quiet spot alone, Mr. Thorne found her out, and seeing that she looked a little sad and preoccupied, proposed to take her down to the little stream that skirted the place, and give her a row on the water. Of course Blossy assented joyfully, though it gave her a strange feeling when he offered her his arm, as he might have done to Florence, and led her off. When they had seated themselves, Mr. Thorne, with a few vigorous strokes pulled the boat out to the middle of the stream and then laid down the oars, and they found themselves drifting about on the calm moonlit stream. "Won't you sing to me?" said Blossy rather timidly. "It would be so beautiful here.

Mr. Thorne had a splendid voice, peculiarly sympathetic and sweet, and perfectly suited to the selection he made. Over the water, clear and soft, sounded these words:

"I am weary with rowing, with rowing,
Let me drift adown with the stream,
I am weary with rowing, with rowing,
Let me lay me down and dream;
I can struggle no longer, no longer,
Here in thy arms let me lie,
In these arms that are stronger, are stronger
Than all on this earth, let me die, let me die."

It was sweet beyond all she had heard or dreamed of; a feeling of sweet irresponsible lassitude crept over her as the voice sang on:

"The stream in its flowing, its flowing,
Shall bear us adown to the sea;
I am weary with rowing, with rowing,
I yield me to love and to thee."

When the last note of his song had died away, Blossy, as she leaned back upon her cushions, made an effort to say some word of thanks, but it was useless, Mr. Thorne stepped over the seat that separated them, and leaned toward her. "Blossy," he said softly, "why are you so silent?"

She turned her great eyes toward him, quivering with unshed tears; she suffered him to take her hand and draw her near to him, and then as she met that gentle kindly look in the dear beloved eyes, her calmness all forsook her, and drawing her hands quickly from his, she covered her face with them and burst into sobs.

"What is it, pet? what can it be that troubles you?" said Mr. Thorne, coming closer and throwing his arm around her and drawing her toward him. In another moment he had turned her face upward and pressed his lips to hers.

It was but a momentary weakness, and an instant afterward he was indignant with himself; he took up the oars, and rowed rapidly toward the shore. Then, in the calmest voice and with the most composed manner, he spoke to her and assisted her to alight, and compelling himself to be guarded and silent, he led her back to the house, and taking a quiet leave of her, they separated.

When Mr. Thorne reached his room that night, he unlocked his desk, touched a spring and drew forth a picture, which he looked at long and earnestly. It was a beautiful face, and so wonderfully, mysteriously like little Blossy, in the strange large eyes and shining brown hair, that it is no wonder that simple child had roused his inmost soul in such a way. And yet, there is a difference, other than that of development, in the two faces. No maturity could give Blossy that look of haughty consciousness, and it is just as certain that in no by-gone time could that face ever have worn Blossy's beautiful look of innocence.

"How wonderfully, mysteriously like!" Mr. Thorne muses; "the same great eyes, the same sweeping lashes. Somehow, little Blossom, those eyes of yours have come to be infinitely much to me. By only stretching out my hand—for I can see that she is ready—I might take this sweet child to my heart, and find in her pure innocence the love and confidence in which the other failed me. But would the new love suffice? would the new life atone?"

Blossy was a little ill about this time, and it happened that Mr. Thorne did not see her for about a week. Calling one evening, before

dark, he found her quite alone. The other members of the family had gone into the town, and so he and Blossy had the great, cool drawing room to themselves. She was sitting reading when he entered; and when she looked up at the sound of his footstep, such a radiant flush of pleasure came to her cheeks, and such a sparkle and animation to her eyes, that it sent its warmth to the depth of his lonely heart. It would be inexpressibly sweet, he reflected, to have this presence always near him; and if he felt that he, with all his strength and vigor, had still some need of her, how much more might she not need him!

"Are you glad to see me, Blossy?" he said, seating himself beside her; "you have no idea how glad I am to see you again. I missed you sadly. Are you quite well again?"

"Oh yes, quite well, and so very, very glad to see you, Mr. Thorne. You were so kind to miss me."

"And, Blossy, if I were to go away—to be gone years—as I was in Europe, do you think you would miss me very much?"

What a sensitive, frail little thing it was! The cheeks grew suddenly pale and the lips drooped sadly.

"Don't think of it, my little pet, if the thought troubles you," said Mr. Thorne. He spoke calmly and yet with determination. During her momentary silence, he had settled her destiny.

"Blossy," he went on, presently, "I want you to look into your own heart and tell me truly and sincerely if you think you care for me enough to give your life into my keeping—to lean upon me, and trust me, and find sufficiency in my love."

She turned her truthful loving eyes toward him, full of tenderness and emotion, and he needed no answer in words. He took her to his heart and kissed her fervently on brow and lips and cheeks. He pressed her little child-like face against his shoulder and soothed her into rest and happiness there.

"You understand what it means, darling," he said softly, "you know we are engaged. You need feel no apprehension or trouble—I will explain everything to your parents, and you are nearly eighteen now and capable of knowing your own mind and choosing for yourself. I will ask your father, and he will not deny me, though his little Blossom is the very apple of his eye."

In a few moments more the sound of approaching voices interrupted them, and Blossy flew away to her own room, the happiest little maiden in the land. It was what she had never dreamed of—to be Mr. Thorne's wife—but as the prospect of a lifetime spent in his companionship stretched before her, she felt that it filled a passionate need of her nature, and was filled with such a radiant joy as she had never known before.

And so the summer months rolled past, and the strange result they brought seemed to little Blossy too marvelous a thing to be realized, for before the autumn had passed away she became Mr. Thorne's young bride. It was an overwhelming surprise to her home people to be told that Mr. Thorne wanted to marry Blossy, but when Mr. May discovered that his

darling's happiness hung upon it he quieted all their objections and declared that the thing was to be.

"There is no one," he said to his wife, "to whom I would so confidently intrust my child's happiness. It is not that Thorne can give her the surroundings of wealth and a good social position, but I feel that he, more than any one can protect and comprehend her delicate organism. Still, it is a struggle to give our baby up."

For it was to be a real separation. Mr. Thorne wished to return to Europe, and Blossy was to go with him on her wedding journey.

The marriage was simple and quiet, as both bride and groom desired, but very few vast assemblages called together to witness such a ceremony ever had the opportunity of seeing a more exquisite bride or a more noble-looking groom.

Mrs. Ford had been pleased all along to treat the matter as a joke, and she repeatedly declared at the wedding that the idea was so preposterous to her that she did not yet at all realize it. However, as she was glad to remember, afterward, she treated Blossy with much gentleness and consideration on that day, though to the surprise of them all, the child was not agitated and confused, as they had expected, but both her look and manner were pervaded by a deep tranquility the outgrowth of a perfect joy.

She told them all good-bye with a manner that was cheerful, in spite of its tender and clinging affectionateness, and as they saw her going from them, out into the great unknown, untraveled world, she was smiling, and wore a look of confident happiness.

And her husband? What were his feelings on that day? He was happy too, but in a different way and a far different degree. He loved this exquisite child very tenderly, and yet—strive as he might, and he did strive bravely—he could not put from him old memories, that rose and clamored for admittance into his mind. Still he trusted everything to time, and he hoped when he should bring little Blossom home again, that her love and companionship would, by then, have banished every thought of the old unworthy love from his heart.

CHAPTER III.

"There is no virtue in myself
Whereby to hold you. Are you sure you love me?
O, say it not, unless you are so sure
That what you love not, being found in me,
Shall draw you closer."

MRS. BROWNING.

MONTHS have passed, almost a whole year, and Mr. Thorne and his girlish bride have together visited those thousand wonderful places that little Blossy had looked forward to with such pleasure.

Mrs. Malcolm Thorne is not the same person as little Blossy May—one sees that at a glance. There is a change besides that of name, and yet she is not a whit less lovely. But a new look has come into the eyes, and that confident joy and trustfulness they wore upon her wedding morning have fled. Their is a meaning in all this, and the reader may as well be told of it here. A few little weeks ago, one

morning, Blossy being alone in her room, went to Mr. Thorne's desk to get some writing materials, and, as she was in a listless, dreamy mood, she began idly turning things over, when she suddenly observed a curious little spring she had never seen before. She pressed it and the lid flew open, revealing a velvet case. Without one atom of suspicion she opened it, and the next moment gave a quick start at noting the resemblance those great eyes bore to her own—it was too marked to be overlooked. Then the cluster of beautifully tinted pale-green hops that the lady wore in her hair caught her attention, and the two things together aroused memories that made her heart seem to turn to ice in her bosom. She sank back on her seat, remembrances coming thick and fast. She understood it all now, what had once seemed so mysterious and inexplicable. This gifted, handsome, noble, wealthy man, with every quality to win love and homage, had condescended to this humble child, because there was something in her like to this beautiful splendid woman that he had once truly loved—that was the explanation. There had been nothing in herself to win him; she had always known that. There came a suffocating feeling at her heart, that she had once or twice had premonitions of before, and she told herself that perhaps it would not be for long—perhaps the little life with which he had burdened his own, would soon pass into silence, leaving him free to seek and follow this, his first love.

"I wonder why he did not marry you." She says lowly, with her sad, despairing eyes fixed on the ivory miniature. "You are so beautiful, queenly, and fair. You loved him very dearly, I am sure—nobody that knows him but must love him, even when his heart is cold for all save one, and when you were that one, you must have loved him better than the breath of your being—as well as I love him even—I cannot give a greater measure. If you had married him, then he would never have seen me, and I could not have been to him the little troublesome burden that he bears so patiently, and he never could have been to me what he is, my king, my love! For his sake I wish you had married him, beautiful lady: but for my own, in spite of what I am feeling now, and though I know my heart is breaking, I would not give up my sweet, dead past. I must not let him know I saw this—it will pain him. It will be keeping something from him for the first time, but it will not be for long, and then when I am gone—the child that was too weak and small a thing to have ever been his wife—that has been such a fond and foolish little wife to him—perhaps he will find you then again. For I do not believe that you are dead—death is not for such as you, but for little foolish baby people like me—he will go to you again perhaps." She broke off suddenly and began to pace the floor, clasping her little hands together and then drawing them cruelly and strainingly apart.

Presently she remembered herself, and glanced anxiously at her watch. Mr. Thorne had only gone to the banker's, and would be back very soon now, and she must not let him see her agitation and trouble. She had not a

thought of blame for him in her heart—she only wished to spare and relieve him in every possible way. And so she forced herself to greet him in her own natural tender way, and to hide from his sight the terrible agony that was gnawing at her heart.

In the days and nights that followed, Blossy's mind was busy with reminiscences of the past, which she could not banish, despite their intolerable bitterness. A hundred looks and tones that had sometimes for a moment puzzled her in her lover and husband, were made clear to her now, in the light of this discovery. Times when he had looked into her eyes, seeming to see some other image there, and the sound of her voice had startled him—times, here in Italy when he had come suddenly upon some spot that he had been familiar with in the past, and had shown such a strange emotion.

And yet, in spite of all this, there was a conviction in her heart that she was becoming daily nearer and dearer to her husband. When she looked back to the period of her marriage, it seemed to her quite clear that his love had increased since that time, and this thought had given her such joy; but now she could well imagine that the love he felt for her compared with the old love was "as moonlight unto sunlight, and water unto wine."

Through much wakefulness and sad meditation the roses faded on Blossy's cheeks, and an unwonted pallor came in their place. Her husband with keen anxiety noticed it, and asked her with the sincerest solicitude to tell him if she was not well; but she always answered that she was quite well, and warded off and evaded his inquiries.

"And are you happy, too, my little wife?"

"Yes, dear. When you are kind to me, I wish for no other happiness."

"Kind? Am I not always so?"

"Yes, always," she said tenderly, but her eyes filled to the brim with tears.

Mr. Thorne felt so deeply anxious about her that, in casting about in his mind for the possible cause of her weary look, he convinced himself that she needed more society and animated companionship, and so one day he came in to her with cards of invitation in his hand, to a great ball to be given within the next few days, and informed her that, instead of the usual refusal he had sent an acceptance for them both. At first the prospect of a large ball filled her with alarm, but he made it a point that she should go, and put it as a favor to himself, so after that she had no thought of refusing. So instead of ordering a new dress for the occasion, she prepared a surprise for her husband by appearing in her wedding robes of snowy crape and silk. The dress had been carefully packed in the roomy compartment of a large trunk, and was still as fresh as ever, and with the skillful aid of a French maid, she soon had it restored to its first beauty. When she joined her husband in the parlor, where he was awaiting her in the faultless perfection of his evening dress, he looked so handsome and noble, that even for the exquisite little vision in gauzy white that floated toward him now, he looked a fitting mate.

"Why Blossy! My little bride!" he said in the tenderest tones as he stooped to embrace her.

She looked up at him with a smile that was almost unmixedly happy. There was a touch of bitterness at her heart that she thought would never quite leave it, but it was so plain to her now that he was pleased with her, and it was such a joy to feel that she had given him pleasure even in a small thing, since she could never hope to please him in the best and truest way.

As Malcolm Thorne and his girlish wife entered the brilliant ball-room, in the blaze of lights and flowers and music, the excitement caused a faint flush to rise to Blossy's cheeks, giving her face a bright radiance that made her adorably lovely. Of course what Blossy would have liked best would have been to remain the whole evening at her husband's side, but he was determined against this. His friends pressed upon him for introductions—such of them as did not already know his wife—and those that did, came forward eagerly, to claim some share of her attention.

"I perceive that you are to be a belle," Mr. Thorne whispered, "so I will not interfere, but withdraw and watch your triumph from a distance."

As she took the proffered arm of a gentleman who had come up, she saw so much love and pride in the parting glance her husband bestowed upon her, that a little tempting thought would come of how sweet it would be to win him entirely. She knew he had a tender affection for her, and of late, a truer, deeper love had shone in his eyes than she had ever seen there before, and if she had great patience might she not finally banish the old love altogether?

After she had walked through several rooms, and talked to various people that came and went, in a soft vivacious way that they all seemed to find very charming, she grew a little tired—she was always such a fragile, sensitive creature! and as her companion had an engagement to dance, she asked him to leave her alone in the curtained recess of a window, saying she saw her husband standing not far away, and could summon him when he had finished his conversation with a gentleman he seemed absorbed in talking to.

As she rested there, full of happy thoughts, she determined to tell her husband all about the discovery of the picture, and establish a full confidence between them, that would, she hoped, further her desire of bringing about such a depth of affection as must crowd out the old image. And yet, she was feeling very tired and weak to-night, and sometimes those strange sensations about her heart gave her warning that, in all probability, she had not very long to live. This thought had grown very familiar to her now.

Just at this point she heard the rustle of silken robes very near her, and several animated voices speaking. She slightly parted the curtains and looked out. A regal woman's figure, clad in gorgeous robes of orange satin and black lace was standing very near her hiding-place. Her face was turned away, but she could hear the gay accents of her voice as she talked to several attendant gentlemen in

perfectly pronounced French. As another gentleman joined the group and addressed her, she turned her head, with her face full toward Blossy. A sort of mist came over the child's eyes, her hands dropped from the curtain and fell like stones to her side, and her heart gave a leap that almost checked her breath. She had shut out the splendid terrifying image, but she saw it still with a torturing distinctness. She had recognized that face—the superb eyes, the fine shoulders and splendid figure, the queenly head and throat, the full red lips were all familiar to her. She knew that her husband's first love was standing before her, just between them now, and at the knowledge her heart sickened within her. She wondered if he had seen her yet. She *must* find out; she raised her hand and again divided the folds of the curtain. No, he had seen nothing. He was still standing opposite with the same calm dignity of aspect; the same ease and composure written on the fine thoughtful face. But she knew it must come soon—already the gathering attendants around the gorgeous figure in orange and black were making it hopelessly conspicuous. Holding her lip sharply between her teeth, to keep from crying out, she fastened her eyes on her husband's face. As she waited, the voices of two gentlemen standing near reached her.

"Who is that superb woman?" one of them was asking.

"You show yourself to be a stranger!" was the retort. "That is the Countess Dupuis. I don't know about the superb part—that adjective was rather more appropriate to her some years back; but even in spite of much acquired adipose, which I will not describe as coarseness, she still lights up well. If you met her on the boulevard in the full glare of the sun—which you are not at all likely to do however—you would see paint and paste and cosmetics enough to make a wooden doll look superb."

All this Blossy heard as she kept her eyes on her husband's face. "O, why doesn't he look?" she said, half aloud. "If this tension at my heart keeps up much longer, it must give way."

She felt it drawing tighter now, with a bitterer, deadlier strain, for, perhaps seeking his young wife, Mr. Thorne bowed and drew a little apart from his late companion, and began a scrutinizing survey of the room. His eyes passed by the window where she was concealed, and then, with a spasmodic grip at her heart, Blossy saw them rest upon the gorgeous figure of the Countess—and so the blow came! She saw his face grow deadly white—she saw the lips wreath with a distorted look of pain, he clenched his hands with a fierce involuntary motion, and then he passed swiftly from the room.

The poor little heart could bear no more,—the senses reeled and the weary limbs gave way, and she sank back upon the window-seat, fainting. A terrible spasm of agony had contracted her heart, and as she lost consciousness, she felt that some part of the machinery of her life and breath had given way.

When she recovered her senses, her husband was bending over her with the gentle-

man who had left her in this retreat. As her eyes sought his, she saw there a look of such unspeakable love and anxiety, that in spite of the suffocating sensation at her heart, she managed to smile upon him. He lifted her tenderly through the low window that gave upon the garden, and she soon found herself supported by his strong arms, being driven rapidly back to her hotel.

That night the doctor came, and after a long examination in the sick-room, he was closeted for a while with Mr. Thorne, and when at length, the husband came out, such a look of desolate sorrow was written on his face, that he could not go to his wife's room; to meet her with this knowledge would be too much for his calmness as well as for hers.

CHAPTER IV.

"And if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death."—MRS. BROWNING.

THE doctor came again the next evening, and after this visit he had another talk with the anxious husband, which caused him in seeking his wife afterward, to wear a look of hope and cheerfulness, no longer feigned.

When he entered the room, Blossy was lying serene and fair upon the snowy pillows, looking such a child in her little night-dress, with her long hair arranged in two rich plaits behind, as school-children wear it, that the sight of her stirred his heart to a deeper fondness.

Mr. Thorne seated himself upon the bed beside her, and closed his two hands gently over hers. Then he said wistfully and gently:

"Now in the first place, Blossy, the doctor says you are a great deal better."

Blossy quietly reversed the position of their hands, and with her little tender fingers drew his upward until they rested upon her breast. Then she stooped her childish head above them, and kissed them tenderly many times. Then she raised her star-pure eyes to his, and with a wise little air of confident knowledge she shook her head gently and smiled. He looked at her with a passionate reproach.

"Oh, my little darling! why will you persist in believing yourself ill and weak? you will make yourself so," he said. "The doctor thinks if you can be kept cheerful and bright you will soon be well."

"No, he doesn't, dear," she said with a gentle smile. "Perhaps he does not really mean to deceive you—it isn't right in him if he does—but he knows as well as I do that the trouble is in my heart."

"But people get well of heart-troubles."

"Yes, I know; but nobody's was ever made whole again by the most skillful physician the world ever saw, after what I have felt. I am sure of it, Malcolm."

It was a rare thing for her to call him by his name, and it smote upon his heart with a bitter sweetness now.

"Oh, Blossy, my sweet, you are wrong. Don't tell me you are going to leave me. I have not got the strength to bear it. I could not go on living."

"When you look at me like that, Malcolm, with eyes so full of love, you don't know how

infinitely unimportant it seems to me whether I live or die."

"Have I not always loved you?"

"Not in this way. It is only since last night that this blessed perfection of love has come."

"Why, Blossy, what surprising things you say! Where did you get such an unwarranted idea?"

She put up one baby hand and turned his face toward her; then looking into his eyes, she said steadily:

"Malcolm, is it?"

"Is it what, my sweet?"

"An unwarranted idea."

"Blossy, I never could conceal anything from you with that searching gaze upon me—so true and steadfast. So, if you think you are strong enough to bear it, I will tell you briefly a story of my past life. Must I?"

"I am strong enough to do more, Malcolm—to spare you the pain of such a confidence I will tell the tale myself."

"You mystify me strangely, child," he says. "Tell me what you suspect."

"I do not suspect," she says gently, "I know."

Then in her own sweet gentle way, she told him of her having accidentally discovered the picture, and of the memories that it aroused, and the past incidents it threw light upon, and of her identifying it with the beautiful Countess at the ball.

"Somehow," she said, in conclusion, "I don't know why it was, but instead of reviving the old tender love for her, and destroying the calm affection for me that had grown up in your heart, I feel sure that your seeing the Countess had a different effect. Tell me why it is, Malcolm, that, since then, you have loved me as you never did before?"

"Oh, Blossy, you are right—you have guessed the truth," he cried; then, in a moment, he went on quickly, "I did love her dearly once. She threw me over for a larger fortune and a nobler name, and even after that the witchery she had flung around me bound me so that I could not banish her image altogether from my heart. But contact with your noble innocence was fast changing me; it would have done so entirely in time, even had not last night's events occurred; but when I looked at her in her coarse, arrogant gaudiness, and compared her with my stainless little flower, the blind wickedness of my folly came upon me, almost overpoweringly. She had been beautiful to me once, but she was so no longer. Every atom of the delicacy and refinement that one reverences most in woman was gone—in place of it was an artificial brilliancy that revolted me to the soul. Was it for this painted world-worn creature that I had been keeping even a little corner of the heart that ought to have belonged so entirely to my precious wife? and from that moment I gave it up to you, darling, every drop of blood, and every feeling fiber in it. But, Blossy, you must not think I was ever in the smallest way willfully untrue to my love to you. I did not preserve that picture—I merely neglected to destroy it, and I have never looked at it since you became my wife."

"Let us drop this subject forever, Mal-

colm," she says, presently. "I am perfectly happy now, so happy that I have not a care in the world, but am altogether content."

"Then, if that is so, you will soon be well; the doctor said you would if you could be kept free from all care, and trouble, and perplexity—and you shall."

"I am as well now as I ever shall be, dear. Don't tell me what the doctor says, and don't believe it, Malcolm. Come to me for all your information. I know far better than he does, and I tell you that you've got such a weak and broken down little wife that no human skill will ever build her up; but when she goes from you to some other place she will go on loving you as now—better, perhaps, there where all high faculties will be developed and expanded. When I think of all this, the idea of a short separation from you has no bitterness. Indeed, it is unspeakable happiness when I compare it with another feeling I used to have. I used to think I would die without your love, and, oh, then, I was unhappy. But now your helpless, delicate, little wife is about the happiest girl in all the land." "Take me up, Malcolm," she went on presently, "and let me go to the window and see the sun-set sky and the beautiful trees and water."

With infinite tenderness he lifted her in his arms, and taking her to a low seat by the open window, he seated her on his lap, and drew a light shawl around her, as if she had been indeed the child she looked. The two plaits of soft brown hair were lying in simple richness on her shoulders, and in front the smooth tresses were naturally parted and gathered back, giving an unspeakably sweet expression of innocence and youth to the little fair face. As Malcolm Thorne folded his strong arms about her fragile figure, and clasped her to his heart, he felt for her a depth of devotion which not many of the wise and mature among women have been able to call forth.

Her great eyes were fixed upon the fast-declining sun, and he saw them reflecting its glory. There was no semblance of darkness on the horizon; the sun was going down in a blaze of golden light.

"Malcolm, are you happy?" she whispered softly.

"Yes, darling," he answered, "if only—"

"No reservations, Malcolm. They pain me. Are you happy?"

"Yes, my sweet."

"And resigned?"

Great sobs had arisen in his throat, and his heart was wrenched by a dreadful fear. He would have given much to comfort her, but he could not say what she wished.

"It is so wicked for us not to be," she said, "so presumptuous and ungrateful after all the happiness that God has given us."

"Oh, Blossy," he said, "I will try to be submissive—I will, indeed; and if you are taken from me, I will do my utmost not to murmur."

She put her arms about his neck, and drew the dear face down to her's, and kissed it.

"My dear, dear husband," she said, softly.

"You make me so happy."

And so the sun went down.

An Unintentional Autobiography.

BY ANNA BALLARD

AN old yellow manuscript, in leaves like a book, written upon all throughout with the immature handwriting of a young school-girl, recently fell into the care of a distinguished genealogist who was collecting and transcribing the historical documents of the Winslow family. The writing was clear, correctly formed, sometimes an erasure, a correction, here and there a small exceptional blot, now and then a phrase or a syllable only, which had been written by an older hand, and there glared upon the modern eye considerable spelling that at the least is now obsolete; yet the writer was evidently a studious and a neat child, for every page still showed the careful work of her clean hands, while during the lapse of a hundred years, the ink had been fading out of the once white paper. This manuscript was the diary of Anna Green Winslow. It was a few years before the war of the Revolution by which we separated from England, and set up an elective government to manage our own affairs. An American merchant, J. Winslow, Esq., left Boston and his circle of relatives, who had been settled in the neighborhood for a hundred and fifty years, and accompanied by his young wife, Anna Green, a Bostonian girl, pushed business into Nova Scotia, where civilization had long before taken root, but was of a slower type. The quaint, cold town of Cumberland where they lived, had perhaps no schools or society that were esteemed suitable and sufficient to train and polish their one daughter, and so little Anna Green Winslow was sent down to Boston at the age of twelve years, to live with her aunts and go to school. During two years or more, the affectionate little daughter diligently kept a diary which was faithfully transmitted to her parents by the mails.

The Revolutionary War came on. Her father, one of the gentlemen of the time, was made paymaster of the British forces; whose cause failing, this family never afterwards resided in Massachusetts, and the father, when an aged man, died in Quebec. The mother then returned to her kindred, and in the course of time her packages of domestic letters and papers have been handed from one to another, down the succession of three or four generations, finally resting at the present day in the custody of Miss Margaret Winslow of Jamaica Plains, Boston. She committed them for a time to D. P. Holtan, M.D. A.M., of New York City, and thus our thoughtless little girl, A. G. W., has furnished a detailed domestic and fashion article, in her descriptions of life as it was then.

The first womanly foot that stepped upon Plymouth Rock from the old ship *Mayflower* was that of a young girl, who, childlike and eager, placed herself in front. It was Mary Chilton, who had seen the corpse of her father cast out of the rocking *Mayflower* into the deep, and whose mother was buried in

the new country soon after they came to land. Four years changed the child to a woman, and we may suppose a captivating one, for so far from being a friendless orphan or unprotected, she became the wife of John Winslow, twenty-seven years of age, who was, or became a wealthy merchant and large ship-owner. They had nine children, and so it happened that Mary Chilton's grandson's great-granddaughter, was Anna Green Winslow, the writer of the following record, the original of which extended over two or three years. The first now extant paper was addressed to her mother, and the date was on the previous leaf, which is lost.

"I guess I shall have but little time for journalizing until after Thanksgiving. My Aunt Deming says that I shall make one pie myself. I hope somebody besides myself will like to eat a bit of my Boston pie, although my papa and you, I remember, did not choose to partake of my Cumberland performances.

"November 18th, 1771.—Mr. Beacon's text yesterday was Psalm cxlix. 4, 'The Lord will beautify the meek with salvation.' He asked a question, Wherein does true beauty consist? He answered, In holiness. Aunt says she hasn't leisure now to help me any further, so I will just tell you a little that I remember without her assistance, and that I repeated to her yesterday at tea. He said he would, lastly, address himself to the young people: 'My dear young friends, you like to be thought beautiful, but let me tell ye, you'll never be thought truly beautiful until you are all glorious within. All the ornaments you can put on while your souls are unholy, make you the more like whited sepulchers, garnished without, but full of deformity. I must go a little further, and tell you, how coarse soever it may sound to your delicacy, that while you are without holiness, you are all over black and defiled, ugly and loathsome to all holy beings, the wrath of the great God lies upon you, and if you die in this condition, you will be turned into hell with ugly devils to eternity.

"November 28th.—Honored mamma: I have your favor by Mr. Gannett, and heartily thank you for the broadcloth, the bags, ribbon, and hat. My aunt has bought a beautiful ermine trimming for my cloak.

"A. C. stands for Abigail Church, P. F. for Polly Frasier. I have presented one piece of ribbon to my aunt, as you directed. She gives her love to you, and thanks you for it. I intend to send Nancy Macky a pair of lace mittens. I am glad, honored madam, that you think my writing is better than it used to be. You see it is mended just here.

"I don't know what you mean by 'terrible margin's waste.' I will endeavor to make my letters even for the future. I want to know whether I may give my old black quilt to Mrs. Kubre, for aunt says it will never be worth the while to take the pains to mend it again? Papa has written me a longer letter this time than you have, madam.

"November the 29th, 1771.—My aunt Deming gives her love to you, and says it is twelve years this morning since she had the pleasure of congratulating papa and you on the birth of your scribbling daughter. She hopes that if I

live twelve years longer, that I shall write and do everything better than can be expected on the past twelve.

"The black hat I gratefully receive as your present, but if Captain Jarvis had arrived here with it about the time he sailed from this place for Cumberland, it would have been of more service to me, for I have been obliged to borrow. I wore Miss Griswold's bonnet on my journey to Portsmouth, and my cousin Sally's hat ever since I came home; and now I am to leave off my black ribbons to-morrow [her grandmother had died a few months before], and am to put on my red cloak and black hat—I hope aunt won't let me wear the black hat with the red dominie, for if I do, the people will ask me what I have to sell, as I go along the street, or how the folks do at New Guinea?

"Dear mamma, you don't know the fashions here. I beg to look like other folks. You don't know what a stir would be made on Sudbury Street, were I to make my appearance there in my red dominie and black hat. But the old cloak and bonnet together will make me decent for common occasions. Aunt says it's a pity some of the ribbons you sent won't do for the bonnet.

"With duty, love, and compliments,

"I am, honored papa and mamma,

"Your ever dutiful daughter,

"ANNA GREEN WINSLOW."

"N. B.—My Aunt Deming don't approve my English, and has no fear that you will think her concerned in the diction.

"December 6th.—I spent yesterday afternoon and evening at Mr. Glover's; the snow being so deep that I was brought home in arms. The snow is up to the people's waist in the street in some places.

"Dec. 14th.—Since the above hotch-potch, pot-hooks, and trammels, the weather has been wintry. I went to Mr. Whitwell's last Wednesday—as you taught me to spell the fourth day of the week; but my aunt says that it should be spelt Wednesday. My aunt also says that until I come out of an egregious fit of laughter that is apt to seize me, and the violence of which I am at this present time under, neither English, sense, nor anything rational may be expected of me.

"December 24th.—Elder Whitwell told my aunt that this winter began as did that of 1740. How that was I don't remember, but to-day is the coldest I have seen in New England. All run that are abroad.

"December 30th.—Yesterday between meetings my aunt was called to Mrs. Waters', and about eight o'clock in the evening, Dr. Lloyd brought little Master to town. My aunt stuck a white satin pincushion for Mrs. Waters; on one side a plant horn with flowers, and on the reverse are stuck these words: Josiah Waters, December, 1771. Welcome, little stranger.

"1st January, 1772.—This afternoon being a holiday, I am going to pay my compliments in Sudbury Street.

"January 4th, 1772.—I was dressed in my yellow coat, my black bib and apron, my Pompadour shoes, the cap my aunt Storer since presented to me, with blue ribbons on it, a

very handsome locket, in the shape of a heart which she gave me, the paste pin my kind papa presented me with in my cap, my new cloak and bonnet, my Pompadour gloves, etc., etc. And for the first time they all liked my dress very much. My cloak and bonnet are really very handsome, and so they had need be; for they cost an amazing sight of money, not quite \$225 (£45) though. Aunt Sukey said that she supposed Aunt Deming would be frightened out of her wits at the money it cost. I have got *one* covering, by the cost, that is genteel, and I like it much myself.

"On Thursday I attended my aunt to lecture, and heard Dr. Chauncey preach. Dr. Pemberton and Dr. Cooper had on gowns. The doctors design to distinguish themselves from the inferior clergy by these strange habits, at a time, too, when the good people of New England are threatened with and are dreading the coming of an Episcopal bishop. N. B.—I don't know whether one sleeve would make a full-trimmed negligée, though I can't say but it might make one of the frugal sort. Uncle says they all have popes in their bellies. Aunt says when she saw Dr. P. roll up the pulpit stairs, the figure of Parson Troliber, seconded by Mr. Fielding, occurred to her mind; and she was really sorry a Congregational divine should give her so unpleasing an idea.

"January 11th.—Wednesday afternoon I made a setting up visit to Aunt Sukey, and was dressed just as I was to go to the ball. It cost me a pistoreen to Nurse Eaton for two cakes, which I took care to eat before I paid for them.

"January 17th.—I told you on the 27th ult. that I was going to a constitution with Miss Soley. I have now the pleasure to give you the result, a very genteel, well-regulated assembly last evening. We had two fiddles, and I had the honor to open the diversion of the evening in a minuet with Miss Soley. Here follows a list of the company as we formed for country dancing: Miss Soley and Miss Anna Green Winslow, Miss Waldon and Miss Quinsy, Miss Hubbard and Miss Cregur (usually pronounced Kicker), and nine other couples. Our treat was nuts, raisins, cakes, punch, hot and cold, all in great plenty. We had an agreeable evening from five to ten o'clock. For variety, we woo'd a widow, hunted the whistle, threaded the needle, and while the company was collecting, we diverted ourselves with playing of pawns; no rudeness, mamma, I assure you. Aunt Deming would particularly say that the elderly part of the company were spectators only; they mixed not in either of the above-described scenes.

"I was dressed in my yellow coat, black bib and apron, black feathers on my head, my paste comb, and all my paste, garnet, marquessette, and jet pins, together with my silver plume, my locket, rings, black collar around my neck, black mitts, and yards of blue ribbon—black blue is high taste—striped tucker and ruffles (not my best), and my silk shoes completed my dress.

"January 18th.—Yesterday I had an invitation to celebrate Miss Caty's birthday. She is ten years old, and the best dancer in Mr. Turner's school. She has been his scholar

these three years. My aunt thought it proper that I should go to a neighbor's funeral, as our family had an invitation, and I went directly from it to Miss Caty's rout.

"January 25th.—Honored mamma, my honored papa has never signified to me his approbation of my journals, whence I infer that he either never reads them, or does not remember any of their contents; so for the future I shall trouble only you with this part of my scribble. Last Thursday I dined at Uncle Storer's, and spent the afternoon in that neighborhood. In the course of my peregrination, as aunt calls it, I happened into a house where D. (the fashionable hair-dresser of B.), was attending the lady of the family. How long she was under his operation I know not. I saw him twist and tug, and pick, and cut off, whole locks of gray hair at a slice (the lady telling him he would have no hair to dress next time), for the space of an hour and a half, and when I left them, he seemed not to be near done.

"January 31st.—Yesterday I was a little while at Aunt Sukey's with Mrs. Barrett, dressed in a white brocade, and cousin Betsy dressed in a red lutestring, both adorned with paste, pearls, marquessette, etc.

"February 9th.—I am disabled by a whitloe on my fourth finger, and something like one on my middle finger; but although my right hand is in bondage my left is free, and my aunt says it will be a nice opportunity to perfect myself in learning to spin flax. My fingers are not the only part of me that has suffered within this fortnight, for I have had one ugly great boil upon my right hip, and about a dozen small ones. I am at present swathed hips and thigh, as Sampson smote the Philistines. Last Tuesday I took half an ounce of globe salt.

"I have read my Bible to my aunt this morning (as is the daily custom), so you perceive I yet have the use of my tongue.

"February 10th.—My finger is still in limbo, as you may see by the writing. Although I can drive the goose-quill a bit, I cannot so well manage the needle. So I will lay my hand to the distaff, as the virtuous woman did of old. Yesterday was bad weather, neither aunt nor niece at public worship.

"February 12th.—Aunt Green gave me a plaster for my finger that has near cured it, but I have a new boil, under poultice, and tomorrow I am to undergo another seasoning with globe salt. Aunt Deming found the following lines in grandmamma Sargent's pocket-book:

Dim eyes, deaf ears, cold stomach show
My dissolution is in view.
The shuttle's thrown, my race is run,
My sun is set, my work is done;
My span is out, my tale is told,
My flowers decayed, and talk grown old;
The dream is past, the shadows fled,
My soul now longs for Christ my Head.
I've lived to seventy-six or eight,
God calls at last, and now I'll die."

"My honored grandmamma departed this vale of tears, a quarter before four A.M., Wednesday, August 21, 1771, aged seventy-four years.

"February 13th.—Everybody says it is a bitter cold day; I know nothing about it except

by hearsay, for I am in aunt's chamber, which is very warm always, with a nice fire, a stove, sitting in aunt's easy chair, with a tall, three-leaved screen at my back."

Our autobiographer's next date was on Valentine's Day, which we leave for another chapter.

II.

JOURNAL of a school-girl who was sent just before the Revolutionary War from Cumberland, Nova Scotia, to live with her aunts in Boston, to acquire an education and the social accomplishments of the age, Anna Green Winslow, *twelve years old*.—Chapter II.

"Valentine's Day, 1772.—My Valentine was an old-country plow-jogger.* My cousin Sally reeled off a ten-knot skein of yarn to-day, of my spinning. Aunt says it will do for filling.

"February 17th.—I went to meeting and back in Mr. Soley's chaise. Mr. Hunt preached. He said that human nature is as opposite to God as darkness to light; that our sin is only bounded by the narrowness of our capacity.

"Feb. 18th.—I transcribe from the *Boston Evening Post* of Sept. 18, 1771, under the head of London news, that the Widow Biddle of Wellsbower, Warwick County, was married to her grandson, John Biddle, aged twenty-three. She has one son and one daughter, eighteen grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. Her husband has one daughter, who was her great-granddaughter, now become her daughter; her other great-grandchildren are become her cousins; her grandchildren are her brothers and sisters; and her son and daughter are become her father and mother! The most extraordinary event I ever read in a newspaper. It will serve to puzzle Harry Deming.

"Feb. 18th.—I am just come from writing-school. Thurs. I attended both my schools in the morning, dined and spent the afternoon with Aunt Sukey. Sat. I dined at Uncle Storer's, was entertained with skating in the afternoon and drank tea at Cousin Barrel's; and when I inform you that my needle-work at school and knitting at home went on as usual, I have laid before you a pretty full account of last week. You see how I improve in my writing, but I drive on as fast as I can.

"Feb. 21st.—Grandmamma wrote aunt that Mrs. Marting was brought to bed with a son Joshua about a month since, and is, with her son, very well. Last Thursday I purchased, with my Aunt Deming's leave, a very beautiful white feather hat, that is, the outside, which is a bit of white hollowed, with the feathers sewed on in the most curious manner, white and unsullied as the falling snow. This hat I have long been saving my money to procure; for it, I have let your kind allowance, papa, lay in my aunt's hands, until this hat, which I spoke for, was brought home. I will go on to save my money for a chip, and a lining, etc. As I am a 'daughter of liberty' I choose to wear as much of our own manufacture as possible. My aunt says that I have written this account very badly.

* Referring to an old sign that the first person of the opposite sex they saw on St. Valentine's day was their Valentine.

"Feb. 22d.—I have spun thirty knots of linen yarn, and nearly new-footed a pair of stockings for Lucinda, read a part of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and copied part of my journal that if I live a few years longer I may be able to understand it, for aunt says that to her the contents are an impenetrable secret; played some, talked a great deal (Aunt Deming says it is very true), laughed enough, and I tell aunt it is human nature, if not human reason. Now I wish my honored mamma a very good-night.

"Sat. noon, Feb. 23d.—Dear papa: I have attended my schools all this week except one day. I was thinking, sir, to lay up the piece of money you sent me, but as you sent it to me to lay out, I have a mind to buy a chip and lining for my feather hat. My aunt says she will think of it. My aunt says if I behave myself very well indeed, not else, she will give me a garland of flowers to ornament it.

"Mond. noon, Feb. 25th.—Dear mamma, I suppose that you would be glad to hear that Betty Smith, who has given you so much trouble, is well and behaves herself well; and I should be glad if I could write you so. But the truth is, no sooner was the 29th Regiment encamped on the Common, but Miss Betty took herself among them, as the Irish say, and there she stayed with Bill Pinchion awhile. The next news of her was that she got into jail for stealing, whence she was taken to the public whipping-post. The next adventure was to the Castle, after the soldiers were removed there. When they turned her away from there she came up to town again, and soon got into the workhouse for new misdemeanors. Thence she ran away, and set up her old trade of pilfering, for which she was put a second time into jail, where she remains. About two months ago, she and her wretched companions set the jail on fire in order to get out, but the fire was timely discovered and extinguished. I heard somebody say that as she has some connection with the army, no doubt but she would be cleared, and, perhaps, have a pension into the bargain.

"Feb. 27th.—About two months ago, a brother of the church sent to our pastor a card which contained this:

"Mr. W— doesn't set up for an expositor of Scripture, yet ventures to send Dr. Byles a short comment on 1st Corinthians ix. 11, which he thinks agreeable to the genuine import of the text, and hopes the Dr. will not disapprove it."

"The text is: 'If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?' The comment was a dozen pounds of chocolate, and other things, to which the Dr. returned this answer: 'Dr. Byles returns respects to Mr. W—, and very heartily thanks him for his judicious Family Expositor, which he thinks is in taste.'

"March 4th.—I have just now been writing four lines in my book, almost as well as the copy; but all the entreaties in the world will not enable me to do always as well as I can, which fact is not the least trouble to me, although it is a great grief to Aunt Deming.

"March 9th.—To-day's work may be called a piece-meal, for I have sewed on the bosom of

uncle's shirt, mended two pair of gloves, mended for the wash two handkerchiefs (one cambric), sewed on half the border of a lawn apron of aunt's, read part of the twenty-first chapter of Exodus, and a story in the Mother's Gift.

"Now, honored mamma, I must tell you of something happened to me to-day, that has not happened before this great while, viz., my uncle and aunt both told me I was a very good girl. My aunt now observes that I am a little simpleton for informing my mamma that it is a great while since I was praised, because she will conclude that it is a great while since I deserved to be praised. I will henceforth try to observe their praise and yours too; I mean deserve. As soon as tea is over I shall spend the rest of the evening in reading to my aunt. It is near candle lighting.

"March 10th.—I have finished my stent of sewing for this day, and written a billet to Miss Katy Vane, in the following words:

"Miss Green gives her compliments to Miss Vane, and informs her that her Aunt Deming quite misunderstood the matter about the queen's nightcap. Mrs. Deming thought that it was a black skull cap lined with red that Miss Vane meant, which she thought would not be becoming to Miss Green's complexion. Miss Green now takes the liberty to send the materials for the cap Miss Vane was so kind as to say she would make for her, which, when done, she engages to take special care of, for Miss Vane's sake. Mrs. Deming joins her compliments with Miss Green's—they both wish for the pleasure of a visit from Miss Vane."

"March 11th.—Last Saturday I sent my cousin Betsy Storer a billet, of which the following is a copy:

"Miss Green gives her love to Miss Storer, and informs her that she is very sensible of the effects of a bad cold, not only in the pain she has in her throat, neck, and face, which have been much swelled, and which she is not quite clear of, but that she has also been by the same deprived of the pleasure of seeing Miss Storer and her other friends in Sudbury Street. She begs to present her duty, love, and compliments, and that she may be informed if they be in health."

"To this I have received no answer. I suppose she doesn't think I am worth an answer. I have finished my stent, have written all under this date, and now have just daylight enough to add my love and duty to dear friends in Cumberland.

"March 14th.—A queer treat was given last Thursday in a certain court in this town, for the entertainment of seventeen Tories. One dish contained three calves' heads (skin off), with their appurtenances, anciently called pluck. The other dish, for they had but two, contained six roast fowls, all roosters at this season, no doubt.

"The sun has been shining in his strength for full six hours, and the snow not melted enough anywhere in sight of this house to cause one drop of water.

"March 17th.—When my aunt Deming was a little girl, my grandmamma Sargent told her this story:

"A Mr. Calf, who had three times enjoyed

the Mayoralty of London, had, after his decease, a monument to his memory with the following inscription:

Here lies buried the body of
SIR RICHARD CALF,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.
Honor, Honor, Honor.

A droll gentleman passing by with a bit of chalk underwrote thus:

'Oh, cruel Death! more subtle than a fox,
That would not let this calf become an ox,
That he might browse among the briars and thorns,
And with his brethren wear
Horns, Horns, Horns.'

"My aunt gives you her love, and directs me to tell you that she could cut no more than ten shifts out of my piece of linen. Nine of them are finished, washed, and ironed; and the other would have been long since, if my fingers had not been sore. My cousin Sally made three of them for me, but then I made two shirts and part of another for uncle, to help her. I believe, unless something remarkable should happen, such as a warm day, my mamma will consent that I dedicate a few of my next essays to papa. The second thing I said to aunt this morning was that I intended to be very good all day.

"March 21st.—Mr. Hunt called in just after we arose from dinner to-day. He asked me whether I had heard from my papa and mamma since I wrote them. He was answered, 'No sir; it would be very strange if I had, because I have been writing to them to-day, and in fact so I do every day.' Aunt told him that his name went frequently into my journals, together with broken and sometimes whole sentences of his sermons, conversations, etc. He laughed, called me a newsmonger, said I was a Daily Advertiser, and that he did not doubt but my journals, besides affording much entertainment, would be a future benefit; a fine compliment for me, mamma.

"March 26th.—Yesterday I went to Aunt Winslow's. Speaking about papa and you occasioned Uncle Winslow to tell me that he had kissed you long before papa knew you. Thence we went to Miss Rogers', where Mr. Bacon read one of his sermons. I can remember he said that before we all sinned in Adam our father, Christ loved us; and above seventeen hundred years ago, he left the bosom of the Father, and abode with men, and bore all the scourgings and buffetings which the Jews inflicted upon him, and then was hung upon the accursed tree, arose from the dead in three days, and when his poor mother and her poor husband went to Jerusalem, he went with them and disputed among the doctors, and when his mother asked him about it, he said, 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?'—all this he said was part of that righteousness for the sake of which a sinner is justified. Aunt has been upstairs all the time I have been writing, and recollecting this, so no help from her. Now she is come down, and I have been reading it over to her. She is glad that I remembered so much, but says that I have not done the subject justice, and that I have blended things somewhat improperly.

"March 28th.—Just five months to a day since grandmamma Sargent's death. This

minute I have received my queen's nightcap from Miss Katy Vane—we like it. Aunt says that if the materials it is made of were more substantial than gauze, it might serve occasionally to hold anything measured by a half peck, but that it is just as it should be, and very decent, and she wishes my writing was as decent.

"April 1st.—Will you be offended, mamma, if I ask you if you remember the flock of wild geese that papa called you to see flying over the blacksmith's shop, this day three years? N. B. It is the first of April. After a week's absence I this day attended Master Holbrook. What was last week a pond, is to-day a quag, and if aunt had known it was so bad she would not have sent me; but I neither wet my feet, nor drabbled my clothes; indeed, I have but one garment I could contrive to drabble.

"April 3d.—Yesterday was the Annual Fast, and I was at meeting all day. Mr. Hunt preached in the A. M. from Zachariah, vii. 4, 5, 6, 7. He said that if we did not mean as we say in prayers, it was only a compliment put upon God, which was a high affront to his divine majesty. Mr. Bacon preached in the afternoon, from James v. 17. He said that some grieve and complain that their prayers are not answered, but if Thy will be done is, as it ought to be, in every prayer, their prayers are answered.

"My aunt Deming says that if my memory had been equal to the memory of some of my ancestors, I might have done better justice to these good sermons; and that if hers had been better than mine, she would have helped me. Mr. Bacon and Mr. Hunt did say what is here recorded, but in other method.

"April 9th.—Yesterday afternoon I visited Miss Polly Deming, and took her with me to Mr. Roger's in the evening, where Mr. Hunt discoursed upon the seventh question of the catechism, *viz.*, what are the decrees of God? I have got set down on a loose paper a good many of his observations, but my aunt says that a miss of twelve years old can't possibly do justice to a leading subject in divinity, and therefore I had better not attempt a repetition of particulars that she finds lie somewhat confusedly in my young mind (as may easily be concluded); and that in her poor judgment Mr. Hunt discoursed soundly, as well as ingeniously, upon the subject, and much to her instruction and satisfaction.

"My papa informed me in his last letter that he had done me the honor to read my journals, and that he approved some part of them. Aunt says it would be wonderful indeed if a gentleman of papa's understanding and judgment could be highly entertained with every little observation from a girl of my years, and that I may esteem it a great favor that he notices any of my simple matters with his approbation.

"April 13th.—It rains fast, but the sun shines, and I am glad to see it, because, if it continues, I am going abroad with aunt this afternoon.

"April 14th.—I went a-visiting yesterday to Col. Gridley's with my aunt. After tea, Miss Becky Gridley sang a minuet, to which Miss Polly Deming and I danced, which performance was approved by Mrs. Gridley, Mrs.

Deming, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Avery, Miss Sally Hill, and Miss Sally Winslow. Colonel brought in the talk of Whigs and Tories, and taught me the difference between them. I believe I shall go somewhere this afternoon, for I have acquaintances enough that would be very glad to see me, as well as my Sudbury Street friends.

"April 15th.—I am going to Aunt Storer's as soon as writing school is done. I shall dine with her if she is not engaged. Until yesterday it has been such bad walking that I could not get there on my feet. If she had wanted much to see me, she might have sent either one of her chaises, chariot, or her baby-hut, one of which I see going by the door almost every day.

"April 17th.—You see, mamma, I comply with papa's and your orders, to write in my journal every day, although my matters are of little importance; and I have nothing at present except that I spent yesterday afternoon and evening at Mrs. Soley's. I hope I shall at least learn to spell the word yesterday, it having occurred so frequently in these pages!

"April 18th.—I have exchanged a piece of patchwork, wrought in my leisure intervals, with Miss Peggy Phillips, my schoolmate, for a pair of curious lace mitts with blue tops, which I shall send with a yard of white ribbon edged with green, to Miss Nancy Macky, for a present. My intention had been that the patchwork should have grown large enough to cover a bed, when that same live stock which you wrote me about some time since, should be increased to that portion you intend to bestow upon me, should a certain event take place. I am careful not to repeat in my journal anything that I have written in a letter, either to papa or you, else I should have informed you of some of Bet Smith's abominations, with the deserved punishment she is like soon to meet with. When this reaches you, you will have too much on your hands to pay much attention to this scrawl. It may be an amusement on your voyage, therefore I send it. Be so kind as to bring up all my journal with you. My papa has promised to bring up my baby-house. I shall send you a droll figure of a young lady in, or under, which you please, a tasty head-dress.

