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❖ A BITTER LESSON. ❖

BY ELLA WHEELER

HELEN and Sara Rivers, the village merchant's daughters at Berryville, sat out on the pleasant veranda one mild May afternoon.

Or rather Sara sat in a little rocker, sewing. She was making a dress for her baby brother. And Helen lounged in the hammock with a novel.

Suddenly Helen closed her book, and spoke. "Sadie dear," she began. "I want you to tease papa to let me go to the sea-shore with Mrs. Meridith next month, will you? I am just wild to go."

Sara hesitated before replying. Then she only said,

"I am sure I wish you *could* go, Helen."

"I thought you would favor it," Helen responded with a contented sigh as she rearranged herself in the hammock. "And if you use your influence with papa, I am sure he will let me go. He thinks you are so wise and sensible in all your ideas; and you are. And I shall need one or two new dresses. Mrs. Meridith wrote me yesterday that she was making up a delightful party, and of such nice, nice people,—just the element I would like. Oh, I *must* go, Sadie. I cannot spend the summer here. Berryville grows perfectly unbearable to me, with its little aims and petty gossips, and narrow ideas of life. I wish you were not going to make your home here. Can't you persuade Will to settle somewhere else?"

Sara's sweet face flushed a little.

"No," she said, "I shall not try. He has a fine opening as successor to Mr. Green; and no young lawyer could begin under better auspices, I think, than he will. Beside I shall be very glad to live near father and mother. I should feel sorry to go wholly away from them."

"Oh, of course," Helen replied a little abashed; "I knew that of course, but it seems too bad to be tied down to this little town all your life when there are so many larger places. But then you have always been here, and I don't suppose it seems to you as it does to me. I know I am spoiled for a quiet life, and I *must* go to the sea-shore. Sadie, try and make papa see that a great deal depends upon it! I shall meet so many people, you know—my kind of people who will all be of social benefit to me. And if I stay here year after year, and let these opportunities slip, I shall grow old, and rusty, and waste my life and my accomplishments, which certainly fit me for a different sphere."

"I know it dear," Sara answered quietly. "You are fitted for brilliant circles, and I am sure I want you to be happy. I will speak to papa to-night."

"Thank you, Sadie," replied Helen, with a cunning smile, and resumed her novel.

It never entered her mind for a moment that her sister might have plans of her own for the summer. "Sadie was such a homebody." Yet Sara had been thinking for some weeks that early in June she could go out into the country to her aunt's for a few weeks, for a rest and change, leaving Helen to assist her mother, and return in time to send her mother out for the remainder of the season. Helen had been with Mrs. Meridith in the city for two months during the winter; and Sadie had fancied she might be willing to stay at home through the summer.

But now that Helen had expressed her wish to go away, Sadie gave up her own plans. She would stay, and let her sister go—her brilliant, beautiful sister, who was meant to shine abroad, not to stay shut up in her village home.

The father was a little more difficult to reconcile.

"I meant you and your mother should both go away this summer," he said. "Helen was gone half the winter, and I thought it but fair that she should stay at home and let you go now."

"Mother can go all the same," Sara responded. "She could not go before the last of July any way. And I do not care at all about a change. I am perfectly well and happy, and will have enough to do to keep me from being lonely."

"So thought Helen if she would look about her a little instead of always thinking of herself," answered the father a little irritably. "I am losing all patience with her. The more I do for her the more she wants, and she is never happy, and never makes any one else so."

"But she is not in her element here at Berryville, papa," Sara hastened to say. "Think of her accomplishments, and her brilliancy; she is really unfitted for such a quiet place. She will be just in her element if she can go to the sea-shore."

"I don't think her education and accomplishments ought to unfit her for home," the father responded. "I sent her to school, and to the musical institution, thinking she would be an ornament to her home, and a comfort to her parents. But it seems to have been a great mistake. Still I suppose there will be precious little peace for me until I consent. You may tell her she can go."

Helen's delight was scarcely greater than her mother's when Sara announced the success of her mission. Mrs. Rivers was in some respects a very weak woman. She loved her children, it might truly be said, "not wisely,

but too well." A beauty, and something of a belle in her young days, she had in her domestic life, centered all her own personality and ambitions in her daughters. She was unselfish and self-sacrificing; and while this was repaid by devotion, and gratitude, and tenderness from Sara, her youngest daughter, it had reached a precisely opposite result in Helen. She had grown to take all this unselfishness and self-sacrifice as her rightful due, and to believe herself made of better and finer material than her mother or sister.

She was a handsome girl, and possessed of a quick, active mind. She had outstripped her classmates at the village high school, and her mother had at once suggested sending her away for further instructions. This the father was equally anxious to do, but he objected to the fashionable institution which the mother proposed—but at length yielded his consent. After three years Helen came home "finished," but begging for an additional year at a musical institute, which was given her. All this required a good deal of contriving and planning on the part of the mother and sister to accomplish. Mrs. Rivers wore her summer bonnet all winter, and made her old cloak do—and Sara denied herself many little knick-knacks, and turned her old dresses—that Helen might have every advantage, and be an honor to the family.

And at length Helen came home—a very brilliant young lady with all the "style" imaginable. And for a few weeks she was quite the rage in Berryville, and her beauty and her accomplishments were lauded to her heart's content, and her parents were indeed very proud and happy.

But, after a few weeks, she began to be an old story in Berryville, and the young people began to resent her airy superiority, and her unmistakable contempt for everything "countrified." She had accepted their attentions and admiration as a matter of course, and had made no least attempt to please them or win their regard. When they began to fall off, and leave her to herself, she set them down as "envious" and "boorish," and wondered how she had endured them as long as she had.

Then she grew restless and unhappy, and sighed for a "change." There was plenty to do in the pleasant home to keep her time well filled, but she did not do it. Mrs. Rivers and Sara did the family sewing, and Helen was very handy with her needle. But she "detested the work—it made her side ache," she said, and so they did not ask her help. There was a baby brother to look after, just the age to be always in mischief; but Helen declared she "had no knack with children, they made her so irritable," and very soon no one ever thought of asking her to look after baby, even for an hour. There was a fine piano, and an easel, and a box of paints, too; but she rarely touched the instrument after a few weeks. "It made her home-sick for the old college," she said; and her drawing and painting were entirely given up. She wandered about aimlessly—read novels, wrote letters, slept a great deal, and yawned over the "dullness" of Berryville.

When the winter came she begged to be

sent away for a visit to Mrs. Meridith. Mrs. Meridith was a fashionable lady whose niece had been in Helen's class at school. She came down once to see her niece, and seemed to take a deep interest in Helen. When she left she invited Helen to spend her next vacation with her, which she accordingly did, writing home to her parents a glowing account of the elegant home, and the gay scenes which she was enjoying to the utmost.

So the next winter Mrs. Meridith had written for her to come and spend the holidays with her. "My niece has married and gone," she wrote, "and I long for a young face in the house. Come, and who knows but you may carry off as great a prize as Bessie did; for, my dear, she has made *the* marriage of the season."

Mrs. Meridith was a worldly woman and a match-maker. She had admired Helen for her fine form and handsome features, and longed to "make a sensation" with her in fashionable circles.

So Helen went, and remained two months. She sent home for money two or three times. And Mrs. Meridith gave her an elegant ball-dress as a Christmas present. And she was quite the rage, as her hostess had predicted. And of course she had gone home more discontented than ever.

The mother and sister were both delighted to listen to her accounts of splendid times, and felt very proud of her; but the father could not refrain from asking, "What it all amounted to any way? If you were a millionaire's daughter in the city, and could keep it up," he said, "it would be one thing. But as it is, it seems to me all folly for you to sip from the fountain of wealth and luxury which you surely can never drink deeply from, and which will only serve to make you unhappy and discontented with a quiet life."

"Father doesn't understand," Helen said to Sara that night. "His ideas are all crude and old-fashioned. I should think he might see, that by allowing me to visit such people as Mrs. Meridith frequently, I may be enabled to do the very thing he says I *can not do*—viz., drink deeply from the golden fountain. Mrs. Meridith's niece was a poor girl when her aunt took her in hand, and now she is the wife of a rich Wall Street broker. If she had always remained in her country home, she would never have made such a marriage, of course."

So Helen went to the sea-shore; and she sent home bright, witty letters, full of fine descriptions of scenery, and of the people she met; letters which were read aloud in the family circle, and admired and laughed over; for Helen was a fine correspondent.

Once she said incidentally in one of her letters to Sara, "Mrs. Meridith's party has just received an addition in the person of Mr. McMahon, from San Francisco—a very wealthy bachelor. Mrs. Meridith tells me he owns stock in one of the most valuable gold mines in California."

After that, every letter contained some little reference to Mr. McMahon, whom Helen evidently saw a great deal of; and then came a letter to Mr. Rivers, saying "she had something to tell him when she came home, which she hoped he would be glad to hear; and

which would convince him that his kindness in allowing her to go to the sea-shore was not lost."

In September she came, bringing with her a formal letter to her father, from Mr. McMahon, who requested his daughter's hand in marriage.

"But who is this man?" queried Mr. Rivers, bluntly. "Who knows anything about him?"

"Why, Mrs. Meridith met him last summer at the sea-shore, first, and became acquainted with him. And of course when he came this summer, she asked him to join her party. I think she had my interests in her mind even then. He is very wealthy, and knows all those moneyed men out West, and uses his money like a prince. I am sure you will like him, papa. He is coming next week to see you, and receive your consent to our marriage, which he wants should take place at an early day."

Mrs. Rivers was beside herself with joy; and Sara seemed very much pleased at Helen's bright prospects.

"Only," she said to herself, "only I wish I were quite sure that Helen *loved* this man. It seems to me her heart is not much touched, only her pride is pleased, and her ambition gratified. But then I may be wrong, and she seems so happy. And it is just the life she ought to lead—the life he will give her."

When Mr. McMahon came, Sara was a little shocked to find him almost as old as her father, and quite as gray. But he was fine looking, and very elegantly dressed, and his manners were highly polished, his voice music itself. After he had been with them for a day or two, Sara could quite readily believe that Helen loved him.

"He is certainly a very fascinating man," she told her father, as they sat talking about him. "And though I did not quite like him at first, I feel almost a sisterly regard for him now. He seems very fond of Helen, and I have no doubt they will be happy."

"I hope so," sighed the father, "and it seems to be the only sort of life that Helen is fitted for. I wish I knew a little more about the man. He gives me the address of several prominent men in the West to write to, if I desire further information. And yet these men are all strangers to me, and I don't know as it would amount to much. I suppose Mrs. Meridith knew he was all right, or she would not have introduced him to Helen."

Mr. McMahon pleaded for an early wedding, and a quiet one. But Helen insisted on a display.

"I want all my friends here," she said, "for the ceremony, and a brief reception, and then we are to go into the city, and Mrs. Meridith is to give us a grand full-dress reception, for which she writes me she will issue cards to two or three hundred friends. A girl is only married once in a lifetime, you know, ordinarily," she added, with a carrying smile. "So *please* let me have it just as nice as I want it."

Mr. McMahon consented reluctantly. "I hate a display," he said, "especially at a wedding. Still, dear, have it your own way. Only don't delay it too long."

"The last of October is as soon as I can be ready, and as soon as Mrs. Meridith can make her preparations."

So Mr. McMahon went away, and tried to be content. But they all saw the plans were greatly to his distaste.

But Helen had no idea of yielding in this. She was secretly elated at the idea of having all of Berryville witness her brilliant fortunes—hateful Berryville that had been so envious of her. And then the grand reception at Mrs. Meridith's—why it was all like some story of a princess in fairy-land.

Little thought she gave to the work and worry and expense it all involved for her family. Did they not owe it to her, their handsome and bright child, who was to confer such an honor upon them, in this brilliant marriage?

So the preparations went on, and the whole village was on the *qui vive* of excitement. Helen made no effort to conceal her approaching marriage. She was glad to know that it was the subject of discussion at almost every tea-table in the village. She felt sure every girl in town was dying of envy.

She talked to her mother and sister constantly of the brilliant future that lay before her, and, in her bright dreams of days to come, she failed to notice the weariness of her mother's face, or the tired look her sisters often wore.

"I wish Helen spoke more of the *man* and less of his *money*," said Sara to her young lover, Will Walters, one evening as they sat talking together. "I fear she does not love him as she should the man she is to marry; but perhaps she will grow to care for him."

And so the days went by, and the eventful 31st of October came. It was a perfect day—soft, hazy Indian summer. The pleasant village home was thrown open, and was one bower of bloom. Guests filled it rapidly, and the bride was robed in her elegant white silk—a gift from Mrs. Meridith, and the giver's last of many gifts—a string of beautiful pearls circled her fair neck. All was in readiness, and the hour drew near, but the bridegroom did not come. Ten, fifteen minutes, half an hour, then an hour of dreadful, mortifying suspense. People began to say it was "queer;" and by the end of the second hour, many of the guests had gone home. In an agony of terror, Helen sat in her room, every nerve strained to its utmost tension. When the third hour had passed, a telegram came.

"Unavoidably detained," it said; "explanations will follow."

That was all. And no explanations followed—not from the groom.

The next day a letter came from Mrs. Meridith. It ran thus:

"My dear child, my heart is torn with grief and despair for you. Last evening all was in readiness—and the guests began to assemble, and still you had not come. I began to feel nervous, and troubled, and at length quite desperate, when Mr. Meridith took me aside and showed me an item in the evening paper which I had not before seen. I enclose it. Believe me deeply afflicted by your mortification, which I of course share to a great degree. I

dismissed the guests as well as I could, and shall hush the matter up to the best of my ability. I hope you will come and see me soon. Do not be too much affected by this blow—severe as it is."

The item enclosed was as follows:

"This morning quite a sensation was caused at the M—e st. R. R. Depot. Just as the train was about to depart, a dashing looking female boarded the rear car, evidently looking for some one. This some one proved to be no other than a well-known society lion here—Mr. McMahon, of San Francisco, who was to have been married this P.M.—and to whom a brilliant reception was to be tendered by a well-known society lady here this evening. But the untimely appearance of a former wife upon the scene at the eleventh hour has seriously upset these agreeable plans, and the would-be bridegroom departed on a western-bound train a few hours later with his former wife, looking none too happy."

This item, written with the usual heartlessness and levity which is the "item" reporter's only stock in trade, proved to be quite true.

Mr. McMahon was an adventurer, who had made a fortune by successful mining ventures in the West. He had left a wife in Kansas when he went to seek his fortunes; and being successful, and of a roving, adventurous nature, he had come East to enjoy his fortunes as a bachelor. One summer at the sea-shore had been so pleasant that he quite decided to come again. After years of a none too happy married life, he found it very pleasant to be lionized as a "rich bachelor."

He came again, with what results we know. Mrs. Meridith and Helen both wooed him. He devoted himself to Helen at first out of mere courtesy—then he grew attached to her. Daily association with a handsome, brilliant girl proved dangerous, and he resolved on a desperate move. He would marry her, and risk detection.

It was four years now since he had written to, or heard from, his wife. Possibly she was dead; he hoped so, for they had been very uncongenial.

If living, it was not likely she would ever find him. And he could, at least, count on a few years of happiness with this beautiful girl, who seemed to be so very much in love with him.

If necessary he could produce letters from friends in California, where he was supposed to be a bachelor.

So he reasoned, and so he planned. But nevertheless discovery overtook him at the eleventh hour, and Helen was saved.

Saved, but through what terrible humiliation, what agony, worse than death!

Of course the facts in the case were soon public property, and the affair was in everybody's mouth. Many were sympathetic; more were of the opinion that it "served her right." Helen had never tried to win friends, and had held her head very high. Of course the people she had snubbed were not sorry for her downfall.

Mrs. Rivers and Sadie seemed utterly crushed for a time; and Mr. Rivers looked years older.

"This is what comes from seeking after false gods," he said. "O my child, my poor child, what will become of her!" And white, stricken, despairing, Helen sat and echoed the cry, "What will become of me!"

She shut herself in her room, and saw no one, save her own family. The days were like years—each crueller than the last.

If she had loved the man as some women love she might have been ill—merrily ill, and suffering bodily, which is always a rest and relief to the mind.

But it was not wounded *love*; it was mortified pride and ambition, and the thought of a life-long disgrace which she had to contend with. Through the long terrible nights she lay awake, and thought with sickening terror of the curious and unsympathizing eyes she must meet, when she faced the world again; of the cruel things people were saying of her, and of the notoriety—the dreadful notoriety that would attach itself to her wherever she went; she the beauty and the belle, an object of curiosity to the common rabble.

"If I had not made it so public," she sobbed; "if I had not insisted on a grand display here, and in the city, it would not have been known by so many people. But now, *everybody* knows it, here and there—and go where I will it will follow me. Oh what shall I do with my miserable blighted life!"

And through the long dark hours of the night, and the longer, more dreadful hours of day—for the glaring daylight is always more pitiless than the tender night—she grew to analyze herself, and to know herself as she was. Alas, so few of us do, until some such hour comes, and the unwelcome knowledge is forced upon us!

"I have done with pleasure, happiness, brilliant scenes, and admiration," she said at last. "Wherever I should go now, this old stigma would follow me, and I should feel that glances I once thought were admiring were now curious. There is no hope of anything bright in my future. I have reached the summit of success and joy, and been cast down into the depths of despair. It is hard, cruelly hard, but I cannot help that now. The only thing left for me is to try and make other people as happy as I can. No great mission is open to me; I must begin in the little ways—the little vexing, trying cares, that Sadie bears so sweetly. I am not good or patient like her; but I suppose patience is a quality we can cultivate—not a gift. I will begin at once."

Great was the amazement of Mrs. Rivers an hour later, when Helen came out of her room neatly dressed, and said,

"You look tired, mother. Let me hold Robbie while you take a nap. Go and lie down on my bed; it is nice and quiet in there."

Mrs. Rivers was about to say she need not take the child, that Sadie would be at liberty soon, when Helen anticipated her.

"Let me have my way, mother—my *new* way, just as you always let me have my *old* way. I trust the results will be happier ones."

So the tired mother took the rest she sorely needed; and Helen gave her little stock of patience its first voluntary trial with the troublesome child. It was hard work, and the tears

fell, but she conquered, and hushed the child to sleep at last. Then she sought out Sadie.

"I want to help you sew, dear," she said. And Sara looked up, and understood, and gave her work to do.

That was the beginning—small indeed, but still a beginning. And as the days went by, the opportunities multiplied when Helen found her assistance a help and rest to her mother and sister; and she began to wonder how they had borne all the household and domestic burdens alone so long.

"I have been cruelly blind, cruelly selfish," she said, mentally; "but, God helping me, I will live a different life henceforth, hard and barren as it will be."

It was hard, but it was not barren. It was hard and weary work to take care of a troublesome baby hour after hour, to sit with bitter thoughts for company through long afternoons, and sew on plain garments; to restrain the irritable words, and impatient impulse. "But it is all there is left to me," she sighed; "unless I do these little common daily duties faithfully and well, my life will be like Dead Sea fruit." But by and by, when the baby grew to reach out its little hands and cry for her in preference to its mother even, and when Sara would say in family conclave, "Ask Helen, she has so much better taste than I;" and when the dear mother turned to her almost hourly for advice and counsel, Helen began to see that her labor was not wholly "barren," for it bore the fruit of love and appreciation already. Then, too, she felt her own heart expanding with new emotions. She had loved her family in a vague way always, as we naturally love those who take care of us. Now she loved with a new love; the tender, *protecting* affection we give to those we desire to shield and guard. She grew to watch her mother's face to see when the "tired" look came; and when her father came home at night, worried and vexed with his day's work, she opened the piano and played and sang to him an hour at a time, her own heart almost breaking with its bitter, silent burden meanwhile.

After she had once faced the terrible outer world, it was not so hard. People stared at her. She saw them whisper, and look, and smile, and go through all the torturing performances a mixed world does when a notorious or famous person is in their midst. To the famous it is frequently painful; to the notorious it is torture. Helen went home with every nerve unstrung, and the wound newly bleeding. But she went out again the next day and the next, and where of old she had given the people she met a haughty bow, she now gave a smile, or a pleasant word. It was wonderful how soon the current of public sentiment turned in her favor.

A cordial word, a pleasant greeting, a little interest shown in their well-being, was all that was needed to win many of the young people of Berryville for fast friends, ready to defend, instead of censure; ready to sympathize, instead of triumph, in her trouble. Before six months had gone by, Helen had ten friends where she had formerly had one. And life began to seem bright to her once more—brighter than she had supposed it possible.

She was young, she was fair, she was accomplished, and she had a pleasant home, and many friends. It seemed to her the home and friends she had newly found, and the knowledge that she was a comfort and help to her parents, and that she was loved and respected by the young people of the village, was balm to her wounded pride and affection.

So out of the old selfish, frivolous girl, grew a rare, sweet woman—a woman so loveable and so attractive from her thoughtful kindness and her unselfish interest in all who came in her way—that she became not only the pride of her family, but the pride of the village as well. And hers was a popularity far greater—far more gratifying than the old belleship ever had been.

Sadie married and moved into her own home, and two years, three years, went by. Then love—true love, came to Helen. A new railroad was to pass through Berryville; and the young surveyor met Helen, and mutual love seemed to follow as a natural sequence. It came like a shock almost to Helen, who had fancied her life drama ended with that old miserable affair. "He will hear of that old story and scorn me," she sobbed as, in the silent watches of the night, she acknowledged to herself that she felt an interest in this young surveyor she had never felt for any man in her life before.