"Boston, April 20th, 1772.—I have sealed up 45 pages of Journal for Cumberland. A stormy day—no going to school. I am learning to knit lace.

"April 22d.—I spent this evening at Miss Sargent's as usual. Mr. Hunt continued his discourse upon the seventh question of the catechism.

"April 24th.—I drank tea at Aunt Suky's. Aunt Storer was there in charming good health and spirits, and lent me three of baby cousin Charles' books to read, *viz.*, The Puzzling Cap, The Female Orators, and The History of Gaffer Two-shoes.

"April 25th.—To-day three stitches upon net-work.

"April 28th.—This P. M. I am visited by Miss Glover, Miss Draper, and Miss Soley; my aunt abroad.

"May 16th.—Last Wednesday Bet. Smith was set upon the gallows. She behaved with

great impudence. Thursday I danced a minuet and country dances at school. To-day I am somewhat out of sorts, a little sick at my stomach.

"23d.—I followed my schools every day this week. Thursday I dined at Aunt Storer's.

"June 1st.—All last week cold and rainy, and no schools, on account of the Election of Councillors and other public doings. With one eye, for t'other was bound up, I saw the governor and his train of life-guard ride by in state to Cambridge. I formed letters last week to Cousin Sally and Aunt Thomas, but my eyes were so bad aunt would not let me copy but one of them. Monday being Artillery Election, I went to see the hall. Mr. Hancock invited the whole company into his house, and treated them very genteely and generously with cake, wine, etc. There were ten corn baskets of the best at the hall sent to the prison and almshouse.

"On Sabbath evening, June 7th, my honored papa, mamma, little brother, and other friends arrived here from Cumberland to the great joy of all—myself in particular. They sailed from Cumberland the first of June, in the evening.

"August 18th.—Many avocations have prevented my keeping my journal so exactly as heretofore. Mr. Samuel Jarvis is married to Miss Suky Pierce, and on the 13th I made her a visit in company with mamma and many others. The bride was dressed in a white satin nightgown.

"27th.—Yesterday I heard of a cat seventeen years old, that has just recovered of the measles. Eight years ago the same cat had the smallpox.

"28th.—I spent the afternoon and evening at Aunt Suky's. There were eighteen at supper, besides a great many that did not eat any. Mrs. Jarvis sang after supper.

"May 25th, 1773.—Yesterday toward evening took a walk with cousin Sally to see the good folks in Sudbury Street. I had my Hed-dus roll on; aunt Storer said it ought to be made less; aunt Deming said it ought not to be made at all. It makes my head itch and ache, and burn like anything. mamma This famous roll is not made wholly of a red cow-tail, but is a mixture of that and horse-hair, and a little human hair of a yellow hue. that I suppose was taken out of an old wig. But D——, the barber, made it, all carded together and twisted up. When it came home, aunt put it on me, and my new cap upon it; she then took up her apron and measured me, and from the roots of my hair on my forehead to the top of my notions, I measured above an inch longer than I did downward from the roots of my hair to the end of my chin.

"Nothing renders a young person more amiable than virtue and modesty without false hair, red cow-tail, or the barber. All this, mamma, I have been reading to my aunt. She is pleased with my whimsical description, and hopes a little false English will not spoil the whole with mamma.

"'Rome was not built in a day.'

"31st May.—Dear mamma, what name has Mr. Bent given his son? Something like Nehemiah or Jehoshaphat, I suppose. Aunt hopes

it isn't Baal Gad ; but, N. B., for herself, she utterly disclaims having either her head or hand concerned in this curious journal, except where the writing makes it manifest."

Many pages are lost out of the century-old voluminous manuscript, from which the foregoing dates have been selected, and an historian might glean from the parts not quoted much that describes that era, many points that establish the existence and fix the date of certain details in that fast growing to be a revolutionary period.

The bright little girl who penned it died at about twenty years of age, and would have silently slipped away into forgetfulness, but for her own artlessly written, childish history, which rescues Anna Green Winslow from oblivion, and at the same time, besides its historical value, teaches lessons, not by precept, but by the example of her respectful address to her parents, and her industrious attention to their wishes, her careful regard to the rights of other persons, her patience under disappointment, her kind remembrance of absent friends, her watchful compliance with the wishes of her uncle and aunt, under whose supervision she was placed, her perseverance, and hopeful, cheerful disposition, her wide-awake observation of persons, things, and events, her faithful performance of school duties, her vivacity, versatility, and unpretentious wit, her close attention to the sermons, the lectures, and even the conversations of her minister, her industry in many sorts of hand-work, her economy, and compliance with the wishes of her parents as to expenditure, and finally, her desire for improvement and willingness to work for it.

Just a Friend.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

IF he'd say "Good-bye to you ! never more
Will I look on your face, or hear you speak ;"
I would know full well that he'd seek the door
Of my heart in less than a week.

IF passing he'd turn his face from me,
Or give me the coolest nod or smile,
I should not fear ; I should only see,
The hurt in his heart the while.

IF he'd say "I hate you," more indeed,
With hate more bitter than words can tell ;
For the cruel speech I should read instead,
"I love you, love you well."

BUt he takes my hand in a friendly grasp,
And looks in my face friendly wise ;
There is no tenderness in the clasp,
No love-light in his eyes.

IT is said, I know, that friendship grows
Sometimes to love that lives forever ;
But—I wonder how the writer knows—
But, love to friendship never.

NOw either he loved me once, and so
All untrue is the adage seen ;
Or else he never loved me, oh,
There's little to choose between.

TRY as I may, aye, try as I must,
I can never the old-time glory send
Into his eyes ; I know he is just
And hopelessly my friend.

Cassel.

IN 812, in the vicinity of Kirch-diknold, at that far-away time one of the chief towns of this part of Germany, but now a small village with many gardens, the summer resort of family parties who go from Cassel to enjoy their "abend-brod," in the open air and in the midst of gay company, stood a stone villa of Saxon construction, crowning a hill known as Chassala. This villa with its adjacent land was the property of French counts, until taken by force of arms from Eberhard, heir of Conrad I., by Otto I., who made it into an imperial residence.

In 1008 Henry II. presented it to his pious consort Kunigunde, who shortly afterward donated the land to a Benedictine nunnery which she had founded. The sisterhood, with that eye to the main chance which is one of the characteristics of their order, sold most of the land to petty farmers, and in course of time a hamlet grew up about the ancient villa.

In 1277 it became the property of Henry of Brabant, uncle by marriage of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, who built upon the banks of the Fulda a magnificent castle, with walls and drawbridges and all other necessary appliances for successful resistance in the event of war or siege. From this time onward Cassel grew in size and importance, undisturbed by the frequent small wars of Thuringia, of which province Hesse was then a part. The inhabitants devoted themselves to commerce and manufactures, allying themselves with the free cities on the Rhine and Elbe. Bridges were thrown across the Fulda, hospitals were established, churches and palaces were built, and the years flowed by in peace and quietness.

In 1518 Philip the Magnanimous, one of the two brave princes who walked by Luther's side when he left the Diet at Worms, became Landgrave of Hesse. In that same year 1521, mass, by his order, was read in German in the churches of Cassel, and in 1525 the use of prayers for the dead was entirely given up. In 1527 the monasteries were closed, the Roman Catholic churches converted into those for the use of worshipers according to the Lutheran faith, and the rich revenues of the suppressed convents were given for the High Schools, then, as now, the pride of every Casselauer's heart.

Upon Philip's death Hesse was divided among his four sons, Hesse-Cassel falling to the share of William, the eldest son. This prince was justly celebrated for his learning, and the especial delight he took in astronomical and botanical researches. He built an observatory which was the marvel of the day, and provoked the most enthusiastic admiration from his friend and contemporary, Tycho Brahe.

After his death, Cassel attained its highest degree of prosperity, under the government of Moritz the Learned. Schools, universities, museums, and theaters were established, and nowhere was greater plenty and content to be found, until the outbreak of the Thirty Years War. Yet even then so excellently was the city fortified, that the only enemies who found their way within its walls were those brought in as prisoners. The Landgrave of Hesse was the first Protestant prince who had the courage, in those terrible days which so tried men's souls, to ally himself with Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North.

When the war was ended, in the province of Hesse-Cassel seventeen cities, forty-seven castles, and three hundred villages had been destroyed by fire, thousands of villages had but four or five families left out of hundreds, and all landed property had fallen to mere nominal value.

When peace was finally accomplished, prosperity gradually returned under the wise and equitable rule of Landgravine Elizabeth, who acted as regent during her son's minority. Much was the country indebted to this excellent princess, and greatly was she loved and deeply lamented. A tablet in the chancel of St. Martin's Church shows the delightful relation which existed between this princess and the burghers.

But a change of government made no very serious change in place or people, until the French usurpation, when Cassel became the residence of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, which circumstance naturally enough drew many French people to the town. Hessian coats of arms on public buildings were supplanted by those of Westphalia, statues and busts of Napoleon the First replaced those of the old electors ; Wilhelmshöhe, the summer palace of the Kurfurst, was rechristened Napoleonshöhe, and Wilhelmshöhe was called Catharineshöhe, in honor of Jerome's queen.

But this lasted only a brief time. Fortune, in frowning upon the great emperor, was also adverse to the interests of his family, and very soon after the battle of Leipsic, the Kurfurst was to be seen in his old home, and the armorial bearings and statues of the powerful usurper were consigned to dust and obscurity.

In 1866 Hesse-Cassel was absorbed by Prussia, along with several other minor principalities, though some time before that the elector had been forced to leave his city and reside elsewhere, so obnoxious had he made himself to his people. He was a man of narrow views, prejudiced, obstinate, and tyrannical in the most trifling matters. His personal character was very disreputable, even in the estimation of a people who are wont to overlook much that is offensive in one that bears a title.

He fell in love with the beautiful wife of an officer, and she being willing, he offered to buy her from her husband. The unfortunate man, well knowing that this was only one of various methods in which he could be put out of the way, took the money, and the pair were morganatically married. They had several children, who by courtesy are styled princes and princesses, and who by will inherited their father's immense fortune ; but, by reason of their illegitimacy, were excluded from suc-

cession to the electorate, had there been at the time of his death such an office and title in existence.

Under Prussian rule Cassel has improved in size and beauty. It had been the elector's policy to dwarf the city to suit the size of the court, and foreigners were discouraged from residence in Cassel, by every possible incivility and inconvenience. Everybody and everything was expected to be subservient to the Hof, and it is most amusing to hear old ladies whose husbands were connected with the court, and upon whom some reflection of its dull glory and melancholy splendor had fallen, lament the degenerate days in which they are living.

It would be as difficult for me to express the difference which exists between a Hessian and a Prussian, in the estimation of the former, as to convince them that the chief American idea of his countrymen is that of rough fellows who blackened their mustaches with shoe polish, allowed themselves to be sold by their rulers to fight for strangers, and then, overcome by love of beer and Christmas cheer, gave the American patriots one of the decisive victories of the Revolution.

But, allowing for differences of education, the Casselers are really a fine people, hospitable, frank, agreeable, and generally well educated, as they ought to be, having some of the best schools in the German empire. The Real Schule and the Gymnasium are celebrated over the Continent, the difference between them being the fact that to modern languages the preference is given in the first-named, and in the latter only the dead languages are taught. The two eldest sons of the Crown Prince were educated in the Gymnasium.

Schools for girls are also numerous and excellent. Besides the Vör and Töchter schools, there are admirable boarding-schools, which are also very inexpensive. The living is good, every necessary comfort for the health and happiness of the pupils being provided. The one kept by Fraülein Heuser, Victoria Strasse, is a thoroughly home school, and besides the regular course of study required by the German Government, there are also lectures upon history and art, while the girls have the advantages of attending concerts, lectures, and occasionally the theater and opera.

In the way of art, Cassel has much to boast of for a town of its size. Upon the Bellevue, an eminence commanding the valley of the Tulla, is the Picture Gallery, a fine edifice of brown stone, ornamented on the outside with statues. The



THE PICTURE GALLERY, CASSEL.

collection consists principally of old masters, and is above the average. It was founded by William VII., who, being Stadtholder of Friesland, as well as Elector of Hesse, was enabled by the aid of Philip Van Dyck, a Dutch artist, to buy up some excellent private collections in Holland. Since then additions have been frequently made from French, Dutch, and Italian schools.

Many valuable paintings were taken to Paris in 1806, the best being sent to Malmaison as a gift to Josephine. These were afterward purchased by Alexander of Russia, and now form the choice attractions of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. Notwithstanding this loss, the Cassel Gallery contains the largest and richest number of Netherlandish paintings in Germany, after those of Munich and Dresden.

Since 1866 the gallery, which formerly cost a thaler (seventy-five cents) admittance for each visitor, is open daily free, while every possible facility is afforded students and lovers of art. From the terrace fronting the gallery is a delightful view. Far distant in the south is a background of softly rolling hills, which sweep around the city east and west. Many villages dot the surface of the intervening plain, while out and in glides the Fulda like a silver thread through broad bands of green velvet.



FREDERICK'S GATE, CASSEL.

This Bellevue terrace extends as a public promenade for half a mile. On the left is the Aue Gate, erected in memory of the Franco-German war. Above it is a Prussian eagle with outspread wings, and on either side are bronze basso-relievos, one representing the departure, the other the return of soldiers from the war.

On the left of the gate is an enormous structure called the Kaltenberg, begun years ago by one of the electors as his private palace, but left unfinished by him at his death. For many years it stood neglected, overgrown

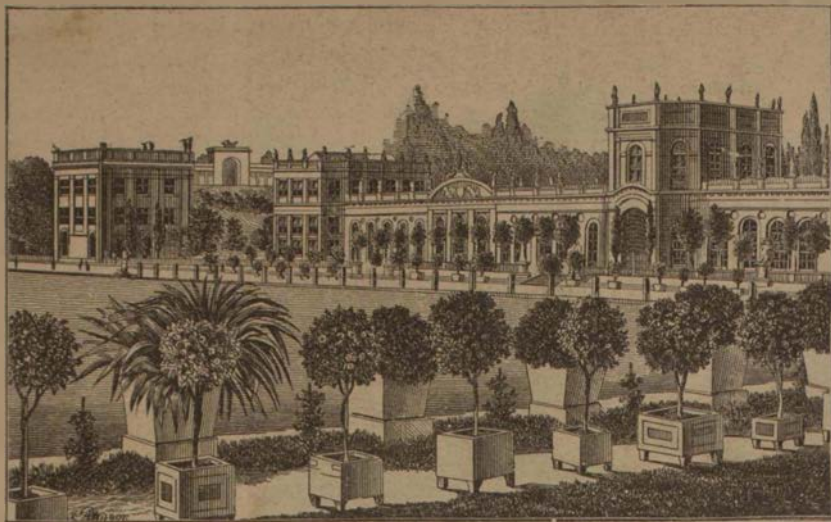
with moss and weeds; but it is now in process of completion by the imperial government as a Palais de Justice, and presents a fine appearance with legends in gilded letters flashing from its marble freize.

The terrace on the right passes into an elevated street buttressed with natural rock, and secured here and there with solid masonry. Upon this street are many costly and handsome homes.

By descending one of the many winding paths from the Bellevue, we find ourselves in the midst of the Aue Park, which has served for three centuries as botanical garden and pleasure grounds. Here are delightful drives, shady walks, a bowling green, statues, fountains sending up continually their slender, crystal shafts, while an evening walk is made especially delightful by the music from hundreds of nightingales. In the center of the park is a statue representing a sorrowing lion, which commemorates certain patriotic Hessians who rose in revolt against the fearful exactions during the French usurpations, and were court-martialed and shot on the very spot where the memorial now stands.

In the park are several ponds of considerable size, and varying in shape, which present a fine appearance covered with skaters on a cold winter afternoon. But the great attraction of the park is the trees. They are in long and stately aisles, in clumps, single and entangled with underbrush, so as to resemble as much as possible a state of nature. Sometimes they arch their branches overhead like a cathedral roof; sometimes they suggest the slender pillars of a long, extended nave; sometimes in their density they quite shut out the summer sun, and again they rise majestic in solitary grace.

In the Aue stands the Orangerie, a palace built by one of the landgraves as a summer residence, and used by King Jerome for the numerous festivities of his gay



THE ORANGE HOUSE, CASSEL.

but short-lived reign. It is a most graceful and elegant building, and as beautiful within as without.

From the Aue a miniature suspension bridge is thrown across the Fulda, which leads to an old part of the city full of picturesque interest. Farther up the stream a short distance is another bridge of stone, the public thoroughfare for people and peasants. Standing upon these bridges, the eye is charmed with the curiously shaped gable-ended buildings, with their multitude of windows, placed here and there and everywhere, without any decided purpose, apparently, except to please the fitful fancy of the architect, and yet most happily arranged for the artist, who can also have a choice in colors, as, for instance, where the plaster has fallen and disclosed the red bricks beneath, or the huge oak frames polished and blackened by time and weather, or the steep red tiled roofs, softened and tinted by patches of gray, yellow, and brown lichens.

From the Fulda bridges we enter immediately into the old city, where I never weary of wandering through the odd streets, where the tall houses with each successive story extending beyond the one below threaten to topple upon me every moment. Where the peaked roofs almost touch each other, and where here and there, even in cold and stormy weather, a worthy haus-frau may be seen, with folded arms resting on her window cushions, surveying the street beneath or chatting with a neighbor in an opposite window as calmly as if in all the world there was no such thing as work or hurry.

And indeed in this section of the globe there is no such thing as haste, except perhaps with unacclimatized Americans or English. Give an order with the assurance that it must be fulfilled immediately, and the answer will always be "Gleich!" But you will soon discover, with some fuming and fretting perchance, which however makes no one uncomfortable but yourself, that "immediately!" in German does not signify to-day or to-morrow, but two weeks hence, or maybe more.

The writer desired a certain book which is published in a town about an hour from Cassel, and requested a bookseller to obtain it for

her. "Certainly," was the response. "And how soon can I have it?"

"In fourteen days, or thereabouts." Fancy business being carried on in that style in New York. But possibly it is done in memory of their old proverb, "Wer geht sicher, geht langsam." (Who goes safely, goes slowly.)

On one of the side streets is a large stone house, as full of odd angles and queer windows as a Christmas cake ought to be of plums. By the side of one of the second story windows is a stone woman roughly hewn in alto-relievo, with a tablet close by detailing her history in antiquated Latin. The building is a hospital, founded and endowed by Saint Elizabeth, and the image perpetuates the memory of the lovely and beloved saint.

This, however, is only one of the quaint stone buildings, each with its individual story, and upon which time and war have left their traces. They all have armorial bearings upon their façades, texts from Holy Writ, Latin proverbs, or sentences perpetually reminding all who enter their doors of the transitory nature of all earthly blessings, as "Hier zeitlich—dort Ewig!"

There are several libraries in the city, but the Stats Library is the most valuable. It contains over one hundred thousand volumes, chiefly of scientific and historical interest, no novels being allowed to burden the shelves.

There are also many valuable manuscripts and books illustrating art, which are all open free to the public every morning. Any one is allowed to take books home with him, by merely signing name and address in a book kept for the purpose. But it is a weariness alike to flesh and spirit to wade through the ponderous catalogues all written in German text. The Museum and Red Palace face the Friederich Platz, the largest square in the city and perhaps (so it is claimed to be) the largest public square in Germany. In the center of the Platz is a handsome statue of the elector who hired his subjects to that pig-headed English king, whose obstinacy and folly cost the British crown the loss of her American colonies. The high-peaked caps worn by those soldiers, as represented in pictures of the battles of Saratoga and Long Island, are still in general use by the peasants of Hesse-Cassel. Very quaint do these peasants look with their full, short skirts, low shoes, circular cloaks made of blue or purple calico, drawn over a huge basket carried on their backs, their hair drawn tight upon the very crown of their heads, and then surmounted by a tall cap of black silk, often gay with embroidery, and fastened by ribbons which flutter in the wind like sails of a ship at sea.

The Museum has many valuable bits of antique art as well as curiosities of various kinds. But that which most interested us was the model of the first steamboat ever constructed. It was the invention of Denis Papin, a French Protestant, born in 1647. He was educated for a physician, but after practicing two years, he became the assistant of the celebrated philosopher Huygens in Paris and the experimentalist of the French Academy. In 1674 he published a little book detailing experiments which suggested the germs of mechanical power that has since revolutionized the earth. He spent some years in England, and then went to Marburg, where was a small colony of French Protestants. There he married, and then in 1695 moved to Cassel, to be in the employ of the landgrave upon some engineering work he had then in hand.

While in Cassel he constructed a boat to move by steam power, which was tried on the Fulda, in the presence of the landgrave



FREDERICK'S PALACE, CASSEL.

and his court, with success. Quarrelling with the elector soon after, Papin resolved to go to England. But to take his boat, he must secure the consent of the Elector of Hanover and a safe permit for the passage of the Weser.

This was slow in coming, and, pressed by pecuniary difficulties, delay became intolerable, and meeting with a boatman, who gave him documents which he claimed would obtain him free passage through the Weser, he put his family and effects on board his boat and set sail. All went well until the junction of the Weser and Fulda was reached.

There boatmen were on the alert, who insisted on their monopoly of the river. His documents were useless; the boatmen insisted upon taking his vessel, and they soon ended the matter by taking the machinery from the boat and breaking it to pieces before his eyes. The heart-broken man sent his family back to Cassel, while he went on to London, where he soon after died, lonely and obscure. But the rude model still left testifies to the fact that the Casselauers are in the right, when they claim to have had floating on their river the first steamboat which ever sailed.

The palace adjoining the museum is not only a large, but inside a remarkably handsome building. The walls of the dining halls are richly decorated with paintings by Van der Werf, while in the ball-rooms the pillars of lapis-lazuli and the hangings of blue silk are at the same time rich and artistic. Two enormous stoves made from cannon-balls, with reliefs representing music, poetry, and architecture, are used for heating this room. But that now is seldom done, the only occupants of the palace being the few servants left there to take care of it.

As we have before said, the people of Hesse-Cassel are, as a rule, good-natured, simple folk, who doubtless desire to do what is right, and do it, provided it does not interfere with their own comfort or convenience. Truth is not of much consequence, even with many who are supposed to be ladies, especially if the one to be deceived is an *Auslander* (foreigner). An Irish servant-girl once remarked, "Faith, and it's no sin to lie to a Protestant," and so perhaps some Cassel haus-fraus quiet their consciences by saying, "It's no sin to lie to an *Auslander*!"

Living in Cassel is expensive, when compared with other German towns, being equal in cost to Berlin or Dresden. Lodgings for a family are difficult to obtain, most of them being apportioned for offi-



THE PALACE, CASSEL.

cers and students, and consisting generally of a sitting and bedroom. The lodgings now occupied by the writer consist of four rooms, three good-sized and one small one, comfortably furnished, in the best part of the town, with a garden in the rear, and upon an avenue which leads to Wilhelmshöhe, the famous park and castle of that name, where Napoleon III. resided for some months after the battle of Sedan.

For these accommodations seventy-five marks monthly is paid (one mark equals twenty-five cents exactly). Service is not included in this charge, and an extra four marks must be paid a "*putz-frau*," who will twice a week swab up the carpetless rooms, empty ashes, carry up coal, and beat the chairs and sofas, till, if they were our own, we should cry for mercy.

Breakfast and tea can easily be provided by means of a petroleum stove, and dinner can be had at a restaurant for one mark each. When the family consists of four persons, a dinner can be ordered for three, which will cost three marks and be more than sufficient for all, it being the very general custom in these towns, where small incomes are the rule and large ones the exception, to ask for half a portion, no surprise being felt or expressed by such an order.

There are many conditorei and colonial

shops where cooked meats of all descriptions may be purchased, ham, beef, veal, tongue, potted eels, and sausages of so many varieties that my readers would weary of the list were I learned enough to give it. These bring a good price, ham, for example, costing over forty cents per pound. Butter is thirty to thirty-five cents, while other provisions are in proportion. Sugar is twice the price it is in London and New York, with very much less sweetening property, while coffee is also very dear.

The daily papers are now advertising American wash-

boards and sad-irons, while the sale of American corn beef is enormous. Going into a shop in the old town soon after my arrival, my speech betrayed my foreign origin, and the proprietor, as fat and greasy as his own "speck" (fat pork) said,

"Is the gnädige-frau an Englishwoman?"

"No, I am an American."

"So!! then I have something to show you from America," and away he rushed to return in hot haste with a slice of corn-beef, which he held up for my admiration.

Yet, despite the cost of living, in certain ways it is cheaper than life in America, because one can economize and yet be thought perfectly respectable, which is not yet the case in our own beloved land. Where there are so many aristocratic poor as in Germany, one need never fear to lose caste by living close and enjoying simple and inexpensive pleasures. There is indeed a "*Verein*" in the city, whose object it is to train the young girls and boys to such ideas. Every two or three weeks the society meets, there is a concert or lecture, which costs fifty pfenning each person. After that a supper, for which a trifling sum is paid, then a dance for the young people and social chat for their elders. The members of this *Verein* are the best and most aristocratic people in Cassel.

Therefore, let no one who wishes to economize, and yet enjoy the advantages of German schools, hesitate about coming to Cassel, provided they will be willing to set aside some of their American habits and peculiarities, and fall into the German way of living. No more beautiful place of residence is to be found in North Germany, while its healthfulness is undoubted, except for rheumatic persons. Let such avoid the town, lest they find a permanent residence in the *Friedhof*, where sleep Spohr and many others whose names are not unknown to fame!

LIZZIE P. LEWIS.



KING WILLIAM'S PALACE, CASSEL.

✧ THE ✧ BLUE ✧ CHEST. ✧

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A WOMAN, weary and bent and gray,
Drearly wearing her time away ;
Never the foot of friend or kin
Stepping her bare little room within ;
Never the ghost of a smile on her face,
Shadowy moving from place to place ;
A life as cold as a winter's storm,
With never a sunbeam its ice to warm,
Dying, at last, with none to weep
O'er the eyelids shut in that frozen sleep.

SOFTLY the pitying neighbors came ;
Nothing they knew of the dead but her name.
She had lived forlorn, she had died alone ;
Her sorrows and burdens had been her own.
Still and straight on her bed she lay,
The pallid wreck of an empty day,
But the vanished beauty of youth once more
Tenderly brooded the wan face o'er.
It looked, indeed, in its strange deep peace,
As if the soul, in its glad release,
Had paused a moment in upward flight,
To drop on the brow a kiss of light.

“WHY she may have been pretty once,” they said,
As they smoothed the locks on the snowy head ;
“May have heard sweet words, ere her day was over,
May have thrilled at the glance of an eager lover,
May have known fond tones and caresses fain,
Pleasures unmingled with bitter pain,
Ere the flame of life unto embers burned,
The rose of joy unto ashes turned.”

THE room was as chill as a convent cell.
Had it secrets to keep ? It would guard them well—
The thin hard couch, and the old hard chair,
The fireless hearth and the floor so bare.
Pinned to the sheet, with a careful thrift,
Enough to bury her. Nothing to lift,
By an inch, this veiling of mystery,
That was woven over her history.

STAY ! In the dusk of a corner hid
Is a massive chest, with hasp and lid,
With an iron bar, and a frowning key—
A chest that had come from across the sea.
Open it ! She who lies at rest
Cares not now for the old blue chest,
That has held her treasures these lonely years—
Treasures bedewed with what aching tears.
What does it show you ? Just little things,
Trifles to which the weak heart clings,
When the heart is a woman's. You and I
Have just such sacred relics laid by.
They are kept in our Holy of Holies. We
Enter there only when God can see,
Worthless in world-coin, but kept apart.
The priceless wealth of the tender heart.

HERE in the old chest safely hid,
Jealously locked 'neath its oaken lid,
This woman, who lived and died alone,
Had treasures and pleasures that were her own.

A PAIR of half-worn little shoes,
A dainty hat unspoiled by use,
Its satin bows and its curling plume
Yellow with age, in that perfumed gloom ;
A doll, tricked out with velvet and lace,
A child's toy watch, with a broken case.
A map, a slate, and a picture-book,
And miniature painting whence blue eyes look
With the innocent fearless pride of seven—
Eyes that had welcomed her home to heaven.

AND so the chest told its touching tale :
There had once been glow in the life so pale,
Color and music and grace and bloom,
Ere loneliness, hunger, and blight and gloom.
She had been a happy and loving wife,
The mother's glory had crowned her life.
Joy had left her, and hope had fled,
Her heart's beloved had so long been dead.
But what of the pain ? Of the stony way
Of her later years ? *She had had her day.*
The ring on her finger was thin and worn ;
Grief and loss she had grimly borne ;
But once she had drained life's sweetest cup ;
Once to life's heights had been lifted up.

THEY carried her forth to the narrow bed
Where the rest is deep for the weary head.
They were glad she was out of her grief at last,
Her solitude ended, her sorrow past.
But when I think of that chest of blue,
With its hint of the morning's flower and dew,
I am sorrier far for the lonely days
Of some who have never known the ways,
The sweet, sweet ways of balmy hands,
As they play with the loosened shining strands
Of the mother's hair ; who have never heard
The sovereign tones of a true love, stirred
At the sound of feet that came home at night
To the table spread and the lamp's soft light.

WHERE a thousand years as a shadow pass
An age is a wave on the sea of glass.
Those lonely days will as nothing seem,
Vague as a half-remembered dream,
Where she dwells, her youth returned for aye,
With her loved, who leaving her did but die,
Who were not false, and who were not cold,
Who gave her not dress for the spirit's gold.
'Tis joy we must wish to the soul at rest,
As we shut the lid of the old blue chest.

Modern Work.

THE COMPETITION OF WOMEN WITH MEN IN THE LABOR FIELD.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

HERE is a great deal of complaint, some of which is well-founded, in regard to the difficulties with which women find themselves encompassed who undertake, or desire to undertake, work which may fairly be called competitive work with men. The complaints however are not often made by those who have successfully overcome the obstacles and won a place of honor; but by those who stand trembling on the outer verge, anxious to reach the goal, but mortally afraid of the lions in their path, and which they imagine have been put there for their special detriment.

This is a foolish, useless, and often untrue idea to start with, and had better be gotten rid of as fast as possible. There is no sex in actual work, and there are in reality few obstacles in the path of women that do not exist for men also in fields common to both. Naturally, in those that have been occupied by men almost exclusively for centuries, the means and resources, the methods and equipments have grown up around men, and created a wall of habit, perhaps of prejudice, which it is very difficult to get over. But is it a wall you want to get over? Is it an occupation you want to follow? Art is open to women; education, that is, teaching, and medicine are open to women; law is open to women; all business is open to women; and though synods and presbyters still narrowly exclude them from the rite of ordination, yet congregations accept them without it, and pay the minister's salary exactly as they would to a man. Only the army and navy and a few of the trades are still reserved exclusively for men, and into these it is safe to say few women care to enter; and as an offset may be cited numerous occupations which women either engross, or in which they possess the advantage of special fitness and occupation of the ground.

No great human questions are ever permanently or satisfactorily settled on a sentimental or one-sided basis, nor can this of the relations of men to women, or women to men. The law of necessity is the first that appeals to us, and the masses of working men are brought face to face with no other. It is not a question with them of the human right to labor, and to learn to labor, in order to obtain subsistence; it is a simple question of self-protection, of holding the monopoly which they have secured against all comers, and they exercise the power against the coming man as well as the coming woman. What to do with the boy has become as much of a problem as what to do with the girl? Trades are practically closed against them, for they cannot be entered as apprentices, and custom forbids their employment in domestic avocations, in the labor of the house and the industries of the sewing-rooms, so that the boy is forced into the pos-

session of much unoccupied time, which girls may utilize in various avocations.

The boys therefore do not have it all their own way. The growth of populations—the sharp stimulus of an ever-increasing competition—forces upon them, as well as upon women, the solution of a serious problem, and the majority have neither the time nor the inclination to sentimentalize or philosophize over the bearings; they simply follow with a blind instinct the first laws of their being, as the mound-builders and cave-dwellers did ages upon ago, without reference to the result for any one or anything but themselves.

This may not be right or humane, but it is as it is, and individually we must accept it; nor is it at all likely that the general plan would be improved by making exceptions in favor of individuals. Great general laws cannot be made to suit individual cases, else there would be nothing left for individual action—no motive or stimulus to individual effort. On the plane of active labor therefore a woman must ask no favor, must know no sex, if she would work side by side, or achieve the same results as men. She must also accept the conditions as she finds them, and be prepared to work with them until she can herself improve them, and not expect they will be made over or planed smooth for her benefit.

Placing herself on this basis, as on a platform from which she can view the situation, the average woman will find herself (at the beginning) in a subterranean region surrounded by workers with pickaxes (instrumentalities), by whose aid they hope to secure nuggets of the treasures concealed in the mine they are to work; and gradually find sunshine and daylight at the top, after having become enriched upon the way. This is the situation. The men are there in miner's clothes; they look askance upon new-comers, whom they look upon as intruders; but public opinion could not long resist one who had the same right, who came properly equipped for his work, and asked no quarter. But how about women surrounded by the pharisaism of sex; the hindrance of costume, of habit, of prejudice, of physical weakness, of constitutional nervousness, of inability to work under unfavorable circumstances, of utter want of comprehension of the first element of successful work—perseverance, and of that other cardinal principle that nothing is impossible, or even disagreeable, that must be done? The point is this; that put women with men from the start, and they will find themselves handicapped less by the unfair and unequal obstacles thrown in their way, than by their own habits, modes of thought, dress, and physical and mental limitations and requirements. There is no royal road to the accomplishment of good, earnest, painstaking work; nor can sentimental considerations be allowed as a factor to mitigate the hardships which women have to encounter. On the contrary, if women are the weaker, if they are unable to sustain themselves, they share the fate of weak men; they go to the wall. In the performance of competitive work, women are naturally embarrassed by circumstances which have their origin in the constitution of things, and which no amount of talking can

alter or set aside. They are always more or less bound by domestic duties and social responsibilities, which men can throw off, or which are not demanded of them. Dress, also, must under the most favorable conditions be in the nature of an impediment, as well as that inability to go alone to all places, and in the dark as well as the light, which is common to men. Saying that women *can* do this, that, or the other is not the question; the point is, what they do—what the conditions are into which they are born, and against which they have to contend in the effort to compete in the labor field with men. What we have discovered so far is this, that the natural obstacles in the case are greater than those that would be likely to be put in the way by men in fields common to both men and women, and that sentiment is not to be relied upon to offset this inequality. Sentiment is opposed to business, business to sentiment, and the attempt to graft one upon the other only renders women objects of ridicule.

The first thing therefore for women to do, who wish to be accepted upon an equal footing and do equal work with men, is to get rid of their impedimenta in the way of a constantly changing and burdensome dress, a style of living that encroaches upon their time and strength, and "notions" which as actually stand in the way of achievement as if they were material forces. Work is inexorable. It has no regard for weather, for nerves, for headaches, for backaches, for rumpled ruffles, for torn tie-backs, for tight shoes, for corns, for feathers, for measles, for callers, for "company" that just "dropped in," for anything that stands in the way of its accomplishment at the proper time and in the proper place. When we start off on a journey, when we go shopping, when we take a street-car or an omnibus, we expect to find all the machinery connected with the means of transfer in working order. We expect to find stores open, goods in plenty, clerks in place and ready to obey the slightest intimation of our wishes. We see daily, hourly, without break, apparently without cessation, the whole world of activity constantly in motion. How is it kept so? By sleepless vigilance, by never-ending care, by the eternal action of forces, which once started cannot be stopped without deranging the entire social economy with which they are connected. It is true that the whole is not dependent upon one individual act or will; but it is dependent on numbers moving in concert, and each one at the specified moment; a break, and there is difficulty if not disaster.

This great industrial, never-tiring, never-dying spirit of the age in which we live, is the true, the only absolute monarch. It is the great successor of the "king dead, long live the king," and its subjects are a part of the grand system which is inclosing the whole earth as with the girdle which Shakespeare foresaw, and making of all nations one great industrial people, for the development and beautifying of the earth, and the providing for the wants of growing populations. It is inevitable that some workers shall fall by the wayside, but the work must go on, and if women cannot keep step with men in the

work which they elect to perform, they must inevitably be dropped out, and fall into the rear, swelling the crowd of the hangers-on or skirmishers, but holding no honorable place in the regular ranks. It would seem absurd to the most superficial mind for soldiers to fight in long-tailed dressing-gowns and ulsters, or to expect to leave the ranks or the battle-field to "take tea," or put new trimmings on an old coat. Yet these are the slipshod methods by which thousands of women undertake to work, and then complain that work does not come to them, that their desire for it is not encouraged, and that it is ill-paid. It is true that women are often ill-paid for doing good work, but so are men, and if the best women workers suffer more from this species of injustice, it is because they have not yet reached a recognized place in the field of active endeavor, and because the great mass of poor, superficial work in every department is done by women. Honest work tells, whether done by man or woman, and is sure to find more or less of recognition; in fact so great now is the demand for good work and good workers, that no one need be idle that knows how to do anything. The great difficulty is that so many want only the rewards of work, while professing a desire for the work itself.

In connection with the impediments to the work of women in competition with that of men, it is necessary to consider the age and circumstances of women who generally desire to secure such work, or who profess themselves willing to fulfill its conditions; and usually it must be admitted they are not young. Young girls often want money and are willing to earn it, but very few of them start with a serious purpose of devoting life to the prosecution of a purpose, and that purpose one into which social life and domestic ties may not enter except as subordinate incidents. If a girl really has an object, a serious pursuit, to the training and preparation for which she has given her whole strength and energies, she will by the time this preparation is completed, have passed the first flush of her youth, the spring-time of her girlhood, and will still be but upon the threshold of her hopes. It is not surprising therefore, that few young girls seriously give themselves to the contemplation of so much of sacrifice and renunciation, or that they prefer to "get along" the best way they can, taking and giving to themselves all the chances that may happen to come in their way for a domestic life, that may relieve them from personal responsibility so far as bread-winning is concerned. May, but does not always, or the lists of married and middle-aged women would not be so full who are anxious to enter the labor market and compete with men. These women are in earnest. They are perfectly willing to throw aside the dress that is frivolous and the dress that is burdensome. They will give up making calls and receiving company at home, they have long ago given up tight shoes, and will submit to any sacrifice of appearance or social consideration that will give them independence; but there are impedimenta of other kinds. There are children, or father, or mother to be taken care of, as well as supported; there is inaptitude for work that the would-be worker has had no

practice in, perhaps no training for; there is the fact that others occupy the places, and many others are coming along, and getting more or less of preparation to step into empty shoes. What chance has the needy outsider against the inflexibility of an industrial system?

Moral law forbids that she should throw aside, or disregard her obligations to those who are dependent upon her for their well-being, and even her work for their livelihood must, therefore, be influenced by the kind and degree of their helpfulness or helplessness: else she might more frequently strike out, as some do, in new paths, and allow her ingenuity and energy to make up for her lack in other respects. Supposing, however, that the obstacles in the shape of family do not exist, that she has decided talent for doing something, or that she has opened a new field, in which are possibilities that only require patient working out to bring abundant rewards; there is still a mighty effort to be made before old habits of desultory living and thinking and working are conquered, and all the faculties and functions of mind and body brought into such harmony with the requirements of an honest working life, as to render the result of the experiment permanent or satisfactory.

There is no more doubt about the ability of women to do good work, and continuous work, than there is of that of men. The continuity or perseverance is altogether in favor of women, where it has been trained by exercise; the power of concentration upon a given point, or for a given length of time, is in favor of men. But the conditions of work are inexorable for both, and they cannot be wished or sentimentalized, or scolded, or even voted away. There are certain kinds of work that are less fitted for women than others; and as a rule, women very properly avoid them; there are other kinds, however, for which women are extremely well fitted, some of which men at present perform, and these women who are wise will fit themselves for and try to secure. There is no reason why women should be chambermaids and employees, and men managers and proprietors; in France men do the most of the chamber-work in hotels and public places, and women are the managers and superintendents, the sellers and the cashiers. The whole business of retail buying and selling might be in the hands of women, with very great advantage to the buyer and the seller. It is a most absurd thing that the whole retail provisioning of our great cities is in the hands of ignorant men and liquor sellers, while women are starving in garrets, or making shirts at six cents apiece. These men often do not know the articles that they sell by their names, they do not know their uses; they buy in a blind way what is offered them; they take "samples" from agents, and test the thing by their ability to sell it. Women know better what is needed; they could accommodate their goods better to the needs of their customers; they are more willing to take trouble; they have more faculty for detail.

But in business or labor of any other kind, that enters into competition with the active

world, there are no favors to be asked, no consideration shown. You must sell a better article than another; you must do your work as well or better than another, and you must be always at your post. Nor must you be so foolish as to consider yourself necessary in your place—a gap made is instantly filled—few are able to distinguish the difference; and so the tide goes on, and rolls over us, unless we can keep abreast of its current. It is not easy, it is not fluttering to our self-love, but it is the law of competitive life.

The Nest.

(See page engraving.)

OUR beautiful and attractive engraving, "The Nest," is from a justly admired painting by the English artist Linnett, and adorns the gallery of Sir Daniel Cooper, Prince's Gardens, Kensington. The scene is not an imaginary one, but is given as it actually appeared to the artist during his rambles on the outskirts of an English village, this picturesque spot being the playground of children. Struck by the unique beauty of the scene the artist sketched it, and, some years after, painted what proved to be one of his happiest efforts.

The scene is one of childish glee and vivacity. Children of all ages are seen enjoying themselves amid the beauties of nature with that keen zest which is the gift of youth and happiness. A group of little ones have climbed the old willow tree, the trunk of which forms "The Nest," and never was a nest more beautifully filled than by these small fledglings, whose bright faces peer out with roguish archness from amid the surrounding branches. Even the infant in its mother's arms, and the dog at the foot of the tree, seem to share in the glee of the venturesome children who have ensconced themselves amid the branches. The disposition of the trees, tinged with light, is admirable; the pollard-willows, bending over the smooth stream, calm as the lucid waters by Cuyp, and the elder trees and tall poplars, showing with distinctness their especial foliage, which is painted with great richness. Fleecy clouds of silvery hue are massed in the sky, while here and there shine forth strips of vivid blue. The painting shows the most finished execution, and a harmonious beauty, vivid and glowing, is seen in the coloring.

The spirit and truth of this picture is most admirable. It carries us back to the realms of childhood, and we realize, as England's poetess says, "how little is the happiness that will content a child!" The mirth of children; the depth and richness of the foliage of the trees, with the wind sweeping through them; the light, fleecy clouds, melting away in the distance; the stream, flowing along in crystal calm; and the rural repose shed over the landscape, come to us, amid the glare and dust of the city's din, like a dream of beauty—something as sweet to the weary spirit as the music of Fingal's Cave.

Thomas Carlyle: Essayist, Historian, Philosopher.

IN all ages of the world it has been the fashion to deride and depreciate the greatest sons of earth. The names of Galileo, Bacon, Poe, Columbus, Stephenson, are each a standing reproach to that short-sighted criticism which in life denied the honor that was showered upon them after death.

So it is the fashion to "damn with faint praise" the man who, in a plainly furnished house in London, breathed his last in the early days of the current year. All his detractors to the contrary, Thomas Carlyle, pessimist and misanthrope though he was, stands as a giant among his fellows, whether we regard him as historian, essayist, or philosopher. It will be the congenial task of the writer to endeavor to present such a pen-picture of the dead master as will do justice to his many-sided character.

He was born in the little Scotch town of Ecclefechan, in the parish of Middlebie, Dumfriesshire, in 1795. His father was a small farmer, a man of strong will and great intellectual ability, qualities the son inherited in a marked degree. The future "Sage of Chelsea" received primary instruction at an ordinary parish school at Annan; later he became a student at Edinburgh University, where he developed a strong bias toward mathematical studies. He, as was the case with James Anthony Froude, his only contemporary rival in historical literature, was intended for an ecclesiastical career; Carlyle being destined for the Presbyterian pulpit, and Froude, whose father was an archdeacon and his elder brother a famous divine of the Established Church, having actually taken orders in that communion. The latter, who is his literary executor, long ago expressed his opinion that a hundred years hence the world will awake to the fact that Thomas Carlyle was the greatest man of his generation.

The famous Edward Irving, who was a fellow student of Carlyle's, having assumed the direction of a school at Kirkcaldy, invited him to assist him in his labors, Carlyle being then eighteen years of age. He has described this most interesting epoch of his life in a few graphic sentences. "To Kirkcaldy I went," he says. "Together we talked, and wrought, and thought; together we strove by virtue of birch and book, to initiate the urchins into what is called the rudiments of learning; until at last the hand of the Lord was laid upon him, and the voice of God spake to him saying, 'Arise, and get thee hence; and he arose and girded up his loins.' And I tarried awhile at Kirkcaldy, endeavoring still to initiate the urchins into the rudiments of learning. I had been destined by my father and by my father's minister to be myself a minister of the kirk of Scotland. But now that I had gained man's estate I was not sure that I believed the doctrines of my father's kirk; and it was needful that I should now settle it. And so I entered my chamber and closed the door, and around me there came a troop of phantoms dire from the abysmal depth of nethermost perdition. Doubt, fear, unbelief, mockery, and scoffing

were there, and I wrestled with them in an agony of spirit. Thus it was for weeks. Whether I ate I know not; whether I drank I know not; whether I slept I know not. But I know that when I came forth again it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical arrangement called a stomach."

In this latter statement we have a reference to the dyspepsia which from his twenty-third year was constantly gnawing at his vitals. To it much of the acridity of his writings was doubtless due. As a result of the mental conflict above alluded to, Carlyle determined to change all his plans and make literature his calling. He is believed to have labored for some little time before his abilities were recognized. However, in 1824 appeared his biographical essays on Nelson, Montesquieu, and the Pitts, which were well received both by the reading public and the critics. The same year would seem to have been a busy one with the young author, for in it he gave to the world his *Life of Schiller*, a translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, besides several articles in *Brewster's Encyclopedia*. The *Wilhelm Meister* was soundly belabored by Jeffries, the famous Edinburgh reviewer, but the *Life of Schiller* was as highly praised.

From the very first the writings of Carlyle struck the keynote of fierce and unsparing criticism of the "powers that be." In 1845, at a time when the theories of Malthus were engrossing attention, he wrote: "There must be something wrong. A full-formed horse will in any market bring from twenty to as high as two hundred Friedrichs d'or; such is his worth to the world. A full-formed man is not only worth nothing to the world, but the world could afford him a round sum would he simply engage to go and hang himself. Nevertheless, which of the two was the most cunningly devised article, even as an engine? Good heavens! A white European man, standing on his two legs, with his two five-fingered hands at his shackle-bones, and miraculous head on his shoulders, is worth, I should say, from fifty to one hundred horses."

And again, full of indignation at the wild fancies and crude ideas of the socialistic agitators of Europe, he dashes out in this wise: "Concede that nine out of ten of your acquaintances are fools, and that the world is full of everybody's acquaintances, and what have you got? Why, a vast preponderance of fools, of course, and how can you expect to turn wisdom out of such a lot by turning them all into voting machines?"

But while his contempt for every form of democracy was unbounded, because he had no faith in the political or social wisdom of the masses of the people, he was far from despising them, aristocrat and tyrant-lover though many of his writings would make him appear to be. Listen to this passage from *Sartor Resartus*. The current of human sympathy pervading it might emanate from a second Sermon on the Mount. "Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman that, with earth-made implements, laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse,

wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the scepter of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, with its rude intelligence, for it is the face of a man, living, man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee, hardly entreated brother. For us was thy back so bent; for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. . . . Yet, toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable—for daily bread."

In 1837 Carlyle wedded Miss Jane Welch, a direct descendant of the Scotch Covenanter, John Knox. Her dowry consisted of sufficient wealth to enable him to reside permanently upon one of her two estates, Crasgensputtoch. This retreat—which he describes as a "place six miles removed from every one who might in any case visit me, where Rousseau might have been as happy as in the island of St. Pierre"—witnessed the production of that series of essays, forty in all, which informed the British public that a literary giant had arisen among them. He next, 1831, wrote the strangest and quaintest of all his books, *Sartor Resartus*—"The Stitcher Restitched"—the hardest nut which the critics of English literature have ever had to crack. It was originally intended by its author to appear in book form, but not a publisher would touch it. Resolved to find an opening for it, Carlyle went to London, and remained there. *Sartor Resartus* at last appeared in installments in *Fraser's Magazine*. From all that we can learn now, it would appear that not a single reader in England found it other than an "absurd and stupid production." But Ralph Waldo Emerson was quick to discover its merits, and in allusion to this grateful appreciation Carlyle said: "There are many echoes, but few voices. I hear but one voice, and that is from Concord." A. H. Everett said of it: "This work contains, under a quaint and singular form, a great deal of deep thought, sound principle, and fine writing. The style is a sort of Babylonish dialect, not destitute, it is true, of richness, vigor, and at times a sort of felicity of expression, but is very strongly tinged throughout with the peculiar idiom of the German language."

A short description of the plan of the book may be not unacceptable. It is supposed to consist of excerpts from a work on the "Philosophy of Clothes," by one Godborn Devilsdung (*Diogenes Teufelsdrück*), who was born at Duckpuddle (*Entepfulhl*), and who is professor of universal knowledge at the University of Don'tknowwhere (*Weissnichtwo*), with notices of the opinions and life of the author. The idea sought to be presented is, that all creeds, forms of belief, and customs are only the garments in which from time immemorial man has enveloped himself, and that these garments are, and always have been, sadly inappropriate and out of shape. Under such pretext the author presented speculations and opinions on very many topics, displaying therein great learning, a grotesque humor, and some very queer conceits.

In 1837 appeared *The History of the French Revolution*. Never had history been presented in so fiery a dress before. The boldness of its diction, its epigrammatic style, and graphic descriptions of soul-stirring events forced it upon the attention of the educated world. "On the whole," said the *Edinburgh Review*, "no work of greater genius, either historical or poetical, has been produced in this country for many years." "Never, indeed," said *Blackwood*, "was history written in so mad a vein, and that not only as regards style, but the prevailing mood of mind in which the facts and characters are scanned. In fine, turn to which way you will—to philosophy, to politics, to religion—you find Mr. Carlyle objecting, denouncing, scoffing, rending all to pieces in his bold, reckless, ironical manner, but teaching nothing." In fact, it was often said of him, "Ubi bene, nemo melius; ubi male, nemo pejus," which may be freely translated "When he writes well, none can write better; when ill, none worse."