Later, when he asked her to be his wife, she asked him, with flushing cheeks and drooping eyelids, if he had not heard the old scandal.

"Yes," he said; "I have heard it. And I have heard, too, of the beautiful life you have lived since then—the life of unselfish devotion to your family, and the blessing you have been to all your friends. I feel unworthy to be the suitor of one so rarely noble—but you can lift me to your height, dear, in the long glad years that lie before us, when each shall be a help to the other."

So the great joy of a happy reciprocated love came to Helen, to crown her life, and complete it.

Yet when she came to leave the old home for a new one, and the little village for the city once so longed for, she found deep sadness mingled with her happiness.

"After all," she said to herself, "there is no higher joy in life than that derived from doing the little vexing, trying duties of daily life faithfully and well; of ministering to the hourly comfort and pleasure of those near you; and this old home, and this once despised village where I taught myself this lesson through bitter tears, that through God's mercy have turned into gems of light now—are very dear to me; so dear it is very hard to go away and leave them, even with love to lead me!"

Helen is a happy wife and mother now, and an ornament to society as well. For her husband is a prosperous and rising man; and her accomplishments fit her for any circles. But the old lesson of unselfishness, learned in those dark days of sorrow, has never been forgotten; and it is that, rather than her beauty or brilliancy, that makes her so attractive to all who know her—an attractiveness that increases with the years, instead of diminishing as do simply personal charms.

Dreaming.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

HE sits in the gathering twilight,
In her well-worn rocking-chair,
With the snow of life's gray winter
In the meshes of her hair,
And dreams of her little children
Who left her long ago:
Listening for little footsteps
With the longing mothers know.

HE hears them coming, coming!
And her heart is all elate
At the patter of little footsteps,
Down by the garden gate.
The chatter of children's voices
Comes merrily to her ears,
And she cries, in her quivering treble,
"You are late, my little dears."

AND then they are here beside her,
As she had them long ago—
Susie, and Ben, and Mary,
Ruthie, and little Joe.
And her heart throbs with keen rapture
As each fond kiss is given;
And the night is filled with music,
Sweet as her dreams of heaven.

SUCH wonderful things as they tell her!
A nest in the apple-tree,
And the robin gave them a scolding
For climbing up to see.
A wee, white lamb in the pasture,
A wild rose up on the hill,
And, oh! such a great ripe strawberry
As Sue found, down by the mill!

HE listens to all their prattle,
Her heart a-brim with rest.
She is queen in a little kingdom,
Each child a royal guest.
Queen? 'Tis an empty title—
More than a queen is she—
Mother of young immortals
Who gather at her knee.

HE brings their welcome supper,
And they sit down at her feet,
Tired, and hungry, and happy,
And she laughs to see them eat.
Then she straightens the yellow tangles
With a mother's loving hand,
While she tells some wonderful story
Of the children's fairy-land.

WHEN the knots in the broken shoestrings
Are patiently untied,
And the children, in their nightgowns,
Kneel down at the dreamer's side.
Their voices are low and sleepy,
Ere their simple prayers are said,
And the good-night kiss is given
By each cosy little bed.

WHEN a quiet comes about her,
Solemn, and still, and deep;
And she says, in her dreamful fancies,
"The children are fast asleep!"
Yes; fast asleep, poor mother,
In their beds so low and green,
Where the daisies and clover blossom;
Each face and the sky between!

Discord.

BY HATTIE WHITNEY.

SHUCKS! ye wouldn't wear that thing, would ye now, Delphy?"

"I 'low to wear it fust chauce I git, Ephraim Pickles." The little wisp of a woman in a short tight dress and big blue apron looked very determined as she held by the collar a polonaise of the most flaming scarlet imaginable, and surveyed it through her spectacles. Her tall, awkward husband just in from the field surveyed it too, with his head half on one side and his eyes half shut. The old Brahma rooster going by the door, and evidently attracted by the vivid spot of color within, stopped to inspect it too; jumping upon the step he put his head inside the door, turning it from side to side, then threw it back, opened his bill as wide as possible, as if indulging in a spasm of laughter, and sent forth a loud, hoarse crow.

"The C-yapten's a-laughin' at ye," said Ephraim, as he picked up his pan of pumpkin seed and started to the field. Wise would it have been for the Captain to follow, instead of standing stock still, a mark for the arrows of Mrs. Pickles's wrath. She seized the broom and brandished it vigorously.

"You jist tote yourself off, you ole varmint," she cried, "stan'nin' an' crowin' there like a ole 'possum." The Captain, still standing in innocent wonder, exasperated her into hurling the broom toward him, whereat he sprang three feet straight up into the air with an astonished "Qu-aw-k!" then marched off around the corner.

The polonaise had been sent to Mrs. Pickles by a sister in the city whose taste in dress ran to brilliance of coloring, in part pay for the rolls of butter supplied by Mrs. Pickles, who had sent for the polonaise with a vague order to get something "kinder stylish an' takin'-like." She shared her sister's taste for bright colors in a more moderate degree, and though she might not have selected such a very striking article herself, now that she had it she was loath to hide its gorgeousness from the light of day and the admiration of Steepleville eyes.

Probably the Captain had forgotten all about the polonaise, the broom, and his own misdeed as he reveled in his noontide dust bath under the hot May sun. But Ephraim Pickles, leisurely patting the tops of the pumpkin hills smooth with the blade of the hoe, knew by the shrill and vicious tone of the tin dinner horn that Delphy had not forgotten the slights put that morning upon the scarlet polonaise.

But the bone of contention had not yet reached the acme of its reputation.

The bells of the little village church were ringing the next morning for Sabbath-school when Ephraim put his head in at the bedroom door where his wife was struggling with a mighty hair braid, which perversely refused to be arranged in orderly fashion, but with an utter disregard for propriety bristled up in a jauntily defiant manner, and kept slipping

backward and forward and sideways with every motion of Delphy's impatient head.

"Air ye a-goin' to wear that red thing, Delphy?" asked Ephraim.

"Yes, I *air*," answered his wife positively, gouging a big hairpin into the refractory braid, and pinning it fast in a state of hilarious one-sidedness.

"Then I ain't a-goin' with ye," said Ephraim, with his usual deliberate slowness.

"I kin go alone, I reckon," said Delphy, her neck looking suddenly very straight and her nose very stiff.

"Folks 'll take ye fer a big walkin' holly-hock," said Ephraim, as he shut the door. Never an idea of flinching from her purpose had Mrs. Pickles, as she buttoned on the red polonaise with steady fingers. But when she stepped out on the little buff portico as the bells were beginning to ring for church, and no Ephraim was to be seen, the thought that he really meant to let her go alone was a thorn that rankled sorely in her heart. "An' we ain't hed nary furs fer so long—not since the time his steers tramped up my piney-bed," she murmured, as she carefully concealed the door-key in its small hiding-place, a clump of grass pinks in the border. Perhaps the polonaise was much admired by the church members, but Ephraim spoiled Delphy's satisfaction effectually by casting half-amused, half-sheepish glances at it from across the aisle during the whole service, and further, by lingering after meeting to talk with the deacons until his wife was safely out of sight.

Dinner was attended that day by a crispness and shortness that belonged not to the pie-crust, and an acidity rivaling that of the pickled cucumbers. The Rev. Mr. Goodman's excellent sermon was not pondered over with the usual interest; and in the May dusk Ephraim smoked his pipe on the long back porch, while Delphy rocked in her split-bottomed chair on the front portico.

And still the apple of discord triumphed. . . . The ladies of Steepleville were getting up a fancy fair for the benefit of the church, and as the time drew near for the grand display the scarlet polonaise, that had lain in the bureau drawer like a smoldering fire, ready to flame up and kindle anew the fire of contention, was again discussed.

"Ye won't wear it *this* time, now will ye, honey?" asked Ephraim, as he watched the completion of an apple pie under Delphy's nimble fingers.

"Yes, I will," said Delphy. "I'd hev to ef I didn't want to. I ain't got nothin' else."

"Shucks!" said Ephraim with a puzzled look that cleared at a sudden idea, "ye could make something."

"I couldn't no *sich*," said Delphy, hanging up her rolling-pin. "I ain't got time to wink. An' here's Sallie a-sen'nin' fer me to come an' tell her what's the matter with the baby—says he takes spells of squallin' hisself black an' skeerin' her an' Johnny till their hair stans on eend. I'll hev to go over to-morrer, though I don't reckon it's nothin' more 'n nettlerash. I couldn't take nary stitch 'twixt this an' the festible 'f I wanted to."

"Don't ye 'low Miss Jinnins could make ye a polly—what ye call it?"

"Mussy! She's got as much sewin' on hand she wouldn't make as much as a night-cap—not fer nobody, makin' dresses for all them Steepleville girls!" Delphy's energetic voice soared up to a shrill pipe at this climax.

"We-el," spoke Ephraim slowly, "wouldn't nary one of the neighbors make ye one—not a nightcap, a polly—what ever 'tis?"

"My sakes! what an idy!" said Delphy, "they're every one as busy as the' kin be an' busier too a-sewin' fer the festible, an' wouldn't make me *nothin'*, let alone I ain't got nothin' to make an' don't want it no way 'cause I 'low to wear the red polonaise; an' Eph, it's jest naturally meanness in you not a-wantin' me to wear it."

Eph walked out of the kitchen rubbing his eyebrow meditatively.

"P'raps it's weekid," he said, "but I kaint help a-hatin' that red polly. Shucks! I kaint never remember the rest of it."

Toward the close of the next afternoon, Mrs. Pickles returned from her daughter's home.

"I knowed," she muttered, as she neared her own door, "wasn't nothin' the matter with that little limb only badness." She had come the back way through the orchard. The sitting-room window was open, and from within she heard the smothered exclamation—"Shucks!"

"What *kin* Eph be about?" she wondered. She took off her sunbonnet, tiptoed to the window, and peeped over the sill. Even then she could not immediately discover what Eph was about. There he was on the floor, on his hands and knees, looking like some kind of queer, gigantic bug, his face expressing the most exaggerated perplexity. A large piece of calico, half unrolled, was spread before him, and beside it lay the sheep-shears and an old polonaise of Delphy's, Eph glaring at them all in puzzled despair. At length he picked up the polonaise, and after eyeing all the seams intently, laid it upon the calico, and cautiously took up the shears, but paused irresolutely, scratching his nose with the points.

"Ef I knowed how in common sense this here mess of gathers an' wrinkles was cut, I could do it," he soliloquized. "I'd give a pretty to know whether they cut 'em *just*, or sew 'em into the calico an' *then* cut 'em." He laid down the shears and settled into his former position, still surveying the calico as if to find a solution to the mystery therein.

As for Delphy outside, she sat down upon an old flower-pot, wiping her suddenly tearful eyes upon the cape of her bonnet.

"Bless him," said she, "he's a-trying to cut me a polonaise, his own self! *He—him*, a-cuttin' me a polonaise! he's went an' bought the stuff too, an' me a-treatin' him like a dog. Lord forgive my weekidness, an' I won't never do it aguin. An' the Lord bless him. A-tryin' to cut me a polonaise! That beats me—an' with the sheep-shears!" After another burst of tears Delphy jumped up and ran in.

"Eph!" she cried, "honey, you kaint never cut it. Let it alone, an' I'll fine the time somehow. An' I won't *never* wear the red thing nor nothin' you don't want me to, the longest day I live. Oh, Eph, my sugar

love, to think you was a-tryin' to cut me a polonaise with the sheep-shears." And she ran into Eph's arms, he having risen to his feet, and cried against his butternut coat.

"Ye needn't to cry, honey," said Eph, patting her head. "I didn't cut it, so it ain't spiled—nor the sheep-shears ain't neither. But Delphy, chile"—and the twinkle of humor in his eyes changed to a kindly, serious look. "I've been kinder thinkin' maybe the Lord wouldn't like fer us to be quar'lin' so over nothin' at our time of life, 'stid of doin' what we could fer his glory."

"We won't do it no more," said Delphy.

And the next day she cut up the red polonaise to make twelve pincushions for the fancy fair, and thus it was no longer a bone of discord, but a blessing in disguise, into a dozen things of beauty, and probably joys forever—until moths and time shall take away their glory.

Margie's Rival.

BY ELSA KELMAR.

DO not think I could describe Blanche Herreshoff if I should try. To begin with, she defied all analysis and criticism. If it should occur to you, while studying her face, that the forehead was rather narrow at the top, that the mouth was too large and not well formed, and that the lustrous black eyes, though very beautiful, lacked depth of expression, before you had fairly made up your mind to these defects, she would toss her head, whereby a few stray crimps from the dark soft hair would drop gracefully over the forehead, shielding the phrenological defect, a radiant smile would light up her whole face, and the unpleasant lines about the mouth be lost, and her eyes would flash up at you with a power absolutely startling. Away would go your criticism to the four winds, and you would acknowledge, with the rest of the world, that Blanche Herreshoff was a beautiful creature.

I think I disliked her from the very first. It was the summer after Margie had finished school, and she had invited a number of her young friends to spend a few weeks at Woodlawn. The old homestead seemed quite rejuvenated with the element of joyous, young life infused into it. Blanche was the last to arrive. Margie called to me, as I was crossing the hall that morning, to come in the drawing-room and greet her friend.

I saw a tall, elegantly-dressed young lady standing by the table, languidly drawing off her gloves.

"Aunt Alice, this is my dear, dear Blanche, of whom you have heard so much," said Margie.

She received my cordial greeting and inquiries about her journey very sweetly. As I left the room and was on my way up stairs, I heard her say in quite a different tone of voice:

"How nice it is, Margie, to have an old maid aunt. I suppose she does lots for you."

How true and sweet sounded Margie's clear little laugh as she answered:

"Why, we never think of calling Aunt Alice 'an old maid.' She is just the best auntie in the whole world, and is not old at all."

"An old maid." Yes, that was what I was to all these young, happy girls. And yet it seemed such a little while ago that I too was young and fair, far prettier than Margie. They called me "pretty Alice Hunter" in all the country round. Lovers I had several, but none of them suited me save one, and he—well, we had a quarrel one day. We were both very proud. He accused me of flirting with Jack Weir, and repeated some foolish remark of mine that some one, who was fond of gossip, overheard and entirely misconstrued. I was very angry, and in my stubborn, overmastering pride would deign him no explanation, and so he went away believing that all my love for him was dead. For the first few months I was restless and anxious, hoping every day to receive some tidings of him. At last I read his marriage in an English newspaper. He had never forgiven me. After a while I became more quiet, and people thought I had ceased to care. When father and mother died, I came to live here with my only brother, James. His wife, sister Anne, was quite an invalid, and there were the two children, Frank and Margie, to look after, and I soon found enough to fill up the gap in my life, and take away the lonely feeling in a measure. I have learned, by entering into others' lives and hopes, to forget my own, and to be happy in a quiet, peaceful way. Yet, whenever I hear myself called "an old maid," it brings back my disappointed hope, and the old, bitter, keen regret.

It was very foolish for me to go over all this, standing there upon the stairs, and very foolish for me to care for Blanche Herreshoff's careless words. They hurt me nevertheless. I had a special interest in all young girls, a desire to come near to their hearts, and to watch over and save them from all such mistakes as had blighted my own life. I wanted to hold some other place in the regard of these dear school friends of Margie's besides that of her "old maid aunt." Before the summer was over, I really think they all came to have something of Margie's tender feeling for me—all but Blanche.

I necessarily had to be much with them. Sister Anne was obliged to spend a great part of the time in her own room, and I was installed head manager of everything. Margie had planned to have an equal number of ladies and gentlemen. Frank had invited two old college friends, and there was Royal Sterne, whose father's estate joined ours, and who was engaged to Margie, and Arthur Ellis, the minister's son, and Henry Gerrish, a young doctor just beginning practice in the village.

Royal Sterne, or Roy, as we always called him, had known Margie since she was a wee, tiny girl, and they had grown up together. He had been her little boy lover till he was old enough to play the part in earnest. Brother James and Roy's father were very old friends, and this new tie, which would bind them still closer, was hailed with great rejoicing on both sides.

They had been engaged two years at this

time, and were only waiting for Roy to establish himself in business before they were married. Margie had never seen any one who could in any way be compared to Roy. He was quite a hero in her eyes, the embodiment of all manly virtues and graces. And he—well I think he loved her very dearly, but it was not in his nature to idealize much. He was a good sensible fellow, broad-shouldered and stalwart. He had very fair features, merry, kindly blue eyes, blonde hair and mustache. Not a remarkable person in any way, but just the sort of a fellow whom every one likes; good-natured, jolly, kind-hearted, he would walk into your good graces before you had seriously given him a thought.

He seemed to make quite an impression upon Blanche Herreshoff the very first evening of their meeting. I remember distinctly how she looked that night. She wore a black grenadine dotted with yellow, and a deep yellow rose in her hair. Nothing could have suited her rich creamy complexion better. She certainly was very beautiful, and it was no wonder all the gentlemen were so fascinated with her. My nephew Frank alone seemed indifferent to her charms. He said he did not like her style, but I guessed there was another reason. Sweet little Amy Hazard held him captive heart and soul, and he had eyes for no one else.

Some one, I think it was Dr. Gerrish, asked Blanche to sing this first evening, but she declined with a pretty droop of her head, saying she was "so tired." A little while after Roy came in and wanted some music.

"You sing, do you not, Miss Herreshoff?" he said turning to her.

"Yes, Mr. Sterne, but I shall not do myself justice to-night for I am very tired. To please you, however, I will try," and she went to the piano and sang, in a rich contralto voice, a sad German love song. She possessed wonderful dramatic power, and threw her whole soul into her singing. Here, as well as in her *personnel*, she defied criticism. While listening to those tones of tender pleading, passionate love and despair, you could not think of the voice at all, for you would be held spell-bound to the end of the song.

Roy stood near the piano, and did not move his eyes once from her face while she was singing. She looked up at him with one of her flashing smiles at the close.

"Do you like that?" she asked.

"I cannot tell you what I think of it, but I am sure that I never heard any one really sing before to-night," he replied.

She blushed a little, and then turned to receive the thanks and praises of the rest of her audience. She took her place that night as queen among them, and wore her crown as regally as if she had been born to the purple. Margie was glad they all liked and admired Blanche so much, especially Roy, for she wanted them to be good friends.

As the pleasant summer days glided by, there were picnics in the woods, fishing expeditions, drives, walks, moonlight sails, croquet, charades, tableaux, and amusements of all sorts. In all their excursions, Roy seemed to be the especial escort of Blanche Herreshoff. Margie, who was a most unselfish creature,

was glad that he had taken it upon himself to entertain her, for she had been to Europe, and everywhere, and had so much attention it required more to please her, and who so well as Roy could do that? So Margie flitted round among her friends, promoting the pleasure of all, and giving her sunny companionship first to one and then another of her guests.

One night she came into my room before retiring, to have me brush her hair. It had been an old custom for her to come every night, and sit at my feet and have a nice confidential chat, while I brushed out her silky brown hair. The habit had been broken into somewhat since the company came, and I had missed our quiet evening talks. Margie used to say they rested her ever so much; that it was like putting off one by one "the cares that infest the day," and preparing for a night of peaceful slumber.

She came in this night looking pale and listless. They had all been up the river in a yacht, and had a clam-bake on the shore, in primitive fashion.

"I am tired to-night, auntie, and need a good brushing out," and she got her little cricket and sat down before me.

"Have you had a nice day?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, lovely—and they all enjoyed it so much. But I am dreadfully tired, and everything did not happen quite as I wished," and her voice faltered and a shade came over her sweet face.

I knew something had occurred to disturb her, but I did not like to ask a direct question, so I remained silent, smoothing out the long, soft tresses of hair.

"Do you know, Aunt Alice," she went on, "I haven't seen Roy alone for ever so long, not even for a moment. My time is all taken up with the others, and I don't have any chance to see him."

"That is one of the sacrifices a hostess has to make sometimes," I said, though secretly thinking that many little private interviews might be snatched now and then, if Roy had been as desirous of them as he ought. He was so preoccupied that he did not notice Margie's disengaged moments, nor did he seem to think it annoying that they should be so much apart.

"You must not think I am complaining of Roy, auntie," said she after a little while. "It is not his fault that we see so little of each other, and he is so good about helping to entertain. He takes the lead in everything, and is just the life of it all. But I shall be so glad after they are gone to have him to myself again. Now doesn't that sound fearfully selfish?" and she tried to laugh naturally.

Poor little tender heart, that would not complain, or tell its grief! Perhaps her trouble had not yet fully defined itself; it might be this was only the foreshadowing. We talked some time longer, and she related various incidents of the day. When she bade me good night her seriousness had returned. She put her arms around my neck, and with her face pressed close to mine whispered:

"I feel to-night as if some great trouble was coming to me. O auntie! will you pray that it may not come?"

"Yes, my darling child," I answered, while the tears ran down my cheeks.

The next noon, as I was hurrying through the garden with some roses to dress the dinner table with, some one called to me from the arbor, a cool, shady retreat where some of the young people were usually ensconced mornings. It was Dr. Gerrish, who lay stretched at full length upon the seat, a newspaper lying idle upon his knees, and his arms clasped beneath his head.

"Miss Alice, do you mind coming in a few minutes?" as I appeared in the doorway.

"Certainly not," I replied, "you look very comfortable here; but why did you not go out rowing with the rest?"

"It is too hot; besides I'm out of sorts," and he really looked as if he was vexed about something.

"You see, Miss Alice," he broke out vehemently. "I've stood this thing long enough, and it is going altogether too far. I've known Margie Hunter since she was a baby, and all these years till now all of us boys have had to stand back and let Roy Sterne go ahead. He would never let any of us come near her, or hardly speak to her. Now I say it is about the meanest thing I ever heard of, after appropriating her so long, to desert her for this flashy city belle, and a consummate flirt at that. I believe she deliberately set to work to get him away from Margie, just to try her power, and he like a great fool has fallen into the trap. I declare if he breaks faith with Margie, I believe I shall—I believe I could—kill him," and he sprang up and began striding back and forth, with an angry frown, and biting his mustache savagely.

"Dr. Gerrish!" I exclaimed, trembling with apprehension, "do you really think it is as bad as that?"

"Indeed it is every bit as bad, and others have noticed it, too. Yesterday, at the clam-bake, I doubt if he spoke three words to Margie the whole day. Coming home we were singing and having a nice time all together, except Roy and Miss Herreshoff, who were up in a corner by the mast talking in a low tone. I saw Margie glance uneasily toward them once or twice. At last Fred Harris (great blundering fellow) blurted out, "I say, Miss Herreshoff, why don't you come and sing? we need your voice to make our efforts thoroughly artistic." Then he turned to Margie, and said loud enough for them all to hear, "I should think you would be jealous pretty soon, Miss Hunter; it seems to be a regular thing now for those two to get off in a corner by themselves." I could have knocked him overboard, he had so little tact. Margie's face turned red, then pale, and she actually quivered all over. I came to her rescue and made some light remark, and then started another song. When we landed I walked up to the house, and she seemed all tired out and dejected. I have not thought before that she realized how much she was being neglected for Miss Herreshoff, but she does now, beyond a doubt."

"My poor, poor child! What can we do to save her from this?" I cried.

"I'll tell you what I would do," he said emphatically. "Pack Miss Herreshoff back where she came from, and give Roy a chance to come

to his senses. If he doesn't do it, he isn't the fellow I think he is; that is all I can say."

"Hush, I hear voices; they are coming back. I must think it over before I can decide what can be done," and I hurried into the house before they saw me.

There was a horseback ride planned for the afternoon, to some lovely falls six or seven miles distant. I was to go in the carriage with Amy Hazard, who was too timid to ride, and Frank was to drive us. Blanche made quite a time at first, as she had never been used to riding horseback. Margie gave up her own pet horse to her, and took a hired one from the stable herself, and Roy promised to take a leading-rein if she should really feel afraid to ride alone. Just before starting, as Margie stood buttoning her gloves, I heard her say to Roy, who, for a wonder, was standing beside her:

"I wish you would ride with me this afternoon, Roy; I am not used to this horse, you know;" and there was a pleading look in her beautiful hazel eyes as she lifted them up to his face.

"I can't, Margie; I promised to look out for Blanche—Miss Herreshoff, I mean. You know she is not used to riding at all, and she will probably want the leading-rein. You will get on all right, the horse looks gentle enough. Are you ready?" he said, and put out his hand carelessly to assist her to mount. In an instant she was in the saddle, gathering up the reins with slightly flushed face and compressed lips.

"You do not feel afraid, Margie?" he asked, a little conscience stricken.

"I am not in the least afraid, now," she answered in a sad, proud tone; then rode forward with Dr. Gerrish.

It was a lovely afternoon, and a lovely drive to the falls, but my heart was too heavy, and too full of foreboding to feel the beauty around me. The rest of the party seemed to enjoy it, and Margie, especially, was very gay and bright. I fretted considerably about her horse, for he was such a powerful animal, and seemed rather restive. On our way home we had barely crossed a long railroad bridge, when the train came whizzing by, and the great "iron horse" must needs give one of his most agonizing shrieks. Margie's horse was terrified at the noise and began to run. She lost all control of him, and away he went faster and faster. We were perfectly frantic for a moment. Roy began to unfasten the leading-rein from Blanche's horse, but she seized his hand and clung to it in terror, imploring him not to leave her alone, for she would fall, she knew she would, and be killed. The other gentlemen had started after Margie, the ladies staying near the carriage. Dr. Gerrish was ahead and gaining fast upon her; one more plunge forward and he could have grasped her bridle, when the saddle-girth broke and she was thrown, the horse galloping off in the distance. We all saw her fall, and saw him dismount and kneel beside her. Was she fearfully hurt? was she killed? was all we could think as we hurried forward with blanched, frightened faces.

She was lying white and still upon the grass at the side of the road. A low moan occa-

sionally escaped her lips; otherwise she seemed to be unconscious.

"She has dislocated her left shoulder," said Dr. Gerrish, as soon as I got out of the carriage. Then, with a steady, searching gaze, he said to me, "If I can set it at once, it will save her a great deal of unnecessary pain and trouble. Miss Alice, you and Frank will stay and help me—the rest of you had better walk off down the road."

They had all dismounted by this time, and were standing around Margie with pitiful, anxious looks.

"Let me stay and help, too," said Roy, coming up close to me. He seemed to demand it as his right, but before I had time to say anything, Dr. Gerrish answered in a cold, decisive voice:

"I insist upon your not remaining. Your attendance will be needed elsewhere. We can dispense with your services here."

He turned, with a hurt look in his face, and walked away with the others.

Dr. Gerrish worked very quickly, as well as skillfully. We did what he told us. A few moments and it was all over. Margie uttered one sharp cry of anguish and then fainted.

We carried her home as carefully as we could in the carriage, Dr. Gerrish supporting her all the way. She was very brave and patient, and when her father met us, at the gate, she actually laughed as she told him what had happened.

"I only tumbled off my horse, papa," she said. "You needn't feel badly one bit, for Dr. Gerrish has fixed me all right again."

I undressed her and put her to bed at once, and she soon got quiet and comfortable, but she followed me with a wistful look as I moved about the room, putting things to rights. Once I asked, "What is it, dear?" and she answered, with a little sigh, "Nothing now, auntie; to-morrow will do."

Later in the evening I took up some gruel, and found her still wide awake.

"I can't sleep," she said. "Would you mind getting some paper and writing a message to Roy for me? I shall feel better when it is done." Although she spoke quietly, there was a proud decision in her tone which surprised me.

"You must not be astonished at the message, Aunt Alice. I have thought it all over, and it is for the best. I cannot talk about it now, but please just write these words;" and she closed her eyes and I wrote:

"DEAR ROY: I forgive you for everything, and hope you will be happy with Blanche. There is no need of any explanation, for it would only give us both pain, and could not aiter anything. I think you will understand me. I do not think you could help it, and I release you. Farewell, forever.

"MARGIE."

"That is all; now I can sleep."

I bent over and kissed her good-night, then went out and sat upon the stairs and cried, in the dark. It was all so hopeless and sad. After a while I went down and called Roy from the parlor, where they were all assembled, planning their departures. It had been decided that they should all leave the next day, for Margie would have to have several weeks of

perfect quiet and careful nursing before she would be well again. It was a sudden and sad breaking up of the happy party, but it was better that they should go. I gave Roy the note, which he read by the hall lamp. Crushing it in his hand, he said hoarsely:

"Come out here a moment; I must tell you something," and he seized my hand and drew me out upon the piazza.

"I suppose you all think me despicable, and you are not far from right, but do not believe that I deliberately went to work to transfer my affections from Margie to—some one else. I felt so sure of my love for her that I dared too much. Before I realized it I was completely fascinated, and I found that I loved Blanche instead of Margie. We have been too much like brother and sister. What can I do? If you knew the desperate conflict I have been in the last two weeks you would have some pity for me," and he buried his face in his hands.

"But what did you intend to do, if it had not been for this?" and I touched the crumpled note he still held.

"I intended to wait till all the company had gone, and then tell Margie the whole truth, from beginning to end, and await her merciful judgment."

I was somewhat touched by this, for it showed he had some idea of honor left. But he would not have to make his confession now; Margie had saved him that.

"Can I see her?" he asked.

"No; she is too weak. Besides, it would do no good. I will take any message," I said.

"I have no message to send," he replied bitterly. "I will write to her in a few days, when she is stronger, and tell her all that is in my heart. You might tell her that, if you will."

The next morning there was considerable bustle in the getting off. The girls went in, one by one, to kiss Margie good-by, and tell her how grieved they were over her accident. They little knew that the injured shoulder was the least of her suffering. I felt quite relieved when the last carriage-load drove away. Roy went too. Frank said he had gone home with Blanche Herreshoff. She lived in Baltimore, I believe.

Margie had a long letter from Roy in a few days, in which he told her all that he did me, and much more besides. She seemed to be satisfied with his explanations, and would not hear one word of blame from any of us. We gradually ceased to talk of him, till at last one would think that he had never held a place in our hearts, so rarely was his name mentioned. We heard in the fall of his engagement to Blanche.

Our little girl's strength came back very slowly. All the long wintry days she was weak, weary, and listless. Dr. Gerrish was quite discouraged about her. Early in the spring Frank and Amy were married, and after many and prolonged entreaties they persuaded Margie and I to accompany them upon a six months' trip in Europe. We all thought it was the one thing which might rouse Margie from the apathy into which she had fallen. Complete change of scene and air and new interests might work the cure which love, care, and medicine had failed to do.

We had been over about three months, when one day—we were in London at the time—Frank came in excitedly and threw a New York paper into my lap.

"What do you suppose is in that?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," I said.

"Blanche Herreshoff's marriage to a millionaire, old Hartlepool, a widower, and twice her age."

"Why, Frank! can it be true?" I exclaimed. "What do you suppose was the matter with Roy and Blanche?"

"Matter! He didn't have money enough to suit her majesty, and when she got a chance at Hartlepool with his millions she threw him over, and it serves him right."

"Does Margie know?" I asked.

"No, and I would not tell her, if I were you. He will probably come posting over here, and she will be just silly enough to make it all up with him."

Nevertheless, I did tell Margie that very night, and I am glad I did, else his sudden appearance might have startled her. It was only a few days after we heard the news that one morning Margie and I went to Westminster Abbey, to spend an hour or two by ourselves in the "Poets' Corner." We had been there before with Frank, but somehow men are always in such a hurry at places like that, considering it a waste of time to indulge in any sentiment or romantic feeling.

We had been there some time, when suddenly, on looking down one of the aisles, I beheld a familiar figure hurrying toward us. Before I had time to warn Margie of his coming, Roy Sterne was kneeling on the marble step beside her, and clasping both her hands in his with tears in his eyes.

"I have come 'way over the water to entreat forgiveness, dearest Margie," he said. "I do not deserve it, I know; but if you will give me a chance to win back your love, let me try to gain what once was mine, you shall never, never repent it. I know now what I threw away. Yet, Margie, in the depths of my heart my love had never changed to you. Oh, my darling, will you try me once more?"

Margie's face shone radiant through her tears, and I knew what her answer would be. I had sufficient presence of mind to suggest returning to the hotel, as that was not a place for a scene. I never quite understood how Roy knew where to find us. I suspect, however that he saw Frank at the hotel, and in spite of that young gentleman's professed hostility, obtained information from him of our whereabouts. Anyway, it all came out right. Roy and Margie had a long talk in our private parlor, and he did not spare or excuse himself in the least. I doubt if I could have forgiven as much to any man, yet, when I remember how much my pride once cost me, I rejoice that Margie was able to do differently.

Roy stayed with us the rest of our time abroad, and came home with us. We brought Margie back plump, healthy, and prettier than ever, but whether it was the traveling or Roy's influence, we could not say. They are to be married very soon now, and I feel quite safe in giving Margie up to him, for he has learned a lesson he will never, never forget.

Kith and Kin.

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

(Continued from page 310.)

CHAPTER XX.

"MY COUSIN JUDITH!"

BERNARD did not return to Scar Foot that night. He had left word with Mrs. Aveson that he might not do so. He remained all night at Mr. Whaley's, at Yoresett, discussing business matters with him. Judith, after her return, sat up-stairs with her mother, and wondered what made her feel so wretched—what caused the sensation of fierce desolation in her heart. Mrs. Conisbrough was quickly recovering, and had begun to chat, though scarcely cheerfully. Her conversation was hardly of a bracing or inspiring nature, and the blow dealt by the old man's will was still felt almost in its full force. Likewise, she was a woman much given to wondering what was to become of them all.

But she no longer raged against Aglionby, and Judith did not know whether to be relieved or uneasy at the change.

On Tuesday morning Dr. Lowther called, and pronounced Mrs. Conisbrough quite fit to go home on the following day, as arranged; he added, that she might go down-stairs that day if she chose. Judith trembled lest she should decide to do so, but she did not. She either could not, or would not, face Bernard Aglionby, and, in him, her fate. So Judith said to herself, trying to find reasons for her mother's conduct, and striving too, to still the fears which had sprung up in her own breast, to take no heed of the sickening qualms of terror which had attacked her at intervals ever since she had seen her mother on the morning of the reading of the will—her expression, and the sudden failing of her voice; her cowering down; the shudder with which she had shrunk away from Bernard's direct gaze. That incident had marked the first stage of her terrors; the second had been reached when her mother had opened her eyes, and spoken her incoherent words about "Bernarda," and what Bernarda had said. The third and worst phase of her secret fear had been entered upon when Aglionby had solemnly assured her that, save his grandfather, he had never possessed a rich relation, on either father's or mother's side. She had pondered upon it all till her heart was sick. She saw the deep flush which overspread Mrs. Conisbrough's face, every time that Bernard's name was mentioned, and her own desire to "depart hence and be no more seen" grew stronger every hour. Late in the afternoon of Tuesday, Mrs. Conisbrough, tired of even pretending to listen to the book which Judith had been reading to her, advised the latter to take a walk, adding that she wished to be alone, and thought she could go to sleep if she were left. Judith complied. She put on her hat and went out into the garden. Once there, the recollection came to her mind that to-morrow she was leaving Scar Foot—that

after to-morrow it would not be possible for her to return here; she took counsel with herself, and advised herself to take her farewell now, and once for all, of the dear familiar things which must henceforth be strange to her. Fate was kind, in so far as it allowed her to part on friendly terms from Bernard Aglionby, but that was all she could expect. If, for the future, she were enabled to stay somewhere in shelter and obscurity, and to keep silence, what more could be wanted? "By me, and such as me, nothing," she said inwardly, and with some bitterness.

In addition to this feeling, she was wearied of the house, of the solitude, and the confinement. Despite her grief and her foreboding, she being, if not "a perfect woman," at least a "nobly planned" one, felt strength and vigor in every limb, and a desire for exercise and expansion, which would not let her rest. She wandered all round the old garden, gathered a spray from the now flowerless "rose without thorns," which flourished in one corner of it, sat for a minute or two in the alcove, and gazed at the prospect on the other side with a mournful satisfaction, and then, finding that it was still early, wandered down to the lake side, to the little landing-place, where the boat with the grass-green sides, and with the name "Delphine" painted on it, was moored.

"I should like a last row on the lake, dearly," thought Judith, and quickly enough followed the other thought, "and why not?" So thought, so decided. She went to the little shed where the oars were kept, seized a pair, and sprang into the boat, unchained it from its moorings, and with a strong, practised stroke or two, was soon in deep water. It gave her a sensation of joy, to be once more here, on the bosom of this sweet and glistening Shennamere. She pulled slowly, and with many pauses; stopping every now and then to let her boat float, and to enjoy the exquisite panorama of hills surrounding the lake, and of the long, low front of Scar Foot, in its gardens. A mist rushed across her eyes and a sob rose to her throat as she beheld it.

"Ah!" thought Judith, "and this is what will keep rising up in my memory at all times, and in all seasons, good or bad. Well, it *must* be, I suppose. Shennamere, good-bye!"

She had rowed all across the lake, a mile, perhaps, and was almost at the opposite shore, beneath the village of Busk. There was a gorgeous October sunset, flaming all across the heavens, and casting over everything a weird, beautiful light and glamor, and at the same time the dusk was creeping on, as it does in October, following quickly on the skirts of the sunset.

She skirted along by the shore, thinking, "I must turn back," and feeling strangely unwilling to do so. She looked at the grassy fringe at the edge of the lake, which in summer was always a waste of the fair yellow iris; one of the sweetest flowers that blows, to her thinking and to mine. She heard the twittering of some ousels, and other water birds. She heard the shrill voice of a young woman on the road, singing a song. She raised her eyes to look for the young woman, wondering whether it were any acquaintance

of hers, and before her glance had time to wander far enough, it rested, astonished, upon the figure of Bernard Aglionby; whose presence on that road, and on foot, was a mystery to her, since his way to Scar Foot lay on the other side of the lake.

But he was standing there, had stopped in his walk, evidently, so that she knew not from which direction he came, and was now lifting his hat to her.

"Good afternoon!" cried Judith quickly, and surprised to feel her cheeks grow hot.

"Good afternoon," he responded, coming down to the water's edge, and looking, as usual, very earnest.

"You are not rowing about here all alone?" he added, in some astonishment.

This question called up a smile to Judith's face, and she asked, leaning on her oars:

"And why not, pray?"

"It is dangerous. And you are alone, and a lady."

Judith laughed outright. "Shennamere dangerous! That shows how little you know about it. I have rowed up and down it since I was a child; indeed, any child could do it."

"Could it? I wish you would let me try, then."

"Would you like it, really?" asked Judith, in some surprise.

"There is nothing I should like better, if you will let me."

"Then see! I will row up to the shore, and you can get in and pull me back if you will, for I begin to feel my arms tired. It is some time since I have rowed, now."

This was easily managed. He took her place, and she took the tiller-cords, sitting opposite to him. It was not until after this arrangement had been made, and they were rowing back in a leisurely manner, toward Scar Foot, that Judith began to feel a little wonder as to how it had all happened—how Bernard came to be in the boat with her, rowing her home. He was very quiet, she noticed, almost subdued, and he looked somewhat tired. His eyes rested upon her every now and then with a speculative, half-absent expression, and he was silent till at last she said:

"How came you on the Lancashire road, Mr. Aglionby, and on foot? I thought you would be driving back from Yoresett."

"I did drive as far as the top of the hill above the bridge, and then I got out to walk round this way. You must know that I find a pleasure which I cannot express in simply wandering about here, and looking at the views. It is perfectly delightful. But I might say, how came you to be at this side of the lake, alone and at sunset?"

"That is nothing surprising, for me. We are leaving to-morrow, after which we shall have done with Scar Foot for ever. I have been bidding good-bye to it all. The house, the garden, the lake, everything."

That "everything" came out with an energy which smacked of anything but resignation pure and simple.

"Bidding good-bye? Ah, I must have seemed a bold, insolent intruder, at such a moment. I wonder you condescended to speak to me. I wonder you did not instantly

turn away, and row back again with all speed. Instead of which—I am here with you."

Judith did not reply, though their eyes met, and her lips parted. It was a jest, but a jest which she found it impossible to answer. Aglionby also perhaps judged it best to say nothing more. Yet both hearts swelled. Though they maintained silence, both felt that there was more to be said. Both knew, as they glided on in the sharp evening air, in the weird light of the sunset, that this was not the end: other things had yet to happen. Some of the sunset glow had already faded, perhaps it had sunk with its warmth and fire into their hearts, which were hot; the sky had taken a more pallid hue. At the foot of the lake, Addlebrough rose, bleak and forbidding; Judith leaned back, and looked at it, and saw how cold it was, but while she knew the chilliness of it, she was all the time intensely, feverishly conscious of Aglionby's proximity to herself. Now and again, for a second at a time, her eyes were drawn irresistibly to his figure. How rapidly had her feelings toward him been modified! On the first day she had seen him he had struck her as an enthusiastic provincial politician: he had been no more a real person to her than if she had never seen him. Next she had beheld him walking behind Mr. Whaley into the parlor at Scar Foot; had seen the cool, uncompromising curve of his lips, the proud, cold glance in his eyes. Then, he had suddenly become the master, the possessor, wielding power undisputed and indisputable over what she had always considered her own, not graspingly, but from habit and association. She had for some time feared and distrusted his hardness, but gradually yet quickly those feelings had changed, till now, without understanding how, she had got to feel a deep admiration for, and delight in his dark, keen face; full of strength, full of resolution and pride; it was all softened at the present moment, and to her there seemed a beauty not to be described in its sombre tints, and in the outline, expressive of such decision and firmness, a firmness which had just now lost the old sneering vivacity of eye and lip.

It all seemed too unstable to be believed in. Would it ever end? Gliding onward, to the accompaniment of a rhythmic splash of the oars, and ripple of the water, with the mountains apparently floatingly receding from before them, while the boat darted onward. A month ago, this young man had been an obscure salesman in an Irkford warehouse, and she, Judith Conisbrough, had been the supposed co-heiress, with her sisters, of all John Aglionby's lands and money: now the obscure salesman was in full possession of both the lands and the money, while from her, being poor, had been taken even that she had, and more had yet to go. She felt no resentment toward Aglionby, absolutely none: for herself she experienced a dull sensation of pain; a shrinking from the years to come of loneliness, neglect, and struggle. She pictured the future, as she glided on in the present. He, as soon as he had settled things to his pleasure, would get married to that tall, fair girl with whom she had seen him. They would live at Scar Foot, or wherever else it list them

to live; they would be happy with one another; would rejoice in their possessions, and enjoy life side by side:—while she—bah! she impatiently told herself—of what use to repine about it? That only made one look foolish. It was so, and that was all about it. The sins of the fathers should be relentlessly and unsparingly visited upon the children. He—her present companion, had said so, and she attached an altogether unreasonable importance to his words. He had held that creed in the days of his adversity and poverty, that creed of "no forgiveness." If it had supported him, why not her also? True, he was a man, and she was a woman, and all men, save the most unhappy and unfortunate of all, were taught and expected to work. She had only been forced to wait. Perhaps, if he had not had to work, and been compelled to forget himself and his wrongs in toil, he might have proved a harder adversary now than he was.