A story illustrating the vastness of his preparatory reading for the *History* may be appropriately related here. When the late Charles Dickens had decided to write *A Tale of Two Cities*, knowing that Carlyle had made special studies for his *French Revolution*, he asked the latter to send him a few books that would be best worth consulting. What was his surprise one day to receive a truck load of books in all the tongues of modern Europe, all upon the French Revolution, and enough to form a good-sized library.

In 1845 Carlyle published *The Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell*, which evidenced equally with the *History* marvelous industry and patient research. This was at that time a somewhat thankless task. In 1845 Cromwell was not understood as he is to-day, and the men of the past generation were taught from boyhood to execrate the memory of the regicide, and to hate him as they would Satan himself. It is almost needless to say that Carlyle portrays the Protector in a better light, and playing a nobler part than that commonly assigned to him.

The last great literary work the world has received from Carlyle's pen, the *Life of Frederick the Great*, appeared in four volumes, 1858-64, though it was followed by several works of minor note. At this time his fear and hatred of democracy, which amounted almost to a mania, cropped out in several utterances from his pen. He devoutly hoped, during our civil war, for the downfall of the republic; and during the Franco-Prussian war he took sides with the Germans, and said that "he knew of no law of nature or heaven's act of parliament whereby the French, alone of terrestrial beings, shall not restore any portion of their plundered goods when the owners have an opportunity upon them." A recent writer* has placed upon record his opinion that "it is a consolation to believe that these moral blemishes proceed from a mistaken theory rather than from an unfeeling or depraved heart. Carlyle's works, at least his earlier ones, afford abundant evidence that he is capable of a true and heart-

felt sympathy with suffering; and we can only attribute it to a false moral system, or to the prejudice of race, that one who could feel such a compassion for the sufferings of a Marie Antoinette, or such generous admiration for the heroism of a Bouillé, should feel only an unsympathizing contempt for the greater misfortunes and sublimer heroism of a Tousseint."

Having seen what his work was, let us glance at Carlyle the man. This is how he appeared to one who visited him just before he began to feel the approach of his last illness. "A remarkably strong, striking face and head is that of Carlyle, far more so in reality than in any counterfeit presentment. The nose is shapely, resolute, and aggressive; the eye lambent and passionate, ever changing, now tender, now stern, then hopeful, then despairing, but always gleaming as with a challenge to fate; the chin long, prominent, firm as adamant; the hair rather coarse, abundant, and disordered, half falling, half bristling over an overhanging brow; the mouth large, well-formed, nervous, shutting like a vise; the whole expression of the face supremely sad, pitifully despondent, though so hardy and defiant that one durst not pity it or him, and revealing to insight that the illuminating soul behind it had hoped so much that it had ceased hoping altogether. Such was Thomas Carlyle, the Thor of British literature, the great iconoclast of the nineteenth century."

Allusion has already been made to Carlyle's hatred and distrust of republican institutions. Americans, when they called to see him, which was a frequent occurrence, were informed in his unceremonious fashion that their country was bound to succumb to what he called the vast disintegrating forces within itself, and that it richly merited this hard destiny. The memory of many of them will recall the plain reception room in his house at Chelsea, in which he usually sat smoking a clay pipe, and surrounded by portraits of such intellectual giants as Frederick the Great, Hume, Cromwell, Luther, Goethe, and one or two of himself—these last, it is needless to say, deemed by the original the peer of any of their companions.

About 1848 the gifted Margaret Fuller (Duchess D'Ossoli) saw a great deal of the "Censor of the age," as he was nicknamed, and has left us some graphic pen-pictures of his ways and manners. "The first time I was delighted with him. He was in a very sweet humor, full of wit and pathos, without being overbearing or oppressive. I admired his Scotch, his way of saying his great, full sentences, so that they roll away like a narrative ballad. . . . He told a story of a poor farmer who, on Sunday, lay aside the carking care of the dirty English world, and sat reading Emerson and looking out upon the sea. . . . Tennyson, he said, wrote verses because the schoolmasters made him do so; Shakespeare had not the good sense to see that it would have been better to write straight on in prose; Burns made a mistake to write in verse; there was nothing good in modern French literature but Beranger. . . . It was impossible to interrupt the great man, he raises his voice and bears you down. . . .

On the whole, he thinks poetry has no sense, and his talk on that subject is delightfully and outrageously absurd. . . . His talk is like his books, full of pictures. . . . His is a great and noble nature. I never appreciated the work he has done for his day until I saw England. You must stand in the shadow of that mountain of shams to know how hard it is to cast light across it. Another of his friends, Harriet Martineau, has given to the world an excellent story *apropos* of his almost painful care in revising his proofs. He came home laughing upon one occasion, and, on being questioned as to what amused him, said that his printer had been grumbling at his many corrections, saying:

"You are really very hard upon us, sir, with your corrections; they consume so much time." "Why," said the author, "I had no difficulty in getting such work done in Edinburgh." Oh, sir, we are well aware of that. We have a man here who used to work there, and when he took up a page of your copy he dropped it like a hot potatoe, and cried out: 'Mercy on us! have you got that man to print for? Lord knows when we shall get done with his corrections!'"

There is a story respecting the manuscript of the first volume of the *French Revolution* which might properly have been told in connection with the notice of that work, but may be related here. It should be premised that many versions of this story have been given, but it is believed that the following is the correct one. Carlyle loaned the manuscript in question to John Stuart Mill, who, by the way, was the first to proclaim its merits in the columns of the *Westminster Review*. Mr. Mill in turn loaned it to Mrs. Taylor, whom he afterward married. The written sheets were somewhat carelessly left on a table covered with much literary disorder, and an ignorant maidservant, thinking to rid her mistress's study of some useless litter, lit the fire with Carlyle's manuscript, and scarcely a page was left. Some years after a friend asked him what he did, and how he felt when informed of the loss. Carlyle burst out laughing, and said that he went down into the country, shut himself up, and for three months read scarcely anything save *The Arabian Nights* and *Robinson Crusoe*. Then he set to work and rewrote the whole of the destroyed volume, "and," said he, "I believe the second attempt was better than the first!"

He was at all times much annoyed by requests for his autograph, and returned this answer to one such worshiper: "Find a better employment. Thomas Carlyle."

Though probably less was known about him than about any other man of equal prominence of the day, there are several characteristic stories current of him. One is to this effect, and well illustrates his marvelous power of assimilating literary food. He went on a certain occasion to dine with a new acquaintance, who was a man of respectable taste for books, and who possessed a really choice and well selected library. Carlyle arrived much too early, and went into the library. In due time dinner was served, and after leaving the table the host told Carlyle he would be happy to show him his books. "I've

* In Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary.

read 'em all!" growled he; and so he had. In the interval before dinner he had actually absorbed all that was valuable to him.

Here is another, very characteristic. A Scotch shipowner called upon him one day, and said he had come to announce that he had lately built a ship, and that, out of his admiration for the good Carlyle had done in the world he intended to name it after him. Then said the author, with his usual strongly marked accent when excited: "I don't believe you, mon! I never did ony gude in the warld! naeboddy ever did ony gude in the warld! There is nae gude in the warld!"

William Black the novelist, once called on him. After a little talk the philosopher remarked: "You know Scotland vary well, I see. I've read your novels with pleasure. They're vary amusing, vary. But when are ye goin' to do some wark—when are ye gaun to write some real books, maun?"

Carlyle's touching epitaph on his wife's tomb proves him to have been a man capable of sincere and deep affection. It runs thus: "Here, likewise, now rests Jane Welch Carlyle, spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London. She was born at Haddington, 14th July, 1801, only child of John Welch and of Grace Welch, Caplegill, Dumfriesshire, his wife. In her brief existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft amiability, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmeet of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worth that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life is as if gone out."

Undoubtedly the man who could write such words as the above was one of nature's noblemen.

JAMES GRANT.

Love and Trust.

(See page engraving.)

OUR beautiful engraving "Love and Trust" tells its own story as graphically as any "word painting" can do. It is a balmy spring afternoon. The sun is lighting up the dim forests with glory, and turning into molten silver the streams; while the breeze is tossing in wild glee the green boughs of the trees.

The young Indian girl, roving through the woods with her warrior lover, comes to what seems to her a dangerous pass. Beneath her feet, dashing over a rocky bed, the silver waters gleam and foam. Affrighted she shrinks back. She can go no farther, and would fain retrace her steps through the flowery paths she has left behind her. She sees in those slippery rocks no safety for her feet; and the jagged tree trunks that bridge the seething waters are invested with equal danger by her imagination.

But if woman is timid, man is brave; if woman is weak, man is strong. The young

warrior, placing his arm tenderly around the maiden, bids her trust herself to him. With confidence in his ability to save her from danger, she prepares to take the step which will carry her over those seemingly dangerous waters. She loves, and loving, she trusts. She knows that strong arm will not fail her, for has it not, with unerring aim, brought down the swift deer of the forest, and kept at bay the horde of "pale faces," who would wrest from him his ancestral dominions?

This picture of the young Indian lovers is full of sentiment and beauty. The execution is careful, and the figures spirited and well defined. Although it is not a scene of civilization, nor one that occurs in our every-day life, it brings before us attractively the dusky children of the forest, and shows us that love and the trust born of love, can beautify the rude wigwam as well as the proudest mansion in the land.

A Fancy.

BY MATTIE CAVERNO COOK.

HAVE you seen the fan collection
Of our modern city belle?
It is worthy of inspection,
And will please your humor well.
There are fans from every nation
Wheresoever they are made,
And she suits them to occasion,
For a ball or promenade.

HERE is one of scented sandal,
Carven by a Genevese;
Choiceest bits of fashion's scandal
Have been wafted in its breeze;
And another dainty treasure,
Set with jewels and with lace—
Such a costly piece of pleasure,
Just to shade a charming face!

TORTOISE shell, and Russia leather,
Silver, ivory, and pearl,
Rarest birds of every feather
Iridescent plumes unfurl.
Many hues to match her dresses,
Beads and spangles interwove,
Watteau-painted shepherdesses
All engaged in making love.

SHE may choose her fan attendant,
As did ancient king or queen,
From a retinue dependent
On her gracious mood and mien:
'Tis her royal wand—her scepter—
'Tis the friend who heard her sighs,
'Tis the magic shield that kept her
Blushes hid from other eyes.

IF you studied, with devotion,
All the tales her fans impart,
Every flutter, every motion,
You would know her inmost heart.
French or Spanish, Greek or Roman
Fans, in any country known,
In the hands of lovely woman
Have a language of their own.

The Edelweiss.

EVERY traveler in Switzerland is familiar with the tender star-shaped flowers of this curious plant, whose sage-green blossoms are stuck into the hat of every guide, and are collected with rare ingenuity by the importunate little rascals who race the carriages on the road, or start out like rabbits from the bushes as the pedestrian begins his solitary climb. The plant is scarce and very partial. It is found in the Engadine, seldom in the Bernese Oberland, and has particular corners and mountains that it loves to affect. This scarcity and partiality gave to the edelweiss a somewhat unhealthy notoriety. The rarer it became the more ambitious were the excursionists to obtain a sprig. Some years ago, every Cockney hat was adorned with the curious bloom, feathered, as its botanical name implies, like an old man's beard, and it was no longer a sign of patience and endurance to wear this pretty badge that hitherto had denoted a long climb and a patient search. When tourists began to brand their alpenstocks down in the valley with the name of a mountain whose base they touched, but whose top they never attempted to reach, then was edelweiss sold by the handful at Interlaken, Chamounix, and Grindelwald, and the guides, porters, and boys were tempted to rife the mountains of their peerless flowers. When the rage for art-greens came upon us in full force, esthetic young ladies flattered themselves that a wreath of these soft petals would look becoming in the hair, and some went so far as to appear at fancy balls in the character of "The Alps," smothered in edelweiss. As for the flower itself, it was not so courteous and graceful as the Indian plant of beauty, that raises up its head and opens at the approach of a woman. On the contrary, it refused to be in any way gracious at the touch of a female botanist, and sternly declined to be transplanted. The more obstinate was the edelweiss, the more determined became the ladies, and they purchased it by the root, carefully tended it during the journey home, nursed it across the sea, watched it at every railway station, and handed it to the family gardener in order to hear in a few days that the plant, sickening and sighing for its mountain home, had refused to exist in England with the aid of any artificial process. There have been only one or two very rare and exceptional cases where the edelweiss was induced to live and give forth flowers in England, and then the result was only obtained by a system of nursing that would have worn out the majority of botanists. At last the Swiss Government determined to put down by law the wholesale destruction of this popular flower. It was rapidly disappearing altogether from the country, when an enactment made it penal to take a plant up by the roots. The dignity and importance of legislation gave a new impetus to the interest that was attached to the plant, and going in search of the edelweiss became as attractive a source of danger as any to be found in Switzerland. Unaccompanied by guides, and straying from the beaten tracks, more than one tourist has risked his life, and several have already been killed, in the quest. — *American Register.*

THE SWEET O' THE YEAR.

By JULIA R. WETHERILL, Author of "Wings."

"And now the changed year's turning wheel returns!"

AND it is spring, wondrous, lovely spring, sung by poets of all ages in a thousand chants of love; like a sudden burst of grand, orchestral music, to which all men must needs stand still and listen. Surely, were we incarcerated in a dungeon, away from the sweet air, something would tell us of the season that never grows old, never palls; some stunted blade of grass forcing its way between the gloomy stones—the livelier stirring of some prison insect—some unwonted quickening of the pulses. Not long ago we were clasped in the chilly hands of winter, yet now we feel

"Subtle-scented transports where
The black fir-wood sets its teeth:
Part the boughs and looks beneath—
Lilies share
Secret waters there, and breathe."

He who has been living in "a garden of green fancies," during "the slumber of the year," "while the chill months longed for May," sees now his heart's desire.

"The lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet;
But now the wreath of March has blossomed—
Crocus, anemone, violet."

There is an intangible enchantment in the air; for "the uncertain glory of an April day" is shining upon the earth.

"All the secrets of the spring
Move in the chambers of the blood."

The clouds break, showing a space of heavenly blue; soft airs breathe, and the bare plain is growing fresh and vernal once more. Meadows and pasture lands are starred with the modest Quaker-ladies, and purple Dead-men's-fingers, with their strange and pungent odor. The plowshare turns up the damp mold, and the sweet rain falling in the furrows, sends up a perfume of budding life.

"Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.
. . . From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too: and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest."

Little white lambs frisk after their sober mothers, while the docile flock follow the bell-wether. Over all, hangs a sky, sometimes murky and thunderous, sometimes mild and clear; with now and then a sudden shower which the sun bursts through, transforming it into a veil of gold and diamonds.

"A million emeralds break from th' ruby-budded lime," and the baby leaves of the gnarled oak-tree are dainty pink and silver.

Spring is everywhere; "in the hills her poet's foot-track lies." In the woods, the brook gurgles between its ferny banks mirroring the young branches that cast their verdant shadows on its surface. The yellow jasmine climbs and riots there with myriad

tendrils, and wild violets, pale blue and scentless, cluster at the feet of gray trees, like little children around a grandsire's knees.

"Across the grass sweet airs are blown
Our way this day in spring."

We walk abroad, and see the world clothed with beauty; here we find

"A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them,"
and there—

"Mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose full of dewy wine."

Bees are murmuring in the orchard closes full of snowy and roseate blooms, fragrant as a court-lady's bouquet.

"Bewildering sounds, such as spring wakens to,"

tremble in the air, for the birds have returned, and are weaving wondrous strains of melody, that echo and re-echo through the forest aisles. Long have we waited for the moment

"When first the liquid note beloved of men
Comes flying over many a windy wave,
. . . And in April suddenly,
Breaks from a coppice gemmed with green and red."

Then, too, the humbler songsters—

"With treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the sky."

And again—

"When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush;
And underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March."

"*Die erste liebe ist die beste liebe*," sings a German poet. Yea! Dawn, and spring-time, and first love are unique, and come but once in a day, a year, a lifetime. When the sickly summer heats have replaced it, we are fain to cry out lovingly, "Give me back, give me back, the mild freshness of morning!"

But now when "the lovely April in its prime" is tripping over the meadows, we do not pause to think of the future, but say within our souls:

"Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?
Bring orchis, bring the foxglove's spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnum, dropping-wells of fire."

Beautiful art thou, O laughing, weeping season! in all thy phases: beautiful and peaceful in the silent hour when the sweet white dawn is stealing up from the east; and grand and solemn as a cathedral chant,

"When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light."

When the world is bathed in holy radiance, and gently whisper

"The winds that make
The seeming-wanton ripple break
The tender, penciled shadow-play."

Even the poor faintly rejoice, for the advent of springtime releases them from the pangs of cold. Their faded eyes brighten as they note the feeble blades of grass springing in fowl al-

leys, and the dingy swallows swooping through the warm sunlight. They have never

"Wandered from the noisy town,
And found a wood with thorny boughs;"

and never seen "the spring clothed like a bride," in her own kingdom.

They might murmur too truly:

"The rose for us ne'er shows its bloom,
The violet its blue eye.
From childhood murmuring to the tomb,
We feel no beauty, no perfume:
We only toil and die."

"I dreamed there would be spring no more," their starved faces seem to say. Thank God for the noble charity that affords these poor creatures healthful glimpses of green fields and bright flowers.

There is pathos, there is sadness, in all this tumult of quickening life, as joy and sorrow are akin, and at the keen thrill of ecstasy tears start to the eyes. For . . . there are graves amid the grass.

We laid our dear ones there in tears, in agony, and time has taught us not to forget; but to remember that they now know the peace that the world cannot give. Yet when the whole earth is full of "the life re-orient out of dust" when fresh pulses quicken in leaf, and flower, and blade of grass, our hearts turn to those "whom to-day the spring no more concerns," and we revolt against the tyranny of the grave.

But there is no answer. Only

"The fragrant tombs amid the blooms
Of April in a garden ground"

are silent; but if the flowers riot there too gayly, it is not in mockery but in consolation. So, in the joyous hour of fruition thoughts of decay will come. We see

"Old leaves beneath the budding bough,
And night-drift that the sun-dawn shreds away."

Resurgam! is the solution of life's enigma. Slowly we realize that time is but a preparation for eternity; that this is seed-time, and the harvest is at hand, until, with chastened hearts, we say,

"With thy rude plow-share, Death, turn up the mold,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow."

And then—ah, then!—there is another and a better world, where Death and Sin are no more; and across the narrow darkness of the tomb sounds the victorious chant of the pilgrims: "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?"

"In mortal life, still striving for the best,
We meet the worst. We note the sure decay
Of fruit and flower, and leave short time for joy,
To mark the present blessings of each day."

"We look abroad, and see the frowning clouds,
But not the peaceful blue that smiles between;
Nor seek to find 'mid wildest wastes of snow
That shroud the earth, one little spot of green."

"But comes a ghost, and on the pane of life
Blots out its clearness with his icy breath,
Hiding from sight the flaws and diamond scrawls
That marred it once. His name, indeed, is Death."

A Girl's Problem.

BY A. L. MUZZEY.

THE more I think about it the more I feel that I shall never be able to pick out the tangles in this puzzle of life, if I do not sit down and coolly spread out on paper the sum of my untold, intangible grievances and perplexities.

If I run my finger slowly and carefully along their knotted intricacies, if I touch and measure them by square and rule, it may be that I shall succeed in making out their meaning, and where on earth their snarled and netted thread will lead me at last. I hate this stumbling and groping about in a maze of doubts and wonders, stubbing my toes against craggy "ifs," and "buts," and "ands," and "may be so's." It seems to me, after these million years of experience in bringing girls into the world, it is time to know what they are here for, and what reason and justice there may be in sniffing and crying out in a scandalized way at any earnest, honest, original thing that one of them might feel inspired to do.

We are born, it strikes me, in a terribly haphazard fashion. There is no plan or purpose about the business. It is done, like everything that women undertake, in a sort of resigned, slipshod, hit or miss manner, with no clear comprehension, calculation, or determination respecting results. And then the whole botch and bungle of the affair is piously shuffled off on Providence, who has to stand sponsor for all kinds of human mistakes, and be besieged to correct them in some sort of a miraculous way without the slightest proffer of mortal assistance.

If it is the mission of women to become mothers—as there's no doubt it is in the majority of cases—I really think they ought to study their Heaven-appointed work with more earnest and enthusiastic purpose than they do. I am sure that they should not just meekly submit themselves, as it were, to a sorrowful election, and take no provident care for the life evolved from their own beyond the finical elaboration of small clothes for the poor little body that is only a shell for the soul, to which has been given no conscious motive or thought at all.

Of course the whole rank and file of motherhood would rise up and give me the signal of silence if I opened this subject, and politely inform me that I talked of a matter of which I knew nothing, and that I should modestly mind my own business—a thing I would gladly do if I could find out what it is. But one fact I do know: if I am ever called to be the mother of girls, I will not turn them out on the world without a clear, distinct notion of their place and part in it, and some power and purpose of character to reach the aims with which they shall be inspired.

Now, I hope this doesn't sound like reproach to the mother of Margaret MacKensie—God bless her! She has done what she thought she could, according to her light, and the result is in her four girls, who revolve in a dazed circle about their central luminary, the sole son and brother, the gift of grace and crown of glory in the feminine family life.

Perhaps I should say that the sum of the mother's existence is in the boy, and that the girls, after all, are only the absorbents of his scattered rays, and shine by reflected light.

At any rate, Tom has a purpose, which is more than can be said of the rest of us. He knows what he is aiming at, and he can give himself heart and soul to the accomplishment of his object, with every favoring influence to push him to his mark. Beyond this purpose, I will not admit that he is superior to his sisters, and if he had to live the sort of vague, aimless life which they are expected to do, he would be just as soft, silly, shiftless and namby-pamby, and a thousand times more despicable, as a man without a sound, sensible pursuit always is. To be sure, we are very proud of him. He is our representative of family character, talent, and accomplishment, and such superfluous energy as we have remaining, after our laudable effort to beautify our persons, is devoted to the comfort and gratification of this prime factor and unit of our household, to which we girls stand as vacant ciphers, useful only in multiplying his value. He seems the motive power of our domestic machinery, and when he comes home we rush zealously to his service, with easy chair, slippers, newspaper, his favorite dishes, the latest bit of pleasant gossip, the farthest-fetched and most flattering compliment, the tenderest subservience to his opinions and wishes; all of which he accepts and appropriates with the royal condescension of a superior being, to whom these things by right belong. I should like, sometimes, to talk with him about the matters that occupy his thoughts outside the narrow limits of the house, whose atmosphere, I feel, needs the expansion of a current of air from the great, breezy world now and then, just to save it from utter stagnation, if no more. But Tom always stares in a surprised, contemptuous way when we question or express a sentiment concerning any public affairs, and he either shrugs his shoulders and resumes his reading without response, or he gives us some indifferent answer, and changes the subject to one that he considers within the range of feminine apprehension. Poor Tom! He hasn't thought a great deal of anything outside his own particular line of interests, and I'm not insinuating any intention of wrong on his part. By no means. Tom is all right. But I just simply long for a breath of bracing, stimulating air beyond the confines of domestic expediency, neighborhood gossip, and the perplexing "philosophy of clothes," which is the absorbing study of a girl's brief day.

Indeed, it is one of my trials, that I cannot understand why the art of dress is such a vital principle with women. Of course it is a privilege—duty, if you choose to name it so—to present as attractive externals as good sense and due consideration of other obligations will permit; but I cannot see why it is any more incumbent on me than on Tom to devote the energies of youth to the attainment of a fair, fascinating exterior.

Truly, now, what would we think of Tom if he spent his leisure hours in compounding and testing the virtues of cosmetics for his ruddy complexion, and bandolines for his

straight blonde hair, which, like mine, will not wave and run in pretty, clinging tendrils, without labored effort and constant attention? And where would the dear boy have found time for his protracted studies in law, letting alone the working up of a successful practice, if his mind had been taxed, and tossed, and torn with the vexed question of fashion in pantaloons, the perplexing matter of choice in style and trimming for his four dress coats, all of which must be matched by the still more distracting problem of hats, mantles, gloves, *lingerie*, and the whole bewildering paraphernalia of the toilet designed to enhance his charms?

A thousand times more charming is Tom in his plain, honest cloth, that has no shams at all, and costs him no thought, his form erect with manly purpose, and his face aglow and athrill with warm, eager interest in the living issues of his day!

And is it because we girls are so shallow, false, and utterly lacking in possibilities of mental development that we must make such desperate, unremitting efforts to win through the cultivation and adornment of physical grace and beauty alone? Might not a reversal of the order, and the adoption of Tom's policy result more certainly and effectually in the attractiveness so ardently desired?

But, then, we really have nothing to inspire us with a beauty that is not self-seeking, and absorbed in petty ambitions and small triumphs. We have each our little hobbies, certainly, which give us blessed, soul-saving intervals of self-forgetfulness, in which there may be a limited expansion of thought and feeling beyond our own narrow sphere of personal interests and vanities.

Grace is devoted to the manufacture of divers sorts of fancy work, bending hours over the trifling details of some marvelous creation of her art; Clara revels in the elaboration of most wonderful toilets, adapted to the various familiar styles; Moll delights in the concoction of dainty, delicate dishes, and recreates in the study of cook-books; and Margaret—your humble servant—finds her keenest pleasure in the construction of original articles of household use and ornament, though utterly unable to carry out the conceptions of grace and beauty which haunt her night and day.

With knowledge of mechanical laws, and trained skill in the use of tools, I think I might realize, in some degree, my ideal of work; but I should never be satisfied until I could become an earnest, practical student in the art of architecture, which has for me greater fascination than all the arts, liberal, polite, or fine. It seems not enough that I may botch and bungle, in a private way, at house furnishings, and walk the streets of my rural village with every sense strained and pained by the ugly lines and angles and projections of buildings that might as well have been planned with some reference to the laws of harmony and proportion.

Once or twice in my life I have had the pleasure of visiting a city, where I saw neither the splendid outlay of the dry-goods palaces, so dazzling to feminine eyes, nor the glory of brilliant thoroughfares, gorgeous ex-

hibition halls, and wonderful scenic display; but I went staring and stopping along the crowded way, gaping delightedly, like a verdant countryman, at every marvel of architecture, and seeking madly all places where there was likely to be found any work in the line of my admiration. And staring, studying, staying, unmindful of the press and hurry of the throng closing on every side, there came to me thrilling inspirations and suggestions of beauty that seemed in my power to create, or, at least, to design, if I had the courage to seek training and opportunity. Might this consciousness of power be simply a delusion? For I have noticed that there is very little mechanical genius, or even talent, among women. Their futile efforts in that direction are always a standing joke with men. I account for my exceptional taste and skill in mechanics to constant association in childhood with my father at his carpenter's bench, where, as a special pet and favorite, I was permitted the use of lighter tools, and given waste bits of wood with pleasant hints of their capabilities, which it was the delight of my busy hands to prove.

I think my father was rarely gifted in his chosen trade, and under more favorable conditions would have left to the world beautiful mementos of his art; but he was considered too fanciful, and too much devoted to fine work and perfect finish to be appreciated by his country patrons whose needs did not compass his highest possibilities. Perhaps, had I been born a boy, I might have taken up my inheritance, and carried out my father's unfulfilled ambitions and desires. But a girl!—why may not she also have a hand in the construction of homes in which women are to spend their lives? At all events, nothing shall tempt me to wish I had not been born a girl. I wish only that I had been born with a purpose.

After all, I seem to be getting no nearer to a solution of my troubles. I have succeeded only in stating them, somewhat incoherently, for solution.

There are so many to advise and direct women and girls what to do, and which way to go, that, perhaps, some prophet among the multitude will forecast my proper course. Doubtless the hidden drift of the counsel would be to patiently bide the time in faithful attention to housekeeping, worsted work, and personal attractiveness, until I am called to my queenship in the domestic kingdom of home, my only true place and power.

But even here is a dreadfully aggravating uncertainty.

I may not be called by any king whom I could serve. Am I to wait and dally along without any clearly defined purpose—without any choice, even, in the only legitimate business of a girl—that of getting married? Am I to sit and simper, and suck my fingers till the elect man magnanimously—

Faugh!

We find this odd paper tossed ignominiously in Margaret MacKensie's waste-basket, crumpled, scratched, and blotted by a pen evidently dashed down at last in impatience and disgust with its subject, and we smooth out its rum-

pled pages, cross its wild "t's," straighten its mad pot-hooks, and take the liberty to send to press the problem of a girl's life, in the hope that it may come back to her sufficiently reviewed and criticised to lighten somewhat her crowd of perplexities.

The Richest Woman in England.

IN Fleet Street, London, stands an old banking house, that for nearly a century and a half has weathered the financial storms that have engulfed so many of its neighbors. Founded in the middle of the last century by two brothers, its reputation for probity and stability brought a great deal of business to its counters; and in the money centers of Europe "Coutts's" became known for the sagacity and foresight of its operations. Peter Coutts died, and the remaining brother, Thomas, carried on the concern, and under his guidance it rose to the highest prosperity. He was hospitable, munificent, and moved among a pleasant social circle, composed of much of the intellect and fashion of the metropolis.

He married a lady named Susan Starkey, a pure love-match, by the way, and their three daughters, wealthy, beautiful, and accomplished, all married into the first circles. Susan became Marchioness of Guilford, Frances became Marchioness of Bute, and Sophia became Lady Burdett. When their mother died, Mr. Thomas Coutts, the widower, then more than seventy years old, became fascinated by a beautiful actress, Harriet Mellon. He proposed and was rejected, but the lady afterward changed her mind and became Mrs. Coutts the second. His daughters bitterly opposed the match, and the old man left the whole of his vast wealth to his wife. He died five years after his marriage. Shortly after, Mrs. Coutts who was forty-six years her late husband's junior, married the Duke of St. Albans, who was a descendant of the famous actress of King Charles the Second's Court, Nell Gwynne.

It now looked as though the wealth of their father was forever lost to his daughters. But at her death the Duchess of St. Albans, with a delicate sense of honor, left only £10,000 a year to the Duke; the entire remainder of her vast wealth she left to her first husband's grand-daughter Angela, the youngest child of Sophia, Lady Burdett, requesting her to assume the name of Burdett. This was in 1837. The fortune inherited by this young woman, who had been somewhat straightened in means previously, amounted to £4,000,000. It has since quadrupled in value, so that her wealth may now be estimated at \$65,000,000.

Of course it was to be expected that a lady so richly endowed by fortune should have many suitors. She evinced her preference, however, for a single life, by rejecting all overtures; and even prospective Emperors, like Louis Napoleon, sued in vain for the coveted hand of the richest woman in England.

Some years after she had reached the mature age of sixty, she electrified her friends

by the announcement that she was about to bestow her hand and fortune on a young American, who was more than thirty years her junior. In vain did her friends and even royalty expostulate; their arguments failed to convince her that she had not a right to do as she pleased; and on February 12, 1881, she was quietly married in Christ Church, Down Street, Mayfair, to Mr. W. Ashmead Bartlett, a Philadelphian by birth, but a naturalized British subject.

The bridegroom was no stranger to the bride. His mother was her friend, and the son had secured her esteem from early boyhood. He had been her almoner on several occasions, and her confidence in him was unlimited. She had been for a long time the recipient of his attentions; she loved him, trusted him, and married him; and let us hope that, as Mrs. Browning says, his "future will copy fair his past."

We are told that the bride looked very happy in her wedding dress of cream satin and velvet brocade, trimmed with white marabout, and bonnet to match, with ancient Spanish lace veil, and on her arm a diamond bracelet, the gift of the bridegroom. Happiness had robbed age of some of its characteristics, and she appeared, in her bridal attire, twenty years younger than she was. Mr. Bartlett assumed the name of Burdett-Coutts, and signed the marriage deeds "W. L. Ashmead Burdett-Coutts Bartlett." He will also take the surname of Coutts, as will be necessary, according to the will of the Duchess of St. Albans, which decrees that the possessor of the bank effects shall assume the name of Coutts six months after marriage.

But the richest woman in England has a nobler distinction than this. She is also the most benevolent woman in England—a woman whose munificent gifts have no parallel in the annals of womanhood. The entire income from her vast estate has been devoted to charitable and philanthropic purposes. The sum so spent every year equals a prince's revenue. She has erected a church and a parsonage, amply endowed, at the east of London—a district corresponding in squalor and density of population to the east side of New York; she built another church at Carlisle; she has endowed missionary dioceses in Australia, South Africa, and British Columbia; she supplied the necessary funds for a survey of Jerusalem, with a view of rendering the Holy City more healthy by providing it with a supply of pure water; she secured at a great outlay some valuable Greek manuscripts from Asia Minor, for the verification of parts of the New Testament; she sent a vessel laden with food and clothing to the starving inhabitants of the Island of Girwan; she built a block of improved tenements in London, called Columbia Square, on the same general plan as those built by George Peabody; and she built the handsomest drinking fountain in London, perhaps in the world, in Victoria Park. In 1871 she was raised to the peerage. Of her more private benevolences the world knows nothing. All honor to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts! Let us hope that marriage will bring her that happiness which she so richly deserves.

Kith and Kin.

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

(Continued from page 157.)

CHAPTER XI.

A THORNY PATH.

JUDITH closed the door after her, and passed through the large house-place, full of a ruddy, dancing light and a cheering warmth, out at the open door, into the drear October twilight. The lake was rougher now, and its livid surface was covered with flashing specks of foam. The weird whisper from Raydaleside had grown into a long, shrill shriek—a prolonged storm-cry. All else was deathly still. Mechanically, as she passed the windows of the old house, she glanced toward them, and saw that ruddy light, that cheering warmth within. Her heart was nigh to bursting. She felt bewildered, battered down by what had taken place. It was all so incredible, so inexplicable—that she had been thrust out, desired never to darken those doors again, called by opprobrious names, there—within those beloved walls, beneath that happy roof! It was like a mortal blow. Still stunned by this stroke, she passed almost automatically out of the garden, under the old archway, through the farmyard, without returning or even hearing the greeting of the herd, who said:

"Good-naat, Miss Judath. There's a storm on the rooad."

She was tongue-tied, dumb, powerless to speak. Out in the shady road again, with the dusk fast falling, with that long, "dree," desolate way before her, and with such a result to report to Delphine! She walked mechanically onward, perhaps half a mile, while confusion reigned in her mind. Then the whole affair seemed suddenly to start before her eyes in an almost lurid light. She had descended so low as to ask for money, and she had been spurned and cast out—and that by one whom she had truly loved and honored all her life, despite his rugged nature, which ruggedness she had weakly fancied to be but the outward mask of a great tenderness common to rugged natures. She had always thought there was sympathy between his nature and hers, for her innate reserve was as great as his own; the effort to overcome it had always been like a physical pang, and in the bitterer and more desponding moments through which she had often passed, she too had felt repeatedly as if she could be rough, could use harsh words, and could gird savagely at those who worried her with their stupidity. She had made a great mistake. The ruggedness concealed no deep wells of tenderness, but a harsh, hard, yes, a brutal nature. It was nothing short of brutality to which he had treated her this afternoon. What trembling hopes she and Delphine had built upon this poor little chance; the possible result of so tremendous an effort. How they had planned a course of work, of economy and saving and patient waiting. They had come to the solemn conclusion that their present life was wrong and degrading, or, at least, that it

was wrong and degrading to make no effort to escape from it. They did not believe it was what they had been born for. Delphine had been much moved by Judith's account of how, while she was at Irkford, a girl had been pointed out to her, at a picture exhibition, as a young artist of promise, who painted portraits and got forty guineas apiece for them.

"That would be the height of happiness to me," Delphine had said, tears in her eyes. "I could paint portraits to earn money to do greater things. Ah, what a happy girl! I wonder if she knows how happy she is."

Their plan had been for Judith to secure their uncle's assistance, and go to Irkford, and, failing other things, adopt the nursing of which she had spoken to her mother; to look out all the time with a view to finding some employment for Delphine, which, they were both convinced, was to be had, however humble. This was their scheme, and had it succeeded, they would have rejoiced more than if they had suddenly inherited fortunes twice as large as their uncle could leave them, and which their mother was always craving for them.

If it had succeeded! How quickly would that road have been traversed, and how high would Judith's heart have beaten!

But it had not succeeded. Her thoughts suddenly flew off to what was left—to the prospect before them of a whole lifetime of this pinching and scraping and starving and saving sixpences, till they grew old, and friends had disappeared, and joys were past, and death longed for. The effort to change these grinding circumstances had failed; that which remained was almost too fearful to think of. It takes a great deal to chill the blood and dismay the heart of two-and-twenty, healthy, resolute, and untroubled by morbid fancies; but Judith Conisbrough felt her blood cold, and her heart as wax at the prospect before her. Nothing gained, and *all* the few privileges they ever had, irretrievably lost.

An indescribable weariness palsied her limbs; a despondency, which amounted to despair, laid its cold hand upon her heart. The stormwind came whistling over the desolate fells, the lake beneath her looked like a sheet of lead. Where was its shining? Where the glory and the dream which had sustained her on her way to Scar Foot, an hour ago?

Straight before her the bleak, cold mass of Addlebrough rose, and looked like a monstrous barrier which she could not pass—looked like the embodiment of her poverty, her circumstances, her doom. In the dusk her foot struck against a large, loose stone. She stumbled but recovered herself, sat down on a rough log by the roadside, and covered her eyes with her hands, as if trying to shut out all which confronted her—all which had once been so dear and warm, and was now so cold and cruel.

No tears would come. Her eyes burnt; her brain was filled with the remembrance of that irate old man, towering over her, pouring upon her angry rebukes for some crime of whose nature she had not the least idea, uttering words of abuse and condemnation. Thrills, hot thrills of passionate indignation, and cold

ones of chill dismay, shook her one after the other. Now she felt as if she must go back and beard the old man in his anger, and tell him how wicked he was: that he maligned her, and that she defied him; and again, she felt as if she must remain there, where she was, for the rest of the night, too out of heart to rise or move another step.

The last consideration had grown uppermost, and had at last forced from her a deep, tearless sob, which gave her no relief, and only seemed to set her heart in wilder agitation. No outside sound roused her, or would have roused her, less than that which she now heard—her own name.

"Miss—Miss C—Conisbrough!" came in accents of surprise.

Judith started violently, crimsoning with shame; the instincts of pride, reticence, reserve, impelling her instantly to subdue and conceal every sign of emotion. But they came too late. Randolph Danesdale had seen her. It was he who reined up his horse close beside her; his face, wondering and shocked, which looked from his elevation down upon her, as she gave a startled glance upward.

He was alone, apparently, save for his dog. Air and exercise had a little flushed his usually pale face; surprise gave it animation, and lent expression to his eyes. He looked, as she could not help seeing, very handsome, very manly, very well. Horse and rider were on the best of terms, and they formed a good-looking pair.

He had spoken her name half inquiringly, as if he doubted the evidence of his own eyes. But when she suddenly uncovered her face and looked up at him, and he saw that it was indeed she, he backed his horse a step, and bowed. She had risen in an instant, but she could not entirely recover her presence of mind in the same space of time.

"I—Mr. Danesdale!"

"Good-evening, I fear I startled you," he replied, and his presence of mind had not for a moment deserted him. He had waited for her to speak, that he might know what line to take, and he followed it up at once.

"I must have been sitting there without calculating the time, for I don't possess a watch," she said, with a faltering attempt at a laugh. He smiled in answer, and dismounted.

"That is quite evident," he said, holding out his hand. "Are you thinking of walking back to Yoresett?"

"Certainly I am; having no other mode of conveyance, I must either do so or remain where I am."

Judith had recovered her outward self-possession, but her answers were curt, and there was bitterness in her tone, and the mental agony which she was obliged to suppress forced from her certain tones and expressions which were unlike her usual ones.

"Then," said he, "since I have been fortunate enough to overtake you" (with as much gravity as if he had overtaken her walking at the rate of three miles an hour), "allow me to have the honor of escorting you home. I, of course, have to pass through Yoresett on my way to Danesdale Castle."

"I cannot think of detaining you. Pray

ride on," said Judith, who, however, had begun to move onward, while he, slipping the bridle over his arm, paced beside her, and his horse, his friend, followed him.

"I shall enjoy the walk. I rode as far as Hawes, indeed beyond, this morning, to have lunch with the Sparthwaites. Do you know the Sparthwaites?"

"By name, of course. Not personally—at least I only just know them to speak to."

"But your uncle, Mr. Aglionby—"

"Oh, Mr. Aglionby is on terms of friendship with many people whom we don't know at all. When my father was living he was the vicar of Yoresett, and he and my mother of course visited with all these people. Since his death my mother has been unable to visit anywhere. She cannot afford it."

"I beg your pardon—" began Randulf.

"Not at all," she answered, in the same quick, spasmodic way, as if she spoke in the intervals of some physical anguish. "I only think it foolish to pretend that there are reasons for not visiting people which are not the real reasons, and concealing the real one, which covers all the others, and is simply—poverty," said Judith distinctly. It was not her wont to speak in this way, to flaunt her poverty, as it were, in the face of one better off than herself. But she was not her usual self at this moment. What she had just gone through seemed to have branded the consciousness of her misfortunes so deeply into her heart, with so burning and indelible a stamp, that it would be long before she would be able to give her undivided attention to anything else. A week ago she would have recoiled with horror from the idea of thus hardly and nakedly stating the truth of their position to young Danesdale; she would have felt it an act of disloyalty to the hardships of her mother, an unwomanly self-assertion on her part. Now she scarcely gave a thought to what she said on the subject, or, if she did, it took the shape of a kind of contempt for her own condition, a sort of "what does it matter? He knows perfectly well that we are half-starved wretches—why should he not hear it, and learn that he had better go away and leave us to our natural obscurity?"

But for one slight circumstance, Judith would almost have supposed that Randulf had really forgotten, or not noticed, the strange position in which he had found her, "crying in a hedge," as she scornfully said to herself. That circumstance was, that he neither drawled nor stammered in his speech, but spoke with a quick alertness unlike anything she had imagined him capable of assuming. This convinced her that he was turning the case over in his mind, and wondering very much what to think of it. She knew nothing of his character. Of course he was a gentleman by birth and breeding. Was he a gentleman, nay, more, a man, in mind and behavior? Would he be likely to receive a confidence from her as a sacred thing? or would he be capable of treating it lightly and perhaps laughing over it with his friends? She knew nothing about him which could enable her to give even a conjecture on the subject. But the confidence must be made, the favor asked.

"Mr. Danesdale," she said abruptly, after they had walked on for some little time, and saw the village of Bainbeck below them, and the lights of Yoresett gleaming in the distance, and when she felt that the time for speaking was not long.

"Yes, Miss Conisbrough."

"You must have felt surprised when you saw me this afternoon?"

"Must I?"

"Were you not? Pray do not deny it. I am sure you were."

"Since you speak in that way of it, I was more than surprised. I was shocked and pained."

"Poor relations are very troublesome sometimes. I had been troublesome to my uncle this afternoon, and had got well snubbed—more than snubbed—insulted; for my pains."

"The old rascal!" observed Randulf, and Judith almost smiled at the naïve way in which he revealed how readily he had associated the cause of her trouble with Mr. Aglionby.

"I left his house in indignation. I cannot of course tell you what had happened, nor can you have any concern to know it. I was thinking about it. I shall never be able to tell it to any one but my sister Delphine, for it concerns us alone, so, as you have accidentally seen that something was wrong, would you mind, please—not mentioning—you can understand that I do not wish any one to hear of it."

"It is natural on your part to ask it," said he, "but I assure you it was unnecessary, so far as I am concerned. But I give you my word, as a gentleman, that whoever may hear of the circumstance, will not hear of it from me. Pray regard it, so far as I am concerned, as if it had not happened."

He spoke with a grave earnestness which pleased Judith extremely and sent a glow of comfort to her chill heart. The earnestness sat well on the handsome young face. Looking up, as she thanked him for his promise, she thought how young he did look, and happy. She herself felt so old—so incalculably old this afternoon.

"I thank you sincerely," was all she said.

"The s—storm's close at hand," observed he the next moment, displaying once more the full beauty of his drawl and his hesitation, "I shall be in for a drenching, in more ways than one."

"As how?" she asked, in a tone almost like her usual one.

"From the rain before I get to Danesdale Castle, and from my sister's looks when I walk in late for dinner, and take my place beside the lady whom I ought to have been in time to hand in."

"Oh, and it will be my fault?"

"It will. That is a fact beyond dispute. But they never wait for me, and I shall have the pleasure of mystifying them and seeing their curiosity run riot. That is what I enjoy. D—don't distress yourself."

They were passing the market cross in Yoresett. Judith was opposite her mother's door. She shook hands with Randulf, thanked him for his escort, and wished him well home before the storm broke.

"Thank you, and if I may presume to offer you a little advice, Miss Conisbrough, don't bother yourself about your wicked uncle."

She smiled faintly, bowed her head; he waved his hand, sprang upon his horse, and they parted.

* * * * *

With her heart low again, she knocked at the door. Insensibly to her perceptions—for she had been so absorbed, first in her own emotion, and afterwards in her conversation with Mr. Danesdale, that she had noticed nothing else—the storm had increased. The wind was alternately wailing a dirge, and booming threats across the fells to the town. There would be floods of rain to-night, and to-morrow Swale and Yore would be thundering in flood through their valleys, fed by a hundred swollen becks from the hillsides. As the door was opened to her, the first cold splash of rain fell upon her face. The storm was from the northwest. It was well that all who had homes to go to should seek them while the tempest lasted.

It was Rhoda who had opened the door.

"Judith!" she exclaimed. "Mamma and I both said you would be kept all night at Scar Foot. It was only that bird of ill omen—that croaker, Delphine, who said you would not. Are you wet?"

"A little, I believe," replied Judith, anxious for an excuse not to go into the parlor immediately. "Oh, there's my candle, I see; I'll go straight upstairs. I wish you'd tell Del to come and help me a minute."

Mrs. Conisbrough always resented the tendency to "talk secrets." Rhoda had rather a respect for it—besides, when her elders were engaged in that pastime, their eyes were not so open to her defects. She alertly answered, "Yes, to be sure," and ran back into the parlor, while Judith toiled slowly up the stairs, and along the bare, hollow-sounding passage. She entered her own bedroom, placed the candle upon the dressing-table, and paused. She pulled off her gloves, threw them down, and then stood still, looking lonely and desolate, till a light, flying foot sounded along the passage; even at that gentle rush her face did not lighten. Then Delphine's lovely face and willowy form came floating in, graceful, even in her haste.

"Judith?" There was inquiry, suspense in her tone.

"Oh, Delphine!" Bursting into a fit of passionate weeping, she fell upon her sister's neck and cried as if her heart would break.

"Was it of no use?" asked the younger girl at last, softly caressing her as she spoke.

"Worse than no use! He not only refused, he insulted me; he spoke abusively, talked about 'plots' and 'schemes' and things I could not understand. And at last he got into a fury, and he—oh, Delphine, Delphine—he bade me begone. He turned me out—from Scar Foot—from my dear old place that I loved so! Oh, I think my heart will break!"

"He must be mad—the horrid old monster!" cried Delphine distinctly, her figure springing erect, even under the burden of her sister's form, and her tones ringing through the room. "He has not the right to treat

you, or any of us, in that way. Let him do without us! Let him try how he likes living alone in his den, and getting more and more ill-tempered every day, till he frightens the whole country-side away from him. I will never go near him again, of my own free will, but if ever I meet him, I will tell him what I think of him; oh, I will! Cheer up, Judith! Keep a good heart. We will not be beaten by a tyrant like him. Depend upon it, it was the idea of our wanting to be free, and wanting him to set us free, of all people, that made him so wild. Don't cry more, now. We must go down to tea. Mother seems a little out of sorts just now, too. We will talk it over to-night. Come, my poor dear! Let us take off your things. How tired she must be!" she added caressingly. "After walking alone, all along that dreadful road, and in such weather. It wasn't fit to turn out a dog. Why, it must have been dark before you got to Counterside, Ju! You would wish for old Abel and his fog-horn. How did you grope your way along the road!"

"That reminds me," said Judith suddenly, while a deep blush spread over her face and neck. "I wasn't alone, except for about half a mile from Scar Foot."

"Not alone? Did Toby from the farm bring you with his lantern?"

"I never saw Toby. It was Mr. Danesdale—"

"Mr. Danesdale!"

"Yes. And the worst is, he found me sitting in a hedge, like a tramp who can walk no farther, groaning, with my face in my hands."

"Oh, Judith! How terrible!"

"He got off his horse and walked with me to Yoresett. He is probably now riding for dear life, to be as nearly in time for dinner as he can."

"Well, we must go down now," said Delphine, very quietly. "You must tell me about that afterwards. There's Rhoda calling out that tea is ready."

Arm in arm they went down stairs into the warm, lighted parlor, which, despite its shabby furniture, looked very comfortable and homelike, with the tea-table spread, and the urn singing, and the old-fashioned crystal glass full of gracefully arranged yellow-berried holly and glossy ivy leaves.

Mrs. Conisbrough did not inquire anything respecting the reception her eldest daughter had met with from her uncle. She cast a wavering suspicious glance toward Judith, as the girls came in, which glance presently grew more reassuring, but neither cheerful nor inquiring. In her own mind she was thinking, "What has he said to her? How far has he gone?" Judith met her mother's look in her usual manner, and spoke to her with her usual cordiality. Mrs. Conisbrough heaved a sigh of relief, but dared not proceed to questions of any kind.

When the meal was over, they all sat still in the same room, some of them working, some of them reading. Their store of books was small, but they were occasionally able to borrow a few from a certain Mrs. Malle-son, their one and only intimate friend, whose husband was rector of the great parish of Stanniforth, which comprised Yore-

sett and many other places. The doctor of the district, who also lived some distance away, and who was a kindly-natured man, would occasionally remember "those poor Miss Conisbroughs," and would put a volume or two in his great-coat pocket for their benefit. Judith was making a pretense of reading one of these volumes now. Delphine sat at the old piano, and touched a chord now and then, and sang a phrase once and again. Rhoda was embroidering. Mrs. Conisbrough held a book in her hands, which she was not reading any more than Judith was reading hers.

Meantime, without, the storm had increased. Judith had heard the first threatenings of the wind, which was now one continuous roar. The rain, in spasms, lashed the panes furiously. Yoresett House could stand a good deal of that kind of thing. No tempest even shook it, though it might, as it did do to-night, make wild work with the nerves of some of those who dwelt there.

Suddenly Rhoda raised her dusky head; her glowing brunette face was all listening; she held up a warning finger to Delphine to pause in her playing.

"Don't you hear wheels?" she said in a low voice; such as befitted the solemnity of the occasion.

They all listened; yes, wheels were distinctly audible, quickly moving, and a horse's hoofs as it came down the street. Quick as thought Rhoda had bounded to the window, lifted the white linen blind, and pulled it over her head, in a frenzy of aroused curiosity.

Just opposite the house stood the only public illumination possessed by Yoresett—a lantern, which threw out melancholy rays, and cast a flickering light upon the objects around. It burned in a wavering, uncanny manner, in the furious gusts to-night, but Rhoda's eyes were keen; emerging presently from her retirement, she found three pairs of eyes gazing inquiringly at her.

"Would you ever believe it," she cried. "It's old Mr. Whaley's dogcart, with the white mare, and he is in it."

"Old Mr. Whaley" was the family lawyer of the Aglionby clan, and had been so for forty years.

"Nonsense, my dear child!" protested her sisters. "It is some belated traveler, and the flickering light has deceived you."

"I tell you it was old Mr. Whaley. Don't I know his mare Lucy as well as I know my own name? He was sitting muffled up, and crouching together, and his man was driving. Will you tell me I don't know Peter Metcalfe and his red beard? and they were driving toward the road to Bainbeck."

"It is strange," said Delphine.

Rhoda, going back toward her place, looked at her mother.

"Mamma's ill!" she cried, springing to her side.

"No, no! It's nothing. I have not felt very well all day. Leave me alone, children, it will pass off. Old Mr. Whaley, on the road to Bainbeck, did you say, Rhoda? Then he must be going to see your uncle."

CHAPTER XII.

DANESDALE CASTLE.

RANDULF DANESDALE, after taking leave of Miss Conisbrough, sprang upon his horse again, pulled his collar up about his ears, rammed his cap well on to his head, called to his dog, and rode on in the teeth of the wind, toward his home. Soon the storm burst over him in full fury, and he was properly drenched before arriving at Danesdale Castle. During his ride thither, he constantly gave vent to the exclamation, "Inc—credible!" which might have reference to the weather, he being as yet somewhat inexperienced in the matter of storms as they rage in Yorkshire dales. More probably it was caused by some train of thought. Be that as it may, the exclamation was off reiterated. At last, after a long, rough ride along country roads uncheered by lamps, he ascended the hill going to Danesdale Castle, and rode into the courtyard where the stables and kennels were, delivered his horse over to his groom, and sauntered toward the house.

"Are they dining, Thompson?" he inquired of a solemn-looking butler whom he met as he passed through the hall.

"They are dining, sir," was the respectful reply, and Randulf's visage wore an expression of woe and gravity impossible to describe; yet an impartial observer must have come to the conclusion that Thompson and his young master were enjoying an excellent joke together.

"If Sir Gabriel should ask, say I am in, and will join them in five minutes," said Randulf, going up stairs. During his dressing he again gave vent to the exclamation, "Inc—credible," and this time it may reasonably be supposed to have referred to the extreme celerity with which he made his toilet.

When he had ridden into the courtyard ten minutes ago, he had looked animated, interested, and interesting, as he perfectly sat his perfect horse. There had been vigor and alertness in his movements, and a look of purpose and life in his eyes. That look had been upon his face from the moment in which he had reined up his horse by the roadside, and seen Judith Conisbrough's eyes looking up at him. When he came into the dining-room, and the assembled company turned their eyes upon him with a full stare of surprise, or inspection, or both, and his father pretended to look displeased, and his sister looked so stern in stern reality, he looked tired, languid, indifferent—more than indifferent, bored to death.

Sir Gabriel looked as if he would have spoken to him, but Randulf's place was at the other end of the table, nearer his sister, Miss Philippa Danesdale. He dropped into the vacant chair left for him by the side of a lady who looked out of temper; a lady with considerable claims to good looks, in the confident, unabashed style of beauty; a lady, finally, whose toilet bore evidence of having cost a great deal of money. She was Miss Anna Dunlop, Miss Danesdale's dearest friend, and Randulf had had to take her in to dinner every day since his return home.

Glancing around, he uttered a kind of general apology, including Miss Dunlop in it with

a slight bow, and then he looked wistfully round the table.

"You appear to be looking for something, Mr. Danesdale," observed Miss Dunlop, her corrugated brow becoming more placid.

"Only for the s—soup. I am absolutely starving," was the reply, in a tone of weariness which hardly rose above a whisper.

"If you will be so late, Randolph," said his sister, in the low voice she always used, "you must expect to have to wait a minute or two, at any rate, for your dinner. The servants are not omnipotent."

"I hope not, indeed!" he said. "If they were, where would you be? Where should I be? Where should we all be?"

"You snap up people's remarks in the most unkind manner," expostulated Miss Dunlop on Philippa's behalf. "Your sister only meant to calm your impatience, and you misconstrue her remark, and call up a number of the most dreadful images to one's mind."

"Dreadful images. Isn't there a song? Oh, no, engines; that's it—not images. 'See the dreadful engines of eternal war.' Do you know it?"

"I never heard it. I believe you are making it up," said Miss Dunlop reproachfully.

"Ah; it's old. It used to be sung long before your time—when I was a boy, in fact," he returned, with a gravity so profound as to be almost oppressive.

Miss Dunlop paused a moment, and then decided to laugh, which she did in a somewhat falsetto tone, eliciting no responsive smile from him. A dismal idea that Randolph was a sarcastic young man began to distil its baneful poison through her mind. What did he mean by so pointedly saying, "It used to be sung when I was a boy"?

"Did the Sparthwaites keep you so late, Randolph?" asked his sister; but he did not hear her, or appeared not to do so. Miss Danesdale was a plump, red-haired woman, no longer young. It was said by some of those friends of her youth whom she, like others, found somewhat inconvenient when that youth had fled, that she was forty. This, however, was supposed by those who knew her to be a slight exaggeration. She sat very upright, always held her shoulders back, and her head elevated, nor did she stoop it, even in the act of eating and drinking. She always spoke in an exceedingly low voice, which only a great emergency or extreme irritation ever caused her to raise; indeed it is useless to deny the fact, Miss Danesdale, from what cause soever, muttered, with what results, on the tempers of herself and of those who had to interpret her mutters or be asking for a repetition of them, may be more easily imagined than described. Her brother, who had seen little of her until this last final home-coming, considered the habit to be one of the most trying and exasperating weapons in the armory of a trying and exasperating woman. Miss Danesdale had every intention of behaving very well to her brother, and of making him welcome, and being very kind to him; but the manner in which she displayed her good will took a didactic, even a dictatorial form, which failed to recommend itself to the young man. If it were not sure to be taken for feminine ill-will

toward the nobler and larger-minded sex, the present writer would feel obliged to hint that Randolph Danesdale felt spiteful toward his esteemed sister, and that occasionally he acted as he felt. In any case, he appeared on the present occasion not to hear her; and in exactly the same voice and words, she repeated her question, looking at him as he gazed wearily at the pattern of his now empty soup-plate.

"Did the Sparthwaites keep you so late, Randolph?"

He looked up with a vague dreaming expression.

"A—! Did some one speak to me?"

Extreme irritation now came into play. Miss Danesdale raised her voice, and in a far from pleasant tone, cried:

"Did the Sparthwaites keep you so late?"

"I have come straight here from the Sparthwaites," he replied, mournfully accepting the fish which was offered to him.

"Whom did you meet there?" she asked.

Any one who could have performed the feat of looking under Randolph's wearily-drooped eyelids into his eyes, would have been rewarded with the vision of a most uncanny-looking sprite, which suddenly came floating and whirling up from some dark well of wickedness deep down in a perverted masculine nature. When he raised his eyelids, the sprite had discreetly drawn a veil between itself and the audience. None the less did it prompt the reply:

"Oh, a l—lot of people. I sat next an awfully good-looking woman, whom I admired. One of those big, black women, like a rocking-horse. C—champed the bit just like a rocking-horse too, and pranced like one. She said —"

There were accents in Randolph's voice which called a smile to the faces of some of the company, who had begun to listen to his tale. Miss Danesdale exclaimed almost vivaciously:

"Why, you must mean Mrs. Pr—"

"Don't tell me before I've finished. I don't know her name. Her husband had been ill, it seemed, and she had been nursing him, and they pitied her because of it; and she said, 'Oh, I have nursed him before now. I held him in my arms when he was a b—baby.'"

"Randolph!"

"I was h—horror-struck; and I suppose I showed it, for she suddenly gave a wild prance, and champed the bit more than ever, and then she said: 'Of course I don't remember it, but they tell me I did. My dear husband is a year or two younger than I am, but so good.'"

Mr. Danesdale sank again into a reflective silence. Sir Gabriel and the elder portion of the company went off into a storm of laughter, which did not in the least mitigate the deep gloom of the heir. Miss Dunlop's high color had increased to an alarmingly feverish hue. Miss Danesdale looked unutterable things. Sir Gabriel, who loved a joke, presently wiped the tears from his eyes, and said, trying to look rebuking:

"My dear boy, if you let that sarcastic tongue of yours run on in that way, you'll be getting into mischief."

"I sarcastic!" he ejaculated, with a look of the deepest injury. "My dear sir!"

"Will you have roast mutton, Randolph?"

asked Miss Danesdale, behind her mitted hand, as if she were putting some very disgraceful question, and dreaded lest the servants should hear it. "Because if—"

"Roast mutton? oh, joy!" he exclaimed, with a look of sudden hungry animation, which greatly puzzled some of the company, who saw him that night for the first time, and who said afterwards that really that young Danesdale was very odd. He came in so late to dinner, and sat looking as if he were going to faint, and told a very ill-natured story about Mrs. Prancington (though Mrs. Prancington is a ridiculous woman, you know), and then he fell upon the roast mutton with an ogreish fury, and could hardly be got to speak another word throughout the meal. They were sure he had astonished poor Anna Dunlop beyond bounds, for she did not speak to him again.

Perhaps Mr. Danesdale had desired this consummation, perhaps not. At least he did not murmur at it, but attacked the viands before him in such a manner as soon to make up for lost time.

Presently the ladies went to the drawing-room, and the men were left to their wine. All the rooms at Danesdale Castle were agreeable, because they could not help being so. They were quaint and beautiful in themselves, and formed parts of a quaint and beautiful old house; and of course Miss Danesdale did not wish to have vulgar rooms, and had not, unless a certain frigid stiffness be vulgarity, which, in a "withdrawing-room," meant to be a center of sociability and ease, I am inclined to think it is.

Miss Dunlop was staying in the house. The other ladies were neighbors from houses not too far away. All belonged to "the dale." They were not of a very lively type, being nearly all advanced in middle life, stout, and inclined to discuss the vexed topics of domesticity, children, the state of their green-houses, their schools and their clergy, all of which subjects they seemed to sweep together into one category, or, as Randolph had been known irreverently to say, "These women lump together infant schools, bedding out plants, parsons and housemaids in a way that makes it impossible for any ignorant fellow like me to follow the conversation."

These dowagers, with Miss Dunlop looking bored and cross (as indeed she felt), and Miss Danesdale looking prim, as she stepped from one to the other of her guests, to mutter a remark and receive an answer—these ladies disposed themselves variously about the well-warmed, comfortable drawing-room, while the one who was the youngest of them, the most simply dressed, the handsomest and by far the most intelligent-looking, the wife of the vicar of Stanniforth, sat a little apart, and felt amused at the proceedings.

As soon as politeness would allow her, Philippa seated herself beside Miss Dunlop, and, with a frosty little smile of friendship, said, in a mutter intended to be good-natured:

"When the men come in, Anna, and if Randolph comes to you, just ask him something, will you?"

"Ask him what? If he enjoyed the wine and walnuts as much as the roast mut-

ton? or if he thinks me like Mrs. Prancington?"

"Oh no, dear. And if he did, Mrs. Prancington is a very handsome woman. But ask him if he has seen anything of the Miss Conisbroughs to-day."

"The Miss Conisbroughs? Are they friends of yours?"

"No, but they are of his—dear friends. Just ask him how long he stopped at their house on his way home. I must go, dear. There's old Mrs. Marton looking fit to eat me, for not having been civil to her."

She rose, and walked with neat, prim little steps across the room.

Miss Dunlop sat still for a few minutes; her big black eyes fixed upon her big, black-mitted hands, upon her yellow satin and black-lace lap, and upon the black and yellow fan which her fingers held. After frowning at her hands for some time, she arose, and went to the piano, near which sat Mrs. Malleeson, the vicar's wife. Miss Dunlop placed herself upon the music stool, and began to play a drawing-room melody of questionable value as a composition, in a *prononcé*, bravura style.

By-and-by the men did come in—Sir Gabriel and the vicar first. A fine old gentleman was Sir Gabriel Danesdale. Abundant curly hair, which had long been snow-white; large, yet delicately chiseled features of great strength and power, and somewhat of the old Roman type, and a complexion of a clear healthy brown, not turned crimson, either with his outdoor sports or his modest potations. He looked as if he could be stern upon occasion. His face and bearing showed that mingling of patrician pride and kindly bonhomie which made him what he was, and which had secured him the love and good will of friends and dependents years ago.

Behind him followed Randulf, as tall as his father, and with shoulders as broad, looking at the moment as if he could hardly summon up energy to move one foot before the other. He was listening with the air of a martyr to a stout country squire with a red face, and other country squires—the husbands of those squires who sat in an amply spreading ring about the room—followed after him, talking—what do country gentlemen talk about whose souls are in the county hunt and the agricultural interest?

Randulf, "promenading" his eyes around the room, beheld Miss Dunlop at the piano; and the vicar's wife sitting close beside her. To the left he saw the ring of dowagers, "looking like a peacock's tail magnified," he said to himself, and fled toward the priestess for refuge.

"I suppose you got here before the storm came on, Mrs. Malleeson."

"Yes, we did. We shall have to drive home in it, though."

"I'm afraid you will. What roads they are here, too! I know I thought so this afternoon, riding from Hawes. . . . Don't let us interrupt your music on any account, Miss Dunlop," he continued blandly as she stopped.

"Oh, I've finished," answered she, somewhat unceremoniously cutting into the con-

versation. "Did you ride from Hawes, this afternoon?"

"Yes," said he, instantly becoming exhausted again.

"And that is a rough road?"

"Very."

"It comes through Toreset, doesn't it?"

"It does."

"Philippa has been telling me about your friends, the Miss Conisbroughs."

"Has she?"

"The Miss Conisbroughs," said Mrs. Malleeson. "Do you know them, Miss Dunlop?"

"Not at all, but I hear Mr. Danesdale does."

"Do you, Mrs. Malleeson?" he asked.

"Very well, indeed. They are great friends of mine, . . . and of yours too, it seems."

"Of mine? Well I've known them just as long as I've known you. May I say that Mrs. Malleeson and the Misses Conisbrough are great friends of mine?"

"Yes, if you like. If they allow you to become their friend, I congratulate you."

"They are nieces to that aged r—reprobate, Aglionby of Scar Foot, ain't they?"

"They are."

"Won't you tell Miss Dunlop about them? She wants to know, dreadfully."

"I do immensely. Are they pretty, Mrs. Malleeson?" she asked.

"A great deal more than pretty, I should say," said Mrs. Malleeson, in her hearty, outspoken tones—tones which had not yet quite lost their girlish ring. "I call the eldest one splendid, so handsome, and so calmly dignified!"

"Yes," said Randulf, whose eyes were almost closed, and his face expressionless, as he recalled the pale, woe-stricken countenance which that "calmly-dignified" Miss Conisbrough had raised to him that afternoon. He felt a tightening at his heart-strings. Mrs. Malleeson went on:

"As for Delphine, I think she is exquisite. I never saw any lovelier girl, I don't care where. You know if that girl were rich, and came out in London—I used to visit a great deal in London before I was married—and I am sure if she were introduced there, she would make a furore—dressed in a style that suited her, you know. Don't you think she would?"

"I should not be surprised," he returned, apparently on the verge of utter extinction, "one never can tell what there will be a furore about in London,—Chinamen, actresses, living skeletons, bilious greens—yes, I daresay she would."

Miss Dunlop laughed a little ill-naturedly, while Randulf, displaying suddenly more animation, added:

"But the youngest, Mrs. Malleeson. That little black-browed one. She is just as handsome as she can be. What a life she would lead any man who was in love with her!"

"She will be a strikingly beautiful woman some day, without doubt; but she is a child, as yet."

"Now, Miss Dunlop, you have heard an indisputable verdict on the good looks of the Miss Conisbroughs. All I can say is, that to me Mrs. Malleeson's remarks appear full of

wisdom.

else—Father!"

Sir Gabriel was powering languor, Randulf rose, and stood beside him, saying:

"Miss Dunlop is inspired with a devouring curiosity about the Miss Conisbroughs. What can you tell us about them and their antecedents?"

"Miss Conisbroughs," said Sir Gabriel, knitting his brows. "Oh, of course. Marion Arkendale's daughters. Parson Conisbrough's girls. Ah! she was a bonny woman, and a nice woman, was Marian Arkendale, when we were all young. I know them a little—yes."

"They are Squire Aglionby's grandnieces, aren't they?"

"Yes, what of that?"

"Will they be his heiresses? You see, I don't know the local gossip, yet."

"His heiresses—I expect so. Old John never confided the secrets of his last will and testament to me, but it is the universal expectation that they will, when any one ever thinks anything about it. He disinherited his son, you know, in a fit of passion, one day."

"Lucky for me that you can't," said Randulf, mournfully.

"I'm more likely to disinherit you for inordinate yawning than anything else," said Sir Gabriel.

"His son married; did he leave any children?"

"One boy."

"Surely he won't ignore him utterly."

"But he will. I remember him telling me that the mother and her relations had the boy, and were going to look after it, and that he was sure they hoped by that means to get a pull over him and his money. He added, with a great oath, that the brat might make the best of them, and they of it, for never a stiver of his should it handle. He is the man to keep his word, especially in such a case as that."

"Will these girls be much of heiresses?" asked Randulf, apparently stifling a yawn.

"Very pretty heiresses, if he divides equally. Some fifteen hundred a year apiece, I should say. But why do you want to know?" added Sir Gabriel. "Has something happened?"

"Nothing, to my knowledge," replied his son; "it was only the extreme interest felt in the young ladies by Miss Dunlop that made me ask."

"Well, that's all I can tell you about it, except a few anecdotes of old John's prowess in the hunting field, and of his queer temper and off-hand ways."

Sir Gabriel left them. Randulf implored Miss Dunlop to sing, which she did, thereby reducing him to the last stage of woe and dejection.

* * * * *

That night the tempest howled at its roughest paroxysms. The following day was wet and hopelessly so, with gusts of wind, melancholy, if not violent. The inmates of Danesdale Castle were weatherbound, or the ladies at any rate considered themselves so. Sir Gabriel was out all the morning. Randulf was invisible during the greater part of the

...having a
...for any lunch.
...Sir Gabriel to the la-
...highly laugh, "at his age I had
...even dreamed of a headache. I'd bet
...something he's on his back on a couch, with
...a pipe and a French novel."

The ladies said nothing. In the afternoon Sir Gabriel was out again, and Miss Danesdale and Miss Dunlop yawned in company until dinner-time, when they and their mankind all met together for the first time that day. They were scarcely seated when Sir Gabriel said:

"It's odd, Randulf, that you should have been asking so many questions last night about old John Aglionby and those girls. There does seem to be a fatality about these things sometimes."

"As how?" inquired his son.

"Old John is dead. He had an apoplectic fit last night, and died at noon to-day. I met the doctor while I was out this afternoon, and he told me. It gave me a great shock, I must confess. Aglionby of Scar Foot was a name so inseparably connected with this dale, and with every remembrance of my life that has anything to do with the dale, that it is difficult to realize that now he must be a remembrance himself, and nothing more."

"Yes, indeed, it is very strange. And he leaves no one to take his name."

"He is sure to have made a proviso that those girls shall take the name of Aglionby. I cannot grasp it somehow; that there will be Conisbroughs at Scar Foot—and women!"

"Do you visit them, Philippa?" asked Randulf, turning to his sister.

"We exchange calls occasionally, and we always ask them to our parties in winter, but they have never been to one of them. Of course I must go and call upon Mrs. Conisbrough at the proper time."

"I'm not sorry the poor girls will have better times at last," observed Sir Gabriel, on whom the occurrence seemed to have fallen almost as a blow. "And, after all, he was seventy-two and over. When I get to that age, boy, you will be thinking it about time for me to clear out."

Randulf smiled, and drawled out, "Perhaps I may, sir," but his eyes met those of his father. The old man and the young man understood each other well already. Sir Gabriel Danesdale slept that night with the secure consciousness that if he lived to be a hundred his son would never wish him away.

"Ah, there's a deal in family affection," he reflected. "If Aglionby had only been a little more lenient to that poor lad of his, the winter of his life might have had more sun in it and less frost. . . . How he used to ride! Like a devil sometimes. What runs we have had together; and what fish we have killed! Poor old John!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON."

"THE first concert of the season, Bernard, and you mustn't miss it. Really, for the life of me, I can't tell what you hear in those awfully musical concerts. Isn't it 'classical' that they call them? I've been to some of them. I

like watching the swells come in, and I dare say it's very amusing for them, who go regularly to the same places, to meet all their friends, and that sort of thing; but there I'm done. Those concerts send me to sleep, or else they make my head ache. It's nothing but a bang-banging and a squeak squeaking, without any tune to go by in it. I can't tell what you hear in them."

It was Miss Vane who thus addressed her swain on the Wednesday evening after he had told her about his meeting with his grandfather. He held his hat in his hand, and listened to her smilingly, but without any signs of relinquishing his purpose.

"Perhaps you don't, my love. I hear a great deal in them. To-night I shall hear Madame Trebelli sing 'Che farò senza Eurydice?' which is enough to last any fellow for a week, and make him thrill whenever he thinks of it. Likewise, I shall hear Beethoven's symphony, No. 5, which—"

"Oh, those horrid long symphonies. I know them. I can no more make head or tail of them than I can of your books about ethics or agnostics, or something sticks. But go, go; and I hope you may enjoy it. I like a play or a comic opera, for my part. Promise you'll take me to 'Madame Angot' the next time it comes, and I'll be good."

"To 'Madame Angot' you shall go if I am here, and able to take you," he rejoined, his eyes smiling darkly beneath the brim of his hat.

"You won't be gone to bed when I get back," he said. "It won't be late; and we can have half an hour's chat; just half an hour."

"Well, if you're not too late," said Miss Vane graciously.

Bernard promised and vowed to return very early; and then went off to enjoy his one piece of genuine, unadulterated luxury and extravagance—his shilling's worth of uncomfortable standing-room in the "body of the hall," which shilling's worth, while the great singers sang, and the great orchestral masterpieces were performed in a style almost peculiar to Irkford, of all English towns—represented to him a whole realm of riches and glory, royal in its splendor.

He secured a good place, just behind the last of the reserved seats, which were filled with a brilliant-looking audience. From the moment in which the well-known leader came on and received his rounds of welcome and applause, to the last strain of the last composition, he was all ear and all delight.

It was certainly a feast that night for those who care for such feasts. There was a delicious 'Anacreon' overture, full of Cherubini's quaintest thoughts; and there was the great cantatrice singing in her most superb style. 'Che farò,' though, came in the second part of the performance. Before it was the Fifth Symphony. Bernard, drinking in the sounds, remembered the old tale of how some one asked the composer what he meant by those four portentous and thrilling chords which open the symphony, and how he replied, "Thus fate knocks at the door."

"Se non è vero è non ben trovato," thought

our hero, smiling to himself. "A fate that knocked in that way would be a fate worth opening to, whether good or bad. But one usually hears a more commonplace kind of tap at the door than that."

He listened with heart and soul to the grand scena from "Orpheus." The cadence rang in his ears:

"Eurydice! Eurydice!
Che farò senza Eurydice?"

When it was over he slipped out, not caring to spoil the effect of it by listening to anything more. As he marched home his pulses were beating fast. The strains of "Eurydice" rang in his ears. But the opening chords of the symphony struggled with them and overcame them. "Thus fate knocks at the door," he repeated to himself many times, and in a low voice hummed the notes. "Thus fate knocks at the door," he muttered, laughing a little to himself, as he inserted his latch-key, and opened the door of No. 13 Crane Street.

He found Lizzie in the parlor, seated on a stool in the very middle of the hearth-rug, and gazing upward at a brown envelope which she had stuck on the mantelpiece, in front of the clock.

"Bernard," she said, "there's a telegram for you." She scarcely turned her delicate, fair face toward him as she spoke. "It came almost the minute you'd gone, and I'm fairly dying to know what it can be about."

He was very much surprised to see it himself, but did not say so, taking it as if nothing could have been more natural than for it to come.

"Why, it's addressed to the warehouse," he remarked. "How did it get here?"

"That boy, Robert Stansfield, from the warehouse, brought it. He said it came just as he was leaving, and he thought you might like to have it. I believe that boy would die or do anything for you, Bernard," she added, watching him as he opened and read the message without a muscle of his face changing:

"James Whaley, Solicitor, Yoresett, to Bernard Aglionby, 15 Fence Street, Irkford.—Your grandfather died suddenly this morning, and your presence here is indispensable. Come to-morrow by the train leaving Irkford at 2.15, and I will meet you at Hawes, and explain."

"What a long one, Bernard! What is it all about?"

"A stupid thing which will oblige me to set off on a business journey to-morrow," he said, frowning a little, speaking quite calmly, but feeling his heart leaping wildly. Was it fate that knocked at the door? or was it "but a bootless bene"?

Why did he not tell her, or read her the telegram? It was chiefly because of their conversation on Monday night last. It was because he knew what she would say if she heard the news, and because, rough and abrupt though he was, he simply could not endure to hear her comments upon that news, nor to listen to the wild and extravagant hopes which she would build upon it, and which she would not hesitate to express. He would have laughed loud and long if any one had told him that his sense of delicacy and of

the fitness of things was finer and more discriminating than that of Miss Vane, but it was a fact that it was so.

Meantime, wild and rapid speculations and wonders crowded into his own mind. He tried hard to see things in what he called a "sensible" light. He told himself that it was utterly impossible that his grandfather could have done anything to his will which in any way affected him. There had not been time for it. He would have to go to Hawes, and hear what they wanted him for—possibly to attend the funeral—a ceremony with which he would rather have dispensed. Then, when he knew how much he, with his slender salary, was to be out of pocket by the whole affair, he would come back, and reveal the news to Lizzie, thus forever putting out of her head all hopes or aspirations connected with old Mr. Aglionby and his money. She was quite satisfied with his explanation; though she girded at him and teased him and disagreed with him, he had the power of making her do exactly as he chose *when* he chose, and of making her see things as he desired her to see them. But he could only do it by means of fear—intimidation, and he knew it, and rarely indeed chose to exert that power.

He thrust the telegram into his pocket, and, consulting a little railway guide, found that the train mentioned by Mr. Whaley was the only one during the day by which his journey could be accomplished in reasonable time. The earlier ones are slow, and necessitate so many waitings and changings that he would arrive no sooner. In the morning he took his leave of Lizzie, saying he could not give his address now, as he did not know where he should be that night, but he would write as soon as possible. Lizzie was very sweet and amiable; she hung about him affectionately, and held up her face to be kissed, and he thought what an angel she was, what a guileless, trusting angel, to confide herself to the keeping of a rough-hewn, cross-grained carle like him. Again his heart fluttered as he gave a flying glance toward the possibility that Mr. Whaley of Yoresett might have some solid reason for summoning him thus suddenly to his grandfather's house. If there were any such reason—he kissed Lizzie's sweet face with a strange passion of regretful love and tenderness.

"Good-by, my own sweetheart!" he said again.

"Good-by, Bernard, dear; and be sure you let me know when you're coming home."

On his way to town he stopped at a post-office to send off a telegram to Mr. Whaley, promising to be at Hawes at the time mentioned. And then he went on to the warehouse, and asked for leave of absence with a cool hardihood which sorely tried the temper and dignity of Mr. Jenkinson, and at 2:15 set off on his journey with an unknown object—his journey which might be the beginning of a new life—or, merely the seal affixed to the relentless obduracy of one train of circumstances for which he was in no way responsible. It was in the bitter, sarcastic nature of the man to contemplate the latter possibility as being the more probable one.

(To be continued.)

Growth in Art and Taste.

THERE is nothing more dangerous to the future of the young men and women of our time than the idea that such methods and degrees of attainment as they have seen practiced, and seem at least partially successful, are sufficient for them, and may serve as a gauge for their ambition and the limit of progress.

Ignorance is dangerous because it has no data upon which to erect its standard. It often delights in what is in reality far below that which is accepted by the enlightened, because it does not know how to test the values of different kinds and degrees of achievement, and can only judge of what pleases its own untrained, inexperienced mind and sense.

Judgment based upon this ignorance, or want of knowledge, cannot be depended upon, and is most dangerous when it misleads the young, as to the character of their power or ability to do certain work, and the quality of that work.

In this country we are naturally behind the countries of the old world in our art and intellectual development; not from want of power, but because that power and all the forces of mind and body have been bent to the task of material construction and preparation. There is only just so much genius, talent, and energy available, and that cannot be exhausted in one way, and remain free and strong to work in another. To be sure they are re-creative, and increase by use, but usually in the direction in which they have been exercised. It is not strange, therefore, if we have much to learn, and we can afford to weigh carefully expressed opinion as to merits, whether our own or others, in regard to matters upon which few are thoroughly well informed, especially when the work perhaps of our lives is in the question.

At the present time there is throughout America, a great awakening in regard to art and intellectual matters, and individually we are very apt to look upon it as a sign of modern progress, as something quite new, and that has never been experienced before. In a certain way this is true. Words have never before been so widely distributed, or made so common, as through the agency of cheap books, newspapers, and periodicals. But words are not things; they have supplied ignorance with a certain current slang which to some represents knowledge, and it does not include the spirit of weight and appreciation which comes of knowledge and sympathy combined. Italy and some other foreign countries, while they are far behind us in the diffusion of cheap literature, keep in advance in certain special directions, particularly in art, because it is there that it has found a home, has been sedulously cultivated, until it has become a part of the very air and atmosphere, is taken in unconsciously with the mother's milk, and fed by the every-day sights and sounds upon which the eyes rest, or which the ears receive.

Our best in some things, therefore, is probably far below what is common elsewhere, and beginners must not gauge the quality of their work by what they have seen and known in their own little experience, but by what has been done and is being done elsewhere, and by the best workers. It is a poor thing to cheapen art and intellectual work by flooding the age with spurious imitations of the real and true; but it is a good thing to better the art spirit, the desire for what is simple and noble and pure and genuine, into the every-day walks of life, and fill our homes and lives with it. This will make every act of our lives more worthy,

whether it is washing dishes, or writing a book, making a calico dress, or painting a picture, and indeed, when done from the same standpoint of truth and mastery, there is not so much difference between one kind of work and another: each will properly express its thought, and assist in the suitable fulfillment of a function.

Spring Travel.

AMERICANS travel more than any other nation in the world, and often with less benefit to themselves than they might have derived from staying at home, and reading about the places and objects they went to see. It is not of much use to travel unless one is a little acquainted beforehand with what one is likely to meet. There are immense differences in things which bear the same names, and if we confound one with another we only expose ourselves to ridicule, without adding anything to the stock of real knowledge.

Travel is a great means of broadening the horizon of life and enlarging ideas, if we are intelligent enough to be desirous of getting the best out of it; but there are persons who might travel around the world, and be little the wiser, for they would see only the surface of things, and this is much the same nowadays, everywhere, or at least where the iron horse and electric telegraph have penetrated.

Nor is it always necessary to travel with an eye-glass and a note-book. Affectation is worse than ignorance. Change and refreshment for mind and body is what the majority want to get out of travel, and what should be the effort to secure, if it is to do us any real good. It is a common thing with some rich Americans to spend a part of every year abroad; but this is simply to diversify the monotony of life, which has lost all its real zest and flavor. The only way we can enjoy leisure is by alternating it with good, hard work, and as mere round of ball-going, party-going, and dress parade is the same, whether occurring in one city or another. The only real, enjoyable change under such circumstances is to voluntarily assume some hardship, and the people of wealth and leisure often do. They endure the fleas, and dirt, and discomfort of Egypt and the Holy Land, they scale the mountains of the north, and go yachting in strong seas. Human nature revolts from an eternity of inertia, and abhors perpetual sunshine.

But there are lives to whom the break of a few months or years of travel, the face-to-face acquaintance with what has formed the subject of their dream, with what they have heard, and known, and read about, is the exaltation of their lives, the one piece of unshadowed brightness toward which they look forward, upon which they look back. These people do not go abroad to hobnob with doubtful lords and ladies, or hang on the ragged edge of foreign society; but to breathe the sweet air of rural England, to find the shrines of its mighty dead. They go to see with their own eyes the brightness and beauty of fair France, and that art of Italy which has inspired all other art, and outlived the centuries.

Most beautiful and inspiring it is to be able to break away for a time from the pressure and monotony of daily routine, and become a part, in thought and sympathetic feeling, of the great host of immortals who have lived and crowned the ages with glory; but to be able to do this we too must have worked in our little way. We must have lived for duty, and not for pleasure, and thus be not all unworthy to join the ranks of the noble host who have lived and suffered, as well as enjoyed.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

WHEN I was less than ten years old, I made a week's visit at a country house. Of that visit I have but two memories, one of the gentle kindness of the mistress of the house, the other of the floor of the bed-room in which I slept. This floor was common pine, painted a warm gray, with a border or stripes (I forget which) of various shades of brown and green, twisting into each other in a mysterious way. My strongest memory of that week is of the neat, clean bed-room floor, and of the marvelous way those lines of brown and green color went over and under each other. I studied that floor for hours in the early mornings of that one week. My satisfaction in uncarpeted floors must have dated from that visit. There were of course braided rugs in the bed-room, but I have not the faintest memory of them. The floor alone impressed me strongly.

Keep the native wood, do not paint your floors, is the verdict of our best authorities. But with this, as with all rules of home furnishing, it is well to know what the books say, and the artists think, then judge, yourself, for your own conditions, and do exactly what, in your circumstances and judgment, seems wisest.

If Mr. Eastlake recommends marble, tile, or parquetry floors and Eastern rugs, it does not in the least follow that you must be wholly lacking in good judgment or taste, if you cannot or do not choose to follow his directions.

An unmistakable lady said to me the other day "I hate these uncarpeted floors; you need an extra servant to care for them, and they are always dusty." She certainly had a right to her opinion, and does, without doubt, keep her home beautiful, with floors all softly covered with heavy carpets. But, for the extra servant, I should say, after some experience, that need went with the carpets, and not with the uncovered floors. The advantages gained by a square of carpet which covers only the middle of the room, are first the saving of expense in carpeting and bordering, which is so often only cut up to fit into window and chimney corners, or around door frames. I look up and count in the room in which I sit. If the room were carpeted wholly, at least sixteen notches or cuts would have to be made. I rather think more would be needed. Such abuse of good material seems almost wicked. A rug or square of carpet can be turned about so the wear is distributed, and when such a rug grows a little shabby for parlor or dining-room, it is still suitable without resewing for an up-stairs room. There is no border to be patched out, or refitted.

There is, next, freedom from moths and dust in undisturbed corners under heavy pieces of furniture. But, even a rug cannot escape the Buffalo moth, if put under heavy furniture. We saw last summer a large rug, that had remained in an unoccupied bed-room, badly injured by this destroying vandal in the corner where the rug had been covered with a piece of heavy furniture. Let your rugs then, if possible, not be weighed down with any heavy furniture, but let them accomplish their possibilities, save your expense, work, dust, and dirt. All this is simple good sense, without any especial artistic feeling, save as all good home art is opposed to dirt and dust.

The rule given for a floor, for house decoration, is that it must stay under our feet, and not protrude itself. The dull color of a wooden floor is pleasant, restful, and frames or sets off any bit of carpet put on it, no matter how simple the material, not even disdaining a home-made rag carpet.

If we decide we will have a wooden floor, with rugs or square of carpet, we must treat our floor according to our conditions. We say nothing of marble, or tile floors for halls or kitchens. They are of course cleanest and best for places where many feet pass; and a broad tile hearth, when a floor is not to be thought of, is a delightfully clean and pleasant thing before a kitchen range. We have now good American encaustic tiles, that can be bought at reasonable rates. These are in good color, and can be found at the American Encaustic Tiling Co., 73 Hudson Street.

If we are building a new house, with no restrictions, a hard wooden floor, with inlaid parquetry border, is most delightful and also most expensive. A southern pine floor is good and serviceable, and not seriously expensive, the wood itself being little more in cost than common white pine. The expense is chiefly in the extra work in laying a hard wooden floor. The lower floor at least should be backed, or lined to keep the dust and noises of the cellar below stairs. If this is not done, when the servant sifts the ashes by the furnace you will find a cloud of dust at the same time settling over your dainty embroideries in the parlor above; or, if a cellar window is opened, the cold air will pass through the floor into the room above, making it unendurable. If your house has, as our older houses generally have, an ordinary white pine floor, the simplest way is, first to remove all spots of lime or paint with coarse sandpaper or a carpenter's scraper, if only few in number. If otherwise, you must let your carpenter plane the floor, or resort to caustic potash, which will dissolve the paint in a day or two. Then, after removing paint and lime, have the

floor thoroughly scrubbed with scrubbing-brush, soap, and sand. If there are large cracks, putty them if you wish a good floor, but do not forget to color your putty the same color; your floor is to be stained. To putty a floor is no little work. It is vastly better to have the cracks filled, and if they are vast, it is almost necessary, but do it first in border and uncovered portions, that you may know how much work it involves before attempting a large room. When the floor is clean and in order prepare your stain. Your color you can choose to suit your furnishings. Remember, a dark black walnut stain must show footprints and dust. The most serviceable is the natural shade of the pine, only a few shades darker than the pine would be with the oil alone. The color of the southern pine is a good useful tone for a floor. You may have an olive stain, or the color of the California redwood, or mahogany color—anything you like. I do not advise staining in stripes to represent alternate boards of black walnut and hard pine. The stripes are painful and obtrusive, and make a poorer background for rugs than the simple stain over the whole floor. To make your stain, have ready a tin box of prepared paint, and obtain also from your painter a can of oil prepared for floors. This is boiled linseed oil, a little turpentine and dryer. Mix this oil with your color till you obtain the desired shade of color. Use more or less oil as you wish the color lighter or darker. My painter says a pint of oil for a pound of paint, but trust no one in this. Try it on a bit of wood till you get the color you wish. The painter says also, use raw sienna for the color of southern pine, burnt umber for black walnut, and permanent green and raw umber, or ochre and black, for olives. I should advise you to go to your painter, show the shade of color you want, and stand by and watch, and suggest, if you have a good-natured painter from whom to buy your colors, till the color is made that pleases you. When you have your stain the satisfactory shade, rub it into the floor well with a woolen cloth, and afterward rub off the superfluous color carefully with another woolen cloth. You use for these stains the colors in tin pound boxes, prepared with oil costing about twenty-five cents a box. If you have a hard pine floor you need simply the oil, no stain. If the floor is either oiled or stained, it is best to leave it a few days before the waxing. Do not use the room before the waxing; but if dust or footprints are on the floor, wipe it over with a cloth wrung out of warm water, but use no soap. Have ready, as soon as the floor is dry, two quarts of turpentine to a half pound of bees' wax. If you warm the turpentine slightly the wax will dissolve in a short time without delay or the labor of shaving the wax. Do not put your pail of turpentine in the middle of a hot stove or range, and go off and forget it till a small explosion and a dense smoke remind you that turpentine is at least inflammable. When the wax is dissolved rub it upon the floor with a woolen cloth till the whole floor is covered. Wait from five to ten minutes till the wax hardens a little; then rub with a coarse woolen cloth or brush with the grain of the wood, not across it. After a few times waxing your floors will have a good polish, and the wax need be applied but seldom. The rooms most in use, as a dining-room or hall, require more frequent polishing. A bed-room will keep in good condition with much less care. Waxing twice or four times a year will keep a bed-room in tidy condition, while a dining-room would generally be better for a weekly waxing. Waxed floors need only to be wiped up with a damp cloth if kept in good condition.

Floors that, for good and sufficient reasons, one does not wish to treat in this way, may be painted. I have seen in a country house delightful bed-



rooms with painted floors. We would only say, do not choose a dark color that will show dust and footprints. A color not far from that of yellow pine, ash, or butternut, is better, being more serviceable.

A painted floor or a stained floor may each have a stenciled, painted, or stained border. The simpler the border the more suitable. A painted border can be stenciled on in a darker shade of brown; a stained border on a stained floor, in red browns and olives, and outlined neatly with black paint. These borders must, of course, be put on before the waxing, and left till the black paint is perfectly dry before waxing.

The staining of floors and wood-finish is a new departure. The stain is very satisfactory where a tone of color is wished, and yet a paint is not desired. The stain preserves the grain of the wood, and can adapt itself to any other decoration in the room. Several fine houses that are now building are introducing stained woods, notably, olive, mahogany, and the California red-wood colors. Mr. J. L. Crockett, 418 W. 23d Street, has devoted much attention to this subject of late, producing delightful effects on both soft and hard woods, and will, I understand, fill and receive orders at a reasonable cost. After the floor is finished the choice of rug or carpet must depend on what is to be in the room. We must keep in mind that the floor must stay under foot. Do not choose a pattern of shaded flowers, that will always be asking us to pick them up from the floor. The color is better to contrast with the walls than to match them carefully. I hope we have most of us learned to avoid having one only distinctive color for a room. I have seen blue or pink rooms that I did not quite like to touch, and certainly did not desire to live in. How much comfort would there be in the outside world if the Lord had made not only the sky, but the trees and ground all blue? We may take a hint from the outside world for the inside of our homes. Every shrub or plant has many green or brown leaves to make the glory of the flower more beautiful. So if we keep the big spaces in our rooms quiet in tone, we only make more beautiful any bit of color we choose to honor afterward. A carpet is best with inconspicuous flat colors. A design you can't remember and could not possibly draw from memory is almost sure to be good. Who could draw from memory the design of an Eastern rug? Fair imitations of Eastern rugs can be had at all the shops. The real old rug is always better in both quality and color, and people living in or near New York have frequent opportunities to buy at auction sale a genuine old rug at considerably less cost than the imitation rugs of the shops. Do not despise a reliable auction room. Squares can be made of any quality of carpeting, with borders at any price, according to the quality of your carpet. A rug made of the Philadelphia shawl waste carpeting needs no border, and is useful when an inexpensive rug is needed in unobjectionable colors. There are two-ply carpets in simple diaper designs, and sometimes in Turkish colors. These can be bordered with carpet-filling at very small expense. A rag carpet rug is unobjectionable if you chose the colors or order the making of it yourself. I know a rag carpet in a bed-room that has given uncommon satisfaction. The body of the carpet is woven of balls of mixed colors, sewed, as the weavers say, "hit or miss." This body color is woven in three yard strips, and at each end of each breadth are stripes of solid color, blues, browns, yellows, and black. These stripes make a quarter of a yard border in bright colors on each end of the rug. The three breadths of yard-wide carpet make a serviceable rug for an ordinary sized room. The only cost of the carpet, if the balls are home-made, is the cost of the weaving, thirty-three

cents a yard. The stripes of the border of the rug must be woven alike on each breadth, in order that the widths may match perfectly when sewed together. A fringe of the filling, four inches long, should be left at each end of the widths and knotted carefully. A carpet is not to be discarded because it is old or faded, if not worn. Two to one, the colors are then softer and pleasanter than they were the first day they rested on your floor. Howells speaks of a certain "sweet shabbiness" of one of his heroine's gloves. Do not despise the "sweet shabbiness" of a worn carpet. It often means something besides so many dollars a yard. It can mean a great many better things than money can buy, the tramping of restless little feet, home comfort, a carpet not too good to use, or even home economy, self-denial, or honest poverty. In all such worn shabbiness is an honorable sweetness of color surpassing the most perfect India rug on earth.

HETTA L. H. WARD.

Correspondents' Class.

"ARTIST."—1. Underglaze colors are specially prepared for painting on the dry (biscuit) surface of the wares before the glaze on which they depend to bring out their rich depths is applied. The fire required for them is far greater than rose-color or enamel-kiln heat. It is known as "gloss-oven" or "glaze-kiln" heat. The term "biscuit" applies to every description of pottery in its unglazed state, from the porous terra-cottas and Lambeth stone-ware to the finest creamy white porcelain. It is dry and dull in surface, more or less absorbent, according to its composition and its firing, and possesses the peculiarity known by artists as "tooth;" hence it is adapted for painting large and bold subjects. Indeed, we may distinguish enamel from underglaze painting much as we should water from oil color painting. In other words, just as lights are left in water-color painting, using only Chinese white when absolutely necessary, so they are in enamel painting; while, as shadows are painted in and lights put on with more or less of flake-white mixed with the color in oil painting, so should they be with underglaze work. It is the oil painting of the ceramic artist. Unless he takes full advantage of the underglaze process to produce the peculiar effects of oil painting, he may as well confine himself to enamel painting, which is infinitely less troublesome and expensive, and which makes much smaller demands upon the skill of the artist.

2. The vehicles required are the same as for enamel painting and colors. Far better effects may be produced with colors mixed with turpentine and fat oil, than, as has been recommended, if gum-water or water and golden sirup are used. Here, however, there is not the same risk by using fat oil, as the colors undergo a process known as "hardening on" before glazing, which burns all the oil out; therefore, if the artist desires broad flat washes of color, fat oil may be freely added; while, if he is painting-in high lights, and desires to give his pictures the crispness of an oil painting, the color must be worked more "raw," with less fat oil. In practice, sometimes, if great depth of tint in a painting is desired, part of it is done in gum-water, when, after drying, colors may be used upon it mixed in turpentine and fat oil. If the smooth appearance of enamel painting is contemplated, camel-hair pencils must be used; while, if the artist desires to give the rough surface of an oil painting, fine hog tools are necessary, using camel or sable hair brushes for finishing touches.

3. The sketching may be done either with a lead pencil or crayon, and care should be taken to prevent the outline from being destroyed, as it is somewhat difficult, owing to the roughness of the surface, to take out color and leave it clean. The drawing should be done with great care: the handling firm, free and bold, the lights impasted with a full pencil and stiff color, producing actual relief. This is particularly necessary in foregrounds, and gives a sparkling effect to the picture. In painting underglaze work, particularly on large surfaces, it is always desirable to place the subject before the eye, and in such a position that the light may fall from the left hand upon it.

4. As a rule, the whole of the desired painting should be done before the piece is sent to be fired. The glazing and firing should be looked upon as the varnishing process, but this is by no means compulsory. If very elaborate work is in hand it may be dried and then a very thin coating of glaze penciled over it and fired. This will, to some extent, determine the depth of color employed, and give a little gloss, and fasten the work, when it may be repainted. If this is done, care must be taken not to paint or impaste too thickly the first time. The second painting done, the whole may be glazed and fired.

QUESTIONS.

"COR. CLASS:—Can you give me some information about stenciling? 1. Patterns? 2. Stencils? 3. To what is stenciling best applicable? 4. Where are patterns to be obtained? STUDENT."

"COR. CLASS:—What is meant by the local color in flower painting? What is meant by finishing flowers in transparent colors? M. M. K."

How and What to Read.

JOSEPH COOK, in one of his Monday lectures, has expressed the opinion that there are not more than one thousand books in the world worth reading. In other words, select a thousand works from all time, and the world would not be much the poorer if all the rest were forever lost.

But, for all ordinary purposes, a library of one hundred properly selected volumes is as large as any person need possess. Specialists, of course, would need many more. The man or woman who has the contents of a hundred standard books firmly fixed in mind is an exceptionally well informed person. Very few ever attain such a degree of intellectual proficiency. But more of this anon.

The crying evil of the day—an evil that is a foe to any solid acquisition of knowledge or information—is *desultory reading*. The cause is not far to seek. Among the vast benefits which the latter half of our nineteenth century civilization has conferred upon the world, not the least is a plethora of printed matter. If ever the adage of Solomon was exemplified, now is the time: "Of bookmaking there is no end." The world is the richer every year by some fifteen thousand permanent publications, to say nothing of the vast contributions of transient or periodical literature, which exceed in volume many times the quantity above mentioned.

This undoubted benefit carries with it its own sting. Young and old, youth and maiden, the hurried man of business and his care-laden wife, all seeking for some mental diversion, look for "something to read." But the very wealth around them causes bewilderment. Like Ali Baba in the robber's cave, they know not which treasures to lay hold of first. A settled plan or scheme of reading becomes to some well-nigh impossible. They become mere nibblers here and there at the

outside of the cake, and remain entirely unacquainted with its interior richness.

When the writer was a boy, some twenty odd years ago, his store of available books consisted of *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Don Quixote*, the *Arabian Nights*, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and a volume of African travels, the name of which he has forgotten. For a period extending over some eight or ten years these were absolutely all the books he had to read. This was no uncommon case; on the contrary, many lads and lasses had not as much. There were no cheap "story papers," "libraries," or "weeklies," then. What was the consequence? Why the four or five works above mentioned, all classics in their way, were read again and again until their contents were indelibly impressed upon memory's page.

Now for another picture. Take the boy of today. He subscribes to one or more papers; he belongs, probably, to some school library; and, more than all this, the remarkable cheapness of every description of publication places history, travel, biography, and poetry within reach of his hand. Truly his lines are cast in pleasant places. But mark the result. You will find him, in nine cases out of every ten, a smatterer. He dips into book after book, gains a vague idea of their contents, and is satisfied. Of "hard reading" he has no idea. If, perchance, he does read a book through, what can he tell of its contents, or of the author's style, whether it be Latin, or English, or Saxon?

All this is not the boy's fault, nor is it peculiar to him alone. "Children of a larger growth" are equally deficient in this respect. An intelligent man of thirty, a great reader, a public school graduate, recently informed the writer, in answer to a question, that he could see no difference between the style of one of Macaulay's essays and a paragraph in the *New York Herald*!

We should move among our books, be they few or many, to extract the good, the beautiful, and the true from them, and through them to be led into communion with the heart of nature and of our fellow beings. Indiscriminate reading will defeat this end, and will cause one to lose more information than can be possibly gained. It provides no center around which successive acquisitions may group themselves. A few books may breed culture, and may be frequently perused without losing their freshness. Abraham Lincoln was a man of two books. How broad his humanity and heart-culture, it is needless to say.

To this end select your library with care. Remember that a single book may be the means of making or marring a life. Voltaire read an infidel book when he was five years old, and it molded his subsequent life.

Do not give prominence to periodicals. A good magazine or two, a daily paper, a weekly, are surely sufficient. They are indispensable if one would keep abreast of current thought and progress. But keep them in their place. The young should no more be left to the selecting of books for themselves than to the selecting of their companions. Books are the companions of their thoughts, and the thought makes the future man or woman.