The boat glided alongside the landing-place. He sprang up, jumped upon the boards, and handed her out.

"It is nearly dark," he observed, and his voice, though low, was deep and full, as a voice is wont to be when deep thoughts or real emotion has lately stirred the mind. "We will send out to have the things put away." He walked beside her up the grassy path, as silent as she was, and her heart was full. Was it not for the last time? As he held the wicket open for her, and then followed her up the garden, he said:

"Miss Conisbrough, I have a favor to ask of you."

"A favor, what is it?"

"Only a trifle," said Aglionby. "It is, that you will sing me a song to-night—one particular song."

"Sing you a song!" ejaculated Judith, amazed. And the request, considering the terms on which they stood, was certainly a calm one.

"Yes, the song I overheard you singing on Sunday night, 'Godeu Abend, Gode Nacht!' I want to hear it again."

They now stood in the porch, and as Judith hesitated, and looked at him, she found his eyes bent upon her face, as if he waited, less for a reply than for compliance with his request—or demand—she knew not which it was. She conquered her surprise; tried to think she felt it to be a matter of entire indifference, and said, "I will sing it, if you like."

"I do like, very much. And when will you sing it?" he asked, pausing at the foot of the stairs. Judith had ascended a step or two.

"Oh, when Mrs. Aveson calls me down to supper," she answered slowly, her surprise not yet overcome.

"Thank you. You are very indulgent, and I assure you I feel proportionately grateful," said Aglionby, with a smile which, Judith knew not how to interpret. She said not a word, but left him at the foot of the stairs, with an odd little thrill shooting through her, as she thought:

"I was not wrong. He does delight to be the master—and perhaps I ought to have resisted—though I don't know why. One might

easily obey that kind of master—but what does it all matter? After to-morrow afternoon, all this will be at an end."

Aglionby turned into the parlor, as she went up-stairs; the smile lingering still on his lips. All the day, off and on, the scene had haunted him in imagination—Judith seated at the piano, singing, he standing somewhere near her, listening to that one particular song. All day, too, he had kept telling himself that, all things considered, it would hardly do to ask her to sing it; that it would look very like impertinence if he did; would be presuming on his position; would want some more accomplished tactician than he was, to make the request come easily and naturally.

Yet the thought, as he stood by the window, whether he had done it easily or not, it had been done. He had asked her, and she had consented. What else would she do for him, he wondered, if he asked her. Then came a poignant, regretful wish that he had asked her for something else. In reflecting upon the little scene which was just over, he felt a keen, pungent pleasure, as he remembered her look of surprise, and seemed to see how she gradually yielded to him, with a certain unbending of her dignity, which he found indescribably and perilously fascinating.

"I wish I had asked her for something else!" he muttered. "Why, had I not my wits about me? A triumph song! Such a little thing! I am glad I made her understand that it was a trifle. I should like to see her look if I asked her a real favor. I should like to see how she took it. Something that it would cost her something to grant—something the granting of which argued that she looked with favor upon one. Would she do it? By Jove, if her pride were tamed to it, and she did it at last, it would be worth a man's while to go on his knees for it, whatever it was."

He stood by the window, frowning over what seemed to him his own obtuseness, till at last a gleam of pleasure flitted across his face.

"I have it!" he said within himself, with a triumphant smile. "I will make her promise. She will not like it, she will chafe under it, but she shall promise. The greatest favor she could confer upon me, would be to receive a favor from me—and she shall. Then she can never look upon me as 'nobody' again."

He rang for lights, and pulled out a bundle of papers which Mr. Whaley had given to him to look over, but, on trying to study them, he found that he could not conjure up the slightest interest in them; that they were, on the contrary, most distasteful to him. He opened the window at last, and leaned out, saying to himself, as he flung the papers upon the table:

"If she knew what was before her, she would not come down. But she has promised, and heaven forbid that I should forewarn and forearm her."

The night was fine; moonless, but starlight. He went outside, lit his pipe, and paced about. He had been learning from Mr. Whaley what a goodly heritage he had entered upon. He was beginning to understand

how he stood, and what advantages and privileges were to be his. All the time that he condescended them over, the face of Judith Conisbrough seemed to accompany them, and a sense of how unjustly she had been treated, above all others, burnt in his mind. Before he went to Irkford, before he did anything else, this question must be settled. It should be settled to-night, between him and her. He meant first to make her astonished, to see her put on her air of quizzical surprise at his embarrassed requests, and then he meant her to submit, for her mother's and sisters' sake, and, incidentally, for his pleasure.

It was an agreeable picture; one, too, of a kind that was new to him. He did not realize its significance for himself. He only knew that the pleasure of conquest was great when the obstacle to be conquered was strong and beautiful.

He was roused from these schemes and plans by the sound of some chords struck on the piano, and he quickly went into the house. Judith had seated herself at the piano: she had resumed her usual calmness of mien, and turned to him, as he entered.

"I thought this would summon you, Mr. Aglionby. You seem fond of music."

"Music has been fond of me, and a kind friend to me, always," said he. "I see you have no lights. Shall I ring for candles?"

"No, thank you. I have no music with me. All that I sing must be sung from memory, and the firelight will be enough for that."

She did not at once sing the song he had asked for, but played one or two fragments first; then struck the preluding chords and sang it.

"I like that song better than anything I ever heard," said he emphatically, after she had finished it.

"I like it, too," said Judith. "Mrs. Malle-son gave it me, or I should never have become possessed of such a song. Do you know Mrs. Malle-son?" she added.

"No. Who is she?"

"The wife of the vicar of Stauniforth. I hope he will call upon you, but of course he is sure to do so. And you will meet them out. I advise you to make a friend of Mrs. Malle-son, if you can."

"I suppose," observed Bernard, "that most, or all, of the people who knew my grandfather, will call upon me, and ask me to their houses?"

"Of course."

"How odd that seems, doesn't it? If I had not, by an accident, become master here—if I had remained in my delightful warehouse at Irkford, none of these people would have known of my existence, or if they had they would have taken no notice of me. Not that I consider it any injustice," he added quickly; "because I hold that unless you prove yourself in some way noticeable, either by being very rich, or very clever, or very handsome, or very something, you have no right whatever to complain of neglect—none at all. Why should people notice you?"

"Just so; only you know, there is this to be said on the other side. If all these people had known as well as possible who you were,

and where you lived, and all about you, they would still have taken no notice of you while you were in that position. I don't want to disparage them. I am sure some of them are very good, kind-hearted people. I am only speaking from experience."

"And you are right enough. You are not going?" he added, seeing that she rose.

"Supper is not ready yet."

"Thank you. I do not want any supper. And it is not very early."

"Then, if you will go, I must say now what I wanted to say. You need not leave me this instant, need you? I really have something to say to you, if you will listen to me."

Judith paused, looked at him, and sat down again.

"I am in no hurry," said she; "what do you wish to say to me?"

"You said this afternoon, that you had gone to say good bye to Scar Foot, to the lake—to everything; that after you left here to-day you would have 'done with' Scar Foot. It would no longer be anything to you. You meant, I suppose, that you would never visit it again. Why should that be so?"

They were seated, Judith on the music-stool, on which she had turned round when they began to talk, and he leaning forward on a chair just opposite to her. Close to them was the broad hearth, with its bright fire and sparkling blazes, lighting up the two faces very distinctly. He was looking very earnestly at her, and he asked the question in a manner which showed that he intended to have an answer. It was not wanting. She replied, almost without a pause:

"Well, you see, we cannot possibly come here now, as we were accustomed to do in my uncle's time, just when we chose; to ramble about for an hour or two, take a meal with him, and then go home again, or, if he asked us, to spend a few days here: it would not do."

"But you need not be debarred from ever coming to the place, just because you cannot do exactly as you used to do."

She was silent, with a look of some pain and perplexity—not the dignified surprise he had expected to see. But the subject was, or rather it had grown, very near to Bernard's heart. He was determined to argue the question out.

"Is it because Scar Foot has become mine, because I could turn you out if I liked, and because you are too proud to have anything to do with me?" he asked, coolly and deliberately.

Judith looked up, shocked.

"What a horrible idea! What could have put such a thought into your head?"

"Your elaborate ceremonial of everlasting farewell, this afternoon, I think," he answered, and went on boldly, though he saw her raise her head somewhat indignantly. "Do listen to me, Miss Conisbrough; I know that in your opinion I must be a most unwelcome interloper. But I think you will believe me when I say that I have nothing but kindly feelings toward you; that I would give a good deal—even sacrifice a good deal—to be on kindly terms with Mrs. Conisbrough and you, and your family. I wish to be just, to repair my grandfather's injustice. You know, as we

discovered the other night, we are relations. What I want to ask is, will you not meet me half way? You will not hold aloof—I beg you will not! You will help me to conciliate Mrs. Conisbrough, to repair, in some degree, the injustice which has been done her. I am sure you will. I count securely upon you," he added, looking full into her face, "for you are so utterly outside all petty motives of spite or resentment. You could not act upon a feeling of pique or offence, I am sure."

She was breathing quickly; her fingers locked in one another; her face a little averted and flushed, as he could see, by something more than the firelight.

"You have far too good an opinion of me," she said, in a low tone; you are mistaken about me. I *try* to forget such considerations, but, I assure you, I am not what you take me for. I am soured, I believe, and embittered by many things which have conspired to make my life rather a lonely one."

"How little you know yourself!" said Bernard. "If I had time, I should laugh at you. But I want you to listen to me, and seriously to consider my proposal. Will you not help me in this plan? You said at first, you know, that you would not oppose it. Now I want you to promise your co-operation."

"In other words," said Judith quietly, "you want me to persuade mamma to accept, as a gift from you, some of the money which she had expected to have, but which, as is very evident, my uncle was, at the last, determined she should not have."

Aglionby smiled. He liked the opposition, and had every intention of conquering it.

"That is the way in which you prefer to put it, I suppose," he said. "I do not see why you should, I am sure. You did not use such expressions about it the other night, and, at any rate, I have your promise. But I fear you think the suggestion an impertinent one. How am I to convince you that nothing could be further from my thoughts than impertinence?"

"I never thought it was impertinent," answered Judith, and if her voice was calm her heart was not. Not only had she not thought him impertinent, but she was strangely distressed and disturbed at his imagining she had thought him so.

"I thought," she went on, "that it was very kind, very generous."

"I would rather you took it as being simply just. But, at any rate, you will give me your assistance, for I know that without it I shall never succeed in getting Mrs. Conisbrough's consent to my wishes."

He spoke urgently. Judith was moved—distressed, he saw.

"I know I gave you a kind of promise," she began, slowly.

"A kind of promise! Your words were, 'I shall not oppose it.' Can you deny it?"

"No, those were my words. But I had had no time to think about it then. I have done so since. I have looked at it in every possible light, with the sincere desire to comply with your wish, and all I can say is, that I must ask you to release me from my promise."

"Not unless you tell me why," said he, in a deep tone of something like anger.

"I cannot tell you why," said Judith, her own full tones vibrating and growing somewhat faint. "I can only ask you to believe me when I say that it would indeed be best in every way if, after we leave your house, you cease to take any notice of us. If we meet casually, either in society, or in any other way, there is no reason why we should not be friendly. But it must end there. It is best that it should do so. And do not try to help my mother in the way you proposed. I—I cannot give any assistance in the matter, if you do."

This was not the kind of opposition which Aglionby had bargained for. For a few moments he was silent, a black frown settling on his brow, but far indeed from having given up the game. Nothing had ever before aroused in him such an ardent desire to prevail. He was thinking about his answer; wondering what it would be best for him to say, when Judith, who perhaps had misunderstood his silence, resumed in a low, regretful voice:

"To spend money which had come from you—to partake of comforts which your generosity had procured, would be impossible—to me, at any rate. It would scorch me, I feel."

Again a momentary silence. Then the storm broke.

"You have such a loathing for me, you hate me so bitterly and so implacably that you can sit there, and say this to me, with the utmost indifference," with passionate grief in his voice; grief and anger blended in a way that cut her to the quick. And so changed was he, all in a moment, that she was startled, and almost terrified.

"What!" she faltered, "have I said something wrong? I, hate you! Heaven forbid! It would be myself that I should hate, because——"

"Because you had touched something that was defiled by coming from me. Because it had been mine!"

"Thank God that it is yours!" said Judith, suddenly, and in a stronger tone. "It is the one consolation that I have in the matter. When I think how very near it was to being ours, and that we might have had it and used it, I feel as if I had escaped but little short of a miracle, from——"

She stopped suddenly.

"I do not understand you."

"Do not try. Put me down as an ill-disposed virago. I feel like one sometimes. And yet I would have you believe that I appreciate your motives—it is out of no ill-feeling——"

"It is useless to tell me that," he broke in, in uncontrollable agitation. "I see that you have contained your wrath until this evening; you have nourished a bitter grudge against me, and you feel that the time has come for you to discharge your debt. You have succeeded. You wished to humiliate me, and you have done so most thoroughly, and as I never was humiliated before. Understand—if you find any gratification in it—that I am wounded and mortified to the quick. I had hoped that by stooping—by using every means in my power to please you—I should succeed in conciliating you and yours. I wished to put an end to this

horrible discord and division, to do that which was right, and without doing which, I can never enjoy the heritage that has fallen to me. No, never! and you—have led me on—have given me your promise, and now you withdraw it. You know your power, and that it is useless for me to appeal to Mrs. Conisbrough, if you do not allow her to hear me, and——"

"You accuse me strangely," she began, in a trembling voice, forgetting that she had desired him to look upon her as a virago, and appalled by the storm she had aroused, and yet, feeling a strange, thrilling delight in it, and a kind of reckless desire to abandon herself to its fury. Even while she raised her voice in opposition to it, she hoped it would not instantly be lulled. There was something more attractive in it than in the commonplace civilities of an unbroken and meaningless politeness. She had her half-conscious wish gratified to the utmost, for he went on:

"Strangely, how strangely? I thought women were by nature fitted to promote peace. I thought that you, of all others, would encourage harmony and kindness. I appealed to you, because I knew your will was stronger than that of your mother. It only needs your counsel and influence to make her see things as I wish her to see them. And you thrust me capriciously aside—your manner, your actions, all tell me to retire with the plunder I have got, and to gloat over it alone. You stand aside in scorn. You prefer poverty, and I believe you would prefer starvation, to extending a hand to one whom you consider a robber and an upstart——"

"You are wrong, you are wrong!" she exclaimed vehemently, and almost wildly, clasping her hands tightly together, and looking at him with a pale face and dilated eyes.

"Then, show me that I am wrong!" he said, standing before her, and extending his hands toward her. "Repent what you have said about benefits derived from me *scorching* you?" (He did not know that the flash from his own eyes was almost enough to produce the same effect). "Recall it, and I will forget all this scene—as soon as I can, that is, Judith——." She started, changed color, and he went on in his softest and most persuasive accent: "My cousin Judith, despite all you have just been flinging at me of hard and cruel things, I still cling to the conviction that you are a noble woman, and I ask you once more for your friendship and your good offices toward your mother. Do not repulse me again."

She looked speechlessly into his face. Where were now the scintillating eyes, the harsh discord of tone, the suppressed rage of manner? Gone; and in their stead there were the most dulcet sounds of a most musical voice; eyes that pleaded humbly and almost tenderly, and a hand held out beseechingly, craving her friendship, her good offices.

A faint shudder ran through Judith's whole frame. His words and the tone of them rang in her ears, and would ring there for many a day, and cause her heart to beat whenever she remembered them. "Judith—my cousin Judith!" His hot earnestness, and the unconscious fascination which he could throw

into both looks and tones, had not found her callous and immovable. While she did not understand what the feeling was which overmastered her, she yet felt the pain of having to repulse him amount to actual agony. She felt like one lost and bewildered. All she knew or realized was, that it would have been delicious to yield unconditionally in this matter of persuading her mother to his will; to hear his wishes and obey them, and that of all things this was the one point on which she must hold out and resist. Shaken by a wilder emotion than she had ever felt before, she suddenly caught the hands he stretched toward her, and exclaimed, brokenly:

"Ah, forgive me, if you can, but do not be so hard upon me. You do not know what you are saying. I cannot obey you. I wish I could."

She covered her face with her hands, with a short sob.

Aglionby could not at first reply. Across the storm of mortification and anger, of goodwill repulsed, and reverence momentarily chilled, another feeling was creeping—the feeling that behind all this agitation and refusal on her part, something lay hidden which was not aversion to him; that the victory he had craved for was substantially his; she did not refuse his demand because she had no wish to comply with it. She denied him against her will, not with it. She was not churlish. He might still believe her noble. She was harassed evidently, worn with trouble, and with some secret grief. He forgot for the moment that a confiding heart at Irkford looked to him for support and comfort; indeed, he had a vague idea, which had not yet been distinctly formulated, that there were few troubles which Miss Vane could not drive away, by dint of dress, and jewelry, and amusement. He felt that so long as he had a full purse, he could comfort Lizzie and cherish her. This was a different case; this was a suffering which silk attire and diamonds could not alleviate, a wound not to be stanchd for a moment by social distinction and the envy of other women. His heart ached sympathetically. He could comprehend that feeling.

He knew that he could feel likewise. Nay, had he not experienced a foretaste of some such feeling this very night, when she had vowed that she could not aid him in his scheme, and he had felt his newly-acquired riches turn poor and sterile in consequence, and his capacity for enjoying them shrivel up? But there was a ray of joy even amidst this pain, in thinking that this hidden obstacle did not imply anything derogatory to her. He might yet believe her noble, and treat her as noble. His was one of the natures which can not only discern nobility in shabby guise, but which are perhaps almost too prone to seek it there, rather than under purple mantles; being inclined to grudge the wearers of the latter any distinction save that of inherited splendor. The fact that Miss Conisbrough was a very obscure character; that she was almost sordidly poor; that the gown she wore was both shabby and old-fashioned, and that whatever secret troubles she had, she must necessarily often be roused from them

in order to consider how most advantageously to dispose of the metaphorical sixpence—all this lent to his eyes, and to his way of thinking, a reality to her grief; a concreteness to her distress. He had no love for moonshine and unreality, and though Judith Conisbrough had this night overwhelmed him with contradictions and vague, intangible replies to his questions, yet he was more firmly convinced than ever that all about her was real.

If she had to suffer—and he was sure now that she had—he would be magnanimous, though he did not consciously apply so grand a name to his own conduct. After a pause, he said, slowly :

"I must ask your forgiveness. I had no business to get into a passion. It was unmanly, and, I believe, brutal. I can only atone for it in one way, and that is by trying to do what you wish; though I cannot conceal that your decision is a bitter blow to me. I had hoped that everything would be so different. But tell me once again that you do not *wish* to be at enmity with me; that it is no personal ill-will which—"

"Oh, Mr. Aglionby!"

"Could you not stretch a point for once," said Bernard, looking at her with a strangely mingled expression, "as we are so soon to be on mere terms of distant civility, and address me like a cousin—just once—it would not be much to do, after what you have refused?"

There was a momentary pause. Aglionby felt his own heart beat faster, as he waited for her answer. At last she began, with flaming cheeks, and eyes steadily fixed upon the ground :

"You mean—Bernard—there is nothing I desire less than to be at enmity with you. Since we have been under your roof here, I have learned that you at least are noble, whatever I may be; and—"

At this point Judith looked up, having overcome, partially at least, her tremulousness, but she found his eyes fixed upon hers, and her own fell again directly. Something seemed to rise in her throat and choke her; at last she faltered out :

"Do not imagine that I suffer nothing in refusing your wish."

"I believe you now entirely," he said, in a tone almost of satisfaction. "We were talking about creeds the other night, and you said you wanted a strong one. I assure you it will take all the staying power of mine to enable me to bear this with anything like equanimity. And meantime, grant me this favor, let me accompany you home to-morrow, and do me the honor to introduce me to your sisters—I should like to know my cousins by sight, at any rate, if Mrs. Conisbrough will allow it, that is."

"Mamma will allow it—yes."

"And I promise that after that I will not trouble nor molest you any more."

"Don't put it in that way."

"I must, I am afraid. But you have not promised yet."

"Certainly, I promise. And, oh! Mr. Aglionby, I am glad, I am *glad* you have got all my uncle had to leave," she exclaimed, with passionate emphasis. "The knowledge that you have it will be some comfort to me in

my dreary existence, for it is and will be dreary."

She rose now, quite decidedly, and went toward the door. He opened it for her, and they clasped hands silently, till he said, with a half smile which had in it something wistful :

"*Goden Abend!*"

"*Gode Nacht!*" responded Judith, but no answering smile came to her lips—only a rush of bitter tears to her eyes. She passed out of the room; he gently closed the door after her, and she was left alone with her burden.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN AFTERNOON EPISODE.