Vary the mental food. History, biography, poetry, standard essays, though to many the names appear dry and uninviting, in reality contain the cream of written matter. Like the hard shell, they do but cover the sweet kernel within. Let one follow another; too protracted reading of either will weary the most diligent, and the mind will refuse to hold the results. Let each prominent fact become a center for the arrangement of other facts, and one will be surprised to find how every book, almost every scrap, read understandingly, will contribute to the constantly growing fabric of knowledge.

Women in the Art-World, and their Work.

FROM the olden days, when the spinning-wheel made of costly woods and inlaid with pearl was deemed a fit ornament for the drawing-room, and the jeweled fingers of fair ladies drew the flax from the distaff, down to the present time, some handiwork more or less elegant has had its reign, and passed away to make room for some other more fanciful and new.

Embroideries on India mull or canvas, painting by theorems on satin and velvet, knitting, fruit and flower modeling in wax, leather and cone-work, spatterdash, and a host of minor fancies have given place to antique and modern needle-work of an artistic character, paintings of original design, cabinet decoration, and finally designing for textile fabrics, wood, and pottery.

How extended is the field for woman's work was strikingly shown in the art-educational departments of the recent exhibition given in New York by an association of women artists, at the head of which stands Mrs. Henry Peters Gray.

In one department were shown designs from the first rough sketches up to the finished working-designs for oilcloths and all the carpets in grades from two-ply ingrain up to the finest moquettes. These designs were the work of Mrs. Florence Cory, the only woman carpet-designer in the United States. Mrs. Cory is a self-taught artist; there being no school, class, or opportunity to learn carpet-designing in this country, she laboriously studied the texture, manner of weaving, and colors, until she mastered the art of designing for this branch of manufacture, an art at once complicated and full of interest.

By the side of each working design hung finished examples of carpets woven in this country, each showing as excellent texture, color, and design as foreign fabrics of the same name.

In another department were shown designs for embroidery, lace, felt-cloth, calico, and wall-paper, by Alice Donlevy, each branch requiring special study and treatment, and all showing great suitability and original power. Miss Donlevy has written a text-book on illumination, and is one of the best illuminators in the country.

In a third department were shown outlined designs for art needle-work by Miss Susan Hayes Ward, also the finished worked examples, showing a great variety of modern and antique stitches, and the use of crewels, filose, silk and linen flosses, and cotton.

In the ceramic art department were shown lovely examples of original decoration in overglaze and underglaze painting by Miss Hetta L. Hayes Ward. For instance, an oviform dull yellow vase, with a design of sunfishes and water-plants around its base, in olive-green and shades of dull yellow with a touch of Indian red; a plaque with a spray of yellow passion-flowers thrown up on a deep mazarine ground; also a charming plaque showing a pair of exquisitely modeled doves disporting under a branch of white apple blossoms, all painted on a pale "bird's-egg blue" ground. Miss Hetta Ward excels in flowers, figures, and heads, but more especially in conventional ornament painted in subdued colors, as seen in several sets of fireplace and mantel tiles.

Here were also exhibited portrait and flower plaques by Mrs. Henry Peters Gray, in speaking of whom an eminent art critic (Clarence Cook) recently declared that "one need not go abroad to learn plaque painting while Mrs. Gray is in this country."

In the West we find Miss Louise McLaughlin, of Cincinnati, who, with admirable perseverance experimented until she discovered, or rather in-

vented, a process of decoration similar in results to the Limoges enamel.

Her work—clay painting on the clay body—is singularly rich in effect, and her coloring harmonious, the ground of some of her vases showing all the tints of a color, say blue, from the faintest to the deepest and most brilliant, while the flowers are painted in strong relief, with much grace of arrangement.

In our own city of New York we have Miss Catherine de Golier becoming famous for her "pate sur pate" decoration of pottery, a method rarely attempted as yet in this country. A few years ago Miss de Golier, being impressed with the feeling that she could model in clay, visited an Ohio pottery, requesting permission to work in the clays. Her vacation was spent in experiments that resulted in the successful decoration of several vases by clay painting in high relief, similar to that accomplished a little later by Miss McLaughlin. By this course of experiment she learned much of the nature of the material she must work with in hand modeling.

Later she visited the Chelsea Ceramic Art Works of Massachusetts, where she was accorded larger privileges, and achieved marked success, modeling from nature birds, fruits, and flowers, and designing the vases to which they were applied.

In "pate sur pate" the work must be done at or near the potteries, as the ornament must be applied in the fresh or "green" state to the "green" body. Two vases in the fine Chelsea clays, about thirty inches in height, are good examples of Miss De Golier's work; both are original in shape and decoration. The form is cylindrical, flaring flower-like at the rim. From the base of one spring rushes, arrowheads and marsh-marigolds, over which hovers a dragon-fly on outspread gauzy wings; from the companion base rises the characteristic growth of the wild campanula, wild roses, and grass, with a bird gracefully poised on a leaf-spray.

The delicate harebells suspended from their fine stems, the rose petals and feathery grasses copy even the texture as well as the form of their living models, while the plumage of the bird, his fine beak and slender legs attest not only the delicacy of the modeler's touch, but the wonderful plasticity of the American clays.

In ceramic decoration and designing for textile fabrics, a large field is open for women's work in America. The rage for ceramic decoration which, prevailing a few years ago, led to bizarre if not ludicrous results by the use of the paste-pot and decalcomanie, has subsided, and a true feeling for form and color become apparent. Women have set themselves to work in earnest; not content with mechanical decoration, they are reaching out to the highest forms of ornament; and they need not despair—what has been done may be again. Two hundred years ago Mrs. Landre modeled exquisite bas-reliefs in clay for Wedgwood's vases; Catherine Wilcox, heading a band of women artists, painted borderings, single figures, and groups on the dinner-service of the Empress of Russia. Lady Templeton, Lady Diana Beauclerc, and Miss Crewe furnished drawings and cut-out patterns for the bas-relief ornaments of Wedgwood's loveliest jasper plaques and vases. Carpet designing offers perhaps the greatest opportunity for woman's powers of invention—we say the largest—for in this branch there is little competition as yet in the United States, the only woman designer, as we have said, being Mrs. Florence Cory, a native of western New York. A class of women is now being instructed in this beautiful branch of design, but it is the only one in the country.

In ceramic art we have yet to find in the East a school in which pupils may learn the nature of

clays and mineral colors; how to model, fire for the biscuit, glaze, burn in the gloss-kiln, decorate by high and low relief, enamel, and under-glaze. We have the nucleus of a technical school in carpet designing, lace, wall-paper, calico, and embroidery design. Let us hope the good work will go forward to give encouragement and development to the unemployed female talent of this country.

WOMEN IN THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

Four ladies numbered among the successful exhibitors of the late water-color exhibition. Of these the most prominent was Agnes D. Abbott, in the "Last of the Flowers," a blue jar filled with chrysanthemums, whose perfect drawing, rich colors, and broad handling, combined with the tender, graceful sentiment inhering in the drooping petals, made it one of the features of the North Room. "The Forgotten Strain," by N. S. Jacobs, a very attractive bit of *genre*, which met the fate of a good work in a speedy sale, held its own admiring crowd of gazers in the East Room. Miss Bridges was represented in a large work, "The Shell-strewn Beach," which attracted much attention, and Mrs. Dillon, with her good color and firm, crisp touch in "Tulips," easily distinguished herself among the flower-painters.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTERS.

In August we may look for the return from Europe of three women artists who deserve well of those who appreciate courage, faithfulness, and perseverance, united to a high degree of talent, and the disposition to put it to its best use. Mrs. Eliza Greatorex has been known to the New York public for many years as painter and etcher. Her studies of old landmarks and places of interest have preserved to us very many interesting historical spots throughout the country; in addition, a complete series of "Old New York," with letterpress, published afterward in book form by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and her very graphic series of etched pictures of the village of Ober-Ammergau, the scene of the Passion-Play.

Her daughters, Eleanor and Kate, inherit all of their mother's talent, and with it her devotion to and love of art for its own sake. Their days and years are spent between study and work. Sometimes at home (in New York), sometimes, when they get hungry for the art atmosphere, abroad, where they are equally at home. They have been abroad now three years, the last winter having been spent in Algiers, from whence we have received some clever sketches, three of which we present to our readers. These are not finished productions, they were thrown off and sent only as friendly souvenirs. They show, however, the delicacy and truth, the accuracy in drawing, and the harmony in detail which characterize their more important productions.

The late Water-Color Exhibition contained some excellent specimens of Miss Eleanor Greatorex's work in "Le Potage" and "Peasant of Cernay la Ville." Eleanor is a *genre* painter, Kate a portrait painter, though both have passed every intermediate grade of flower and decorative study. Two aquarelles painted by Miss Kate Greatorex have been on exhibition at one of the galleries in New York City, and pronounced superior to anything else of the kind seen this past winter, in exhibition or studio. The Misses Greatorex studied flower-painting under Jeannin, and figure-painting under Carolas Durant and J. J. Hennaire.

Mrs. Greatorex has largely relinquished painting, and devotes herself more exclusively to etching, in which she has acquired a freedom and delicacy in shading which greatly enhances the beauty and artistic value of her work, while it detracts nothing from its truthfulness.

My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

As I am a little late this morning, I find the girls all assembled, and so engrossed in their own lively chatter that it is almost impossible to turn their attention to anything else. But their curiosity is excited by a little package which I bring in with me and proceed to untie.

"Are you going to present us with diplomas?" asks Jennie, "or are you going to be such a darling as to give us each a photograph of yourself?"

"Neither guess is right," I answer, holding to view some delicately painted dinner and lunch cards, which call forth much admiration as they are handed about for inspection.

"These are samples to order from," I explain. "They are painted by a talented lady of New York."

"The often quoted person who has seen better days, I suppose," interrupts Miss Kitty, flip-pantly.

"You are wrong, my dear. The painter of these cards is mistress of a house as elegant and costly as your mamma's, but she is one of the people who think our gifts are to be used to accomplish some good, so she devotes a stated part of each day to hard work in her little studio, turning off dozens of these little cards, for which there is such a demand during a part of the year that she has to work hard to keep up with her orders."

"But what does she want of the money if she is rich enough to live handsomely?" asks one of the girls. "If I was well enough off to do without work, you wouldn't catch me doing anything."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, for an idle life is far from being a happy one, and I know you well enough to suspect that you would be thoroughly miserable if you had nothing to do. But I want to tell you something more about the cards. The artist could give a certain amount in charity, she says, without feeling it, but you know it is

'Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare,
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor and Thee.'

"Perhaps I have not quoted that correctly, and some of you may be able to set me right. My friend certainly gives herself with her charity, for with her own earnings she pays the board of a dear old lady who has had the misfortune to survive her family. She also makes herself responsible for the rent of two poor families, and her benevolence covers a great deal of ground in other directions. I had two motives in bringing the cards to-day; one is to ask you to patronize the artist if you ever need a supply of such cards. The other is to show you how much good can be done by a woman who has every temptation to live a purely frivolous life. I want, too, to urge you to bend yourselves to developing whatever talent you may possess. Try to acquire excellence in one particular, rather than a superficial smattering in many directions."

"It is folly, in this changeable country, for any one to be certain of being forever fortune's favorite. The rich families of one generation are quite often the poor ones of the next, and nothing is more common than for a single life to know several ups and downs. It is well to be prepared for any change, and if reverses come, it is a blessed thing for a woman if she has some little art or accomplishment that she can turn to good account in earning a little money for her own spending. Then there is another thing to be thought of: some of you may marry very excellent men, who

may be successful in their business or profession, and be what they themselves consider liberal in their families, and yet be indisposed to extend that liberality to any part of their wife's family. Possibly a little help may be sorely needed by some relative very near and dear to the wife. It would be very hard to ask an unwilling husband for the means to assist the mother, sister, or aunt, who needed it. Much harder than to put loving hands or brain to work and earn the same amount. And it would be much pleasanter to the recipient to benefit by a labor of love than to take a grudging charity."

"I think that is a very nice idea," says Sophie Mapes, softly. "I should above all things hate to have a man feel as if my mamma was a tax upon him, and I should dearly love to work for her myself, if it ever happened that she needed help."

"But if a body is ever so smart," says one of the girls, ruefully, "I don't see how their smartness is going to bring in any money."

"Well, I do," says Jennie; "at least, I think I'd find out if I wanted money for any of my kin. I know I'd 'go out washing and take in back stairs to scrub,' before I would let my husband give my friends a cent, unless he did it cheerfully. But I'll tell you, girls, where to get some hints about what women can do in a private way, you know, without opening a shop, or setting up a peanut stand, or doing any of those overt mercantile acts that are supposed to wound a husband's pride. Just go into the Woman's Exchange and the Decorative Art Rooms, and see what you will see."

"An excellent idea," I assent, "and I need make you no further suggestions to-day. I have not forgotten that we are to be favored with one or two recipes. There is to be one, if I am not mistaken, for chicken salad, and Jennie is to furnish it."

"Yes, ma'am," says Jennie; "I did say I'd bring my receipt for chicken salad, and which I see, I allers does, as Betty Giles says, so here it is:

"Boil, or roast, a large chicken. If it is young, it makes very little difference how it is cooked; but if it is old, it had better be boiled slowly and thoroughly until it is quite tender. Then take off the skin. When it is quite cold, cut the meat into tiny little pieces, but don't chop it, or it will be pasty. Mix half a teacup of vinegar with a tablespoonful of oil, a pinch of salt, and a small teaspoonful of mustard. Sprinkle this over the chicken, and set it away for two or three hours. Prepare celery, by chopping the greener parts as fine as possible, cutting the white portion into nice little bits. Some people leave out all but the white, but we always put the lightest parts of the green in too, because we have discovered that it makes the flavor five times as good, and everybody says there is no chicken salad as good as ours."

"I can testify to that," I say. "But tell us how you make the dressing. Surely, the mixture you put on the chicken is not all you use?"

"Oh dear, no. That is only to strike in and give the chicken a good taste. After putting in the celery, and mixing it all up, I pour on a mayonnaise dressing, made by beating the yolk of an egg with a half teaspoonful of mustard, and the same quantity of flour wet with a little water; then I add fully a gill of oil—a few drops at a time—beating it in slowly, and two tablespoonfuls of cream, or quite thick drawn-butter, if no cream is to be had. Then I add salt, and about two teaspoonfuls of vinegar."

"Thank you," I say, while Miss Little, who has been jotting the receipt down in her note-book, asks if the dressing will keep.

"Not as I have given it to you," answers Jenny; "but perfectly, if you add more oil and leave out the cream."

"Now," I say, "will it be like riding a free horse to death, if we ask you for the other recipe you promised us some time ago? It was for scalloped oysters, you remember."

"Oh, yes," answers Jennie cheerily. "I can say that off without a book, it is so easy and familiar. It has become quite a standard lunch dish at our house. Cut cold chicken into little pieces about the size you would want for salad. Put a layer in the bottom of a baker and cover with a layer of bread crumbs; fill up the dish with alternate layers of chicken and crumbs, and pour over it a gravy made from soup stock, or the gravy of roasted poultry with the chopped giblets in it is better, if you have any left over from dinner. It is best, if soup stock is used, to add a large piece of butter. Let the chicken stand for a while, and if the bread crumbs absorb all the liquor, add some more; it wants to be moist but not soupy, and bake for half an hour, first sprinkling cracker crumbs over the top. Sometimes we serve scalloped chicken in shells, or individual dishes. Then we mix the chicken with a very small proportion of crumbs—cracker crumbs are the best for this purpose—and cook for a few minutes in a dressing made by putting a tablespoonful of butter, the same of flour, a pinch each of mustard, pepper, salt, and mace into a saucepan with a teacup of boiling water. Boil the dressing for a moment, stir in a beaten egg, then put in the chicken and mix all together. Fill the little dishes with the compound, sprinkle bread crumbs on the top, stick on little pieces of butter and bake for a few minutes. The crumbs for the top may be browned over the fire in a pan before putting them on the chicken, then it only needs to stay long enough in the oven to warm through. Our little shells are made of silver, so we are not overanxious to give them any more heat than is necessary."

"Really, Miss Jennie," says Miss Belden, "for a city girl you seem to know a great deal about cooking."

"Thank you all the same," says Jennie, "but I really don't see why city girls shouldn't know as much about good things to eat as country girls."

"They know when things are good, I dare say," says the other young lady, "but I don't believe many of them know the first thing about cooking."

"To their shame be it spoken then," says Jennie, "I know a trifle about cooking, if I do live in town. I ought to, for I am writing a receipt book!"

Which astounding announcement so electrifies the class that they are incapable of thinking of anything else. So, after exhausting ourselves in asking questions which Jennie laughingly refuses to answer, we separate with a conviction that we have a prodigy among us.

Winning a Scholarship.

MISS ALICE DONLEVY, chairman of the Committee on Classes and Instruction in the Industrial Art Department of the Ladies' Art Association, has addressed the following letter to the Board of Education Committee of Normal College:

"MARCH 7, 1881.

"GENTLEMEN: I have the honor of announcing that I have selected Ruth Merrington for the Jennings Demorest Labor Note Scholarship in our Carpet Designing Course.

"I regret there is not another scholarship in this new profession for women, to be used by Sophia Knight, as her crude designs and characteristic drawings from plants and flowers show a quick perception and ability for decorative design worthy of development.

"Yours respectfully,
ALICE DONLEVY,
Chairman of Committee on Classes and Instruction."

The Blossoming Time.

THE sweetest month of the year is that in which the buds of spring bloom forth into the air, blossoms of promise which betoken the coming harvest. We do not treat May well in this country, and sometimes, indeed, the month itself proves fitful and capricious, more like fickle April than the gentle harbinger of summer that May ought to be; but this uncertain temper never lasts very long, and is caused perhaps by circumstances over which the bright month itself has no control. It may be a rude little wind of March that got belated, or a kindly shower of April that failed to put in an appearance at the proper time; or a change in atmospheric conditions caused by a new line of railway, or something else, that acts on the electric currents and modifies their manifestations.

Making due allowance for exigencies of this description, May will be admitted to contain the "sweet o'the year," as an old poet puts it, and the way to realize it is to go into the country, wherever gardens and orchards are plenty, and spend May as much as possible out of doors. Oh, the wealth of bloom that all nature will sometimes put on in a single night; accompanied, too, by such a flood of sweetness and fragrance as cannot be purchased for money at the florist's. And all this beauty is within the power and resources of the poorest dweller in the country, who, it is most surprising, do not always choose to have it.

In the cities May is the month for moving and general discomfort. Instead of blossoms, white-wash, fractured pictures, torn carpets, leaky roofs, and awakening of whole armies of household pests, and the bright May days spent in endeavoring to restore defaced household goods, and bring a little order out of chaos. This is a sad use to which to put the blossoming time, and might be saved if a larger number of people would endeavor to secure for themselves permanent homes, where the sweets of every year's May would be followed by the blessings of June and the fruitage of the year. The good that the months bring us requires no investment of capital, and cannot be lost in broken banks. Is it not well to put all that we can of it into our lives?

The Association for the Advancement of the Medical Education of Women,

Of which Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi is president, has issued its annual report, which states that its efforts are toward enlarging the scope and contributing toward the expenses of the Medical College of the New York Infirmary, of which Dr. Emily Blackwell is dean, and which ranks first in the list of women's medical colleges in its examinations and general curriculum. Two chairs have been added by the association to the college, that of *materia medica* and histology. This medical school, which aims to be of the highest class, suffers for the want of endowments which enrich the medical schools for men, and depends exclusively upon the fees of its students and the devotion of its founders and trustees, supplemented by that of its graduates, who have sustained for many years an outlying and practice dispensary among the very poor, without fee or reward. The present object of the association is to attach a small salary to the office of the physician in charge of the dispensary, whose work is very onerous, and whose salary in a male dispensary of this kind would be at least \$1,000 per annum.

Wall Decoration of the Union League Club House.

THE wall decorations of the new Union League club house are prominent examples of the importance now given to the treatment of interiors.

These have been placed in the hands of three artists, John Lafarge, Louis C. Tiffany, and Frank Hill Smith, of Boston. To Mr. Lafarge is due the state dining-room, a lofty vaulted apartment on the upper floor overlooking Fifth Avenue. The room is finished in black walnut, which, in the case of the mantelpiece and the buffet, is elaborately carved. The wainscoting extends half way up the sides, above which Mr. Lafarge's work begins. The walls are overlaid with gold, and this is treated with an Elizabethan design in red and blue up to the vault, which rises from the central half of the room. There the style of decoration changes, but the same colors are repeated with rich effect. Half way up the vault, the decoration abruptly ends, leaving the rest of the vault in dead gold, from some artistic reason which does not appear. At one end of the vault is a coat of arms made out of the national emblems, picked out in red, blue, and gold, and on the other is a victory, bearing sword and wreath, a fine breezy figure modeled by Mr. St. Gunders and carved in wood, afterward warmly tinted to correspond with the coloring of the room. The general effect of the room is rich and opulent, and under the blaze of the chandeliers must be very brilliant.

Mr. Tiffany's work was confined to the three principal halls, and his problem consisted in at least retaining all their light, which at best was scanty. In the vestibule the difficulty was met by covering the walls with silver foil, which not only should not absorb the light, but should reflect it. This was treated with an Arabic design in blue, breaking up the silver ground and producing a pleasant, if somewhat cold tone. The upper hall leading to the dining-room offered fewer obstacles. The design is Persian, a small all-one pattern apparently, in shades of brownish yellow on a cream ground. On examination, however, there enters into it a number of subtle antique colors, which are felt rather than perceived in the play of light over their surface.

The dome hall is more important in every way. It is not only dark from its situation, but the light which it might receive through a large ornamental window, is shut off by a neighboring wall. This trouble is bridged by covering the walls with bright orange-red and stenciling them with an Etruscan design in violet-blue, producing a purple tone, in which the two colors are lost, and in reality, through one of the mysterious laws of physics, securing stronger light than if the walls were left white. The additional ornaments to this hall are the large window spoken of, which is to be filled with panels of glass mosaic, and a Chinese ornament over the landing, in the same mosaic. The peculiarity of this glass is its power to reflect as well as to transmit light, and its greatest beauty will be felt in the evening, a time when stained glass is usually powerless.

Mr. Smith has done little, in the way of form, to the decoration of the theater, but that little is the most unsuccessful part of his work. The walls and ceiling are divided into large panels traversed by columns and beams. These panels are treated with flat tints of pink and salmon, the beams and columns with neutral greenish tints. The result is a lively and agreeable effect, which is very welcome, and disturbed only by the broken ornament about the stage.

M. G. H.

CURRENT TOPICS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON
EVENTS OF THE DAY.

INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE
THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING
THE PAST MONTH.—CONTEMPORANEOUS
HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR
POINT OF VIEW.

Killed by Nihilists.

Alexander II., Czar of the 80,000,000 of mixed nationalities who reside in what is known as Russia, was murdered on the 13th of March by the Russian Nihilists. Two glass bombs charged with nitro-glycerine were thrown under his sled while returning from a ride through St. Petersburg. One failed, but the other tore his limbs apart and so wounded the abdomen that the bowels gushed forth. He lived but little over an hour, his last words being "Shasha," a Russian diminutive for Alexander, the name of his eldest son. The murdered Czar will live in history as one of the greatest benefactors of his race. He liberated 40,000,000 of his subjects from serfdom. He instituted many wise reforms, covered his country with railways and telegraphs, and defeated his Turkish enemies in battle. Yet he was killed by the order of revolutionists who thought he did not go fast enough in giving his subjects political freedom.

What do they Want?

The Nihilists, as painted by their enemies, are certainly very objectionable people. They are said not to believe in God, religion, government, or the marriage relation; in other words in nothing, hence their name. On the other hand, their apologists say that their aims are beneficent; that they want the world to become better, and only wish to destroy what stands in the way of the happiness of mankind. Those of them that excuse the murder of the Czar say they could not help themselves. There is no free press in Russia and no parliament. Corruption is rampant in every government department, the people are oppressed by the police, and there is no way of reforming things except by violence. They say that before they strike they warn, and that they did all they could to make Alexander II. give Russia a constitution before they killed him. No doubt there are some very objectionable people among the Nihilists and their sympathizers in this and other countries; but there are revolutionists and revolutionists, some violent and disorderly, others seeking by every proper means to accomplish worthy ends. Still regicide, the killing of kings and rulers, has always been regarded as one of the foulest of crimes. It never accomplishes any good, and the horror excited by the violent act retards the object had in view by those who committed the crime.

The New Czar.

Appearances are against Alexander III. He is a ferocious-looking fellow, and those who know him do not speak well of him. He is said to hate the Germans, and to be intent on war. It is in his power to bring on the mightiest international contest known to history. He was brought up as a soldier, and is unhappy outside of a camp. His wife is a sister to the Princess of Wales, and is a beautiful woman. She is the mother of four children. She, too, is said to dislike the Germans, and to be heartily in favor of war, to aid her brother, who is king of Greece, and at last accounts was at the head of a large army determined to take possession of the rest of the Grecian peninsula. The new Czar has one virtue which puts him on a higher plane than any other male member of the imperial family. He is faithful to his wife. This cannot be said of his father, his uncles, or any of his brothers. Good women should think well of him for this one virtue at least.

A Queer Story.

Sinister stories are beginning to circulate about the death of the late Czar. It is said that his real murderer was his son the present Czar. The last word of the murdered Emperor was "Shasha," a Russian abbreviation of Alexander. The family relations of father and son were not pleasant. The then Czarowitch was angry at the favor shown by his father to the Princess Dolgourouki, who bore children to Alexander II., while his wife was still living. The body of the murdered Czar was still warm, when the order was given for the Princess Dolgourouki and her family to quit Russia, and within three days she was in Venice. The report goes that Alexander II. was about to proclaim his children by the Princess Dolgourouki, his successors to the throne. Hence the motive for the murder. This story may do the reigning Czar great injustice, but there are many such murderous episodes in the history of the Imperial family of Russia.

Races in the United States.

The census returns show the total population of the United States to be 50,152,866. Of these 43,404,877 are white and 6,577,151 colored. Apparently the blacks are increasing in a greater ratio than the whites. We say apparently, for the census of 1870 was defective in its enumeration of the colored population. It was a surprise to the whole country when it was found that, without the aid of emigration, the colored people had increased more rapidly than the white. Many parts of this country are very well fitted for the black race, which thrives under conditions that are fatal to white people. Of Asiatics, mainly Chinamen, there are 105,717, and North American Indians, 65,122. This does not include the Indians who are in tribal relations. The race problem is an important one in this country, and will cause many political and social disturbance in our future history.

A Strange Adventure.

That dogs are descended from wolves is the generally accepted theory of the origin of this race, which in the past has been so useful to mankind. But that they should exhibit a tendency to reversion has not been suspected. Civilized men are apt to become savages when placed in unfavorable conditions, and insanity and idiocy are supposed to be the turning back, as it were, of the human type to the animal conditions which existed before man became civilized. Tenderly nurtured girls, who have been brought up with the greatest care, when insane are foul of speech, and betray an acquaintance with wickedness which appals their friends. These are called cases of reversion. Mr. W. D. Baldwin, of Shoe Heel, N. C., when riding through the woods, was furiously attacked by a pack of dogs. They bit the horse he was astride, caught the bridle in their teeth, and made frantic efforts to tear him from his saddle. He finally got into town with the furious beasts at his heels. The citizens, with guns and pistols, came to Mr. Baldwin's relief, and the infuriated brutes were compelled to take to the woods. There is nothing curious in a dog getting mad, but that they should combine in a pack and all become furious together is a remarkable circumstance, and suggests that perhaps, under certain conditions, dogs might again show their wolfish origin. The story is a curious one. By the way, in view of the horrors of hydrophobia and the millions of sheep killed by dogs, is it not a question whether the race of dogs is worth preserving?

An ex-President Fund.

The proprietor of a New York paper, Mr. George Jones, has succeeded in raising \$250,000, the interest upon which is to be given to ex-President Grant while he lives, and to some other ex-President when he dies. In aristocratic countries munificent provision is often made for those who have done the state service in periods of peril. Wealth and dignities, for instance, were showered unstinted upon Marlborough and Wellington. But Congress declines to do anything for General Grant, who, it seems, is to-day a comparatively poor man. It is idle to complain, for in democratic countries, where the vast majority of the voters are in receipt of day wages, it is useless to expect that rich gifts to officials or soldiers will ever be popular. We pay very low salaries in this country to those who represent the nation at

home or abroad. The etiquette of his station forces our Secretaries of State to spend from \$40,000 to \$50,000 per annum, but the salary is only \$8,000. Our minister abroad gets \$12,000 per annum, but the social demands upon an ambassador force him to spend a great deal more money. Hence our ministers abroad are necessarily confined to rich men. An ordinary judge in England gets four times the pay of our Supreme Court judges. But we are much more generous to our common soldiers and sailors, and to minor officers, than they are across the water. In Europe in the conscripted armies, the soldier does not get as much in a year as the privates in our federal army receive in a month.

Reviving the Greek Drama.

Harvard University proposes, on the 17th of May next, to revive the *Ædipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles. The original Greek will be spoken, while the choral odes will be sung to modern music composed by J. K. Paine. This is an ambitious thing for Harvard to undertake, and the tragedy will, probably, be somewhat of a bore to a Boston audience. These performances were interesting to the Greeks, because the mythologic fables represented on their stage were believed in by the people. Although excellent of their kind, these old dramas lack the wonderful human interest of modern theatrical performances. They dealt with the adventures of superhuman people, and the world they depicted was so remote from that of modern life as to be of no interest to us. The Greeks wore masks on the stage. The women's parts were performed by young men, then their theaters were in the open air, and were without the scenic effects which give attraction to the modern play. Our best dramas reproduce human life about us, paint vividly the effects of indulgence in passion or feeling in all the variations of our complex life. We have lost entirely all record of ancient music. We know that the choral odes were accompanied by orchestras, the instruments used being very similar to those now employed. How far the ancients went beyond the chant is a matter of conjecture. There is no reason for believing that anything similar to the modern oratorio or symphony, with its complex structure and subtle harmonies, was known to the Greeks or Romans. Melody, of course, must be inferred. But the revival of the Greek drama will be an interesting event, and will stir the modern Athens to its depths.

Small Savings.

The British Government is really trying to benefit the working population of the United Kingdom. It has established a system of saving by means of postage stamps. These stamps have become money, bearing interest, and every possessor of a few pennies can become a creditor of the British nation. Then again, any possessor of £10, that is about \$50 of our money, can purchase a share in the consols, bearing 3 per cent. interest, and which, in fact, is an annuity, as the principal is never paid off. A great many poor people are beginning to take advantage of these small government investments, and it will naturally create habits of thrift in a class who need some stimulus to make them provident and saving. In this respect the French nation has been far ahead of the British. The French peasantry and working class are noted the world over for their frugality and thrift. And this habit of economizing has been fostered by the government, encouraging the very poorest class of the population to invest in their *rentes*. Happily we in this country are paying off our debt, which is likely to get less and less year by year, not only absolutely but relatively; for while our debt decreases our population and wealth increase. In the savings banks of the United States, on May 31, 1880, there was deposited \$817,644,133. It is probable that over \$900,000,000 are in the savings banks of the United States to-day. The cheapening of the price of money is really a misfortune to our provident poor, for while prices and the cost of living have advanced, the income from savings banks has shrunk, as they now allow depositors from one to one and a half per cent. less than they did three years ago.

Monopoly and Competition.

There is a great deal said in the papers about monopoly, and an angry feeling is rising against the great corporations which are controlling our transportation lines and telegraphic communica-

tion. It is very clear that future political contests will turn on the question as to whether corporations shall do as they please, or be subject to the general government. This corporation question is difficult to handle because of the old Jeffersonian theory of government, which laid down the rule that that government was best which governed least, which, in short, allowed individuals to be a law to themselves in business affairs. But in our time a state of things has grown up not foreseen by the founders of the republic. When the demand came for building great transportation lines, constructing factories, and transacting a business with vast ramifications, individuals did not have the means; hence companies. These have grown during the last fifty years into great corporations; owning the transportation lines and telegraphs, they levy taxes upon the whole community in the form of freight charges and fare. They are practically irremediable. In Europe the railway lines are in the hands of the government, and private persons are not allowed to speculate in or control telegraphs. But in this country, corporations, dominated by single individuals, have the lives, the property, and the news of the day in their exclusive possession. C. P. Huntington will soon be the practical dictator in a railroad running from Norfolk through the Southern States and Texas to the Pacific coast. Vanderbilt controls all the parallel roads from New York City to San Francisco. Jay Gould owns or controls the whole southwestern system of roads, which in time will reach New York by the Wabash system. The Pacific Mail Steamship system is his, so that he can tax everything that goes by water from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. He is also the supreme authority in the whole telegraph system of the nation. In other countries it would be considered unsafe for private persons to have these tremendous powers. But if our government will not assume authority over the corporations, with responsibility to the people, the corporations themselves have no scruples in exercising government functions, without any such responsibility.

The Education of Women.

All honor to old England! The birthplace of Elizabeth Carter, George Eliot, Mrs. Somerville, and a host of other learned women, will no longer be open to the discredit of doing everything for the education of its sons, and neglecting to provide means for the highest culture of its daughters. By a vote of 393 against 32 the governing authorities of Cambridge, England, have decided to put young women upon the same basis as young men in the open examinations, as well as the public honors of that venerable university. It is to the shame of our own country that its higher institutions of learning are closed against women. With the exception of Harvard, none of our historic seats of learning have deigned to do anything to put women on the same educational plane as men. Harvard does admit of examinations in a modified way, but no honors, and the slightest possible recognition. In answer to the application of the President of Sorosis, President Barnard, of Columbia College, curtly refused to admit women students to any of the privileges of that institution. Chancellor Crosby, of the University of New York, was willing to do something for girls, but nothing came of it for want of means. True, we have institutions like Vassar, Wellesley and Smith colleges, where special provision is made for the higher education of women. But these lack the associations which attach to a great historic university, such as Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard or Yale. They have neither the means, the apparatus, nor the professional ability to aid students in achieving the highest distinctions in the humanities. It is to the conspicuous disgrace of New York that its wealthy citizens have to send their daughters away from home to get a first-class education. In this, the metropolis of the United States is far behind London and Paris; for the former city has Gorton College, while in the latter the lectures at the Sorbonne are open to both sexes. Why do not the women of America insist upon at least an equal chance for education with their sisters in England? Public opinion ought to be created which would put a stop to rich women remembering theological students in their wills, and forgetting the just claims of their own sex.

A Cremation Society.

There would be some sense in advocating cremation in densely populated sections of the earth,

where the land is wanted for tillage or occupancy. But the United States is large enough to hold thousands of millions of graves, without interfering with the conveniences or comforts of its living population. One of the objections to railroads in China is that their construction would necessarily disturb the resting place of myriads of the followers of Confucius, for that country is literally one vast cemetery. "The New York Cremation Society" has been organized to advocate incineration, against which there is a very natural prejudice. The members pay \$3 initiation fee and \$3 per annum, the money to be used in instructing the public on the necessity for cremation and in disposing of the bodies of the members in what they deem the most wholesome way. There are valid objections to the vault and the coffin, as they occupy unnecessary space, and the process of dissolution is a horrible one. Why would it not be wiser, instead of a coffin, to use a wicker, or open basket, filled with dry earth and covered with flowers, as is done in some parts of England? This would be literally dust to dust and ashes to ashes, for the body would molder away, and would serve to enrich instead of poison the ground. A memorial of the dead might be in the form of a tablet, in the church, or some sacred spot in the household. Cremation is really a revival of paganism. It was the method of the Greeks and Romans for disposing of the bodies of the dead. The change was introduced when Christians first began to preach the resurrection of the body.

The Opium Traffic.

What vast sums are spent by mankind for stimulants and narcotics. One-half the value of the imports into China are of opium, \$51,000,000 per annum. Of tea, that country exported only \$5,000,000, and of silk, \$10,000,000. Great Britain has forced the consumption of this poisonous drug upon the Chinese. The government of that country prohibited its importation, but the growth of the poppy and the manufacture of opium was one of the profitable monopolies of the East Indian Company, and hence the opium war. In the course of time, hundreds of millions of human beings will have suffered the degradation and misery caused by indulgence in this terrible drug, because of the desire of a few merchants to add to their unholy gains.

A Famous Employer.

The death of M. Emile Justine Menier, the celebrated French chocolate manufacturer, calls attention to the career of a great employer. He solved the problem of making cheap chocolate, but to do so he had to establish a colony in Nicaragua for the cultivation of the cocoanut. The city of Noisel was made up entirely of the dwellings built by M. Menier for his work-people. All the schools, churches, public baths and halls of amusement were free to his employees, who paid only for their food. The factory and shops extend for three-fifths of a mile, and 70,000 pounds of chocolate are made per day. Two thousand work-people followed M. Menier to his grave, bitterly bewailing his loss. Why should not other great employers emulate his example?

Grapes from Thorns.

Vast portions of the southwestern section of our country are arid plains, capable only of growing cactus. It is said that a discovery has been made which may render these deserts immensely profitable. It has been discovered that grape-cuttings inserted in the trunks of the cacti on the hot sand, grow and thrive as vigorously as in cultivated land. It is said one man can plant a large vineyard in a day, and the vines so planted will become incorporated into the cactus, and grow luxuriantly without cultivation or irrigation. It is said melons, tomatoes and cucumbers will also grow from cactus stock, so that the desert may soon blossom as the rose, and the waste places be made glad.

The Horror of Ischia.

John Stuart Mill, the great English philosopher, wrote an essay once to show the cruelty of nature. Whatever wickedness we attribute to man, was, he said, a matter of course in the operations of the world about us. The preying of one animal upon another, the destruction by storms, earthquakes, and volcanoes, were instanced. Not more than one human being in a hundred dies a natural death; that is to say, we are subject to infections, contagions, and violence which kill us. The weakness of one organ destroys the whole

system of organs. We all of us must expect, as a matter of course, to die a violent and unnatural death. This pessimist theory of nature seems borne out by the results of an earthquake which took place recently on the island of Ischia. This is situated at the northern entrance of the Bay of Naples, and has a population of 25,000 people. It boasts of twenty volcanoes, one of which, 2,500 feet above the sea, had its last eruption in 1301. This picturesque spot was recently visited by an earthquake, and over three hundred persons were killed or maimed for life. Houses and churches were shaken down, and for nearly a week all the inhabitants were in a state of mortal terror. But this was a small matter compared with the destruction of Pompeii, in which a great city was buried beneath the lava of Vesuvius, within full sight of this same island of Ischia. Then there was the earthquake of Lisbon, in which 30,000 souls were hurried untimely into eternity. History is a record of violence both in the world of nature and of man.

Longevity.

Sixty-eight cities of the United States have reported their death rate to the National Board of Health for 1880. If the figures are trustworthy, Vallegio, in California, is the healthiest, and Norfolk, Virginia, the most unhealthy city in the Union. The average of life in Vallegio was over eighty-three years, and only one person in a thousand died of consumption; while in Norfolk, the average of life was a little over twenty-seven years, and one in every two hundred and forty-one of the population died of consumption. The aggregate population of the sixty-eight cities is 7,359,937, and the average to the relation of life was 44.5 years. Lung diseases cause the greater number of deaths, diarrhoeal disorders coming next.

Silver Remonetization.

A conference of nations is to be held in Paris, April 19th, to fix the status of silver as a money metal. It was demonetized by Germany and the United States in 1873. The result was a disastrous revulsion in trade all over the world. The partial remonetization of silver by the United States in February, '78, marked the beginning of more prosperous times. This new conference is called by France and the United States, and will act on two points: First, the ratio between gold and silver in the coinage of the world, and next, the desirability of its free coinage the same as gold. In the American standard dollar of 412½ grains, there are 16 parts of silver to 1 of gold. But it is believed that this ratio undervalues silver, and that the French ratio in the five franc piece of 15½ to 1 is nearer being correct. Should the conference decide upon the French ratio, the 80,000,000 of standard dollars that are coined would have to be withdrawn, and three per cent. of the silver deducted in the reissued coin. There are some 600,000,000 five franc pieces in the Latin Union, and the simple question is, whether it would not be wiser not to interfere with them, but to change the far fewer American dollars.

Salt-galore.

One of the marvels of nature is the mineral deposits which abound in every part of the earth. They give evidence of being produced by the double action of water and fire. The ocean is not only thick with salt, it is infiltrated also with minute specks of gold, silver, and other minerals. One of the theories which accounts for the great bonanzas of the Comstock, is that an ocean shrunk up, and by certain chemical affinities the minerals it contained became compacted, forming the mixed rock and gold and silver on the Comstock and elsewhere, while copper became deposited from Arizona to Lake Superior. So with the other metals. That this theory has some foundation is shown by the fact that all through Nevada, between the ledges which contain the metals, are found vast salt marshes, sometimes mixed with borax and soda. The writer once visited a place near the Northern Belle Mine in Nevada, where immense quantities of salt welled up out of the earth. A thousand tons a day of the finest salt could be taken from this marsh, and by the next morning the springs would have re-deposited all that was removed the day previous. But there is no need of going to the State of Nevada for salt springs. There is a salt bed which underlies Western New York, Western Canada, Michigan, Wisconsin, and a portion of Iowa. It belongs to the same geo-

logical formation as the Onondaga salt group, so called, because first discovered in great quantities in the neighborhood of Syracuse. Quite recently there were indications of oil near Rochester, New York, and a company began to bore into the earth, to discover from whence it came. Twelve hundred feet below the surface a bed of pure rock-salt was struck, seventy feet in vertical thickness, with every appearance of illimitable lateral extension. How this salt was deposited is explained by what is taking place to-day at the Runn of Cutch, a flat region in the Delta of the Indus, 7,000 square miles in extent. At certain periods of the year the sea pours over this immense flat, where it is subjected to the rays of a tropical sun, and evaporation takes place. The result is a deposit of salt several inches thick. The periodical recurrence of this salt flood with the subsequent evaporation, explains the deposit of these vast beds of rock salt. This world is very curiously constituted, but science is rapidly finding out the secrets of nature.

An Immense Enterprise.

Florida is about to undertake a work which will put the construction of the famous dikes of Holland in the shade. It is proposed to drain Lake Okeechobee and the adjoining swamps, which cover an area greater than Connecticut and Massachusetts combined; and which, when tillable, will raise more sugar than this country can use in the coming century. The State itself proposes to do this work, and doubtless will recompense itself by selling the unclaimed land to growers of the sugar-cane. There is a great deal of this kind of work to be done on this earth of ours. There are other swamps to be reclaimed and deserts to be irrigated. Lakes are to be formed into what are now barren regions, and at least one-third more soil available for tillage can be utilized for the advantage of the race. Under wise laws and a proper economical policy twenty times the present population of the earth could be fed, clothed and housed in comfort.

Big Ships.

Although the *Great Eastern* was a failure, due to her great size, yet steamship companies, to accommodate the vast quantities of freight demanded by the commerce of the world, are beginning to construct vessels almost as large. The new steamship *Servia*, of the Cunard line, is one of these. She is 530 feet long, 52 feet in breadth, and has a depth of 44.9 feet. Gross tonnage capacity, 8,500 tons. This vessel has four decks and a promenade. The saloon is 74 feet long and 49 wide. There are 168 staterooms, and accommodations for 600 steerage passengers. Nothing so surprises persons born in the interior as a visit to one of these gigantic steamships. They epitomize all that is wonderful in modern mechanic art. But it is humiliating to think that of all the vessels which throng the harbors of our coasts, not one in twenty floats the American flag.

An Enchanted Cave.

There is a world of wonders yet to be discovered in the South Western country. New Mexico and Arizona abound in natural curiosities, which will furnish many an interesting newspaper and illustrated article. In New Mexico is a great turquoise mine—one of the very few in the world. This mine has been worked for many generations, long before the advent of the white man on this continent. The Jesuits employed Indians to gather precious stones from it two hundred years ago. Near Hansonberg, in New Mexico, a very wonderful cave has recently been discovered. On entering it the visitor hears sounds, as from an Æolian harp, which are made by the strong current of air passing through objects which vibrate. A party of miners explored it recently, and they discovered a series of steps which led them to the bottom of the cave. These seem to have been hewn out of the rock many generations ago. Passing through an arched opening, a view was presented which fairly bewildered the explorers. The purest stalactites of crystallized carbonate of lime hung from the ceiling. Wreaths of pink-colored sulphates of lime, quartz, and spar crystal studded the sides. It seemed like a real fairy's haunt. The effect was heightened by the melody which had struck their ears at the entrance of the cave, and which seemed like the distant murmur of a symphony

from a mighty organ. The miners wandered on, hall after hall exhibiting a succession of splendid scenes; a realization of the marvels of the Arabian Nights. Before leaving the cave, however, the party had a couple of unpleasant adventures. A mountain lion sprang at them, but was finally killed by repeated discharges from their revolvers. He measured eleven feet from tip to tip. A monster rattlesnake was also killed. This measured eight feet in length and eight inches in diameter. New Mexico will soon become very well known to travelers, as railroads are penetrating it in several directions.

On to the Pacific.

The opening of new routes across the continent has got to be so common as scarcely to be noticed. When the pony-express was first opened across the plains the whole country was called upon to commemorate the event. When the Union and Central Pacific railways were joined at Ogden, congratulations passed between East and West, and all the papers of the country were jubilant over the iron bonds which were to unite the Atlantic and Pacific sections of the country. But an equally important connection has just been made, and has attracted scarcely any attention. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, on the 18th of March, was united with the Southern Pacific Railroad, at Deming. This gives another all-rail route to San Francisco, far below the snow-line, somewhat longer than the way by the Union Pacific and Central, but which will be preferred by many travelers, especially in winter time, as there is no danger of detention by storms, and the scenery is more varied than by the northern route. The new road passes through a region of great mineral wealth, but which is still very sparsely settled. A branch of this road is also building toward the city of Mexico. Never was there so much activity as to-day in extending our railway system.

Modernizing Rome.

Does it not seem like sacrilege? They are about to improve the city of Rome. A government loan has been negotiated to build two bridges over the Tiber, a central market, *Champs de Mars*, a palace of justice, an academy of sciences, and a military hospital. Will not the charm of this old city be vanished, if its venerable ruins are to give way before the march of modern improvement? Rome should remain a city of the mighty dead. Its ruins should be preserved, and the only improvements tolerated should be the unearthing of the evidences of its former glory. Ruskin has left on record eloquent protests against the invasion of quiet valleys and sylvan dells by the shrieking locomotive, but surely his strictures would have more points were they directed against the so-called improvements which would remove the memorials of the ancient world. The comfort and convenience of the local population of to-day should, of course, be considered. But Rome belongs not to the generation who occupies its present site, but to all mankind.

The Siege of the North Pole.

The last Congress appropriated \$25,000 to commence a work which may result in solving the secret of the whereabouts of the North Pole. Heretofore it has been hoped to accomplish this work by sudden dashes, not lasting more than two years. But, according to this scheme, a colony is to be established, which is to work on, year after year, steadily advancing north, with the hope, perhaps, of taking advantage of a favorable season to reach the axis of the earth. An army officer, Lieutenant Greeley, is to take command of the expedition, and he will be assisted by three officers and fifteen soldiers. Master Lucien Young, of the navy, will also accompany him. It is expected that the Esquimaux will be made use of, and form a part of the colony. The settlement will be at the entrance of Smith Sound, probably at Port Foulke. At this point there is coal, and game is very plentiful. Sledging parties, using the dogs of the country, will be organized, and excursions made northward to form new settlements, but the base of supplies will always be kept open. This seems the most reasonable method of reaching the Pole. The siege of Troy is said to have taken ten years; we may be as long in solving this great geographical puzzle, but solved it will be, for man will never be satisfied till he knows everything concerning the planet on which he lives.

Is He Crazy?

The Bavarians have a king whose eccentricities have made him the subject of numberless newspaper paragraphs. He will have nothing to do with court ceremonies, and discards all the pomp and circumstance of royalty. He is passionately devoted to art, especially music, and has been the beneficent patron of Richard Wagner, the composer of the music of the future. King Ludwig is said to have had a love affair in his youth in which he was disappointed, which made him a confirmed misogynist. Certain it is that he will never marry, nor have anything to say to the other sex. Lately he has had a new freak. He sleeps all day, and takes his first meal at twilight, spending the night in study, in receiving his visitors, and listening to noble music, which is his great delight. But the king is popular, is economical, does no harm to any human being, is a liberal patron of art, and never interferes with the constitutional government of his country. He, at least, is in no danger from the Nihilists.

Why Not?

This past winter, for the first time, a taste has been developed for going to the seaside. Heretofore fashion has demanded that baths and watering-places should be made use of only in the summer season. Atlantic City, on the Jersey sea-coast, has been visited literally by thousands of persons during the months of January and February. They are mostly invalids and overworked persons, who have found that the salt, bracing atmosphere is as beneficial in winter as in summer. It is predicted that the time is coming when our seaside resorts, from Jersey all the way round to Galveston, will be visited by those who desire the tonic effects of the invigorating breezes which blow from the ocean. Florida has long been a famous health resort for delicate persons who wish to escape the rigor of a northern winter. But generally invalids have gone inland. We are becoming a very rich and populous nation, and the number of the idle and ailing is constantly increasing. These will probably make our seaside resorts, in time, as popular in winter as in summer.

A Magnificent Opera House.

New York is fast taking its place among the great cities of the globe. It already boasts one hundred buildings which would do credit to any of the capitals of the old world. In its places of amusement it already equals London or Paris. The ground has been purchased, on Broadway and Seventh Avenue, for a grand Opera House which will vie with the famous Opera House in Paris. It is to take up a whole block, and in external beauty and internal comfort is intended to surpass anything of the kind on this continent. All the millionaires of New York have subscribed, and ground and building will cost about three million dollars. The metropolis is gradually reproducing all the brilliant extravagance of Paris and London.

All the Way from Zulu Land.

New York was visited recently by a dusky princess. Her name is Amazulu. She is the daughter of Cetewayo, King of the Zulus, who was defeated and fell into the hands of his enemies, the British, against whom he waged a brave and able but useless war. The princess was not without honor in a strange country, for two dusky personages prostrated themselves before her, in virtue of her royal blood. They claimed to have come from South Africa. What is to become of her? We have no asylums for wandering princesses in this country, and she is hardly of the color to be made the "rage" in Washington or New York society. She need not, however, be ashamed of her countrymen or her father, for the former showed the highest courage, and the latter the greatest capacity.

The War in South Africa.

The Boers have made a gallant fight against the British. Up to last accounts they had the best of the contest. Their cause is just. A special treaty had been made between them and the British, by which, if they acknowledged the British Crown, they were to be governed by their own rulers, and to maintain their local independence. They were treated by the English after the manner of our dealings with the Indians. We make bargains and then deliberately break them. The Boers are a fine race of men. They trace their descent to

Hollanders and French Huguenots. There is no better blood on earth than the Frenchmen who were banished upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The arbitrary acts of which they complain were done by the Beaconsfield Tory government, and it is to the credit of the present Liberal ministry of England that after a defeat it tried to negotiate a peace on just terms, without vindicating its military prestige, as was demanded by the English Tories. The story is too long to tell here, but the documents show that never had a people a holier cause than that for which the Boers are fighting. Never was a nation so entirely in the wrong as is Great Britain in this matter. Of course, should the war continue, the people of the Transvaal will be crushed. A few thousand peace-loving farmers are no match for a military power like that of England. What a pity that there is not a High Court of Nations to which this matter might be appealed, and which would have force enough behind it to have its judgments respected! Such a court would decide for the Boers, with costs. At last accounts, a peace honorable to the Boers had been arranged.

Peace with Honor.

Let us all doff our hats to Premier Gladstone. After the reverse to the British arms in South Africa, there was an outcry for revenge from the Tory press. But as Great Britain was clearly in the wrong in her controversy with the Boers, the liberal ministry, instead of shedding more blood to vindicate the tarnished military prestige of the nation, made overtures to the victorious Boers, offering them honorable terms. They were asked to acknowledge the supremacy of Great Britain, and in return the latter was to recognize their right to local self-government. All honor to a nation, which can afford to be just and generous under adverse circumstances.

The Pig in International Politics.

Who would have supposed that hog products would ever have become a text for disputes among nations? Yet the first diplomatic note written by our new Secretary of State was to protest against an order of the French Government, confiscating certain cargoes of American pork, and forbidding its future importation into that country. It seems that certain rapacious or careless packers of American pork had sent to France and Germany consignments which were badly cured, and unfit for human food. As a matter of fact our corn-fed hogs are the best in the world. The conditions under which they are raised in the West are such as to insure a better product than in any other part of the world. There has been a great deal of nonsense written about trichinosis. There are not twenty-five well-authenticated cases on record of deaths from this disease. It is also known that even if the animal is diseased, if properly cooked, the flesh is perfectly wholesome. The sickness which comes from eating hog's flesh is when they are badly cured, before the animal heat has left them, or uncooked, in which state certain Germans prefer their pork. The action of foreign governments has been not only a serious blow at the American provision trade, but has also been a detriment to their own people, who are deprived of a cheap and wholesome food, and one which, after all, does not interfere with any home interests. The Frenchman has no waste on his farm, and breeds very few hogs. He raises fowls and garden truck, but depends for his supply of meat on foreign countries. This matter will, of course, be satisfactorily settled, but we must have some inspection of our meat products before they leave our shores, so as to save the good name of our meat producers from the carelessness or greed of some of their own number.

Tit for Tat.

San Francisco has had a new sensation. It witnessed recently the arrival of a Chinese steamship, the *Mee-Fee*, manned by an almond-eyed and pig-tailed crew, and bringing a cargo of Chinese silks, teas, and fancy goods, together with a number of Asiatic passengers. There is nothing to prevent additional Chinese vessels coming to our ports. They buy their vessels in England where they are very cheap, and hence have the advantage over American merchants, who are not permitted to own foreign built vessels. The wages of a Chinese sailor are far less than is demanded by European seamen. The *Mee-Fee* offered to ship goods to China for lower rates than were asked by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Flour it took for fifty cents less a

barrel. A good deal has been said about the extension of our commerce in the Pacific Ocean, but if European rivalry, because of cheaper production and labor, has driven the American flag from the Atlantic Ocean, what hope have we of competing with the still cheaper steam marine of China?

The Largest in the World.

Sir Henry Bessemer, who invented a process for making steel which bears his name, has just erected near his home in England the largest, most powerful, and probably the most useful telescope ever constructed. He himself has devised a plan by which telescopes of a size hitherto deemed impossible can be set up. The dome in which this instrument is erected is so constructed that any part of the heavens above the horizon can be inspected. It is made of glass with windows facing in every direction. Within are placed mirrors of silver glass, which last is used in place of metal. The dome and telescope move together automatically. Very great discoveries are expected from this telescope when once fit for use. Mr. Clark, of Cambridge, makes the best American telescopes, and some rich American should now set him to work to beat the instrument of Sir Henry Bessemer.

Open on Sunday.

A strenuous effort is being made in England to open the museums and art galleries on the Sabbath Day, but so far without success. The House of Lords recently voted down Lord Dunraven's motion to that effect by forty-one nays to thirty-four yeas. It was a notable circumstance that Lord Beaconsfield, the Jew, voted in favor of the strict observance of the Christian Sabbath. People might go to worse places than art galleries on Sunday, but evidently the lords supposed that this would be the entering wedge for getting rid of any day of rest.

Wasting Money in Smoke.

America is a great nation in other things besides its productions. Within a few years we have become the greatest consumers of cigarettes in the world. According to the tax returns in the year 1870 Americans smoked 13,881,477 cigarettes. We steadily increased this number until the year 1880, when we consumed the enormous total of 408,703,365. What a frightful waste of money, especially when we recall the fact that cigarettes are principally consumed by boys between the ages of twelve and twenty, men, as a rule, preferring cigars and pipes. Tobacco stunts the growth of our youths, and impairs the health of adults. France comes next to the United States in following this pernicious habit, for it consumes 300,000,000 cigarettes in the course of a year.

An Austrian Diana.

The Empress of Austria is one of the greatest horse women of the age. There are few men in the world who can keep up with her in a ride across the country. It is true she carries only 117 pounds, while the average weight of horsemen is 160 and over. She prefers Ireland on account of the roughness of the country to hunt in; but the land disturbances this year have forced her to go to England. So she has settled at Combermere Abbey for six weeks. She hunts four times a week, and no lady in England can keep up with her. She is not afraid of the most fiery steed that any man dare mount. She expects to spend \$100,000 before her return to her own country.

The Jews Again.

The Jewish boys in the public schools and colleges of New York City are as 1 to 40 of all the other sects and races combined. But the young Hebrew boys and girls take 1 out of every 3 of the prizes put for competition in the public schools. One hundred medals were distributed to the best public school scholars on the day the obelisk was erected in the Central Park. Twenty-seven of the medals were given to the children of Jewish parents. There is something in blood.

Oh, How Absurd!

In the south of England there is a curious superstition, which shows how a silly notion will sometimes influence people for generations. It is the custom for brides to never wear the same pins they used on their marriage day. Before re-

tiring the bride carefully withdraws every pin from her clothing, and throws them away where she cannot use them again. No doubt there are other customs as foolish in vogue, but happily the age is outgrowing them. In generations back, the lives of our ancestors were rendered miserable by a belief in ghosts, witches, omens, spells, and diableries of all kinds. From the cradle to the grave there was dread and fear of supernatural agencies in every act of life. It is not so many years when our own New England ancestors burnt witches, and found their justification in texts of Holy Writ. Indeed, life then was typified by the couplet of Coleridge:

'Like one who, on a lonesome road,
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, ever and anon, looks round
Then turns no more his head,
For well he knows a fearful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.'

The Fee Nuisance.

One of the annoyances to Americans traveling in Europe is the expectation on the part of every person who waits on them to receive a fee. In France it is called the *pourboire*. Europeans are accustomed to the practice, and content themselves with giving a penny or two; but an American does not like to give less than an English shilling or a French franc, and it becomes quite a tax. From recent accounts it would seem as if this nuisance is likely to be abolished in time, in great part due to Americans, some of whom refuse to give any fees, while the other class give too much. The London authorities were recently sued by a restaurant keeper whose house they had torn down, for compensation on account of loss of income from his servants and waiters. It seems that all his employees who waited on the guests received no wages, but paid him for the chance to levy upon the customers of the eating-house; and it is quite common in many parts of Europe for the landlord to depend upon his guests to pay his help.

Still they Come.

The immigration to this country during the present year threatens to be enormous. The prosperous state of the nation, the cheap land offered to immigrants, and the disturbed condition of Europe, all conspire to add to the numbers who wish to settle within the limits of the United States. Nothing will stop half a million of foreigners from landing at our seaboard cities, except some sudden misfortune to us as a nation, or a general failure of crops during this coming summer. We could stand one, or even two years of bad crops, for the surplus in the country is very large. But for the next four months the immigration will be unprecedented. Fortunately for themselves and for the country, these foreigners do not now stop in the seaboard cities, but are immediately transported to the West, where there is no surplus labor, and where the virgin earth "will laugh with the harvest, if tickled with the hoe."

Colonizing Palestine.

A book has been written by an eminent Englishman, Sir Laurence Oliphant, advocating a redemption of the Holy Land by colonizing it with a different race from that which now inhabits the country, and from which no progress is to be expected. It is not proposed to stimulate indiscriminate emigration to the Holy Land. A tract has been selected of about one million and a half acres east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. This territory is now owned by the Turkish Government, and has advantages which make it equal, in every respect, to any land on earth. It lies 1,300 feet above the level of the sea, is never visited by frost, is healthful, and produces the cereals and fruits in great abundance. This whole country is sanctified in the eyes of Christendom, and a movement to regenerate it, to people it with an active, energetic, progressive population, will command the sympathies of the whole Western World. Mr. Oliphant wants the Jews to commence this work, and it is not to be denied that there is a strong desire in that race to reoccupy the home of their forefathers. It will be remembered that this was one of the dreams of Daniel Deronda, the Jew of George Eliot's last novel. Who knows but what before the close of this century the daughters of Judah may offer up their songs of praise by the "waters of Babylon" where once they "sat down and wept"?

European Letter No. 3.

ALGIERS, AFRICA, Jan. 14th, 1881.

HERE we are where "Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sands," away across two seas from dear America! How cruelly those seas have used us, for the Mediterranean liked us even less than the Atlantic. Our determination to come to Africa was a sudden one, and was made with fear and trembling, for we all dreaded this blue dancing sea, that smiled in the sunlight as though it did not intend to "chew us up" that night. I felt almost like leaving home at leaving France, with its beautiful hills clothed with olives and vines. Our gloomy forebodings as to storms and illness were quite fulfilled, for we were awakened out of a sound sleep the very night we sailed, by the most terrible rocking of the ship. It was with the utmost difficulty I could hold in my berth, while a deadly sickness came over me. I heard Annie cry out too that she was almost dead with fright and nausea. The pitching of the ship grew worse and worse. We heard the crashing and breaking of glass in every part of the vessel; everything in our room was tumbling down, now and then giving us a blow on the head. Just then too, the sea broke open the port-holes and skylights, smashing our lamp into pieces, and leaving us in inky blackness and in rivers of salt water. We yelled for "*garçon, garçon,*" and were joined in our cry of distress by our friends in the next room, so we all screamed at the top of our lungs for several minutes before "*garçon*" came. He appeared by and by, bare to the knees, and wading through the rivers of water in the hallways. What a scene of destruction his lantern threw upon us! Broken umbrellas, emptied satchels, and bed-clothes were swimming around in the most crazy manner. The water dashed against the sides of our beds like some imp, while we lay too sick to stir a finger to help ourselves. Annie lost courage completely, and began to pray like some little saint. The stewards managed to mop up a little, and assured us that the worst of the gale was over; so as soon as other rooms were dried out we were carried into them, and lay there exhausted for several days. From that until we landed the sea calmed down and was as smooth as a lake. Carpenters were busy mending the broken places, and soon all traces of the storm were erased; but never will one of us forget that dreadful night, the black, black sea and sky—so black as to make it impossible to tell where they met; the boiling, seething waves, and the moanings and creakings of the ship. We might have believed it some horrible nightmare, only there were our broken ornaments and draggled dresses to testify that all had been real. The sea was blue and calm as we landed at Oran, Africa, and lovely summer clouds were floating overhead. I was quite frightened at the fierce-looking natives standing on shore waiting our arrival. Some of them were jet black, with thick lips and flat noses. Their sole covering was pieces of bagging wound fancifully about their bodies; their heads were turbaned, and their legs, bare to the knees, shone out like polished black columns. Others were the white-robed Arabs of the lower classes, who looked stately and dignified even in their poverty. They seemed to me to glare at us like so many beasts of prey, and attempted to board the vessel for our luggage. One succeeded in climbing over and getting hold of our traveling bags. Then followed a volley of oaths in various languages from the others who had not been so successful, and fierce fists were shaken in his face. This gayly attired Arab who possessed himself of us, declared he belonged to the Hotel de la Paix, and we could not do better than trust ourselves to him. It proved he had told the truth, though we had many doubts as he put us in the carriage, his horrid black face

smiling at his success over his comrades, who swore and yelled at him till we were out of sight. We soon learned to view these demonstrations quietly, and to find they meant nothing dangerous by it, but at first it seemed quite alarming, especially when added to our sensations at sight of the strange costumes. After a good rest we started to view the town. Oran is built up on the rocky coast overlooking the sea, but how will I describe the strange, fantastic people and narrow Moorish streets? Even as we went out of the hotel door we were accosted by tall Arabs in flowing white robes, who had carved beads and necklaces to sell. One of these demanded four francs for a bead necklace; but as I had been warned not to give the first price for anything, I shook my head and walked on with affected indifference, for I was wild to begin my purchases at once. He followed me holding out the necklace very alluringly on his finger, and begging me to name a price. "Would I give three francs?" "No, I wouldn't." "Then two francs?" "No, nothing but a half franc would I give," and after enough talking and bartering to buy a farm, at last he took the half franc, and the necklace was mine. But he declared in the most pitiful manner that I "had ruined him," that "such a sacrifice never was made." It was great fun, and the rest of the party tried their skill at bargaining too. That is the way everything has to be bought here, even the most trifling thing, and it is a great nuisance. After that we went upon the terrace, overlooking the sea. This is covered with beautiful tropical plants. Moorish women were walking about, wrapped in dead white to the eyes, and looking like ghosts. They kept their faces closely concealed while the gentlemen were near, but when they had strolled on farther, leaving us ladies alone they did not seem to mind us, but drew aside their burnouses and gave us a fine chance to see them. We gazed most curiously at their brown faces with black patches here and there. The plump brown arms were bare and laden with bracelets; the ankles too were decorated with silver and leaden anklets. Their teeth showed dazzlingly white as they laughed and chatted to each other in Arabic. But the moment the gentlemen of our party came back they hurriedly covered their faces, leaving only one bright black eye to peep at us. We learned afterward that the best class of Moorish women are not seen upon the streets, even with the cover of the veil, and those we saw were only of the poorer classes. Walking farther up the narrow streets, sometimes climbing steep steps to get to the streets above, we saw more and more curious types of humanity: Gayly decorated Arabs and Moors of the higher classes, with embroidered jackets and red leather boots, snowy turbans and wide sashes, the lower, poorer class with sometimes only a piece of coffee bagging wound fantastically about them, and always the turban above the swarthy face; Zouave soldiers in bright red trowsers, blue jackets, and tasseled caps; ghostly women shrouded as if for the grave; crowds of lazy Arabian boys playing some sort of game with sous; crowded cafés where the tables were filled with the odd turbaned creatures, taking their coffee and snuff over games of cards; tiny donkeys laden with panniers across their backs, with sometimes an Arab bigger than two of it, seated upon the poor little thing also. We came soon to a sort of mosque or place of worship; these are called marabouts, which means saint. We entered the place, but were only allowed to stand on a strip near the door unless we would take off our shoes. Here were hung some gay rugs, decorated candles, and ostrich eggs. Only one old Arab was here. He could speak a little French, so we managed to ask a few questions. He showed us the picture of the flying horse into

which Mohammed once turned himself. The devotees of Mohammed come here several times a day, turning toward the east, where Mecca lies, and bowing themselves to the earth, praying to Mohammed. As we came out of this place and passed along the crooked streets, we caught glimpses of the inner courts of the Moorish houses. In the center of many of these courts would be a well of water giving quite a biblical appearance to the place. Indeed, to see the streets filled with these picturesque people, often bearing antique earthen water jars, seemed like some picture taken from the Bible. On our way back to the hotel, we encountered our Arab of the morning's bargaining. The few francs we had given him had made him rich for the day, so he was luxuriating in a café over a box of snuff. As soon as he saw us he hastened to offer us some, thus proving the hospitable spirit of the Arabs, which is well known. We refused this friendly offer, and he then urged us to come up to the Arab village on the hill where he lived, and take coffee with his family at four. We started early next morning for Algiers. How charming it was thus to be off in a new civilization. I felt at first as if these people could not be in sober earnest in going about the streets in these odd dresses, and felt very much as if I were looking on at a chorus in an opera. We drove in the early morning light next morning to the station. The sea looked lovely with the rising sun just tinting the waves. Along the streets were bare-legged natives, looking lazy and sleepy. Occasionally we met herds of goats, driven along by some turbaned Mussulman; all made a foreign and Oriental picture. We took about the only railroad there is in Algeria. Cars seem out of character in this semi-barbaric land. The scenery as we started was full of beauty. Along the sides were grass-plats of brightest, most vivid green, with trees of strange leaves, and flowers such as we had never seen before. We were surprised by the great fields of cacti, which grow wild here to the height of trees. As we came farther into the interior, the country grew bleak and bare, barren-looking plains stretching away to low, brown mountains, covered here and there with spiked plants. Now and then we came upon an Arab village, squatted down upon the plain, the little mud-colored houses entirely unprotected from the rays of the sun. But always in these villages would be the round white tomb to Marabout, shining out from these bleak little towns. As the day wore on, the sun shone down with a glaring yellow light; along the roads and watercourses were the natives at work with poor little donkeys. Toward evening we came into the region of the Atlas Mountains, and saw beautiful white snow upon their tops; the sun set behind these like a blood-red sea. As we came near Blidah, the great orange region, the moon rose, still showing us the glittering tops of the mountains, gleaming cold and white in the moonlight; below were the dark groves of orange trees, the yellow fruit shining in the shadowy light, with now and then the white form of an Arab fitting through the trees, giving to all an unreal and fairy-like appearance impossible to describe. The air in the valley as we passed through was soft and balmy, with just a nip of snow in it, like a glass of ice-water on a warm summer day—cooling and refreshing. Long, long will that enchanting scene rest with us, and often in our far-off homes will come the memory of the shadowy palm trees, the misty mountain gorges, the dark orange trees, all softened and made still more lovely by the crescent moon in the fair summer clouds. The lights of Algiers were twinkling down into the sea as we entered it. A howling crowd in weird costumes met us at the station. One of these, a red-coated Moor, conducted us to a hotel on the terrace overlooking the sea, and thus we ended a bright and fairy-like day.



If a cheerful breakfast is necessary to beginning the day well, it seems as though it might be well to study what sort of meal ends it well. In this country we have not as yet acquired habits quite so bad as those of London in England, where the dinners of the rich are eaten at eight o'clock in the evening, and consist of many courses of soup, fish, meat, game, and dessert, which not unfrequently occupy two, three, and four hours to dispose of. This seems dangerous as well as absurd to those who make a practice of retiring at ten or eleven o'clock at night. But it must be remembered that this habit was begun, and is fostered by persons who have no work to perform which requires regular hours and daylight; their day begins in the afternoon, and ends when the laboring man is preparing to begin his daily labor. The mischief largely lies in the fact that very many respectable persons who do not think a great deal, and simply wish to be thought fashionable, follow the lead of those who turn night into day, and suffer discomfort, if nothing worse, because a bad custom is grafted upon an otherwise wholesome mode of life.

In the large cities of this country it has become usual to adopt a six o'clock dinner, for which perhaps there is no remedy. Gentlemen who are not obliged to be down before nine or ten, do not want breakfast before eight; and in order to enjoy a family dinner, it must be partaken of after business hours are over. But there are still many families, well-to-do and second to none in genuine culture and refinement, who, partly from love of old customs, partly from belief in its superior healthfulness, cling to the mid-day dinner, and necessarily to the afternoon "tea." There is no doubt as to the excellence of this method for children, and its adaptability to a quiet, regular life; it is a great promoter also of the charming hospitality so easily extended to a quiet "cup of tea." In a neighborhood that has attractions out of doors, the bustle, and heat, and worry of late dinners seem strangely out of place; life seems to be set to a tone more in harmony with natural surroundings; and the tea-table at close of day, cool, and inviting, which tempts one with fruit, and the cup that cheers, but costs little of labor in the preparation, fits into the pretty home scene without marring it, or the peaceful ending of a cheerful day.

The following recipes are selected from Mrs. Helen Campbell's recent work, "Easy Way in Housekeeping":

Spiced Fish.—Any remains of cold fresh fish may be used. Take out all bones or bits of skin. Lay in a deep dish, and barely cover with hot vinegar in which a few cloves and allspice have been boiled. It is ready for use as soon as cold.

Stewed Potatoes.—One pint of cold boiled potatoes cut in bits; one cup of milk; butter, the size of an egg; a heaping teaspoonful of flour. Melt the butter in a saucepan: add the flour, and cook a moment; and pour in the milk, an even teaspoonful of salt, and a saltspoonful of white pepper. When it boils, add the potatoes. Boil a minute and serve.

Lyonnais Potatoes.—Slice six cold boiled potatoes; mince very fine an onion and two or three sprigs of parsley, enough to fill a teaspoon. Melt in a frying-pan a tablespoonful of butter; put in the onion and fry light brown, also turning them often. Put into a hot dish, stirring in

the minced parsley, and pouring over them any butter that may be left in the pan.

Fine Hominy Cakes.—One pint of cold boiled hominy; two eggs; a saltspoonful of salt, and a table-spoonful of butter melted. Break up the hominy fine with a fork, and add salt and butter. Beat the eggs, whites and yolks separately; add the yolks first, and last, the whites; and either fry in a little butter, or drop by spoonfuls on buttered plates and bake brown in a quick oven. This is a nice side-dish, at dinner. Oatmeal and wheat can be used in the same way at breakfast.

Waffles.—One pint of flour; one teaspoonful of baking powder; half a teaspoonful of salt; three eggs; butter the size of an egg; and one and a quarter cups of milk.

Sift salt and baking powder with the flour; rub in the butter. Mix and add the beaten yolks and milk, and last stir in the whites which have been beaten to a stiff froth. Bake at once in well-greased waffle-irons. By using two cups of milk, the mixture is right for pancakes. If sour milk is used, substitute soda for the baking powder. Sour cream makes delicious waffles.

Breakfast Puffs.—One pint of flour, one pint of milk, and one egg. Stir the milk into the flour; beat the egg very light, and add it, stirring it well in. Meantime have a set of gem-pans well buttered, heating in the oven. Put in the dough (the material is enough for a dozen puffs), and bake for half an hour in a very hot oven. This is one of the simplest but most delicate breakfast cakes made. Ignorant cooks generally spoil several batches by persisting in putting in baking powder or soda, as they cannot believe that the puffs will rise without.

Hasty Tomato Soup.—Simple but excellent. One large can of tomatoes and one pint of water brought to the boiling point, and rubbed through a sieve. Return to the fire, add half a teaspoonful of soda, and stir till it stops foaming. Season with one even teaspoonful of salt, two of sugar, one saltspoonful of cayenne. Thicken with two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, and one of butter, rubbed to a cream with hot soup added till it pours easily. Boil a pint of milk separately, and, when ready to use, pour into the boiling tomato, and serve at once, as standing long makes the milk liable to curdle.

Tomato Soup without Meat.—Materials for this soup are: one large can or twelve fresh tomatoes; one quart of boiling water; two onions; a small carrot; half a small turnip; two or three sprigs of parsley or a stalk of celery, all cut fine and boil one hour. As the water boils away, add more to it, so that the quantity may remain the same. Season with one even teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, and half a teaspoonful of pepper.

Cream a tablespoonful of butter with two heaping ones of flour, and add hot soup till it will pour easily. Pour into the soup; boil all together for five minutes; then strain through a sieve, and serve with toasted crackers or bread.

Salt Cod with Cream.—Flake two pounds of cold boiled salt cod very fine. Boil one pint of milk; mix butter the size of a small egg with two tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir into it. Add a few sprigs of parsley, or half an onion minced very fine, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Butter a quart pudding dish. Put in alternate layers of fish and dressing till nearly full. Cover the top with sifted bread or cracker crumbs; dot with bits of butter, and brown in a quick oven about twenty minutes. The fish may be mixed with an equal part of mashed potato and baked; and not only codfish but any boiled fresh fish can be used, in which case double the measure of salt given will be required.

Onion Soup.—Take three large onions, slice them very thin, then fry to a light brown in a large spoonful of either butter or stock-fat, the latter answering equally well. When brown, add half a teacupful of flour, and stir constantly until red. Then pour in slowly one pint of boiling water, stirring steadily until it is all in. Boil and mash four fine large potatoes, and stir into one quart of boiling milk, taking care that there are no lumps. Add this to the fried onions, with one teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of white pepper. Let all boil for five minutes, and then serve with toasted or fried bread. Simple as this seems, it is one of the best vegetable soups, though it is made richer by the use of stock instead of water.

Roast Veal.—Veal is so dry a meat that a moist dressing is almost essential. This dressing may be made as in the recipes for Stuffed Leg of Mutton; or, instead of butter, quarter of a pound of salt pork can be chopped fine, and mixed with it. If the loin is used, and this is always best, take out the bone to the first joint, and fill the hole with dressing. In using the breast, bone also, reserving the bones for stock: lay the dressing on it, roll, and tie securely. Baste often. Three or four thin slices of salt pork may be laid on the top, or, if this is not liked, melt a tablespoonful of butter in a cup of hot water, and baste with that. In roasting, allow a full half hour to the pound. Cold veal makes so many nice dishes that a large piece can always be used satisfactorily.

To Boil Oatmeal or Crushed Wheat.—Have ready a quart of boiling water in a farina boiler, or use a small pail set in a saucepan of boiling water. If oatmeal or any grain is boiled in a single saucepan, it forms, no matter how often it is stirred, a thick crust on the bottom, and, as never to stir is a cardinal rule for all these preparations, let the next one be a double boiler. Add a teaspoonful of salt to the quart of water in the inside boiler. Be sure it is boiling, and then throw in one even cup of oatmeal or crushed wheat. Now let it alone for two hours, only being sure that the water in the outside saucepan does not dry away, but boils steadily. When done each grain should be distinct, yet jelly-like. Stirring makes a mere mush, neither very attractive nor palatable. If there is not time for this long boiling in the morning, let it be done the afternoon before. Do not turn out the oatmeal, but fill the outer boiler next morning, and let it boil half an hour or till heated through.

Eggs as Food.—Eggs come next, and as a young animal is developed from them, it follows that they contain all that is necessary for animal life, though in the case of the chicken the shell also is used, all the earthy matter being absorbed. In a hundred parts are found fourteen of nitrogen, ten and half of fatty matter, one and a half of saline matter, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ of water. Of this water the largest part is contained in the white, which is almost pure albumen, each particle of albumen being inclosed in very thin walled cells; it is the breaking of these cells and the admission of air that enables one to beat the white of egg to a stiff froth. The fat is accumulated in the yolk, often amounting to thirty per cent. Raw and lightly boiled eggs are easy of digestion, but hard boiled ones decidedly not so. An egg loses its freshness within a day or so. The shell is porous, and the always feeding and destroying oxygen of the air quickly gains admission, causing a gradual decomposition. To preserve them they must be coated with lard or gum, or packed in either salt or oats, points down. In this way they keep good a long time, and, while hardly desirable to eat as boiled eggs, answer for many purposes in cooking.

Prunes and Prisms.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

(Continued from page 191.)

CHAPTER V.

UNCLE JOE RESPONDS.

"UNCLE JOE" was sent for—and Uncle Joe came!

Those were two indisputable facts; about which all Buxton knew pretty well, almost before those most interested! And why shouldn't he come, on the receipt of the telegram from the houseless little brood, when the last words his brother said to him, on leaving for his dismal trip to South America in search of health and money, were, "If anything is the matter, Joe, with the children, will you look after them?"

How well he remembered clapping his brother heartily on the back; aye! until he winced, and saying, "You may depend on me!"

"But I didn't think," said Uncle Joe, in his bachelor den in the big city, and rumpling up his shock of gray hair with both hands, as he leant over the table, with the telegram before him, "of their going and burning up their house, and everything in it, I really didn't." And he glared at the paper with an injured expression, for the space of two minutes, then got up, and running his hands into his pockets, began to pace up and down the room, whistling a tune to think his way out of the difficulty.

"Where's that Miss—Miss—, blest if I know what her name is!" he cried, stopping the whistling with a sudden snort, and pulling himself up shortly after two or three additional promenades. "Elderly? no, that's not exactly it. Though I don't doubt it's exceedingly appropriate. But at any rate, what's she been about to let them catch fire in this style, I should like to know!" he exclaimed, working himself up each moment into a great state of irritation.

"And what the dickens can I do?" he cried at last: and going back to the table he picked up the telegram and gazed sharply at it, as if he had never seen it before.

"Well, one thing is clear as day!" he exclaimed gustily, and throwing it down, "I've got to run down there; and I've got to catch this next train, which starts in about—about—" He pulled out his watch and peered at it, then finished his sentence—"ten minutes!" And as the words came out with a jerk, he was already spinning around the apartment to a lively accompaniment of clothes, portmanteau, and traveling gear generally, in a state of commotion. At the end of five minutes he was cramping on his hat and locking his door, and on his way to the dépôt, arriving just in time to puff on to the train, to the imminent danger of everybody in his way!

"Who's Uncle Joe?" asked Putkins, who, arrayed in Billy Hitchcock's dresses and waists, two full sizes too large for him, was wandering around, looking on life as an enigma beyond him. "What's he comin' for, any way?"

"To get us a place to stay," cried Cicely, smoothing down Fussy's blue cambric gown. "A nice nest to put us all in somewhere, Put dear—"

"I don't want no nest!" cried Putkins, who was in a horrible humor. "Oh, dear—dear! I wish I had my mats store, I do!" he said anxiously, looking at Cicely.

"I wish you did, dear," said Cicely back again kindly. "I wish we had anything," she added to herself.

"I wish I had my mats-store," repeated Putkins

in a louder tone, supposing she hadn't heard.

"My boo-ful mats-store—"

"Yes?" Cicely repeated, only half catching the words. She was tumbling over and over in her mind thoughts of the thousand and one things that a complete upset out upon the broad world would naturally give one.

"My mats-store!" roared Putkins, stumbling across the room in his long skirt, and twitching her sleeve angrily—for the first time in his life realizing that a request of his might be unheeded. "I'm a-goin' down cellar to have another—" and he stopped the twitches to start for the door.

"Oh, no, you mustn't!" exclaimed Cicely, jumping up to rush after him. "This is Mrs. Hitchcock's house, Putkins! and you can't go anywhere in it, unless you ask her."

"What's Mis Hits'ox?" asked the child, pausing in his career to stare at her in perfect astonishment.

"This house," said Cicely, with a comprehensive wave of her hand, "and every single thing in it—Putkins—every single thing."

"And us?" asked Putkins in the greatest alarm, and commencing to scuttle toward her. "I ain't! I don't want to be Mis Hits'ox boy—oh, dear, I don't!" and he gave a kick with Billy's shoe to express his feelings.

"You needn't," cried Cicely, gathering him up in her arms, when he cried copiously, all over Fussy's white apron. "You're papa's boy, dearie. There—there," she said, kissing the dear little yellow head.

"And I'm agoin' home!" announced Putkins determinedly, and struggling to get on to the floor. "Come on, Cecy!" and he held out his hand.

"You can't," said Cicely; and then she could get no further. Should she tell him that, for them, there was no home, cosy and happy, in all the earth?

"Then I'll go alone!" and flashing her a contemptuous look, he marched sturdily to the door again.

"Putty, let's go out and see Jemima bake," said Cicely coaxingly. "Come, perhaps she'll give you a gingerbread man. Now then."

But the small figure, with no thought of being balked from its purpose, simply tugged away at the door until it swung open and let him out.

"I never can stop him!" cried Cicely in despair, "unless I do tell," she said decidedly. "There isn't any home, Putty, dear. Now listen. We're staying here now. And then Uncle Joe's coming, and—" She caught up to him now, and gathered up one end of the skirt to prevent further flight. "Oh, then, you can't think," she cried with an immense show of hilarity, "what an elegant place he'll take us to! Why—"

"I—want—to—go—home!" announced Putkins in such a roar that there was no mistaking his feelings. And then the storm burst!

"Come, let's ask Mrs. Hitchcock if we can go down cellar," cried Cicely hauling him along rapidly. "Then you can have your—what is it?" she asked.

"Mats-store," said Putkins, stopping his screaming to blink through his tears. "Yes, come along!" he cried joyfully, "I had one in the other cellar," he added confidently. And then a puzzled look came over his face, to clear away again as they ambled down the stairs.

"What one?" asked Cicely carelessly. "Take care, you'll fall."

"Why, in the wood," said Putkins. And then he began to laugh a merry little crow. "And mammy Sil. didn't know it," he chuckled, hopping down the next stair.

"In the wood?" repeated Cicely. And then she sat down just where she stopped. "What were they?" she had strength to gasp.

"Why, mat-ses!" said Putkins with an impatient little nod, and stamping his small foot to render it more intelligible. "Don't you know? What you light the gas with." He pointed with his little thumb up skyward, in a most impressive manner, then went on with his reminiscences: "An' I tucked 'em in under the wood—oh, so far, I did," he added, leaning over Cicely, and dropping his voice to a confidential whisper, "I heard Mammy Sil. coming, an' she never saw me, she didn't—oh, no, she didn't!" He burst out into such a series of merry little chuckles at this that it set every yellow curl into a dreadful tremor.

"Oh! oh!" Cicely still sat, giving vent to explosive little exclamations that never got any further than one word, and staring straight ahead of her.

Fussy, running through the long hall to find Cicely, at the remembrance of some loss in the burned home that had come freshly to mind—in the harrowing recapitulations with which every few moments she regaled her friend, until Cicely thought she'd go wild—came upon them thus:

"Oh, here you are!" she cried. "Oh, Cecy! What shall we do for all our duets, and your worsted-work? If you only could have saved that!"

But Cicely's eyes were so big and staring that, after the first look, Fussy tumbled back with a gasp.

"What? What's the matter?" she managed to exclaim.

"I've found—out—how—the house took—fire!" burst out Cicely, turning her big eyes on her.

"Who told you?" cried Fussy, standing stock still, with eyes almost as big.

"He!" Cicely pointed one finger tragically to her small brother, who was regarding the interruption with a countenance anything but pleased. "He went—"

But where or how he went was left to the imagination, for the big outside door was thrown suddenly open, and Rex rushed in with eager, joyful footsteps, and after him stamped a middle-aged gentleman with iron-gray hair and keen, straight-forward eyes.

"Uncle Joe," announced Rex, marching directly up to the staircase party with a flourish.

Cicely sprung to her feet, with a wild tumult of feelings, uppermost of which was the mortification of being thus caught, when she had meant to be so elegant and composed on the uncle's arrival, who was almost an entire stranger, as she had only seen him once, when she was but a little older than Putkins.

"Well—well," cried Uncle Joe kindly, and running his keen eyes over the whole group. "So these are the children! Yes. And how do you do?" he asked sociably, beginning with the youngest, and putting out his hand toward Putkins. But that individual, feeling himself thwarted in all of his plans for the morning, was not in the right mood to receive guests. So he stuck both hands back of his brown linen blouse, and digging the toe of Billy's shoe severely into the carpet, declared, "I don't want to see you—I don't!"

"Oh, Put-kins!" cried Cicely, jumping up in horror. "Why, it's Uncle Joe!" she exclaimed, giving his arm a small shake.

"Never mind! never mind!" exclaimed Uncle Joe pleasantly, "he'll feel better acquainted by and by," and whirling around he faced Fussy. "Oh, and here's another, is it? Why, I thought there weren't but three of you," he cried, with a puzzled expression coming over his face.

"Oh, this is Fussy Hitchcock," exclaimed Rex, doing the honors of the introduction.

"Ah—" said Uncle Joe, "how do you do?" he said indifferently, turning away.

There *might* be good people enough in the world who were not "Seymours," but at this precise stage of affairs, bent on the contemplation of that family, he didn't care to investigate the matter.

"She's so good!" cried Cicely, in a gust of gratitude, and throwing her arms around her friend. "And her father's so *kind* to us, and her mother, and—"

"We're staying here," explained Rex. "They took us all in right after the fire."

"They did!" cried Uncle Joe, impulsively. And flying back again, he grasped Fussy's hand. "I'm *very* glad to see you!" he exclaimed. "Very glad, indeed!" with a series of pump-handle shakes, Putkins all the while keeping up a running fire of—"I want to go down cellar to my *mats-store*!"

"What's the matter with the boy?" cried Uncle Joe, whirling around on him. "What do you want?" he asked, bending down to the small figure, plastered up in high displeasure against the wall. "Hey, my boy?"

"I want—" began Putkins, delighted that some one would at last give him a little attention. "Oh! here comes Deaky Hits'ox!" he cried joyfully, beginning to amble down the stairs, with the air of one sure of his request. "I'll ask *him*, I will!"

But Deacon Hitchcock was immediately taken possession of in quite another way. And to Putkins' extreme anger and complete demoralization, he was banished at once, screaming, to Jane; while the others disappeared within the large sitting-room for a family conclave.

At the end of the series of talks, which lasted well into the evening, Mr. Joseph Seymour, resisting all pleadings of the hospitable deacon, walked down the village road to the "Hotel," as the flourishing boarding-house on the main street was termed by courtesy; conversing with himself something on this wise:

"If I haven't got myself into a precious scrape!" Tramp—tramp. "But then, I'm *in*, so what is the use of talking?" Tramp—tramp! "A lot of children on my hands, and I never saw a child scarcely, and don't know in the least the nature of the animal." Tramp—tramp—tramp! "Well—" here he flung back his coat savagely, and took a long breath. "I'm just going to treat them all like reasonable beings; every single one—even the little tyke; and they look as if they wouldn't cheat me. I know what I want, and I'm going to give them some more of the same sort." Tramp—tramp! "There's one thing, and that's no small comfort, Farrington has contrived to get around them a pretty sensible lot of the women folks. He always did know to manage—There's that Miss—Miss—. What in gracious *is* her name! Well, never mind," he said, rumpling up his gray hair in extreme nervousness. "At any rate, the one they call 'Aunt.' She's a woman for you now! Don't stop to argue, nor air *her* opinions, and all that, as they all do; but just listens, and when the case is all set out, then *gives* her opinions. And I tell you!" he exclaimed, as the memory of some of Miss Elderkin's sturdy views came before him, "she *does* give 'em; and right well too! Oh! she'll do to trust 'em with, Adirondacks, or no Adirondacks!" Tramp—tramp—tramp! "That old Maum Silvy is jolly and a character, and *she's* all right. I don't know about that little black wild-cat of hers, but I guess the woods will take the stiffness out of her. At least, I will, if she attempts her pranks too often. Oh, here I am!" He looked up—saw that he had reached his temporary abode—and exclaimed as he marched up the steps, "To think I'm off for the Adirondacks, next week with *my family*. WHEW!"

CHAPTER VI.

PRUNY'S 'DOPTED CHILE!

IN less than twenty-four hours there wasn't a man, woman, or child in all Buxton who didn't know that "the Seymours," who were burned out, were going to the Adirondacks to stay for the summer. Not "with bag and baggage," as the phrase goes, for they weren't troubled with much of this world's goods. The fire had taken care of that; but with such as they had they were to leave Buxton for a more fortunate and happier place.

This they knew with all the attendant particulars. How "their uncle, Mr. Joseph Seymour, an old bachelor living in New York," *awful* rich, some people said, while others more cautious thought he had only enough to live on, "had come on, and said that the whole family *must* go away." It was "too repressing," one old lady remarked when telling it all over for the fiftieth time, to stay where even the kindest of friends could not obliterate the terrible event from being a daily, almost hourly reminder. Away they must go, and he had chosen the Adirondacks. "Though where *they* be," said this same old lady, "I'm sure I don't know. I s'pose it's some kind of a new-fangled watering-place. But he's *awful* sot, I tell you, and I guess them poor children have got to step it now!"

The country newspaper, not to be outdone, gave two columns and a half to the affair, going over again all the account of the fire and its effects, and lamenting sorely the withdrawal from the town of a household so—etc., etc.!

All the while, Mr. Joseph Seymour was proceeding quietly with his own plans, taking counsel of no one save those immediately connected, and keeping his own ideas to himself. And they were to start in one week.

The "Billingses," their companions in misery, seemed likely to be forgotten in the general excitement and *éclat* attendant upon the departure, and if Uncle Joe and the others hadn't seen to them, would more than likely have starved to death, or come upon the town for a place of shelter. As it was, he found a refuge for them. Aunt Elderkin, despite her endless work and manifold duties, found time to give much excellent counsel to the poor discouraged mother, and better yet, enlisted several kind willing hearts and hands in their behalf, so that what might have been forgotten was well under way by the time the Adirondack party was off.

"I thought Pruny would be *perfectly* delighted," chattered Cicely up in Miss Elderkin's quaint room, watching her pack up her household gods and queer old-fashioned treasures, preparatory to giving the key to her bosom friend, Mrs. Page, who was in a chronic state of tears over the separation. "She's always so crazy *over* going into the woods. But she don't seem to care one bit about it, she's so bound up in Angeline. And she cried when I told her she'd *got* to go—just think! cry at those *splendid* Adirondacks!" Cicely's powers of speech gave out entirely at that.

"I'm very glad she does take a fancy to that poor child," said Miss Elderkin, shaking out her last winter's alpaca dress. "There, that will do to make over when I get there. For I'm sure Angeline was scared *ALMOST* to death, and she clings to Pruny till it's real affecting to see her."

"And Pruny won't let her go out of her sight," said Cecy, toying with the heart-shaped pin-cushion. "Oh, Aunt Elderkin, what *will* you do without Poll?" she cried as she looked up and saw the clumsy creature trying to make her an elaborate bow.

"Just what folks have done before, I s'pose," observed Miss Elderkin coolly; "when they can't have what they want, Polls and everything else have to be given up sometimes," she added.

"And Beppo," cried Cicely, running over to the ancient canary hanging in the old-fashioned window, who, on seeing the attention that was to fall to his lot, thereupon began a violent trimming of his feathers, as he ogled and twisted with juvenile sprightliness. "Poor old Bep!" she added, running her fingers in between the bars, a play that he pretended he liked, but which set him in a state of terrible commotion. "He'll miss you awfully."

"Mrs. Page'll take good care of him," said Aunt Elderkin, with a little worried look on her face as she glanced over at her faithfully loved pet. "It would kill him outright to take him so far, and into the wilderness; no, dear," she dropped the garment in her hand, and going up to the cage, bent over it tenderly as if it were a little child. There was a firm expression around her mouth when she turned back, though there seemed to be something the matter with her eyes, so that she looked away from Cicely. "He'll be comfortable here," she said quietly, "and Mrs. Page sets a sight by him; so it's all settled."

"And what do you think Pruny does?" cried Cicely running on as she always did when up in Aunt Elderkin's domains, and, leaving the cage, she came up and stood by the side of the old hair trunk to watch operations. "Why, she gives almost everything she has herself to eat—nice things, I mean, goodies—to Angeline. She does now, really, for I saw her myself the other day when Jemima gave her some raisins, 'cause she'd been a good girl; and she loves them *extravagantly* you know, Aunty. Well, she didn't think I saw, but I did, and she slid 'em up under her apron, and Angeline was out in the garden making mud pies, and Pruny ran down and gave the whole to her. I know, 'cause I looked out of the window—*so!*"

"Pruny has got a great many good streaks," said Aunt Elderkin earnestly, "and if we are real patient with her I think she'll turn out a good girl. There's the right kind of stuff in her make-up, remember that, Cicely!" She turned her gray eyes full on Cecy's face, at the same time giving a brisk little nod to enforce her words.

"I know it!" cried Cicely heartily. "She's just as splendid as she can be! that is—most always," she added honestly.

"And we've got to see that the 'most' is left out of that sentence," observed Miss Elderkin sentimentously. "Now then, if you want to help, you may pick out all the religious papers in that pile there," pointing to the top of the old-fashioned square bureau, "to give to John Higgins' folks. Their Sunday reading isn't *very* great, and I'll fly at something else. We'll have to be spy if the wilderness sees us next week, now I tell you!" and she shut down the lid to the trunk with a brisk little bang, and flew off to other victories in the way of packing.

"Where's Pruny?" asked Uncle Joe, putting his head into the kitchen where Maum Silvy was nearly worrying Jemima, the Irish cook of the Hitchcocks, to the point of distraction with advice and opinions concerning her work. "I want her to run down with this letter to the post."

"La!" said Maum Silvy leaving Jemima to amble across to the new-comer. "She ain't never here, sir, no more'n the wind—only when she's hungry; *that* fetches her!"

"Do you know where she is?" asked Uncle Joe quickly. "Can I find her?"

"She went forninst the windy," said Jemima, looking up from the pudding bowl in which an apple dumpling was in the process of being set to steam, "a-luggin' that lump of an Ang'line!"

"How long ago?" asked Uncle Joe briskly.

"About three minutes ago," replied Jemima, "or maybe 'twas a quarter of an hour. I don't jest know, but somewhere along there!" she

added with the delightful vagueness peculiar to her race.

But Uncle Joe was already half down the path, toward an old grape arbor nearly fallen to decay, from which he heard voices.

"Ef ye don't do jest as I tell ye!" The tone was very decided, and had so much manner conveyed in it that one would certainly have thought that there was a matron of a big orphan asylum at least within! "Ye can't be my chile, no, not a single syminchin bit. I sh'd be so *sha-a-med!*" Here the voice died clear away in the depths of distress and mortification, and the listener could almost see the whites of the expressive eyes rolled up in horror. "Thar, now, set up like a lady."

"Yis," said a dull, stolid voice, with just as much expression as if it had said "No."

"Ye mustn't never say 'yis,'" said Prunty severely. "That ain't the way good chillun talks. Yis, *marm*—now."

"Yis, *marm*—now!" repeated the dull voice exactly like the mentor.

"'Taint *now!*" cried Prunty decidedly, but still very patient. "Ye mustn't say *that.*"

"Yis, *marm!* 'taint *now!*" cried the pupil with more animation and a hint of joy at being right.

"But 'tis!" cried Prunty quickly. "I tell ye, ye mustn't say only jest what I say."

"You said 'twarn't," said the tutored one, venturing on an original remark for the first time.

"But ye ain't to say it!" cried Prunty in a louder key, but still keeping her equanimity wonderfully. "Now, go on, what did I tell you?"

"Yis, *marm!*—tis'—'tis!" screamed Angelina in such a brave voice that Uncle Joe burst into a hearty laugh that effectually stopped all further drillings in manners.

"So this is your adopted child, Prunty?" he exclaimed, wiping his eyes and stepping within the mangy bower to see a little squatty figure, very much resembling an unhappy toad, set up on the high, rickety bench that ran all around the arbor.

Prunty had started as if she had been shot. "Sir?" she said, staring blankly at him, "I donno wot that is."

"Why, you've adopted her!" explained Uncle Joe, biting the ends of his mustache, trying hard not to laugh, "made her your own child, you know, and you're going to take care of her, and all that sort of thing, aren't you?"

"Yis," said Prunty with the greatest animation, and running over to set Angelina up straight, who had settled a bit on her hard seat.

"Yis, *marm!*" said the figure without moving a muscle, but looking at Prunty like an automaton.

"She's learned pretty fast so far," said Uncle Joe, smiling down into the little black face. "It's a very solemn thing to bring up a child, Prunty," he said with an expression like twenty funerals, "very solemn indeed," he added.

"Is that good to eat?" asked Prunty cocking up one eye at him. "Is it cake or sich?"

"I want some cake," exclaimed Angelina. Here was an idea that she could grasp, and slipping down from the seat she began to clamor for "some cake—some cake—some cake—some —"

"No, no!" cried Prunty, running to set her back again with an air of great dignity and prudence. "That isn't good for chillun. No, no, Ang'line, you can't hev none."

"I want some," began the "adopted child" in a steady stream.

"Oh now, I've interrupted family discipline," cried Uncle Joe, "that's too bad!" And he began to back toward the entrance. "Oh, bless me! I've been so entertained, I've forgotten all about my letter. Do you feel, Prunty," he said, looking over at her again, "like taking your child for a walk to the post-office? It will do her good, I should think—"

"Oh, lemme go!" cried Prunty, who was al-

ways wild to go with letters, and forgetting herself, she began to hop like a six-year-old. "Come on, Ang'line!"

"Yis, *marm!*" cried the automaton, scuttling down from the bench, and waddling after her adopted mother at as rapid a pace as consistent with her fat little body.

"It's perfec'ly redik'lous!" exclaimed Maum Silvy, when they came strolling back, Prunty as usual, carrying her fat child, with as much grace as she could muster under the burden, "for ye to tote an' tug that gre't fat creeter! Set her down now!" she commanded, as Prunty staggered up the path.

"I can't," puffed Prunty, struggling on; "she's my 'dopted chile. I can't!"

"'Dopted fiddlestick!" cried Maum Silvy in high derision, and bursting into a shrill laugh. "Set her down, I tell ye!"

"I can't!" reiterated Prunty decidedly. "An she is my very own 'dopted chile. So there! He said so—"

"Who?" asked her mother in utter astonishment, and settling her turban.

"Mister Josuf," said Prunty, "didn't he, Ang'line—say, didn't he?" she looked down into the fat face, upturned to hers, from between the two arms that grasped the little black throat so tightly as to nearly preclude all conversation.

"Yis, *marm!*" said the square mouth, without a particle of expression.

"Oh, I *shell* die!" cried Maum Silvy, tottering to the nearest chair, into which she sank, to go off into a spasmodic fit of laughter. "Yis, *marm!* Oh dear—dear!"

When she came out of it, she wiped her eyes six or seven times on her big bandana handkerchief, and gurgled and choked considerably, before she was again ready to converse.

"Well," she said at last with a long breath, "I've no disjections to the 'doption's I knows of, only ye ain't ar goin' to tote yer chile in that fashion. It'll break the spine o' yer backbone inter splinters."

At this dreadful warning, the "'dopted chile" found herself, without the smallest ceremony, dumped flat on the floor, while Prunty ran up to her mother, and twisting her back up to her, begged her in the greatest trepidation to see if the mischief had been done!