"WE must not go out this afternoon, because they are coming, you know," observed Rhoda to Delphine.

"I suppose not, and yet, I think it is rather a farce, our staying in to receive them. I can not think it will give them any joy."

"You are such a tiresome, analytical person, Delphine! Always questioning my statements—"

"Sometimes you make such queer ones."

"I wish something would happen. I wish a change would come," observed Rhoda, yawning. "Nothing ever does happen here."

"Well, I should have said that a good deal had happened lately. Enough to make us very uncomfortable, at any rate."

"Oh, you mean about Uncle Aglionby and his grandson. Do you know, Del, I have a burning, a consuming curiosity to see that young man. I think it must have been most delightfully romantic for Judith to be staying at Scar Foot all this time. I don't suppose she has made much of her opportunities. I expect she has been fearfully solemn, and has almost crushed him, if he is crushable, that is, with the majesty of her demeanor. Now, I should have been amiability itself. I think the course I should have taken would have been, to make him fall in love with me—"

"You little stupid! When he is engaged to be married already!"

"So he is! How disgusting it is to find all one's schemes upset in that way. Well, I don't care whether he is engaged or not. I want to see him awfully, and I think it was intensely stupid of mamma to quarrel with him."

"No doubt you would have acted much more circumspectly, being a person of years, experience, and great natural sagacity."

"I have the sagacity, at any rate, if not the experience. And, after all, that is the great thing, because if you have experience without sagacity, you might just as well be without it."

"I know you are marvellously clever," said Delphine; "but you are an awful chatterbox. Do be quiet, and let me think."

"What can you possibly have to think about here?"

"All kinds of things about which I want to come to some sort of an understanding with myself. So hold your peace, I pray you."

They had finished their early dinner, and had retired to that pleasant sunny parlor where Judith had found them, little more than a week ago, on her return from Irkford. Del-

phine, being a young woman of high principle, had pulled out some work, but Rhoda was doing absolutely nothing, save swaying backward and forward in a rocking-chair, while she glanced round with quick, restless gray eyes at every object in the room, oftenest at her sister. Not for long did she leave the latter in the silence she had begged for.

"Won't you come up-stairs to the den, Delphine? It is quite dry and warm this afternoon, and I want you so to finish that thing you were doing."

"Not now, but presently, perhaps. I feel lazy just now."

Pause, while Rhoda still looked about her, and at last said abruptly :

"Delphine, should you say we were a good-looking family?"

Delphine looked up.

"Good-looking? It depends on what people call good-looking."

"One man's meat is another man's poison, I suppose you mean. I have been considering the subject seriously of late, and, on comparing us with our neighbors, I have come to the conclusion that, taken all in all, we *are* good-looking."

"Our good looks are all the good things we have to boast of, then," said Delphine unenthusiastically, as she turned her lovely head to one side, and contemplated her work—her sister keenly scrutinizing her in the meantime.

"Well, good looks are no mean fortune. What was it I was reading the other day about—'As much as beauty better is than gold,' or words to that effect."

"Pooh!" said Delphine, with a little derisive laugh.

"Well, but it is true."

"In a kind of way, perhaps—not practically."

"In a kind of way—well, in such a way as this. Suppose—we may suppose anything, you know, and, for my part, while I am about it, I like to suppose something splendid at once—suppose that *you* were, for one occasion only, dressed up in a most beautiful ball-dress; *eau de Nil* and wild roses, or the palest blue and white lace, or pale gray and pale pink, you know—ah, I see you are beginning to smile at the very idea. I believe white would suit you best, after all—a billow of white, with little humming-birds all over it, or something like that. Well—imagine yourself in this dress, with everything complete, you know, Del—" she leaned impressively forward—"fan and shoes, and gloves and wreath, and a beautiful pocket-handkerchief like a bit of scented mist—and jewelry that no one could find any fault with; and then suppose that Philippa Danesdale popped down in the same room, as splendid as you please—black velvet and diamonds, or satin, or silk, and ropes of pearls, or anything grand, with her stupid little prim face and red hair—"

"Oh, for shame, Rhoda! You are quite spiteful."

"I spiteful!" with a prolonged note of indignant surprise. "That *is* rich! Who has drawn Miss Danesdale, I wonder, in all manner of attitudes: 'Miss Danesdale engaged in Prayer,' holding her Prayer-book with the tips

of her lavender kid fingers, and looking as if she were paying her Maker such a compliment in coming and kneeling down to him, with an ivory-backed Prayer-book, and a gold-topped scent-bottle to sustain her through the operation. 'Miss Danesdale, on hearing of the Mesalliance of a Friend'—now who drew *that*, Delphine? and many another as bad? Mysagacity, which you were jeering at just now, suggests a reason for your altered tone. But I will spare you, and proceed with my narrative. Suppose what I have described to be an accomplished fact, and then suppose a perfect stranger—we'll imagine Mr. Danesdale to be one, because I like to make my ideas very plain to people, and there's nothing like being personal for effecting that result—suppose him there, not knowing anything about either of you, whether you were rich or poor, or high or low—now which of the two do you think he would be likely to dance with the oftenest?"

"How should I know?"

"Delphine, you used to be truthful once—candid and honest. The falling off is deplorable. 'Evil communications'—I won't finish it. You are shirking my question. Of course he would dance with you, and you know he would. There's no doubt of it, because you would look a vision of beauty——"

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"And Miss Danesdale would look just what she is, a stiff, prudish, *plain* creature. And so beauty is better than gold."

"Yes, under certain conditions, if one could arbitrarily fix them. But we have to look at conditions as they are, not as we could fix them if we tried. Suppose, we'll say, that he had been dancing with me all the evening——"

"Which he would like to do very much, I haven't a doubt."

"And suddenly, some one took him aside, and said, 'Friend, look higher. She with whom thou dancest has not a penny, while she who stands in yonder corner neglected, lo! she hath a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, which neither moth nor rust can corrupt.' After that, I might dance as long as I liked, but it would be alone."

"I call that a very poor illustration, and I don't know that it would be the case at all. All I know is, that it pleases you to pretend to be cynical, though you don't feel so in the very least. I do so like to dream sometimes, and to think what I would do if we were rich!" Delphine, *don't* you wish we were rich?"

"Not particularly; I would rather be busy. I wish I was a great painter, that's what I should like to be, with every hour of the day filled up with work and engagements. Oh, I am so tired of doing nothing. I feel, sometimes, as if I could kill myself."

Before Rhoda had time to reply, Louisa, the maid, opened the door, remarking:

"Please, miss, there's Mr. Danesdale."

The girls started a little consciously as he came in, saying, as Louisa closed the door after him:

"Send me away if I intrude. Your servant said you were in, and when I asked if you were engaged, she replied, 'No sir, they are a-doing of nothing.' Encouraged by this report, I entered."

"We are glad to see you," said Delphine, motioning him to take a seat, and still with a slight flush on her face.

"I called for two reasons," said Randolph, who, once admitted, appeared to feel his end gained: "to ask if you arrived at home in safety after that confabulation with Miss Conisbrough, and to ask if you have any news from Mrs. Conisbrough. How is she?"

"Much better, thank you. So much better, indeed, that we expect her and Judith home this afternoon——"

"Yes," interposed Rhoda, "so far from doing nothing, as Louisa reported, we were waiting for mamma's return."

"Ah, I can tell Philippa then. She has been talking of calling to see Mrs. Conisbrough."

It was Rhoda's turn to cast down her eyes a little, overcome by the reflections called up by this announcement. There was a pause; then Rhoda said:

"How thankful Judith and mother will be to come away from Scar Foot, and how very glad Mr. Aglionby will be to get rid of them!"

"Had you just arrived at that conclusion when I came?"

"Oh no! We were at what they call 'a loose end,' if you ever heard the expression. We were exercising our imaginations."

Rhoda pursued this topic with imperturbable calm, undismayed by the somewhat alarmed glances given her by Delphine, who feared that her sister might, as she often did, indiscreetly reveal the very subject of a conversation.

"Were you? How?"

"We were imagining ourselves *rich*," said Rhoda with emphasis. "You can never do that, you know, because you are rich already. We have the advantage of you there, and I flatter myself that that is a new way of looking at it."

"I beg your pardon, Rhoda—I was not imagining myself rich. I was imagining myself——" she stopped suddenly.

"Imagining yourself what?" he asked, with deep interest.

"Oh, nothing—nonsense!" said Delphine hastily, disinclined to enter into particulars. He turned to Rhoda. Delphine looked at her with a look which said, "Speak if you dare!" Rhoda tossed her head, and said:

"There's no crime in what you were wishing, child. She was imagining herself a great painter. That's Delphine's ambition. Like Miss Thompson, you know——"

"Oh no!" interposed Delphine hastily—"not battle-pieces."

"What then?"

"Landscape, I think, and animals," said Delphine, still in some embarrassment.

"Del draws beautiful animals," said Rhoda turning to him, and speaking very seriously and earnestly. Randolph was charmed to perceive that the youngest Miss Conisbrough had quite taken him into her confidence, and he trusted that a little judiciously employed tact would bring Delphine to the same point.

"Oh, not beautiful, Rhoda! Only——" she turned to Randolph, losing some of the shyness which with her was a graceful hesitation, and

not the ugly, awkward thing it generally is. "Not beautiful at all, Mr. Danesdale, but it is simply that I can not help, when I see animals and beautiful landscapes—I absolutely can't help trying to copy them."

"That shows you have a talent for it," said Mr. Danesdale promptly. "You should have lessons."

He could have bitten his tongue off with vexation the next moment, as it flashed into his mind that, most likely, she could not afford to have lessons.

"That would be most delightful," said Delphine, composedly; "but we can't afford to have lessons, you know, so I try not to think about it."

Randolph was silent, his mind in a turmoil, feeling a heroic anger at those "ceremonial institutions" not altogether unallied to those with which Mr. Herbert Spencer has made us familiar—which make it downright improper and impertinent for a young man to say to a young woman (or *vice versa*), "I am rich and you are poor. You have talent; allow me to defray the expenses of its cultivation, and so to put you in the way of being busy and happy."

"And do you paint from nature?" he asked at last.

"Of course," replied Delphine, still not quite reconciled to being thus made a prominent subject of conversation. "Why should I paint from anything else? Only you know one can't do things by instinct. Uncle Aglionby let me have some lessons once—a few years ago—oh, I did enjoy it! But he had a conversation with my painting master one day, and the latter contradicted some of his theories, so he said he was an impudent scoundrel, and he would not have me go near him again. But I managed to learn something from him. Still, I don't understand the laws of my art—at least," she added hastily, crimsoning with confusion, "I don't mean to call my attempts art at all. Mamma thinks it great waste of time, and they are but daubs, I fear."

"I wish you would show me some of them. Where do you keep them? Mayn't I look at them?"

"Oh, I could not think of exposing them to your criticism! you, who have seen every celebrated picture that exists, and who know all about all the 'schools,' and who make such fun of things that I used to think so clever—you must not ask it indeed! Please don't."

Delphine was quite agitated, and appealed to him, as if he could compel her to show them, even against her will.

"You cannot suppose that I would be severe upon anything of yours!" he exclaimed, with warmth. "How can you do me such injustice?"

"If you did not say it, you would think it," replied Delphine, "and that would be worse. I can imagine nothing more unpleasant than for a person to praise one's things out of politeness, while thinking them very bad the whole time."

"I never heard such unutterable nonsense," cried Rhoda, who had been watching her opportunity of cutting in. "To hear you talk,

one would imagine your pictures were not fit to be looked at. Mr. Danesdale, I should like you to see them, because I know they are good. Delphine does so like to run herself down. You should see her dogs and horses, I am sure they are splendid, far better than some of the things you see in grand magazines. And I think her little landscapes—"

"Rhoda, I shall have to go away, and lock myself up alone, if you will talk in this wild, exaggerated way," said Delphine, in quiet despair.

"But you can't refuse, after this, to let me judge between you," said Randulf, persuasively. "An old friend like me—and after rousing my curiosity in this manner—Miss Conisbrough, you cannot refuse!"

"I—I really—"

"Let us take Mr. Danesdale to your den!" cried Rhoda, bounding off her chair, in a sudden fit of inspiration. "Come, Mr. Danesdale, it is up a thousand stairs, at the very top of the house, but you are young and fond of exercise, as we know, so you won't mind that."

She had flung open the door, and led the way, running lightly up the stairs, and he had followed her, unheeding Delphine's imploring remonstrances, and thinking:

"By Jove, they are nice girls! No jealousy of one another. I'll swear to the pictures, whatever they may turn out to be."

Delphine slowly followed, wringing her hands in a way she had when she was distressed or hurried, and with her white forehead puckered up in embarrassed lines. Rhoda flew ahead, and Randulf followed her, up countless stairs, along great broad, light passages, and even in his haste the young man had time to notice—or rather, the fact was forced upon his notice—how bare the place looked, and how empty. He felt suddenly, more than he had done before, how narrow and restricted a life these ladies must be forced to lead.

Rhoda threw open the door of a large, light room, with a cold, clear northern aspect. It was bare, indeed; no luxurious *atelier* of a pampered student. Even the easel was a clumsy-looking thing, made very badly by a native joiner of Yoresett, who had never seen such a thing in his life, and who had not carried out the young lady's instructions very intelligently.

Randulf, looking round, thought of the expensive paraphernalia which his sister had some years ago purchased, when the whim seized her to paint in oils; a whim which lasted six months, and which had, for sole result, bitter complaints against her master, as having no faculty for teaching, and no power of pushing his pupils on; while paints, easel, canvases, and maulstick were relegated to a cockloft in disgust. Delphine's apparatus was of the most meagre and simple kind—in fact, it was absolutely deficient. Two cane-bottomed chairs, sadly in need of repairs, and a rickety deal table, covered with rags and oil tubes, brushes, and other impedimenta, constituted the only furniture of the place.

"It's very bare," cried Rhoda's clear, shrill young voice, as she marched onward, not in the least ashamed of the said bareness. "And

in winter it's so cold that she can never paint more than an hour a day, because fires are out of the question. With one servant, you can't expect coals to be carried, and grates cleaned, four stories up the house. Now see, Mr. Danesdale, I'll be showwoman. I know everything she has done. You sit there, in that chair. We'll have the animals first. Most of them are in water-colors or crayons. Here's a good one, in water-colors, of Uncle Aglionby on his old 'Cossack,' with Friend looking at him, to know which way he shall go. Isn't it capital?"

Despite his heartfelt admiration for all the Misses Conisbrough, and for Delphine in particular, Randulf fully expected to find, as he had often found before with the artistic productions of young lady amateurs, that their "capital" sketches were so only in the fond eyes of partial sisters, parents, and friends. Accordingly he surveyed the sketch held up by Rhoda's little brown hand with a judicial aspect, and some distrust. But in a moment his expression changed; a smile of pleasure broke out; he could with a light heart cry, "Excellent!"

It was excellent, without any flattery. It had naturally the faults of a drawing executed by one who had enjoyed very little instruction; there was crudeness in it—roughness, a little ignorant handling; but it was replete with other things which the most admirable instruction can not give: there was in it a spirit, a character, an individuality which charmed him, and which, in its hardy roughness was the more remarkable and piquant, coming from such a delicate-looking creature as Delphine Conisbrough. The old Squire's hard, yet characteristic, features; the grand contours of old Cossack, the rarest hunter in all the country-side; and above all, the aspect of the dog: its inquiring ears and inquisitive nose, its tail on the very point, one could almost have said in the very action of wagging an active consent, one paw upraised, and bent, ready for a start the instant the word should be given—all these details were as spirited as they were true and correct.

"It is admirable!" said Randulf emphatically. "If she has many more like that, she ought to make a fortune with them some time. I congratulate you, Miss Conisbrough"—to Delphine, who had just come in, with the same embarrassed and perplexed expression—"I can somehow hardly grasp the idea that that slender little hand has made this strong, spirited picture. It shows the makings of a first-rate artist—but it is the very last thing I should have imagined you doing."

"Ah, you haven't seen her sentimental drawings yet," said Rhoda, vigorously hunting about for more. "Oh, here's one of her last. I've not seen this. Why—why—oh, what fun! Do you know it?"

"Rhoda, your little—oh, do put it down!" cried the harassed artist, in a tone of sudden dismay, as she made a dart forward.

But Rhoda, with eyes in which mischief incarnate was dancing a tarantella, receded from before her, holding up a spirited sketch of a young man, a pointer, a retriever, a whip, an apple-tree, and in the tree a cat apparently in the last stage of fury and indignation.

"Do you know it, Mr. Danesdale? Do you know it?" cried the delighted girl, dancing up and down, her face alight with mirth.

"Know it—I should think I do!" he cried, pursuing her laughingly. "Give it to me, and let me look at it. 'Tis I and my dogs, of course. Capital! Miss Conisbrough, you must really cement our friendship by presenting it to me—will you?"

He had succeeded in capturing it, and was studying it laughingly, while Delphine wrung her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, dear!"

"Splendid!" he cried again. "It ought to be called 'Randulf Danesdale and Eye-glass.' And how very much wiser the dogs look than their master. Oh, this is a malicious sketch, Miss Conisbrough! But, malicious or not, I shall annex it, and you must not grudge it me."

"If you are not offended——" began Delphine, confusedly.

"I offended?" Rhoda was rummaging among a pile of drawings with her back to them. Mr. Danesdale accompanied his exclamation with a long look of reproach, and surely of something else. Delphine pushed her golden hair back from her forehead, and stammered out:

"Then pray keep it, but don't show it to any one!"

"'Keep it, but keep it dark,' you mean. You shall be obeyed. At least no one shall know who did it. That shall be a delightful secret which I shall keep for myself alone."

Here Delphine, perhaps fearful of further revelations, advanced and, depriving Rhoda of the portfolio, said she hoped she might be mistress in her own den, and she would decide herself which drawings were fit to show to Mr. Danesdale. Then she took them into her own possession and doled them out with what both the spectators declared to be a very niggard hand.

Randulf, apart from his admiration of the Misses Conisbroughs, really cared for art, and knew something about pictures. He gave his best attention to the drawings which were now shown to him, and the more he studied them the more convinced he became that this was a real talent which ought not to be left uncultivated, and which, if carefully attended to, would certainly produce something worthy. She showed him chiefly landscapes, and each and all had in it a spirit, an originality, and a wild grace peculiar to the vicinity, as well as to the artist. There were sketches of Shennamere from all points of view, at all hours and at all seasons: by bright sunlight, under storm clouds, by sentimental moonlight. There was a bold drawing of Addlebrough, admirable as a composition. The coloring was crude and often incorrect, but displayed evident power and capacity for fine ultimate development. Now and then came some little touch, some delicate suggestion, some bit of keen, appreciative observation, which again and again called forth his admiration. Some of the smaller bits were, as Rhoda had said, sentimental—full of a delicate, subtle poetry impossible to define. These were chiefly autumn pictures—a lonely dank pool, in a circle of fading foliage; a view of his own father's home seen on a gusty September

afternoon struck him much. He gradually became graver and quieter, as he looked at the pictures. At last, after contemplating for some time a larger and more ambitious attempt, in oils—a view of the splendid rolling hills, the town of Middleham, and a portion of the glorious plain of York, and in the foreground the windings of the sweet river Yore, as seen from the hill called the "Shawl" at Leyburn—he laid it down and said earnestly, all his drawl and all his half-jesting manner clean gone:

"Miss Conisbrough, you must not take my judgment as infallible, of course, but I have seen a good deal of this kind of thing, and have lived a good deal among artists, and it is my firm conviction that you have at any rate a very great talent—I should say genius. I think these first sketches, the animals, you know, are admirable, but I like the landscapes even better. I am sure that with study under a good master you might rise to eminence as a landscape-painter; for one sees in every stroke that you love the things you paint—love nature."

"I do!" said Delphine, stirred from her reserve and shyness. "I love every tree in this old dale; I love every stick and stone in it, I think; and I love the hills and the trees as if they were living things, and my friends. Oh, Mr. Danesdale, I am so glad you have not laughed at them! I should never have had courage, you know, to show them to you. But it would have been misery to have them laughed at, however bad they have been. They have made me so happy—and sometimes so miserable. I could not tell you all they have been to me."

"I can believe that," said Randolph, looking with the clear, grave glance of friendship from one face to the other of the two girls, who were hanging on his words with eager intentness—for Rhoda, he saw, identified herself with these efforts of Delphine, and with the sorrow and the joy they had caused her as intensely as if her own hand had made every stroke on the canvases. "But you must learn; you must study and work systematically, so as to cultivate your strong points and strengthen your weak ones."

The light faded from Delphine's eyes. Her lips quivered.

"It is impossible," said she quietly. "When one has no money one must learn to do without these things."

"But that will never do. It must be compassed somehow," he said, again taking up the view of Danesdale Castle, with the cloudy sky, which had so pleased him. "Let me—"

"Oh, here you are! I have been searching for you all over the house," exclaimed a voice—the voice of Judith—breaking in upon their eager absorption in their subject. She looked in upon them, and beheld the group: Delphine sitting on the floor, holding up a huge, battered-looking portfolio, from which she had been taking her drawings; Rhoda standing behind her, alternately looking into the portfolio and listening earnestly to Randolph's words; the latter, seated on one of the rickety chairs before alluded to, and holding in his hand the view of Danesdale Castle.

"I could not imagine where you were,"

continued Judith, a look of gravity, and even of care and anxiety, on her face.

"Well, come in and speak to us, unless you think we are very bad," retorted Rhoda. "Come and join the dance, so to speak. We are looking over Delphine's drawings, and Mr. Danesdale says they are very good."

"Of course they are," said Judith, coming in with still the same subdued expression. "I am quite well, I thank you" (to Randolph, who had risen and greeted her); "I hope you, too, are well. But, my dear children, you must come down-stairs at once."

"To see mother?" said Rhoda. "Oh, I'll go; and I'll entertain her till you are ready to come down. Stay where you are. Del has not shown Mr. Danesdale all."

"To see mother—yes," said Judith, striving to speak cheerfully. Delphine saw that the cheerfulness was forced, and became all attention at once.

"Of course you must come down and see mother at once," proceeded Judith. "But you have to see Mr. Aglionby too. He asked mother to present him to you, and she consented, so he has come with us. Therefore don't delay: let us get it over. And I am sure Mr. Danesdale will excuse—"

"Mr. Danesdale understands perfectly, and will carry himself off at once," said Randolph, smiling good-naturedly.

"Wants to be introduced to us!" repeated Rhoda wonderingly. "Of all the odd parts of this very odd affair, that to my mind is the oddest. Why should he want to be introduced to us? What can he possibly want with our acquaintance?"

"Oh, don't be silly!" said Judith, a little impatiently.

"But I am very cross. I wanted Mr. Danesdale to see Delphine's 'morbid views.' She has some lovely morbid views, you know. Delphine, just find that one of a girl drowned in a pond, and three hares sitting looking at her."

"I shall hope to see that another time," observed Randolph; "it sounds delightfully morbid."

Delphine had begun to put her pictures away, and her face had not yet lost the grieved expression it had taken when she had said she could not afford to have any lessons. Rhoda, mumbling rebelliously, had gone out of the room, and Judith had followed her, advising or rebuking in a lower tone. Thus Randolph and Delphine were left alone, with her portfolio between them, he still holding the drawing of the Castle. Delphine stretched out her hand for it.

"Don't think me too rapacious," said he, looking at her, "but—give me this one!"

"Why?"

"Because I want it for a purpose, and it would be a great favor. At least I should look upon it as such."

"Should you? Pray, is that any reason why I should accord it to you?"

"Make it a reason," said he, persuasively. "I should prize it—you don't know how much."

"As I say," said Delphine, still rebelliously, "that constitutes no reason for my giving it to you."

"If I take it—"

"That would be stealing the goods and chattels of one who is already very poor," said Delphine, half gaily, half sadly.

"And who is so noble in her poverty that she makes it noble too," he suddenly and fervently said, looking at her with all his heart in his eyes.

She shook her head, unable to speak, but at last said, hesitatingly:

"I do not know whether I ought—whether it is quite—quite—"

"In other words, you rather mistrust me," said he, gently. "I beg you will not do so. I want to help you, if you will not disdain my help. Since you will have the bald truth, and the reason why I want your sketches, I have two reasons. The first is, that I should prize them exceedingly for their own sakes and for that of the giver—next, if you would trust me and my discretion, I will engage that they should bring you profit."

"Do you mean," said Delphine, with a quick glance at him, and a flushing face, "that I could earn some money, and—and—help them?"

"That is what I mean."

"You mean," she persisted, rather proudly, "that, to oblige you, some friend would buy them, and—"

"Good heavens! do you know me no better than to suppose that I would sell what you had given me! What a cruel thing to say!"

"I beg your pardon!" she murmured, hastily, and overcome with confusion; "but—but—I do not see how—"

"You can paint others as good as these," he said, unable to resist smiling at her simplicity. "When these have been seen and admired—"

"But you must not tell who did them—oh, you must not do that."

"Again I implore you to trust my discretion and my honor."

"I feel afraid—I dare say it is very silly," she said.

"It is very natural, but it is needless," he answered, thinking at the same time that it was very sweet, very bewitching, and that he was supremely fortunate to be the confidant of this secret.

"And you would not be ashamed—you do not think that a woman—a lady—is any the worse if she has to work hard?" she began, tremulously.

"All honest work is good; and when it is undertaken from certain motives it is more than good, it is sacred. Yours would be sacred. And besides," he added, in a lower, deeper tone, "nothing that your hands touched could be anything but beautiful, and pure, and worthy of honor."

Her face was downcast; her eyes filled with a rush of tears; her fingers fluttered nervously about the petals of the flower that was stuck in her belt. She was unused to praise of this kind, utterly a stranger to compliments of any kind from men; overwhelmed with the discovery that some one had found something in her to admire, to reverence.

"When you are a well-known artist," he added, in a rather lighter tone, "with more commissions, and more money and fame than

you know what to do with, do not quite forget me."

"If ever—if ever I do anything—as you seem to think I may—it will all be owing to you."

This assurance, with the wavering look, the hesitating voice with which it was made, was unutterably sweet to Randolph.

"Then I may keep the sketch?" he said.

"Yes, please," said Delphine.

He rolled them both up, and they went down-stairs to the hall, where they found the two other girls waiting for them.

Randulf made his adieux, saying he hoped he might call again and ask how Mrs. Conisbrough was. Then he went away, and Judith led the way into the parlor.

* * * * *

Aglionby, left alone with Mrs. Conisbrough, while Judith went to call her sisters, sat in the recess of the window which looked into the street, and waited for what appeared to him a very long time, until at last he heard steps coming down-stairs and voices in the hall. He had a quick and sensitive ear, and besides that, Randolph's tones with their southern accent, and their indolent drawl, were sufficiently remarkable in that land of rough burr and Yorkshire broadness. So then, argued Bernard within himself, this young fellow was admitted as an intimate guest into the house which he was not allowed to enter, despite his cousinship, despite his earnest pleadings, despite his almost passionate desire to do what was right and just toward these his kinswomen. He had told Judith that he would comply with her behest. He was going to keep at the distance she required him to maintain, after this one interview, that is. But he felt that the price he paid was a hard and a long one. His joy in his inheritance was robbed of all its brightness. He sat and waited, while Mrs. Conisbrough leaned back and fanned herself, and observed:

"Why, that is Randolph Danesdale's voice. He is always here. Where can they have been?"

Mrs. Conisbrough, as may already have been made apparent, was not a wise woman, nor a circumspect one. Perhaps she wished to show Aglionby that they had people of position among their friends. Perhaps she wished to flourish the fact before him that Sir Gabriel Danesdale's only son and heir was a great ally of her daughters. Be that as it may, her words had the effect of putting Bernard into a state of almost feverish vexation and mortification. It did appear most hard, most galling, and most inexplicable that against his name alone, of all others, *tabu* should be written so large. He saw Randolph go down the steps, with a smile on his handsome face, and a little white roll in his hand, and saw him take his way up the market-place, toward the inn where he had left his horse, and then, the door of the parlor was opened, and his "cousins" came in.

There were greetings and introductions. He found two lovely girls, either of them more actually beautiful than her who was his oldest acquaintance. Beside their pronounced and almost startling beauty, her grave and pensive dignity and statuesque handsomeness

looked cold, no doubt, but he had seen the fiery heart that burned beneath that outward calm. He was much enchanted with the beauty of these two younger girls; he understood the charm of Delphine's shadowy, sylph-like loveliness; of Rhoda's upright figure, handsome features, and dauntless gray eyes. He talked to them. They kept strictly to commonplaces; no dangerous topics were even mentioned. Aglionby, when they were all seated, and talking thus smoothly and conventionally, still felt in every fibre the potent spell exercised over his spirit by *one* present. Judith sat almost silent, and he did not speak to her—for some reason he felt unable to do so.

All the time he was talking to the others, he felt intensely conscious that soon he must leave the house—forever, ran the fiat—and in it he must leave behind him—what? Without his knowing it, the obscurity which prevented his answering that question, even to himself, was that viewless but real fact—Miss Vane.

By and by, he rose; for to stay would have been needless and, indeed, intrusive under the circumstances. He shook hands with Mrs. Conisbrough, expressing his hope that she would soon be, as he bluntly put it, "all right again." He might not say, like Randolph Danesdale, that he would call again in a few days, and inquire after her. Then, with each of the girls, a handshake—with Judith last. When it came to that point, and her fingers were within his hand, it was as if a spell were lifted, and the touch thrilled him through, from head to foot, through brain and heart and soul, and every inch of flesh! electrically, potently, and as it never had done—as no touch ever had done before. He looked at her; whether his look compelled an answering one from her—whether she would have looked in any case, who shall say? Only, she did look, and then Bernard knew, despite her composed countenance, and steady hand and eye—he knew that it was not he only who was thrilled.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Conisbrough," and "Good-afternoon, Mr. Aglionby, sounded delightfully original, and pregnant with meaning. Not another word was uttered by either. He dropped her hand, and turned away, and could have laughed aloud in the bitterness of his heart.

"I'll open the door for you, Mr. Aglionby," came Rhoda's ringing voice; and, defying ceremony, she skipped before him into the hall.

"We've only one retainer," she pursued, "and she is generally doing those things which she ought not to be doing, when she is wanted. Is that Bluebell you have in the brougham? Yes! Hey, old girl! Bluebell, Bluebell!"

She patted the mare's neck, who tossed her head, and in her own way laughed with joy at the greeting. With a decidedly friendly nod to Aglionby, she ran into the house again, and the carriage drove away.

"Well!" cried Miss Rhoda, rushing into the parlor, panting. Judith was not there. Doubtless she had gone to prepare that cup of tea for which Mrs. Conisbrough pined.

"Well?" retorted Delphine.

"I like him," chanted Rhoda, whirling round the room. "He's grave and dark, and fearfully majestic, like a Spaniard, but he smiles like an Englishman, and looks at you like a person with a clear conscience. That's a good combination, I say; but, all the same, I wish Uncle Aglionby had not been so fascinated with him as to leave him *all* his money."

To which aspiration no one made any reply.

(To be continued.)

The Gleaner.

PAUL F. POOLE, from whose painting "The Gleaner," our beautiful engraving, is taken, is of English birth, having been born in Bristol, in 1810.

His pictures, which are always painted with care, are exceedingly popular, and have won for him an enviable fame. Among the most celebrated are Solomon Eagle, exhorting the people to repentance, during the plague of London; Edward III.'s generosity to the people of Calais; and the Goths in Italy. He has also painted lesser pictures, such as "The Market Girl," "The Blackberry Gatherer," and others of a similar nature.

Most does he love to paint rustic youth, which he always presents in an attractive and picturesque guise, and our young gleaner is one of the most beautiful of these rustic pictures. While her companions are still at work, she has stolen off to rest awhile. As she sits there, holding the gathered ears of wheat on her lap, her thoughts seem to be far away. She does not hear the voices of the gleaners in the fields, nor the whispers of the breeze roaming through the golden sheaves. Perhaps she is dreaming dreams for "the fast-coming years;" for she is in that glad time when hopes and not memories fill her heart. Her dreams are like herself, simple and pure. No *ignis fatuus* lures her young imagination beyond her country home. The birds that sing in the trees, the woodbine that clambers up the cottage door, and the stream that murmurs its music at her feet, are messengers of pleasure to her, simple pleasures, but all that she craves. She has heard of the far-off city, with its gorgeous display of wealth and its enticing pleasures; but she has also heard that great shadows rest there, too, such as never gather on the sunny fields and rose-scented vales of her country home.

"The Gleaner" is a simple composition, but one full of strength and beauty. There is both dignity and simplicity in the conception. The bright and lovely face of the girl is full of sweetness and serenity; the attitude, although easy and careless, is not inelegant, and the dress, while not according to the dictates of fashion, is picturesque and becoming.

This picture is both beautiful and suggestive. It brings before us an attractive scene of rural life. We seem to breathe the air of the fields; to scent the aroma of the meadow flowers which floats out; and to hear the voices of the gleaners, and the chirp of some happy bird soaring over the sunny dells into the blue distance, where its form is lost amid the silvery clouds.



Moss Eng. Co. N.Y.

THE LÖWENBERG.
THE OCTAGON.

THE GREAT FOUNTAIN.
THE NEW WATERFALL.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.
THE AQUEDUCT.

WILHELMSHÖHE.

Wilhelmshöhe; its Castle and Park.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

NAPOLEON III. has been sent to Wilhelmshöhe as prisoner of war."

"Wilhelmshöhe! what and where is that?" was a question asked by very many who read this or a similar announcement in one of our many American daily journals.

One of the costliest edifices in Germany, delightfully and healthfully situated on the slopes of a wooded mountain in the heart of a fertile garden land, the captive nephew had a very different prison from that lonely farmhouse on a rocky island, assigned his illustrious uncle by his English captors.

Sent by special train to Cassel, the train so timed as to reach its destination after the shades of night had fallen, that the distinguished prisoner might not be annoyed by inquisitive sight-seers. A magnificent suite of apartments, newly arranged in French style, obsequious servants, a French *chef de cuisine*, sent from the Empress Augusta's own kitchen; books, pictures, horses, carriages, newspapers, and all these attentions given by special orders from Berlin, his wounded pride must have been greatly soothed, and the irksomeness of his enforced stay much relieved.

I wonder if the thought of the magnanimous treatment he was receiving at the hand of Kaiser Wilhelm, and the remembrance of the cruel and unwarrantable insults heaped upon the noble mother of the grand old emperor by his predecessor in the imperial line—I say, I wonder if such contrast did not scorch like fire the heart of the dethroned monarch, and make his downy pillows harder than stone under his head!

The Castle of Wilhelmshöhe consists of a large main building, with two wings, circular; the south wing being that portion of the edifice first constructed in 1787, on the site of the Weissenstein Schloss. It is an imposing building, especially when viewed from the alley of linden trees leading to it from the city.

The interior of the castle is handsomely decorated with marble columns, gilded mirrors, silken hangings, and admirable fresco paintings, the rooms being of splendid proportions, the rotunda Saal, a grand hall, being adorned with life-size portraits of the Hessian princes.

North of the castle, upon the esplanade, is the ballroom, the palm-house and the conservatories, and overshadowing the first is a splendid oak which measures five metres in circumference, and must have been a silent witness to the manifold changes and chances of a thousand years or more.

The park, than which is no finer on the continent, has been under cultivation for a long term of years. In the eleventh century, when the monks, enticed by the rare beauty and fertility of the position, established a monastery in the same spot where the castle now stands, which, on account of the glancing whiteness of the rocks and cliffs projecting

from amidst the dark green of the Habitchwald, they called Zum Weissen Stein, it was famous for its garden growth. Nor was its fame lessened when, a century later, a company of Benedictine nuns supplanted the brotherhood, and made it a school for the daughters of noblemen; or even after the secularization in 1527, by Philip the Magnanimous, when the convent was made into a hunting lodge, and so used until Moritz the Learned caused the old buildings to be demolished and a massive castle to be erected in their place, with all the accessories of pleasure grounds, fish ponds, and a wonderful grotto, with fountains and springs of water.

The parks and landscape gardens were destroyed in war, but remade in more than their original beauty during the reign of Landgrave Frederick II., who made large importations of foreign shrubs and trees to beautify and embellish his court town and residence.

A short distance above the castle is the Löwenburg, built by Landgrave William IX., or Kurfürst William I., in the style of a mediæval fortress. It is far more picturesque in appearance than the castle, while the building itself is more interesting, on account of the numerous odds and ends gathered together for its construction from ancient edifices, the stained glass in the chapel being almost all of it veritable antiques.

The rooms are quaint and charming, the outlook from the odd, mullioned windows being delightful in the extreme. They are receptacles of very much of historical interest, such as old portraits, old furniture, with wonderful hand embroidery done by Hessian princesses, who stare with solemn eyes from the canvas upon the wall, on the interlopers who come to criticise and admire, from that far away country across the seas, which was to them scarcely more than a myth; inlaid cabinets, marvellous tapestries, and in the Rittersaal a rich and curious collection of Venetian glass.

The armory contains a collection of armor and old battle-flags, quite equal in antiquity and interest to the collection in the Tower of London, though of course not so extensive. The chapel adjoining the armory, which was built by William I. as the receptacle for his tomb, is a perfect gem of churchly art, though unfortunately never used now for religious purposes.

From the Löwenburg we can go by a foot-path through the fine woods to the Octagon, which stands upon the summit of the Karlberg, and is surmounted by a colossal Hercules. From the green before the Octagon, one has a wide-reaching view, not only over the Park and Castle of Wilhelmshöhe, the city of Cassel, and the Fulda Valley, but over the near and distant mountains, as far as Inselberge and the Brocken.

Another half hour's walk through shady, fragrant forests brings us to perhaps the loveliest spot in the Habitchwald—the Eleven Beeches. From here one's eye can sweep over the forests in the foreground, the green meadows and smiling, red-roofed villages farther distant, till it takes in the extreme northern part of Niederhessen, the Hartz mountains, the Thuringian forests, and the mountains in the principality of Waldeck.

But the glory and crowning point of Wilhelmshöhe is thought by many to be its water-works. The great cascade lies below the Octagon, and is formed by a broad, gigantic staircase, 280 metres in length, and eleven metres in breadth, over which the water flows like a broad band of molten silver into the basin of Neptune at its base.

Under this basin is Neptune's grotto with a statue of the divinity of the sea, over which the water pours, but in such a manner that one can stand under it as under a glass dome, and watch the brilliant rainbows formed by the cascade without the slightest danger of becoming wet. Steps, more than *eight hundred* in number, lead up either side of the cascade, and long rows of century old fir-trees line the adjacent green sward, adding to the picturesque beauty of the scene.

At the upper end of the grand cascade is a large basin surrounded by walls of rock, over which pour small streams of water, while from its central portion projects the head and bust of a stone giant, from whose mouth issues a stream of water twelve metres in height. On either side are niches containing statues of a Centaur and a Teuton, blowing upon huge brazen trumpets. Through these the wind makes a sound which may be heard a long distance when the air is still.

The water-works are intended to be a representation of the mythological story of the contest between Hercules and the giant Enceladus. The battle was carried on with huge stones as weapons, which are seen lying about as witnesses of the struggle, until finally Hercules conquers the giant, and takes his proud position over the prostrate form of his antagonist. He, though vanquished is not subdued, and continues to spit out gall and poison (represented by the small streams of water) at Hercules, who exhibits his rage by the larger streams which rush over the rocks, and pour down the grand cascade.

The great fountain which is just in the rear of the castle, is the highest in Europe, rising over two hundred feet in the air, and the jet of water being a foot in diameter.

The waters play twice every week from the first of May until the middle of October, and the park is then a gay and attractive scene. Open-air concerts are then given on those days, and the pension houses and cafés, the walks and woods, are thronged with ladies and children, civilians and military, rosy-cheeked, round-faced school-girls, under charge of serious-minded *gouvernantes*, and school-boys with their picturesque red and green and blue and white caps, varying in color according to their ranks in the schools.

How charming are these idle hours, as they slip swiftly into the past, while we chat with friends and watch, half-absently, the human dramas and comedies capriciously enacting before us! How charming, too, they are; though in a different fashion, if, separating ourselves from other companionship than our own thoughts, we let them drift back to the exquisite music of the 88d regiment band, over the scenes which have transpired, and the men who have ruled during so many eventful years this province which is now our home.

For Hesse, though a small portion of the earth's surface, has for many years played an important part in European politics. During the stirring days of the Reformation, her princely ruler showed a brave and knightly spirit by sustaining Martin Luther in the most decided and fearless manner against pope and emperor.

In the dark days of the Thirty Years' War, scarcely any territory in Germany was so often the battle-ground of the contending armies as the section about Cassel.

During our American struggle for independence, Hessian troops fought bravely against us; in 1687, a number were hired by their prince to aid the Venetians in their battles with the Turks; in 1706, they were again in Italy on pay; and in 1743, Hessians fought against Hessians in the war between George II. of England and the Emperor Charles VII.

It is a sad fact that, in those days the inhabitants of Hesse were scarcely felt to be men by their rulers. They were dogs, animals, creatures to be bought and sold, and subjected to any mode of treatment which seemed advisable in the eyes of their sovereign masters.

When Frederick II. died, he left a large sum of money in the treasury, which fell, of course, into the hands of his heir and successor, William, Count of Hanau.

If Frederick was far from immaculate in his moral character, William might safely be called most disreputable. His natural children were numerous, falling only a little short of one hundred. To provide for their maintenance, a tax of one cent was laid on each bag of salt taken from the salt mines of Hanau at the birth of each additional child!

Among his numerous alliances was one with the daughter of a forester, and from this sprang the family of Hanau. There were several sons who received this name and the income from the salt tax, one of whom was the General Von Hanau, who made himself so notorious in Italy and Hungary, causing women to be publicly whipped in the streets of Brescia, and whose atrocities were so great that when, years after, he paid a visit to the brewery of Barclay and Perkins, in London, the workmen rose against him *en masse*, and he was forced to flee the city for his life. Well did he deserve the *pet* name given him by the English, of the "*Austrian Butcher!*"

Another son was for some time commander in Cassel, but his temper was so haughty and his demeanor so overbearing that, after various petty squabbles with his sub-officers, he had one which brought him under censure; he was suspended, and in a temporary freak of madness or passion, which is about the same thing in such blood, he shot himself.