"Is it, mammy," she cried, screwing all around like an eel, "all in splinters? Is it—oh, do look! And *will* the pieces come out?" Angelina, staring meanwhile where she was dropped, exhibited great composure as to the result.

"Well, I reckon not *now,*" said Maum Silvy cautiously, and feeling with her ample hand all along the vertebræ before her. "That is," she added, soberly, "'ef ye set down an' rest a spell."

"Then will it come all right?" asked Prunty, rushing for a chair, post-haste. "Ev'ry speck right, mammy?" she finished anxiously, climbing up into the seat, where a ramrod was no comparison at all!

"Yis—yis," assented Maum Silvy, "'twill be just as good as new then. But if ye kerry her again," she pointed with her black stumpy thumb to the recumbent Angelina, "the splints will come again, for shore."

"I won't never tetch to kerry her again. Never, no more!" emphatically declared the "adopted mother," stiffening up, if that were possible, more than ever, "not a single bit of a tote!"

"Prunty's crying *awfully!*" announced Rex, the next day. "I've just stumbled over her out in the barn; and what we're going to do with her, I don't know. She's so unhappy about the Adirondacks, and she keeps mumbling something about her 'dopted something.' I'm sure I can't make out what the child does say!"

"That's just it," exclaimed Uncle Joe—"child,—that's just it. You mustn't any of you be cross to her or impatient," he said looking around, "for she's got a fearful responsibility on her mind." And then, amid bursts of merriment, he related the touching scene in the arbor. A story at Uncle Joe's hands never lost anything; so "Prunty's 'dopted chile" was put on the records as one of the choice bits for future hilarity.

"It's too bad to laugh at her," said Aunt Elderkin, wiping her eyes, "when we remember how she saved that child's life! No wonder she thinks everything of her!"

"I know it," said Uncle Joe, starting up. "And now we must save Prunty, or she'll be dissolved in a flood. Brave little soul!" And he stamped off for the barn.

"People ought to give their adopted children new clothes once in a while, Prunty," he said, going around the horse-manger, where, back of an old meal-sack, lay the little dusky figure prone on the floor. "Jump up now, and we will go to the store, and buy Angeline some nice things."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth, then the disconsolate mourner flew to a perpendicular, and hastily wiping off all traces of tears on her dirty little brown apron, disclosed a face perfectly shining with joy.

"She hain't got nothing," she exclaimed—"cept old duds—an' she wants a new bunnit, an'—"

"Come on!" said Uncle Joe, holding out his hand. "You can tell me the list as we go along."

"She don't want no list," chattered Prunty, accepting the invitation, and hopping along by his side like a squirrel. "What is that anyway—stockin's?"

"Yes," said Uncle Joe, "as much that as anything—now then, what are we going to buy?" he asked, as they turned out of the Deacon's gate into the street.

"Ev'rythin'," said Prunty, with an immense air of importance, and holding her head very high. "My chile wants ev'ry redential thin'—she does! Stockin's—an' a bunnit—an' red shoes—an' a stick of candy—an'—"

"Take care!" said Uncle Joe, pulling her back from a flying horse coming around the corner. "If you get run over, you can't take care of your child at all."

"An' a balmurral—an'—"

said Prunty, going on with her list, as she plunged up on the other side of the street.

"A *what?*" said Uncle Joe, in amazement, as he joined her.

"A balmurral!" said Prunty, with a shout, causing two or three old ladies in the adjoining houses to throw up the windows suddenly, for any chance items of news. "A petticoat," she further explained to her mystified companion. "An' it must be yeller, 'cause I most know Ang'line likes that—an' a lace veil—an'—"

"Children don't wear lace veils," observed Uncle Joe, interrupting the recapitulation of the needs of the wardrobe. "Oh, here we are!" he said, looking up to see that they had arrived at the store, which, like most enterprising establishments of that kind in a village, kept a little of everything.

The shop-keeper, on seeing Uncle Joe, sprang up back of some boxes at the end of the store with great alacrity, and came forward, rubbing his hands delightedly.

"Ah—Mr. Seymour—ah—*hem!* It's a *be-yewtful* day, isn't it? What can I show you to-day, sir? Ah—yes—" The rubbing all the while going on violently, accompanied by several profound bows.

"This young friend of mine would like to be served," said Uncle Joe gravely. "She has several things on her list, I believe."

"Oh—ah—" said the shop-keeper, staring in perfect astonishment down to "the Seymour's little Pruny;" whom everybody, especially after the story of her bravery, knew all through the village. "And what does *she* want? I should be delighted, of course," he said, bowing to Uncle Joe.

"What comes first, Pruny?" asked Uncle Joe, leisurely seating himself in a dilapidated cane chair. "Now then, child, say just what you want."

"Oh, Mr. Seymour!" said the obsequious store-keeper apologetically, "that chair ain't very easy, lemme get you another," and he showed signs of making a dash toward a more desirable resting-place.

"Don't disturb yourself—don't disturb yourself," said Uncle Joe, waving him off. "The chair's well enough, just wait on her to her satisfaction. She's making a few little purchases for a small friend of hers. Now what is it, Pruny?" he said, seeing her making violent efforts to articulate something.

"It's for my 'dopted chile," said Pruny, with a great deal of dignity, and looking up to see the effect on the shop-keeper.

It was certainly amazing enough, if that was all that was wanted.

"*Idopted chıld!*" he ejaculated, staring down into the black little face beneath him. "What does she mean?" he asked, turning around to Uncle Joe for explanations.

"Just what she says," said that gentleman coolly, and smiling away. "She's taken a little creature in tow to attend to, I believe. One of the Billings brood, you know, that was burned out; and—"

"The one she attended so very well on that night?" said the shop-keeper in an undertone, and looking at Pruny with an air of respect.

"The very same," said Uncle Joe, nodding, "and the very best you've got in your store, of whatever she asks for, you'll be so kind as to bring out."

"I will—I will!" said the shop-keeper with amazing celerity, and commencing the rubbing again with renewed vigor. "Now then, little girl," he said, with a smile intended to be extremely winning, "tell me, what shall I get you first?"

"She wants a bunnit," said Pruny, with a grown-up, anxious air; and running her black, beadlike eyes rapidly over the line of shelves. "A nice, be-yewtiful bunnit. She hain't got none."

"A bunnit?" repeated the store-keeper in dismay, wishing she had asked for anything else on the face of the earth. "Well now, that's too bad! I don't believe I've got one in the store. Oh, stay, I've got some of the prettiest sun-bonnets you ever saw!" And he began to skip down toward the end of the store with amazing celerity.

"I want a *bunnit!*" declared Pruny after him, and shaking her head decidedly. "A real, truly bunnit, with strings and ribbons."

"Well, this has got strings," said the shop-keeper, coming back with the article in his hand. "See, now, ain't that splendid?" He held up a pink calico sun-bonnet of generous proportions, and shook out the cape with professional grace.

"That ain't a bunnit!" said Pruny, with withering scorn. "That's only caliker."

"It's what little girls wear," said the shop-keeper anxiously, afraid he was going to lose a trade.

"And it's prettier than a real bonnet would be, Pruny," put in Uncle Joseph from his chair. "I'd take it if I were you."

That was quite a different thing, "Uncle Joseph's" opinion, so the bonnet was laid aside, and they all turned their attention to the next item on the list.

"An' then some shoes," said Pruny, with an immense jump from the head to the feet. "Some

splendid red shoes, with white buttons on ter 'em."

"I don't believe," began the shop-keeper, realizing that here was a customer likely to keep him busy in his search for "novelties." And then, remembering that in a dusty little niche, tucked in under the counter, was a pair mixed in with a box of black ones, he went joyfully off, and after elaborate polishings of them surreptitiously, he brought them out for inspection.

"They hain't no white buttons," said Pruny, examining them critically, disposed to find as much fault as any fine lady, "an' I wanted nice white buttons, I did!"

"If that's all, can't you put on some white buttons?" asked Uncle Joe, coming to the rescue.

"Why, yes; of course you can!" cried the storekeeper briskly. "I'll give you some for nothin', they're beauties;" and he reached into the showcase and brought out a small handful. "There, see! You can take them home, an' sew on. That'll be fine."

"So I can," cried Pruny, who never took a stitch in her life, and couldn't be persuaded to learn; but was at once struck with the idea of sewing for "her chile." She watched the shopkeeper do up the shoes and buttons, and add them to the sun-bonnet on the counter.

"Now, then," he said, like a man in the depths of business, "what next?"

"A stick o' candy," said Pruny, with such an air so wholly out of keeping with her orders that the man fairly skipped.

"Oh, certainly, certainly!" he said, recovering himself. "Don't you want more'n one?" he asked, reaching into the jar of cinnamon and peppermint sweets.

"Oh, yes," said Pruny affably, "as many as you'll give me."

"I'll give you as many as *you* want," said the shopkeeper; "you're the one to say, I'm sure."

"Then I'll take 'em all, thank you," said Pruny, well pleased with his politeness.

The man looked to Uncle Joe for orders.

"Do 'em up," he said; "there are enough children at the Billings house. If it don't kill them, Pruny can try the rest on herself."

"An' a lace veil," said Pruny without waiting to be asked for further orders; "one o' them pooty ones, with little teenty specks all over 'em."

"Do you mean dotted?" asked the proprietor with a smile.

"Yis," said Pruny, with a bob of the small woolly head. She didn't know in the least what "dotted" was, but it sounded fine. So she concluded it was the thing.

"How sweetly Angeline will look!" Uncle Joe couldn't for his life help remarking. "Hadn't you better get something more substantial now, Pruny? I should think a dress, or something of that sort, *might* be acceptable to a person who has been recently burned out."

"Oh, my *balmural!*" cried Pruny, who had entirely forgotten it. "Please, a *balmural*, sir," she said, standing on tip-toe to view a pile on top of a roll of stair-carpeting, "an' it must be yeller, 'cause I most know Ang'line likes yeller."

"I've got red," said the man, investigating the pile, "an' brown—an'—an'—blue; but there ain't no yellow. I never heard of a yellow one," he said, "they ain't at all stylish; you better take a red one," and he began to pull out a desirable bargain from the bottom of the heap.

But just then Pruny, who had her head down, trying to see if *she* couldn't discover a "yeller one" somewhere tucked in among the rest, was met by the whole pile and the roll of stair-carpeting that, pulled a little too far by the energetic hand of the shopkeeper, wavered and fell directly on top of her. It knocked her completely over,

and buried her from view, still saying, "I want a yeller one!"

"Mercy!" said the storekeeper, when he saw the mischief done; and running around the other side, he helped Uncle Joe pick her up. "I didn't know you were so near, my hand slipped—I'm sorry," he ejaculated, all in one breath.

"My bunnit's all jammed!" cried Pruny, getting up and straightening herself; "an' I couldn't breeve, an' I—I don't want *no* balmurals, I don't!" and she began to march to the door.

"Here, wait—wait, do!" begged the shop-keeper, in distress at losing such a good customer, "I've got something splendid to show you."

But Pruny was already out and a good distance up the street, and inside, Uncle Joe was hurriedly tugging out his purse and putting down the amount of his bill. Then, grasping his big package, he strode down the steps and joined his small friend, who was reposing, after the indignity offered her, on a big stone by the side of the road, awaiting him.

"Why, Pruny," he said, with a laugh he couldn't repress at the stiff little figure in such an injured attitude, "it was all an accident—he couldn't help it, child."

"He did it a-purpose," declared Pruny, her eyes flashing; "I know, 'cos he's allers cross wen I go thar for molasses and sich. An' once he banged the door after me, an' mos' snapped my heel. I know!"

And nothing could persuade her that the overthrow of the "*balmurals*" wasn't purely intentional. So Uncle Joe silently handed her the parcel, which she insisted on carrying, and home they went.

"You'll leave your child quite well off," said Uncle Joe, broaching the subject cautiously, when they had proceeded a little distance, "when you start for the Adirondaeks, Pruny."

A change immediately passed over the dark little face, and the arm around the big bundle trembled visibly.

"I don't—want—ter—go," she began.

"Oh, now," said Uncle Joe, "that's too bad. I thought you were going to write letters to her. That's too bad, isn't it; for of course if you don't go away, you can't write at all. And I *was* going to buy you such a nice desk and all the fixings."

"REAL ink!" cried Pruny, stopping short in the dusty road. "The black, nice stuff that big grown folks mark with! *To do with just as I've a mind ter?*"

"*Ex-actly* so," said Uncle Joe, with a smile down into her eager eyes. "All for Pruny Simpson, and no one else!"

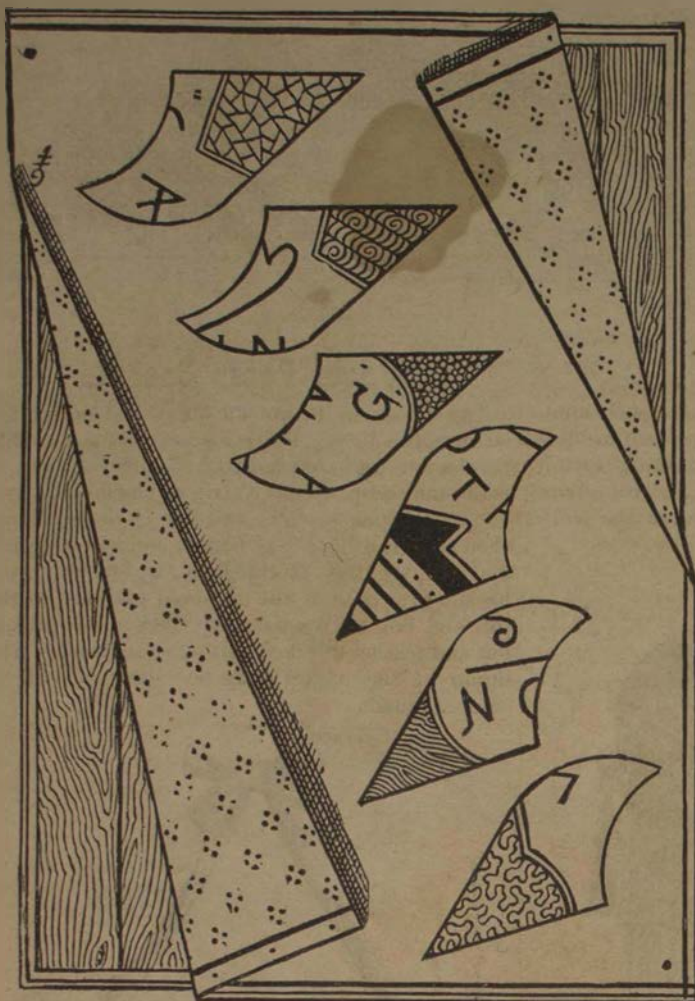
"Then I'll go!" cried Pruny with a flourish of her big bundle, and two or three small kicks of the little dusty shoes. "Le's go right s lap off to-morrer," she begged. "Ain't the whiz-cars goin'?"

"The 'whiz-cars' are," said Uncle Joe laughing, "but *we* are not, until next week, Thursday. Then, please God, we're off."

To be continued.

Physical Exercise.

CARE should be taken not to discourage the young in their natural fondness for physical exercise; Many boys and girls have relinquished sports eminently fitted to invigorate and strengthen them and which they thoroughly enjoyed, because of slighting remarks of their elders and from fear of being thought childish. We cannot estimate the evil consequences that may follow when we persuade a young girl that good hard play is unlady-like, or a boy that it is unmanly.



Make tracings, on oiled or transparent paper, of the outlines and characters of these six pieces. Cut them out carefully, and by fitting them together, see what words you can find on them.

Answer to Rebus Enigma in March Issue.

TAKE the center of a top, and you have the starting-point ;
The beginning of a vase will give number two as well.
Turn the last one upside down and introduce a crossing-piece ;
Put the three together and lengthen them an ell.

My word is not a square, and cannot be a "round,"
Although within both of these shapes it may easily be found.

OVAL.

Take THE cent-re of a top and you see the star T in g point, THE B ginning of a vase Will give No. 2 as well turn THE last one "upside down" and introduce "A" crossing-piece. Put THE 3 tog ether and lengthen them an L.

My word is noT a square, and can knot BA "round,"
Although within both of these shapes it may easily be found.

The O's are oval and are inside of a square and a "round" or circle.

Center of a top,	O
Beginning of vase,	V
V upside down with crossing-piece,	A
Lenthen an L,	L

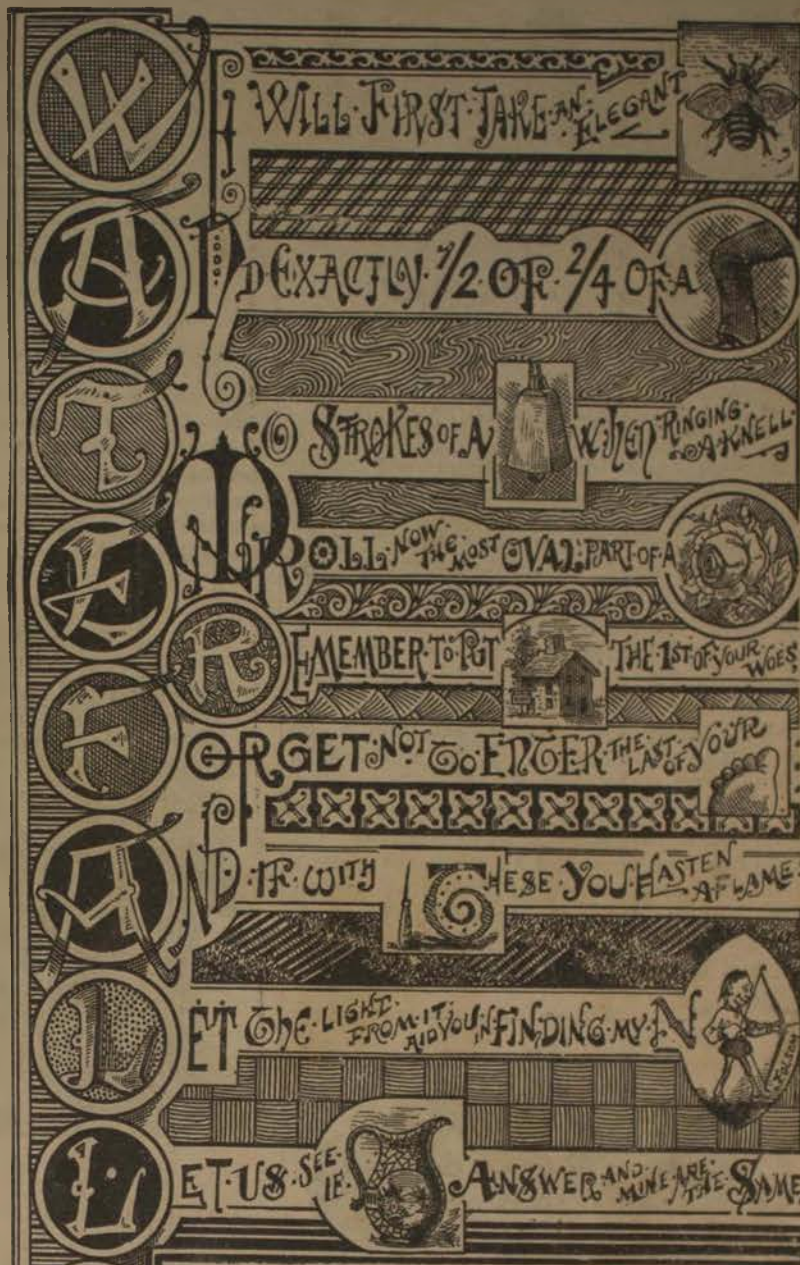
Answer to Rebus Enigma in April.

SEE the boys on their road to school,
Running and shouting round an April fool.
See t he boys on their road "2 school,
run in g and shout inn g ROUND an Ape rill fool.
"To school running and shouting,"
is drawn round
"An April Fool."

Romantic Incident of Washington.

ONE evening during the war of the Revolution, as Washington was riding through some woods near the Hudson River, he was overtaken by a violent storm, and obliged to seek shelter at a farmhouse. The farmer made both himself and his horse welcome, but the farmer's wife looked on the new-comer with some suspicion, and but for her husband would not have offered him any refreshment. Upon finding, however, that the traveler entered heartily into the devotions of the evening, the woman changed her opinion, declaring Washington himself could hardly be more worthy of aid or confidence. What was her surprise on learning the next morning as he was about to leave that her guest was none other than the great commander.

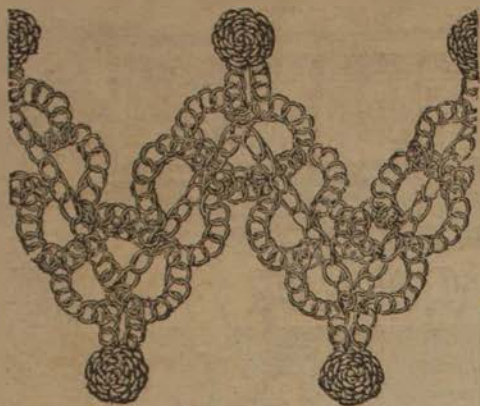
BUSY BEE.



REBUS ENIGMA—ANSWER NEXT MONTH.



REBUS—ANSWER NEXT MONTH.



Trimming for Fancy Articles.

MATERIALS.—A coarse steel crochet needle and fine gilt cord. Make a chain as long again as the trimming required, and crochet from left to right as follows: —* join to 1st stitch, 7 chain, join to same stitch, 3 times alternately 7 chain (crocheting the first of each 7 in the last of the preceding 7 like a slip-stitch, all the chain-scallops are crocheted like this, and the description will not be repeated), miss 2, join to next stitch, then 1 chain, miss 5, 3 times alternately join to next stitch, 7 chain, miss 2, then repeat from *. 2d row: along the other side of the work. Like the preceding row but in reversed position. For the raised spots at the end of the vandyke, take a coarser needle and coarser silk, and begin from the center with 3 chain, close into a circle, and work 4 round of chain-stitch so that there are 10 stitches in the 4th round. The wrong side of the work is the right side of the spot, which is then sewn on to the border with fine stitches.



Towel Border.

To work this border prettily, the towel should be all white, and then make the pattern in black and red worsted, or very coarse marking cotton, the cats black, and the bushes of red. Simply repeat the pattern to continue it across the entire end of the towel.



Commode for Bedroom.

HAVE a wooden box made 12 inches high, and large enough around to admit the vessel. The cover is on hinges. Line the box with muslin, placing a thin layer of cotton between the lining and the box so there need not be any noise in taking the vessel out and in. The cover outside is stuffed with curled hair and covered with cloth, and over that an appliquéd tidy with a heavy tassel at each corner. Cover the box round the sides with dark muslin, and finish with a deep fringe and gimp trimming.

Waste Paper Basket.

THE bands on the outside are of red cloth pinked on both edges. There are seven bands around the basket gathered a little at intervals, and to make the pompons, cut a strip of black cloth, two and a half inches wide, and fifteen inches long, then slash it to look like fringe, and roll it tightly and sew together at the back, and fasten to the basket over each of the gathered places. At the top and bottom is a band of black cloth pinked out and feather-stitched through the middle. The lining of the basket may be either of silk or colored muslin.



Shaving Case.

CUT four pieces of cardboard eight inches long and six and a half wide. Cover two pieces with paper muslin and two with silk. On one of the silk pieces, embroider a wreath of forget-me-nots and fern leaves, and in the center, on an appliquéd piece of lighter velvet, the monogram. Overhand a muslin and silk piece together, cut colored tissue paper the size of the case fastened between the two covers, and secure all firmly to a pencil, finishing each end of pencil with a large brass-headed nail. Make five tassels three and a half inches long in colors to correspond with the silk cover and the flowers. Around the edge of the case a full ruching of ribbon. Gather it through the center, draw it up full, and lay it over, as seen in the design, to represent shells. Hang the case with ribbon the same as that put around the edge.



Ottoman.

MATERIALS.—Wine and canary colored cloth, heavy cord and tassels. Make a cushion of ticking a foot square, fill it tightly with curled hair, then make a case of the wine-colored cloth, and in the seam round the edge of the case full in one edge of the piece to form the puff, then turn it up, and turn in the upper edge and box-plait it, and sew firmly on the top of the case, leaving a space in the center nine inches square. Cut of the light cloth a piece for the center like the design, and braid it with gilt, red, blue, and black braids, having the edge of the star pinked. Fasten it to the cushion in each point with a large head, and finish each corner with a tassel. Draw the cord round the ottoman firmly, and tie in a knot, leaving a loop in the center to lift it by.

Chair Covers.

CHAIR covers (or slips) are very pretty made of brown crash and worked with worsteds. Work each chair a different design. One with poppy leaves, another acorns and oak leaves, a third scarlet geranium, a fourth wild roses. Then another might be embroidered with birds, such as a swan, a thrush and nest, etc.




WASTE PAPER BASKET.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

THE COSMOPOLITAN
IN STYLE
PURSUING

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



SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Designs and Styles in Dress furnished in this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not merely COPY. It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by our more refined and elevated taste at home. Besides, its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace important information for dealers, and valuable hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, dress becomingly, and keep themselves informed of the changes in the Fashions and the specialties required in the exercise of good taste.

ALWAYS FIRST PREMIUM.

CENTENNIAL AWARD OVER ALL COMPETITORS,
MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Review of Fashions.

THERE was a time when simplicity, that is to say plainness, was obligatory because the resources, in this country, at least, had not been developed to an extent which rendered indulgence in luxury possible. In those days women spun the flax, and wove it into the cloth out of which their garments were made; and they may have even dyed the wool from the sheep, and made it into homespun for their gowns. But those days are long since past; the "Sunny South" grows millions of bales of cotton; myriads of mills weave it into fine and cheap material for garments. Silks from home factories and foreign marts compete for favor, and the enlarged and constantly growing populations tax their utmost skill and inventive genius to keep pace with growing intelligence, and satisfy the more highly civilized and refined tastes.

Is it likely, under these circumstances, that we shall go back to the plainness, the restrictions, the hardness, the narrowness of a life destitute of all that we at present enjoy? Certainly not. The growth and prosperity of the numerous peoples from all the nations of the earth, who find freedom and refuge in this country, depend upon the cultivation of taste, the growth of luxury, the increase of wealth, the enlargement of ideas, and the ever-widening circle of our wants. It is, of course, unwise and absurd to live in a constant state of fret and anxiety after what we cannot reach; but we ought nevertheless to enlarge our capacity for work, develop our skill, cultivate our industry, so as to bring all the good that is possible within our own reach instead of crowding ourselves down to the very smallest space, and reducing life to the one question of what we can do without.

It is a blessing that human nature does not crave what it has never known, but it is a still greater blessing that it finds rich reserves of happiness in the discovery of every new beauty in nature and art—in the development of any unknown faculty or dormant taste.

These are among the compensations for the increased struggles, the many anxieties, and the

greater responsibilities, which a more complicated life and advancing civilization bring. Nations sink into nothing that cannot keep step to the trumpet sound of modern industry—to the clarion notes of advancing science and art.

Skill and taste are the secrets of the prosperity of France; industry and perseverance, of the leading position of England among the nations of the world. Egypt, the oldest, and once the proudest of all the nations, has fallen into decay, partly from its determination to exist only in its traditions, partly from the want of that diversity of river and mountain, lake and valley, sea and fertile plain, with which we are blessed in this country, and which, by the use of the proper means, will make it the richest on the face of the earth.

The acquisition of a little more or a little less of this wealth in the hands of any one individual does not so much matter, since the actual growth in comfort, the substitution of better general methods, enriches all. For example, there was a time when streets were ill lighted or not lighted at all; when highways and by-ways were full of ruts and holes and pit-falls; when the tinder-box and the dim candle were the only refuge when the sun went down, and scarcely any protection was afforded against depredators or depredations. Now, the poorest man and woman enjoys the comfort of well-paved, well-lighted, and comparatively well-cared-for streets. The cost of it is paid for by those who have accumulated property through industry of their own, or that of a preceding generation, for there are no long inheritances in America; and if property gained by industry is not kept up by industry, it soon passes into the hands of others, and thus a healthful activity and equilibrium are preserved. Instead of railing therefore at so-called extravagance, let us rather rejoice in every fresh evidence of the power of our people to encourage and stimulate the growth in art and taste. It is one of the finest evidences of the admirable tendency of the modern industrial era, that the rewards of labor are so much more widely distributed and are sure to follow skill and honest attention to a particular branch of business. The demand for good work is so great and so constantly increasing that there

is not the least danger of suffering for lack of any good or necessary thing on the part of those who conscientiously strive to act well their part in the drama of life, and there is a very fair chance of building up a certain amount of fame and fortune.

Science, that gives us new instrumentalities by which to cure or ward off disease; that furnishes us with improved methods of warming and lighting our houses, discovers, also, how to find new colors; how to apply them so as to attract light; how to combine them so as to get the most beauty out of them, and how to harmonize them with surrounding conditions. This discovery in color alone and its application has opened a new arcana in the construction and ornamentation of woman's dress. It has given us effects in embroidery that are more beautiful than jewelry. Rainbow tints and the shimmering reflection of sunset dyes in clear water—perhaps the most beautiful thing in nature—are reproduced by the simplest means, the combinations of tints in minute globules of glass. The effects obtained by these is something marvelous, and not only introduces an entirely new element into decoration, but adds a most important one to that art of embroidery which has a perennial charm.

One of the great and important facts in regard to fashions just now is this—that good ideas are retained; the new comes but it does not drive out the best of the old. Fashion is not confined to one or two styles, to one or two ideas; it has enlarged its horizon, and takes in whatever is beautiful or useful that can be made applicable to its purposes.

Illustrated Designs for the Month.

AMONG the numerous designs for the present month, our lady readers cannot fail to find suggestions for spring and summer dressmaking at home, which will be of value to them. Illustrations of fashions are too often mere "plates," drawn without practical knowledge, and arranged so as to present a certain effect upon paper, without any regard to the technical details or possi-

bilities. Of course, in this way more freedom, more latitude, and greater diversity is possible, but the appearances are often misleading, and the lady undertaking to construct a copy of one of these pictured *ignes fatui*, finds herself with material spoiled upon her hand, but no nearer the accomplishment of her wishes than before. Of the designs furnished in this magazine, the most inexperienced need have no fear. They have been cut, made, tested in each part and in the whole, over and over by experienced hands, and every difficulty removed before they are permitted to leave the room of the designer for the artist's atelier. There are no windy generalizations, or indefinite quantities, which may mean one thing and may mean another, but every detail is harmoniously proportioned and reduced to mathematical certainty. Of the dresses, two are short costumes; one adapted to washable, the other to unwashable materials. The "Jessica" consists of a polonaise draped away from the front of the skirt, which is composed of embossed velvet, cut out in square teeth over a knife-plaiting of plain satin. The back of the polonaise forms a basque, and to this is attached a voluminous drapery, which is arranged in graceful folds at the back, upon a lining, the velvet only covering a wide tablier, and forming plastron, cuffs, and collar. The combination may be in any materials preferred, as well as satin and embossed velvet. Brown Scotch tweed would look well with small figured brocade or plain brown satin for the mounting, and a shirred or quilted front of satin might be used instead of the velvet.

The "Théo" costume is charming and well adapted to the new washing satines in daffodil, buttercup, carnation, or artemisia patterns, which are accompanied by plain, solid materials for the skirt, in the dark ground shade. It may be used also for the lighter lawns, and combines with borders, which are a feature of the season's importation, and some of which, while firmer, are really prettier than more diaphanous muslin, besides being much more convenient and serviceable.

The "Olivette" polonaise is a perfectly new and very good style for the flowered materials which are in high vogue for over-dresses, but it is perhaps still better adapted to the striped gingham and Japanese cottons which are in high favor for morning and country wear. The design is simple, but it is very graceful; the novelty is in the sleeves, which revive the old "pagoda" form, and are turned back from the wrists to form deep cuffs.

The "Corinne" wrapper is more a spring and summer morning dress than a wrapper, and we call particular attention to it as the latest, most simple, and most charming of designs for house dresses. No "darts" are taken in the material, the side seams alone being curved in at the waist

line, and the shirring back and front taking in the remainder of the fullness. It may be made with or without a lining, and of thin or heavier material, though it is, of course, more suitable for the lighter ones. It would be lovely in linen lawns, in zephyr gingham, in white dotted muslin, or striped nainsook, in bordered cambrics, or Chinese Corah silk.



EVENING TOILET.

AN exquisite evening toilet of azure-blue brocaded satin and plain *satin duchesse* of the same shade. The trained skirt is trimmed with shirrings and plaited ruffles of *satin duchesse*, and the rest of the toilet is of azure brocade. The *marquise* sleeves and heart-shaped corsage are finished with ruffles and *jabots* of white Alençon lace, and knots of pale-blue satin ribbon. Ivory-white "Bernhardt" gloves, and pearl and turquoise ornaments. Blue satin slippers, and blue silk slipper hose clocked with white spar beads. The design illustrated is the "Alexandra" toilet. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Stylish Hats.

No. 1.—Black and old-gold porcupine straw hat, with wide brim and high crown. A scarf of gold-colored Surah is twisted lightly around the crown, and a long plume, shading from the deepest yellow to a pale gold color, droops from the left side toward the back.

No. 2.—An exquisite model in lace straw and shirred blue satin. The design has a shirred crown of a pale blue *satin merveilleux*, and a projecting brim of yellow lace straw. A close wreath of *neyosotis* and fine white cherry blossoms encircles the crown. A bow with long loops of a darker shade of blue satin ribbon is tied on the top of the hat, and long ends fasten under the hair at the back.

No. 3.—"Rough-and-Ready" black straw hat, with square crown, and wide brim faced with black satin. Elegant black ostrich plumes and tips are arranged on the hat in a very graceful manner, composing the only trimming except a band of black satin laid in plaits around the crown.

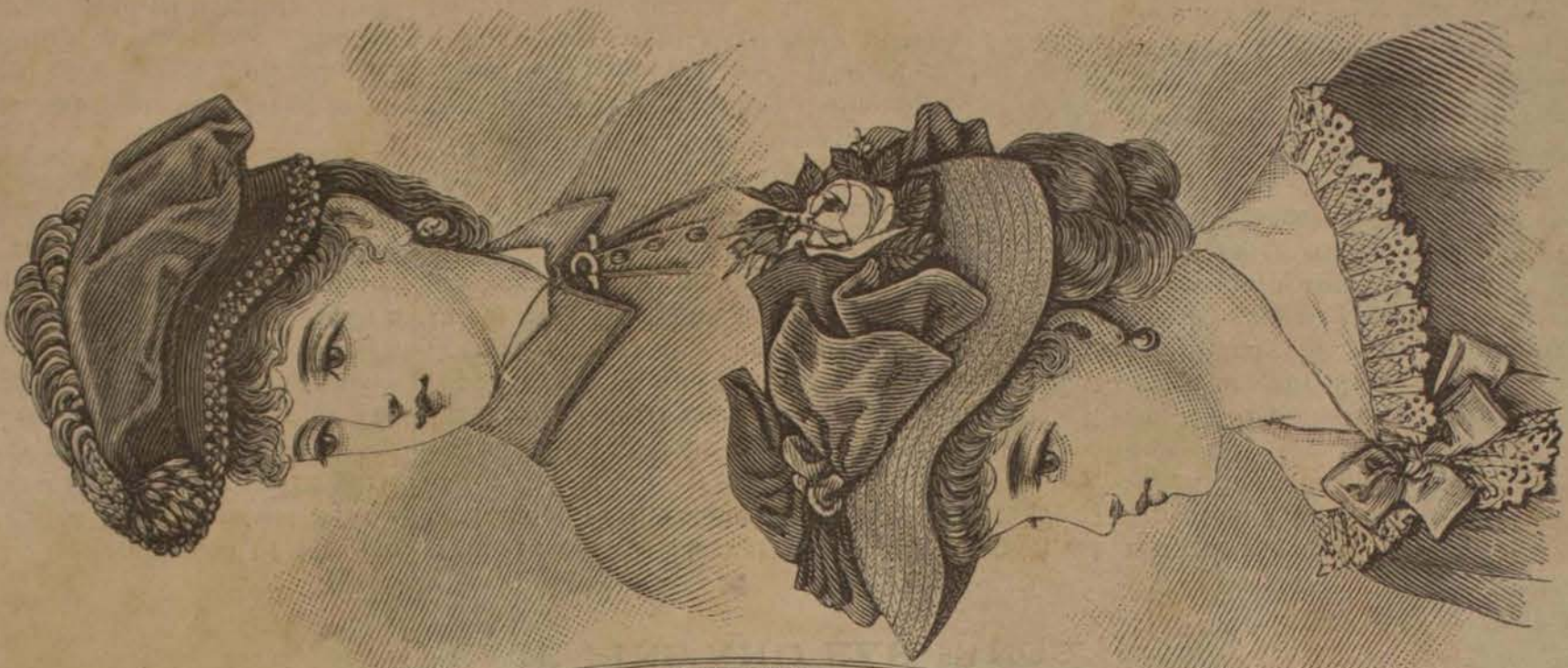
No. 4.—"Leonardé da Vinci" hat of violet Surah, with band of *prolat* satin ornamented with pearl-beaded *passementerie*. An ostrich plume shading from violet to white is placed at the right, and on the front of the brim is a *pompon* of white *marabout* with gold *grelots*.

No. 5.—A charming and coquettish shape of Tuscan straw, with low crown and drooping brim. The front is trimmed with an Alsatian bow of *chartreuse* green Surah, and a scarf of the same is arranged carelessly around the crown. A large coral-pink rose, with buds and dark green leaves, is placed rather high at the left side.

Stylish hats and bonnets are furnished through our Purchasing Agency for \$8 upward, according to the materials. In sending an order, it is always best to state complexion, color of hair and eyes, the purposes for which the hat is to be used, and any preference in regard to color, etc.

"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, is now ready. Price, fifteen cents, post-free. Address, MME. DEMAREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York City.



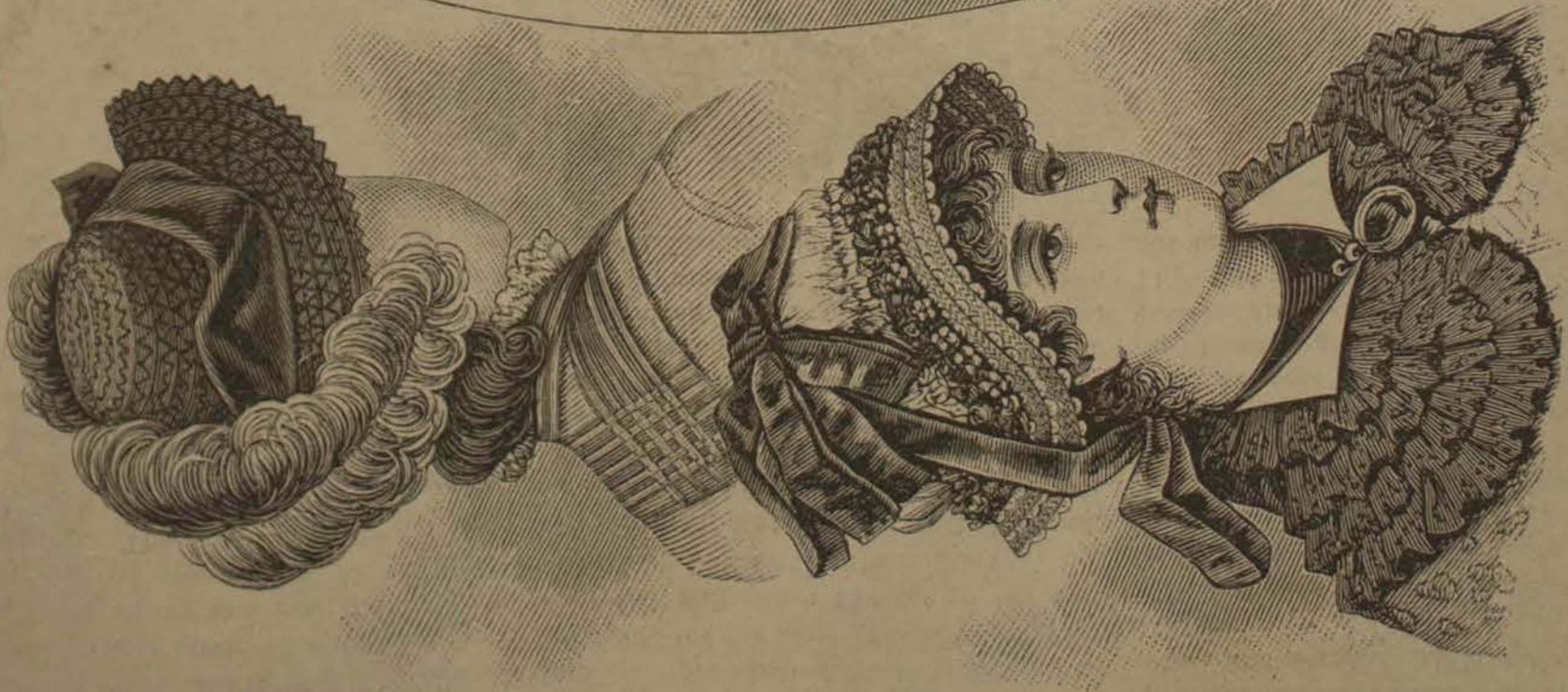
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3

STYLISH HATS.



1

2

Lace-Pins and Ear-Rings.

No. 1.—Artistic and novel in design, this handsome set comprises a lace-pin and ear-rings of "rolled" gold, wrought in filigree and tiny polished gold *plaques*, upon burnished gold. The lace-pin is a bar with clover-shaped ends, and three open circles between. In the center circle is a pure white stone, as brilliant and showy as a real diamond, and in each side a red stone is set in a swinging diamond setting. The ear-rings correspond in design, and each is set with a single brilliant white stone. Price, \$4.50 for the set. The set can be separated, and either the pin or the ear-rings furnished for half the above price.

No. 2.—Lace-pin of "rolled" gold. The design represents two bars of frosted gold lashed together with gold cord, with the ends overpassing each other. Price, 1.75.

composed of lace-pin and ball ear-rings of entirely novel design. The center of the pin is ornamented with raised flowers of copper-colored frosted gold upon a satin-finished surface, between two raised vertical bars of highly polished gold. The rest of the pin is covered with filigree representing lace. The ear-drops match in design, and are swinging balls suspended from shell-shaped ornaments in filigree. Price \$4 for the set. If desired, the set can be separated, and either the pin or the ear-rings furnished for half of the above price.

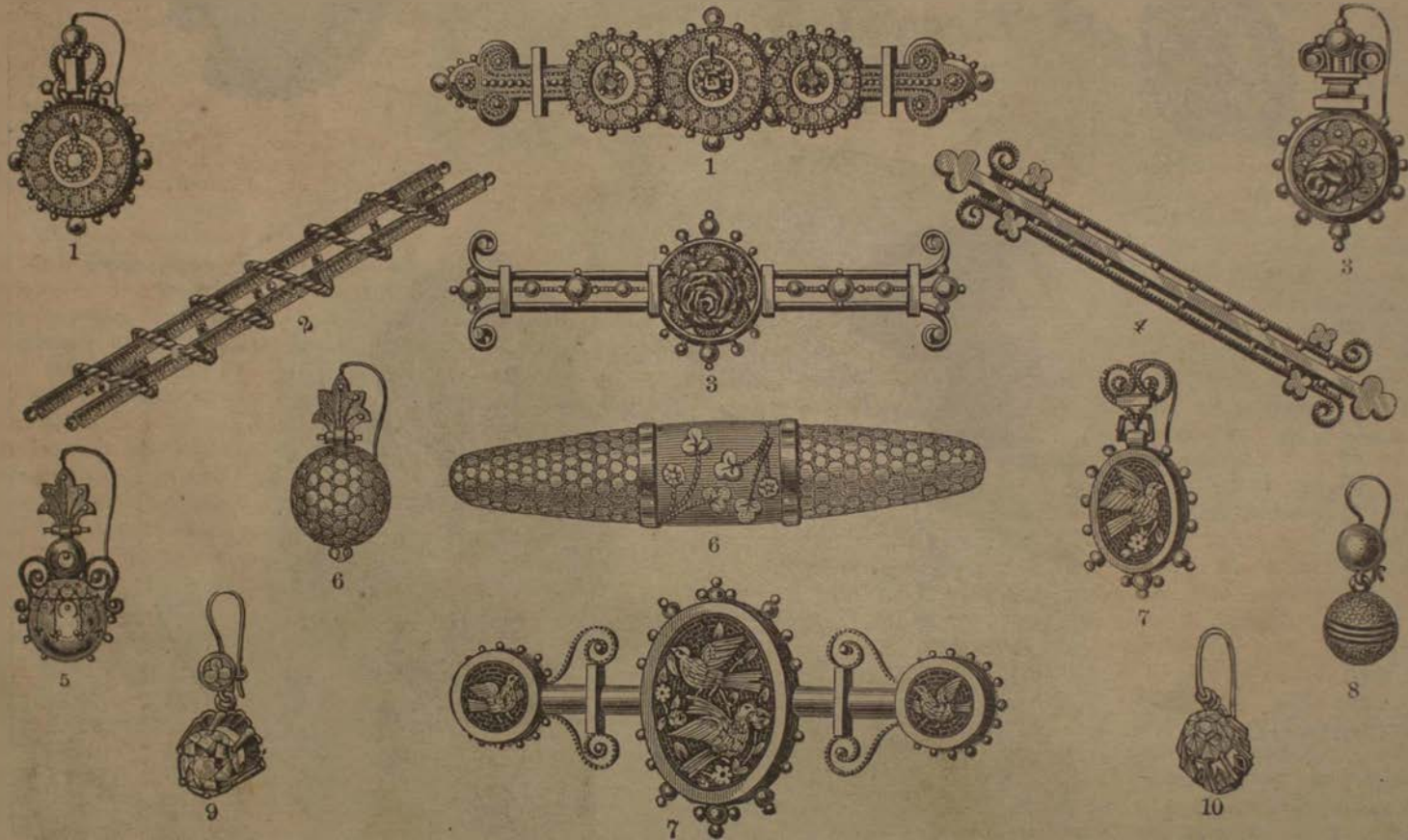
No. 7.—Byzantine mosaic set of "rolled" gold, comprising lace-pin and ear-drops. The pin is a cylindrical bar of burnished gold, crossed by raised bars of highly polished gold, and ornamented with filigree scrolls. In the center is set an oval medallion of polished gold, set with a Byzantine mosaic, representing bright plumaged birds and flowers in raised mosaic. The ends of the pin are set with small round medallions of the same

The Bonnet Question.

It is hard to tell what to say of bonnets except that their variety is infinite. All old braids have been revived, the open-work Tuscans and yellow straws. Fancy mixed straws, Neapolitans, plain and with hair thread mixed with steel and black chips, and straws trimmed with fancy Tuscan borders.

The shapes differ very little from preceding years. They are innumerable, but the predominant ones are the modified poke, and the small Normandy cottage bonnet that fits close to the head.

The steel bonnets are a decided novelty. The braid is steel fine as hair, mixed with hair, and the trimmings are steel and hair lace, steel flowers and leaves, and steel satin for strings. The steel is so fine and mixed, however, that it is not hard, or cold, or glittering. The trimming



LACE-PINS AND EAR-RINGS.

No. 3.—This pretty set, composed of lace-pin and ear-rings of "rolled" gold, is set with a raised rose of real coral in the center. The pin is a double bar of highly polished gold, ornamented with scrolls and tiny balls of burnished gold. The ear-rings are swinging pendants matching in design. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, \$1.25 for the set. The same design, with a garnet set in a rosette of filigree, instead of the coral rose, can be furnished for \$4. If desired, the set can be separated, and either the pin or the ear-rings will be furnished for half of the above price.

No. 4.—A chaste and delicate lace-pin of "rolled" gold, the bar of polished gold in knife-edge work, with a tre-foil at each end. The bar is ornamented on either side with scrolls of filigree, tiny balls of burnished gold, and near each end quatre-foils of polished gold. Price, \$2.

No. 5.—Urn-shaped ear-drops of "rolled" gold. The urns are swinging pendants of burnished gold ornamented with filigree. The upper part of the ear-ring is shell-shaped and is also ornamented with filigree work. Price, \$2 per pair.

No. 6.—This beautiful set of "rolled" gold is

style of mosaic. The ear-drops are pendant oval medallions of the same design in mosaic. Price, \$9 for the set.

No. 8.—Solid gold ear-rings composed of two small gold balls in each ear-drop. The upper ball is polished gold, and the surface of the lower ball is frosted gold, with three lines in black enamel. Price, \$2. The same design, without the black enamel, can be furnished for \$1.75.

No. 9.—Ear-drops of solid gold, set with a pure white stone, mounted high in knife-edge diamond setting, with patent foil back, which greatly adds to the brilliancy of the stone, and gives it all the beauty and fire of a genuine diamond of the purest water. Price, \$7 per pair. The same style, with a stone of a slightly yellowish luster and a little larger, \$8 per pair.

No. 10.—A handsome ear-ring of solid gold, the setting daintily chased, and supporting a pure white stone that has all the brilliancy and beauty of a genuine diamond, surmounted by an ornament in frosted gold, with a clover leaf, highly burnished, in the center. Price, \$1.75 per pair. The same style, somewhat larger, can be furnished for \$2.25 per pair.

renders the small bonnet conspicuous. Not only are beaded embroideries lavishly displayed, but quantities of shaded satin, shaded feathers, shaded flowers in the most striking tints and combinations. The quietest, most attractive summer styles are the fine plain straws, the small poke binn filled with a shirred lining, the high crown which suggests the Normandy cap, and creates a depression through the center, surrounded with a broad, thick wreath of lilacs, or violets, or mixed currants which does not meet at the back, but is united by a cluster of leaves or an ornament in a nest of lace. The trimmings are very expensive because of their novelty. Great clusters of pale yellow roses are shaded to pink, purple to violet, *écarlé* to brown, and some show total contrasts.

Shaded silks and satins are crammed with deepest, darkest depths of color for about half their distance, and gradually fall off into mere tints, the reverse side showing the same effect in another color. How these changeable effects are obtained it is hard to tell, but they render the trimming fabrics and new ribbons very costly, and will certainly prevent them from becoming very common.



ALEXANDRA TOILET.

Alexandra Toilet.—A charming design for a reception, dinner, or visiting toilet, composed of a tight-fitting princess shape in front, cut to form side gores under the arms, and a postilion basque at the back, with side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle. The lower part of the front is trimmed with fine shirrings and four rows of narrow plaitings; two plaited scarfs are draped across the front, giving a pointed effect to the corsage, and crossing from left to right on the outside, are fastened in a point under a rosetted bow, low on the right. The draperies are

carried in horizontal plaits toward the back, where they disappear under a very *bonffiant* drapery, arranged full over a demi-train skirt edged with narrow plaitings. The design is adapted to any variety of dressy goods, and is equally stylish in one material throughout, or in combination, as illustrated. The elaboration of the design admits of very little trimming besides the *jabot* of lace disposed in heart shape on the corsage and around the *marquise* sleeves; but individual taste may be consulted, in this respect, with due regard to the material chosen. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



CORINNE WRAPPER.

Corinne Wrapper.—The artistic novelty of this design is its principal attraction, and as a practical model for white fabrics and light materials usually selected for wrappers, it is without a rival. It is cut in plain sacque shape, having the side seams curved in at the waist line, and it is drawn in to the waist by shirring in the middle of the back at the waist line, and in the front at the places usually occupied by the darts. It may be trimmed, as illustrated, with embroidery and ribbons, or in any other style to correspond with the material chosen. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



CELESTINE WALKING SKIRT.

Celestine Walking Skirt.—Arranged with a gored skirt short enough to escape the ground all around, upon which an effective and peculiarly graceful style of drapery is disposed, shirred in the middle of the front, draped in plaits at the sides, and looped in the back, falling in two points with a moderately *bonffiant* effect. The underskirt can be trimmed, as represented in the illustration, with gathered ruffles and a puff across the front,

or with any other suitable arrangement, as desired. This design is adapted to any class of dress goods, and is very desirable for a combination of materials. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Solana Visite.—Combining the styles of *pelisse* and *visite*, this novel and stylish garment has the back pieces cut to form the outer parts of the sleeves, and is shirred at the neck in the mid-



SOLANA VISITE.

dle of the front and back, and at the waist line in the back. The sleeves are completed by a shirring and ruffle, added to give the required length. The design is adapted to any of the goods used for *demi-saison* wraps—silk, *sicilienne*, *satin duchesse*, *gros de Naples*, cashmere, etc., and the trimming can be selected to correspond. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.



PRACTICAL COSTUMES.

Practical Costumes.

(See full-page Engraving.)

FIG. 1.—A pretty house dress of cream-colored bunting, and violet *satin merveilleux*, with white polka dots. The design is a combination of the "Pamela" basque, which is especially becoming to slender figures; and the "Celestine" walking-skirt. The basque is shirred at the waist in the middle of the front and back, and ornamented with a wide, turned-over collar, and a full drapery and waist bow of violet *satin merveilleux* on the front; and the skirt is trimmed with alternate gathered ruffles of *satin merveilleux* and bunting, headed with puffing around the drapery and across the front. The skirt and basque are both illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of basque, twenty-five cents each size.

FIG. 2.—A charming little dress of dark-blue linen, embroidered with *écru* linen thread. The model illustrated is the "Flossie" dress, composed of a loose plaited sacque shape, to which a deep Spanish flounce is added to give the required length; the joining concealed by a sash, which is shirred in front and loosely knotted at the back. This dress is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price twenty cents each.

FIG. 3.—The "Olivette" polonaise is arranged over a short walking skirt, trimmed with kilt-plaiting, to compose this stylish morning costume of figured French percale, trimmed with bands of striped bordering. The ground work of the percale is China-blue, with white and dark blue figures, and the bordering is dark blue and white stripes. Hat of yellow Tuscan straw, trimmed with blue *crêpe* scarf and coral pink roses. The "Olivette" polonaise is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of pattern thirty cents, each size.



LADIES' STREET COSTUMES.

"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 new and exclusive styles.

FIG. 1.—A stylish street or traveling costume, made of brown and *écru* camels' hair. The design represented is the "Théo" costume, which has a tight-fitting polonaise, gracefully draped over a gored walking-skirt covered on the front and sides with horizontal shirrings. The underskirt is of the *écru*; and the polonaise of the brown camels' hair, ornamented with a "Dauphin" collar and cuffs to match. Hat of brown satin and lace-straw, the crown of the satin embroidered with gold beads, and the brim of the straw, and trimmed with shaded brown and gold ostrich tips and *ombré* brown satin ribbon. This costume is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of pattern thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—Made of black brocaded silk and *satin merveilleux* trimmed with handsome jetted fringe and *passementerie*, this elegant street costume is designed after the "Celestine" walking skirt, and the "Coquette" *visite*. The underskirt is of the plain *satin merveilleux* and the draperies of the brocade; while the *visite* is of *satin merveilleux* richly trimmed with gathered ruffles of black Spanish lace. Bonnet of yellow Tuscan straw, with strings and butterfly bow of *ombré* violet satin ribbon, and trimmed with steel lace and black and gold ostrich tips. The *visite* and walking-skirt are both illustrated among the separate fashions. Pattern of *visite* in two sizes, medium and large. Price twenty-five cents each. Skirt pattern thirty cents.

Bridesmaids' Dresses.

WHAT the bridesmaids shall wear is sometimes a more perplexing question than the dress of the bride. It is so long since there has been any departure, or much variation from the conventional costume of white satin and brocade, that it may be considered established, and not likely to be superseded, except by a return to plain corded silk or satin, for white it must be, and the occasion demands that it shall be handsome as means will admit of. The bridesmaids' dresses, however, while they admit of a little more latitude, and are not necessarily costly, make greater demands upon individual ingenuity and taste in order to present the new and picturesque features which give distinction and *éclat* to the event. In England it has become the fashion to have a little page as an attendant upon the bride, to carry her train. He is, of course, a younger brother, or nephew, and is always dressed in some quaint, fanciful style, perhaps reproducing in miniature the historical portrait of some distinguished ancestor.

The bridesmaids, too, are often, a part of them, children, and the costumes frequently copied from pictures, or Kate Greenaway's odd little women, are very attractive.

The bride at a recent wedding, for example, was followed to the altar by five children as bridesmaids, who wore bright red Surah, wide red sashes, old-fashioned lace ruffles at the neck and sleeves, and old-fashioned drawn bonnets fastened under the chin with a pearl and diamond pin, the gift of the bridegroom.

At another wedding the costumes of the six bridesmaids were of pale blue satin, covered with Madras muslin of mingled terra cotta and pale olive colors, and they wore headdresses *en suite*, designed after the cap in Millais's picture "Cherry Ripe," and carried bouquets, the gift of the bridegroom.

The daughter of an earl, recently married, was attended by a small page dressed in a Charles I. costume of ruby velvet, with slashings of ivory satin and ivory sash, ruby stockings, large lace collar, and ruby velvet cap. The bride was received by thirteen bridesmaids, who wore costumes of cream Surah and broché velvet, trimmed with cream lace and aprons of Surah silk, with lace pockets, large puffed sleeves, and long mittens, paste buckles, large mob caps, black shoes embroidered with silver, and black silk stockings, bouquets of Eucharist lilies at the throat and in the hand; each lady wore a crystal locket set in gold, the gift of the bridegroom.

The four bridesmaids (two of whom were children) of a less distinguished bride, wore cream-colored foulard, made with very full sleeves at the shoulder, and puffed to the elbow; large ruffs of cream-colored lace at the wrists and neck; the hats were of an old-fashioned shape, trimmed with cream lace and India muslin; a bouquet of natural Marshal Niel roses on the hats and shoulders completed these costumes, which were quite of the last century style.

At the marriage of Elizabeth, only daughter of James I., with Frederick, Prince Palatine, of Bohemia, 14th of February, 1613, so brilliant was

the appearance of the bridesmaids and attendants in their white robes, pearls, and diamonds, that the bride was said to have passed to the chapel along by the milky way.



SOLANA VISITE.

A STYLISH and novel adaptation of the "Mother Hubbard" pelisse, made of a very fine and light quality of black cashmere, lined with old-gold Surah, and trimmed with a rich fringe having strands of chenille intermixed with silk. It is shirred at the neck in the middle of the front and back, and at the waist line in the back, where it is tied with a bow of black satin ribbon. The sleeves are finished by a shirring and ruffles, and the neck with a ruching of lace tied in front with a bow of ribbon. The double illustration is shown among the separate fashions. Hat of coarse straw, with wide brim, a scarf of gold-colored figured Surah laid in soft folds around the crown and fastened with a gold-headed dagger in front, and a cluster of black ostrich tips fastened at the left side. Visite pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price twenty-five cents each.

Jabots and Neckties.



No. 1.—This beautiful *jabot* is made of pale rose pink *crêpe de Chine*, arranged in Renaissance style, with shirred ends trimmed with two rows of Smyrna lace, the upper row much narrower than the lower one, which it slightly overlaps. Price, with *crêpe* of any desired color, \$2.50.



No. 2.—An extremely pretty handkerchief *jabot*, composed of a silk handkerchief in white, crimson and dark blue plaid, shirred and disposed in soft graceful loops and ends. Price, with handkerchief of any desired color, \$1.75.



No. 3.—A dainty scarf of ivory-white mull, trimmed with Maltese lace. It is a quarter of a yard wide and measures one yard and three-quarters in length, and can be arranged in various graceful and becoming ways. It may be worn as a cravat by tying it in a large "Marquise" bow in front, or simply passed around the neck, with the ends fastened in at the belt. Price, \$2.



No. 4.—Loops of pale-blue satin ribbon are combined with a cluster of tea-rose buds and leaves to compose this pretty throat-knot or bouquet de corsage. Price, with ribbon of any desired color and flowers to suit the taste, \$1.25.

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. DEMAREST, 17 E. 14th St., inclosing fifteen cents.

"What to Wear,"

For the Spring and Summer of 1881, now ready 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.



VISITING COSTUME AND MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Visiting costume of prune-colored Surah and prune and old-gold *ciselé* velvet. The front and side gores of the underskirt are of the velvet brocaded in an intricate design, and slashed at intervals across the lower edge, disclosing a narrow plaiting of Surah. The collar, cuffs, and *plastron* are also of velvet, and the rest of the costume of the Surah. The paniers are trimmed with a rich fringe of silk, chenille, and *mordoré* beads, and the *plastron* is ornamented with painted pearl buttons. *Capote* of velvet and satin, with prune-colored satin strings lined with old-gold, and trimmed with gold lace on the edge. The design, which is also illustrated among the separate fashions, is the "Jessica" costume." Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—This illustrates a front view of the "Corinne" wrapper, made of fine white *batiste* worn over a slip of shell-pink silk. It is lavishly trimmed with *Mirrocourt* lace edging and insertion, disposed in ruffles around the bottom, and a full *jupon* up the front interspersed with loops and ends of shell-pink satin ribbon, ending in satin spikes. *Camail* of lace, edged with narrow lace ruffles. Breakfast cap of *Mirrocourt* lace and pink satin ribbon, arranged to fall in a full plaiting on the hair in front, and in deep cascades at the back. As a practical model for the light fabrics usually selected for *négligé* toilets, this design is without a rival. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



PAMÉLA BASQUE.

Paméla Basque.—The full drapery on the front, terminating in a large bow at the waist line, the shirrings on the front and back, and the wide turned-over collar, render this design especially becoming to slender figures. It is tight-fitting, the lining or foundation being a cuirass basque with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, and side forms in the back rounding to the armholes; and the outer parts of the front and back are drawn in to the figure by shirrings at the waist line, those in the front at the places usually occupied by the dart seams. It is appropriately made up in almost any goods excepting the heaviest, and is especially desirable for light summer fabrics. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



OLIVETTE POLONAISE.

Olivette Polonaise.—The distinctive characteristic of this design is displayed in the loose "pagoda" sleeves, turned back to form deep cuffs. The polonaise is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front and a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The design is adapted to any variety of dress goods, and may be simply or elaborately trimmed in accordance with the material selected and personal taste. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

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Mme. Demorest's

TWENTY-FIRST SEMI-ANNUAL

"What to Wear."

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1881.

128 LARGE OCTAVO PAGES, WITH 150 ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Now ready. Price 15 cents, mailed free. Address, Mme. DEMAREST, 17 East 14th St, New York.



MONTAGUE JACKET.

Montague Jacket.—Decidedly practical in design, this stylish jacket is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side of the front, side gores under the arms, and a "French" back. It is ornamented with large pockets, a modified "Carriek" collar, and cuffs to match. Cloth, or any of the goods usually selected for coats and jackets may be used in making up this design, and it is also appropriate for many suit goods. The "tailor" finish—rows of machine stitching—is most appropriate for woolen goods, and it may be made very effective by using a contrasting material for trimming, as illustrated. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



THÉO COSTUME.

Théo Costume.—Originality of design characterizes this stylish costume, which is arranged with a tight-fitting polonaise, cut with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back, and a gored skirt, covered in front and on the sides with horizontal shirrings. The polonaise is cut off on the front and side gores to about the depth of an ordinary cuirass basque, the required length being furnished by a plaited scarf drapery across the front; and the back is draped in an irregular but particularly graceful manner. A "Dauphin" collar and cuffs to correspond complete the design, which is suitable for any dress goods, being especially adapted to those which drape gracefully. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Spring Wraps, and Traveling Dresses.

The "Mother Hubbard" cloak seems to have "struck a vein," and acquired a vogue which was not at first anticipated for it. It has been made in silk, satin, and cashmere, for spring, and appears in miniature for summer, as a deep cape, or small visite, full at the throat, and drawn in at the waist. Mother Hubbard has become a sort of generic term in which is included all the wraps and street garments which are shirred at the neck, and whose sleeves are cut with the body of the garment, and drawn in at the wrist. They are distinguished from the "surplice" cloaks, which are made with a yoke, and are more like the Chinese tea-gowns. The long Mother Hubbard cloak is very handsome in black Spanish lace richly trimmed, but the small ones are especially suited to suits and costumes made complete in the same materials.

Jackets, whether in light or dark cloth, are usually made plain, that is untrimmed. A second collar is sometimes added of satin, light plush, or ribbed silk, with cuffs to match; but the majority are cut of medium length, and are finished with a facing and stitching, making them as inconspicuous as possible. These are used for service, for putting on at odd times, and are necessarily exposed to rough wear and contact, for which rich trimming and showy attempts at ornamentation are out of place. The desirable points about a jacket are the nicety of its cloth, its cut, fit, and neat finish.

More dressy garments are not medium in length;

they are very long or very short, and are very elegantly and profusely trimmed with lace, fringes, and passementerie of an enriched and elaborate description. This is true of all but the Pelerine cape or collar, which may be plain, and finished with a hood, or may be embroidered, or made of lace lined with a color, and finished with a deep ruffle of lace.

Charming little mantles are shown in light cloth, with hoods, untrimmed, but lined with crimson, or pale gold, or primrose. There are others which are trimmed with steel, or embroidered with silk, or fine silk cord and steel beads; the fringe also having a mixture of steel.

Steel trimmings look particularly well upon light cloth for the half season wraps and mantels, and are used also most effectively upon suits and bonnets of gray silk and satin.

Small black mantles and dolman visites are beautifully trimmed with the new Spanish lace, which is enriched with small silk buttons, and also with small crimped tassels which are pendant. The light and dainty effect is preferred by many ladies to the glitter of jet.

A method adopted by many ladies for driving in the country, and for a traveling costume, consists of a short, plain, gored skirt and jacket, of cloth, which may be put on over another dress, or worn without an under-dress if required. The skirt is buttoned on at the side, or at the back, under a box-plaiting, and the jacket is well furnished with pockets, inside and out. The jacket, of course, may be used any time as a useful addition to other costumes, and, instead of the jacket, some ladies have a longer coat, to be utilized for other purposes.

Embroidered Scarfs.

AMONG the summer wraps, the long scarf is revived in black cashmere, and *crêpe de chine*, both enriched with embroidery, and trimmed with fringe, with pretty netted heading. These dress scarfs were very fashionable thirty years ago, and their revival now emphasizes the return to so many of the fashions of that time: the close gatherings, or shirrings, as a trimming for dresses; the folded neckerchief of tulle or mull placed inside square-cut bodies; the frill and flowing sleeve, the short, ruffled skirt, and other details of costume. The scarf in black cashmere is turned over at the top, and therefore shows two rows of embroidery, and two fringed borders. The embroidery is executed by machine, and the scarfs are therefore not very expensive. The range in price for cashmere is from twelve to fifteen dollars; in *crêpe de chine* they would cost considerable.

Pearl Trimmings.

PEARL trimming is much used for white or pale colored dinner dresses. Some of the evening cloaks have it round the throat, and also white lace Marie Stuart hoods are bordered with large pearls, mounted on wire. As neck ornaments pearls are very popular, either in strings, or dotted over lace ruches or bands of insertion, also Honiton lace sprigs, sewn on to black velvet, and very small roses dropping from velvet or lace. Large flowers fastened into jabots of cream or black lace are also worn at the throat for afternoon teas, and are often perfumed.



JESSICA COSTUME.

"COQUETTE" VISITE.

Jessica Costume.—Singularly effective and novel in design, this stylish costume is composed of a polonaise draped at the front and sides in *paniers*, and cut off just below the waist at the back, supporting upon the basque thus formed, a very *bouffant* arrangement of the skirt, which is draped full upon the foundation of a plain gored skirt. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with narrow plaiting which is arranged upon the under side, while the front and sides of the underskirt fall over it, slashed at intervals, forming square tabs. The bodice is ornamented with a Dauphin collar and a *plastron*, and is tight fitting, with the

usual number of darts in front, one taken out under each arm forming the side gore, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The design is suitable for any variety of dress goods, and is especially adapted to a combination of materials. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

"Coquette" Visite.—Strikingly novel, and very coquettish in effect, this design furnishes a stylish model after which a very beautiful *demi-saison* wrap may be made. It is cut with loose *sacque* fronts; the upper part of the back arranged to fall like a blouse over the lower part, and cut

so as to form the outer parts of the wide Mandarin sleeves, while the lower part falls plainly to the same length as the fronts. It is shirred all around the neck, and fitted by shirring in the middle of the back. This design is suitable for all excepting the heaviest goods used for wraps, and is especially adapted to fabrics for *demi-saison* wear—silk, cashmere, *sicilienne*, *gros-de-Naples*, *satin de Lyon*, etc. It may be trimmed as illustrated, with ruffles of lace, or with fringe or any other garniture appropriate for the material selected. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Hints for Home Dressmakers.

WHEN you select a pattern for a spring suit, or jacket, or mantle, do not choose it with reference merely to its looking well as a picture in the plate which you may have before you, but consider it with reference to the person who is to wear the garment, and particularly with reference to the effect that it is desired to produce. Heretofore ladies who were slender have been desirous of adding to their apparent flesh, but of late years this is not always the case. "Lengthened sweetness" is now a mark of high fashion. Ladies who are so fortunate as to be tall and slender, emphasize it in every way by the cut and style and make of their clothing. The preponderance of the art and esthetic idea has something to do with this tendency. For this reason draperies continue to be preferred placed low on the skirt, and in flat or irregular folds. Drapery bunched up over the hips, or just below the waist, reduces the apparent height and increases the apparent bulk, though the actual amount of material put into the dress be no more in one case than the other.

In the same way, in cutting a jacket or coat with seam across the waist line, if it is sloped deeply down in front, so as to form a point, it will greatly diminish the apparent size of the hips and add to the slenderness of the figure, which is sometimes very desirable with large-framed ladies who are not particularly fleshy. There is less of a medium in fashion now than formerly, and in style, design, finish, ornament, and every detail of dress, things are very much one way or the opposite, and both are equally fashionable. For example, high-standing collars are added to coats and dresses, and are very becoming to ladies with long throats, especially when they are cut higher at the back than in front, and at the same time house dresses (the princess styles) are cut much lower, have only a large turn-down collar as a finish, over which falls a double circular ruffle of lace, or a ruffle which terminates in a *jabot* extending down the front. The richest trimmings and most striking effects co-exist with excessive plainness, so far as merely useful garments are concerned. Cloth jackets and cloth suits require only tailor stitching—no cords, no binding, no braiding. Dressy mantles, on the contrary, are made of the richest materials, exhibit the highest contrasts in color, and are trimmed most luxuriously. Pippings are out of date. Facings are placed on the inside of the cloth or silk edge of basques and jackets, and are often of a richer fabric than the dress itself. For example, cloth will be faced with satin and serge, or flannel with corded silk.

All dresses are made short that are not intended for very dressy purposes. Short dresses are made of all satin for afternoon visiting and receptions, and also of satin and brocade; or they are trimmed with rich embroideries arranged in showy single flowers or sprays, as crocheted ornaments were formerly.

There is the widest latitude in bodices, basques, and sleeves. Coat basques take the lead of the basque styles, but the cuirass is equally well worn, and the deep casaque, which is drawn smoothly over the hips and shirred up in front, from which it is draped away, is perhaps the most popular mode for washable materials and secondary toilets.

Of the belt waists, the "Surplice," gathered into the wide belt, is the most fashionable, although the round shirred bodice is newer and more suitable for those who are thin and narrow of shoulder.

Sleeves take in a wide range from the "Princess" coat and elbow sleeve to the "Mandarin," of which there is an example among our illustrations.

The bows are removable, and are not made of ribbon, but of doubled, changeable, Surah silk.

The "Pamela" basque is a good design for a combination of summer materials upon a slender figure. The shirred back and the full trimming in front adapt it to fabrics that are light but not stiff, such as foulards and "summer" silks.

The "Alexandra" toilet is a beautiful design for a handsome dress in rich black silk or satin, combined with figured grenadine. The design gives us a princess shape with a postillion basque at the back, and scarf draperies crossed upon the *tablier*, or upper part of the front of the skirt. The lower part displays the fine effect produced by the massing together of narrow shirrings above several small knife-plaited ruffles. The skirt is cut with a handsome demi-train; the back, draped, falls gracefully upon it in irregular lines. The bodice is outlined squarely in front with black Spanish lace, arranged *en cascade*; and the elbow sleeves are trimmed with ruffles to match. No prettier or more elegant toilet in black satin and grenadine could be devised. In ivory satin and grenadine this design would make an elegant bridal dress.

For a handsome walking costume in black grenadine, the "Celestine" walking skirt affords a pretty and graceful design. The underskirt of lining-silk is trimmed with narrow gathered or plaited ruffles, and over these the drapery is arranged in graceful and irregular fashion, one side being caught up high with cords and tassels, while the other falls in a succession of burnous plaits. The design would be a good one, also, for any of the fine woolen materials—nun's cloth, nun's veiling, bunting, foulard, or any of the light summer silks or figured satins. Soft, fine woolen fabrics and French bunting, are used this season in conjunction with silk or satin, the richer fabric being used for the ruffles and trimming, the wool for drapery.

Of garments for outdoor wear there are several which are new and seasonable. The first one to which we call attention is the pretty "Coquette" visite. It has the "Mother Hubbard" shirring at the neck, and is also shirred in at the waist, the shirring at the back being festooned with cords and tassels, which match the trimmings in front. The cut of this design is very novel, and gives the effect of a blouse which falls in a doubled fold upon the lower part of the visite. The wide sleeves and the edge of the garment show a rich bordering of Spanish lace dotted with tiny flat buttons. The "Solana" visite is longer, less dressy, and less adapted to a warm season, the sleeves and quantity of close gauging or shirring rendering it very warm unless made in lace or some very light material. It is very suitable, however, for a somewhat cool climate, and especially for a lady in the decline of her years; or it may be made in cashmere for a handsome wrap between seasons, the shape being distinguished, and not likely to go out very soon. The "Montague" is a good, plain, practical jacket, adapted to all useful purposes, and especially to those of a tourist. Dark Scotch tweed is a good material for it, and the second collar and cuffs may be of velvet, ribbed silk, *satin de Lyon*, or summer plush; perhaps the latter material may be considered the most dressy, as it is the newest applied to this purpose.

New Camel's Hair Cloths

SHOW solid colors, olives, and éceru and browns, combined with stripes into which most artistic shadings and colorings enter.

"Bayadere" stripes have reappeared, and walking dresses are draped at one side over skirts which show brilliant, all round lines, gay as a sunset or a gypsy upon the stage. It is not a fashion which can become permanent or very popular.

Solid Hose.

THE finest hosiery is exhibited in plain colors, such as the new blue-green, India red, the olive shades, heliotrope, pale pink, garnet, pearl, blue and brown. These are in thread clocked with silk, and also in solid silk.

Children's hose are hair-striped and in modest colors, not at all showy for every-day wear. Flaming red and yellow are reduced to the cheap counters, and are selling at quarter price.



Description of Cut Paper Pattern.

BRISTOL JACKET.

BUST MEASURE, 26 INCHES.—USUAL SIZE FOR 6 YEARS OF AGE.

HALF FITTING, cut with side gores under the arms and a "French" back, and finished with large pockets, a modified "Carrick" collar and cuffs to match, this stylish design is decidedly practical, and especially adapted to the wants of young girls. It may be made in almost any dress material, or in any of the goods usually selected for children's outer garments. The "tailor" finish—rows of machine stitching—as illustrated, is most appropriate for woolen goods, but it may be trimmed in any style suitable for the material selected.

Half of the pattern is given, consisting of ten pieces—front, side gore, back, two collars, two cuffs, two sides of the sleeve, and pocket.

Join the parts according to the notches. The side gore and back are to be joined in a seam only as far down as the extension on the side gore, and below this the extension is to be lapped over the back piece on the outside. The holes in the pocket match with those in the front and side gores. The collars are to be sewed to the neck according to the notches, and rolled over, but not pressed flat, the smallest collar to be placed outside the larger. The cuffs are to be sewed to the bottom of the sleeve according to the notches, and turned upward on the outside, the smallest cuff outside. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed at the shoulder seam.

Cut the fronts with the front edges lengthwise of the goods; cut the side gores and back pieces with the grain of the goods in an exact line with the waist line. Cut the collars exactly bias and without a seam in the middle of the back; the cuffs and pockets straight, and the sleeves so that the parts above the elbows shall be the straight way of the goods.

For this size, two yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or one yard of forty-eight inches wide will be required.

Patterns in sizes for from six to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

Misses' Costumes.

FIG. 1.—Plaid gingham dress for a young girl of sixteen. The design illustrated is the "Pilgrimage" costume, composed of a tight-fitting cuirass basque, and a plain gored skirt trimmed with gathered flounces. A short pelerine and hood lined with red satine completes the costume, all of which is cut on a perfect bias to give a better effect to the plaid. Hat of yellow lace straw, trimmed with crimson satin ribbon, disposed in loops upon the crown. This costume is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—This dainty little dress, of blue and white French percale, trimmed with lace ruffles, is made with a half-fitting polonaise opening over a shirred vest of white muslin, and a kilt-plaited skirt of percale. The polonaise is ornamented with large pockets, and a "Pierrot" collar, edged all around with Torchon lace. The design employed is the "Bella." Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price twenty cents each.

FIG. 3.—A simple and stylish costume made of plain and figured cotton satine. The underskirt is dark blue plain satine, and the polonaise of figured blue and white, ornamented with a sailor collar, box-plait in the middle of the front, and revers in the front and back of the plain blue. The model employed is the "Marthe" costume, which is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 4.—A pretty costume of cream-colored *voile de religieuse* made with a gored skirt, trimmed with three gathered flounces, each headed with a plaited scarf fastened at the sides with bows of the material, lined with pale blue satine. The waist is shirred all around the neck, and confined at the waist by a rather wide blue satin belt. The design is the "Fantine" costume, the double illustration of which will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price twenty-five cents each.

The "Cramm" Zephyr Ginghams.

This is the very latest design in ginghams, and its novelty as well as its beauty recommend it. It consists of a wide, pale stripe of pink or blue, which is half white, and alternates with another of equal width, into which the blue or pink, of which there is only a trace in the first stripe, has been crowded, "crammed" as it is called, or pressed until it has a solid appearance. Hair stripes of white, in clusters, border the color stripe, and divide it from the paler one. The design is very effective.

Violets and Primroses.

MANY of the new spring bonnets are trimmed with violets, so natural that they almost tempt one to believe they are real. Occasionally they are perfumed. The close princess shape is worn, and sometimes is covered with leaves, with the cap and curtain of violets. Primroses are also beginning to be popular, put into sapphire-blue and dark peacock-green bows. Neat little brown straw bonnets have brown satin strings and a band of pheasant's feathers. These are worn with the brown costumes.



Aprons.

THE pretty and dainty looking apron has been taken back into favor, and become quite a favorite addition to an indoor dress. To young ladies they add a spice of coquetry, to young married ladies a domestic charm that is very attractive. The prettiest are of white German linen, embroidered by hand in an artistic design; but they look well made of any delicate material and trimmed with lace.



PILGRIMAGE COSTUME.

Pilgrimage Costume.—Composed of a close-fitting cuirass basque, and plain gores skirt with gathered flounces, and completed by the addition of a short pelerine and capuchin hood, this stylish and practical costume is especially adapted for a young girl's street or traveling dress. The basque is fitted with one dart in each side of the front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. This design is suitable for all dress materials excepting the lightest qualities; and the pelerine and hood lined with contrasting material, the gathered flounces, and *cordelière* loosely knotted around the waist furnish all the trimming necessary to give the dress its distinctive character of a pilgrimage or traveling costume. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Novelties in Trimming.

THE openworked embroideries on material are revived, and used profusely on handsome summer dresses. They are no longer confined to the simple fabric, however, but combined with lace-like insertions set in the form of leaves, ovals, and the like. The outlines, too, are often followed in gold thread upon the delicate materials, or the outlining is done in a thick, cord-like stitch; and pretty designs in gold are traced in the spaces. The finest patterns are executed partly by machinery (which of course stamps out the design), and partly by hand, and the effect is very rich, as it ought to be, for it is very costly.

Embroidered muslin is in great vogue this season over a color which displays its beauty to great advantage. The early importations are all hand-work, and the range of prices in narrow width is from nine to twelve dollars per yard. In making them up over pink, heliotrope, and robin's egg blue silk, quantities of lace and ribbons are used, the ribbons in delicately shaded satin half a yard wide, being ten dollars per yard, so that a summer dress of this description would not be cheap.

The steel embroideries and combinations with dark blue and bronze green shades are very prominent, and put on in such masses as to make them astonishingly brilliant. A very rich dress of black satin de Lyon had the back of the waist covered with steel embroidery, which began narrow below the waist-line, and spread out as it ascended. The front of the skirt was ornamented in the same way,

and the overdress. A long marquise coat was decorated with a border of steel embroidery in slender pointed leaves, which were surmounted at the throat by a high collar, rolled over, and outstanding from the throat.

Very wide ribbons, satin on both sides, some shaded and some combined in two or more colors, are used with quantities of lace put on in very full cascades, which cross the front, form or border the flounces, and are massed in with the drapery. "Mirecourt" and Spanish lace are the favorites. "Mirecourt" is the finest and most perfect imitation lace that has ever been made; it is almost as lovely as real Mechlin, and very effective upon silk, and silk and muslin. The Spanish laces, too, both black and white, are improved in design, and are enriched with very fine handwork in the shape of minute silk buttons, headings, and tasseled ornamentation. The black is the favorite trimming for black grenadine, and the white for elegant light bonnets, and for neck trimmings, scarfs, and the like, as well as for light silk and satin evening dresses.

Bead trimmings are marvels of rich and delicate workmanship, as well as of color development. The designs are leaves, flowers, sprays, borders in vine patterns, and arabesque patterns which occupy the entire tablier, and finish off across the bottom with the most exquisite fringes, falling like many-colored spray upon full plaitings of delicate foam-like lace. These beaded fronts of rich dresses are only from three to five inches in width at the top, and form a close network down the center, which widens out into a rich design, and is inclosed again on either side by long stemmed starry flowers, conventionalized, but bending on their stalks, and most graceful in design and treatment.

AMBER shell combs are best liked in large balls.

PALE green, pink, and blue are used in combination.

VERY dark green and amethyst shades are fashionable for blondes.

THE small French capotes are marvels of audacious coloring and brilliant effects.

Summer Underwear.

ELEGANT underwear is now so commonly made of white or colored washing silk, and so exquisitely trimmed with masses of fine lace, that the inexperienced would never imagine for a moment that they were contemplating ordinary chemises and night-gowns. Of course, they cannot be worn for any great length of time, and only by the most delicately clean ladies, but they are lovely for persons of great refinement, whose habits preclude contact with the roughness of life.

For ordinary wear the majority, however, will continue to use cotton or linen from necessity, if not from choice; and as there is little that needs mention in the usual models for night-dress, chemise, or drawers, which have all been greatly improved of late years in shape and style, it may be as well to occupy the space allotted to a brief reminder of the "improved" underwear, which is particularly needful as warm weather approaches, and is gradually extending its clientele beyond the purely practical, and business class. One of the great points of the present style of dress is a well-defined waist, and perfect smoothness over the hips. This is almost impossible of attainment with the ordinary style of underwear. The garment must be shaped to the figure, and continue all the way down, in order to prevent a

wrinkling on the outside, and what ladies call "riding up," which so often comes from the loose gathers, and "fit where it touches," of the garments underneath.

We recommend young girls, especially, who make their own underwear, to select from the improved patterns; for the saving in the number of garments required is a great item, and will enable them to buy finer material and trim more elegantly.

The "Portfolio" of Fashions gives all the styles of improved underwear, and they are worth consideration, for the sake of elegance of form as well as comfort and utility.

Bonnets for Little Girls.

THE favorite bonnets for little girls are pokes or gypsies, which make them look like diminutive grandmothers. The smaller the girl, so long as she can walk, the larger the bonnet.

For ordinary wear the school "Derby," the straw "Sailor," the broad rough-and-ready, half turned up from the side, are the most popular.

"What to Wear."

LADIES should send for the spring and summer number of "What to Wear," a full description of whose interesting contents is given in this number. Price, 15 cents, postage free. Address, MME. DEMAREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York.



FANTINE COSTUME.

Fantine Costume.—An appearance of simplicity and grace is imparted to this pretty costume, by the full effect given to the waist by shirrings around the neck, which are finished with a gathered *ruche* at the throat. The waist is confined by a rather wide belt, and the front of the gores skirt is trimmed with three gathered flounces, each headed with a plaited scarf fastened at the sides under large bows. The lowest flounce extends all around the skirt, and the drapery at the back is trimmed with a narrow ruffle, and looped in a novel and particularly graceful manner. The design is adapted to almost any variety of dress goods, and may be trimmed as illustrated, or in any style to correspond with the material selected. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Children's Fashions.

THE designs for girls' clothing are so very pretty this season that mothers will have a real pleasure in making them up. Spring and summer provide us, too, with so many attractive and inexpensive fabrics that there is not the same difficulty in stocking the wardrobe of a family as in winter, when materials must be used of higher quality and more expensive manufacture, and when there is so much that is costly in the way of underwear to supply.

It is a good plan, however, to have one flannel suit for girls among the summer's outfit, and to provide boys with underdrawers with waist all cut in one, of twilled cotton or thin flannel, as a protection from changes and a saving to shirts and outer garments. Children, especially boys, are "hard" on clothes, and it is no use to make their lives a burden by constant complaints and scoldings. If they are naturally conscientious, they will do their best, and for the rest the fact had better be accepted and provided for as well and as easily as possible.

Our illustrations give a great variety of charming dresses and garments for girls, and if we pay more attention to them than to boys, it is because there is little change to chronicle in the dress of little boys, and beyond a certain age they are given over to the tailors, and their dress becomes as severe and unalterable as that of men.

The "Pilgrimage" costume and the "Fantine" costume for girls furnish models of leading styles, and abundant suggestion for those who are interested in making up spring and summer outfits, as well as for young ladies themselves who may wish to have a finger in their own pie. The "Fantine" is especially suited to the fine, thin woolen materials, foulard or summer silk, and requires a combination of trimming silk, or satin, and wool, or of plain silk with figured or brocaded satin. The plain material furnishes the shirred yoke waist, the sleeves, overskirt for the back, and ruffles for the front, the scarfs which form headings to the ruffles, the side-bows, and the straight gathered cuffs.

The "Pilgrimage" costume is complete for any purpose, and is simple, yet very pretty, and stylish. It may be made of plain wool, the hood lined with colored silk, or satin; it may be made in a fine checked or striped summer silk, the hood lined with a plain silk, but in a contrasting color, or it may be produced in checked or striped gingham, of lawn or cambric, and made to do duty as a summer church costume, at very trifling cost. The cord and tassels for the waist are not obligatory for washing materials, or even suitable, and instead of the hood a double cape may be substituted. The costume consists of a skirt trimmed with two flounces, a deep round basque, and the pelerine cape with hood. The cape is lined, also the hood; but as no elaborate trimming is required, the dress would be easily made, and very inexpensive. The hem of the flounces may be blind-stitched, or stitched with a sewing-machine, but they must be turned under, not over.

The "Marthe" costume is another charming costume for girls, readily adapted to different kinds and classes of materials, and very graceful in its arrangement. Simple as it is, it is complete in itself, and suitable for wear as a church, visiting, or excursion dress without addition of any kind. The costume consists of skirt and polonaise, the former trimmed with a flounce headed with ruching; the latter showing revers, a matelot collar, and band down the front, of a plain, contrasting material. This contrast forms an effective part of the design, and may harmonize with the skirt, or not, as preferred. If the ground of the material for the polonaise is the same in color as that of the plain material for the skirt, a contrast is allowable, har-

monizing with a predominant color, perhaps, in the mixed figure of the fabric. Some would prefer, however, that the whole dress should be of the same tone, and this is better, unless materials are rich, and the contrasting colors well harmonized with other items of the dress—such as hat, hose, and the like.

The "Flossie" dress is lovely for a little girl. It is a sacque shape, with deep Spanish flounce, and sash as heading. It may be made in wool or flannel, and embroidered, or in linen cambric, gingham, or lawn, and trimmed with needlework, or with Cash's embroideries, put on in flat bands, and also as ruffled edging.

The "Bella" dress consists of a long coat over a kilted skirt. The coat opens in front, over a shirred plastron, or chemisette, and comes together at the waist with a bow. Any summer material may be used for this dress, and the trimming be flat embroidery, instead of ruffles, if preferred; but for white washing goods—linen, washing foulard, and the like—the embroidered ruffings in white or colors are usually preferred.

A useful jacket will be found in the "Bristol," and a quaint addition to a little girl's street costume is the matelot hood, which is really a double sailor collar with revers turned back from the lining.



MARTHE COSTUME.

Marthe Costume.—A tight-fitting polonaise with a single dart in each side of the front, the side gore and side form cut in one piece for each side, and a seam down the middle of the back, is draped gracefully over a gored skirt trimmed with a box-plaited flounce to form this stylish costume. The polonaise is ornamented with a sailor collar, and a box-plait in the middle of the front added separately, and is turned back to form revers on the lower part of the front and back. This design is appropriate for any variety of dress goods, and can be trimmed to correspond with the material chosen. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



BELLA DRESS.

Bella Dress.—Combining a half fitting princess polonaise or long jacket opening over a shirred vest, with a kilt-plaited skirt, this charming dress is as practical as it is graceful. The polonaise has loose, sacque fronts, very much cut away, and the back is fitted with side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle. It is ornamented with large pockets and a "Pierrot" collar. This design is especially adapted to goods that may be laundered, but it is equally stylish in other materials, and may be trimmed as illustrated, with embroidery, or in any style to correspond with the fabric selected. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, twenty cents each.



FLOSSIE DRESS.

Flossie Dress.—This charming little dress is composed of a loose plaited sacque shape to which is added a deep Spanish flounce to give the required length; the joining being concealed by a full sash, which is shirred and fastened to the dress in front, and tied in a loose knot at the back. The design is adapted to any dress material suitable for young children, including goods that may be laundered—percale, gingham, linen etc. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.



Matelot Hood.—A stylish addition to a street dress or outer garment is illustrated in this design, representing a sailor collar trimmed with revers to simulate a capuchin hood. It may be made of material to match the costume or vestment, or different from either. Patterns in sizes for from four to ten years. Price, ten cents each.

"WHAT TO WEAR" for the Spring and Summer of 1881, is now ready. The price is only fifteen cents, postage paid. Address MME. DEMAREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York.

SPRING JACKETS for girls are long, and have hoods. The material is Scotch tweed, and the hood is lined with satin, brown, crimson, garnet, or blue green.



LADIES CLUB

"Miss M."—The Cincinnati School of Design gives free instruction to residents in drawing, water-color painting, China painting, wood-carving, designing, and sculpture. Non-residents are received when there are vacancies, at \$30 per term of nine months.

The Cincinnati Ladies' Art Museum Association has classes in drawing and water-color painting; the latter are taught by Mr. Muhrmann, late of this city.

Wood engraving is taught at the Cooper Institute, and we believe at no other art school in the country. Photo-engraving, which can be produced from a pen-and-ink sketch, with no washes, is to some extent superseding the slow and difficult process of wood-engraving.

"INQUISITIVE"—There is a sentiment in regard to rings which is superior to the etiquette of mourning. It is not customary to take off rings to which a sentiment is attached, particularly an engagement ring in the case of a widow, even if it is a gem ring. Rings are not subject to the same laws as apply to the wearing of indiscriminate-colored jewelry in mourning, and if they are not very gay, there is no reason why they should be set aside.

"Mrs. M. M."—Your Leghorn bonnet might probably be brightened up to advantage this year; but it would depend somewhat upon its condition. If the color is good, imitation Mechlin lace and pale-tinted roses would look well with the cream satin; if soiled at all, better get some red satin or brocade, and pale roses. You can buy the opaline beads at any trimming store in bunches; they would look very pretty sewn on in the way you describe, upon the lace cape. The cost is about \$1.25 per bunch. Make your blue linen lawn with ruffled skirt, and polonaise, shirred, draped away from the front, shirred at the back or the waist, and belted from the sides across the front. Do not use a red balayouse with a blue silk dress: it is not elegant or lady-like. Make your summer lawn short.

"MOLLIE."—The cost of the Magazines for the year would be \$2.50, for the cases for binding, \$1. We have a very few complete sets left.

"POLLY."—Your first step should be to find out your deficiencies. You will find plenty to tell you of your merits, so long as it does not cost them anything. Submit to the test of a good teacher, not a teacher of elocution but of acting. Voice must be developed and trained, intonation must be taught, mannerisms must be got rid of, and then how to govern and control the motions and limbs, so that crude and awkward gestures shall be avoided. All this is preliminary, and when all this has been got rid of or acquired, then take the smallest place you can get in some good stock company. Study hard, and work your way up.

"PETRONELLE."—Remove the doors of the cupboard in your front room, stain the shelves, or cover them, and use them for bits of china, and anything pretty in the way of ornamental jars you may have. Use plain cheese-cloth for curtains, and drape them with wine-colored ribbon. If you could manage a rug in front of your mantelpiece and improvised "cabinet," there is nothing to prevent your 12x12 room from looking very pretty. Dados are still used, but they are not obligatory, and if there is a pretty dark paper on the walls of your living-room, it had better perhaps remain as it is. Some pretty bar curtains of cretonne would be suitable for the windows, and this same material might be used to cushion and cover the rocking chair. A capital piece of furniture for this room would consist of a box window-seat, that is a box with a hinged lid, and an upright at one end which forms the back of the seat. It holds a vast number of things which need to be put away, and may be upholstered to look very handsome. Any carpenter can make it, and the whole cost need not be five dollars.

"Mrs. L. B. J."—We do not know of any book or periodical that gives the list of unclaimed property in England.

"O. A. N."—Your mamma should wear one of the small bonnets, not a hat: a bonnet set close to the head, but made full upon the brim; below which her hair would curl a little. White straw would be more becoming to her than black; and she should not wear shiny straws, or large, fancy patterns in anything, as that will detract from the refinement of her appearance. Thanks, we

should enjoy the ride amazingly, wagon and all, and will hold you to your word if we ever come to S. S.

"IGNORANT."—St. Louis is very warm in summer, and you had better save your black cashmere till fall, or, if you use it for spring, wear it as it is, and reserve the making over process till fall. The same is true of your peacock blue, which may be dressed up for wear on occasions with white tulle or lace; but will not be greatly needed after April until fall. But you would find a pretty striped gingham, a linen lawn, and a cheese-cloth most welcome; and if you should make them yourself, they need not cost fifteen dollars of your fifty. If you happen to have any black lace, or fringe, and passementerie, you can make a visite, or pretty mantelet for very little, and you would find it a most useful church and street garment. A light tweed or linen ulster is very convenient; and you should have a white straw bonnet for church and a black straw hat for the street or morning wear.

"C. F."—The prettiest way to make summer dresses for a little girl of two years, is in a shaped sacque, or Gabrielle style, with one dress, or two narrower ruffles round the bottom of the skirt. The variations and modifications are many; but these two forms, one a little less cut in than the other, and therefore more suitable for every day, and common materials, remain about the same.

In white, hair-striped satine, pique, nainsook, dimity and the like, trimmed with needle-work ruffles and bands are useful, because they all wash and wear nicely. Pretty ginghams in narrow clustered stripes are suitable for every day, and may be trimmed with Cash's colored embroideries, which not only match the colors, or form pretty contrasts, but wash, and wear with the goods; besides they can be used either flat or as ruffles. A light Mexico tweed, éceru with little touch of color in the interwoven threads, is the best material for sacque for cool days; or you might make a dark blue flannel dress, and trim it with white braid or embroidery; but do not let it be a solid or heavy trimming—a clustered braid in fine lines, or one that looks like fine embroidery is better. Her bonnet must be a poke, or gypsy straw, tied down with satin ribbons. Or, if you do not like that, a Normandy cottage bonnet of embroidered muslin, small dainty pattern, with soft lace, and white flower ruching for the face; but the first is the more quaint and fashionable.

"A. S. K."—The pelerine with hood is more suitable as the complement of an entire costume of one material, than a dressy independent garment. It might be made in black cashmere and the hood lined with satin, or in black lace and the hood lined with a color, and be very pretty, but it would hardly take the place of a more important outside garment; such, for example, as a handsome dolman visite. One of the most admired of the new styles is the "Zerah"; and this is a design that looks exceedingly well upon almost all figures. To wear with your satin de Lyon and embossed plush, it would be made of satin de Lyon, and trimmed with chenille and silk fringe, and buttoned, or beaded, passementerie. Or it may be trimmed with lace and a passementerie forming a heading, and fringe over the top of the lace. Lace upon the back and front may be arranged in shells, or as a cascade, and small pendant tassels or buttons sewn in between. The side-pieces form the sleeves, and these are shirred down by giving them a little more fullness at the top. They can be gathered in to the top of the arm-hole, and shirred a la "Mother Hubbard," and this also gives a surplice effect. The amount required is only four yards of silk or satin de Lyon. The "Zerah" makes up very prettily in figured black lace, lined with a color, or without; the back and front trimming formed of cascades of lace, and narrow black satin loops. This may be repeated as a heading to the lace ruffle at the bottom. Cost, of course, would depend upon quality of lace.

Stylish garments are either very short or very long. A costly little cape may serve as an elegant finish to a very handsome dress or costume, while the long Mother Hubbard pelisses and surplice cloaks are made of silk and lace, and are not only costly of themselves, but require an equally expensive toilet to complete a really distinguished *ensemble*. The medium garments, on the contrary, or rather the garments of medium length, are relegated to the region of usefulness, to the jackets, and cloth paletots, which add warmth, but are not required to be entirely protective like an ulster, or waterproof.

"A. M. J."—A bridal set can be obtained from \$10 up to \$50, and crystal fringe from one dollar per yard to five.

"Lucy."—The presence of dandruff in any quantity shows that the head is in a bad or disordered condition and the whole system more or less out of order. As a first measure, apply castor oil vigorously to the skin and roots, and let it stay in four or five hours; then have it well combed with a fine comb, and freed from all that it is possible to remove. Then wash the head with tepid water in which a teaspoonful of liquid ammonia has been put, and with white Castile soap; rinse, and dry thoroughly. Then rub into the skin of the head and roots of the hair some vaseline, and the next day wash this out with one part good bay rum, one part glycerine. If the head at this stage is not clean and in good condition, it is hopeless.

"EDITOR LADIES' CLUB:—Can any one tell me where the following lines may be found, and by whom they were written?"

"Nor shall I leave thee wholly; I shall be
An evening thought—a morning dream to thee;
A silence in thy life, when through the night,
The bell strikes, or the sun, with sinking light,
Smites all the empty windows. As there sprout
Daisies, and dimpling tufts of violets out
Among the grass where some corpse lies asleep,
So round thy life where I lie buried deep
A thousand little tender thoughts shall spring,
A thousand gentle memories wind and cling."
"And oblige CALLA LILY."

"TWO LITERARY LADIES."—In literary circles of the generation just passed away, there were not to be found two more admired women than the Misses Berry. Their evenings "at home" at 8 Curzon street, were so frequented by artists and literateurs, that it was customary for their servant to set a lamp over the door as a signal when there was room for more to enter. It was in their drawing-room that Lord Houghton said, "None were sad and few were dull, and each one said his best." Yet that they were not altogether satisfied or happy themselves, may be judged from the following epitaph, written by one of the sisters over the grave of the other:

"Beneath this stone is deposited
The dust of one whom,
Remarkable personal beauty,
Considerable superiority of intellect,
Singular quickness of the senses,
And the noblest endowment of the heart
Neither distinguished nor rendered happy.
She was admired and neglected,
Beloved and mistaken,
Respected and insignificant;
She endured years of a useless existence,
Of which the happiest moment was that
In which her spirit returned to the bosom
Of an Almighty and merciful Creator."
"MARY BERRY."

"RETIRED OFFICER."—Please inform me, if you can, whence comes, "He who fights, and runs away, may live to fight another day." "R. O."—Undoubtedly taken from an "Apology" for men who deserted General Braddock, when defeated by an ambuscade, published in an English newspaper, September, 1755. It begins:

"Ah! Braddock, why did you persuade
To stand and fight each recreant blade
That left thee in the wood?
They knew that those who ran away
Might live to fight another day,
But all must die that stood."

"DAISY D."—Make it short, by all means. The "Celestine" walking-skirt or "surplice," without the train, would be good models. The surplice might have side panels of some other white fabric, or arranged with shirring and cascade of lace. The bodice should be a basque at the back, and belted in front with ivory satin (wide). Use ivory satin ribbons, and be careful to get the ivory tint in muslin. Trim with fine imitation of Mechlin—or "Mirécourt lace. The sleeves should be a little full, shirred in at the top, and shirred into the ruffles below the elbow.

"CORAL."—The fashionable term now is "En ville," instead of "present," as formerly. Thanks for your good opinion.

"A. W."—Combine the light brocade with an éceru shade like that of the stripe. The long jabot would be too pronounced for the street; a smaller one at the throat would be perfectly proper and suitable. Yes, the jacket of black brocade, or armure silk, would look well with skirts mentioned.