The next prince of Hesse, William II., was not much to be preferred to his predecessor. Passionate, domineering, dictatorial in most trifling matters, he was not loved by his people. Indeed, to such a state did he finally bring things, that he was forced to retire from his own territory, and seek a home in Frankfort, where he died. Not a house could be painted or a fence newly built without first having asked and received permission from him. Fancy asking the governor of New York for permis-

sion to paint your house white, and, after waiting his leisure, to be told, "No; but it might be painted brown!"

This same prince is said to have amused himself, when in the theatre, if weary of the play, by sticking pins into his unfortunate wife, until her ejaculations would attract the attention of the audience!

As a fitting close to his unamiable and unmanly career, he left orders that the splendid horses which drew his funeral car to the grave, should be shot immediately after his burial, as he did not wish them to serve any one else when he was gone.

In 1866 Hesse became Prussian, and since then matters have greatly improved. The close policy of the Hessian princes has been dropped, strangers are now cordially welcome, and all is being done that is possible to bring the state of Hesse and its capital city to the front, especially by the *Fremden Verkehr Verein*, a society established for the purpose of caring for foreigners and strangers, and who are ready and glad to reply to any inquiries made them by letter or otherwise, addressed to them in Cassel.

Through their efforts and the visits of the few skirmishing Americans who now come to go away delighted, no one will find it necessary to ask, in five years' time, "What and where is Wilhelmshöhe?"

Gossip.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

"GUSSIE Gray and her lover fell out," said sly Bess,

"On their visit while down at the beach,"

"Ha! ha!" now thought gossiping Kitty. "I guess

Even *they* have had quarrelsome speech." Then quickly she ran without waiting for more,

To report to her "set" all her doubts, "Such a story I've heard! you will sadly deplore,

Gussie Gray and her beau are 'at outs!'" Like a stone thrown in water, the news rippled fast,

O'er society's quick-ruffled sea, Till the lovers themselves heard the rumor at last,

And were tendered kind friends' sympathy. "What a falsehood! We quarrel! Our engagement broke!

Now who, pray, has mixed up this mess?" With warm indignation the lovers quick spoke,

"Why, we heard it from Kit, she from Bess."

To Bess, then, the furious party repaired:

"Why thus have you such tales engraft On the minds of our friends?" They cried.

Bess only stared.

"To report that we fell out!" Bess laughed.

"That a story ne'er loses when stretched by wide hands.

Is a truth, my dears; yes, *sans* a doubt, The words are my own, but I'll add, on the sands,

'Twas you both—from your *hammocks* 'fell out!'"

The Market Boat.

OUR spirited engraving, "The Market Boat," is from a painting by Clarkson Stanfield, who was born in England, 1798, and died in 1867.

In early life he followed the sea, and had ample opportunity to study this mighty power in all its various phases. He had looked on the waves when storms sweeping over them lashed the waters to fury; and he had seen the "deep and dark blue ocean" roll gently on, beneath the peaceful calm of a starry sky. He had watched the mysterious revelations of light and shade which the sky, as it bends over the ocean, discloses; those sudden bursts of sunlight, and those purple shadows, which falling from the zenith, wrap the ocean in a gloomy mantle. Like Byron, he had "placed his hand upon the ocean's mane, and played familiar with its hoary locks." No one understood chiaroscuro better than he did—that great scheme of light and shade—diffusing the sunlight and massing the shadows. He had studied nature: and the faintest shadow the sky threw upon the earth or the ocean, the smallest ripple of the waves, and the various fantastic shapes assumed by the clouds did not escape his attentive vision. It was natural that he should love to depict what he knew so well; although he did not confine himself to sea-scenes, his rural landscapes being equally admired.

Our engraving, which is taken from one of the most popular of his pictures, represents a scene on the Scheldt, a river which takes its rise in France, and flows through the Belgian provinces and the Dutch province of Zealand. Numerous market boats are plying the river, one of which is preparing to cross with its freight of fruit and vegetables. Near by a Dutch schooner is moored, while on the opposite coast a large vessel is seen. A fresh breeze is blowing, and the dark masses of clouds indicate that a storm is brewing. A gleam of sunshine falls from the skies and rests upon the group in the boat, and illumines the seething waters. The voyagers look anxiously toward the shore in the distance, hoping to gain the desired haven before the storm-king comes down and rides upon the waves.

The management of light and shade in this picture is most admirable. The break in the clouds, through which the sunlight pours over the boat, revealing it with greater distinctness, and falling on the sails of the distant boats, shows consummate skill, thus making light show off darkness and darkness show off light. Even the shore gleams white amid the surrounding darkness. The liquid swell of the silver-crested waves could have been painted only by one who had carefully studied their undulations.



Tegnér.
Bishop Tegnér.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

FIRST of Sweden's tuneful bards, living or departed, his sagas sung in every home, and written in unfading runes in every Scandinavian heart, is the name of Esaias Tegnér—a name made dear and familiar to American ears by Longfellow's beautiful translation of the "Nattwardsbarnen,"—the Children of the Lord's Supper. Of more than half a hundred Scandinavian poet's faces sent me from Stockholm, none move or charm me more than that of Bishop Tegnér. The hair waving around the broad, ideal forehead, the delicately arched brow, the full, tender-beaming eye, the well-formed nose, the finely carved mouth, the shapely symmetrical chin, the noble lines of expression, make the gentle beautiful face a gem in any gallery of portraits. The cross on the breast, and the stars, remind one of his many beautiful lines about the cross of care, the cross of sorrow, and that other hallowed cross, whose saving power his pen and tongue so eloquently breathed forth, and the stars—never hath poet more glowingly or gracefully enwreathed the stars in his verse. Here and there, all through his songs, there is a rose budding or a star beaming in the heart of his thought. But to reproduce those starry thoughts born in Tegnér's Swedish soul, in literal musical English, is like attempting with the gilt-paper stars we cut out and paste on a blue-paper ceiling, to shadow forth the glory of those golden orbs beaming in the sapphire sea above.

Tegnér has said that Longfellow's translation of his verses were the best, and Longfellow tells us, in speaking of his translation

of the "Children of the Lord's Supper," that "without any supposed improvement or embellishment of his own, he has preserved in that inexorable hexameter, the translation literal perhaps to a fault." Many of Tegnér's fairest thoughts are left still ungathered as they grew, not yet transplanted in any English heart.

Bayard Taylor thought the Swedish one of the most musical of tongues, and I shall never forget his repeating one evening for me some Swedish poems in the original, with so much expression and beauty. As I read over the lines now, I seem to hear the sweet musical echoes still.

It is thirty-five years since Tegnér wrote his last poem, his "Farewell to my Lyre," and his noble heart ceased to beat; but his verse is now more widely read, more deeply loved, than ever. In the last seven years, Frankfort, London, and Paris, have each given us good translations of his immortal saga. It is

nearly a hundred years since, in the quiet parsonage at Ryskerud, a parish in Warmland, was born in November 1782, a boy, who was the same day baptized with the name Esaias. His father and mother were peasant-born; his father by diligence and native talent, had raised himself to a curate's position, he had taken the name Tegnér from his native village, Tegnaby.

The mother of Tegnér was a talented and energetic woman, and wrote very musical verses herself and Esaias inherited her poetic gift.

Esaias was the youngest of the children. His father died when he was ten years old, and his mother, almost overwhelmed with care and sorrow, was very thankful to accept the offer of her husband's friend, Mr. Branting, to take the boy and bring him up for his own. Mr. Branting was a royal officer, having the care of a bailiff's office under him, and he intended to make his adopted son familiar with the business of this office. Tegnér, though so young, had already accurately kept his mother's accounts, and he so faithfully and efficiently performed his new duties that Mr. Branting became very fond of the bright noble boy, so diligent in business, yet so anxious to improve every leisure moment, in reading the best Swedish literature. He went often with Mr. Branting on his business journeys, and nothing escaped his observing eye. Everything beautiful in nature seemed to kindle his poetic enthusiasm. He very early inwove in melodious verse these poetic fancies. While he and his foster father were returning homeward from a journey one starry night, Mr. Branting was so astonished at the knowledge the boy displayed, in his original and thoughtful remarks about the laws and movements of the heavenly bodies, that he resolved no longer to confine him to his busi-

ness duties, but to give him an education; and soon after, though he must thus relinquish his favorite plan of keeping Esaias always with him, he sent him to the house of a distant friend, to be under the instruction of his family tutor, who, very much to his delight, was Esaias' own brother. When properly prepared, he was to go from thence to the University of Lund.

One of the first books that Esaias saw in his new home, among the long lines of books on the crowded book-shelves, was a Homer, and in less than a year, with only the help of a dictionary and grammar, he had translated it all. He was delighted with the world of books around him, and when study was over he loved to walk and ride in the open air. Sometimes in the bright sunny days he would wander through the fir forests, and walk on the yellow leaves, and gather the blue and red cones. Through life it was ever his delight to go out from the city gates, to the birds and the flowers of the "wild, woodland landscape beyond." At seventeen he entered the University of Lund, a university then over three hundred years old, with a library of 30,000 volumes, with several museums and rare collections of mineral and natural history. Here a century before, the renowned Pufendorf was professor of the law of nature and of nations. Here, too, was an ancient cathedral seven centuries old. Each departing century had left its restoring trace upon the quaint irregular towers.

Tegnér was soon made a teacher and librarian, and after his graduation he was chosen professor of Greek in the university. At the age of twenty-four he married the daughter of the kind friend at whose house he had prepared for the university. She was four years younger than himself, and from the many tender and beautiful lines he addressed to his wife and children on their birthdays and other festive occasions, and sometimes from a few verses written in a new Bible he gave them, we catch glimpses of a happy home, hallowed by Christian faith and devotion.

Admiring crowds attended Tegnér's lectures at the university, and "Svea," his first well-known production, a patriotic poem, attracted universal attention, and won for its author in 1811 the prize of the Swedish Academy. In 1820 he wrote the "Children of the Lord's Supper," in this very beautiful poem laying a noble foundation for his future fame. In 1821 he wrote "Axel," the story of a lifeguard's man of Charles XII., and in 1824 he was made Bishop of Wexio, and from that time devoted himself to his episcopal duties. In 1825 his most celebrated poem, his "Frithiof's Saga" appeared. It consisted of twenty-four cantos, each according to the style of the subject, set to music by Crussell a Swede, and sung in family circles throughout the country. It is based upon the the Icelandic Sagas. It has been translated and sung in many languages.

Axel is admired for its melody and glowing imagery; but Frithiof's Saga crowned the reputation begun by Svea. For Tegnér's fortunate head, ecclesiastical, civil and poetic honors were wearing a triple crown.

Hardly had he worn the bishop's cross and stars, when his Saga appeared, with its glow-

ing glimpses of a northern old-time—of a brave viking life, and its sweet and simple village scenes. Tegnér's poems are full of devotion, consolation and cheer. His thought has no slow-fading autumn, no long-lingering spring, like his own native clime, side by side with December snows, full-flowered and sweet May's roses bloom. Now his soul soars forth in a song to the sun, now glows in a starry psalm, now blooms in a May-song, now carols to a passing bird, now rises in a morning hymn, and now bursts forth in an exultant hallelujah.

In 1848, two years after his death, his writings were collected and published by his distinguished and gifted son-in-law, the poet Böttiger, and in 1874, his posthumous writings were also gathered and published by Eloj Tegnér.

Under the accumulated weight of cares, honors, and duties, his mind was for a time clouded, and rest was taken. But before his death the sunlight burst once more upon his shadowed soul, and he sang his last song, "Farewell to my Lyre," ending with these lines:

"Farewell, farewell, our parting is not long;
Fade Phoebus' laurel on my brow,
Die on my tongue, thou my last song."

His soaring soul burst its fetters on November 2, 1846, sixty-four years after the boy's bright eyes had opened in the little parsonage at Ryskerud. They laid him reverently away in the church-yard at Wexio. In the church-yard where he lies "the stones are flat and large and low, some sunken like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings, on others, only a few simple initial letters with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages.

"They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his heart treasures, and piece of money for his last journey." The tapers in those folded hands have long since burned out. But in Tegnér's hand, another brighter taper burned kindled with immortal thought. Time's stormiest tide can never pale its ever-burning light. Above his head lie Scandinavia's heavy snows, but each returning year adds fresh laurels to his unfading fame.

Over the moss-trailing branches of Sweden's far-away firs—across the wide sea, come to us still his words—

"Live in the good that thou canst do,
So every noble soul must live;
Strengthen the weak, the fierce subdue,
To fainting hearts, fresh courage give."

We translate here the opening poem of the second volume of Tegnér's "Samlade Skrifter."

SANGER.

HAST thou beheld the grove of song
With golden fruit in leafy shade,
Where silver waters wind along,
And murmur through the green arcade?
How lovely is the changing scene,
In rosy morning's purpling light,
With hope's gay banners waving green,
Above the glowing mountain height.

Why mourns the bard? Is not his sire
The friendly Heaven's immortal loan?

Why sorrows he with vain desire,
When Eden still is all his own?
Hath he not yet her sunny vales,
Her golden autumn, fadeless spring?
And tuneful still, her nightingales,
In his deep bosom tireless sing?

This gift divine, with pure delight,
Like loving bride enfolds him round,
Till through his soul, such visions bright,
He gives them living form and sound.
His world within, imprisoned long,
So forth one day has burst in light.
Eternal longing is not song;
Song is eternal victory's might.

Beyond the clouds she soars and sings,
O'er earth and sea, her lyre to sound,
She hath Aurora's rosy wings,
Her robe is with the May-sky bound.
Like morning bird, she thrills the air,
Like thunder rolls her music tide;
And in the roses round her hair,
Doth the eternal circle hide.

She knoweth not earth's dark lament,
Its hopeless grief or aimless fear;
She mourneth not o'er joys unmet,
Unrighted wrong, or sorrow near;
Her grief, a river at her feet,
Melodious flows to ocean's wave;
Her sigh, the wind's breath whispering sweet,
Among the flowers on sorrow's grave.

Her temple stands in light and flame,
And near it curls a fountain bright;
From Time's deep paving flows its stream,
And here, the poet drinks his might.
For all his bitter griefs and fears,
Its healing waves, a cure he finds;
This fountain is not mortal tears,
A heavenly mirror, pure it shines.

I'll drink of this fresh fountain bright,
If I to taste am worthy found;
Until I gaze with clearer sight,
Upon the weary world around.
I will not sing of sorrow here,
To sadness tune one mournful string;
For song's blue Heaven is ever clear,
No cloud can droop her soaring wing.

As long as o'er the father's grave
The starry arch its dome shall keep;
As long as shall the north wind brave
Sing Svea's happy child to sleep,
As long as northern breast defend,
Her sweet melodious voice, so long
Shall vale and mountain backward send
The noble, tuneful, Svenska song.

We give the last twelve verses of the first canto of "Frithiof's Saga":

FRITHIOF AND INGEBORG.

When Day stands on his arch so fair,
The world's king with his golden hair,
To wake the sleep of earth and men,
Each thinks but of the other then.

When Night stands on her arch so fair,
Earth's mother with her dusk-blue hair;
And mild stars walk o'er slumbering men,
Each dreams but of the other then.

Thou Earth, each spring adorned so fair,
With flowery gems in thy green hair;
Give me thy rarest, fairest gem,
To wear in Frithiof's diadem.

Thou sea, in whose dark halls so bright
A thousand pearls are gleaming white;
The fairest pearls thy caverns deck,
Give me for Ingeborg's snowy neck.

Thou crown of Oden's royal throne—
Eye of the world, thou golden sun;
Wert thou but mine, thy shining field,
Should be my Ingeborg's dazzling shield.

All-Father's lamp, thou silver moon,
Soft beaming down the blue aboon;
Wert thou but mine, thy crescent fair,
Should crown my Ingeborg's shining hair.

Then Hilding spoke: My foster son,
Thy mind from this wild love-play turn;
Unequal Fortune's gifts must be,
King Bele's child is not for thee.

To Oden, in his star-lit hall,
Ascends her royal lineage all;
Thou, only Thorsten's son, give way,
For like thrives best with like away.

But Frithiof smiled: My lineage low,
Downward to death's dark vale may go;
Since late the forest king I slew,
My proud soul heirs with nobles too.

The freeborn man, unconquered still,
A world may win, where'er he will;
Though Fortune wrong, she may atone,
And Hope may wear most kingly crown.

High birth is might. Its father, Thor,
In Thrudvang's castle gives the law;
High worth, all birth he weighs above,
The bravest sword shall win its love.

Yes, my young bride, I'll fight for thee,
Though with the Thunderer it be;
So, my white lily, rest thy heart,
Woe him, who thou and I would part.

Middle Life.

IT is a solemn thought and feeling connected with middle life," says the late eloquent F. W. Robertson, "that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of his youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling, it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is passed, and every day that follows is shorter, and the lighter and feebler shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind, when we were children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man better and holier than his first, if he will look forward and not backward."

The Kootub Minar.

BY JAMES GRANT.

THE British dominion in India, "the Land of the Veda," is a thing of yesterday, compared with the antiquity of the civilization of that country. It was one of the cradles, if not *the* cradle, of our race. A dynasty of kings is mentioned as reigning 2800 B.C., and the religion of Buddha is reputed to have been introduced 956 B.C. Five centuries B.C. it was conquered by Darius Hystaspes, who formed an Indian satrapy in 512 B.C. Three centuries before Christ, Alexander the Great invaded and partly subdued it; two hundred years later it was again invaded by the Tartars; and from the tenth to the twelfth centuries of our era the Mohammedans, the most successful of its many invaders, overran and subdued large portions of the country. Their religion marks their progress to this day. That India was known to the Jews is also certain; but it is a curious fact that the *name* India occurs in only one place in Scripture—in the Book of Esther. Yet, for centuries, the Hebrews carried on an extensive commerce with all that country around and south of the Indus.

Anciently, Greeks, Persians, and Tartars, and in modern times, Turks, Dutch, Portuguese, French, and English, have been masters of the whole or portions of India. But all these successive dynasties have been but as the tempest which, for a time, disfigures the surface of the ocean; in a little while the fierce wind goes by, and the great deep is at rest again. Despite its hoary age, and its frequent change of masters, India, its people, and its ancient history, are, in many respects, a puzzle to the scholar and the archæologist.

It is with one corner of this most interesting land that it is the purpose of this paper to deal—a locality around which cluster memories of the glorious days of its ancient civilization, when the power of its native princes was unbroken, and when the foot of the foreigner had not trodden its teeming soil.

The "glorious city" of Delhi (pronounced *del lee*), in the north-west provinces of India, was, for many centuries prior to the English sway, the chief city of the land of the Hindus. Its origin is lost in antiquity. Under the name of Indraprastha, it is believed to have flourished in the day of Darius Hystaspes, and in that of Alexander the Great, and was thus contemporary with Babylon, Nineveh, and Susa. Many centuries later, under the Mogul emperors, it became the capital of a vast empire reaching from the Indus to the Ganges, and from the Himalaya to the Indian Ocean. At the present day, the modern city of the name, though some eleven miles south of the ancient site, is surrounded for many miles by a scene of unparalleled disorder. Temples, mosques, palaces, towers, minarets, now only exist in ruins, which, even in their decay, testify to their former magnificence. Mingling with all these remains of fallen greatness, is the verdure of the tropics, as though nature would strive to clothe the dead, gaping stones

with living beauty. Overlooking this scene of departed grandeur, "like a Pharos to guide the traveler over this sea of desolation," stands the famous Kootub Minar, the loftiest single shaft in the world.

The authentic history of India may be said to commence with the irruption of the Mohammedans under Mahmoud Ghazni, in 1004 A.D., who made Delhi his metropolis, and his successors added greatly to its magnificence and extent. As we shall see, the Kootub Minar is very nearly coeval with the modern history of India.

In about the year 1200 A.D. the Sultan Aboo Museffa ul Momenin conceived the idea of adding to the glory of his capital by erecting a mosque which should eclipse any other building in the world for extent and costliness. One account says it was to please a favorite daughter, who wished to pay daily homage to the rising sun, that the enterprise was undertaken; but, though this may have partly influenced the monarch, it is probable that a religious motive was the principal one. From the grandeur and exquisite finish of the Minar which remains to us, it is amply evident that this mosque fully realized the builder's intentions, and surpassed anything ever attempted by human ingenuity. All the arches are yet in existence, their decoration being in a moderately perfect state. In 1398, when the "firebrand of the universe," Tamerlane, invaded India, its beauty was such that he caused a model of it to be made, which he carried with him on his return, together with as many skilled artisans as he could muster in Delhi, and a legend runs to the effect, that he built another mosque upon the same plan at his capital of Samarcand. At this day, the Column of Alexander at St. Petersburg, the Minaret of the Hassan Mosque at Cairo, and Pompey's Pillar at Alexandria, are all inferior to the Kootub Minar. It has been well said that the Hindus "built like giants, and finished their work like jewellers."

In pursuance of his grand design, the sultan assembled an army of workmen, who were engaged for twenty years upon this solitary minaret. Every Mohammedan mosque is incomplete without a pair of minars, or minarets, from which, as is well known, the call to prayer is chanted three times a day. To the right of the Kootub is a pile of unfinished masonry, about thirty feet high, two-fifths greater in diameter than the base of the completed tower, and more perpendicular. For many years a controversy raged among archæologists as to the origin and purpose of this second work. Its tapering sides seemed to indicate that it was the beginning of a minar—the mate to the Kootub—but that it *was* the mate to the Kootub seemed uncertain, from its greater diameter. But the archæologist Sleeman has given what is probably the true explanation of the origin of the second pile. The incomplete minaret was begun first, but upon a larger scale than the sultan intended, as its slowly tapering sides, compared with the finished one, prove. When they had built thirty feet those in charge of the work discovered their error, and, by order of the sultan, the work was begun again, close by, upon revised plans, was carried to a successful termina-

tion, and is the one standing to-day. If Sultan Aboo Museffa had lived long enough, doubtless he would have carried up the second minaret, of the right proportions, and so completed his mosque. But *l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*. Death claimed him for his own; the succeeding years were marked by revolution and anarchy; and eventually, with the fickleness peculiar to Eastern despots, the old capital was abandoned for the new site on the bank of the Jumna, eleven miles away. "Where rose temple and tower, now resounds only the cry of the jackal and the wolf; for the voice of man is silent there, and the wanderings of the occasional tourist alone give any sign of human life or presence, in the once glorious city."

There are many extant descriptions of the wonderful Kootub Minar. Perhaps the best is by that learned Hindu, Bholanauth Chunder, who, after vainly endeavoring to prove that it was built by his own people, and not by the despised Moslems, is finally obliged to confess that the evidences of its Mohammedan origin are overwhelming. There is an inscription upon the Minar, of which the following translation appeared in the fourteenth volume of the *Asiatic Researches*: "The erection of this building was commenced in the glorious time of the great Sultan, the mighty King of kings, the Master of mankind, the Lord of the monarchs of Turkestan, Arabia, and Persia, the Sun of the world and religion, of the faith and of the faithful, the Lord of safety and protection, the heir of the kingdoms of Suliman—Aboo Museffa Altemsh Nasir Amin ul Momenin." Truly a sufficiently laudatory notice of one man!

It may be mentioned here, before we give the description before alluded to, that a complete history of the stately edifice may be gained from the sentences that are inscribed on various portions of it. Those on the upper stories are so minute that they have to be deciphered with the aid of a telescope.

"The base of this minar is a polygon of twenty-four sides, altogether measuring a hundred and forty-seven feet. The shaft is of a circular form, and tapers regularly from the base to the summit. It is divided into five stories, round each of which runs a bold projecting balcony, supported upon large and richly carved brackets, having balustrades that give to the pillar a most ornamental effect. The exterior of the basement story is fluted alternately in twenty-seven angular and semicircular faces. In the second story the flutings are only semicircular; in the third they are all angular. The fourth story is circular and plain; the fifth, again, has semicircular flutings. The relative height of the stories to the diameter of the base has quite scientific proportions. The first, or lowermost story, is ninety-five feet from the ground, or just two diameters in height; the second is fifty-three feet farther up; the third, forty feet farther. The fourth story is twenty-four feet above the third, and the fifth has a height of twenty-two feet. The whole column is just five diameters in height. Up to the third story the minar is built of fine red sandstone. From the third balcony to the fifth the building is composed chiefly of white Jeypoor mar-

ble. The interior is of the gray, rose-quartz stone. The ascent is by a spiral staircase of three hundred and seventy-six steps, to the balcony of the fifth story, and thence are three more steps to the top of the present stone-work. Inside it is roomy enough, and full of openings for the admission of light and air. The steps are almost 'lady-steps,' and the ascent is quite easy. The ferruginous sandstone has been well selected to lend a rich, majestic appearance to the column. The surface of that material seems to have deepened in reddish tint by exposure for ages to the oxygen of the atmosphere. The white marble of the upper stories sits like a tasteful crown upon the red stone, and the graceful bells, sculptured in the balconies, are like a 'cumberbund' (an oriental girdle or gay sash) around the waist of the majestic tower. The lettering is as delicate and fine as though made with an engraver's tool."

For six hundred and sixty years have the heat of the tropical sun and the fury of the equatorial storm beat upon the Kootub, and during that time millions from other lands have gazed upon its wonderful proportions. As has been truly said, the Minar is as remarkable among minarets as the Taj Mahal is among tombs—peerless in its majesty, beauty, and simplicity.

The Kootub is now, however, shorn of some fifteen feet of its former height. In 1368 lightning shattered its summit, and the Emperor Feroz Shah caused it to be restored. In 1503 it was again repaired, this time by Secunder Lodi, a prince whose excellent taste was only equalled by his munificence. Three hundred years later a more serious injury than any that had yet befallen it, occurred to the Minar. A violent earthquake shook the pillar and disturbed its massive foundations. Its condition having been made known to the British soon after their conquest of the Northwest Provinces, its restoration was undertaken by their Viceroy, Lord Hardinge.

In 1794 the cupola that Feroz Shah had affixed fell down, and it had been replaced by a plain red sandstone open dome, entirely out of keeping with the beautiful decoration of the rest of the structure. All men of artistic attainments, native and foreign, deemed this a most incongruous head-piece; so it was taken down piecemeal, and the present cap, forming an open promenade some eighteen feet in diameter, was put up in its stead. The condemned stone-work was re-erected on a grassy mound midway between the unfinished Minar and the Kootub.

As may be readily imagined, the view from its summit is unparalleled for beauty and extent. Few who visit the Kootub fail to ascend to the highest attainable spot, and are amply repaid for their trouble. Bishop Thompson says: "The Minar is the grandest column in the world. Except the Tower of Babel, probably nothing ever erected by human hands has produced the same effect as one stands awe-struck at its base, and gazes upon its majestic form towering to the skies."

Abou Museffa ul Momenin "buildd better than he knew," when he designed and erected the Kootub. Though every other part of his great mosque is in ruins, the minaret rears its

solitary head like the last of a race of kings looking down upon the departed glories of his line. Ages hence, when possibly the British dominion in India shall be a thing of the remote past, the Kootub Minar will still bear testimony to the power of a race that, while its sway existed, was one of the mightiest the world has ever seen.

Old Newport.

BY H. F. R.

THREE weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloudlike we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward."

—*The Skeleton in Armor.*

ONLY a hundred years or so ago, and Newport was, saving Boston, the most important town in the American colonies. A fleet of over seven hundred sail hailed from its noble harbor, a regular line of packets to London formed a link with the Old World, and there were not less than two thousand seamen annually taking their departure thence. In 1728 stalwart Bishop Berkeley, of tar-water fame, wrote that "Newport is the most thriving place in all America for bigness;" and, for more than seventy-five years, she was the rival of New York and Boston. There was a good reason for this prosperity, as we shall see.

In 1636, Roger Williams, having been expelled from the Massachusetts colony for his religious opinions, removed to the present site of Newport, and there founded a colony of his own. In 1638, William Coddington and seventeen others, all men of exceedingly liberal views for those days, followed him, and the success of the new venture was thenceforward assured. Others were attracted to the place because of the existence of what was then a very rare commodity—religious freedom—which in Newport reigned triumphant; and so it came to pass that, in course of time, Jews, Quakers, Calvinists, Baptists, Moravians, and Churchmen, all mingled and practised their several beliefs in perfect harmony and good fellowship. Thus it was that

"The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent and of different climes."

The illustrious Roger Williams himself founded the first Baptist Church in Rhode Island, in 1639, which society is still in existence. The Jewish burying-ground and synagogue, referred to by Longfellow in the above lines, built in 1762, are to-day in a perfect state of preservation, as is the case with many other old edifices, notably the Friends' meeting-house, built in 1700; Redwood Library, built by Harrison, one of the architects of

Blenheim House, in 1788; and, last mentioned, but not by any means least in point of interest, Trinity Church, erected in 1730, with its grand old organ, bearing the inscription, "The gift of George Berkeley, late Lord Bishop of Cloyne," and which is still, curiously enough, surmounted by a gilt crown, a relic of the old colonial days. In the burying-ground attached to the Friends' meeting-house, too, one is impressed with the antiquity of the surroundings. Some of the oldest inscriptions to be found in this country, may here be seen. On many the letters have been effaced by the hand of time, which, imperceptibly and stealthily, spares not the rugged slabs of slate. In one instance the figures "1638" may be traced; in another, "1640." And among the many graves of the latter half of the seventeenth century, one bears the name of that William Jefferay, who, if tradition speaks aright, was one of the judges who condemned the merry monarch, Charles I., to death. He died in 1675.

Another link with the past, which has only recently been swept away, is the original charter granted to the colony of Rhode Island by Charles II., in 1663. Until 1843 this document formed the basis of the State and municipal government, but was in that year superseded by a State constitution.

The Revolution worked incalculable damage to Newport. In December, 1776, Rhode Island was invaded by General Clinton, and was shortly after bombarded by General Sullivan. As a consequence, when the British finally evacuated the place, and the French fleet, commanded by D'Estaing, entered the harbor, it was only to find the town a scene of ruin and desolation. The commerce of the place revived somewhat during the next few years, but its pre-eminence as a port of entry was fled for ever. No more would the fleets from the four corners of the earth, laden with the riches of the Orient, sail up its magnificent roadstead; no more would its narrow streets be lined with the produce of the tropics for lack of room in the already overflowing warehouses. Instead, Newport gradually settled down, like New Bedford at a later day, into a dull country town, with a trade of thousands where it formerly had millions. The war of 1812 proved the last blow to the already crippled and shrunken commerce, and from that time her doom was sealed.

But the Newport of to-day! Never was the old simile of the Phoenix arising from its ashen tomb more appropriate in its application. To-day the fortunate possessor of a few acres of the rocky and sandy soil is a millionaire. To-day the narrow thirty-foot-wide streets and lanes of the Newport of 1776 are mere alleys compared with the magnificent "Drive" and the many avenues of the new city. To-day Lady Fashion waves her magic wand, and behold, a city arises which, compared with the old town, is fairy-land indeed.

Newport as it was we have seen; let us now glance at Newport as it is. And if we must have a point to start from, let us start from the name.

The original appellation of the islet on which Newport stands, was Aquidneck, or "Isle of Peace," and because of its fancied

resemblance to the Isle of Rhodes in the Mediterranean, the present name was given to the colony. But as if in derision of the old Indian designation, the powers that be soon found it necessary to erect a couple of forts, whose grim protruding muzzles are a constant mockery of the aboriginal "Isle of Peace." So long as only walls of oak were opposed to these walls of stone, they served their purpose; but since the cannon of our age of iron and blood would scatter their stones and mortar as so much chaff, they only serve as exceedingly pretty adjuncts to the surrounding landscape. Accordingly, to the visitor approaching Newport from the bay, these two forts, Fort Adams on Brenton's Point, and Fort Wolcott on Goat Island, present a most beautiful and picturesque appearance. But although the mission of these structures is at an end, a new means of defence has appeared. Right under the guns of Fort Adams lies Torpedo Island, which, as its name sufficiently indicates, is devoted to the experiments which have given to marine warfare a terror far exceeding that which the underground mine possesses for the soldier. On the left hand, too, is the strange, cheese-box looking structure known by the euphonious name of "The Dumpling," believed to have been hastily erected by the British when they occupied Rhode Island—some time between the years 1776 and 1778, as is proved by a dispatch from General Pigot to Sir Henry Clinton, bearing date of the latter year. As a defence work, it is utterly insignificant, but as a picturesque ruin it is an important factor in the surrounding scenery; albeit that compared with Fort Adams on the opposite side of the harbor, "The Dumpling" looks pretty much as one of Columbus' galleons would alongside a turret ship of to-day. Its crumbling walls resound almost daily in the summer with the laughter and revelry of picnic and boating parties; and where, in days gone by, shot and shell and powder were piled, and went forth to do their deadly work, lovers walk and artists fill their books with those sketches that are destined to bear fruit when "the melancholy days are come" and the summer glory is fled.

A paper on Newport that contained no reference to the "old mill" would be like, to use a metaphor that has done good service, the play of *Hamlet* with the hero left out. Mr. Longfellow has done all that a poet could to foster the romantic legend that the old Norse kings founded it. But truth, that remorseless ogre who demolishes so many a fair castle in the air, affirms that the vikings had no more to do with it than they had with building Trinity Church. In the will of a Mr. Benedict Arnold—not he of infamous memory, who lived a hundred years later—dated 1677, he leaves his "stone-built mill" to his heirs, which would seem to settle the matter beyond cavil. That it has seen many changes of fortune, like Newport itself, and was formerly much larger than at present, are facts which do not materially assist either the romantic or the prosaic theory. As a powder-mill, possibly as a fort, and lastly as a mill, its career has been a checkered one, and still its old walls look as though they

might stand the brunt of centuries to come. Certain it is, that as long as it does exist, it will be an object of interesting but fruitless speculation.

As if to chain the old and the new together, the yesterday and to-day in our country's history, there stands only a stone's throw from the old mill the statue of Commodore Perry, the hero of Lake Erie. The material is bronze, and it was erected by the Commodore's son-in-law, Mr. Belmont.

The house of Bishop Berkeley, which he called Whitehall, out of regard to the memory of Charles I., still stands in good repair, and is one of the finest examples of domestic architecture of the early years of the eighteenth century, to be found on this continent. In its sunny garden he once walked, meditating on his long-cherished scheme of founding a college in the West Indies, or reflecting on the course of that nation which he had already described as taking its way westward. In pleasant weather he hied to his favorite nook in Paradise Rocks, within easy walking distance of his house, and which is known to this day as "Berkeley's Seat," situated, as we may not irreverently trust he now is, in Paradise, and where he mused for the hour together on the abstruse problems in philosophy which so vexed his soul.

Newport is the place of contrasts, as we have seen, and so we shall not be startled to find, that close to Paradise there is Purgatory, which has its legend or rather legends.

One is to the effect that an Indian squaw was one day walking near this fissure, when she was met by an Englishman who expressed his desire to fight with her! She, nothing loath, assented, and in the struggle which ensued her opponent seized her in his arms and leaped into the boiling waters of the chasm. It is hardly necessary to say that the Englishman was none other than his Satanic majesty in person; though as to why his wrath was thus wreaked upon the inoffensive squaw the legend is discreetly silent.

Another runs in this wise. A young and beautiful heiress was engaged to a worthy young man, and partly from a spirit of coquetry and partly to test his affection, desired him to attest his devotion by leaping across the chasm—an impossible feat, by the way. The youth, nothing loath, took her at her word, sprang across to the other side, and then, politely raising his hat, bade her adieu; and she never saw him more, but went mourning all her days.

We have now seen Newport in three phases of its history, what its fourth shall be who shall say? That it will never more echo to the voice of trade is one of the things we can be reasonably certain of. The merchant fleets are displaced by the white-winged yachts that make the harbor their rendezvous in the summer; the merchant has gone, and in his place is the tired and brain-weary worker from other centers of commerce, who comes here to gain from nature that restoration of mind and body that is denied him at home, and which the salt-laden south and west winds can give him in perfection. This being so, who shall say that the last state of the old town is not better than the first.

Talks with Women.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

THE AWAKENING.

HUMAN nature is very much the same everywhere, and among persons of every degree. Circumstances modify, but they do not alter the inherent quality of anything. Thus the awakening process which is going on among women finds its subjects in all classes: those who have been delicately reared, who have been surrounded from birth by a species of eastern seclusion and luxury, as well as those whose unwonted exercise of faculty seems to have been provoked by the pressure of hard necessity.

Of course it does not all find the same sort of outlet, or express itself in the same way, but the outgrowths are none the less interesting for their variety; and the quiet up-springing of little rills of thought here and there; the shaping of these thoughts into acts, are more truly indicative of the general tendencies of mind and character, because wholly spontaneous, than when under pressure of circumstances an exceptional work has been performed in an exceptional manner.

The key-note of the modern woman movement is unity, and all the efforts tend toward it. Solid armies of women move in battle array for the furtherance of the temperance cause. Clubs of women and societies for literary purposes exist everywhere, and have changed small villages and dull towns into centers of bright, intelligent awakening-work. The "Woman's Congress" has done much to draw out the intellectual introspective thought which has been garnering up the results of experience in many nooks and obscure corners, and brought them to the light of day; and though they can never be all collected or put into form and shape, and were not perhaps, in every instance, suitable for preservation, still they make a noble addition to the evidences of awakening life, and possibly exercise a broader influence than if the literary form had always been strictly and severely correct.

These efforts have many of them a pathetic interest. They are made by women who have no future, whose lives have been a struggle with hard circumstances, whose one thought has been, and is, to make the world a little easier for their daughters, for those who come after them. These daughters are the occupants of our colleges, the graduates of our high schools. They do not understand the lives their mothers have led, the sacrifices they have made. They were born into another life. They have no recollection of how it was when the opportunities they enjoy did not exist, when freedom for women was believed to

mean the sacrifice, rather than the redemption, of the race.

It does not surprise us to hear of the doings of these college girls, their clubs and their coteries, their regattas and their "Alpha Beta" societies. They were emancipated before they were born, and they live in an atmosphere of exaltation, in which high and active endeavor are applauded, and only idleness and stupidity are at a discount. But it is somewhat startling to old-fashioned notions to find the "club" idea, and the "congress" idea, and the associative idea generally, breaking out in the most exclusive society, and obtaining an entrance into circles supposed to be sacred to tradition and the most absolute conventional forms and prejudices. Out of such society as this, however, many gratifying evidences have come that the new life is not limited in its scope or operation, but that the divine or awakening spirit touches some souls wherever it rests, and inspires them with the same desire, the same reaching out for a better and truer life.

Nineteen young girls, the flower of New York's finest, most exclusive, and wealthiest circles, were recently found to have formed themselves into a modest and retired association, for the purpose of self-culture and general development. They voluntarily subjected themselves to the strict discipline of parliamentary rule; elected a chairman at each meeting, proposed questions, and had debates, in which the speakers were limited to time, and kept to the question by the chairman. But there is nothing original about these methods, it is the fact that they voluntarily placed themselves under parliamentary restrictions, and the character of their questions and discussions, which makes them noteworthy. Two of the questions given for discussion were as follows:

First—"Is true courtesy consistent with perfect sincerity?"

Second—"What two qualities are most essential to the development of a noble womanhood?"

These questions are very significant and very curious as the suggestive utterances of a group of young girls just entering life, ignorant of its dangers, accepting as true the things that are told them by authority, willing to do their duty if they can only find out exactly what that duty is.

It is not with any special purpose in view that they are making this preparation, laying these foundations for future usefulness. They do not know themselves what they are doing it for. They are only one group out of thousands scattered all over the country, who are doing very much the same work, in very much the same way. It is the natural reaching out of trained and awakened faculty; and when power has been awakened and is formulated, it only needs direction to become a guiding and controlling force.

These girls do not know exactly what they will be called upon to do in the future, but whatever it is they will be ready for it, and the better, more exact, more thorough their methods now, the higher, the more responsible the places they will be able to fill hereafter. And this is the main point after all,

the awakening which is pouring a flood-tide of brilliant light over the world will be of little use to us individually, if we do not arise by it and fit ourselves for the coming duties of the day. The great pageant, the glorious procession, must either move on without us, or we find ourselves unequipped, and obliged to bring up the inglorious rear, or unable to hold our own with those who are "marching on," and who are found, not in the West or the East alone, but in the North and the South; on the high steppes of Norway, among the peasants of Russia, as well as the educated classes of England and America.

The tendency now-a-days, and especially in this country, is simply to make a demand for the place, to grasp at the power without reference to fitness; but the advent of women in the fields of broader life and activity will serve a very poor purpose if their efforts are directed toward selfish ends, by such unscrupulous means as ignorant ambition is obliged to use. It is the misfortune of a democratic form of government that selfish ambition is cultivated as a duty. Every boy is to aspire to be President, not to be great and good enough for President; and the principle permeates every department of public and social life, until our whole scheme has resolved itself into one huge striving for place.

This has made some good men look with favor on the anticipated entrance of women into politics and public affairs, who have heretofore believed such an innovation unwise and impracticable. Now, however, they say, "Politics can be made no worse, they might be better—women have made the home, men the bar-room—in associating women with men in politics; we may graft upon them conscience and a nobler purpose than that which actuates the merely selfish and appropriative man."

If women should be called to public work of this kind, would they justify this trust? Would they fulfil these high expectations? But whether they are or are not, there is a noble, indeed a nobler, because less personal, work for them to perform, which is dropping little by little into their hands, and requires the possession and exercise of fully as high and as well-trained faculties. This is the educational, philanthropic, and disciplinary work; and the successful performance of unpaid and poorly paid labor in these fields is the strongest argument in the minds of many in favor of giving them positions and work that pay, and pay well.

But there is no antagonism between business and philanthropy, between earning and living and doing something more broadly useful in one's day and generation. Women who succeed as housekeepers are likely to succeed in societies, as members of committees, as controllers of finance. It is an old saying, and a true one, that if you want a thing done, you must pick out the busiest person you know to do it. The reason is, that method, and the habit of attention to affairs, teaches one how to go to work in the best and easiest way, while those who are not accustomed to the ways of executing actual work and business, are puzzled and find obstacles in the veriest trifles. There is a curious sort of

freemasonry about work, too—experience in one department is a preparation for another; so that time need never be lost, if one thing can not be done another can, and one never knows when or how that particular acquirement or special bit of knowledge will come in, but it is sure to be wanted some time or some where.

The exclusion of women from active fields of labor has shut them up in a darker night than exclusion from men's colleges could have done. The social doctrine that refinement and labor, that delicacy and honest work were antagonistic, and that women were only ladies, or lady-like, in proportion to their ignorance and uselessness, has been the most wicked and damnatory idea that ever found a lodgment in any narrow or corrupted brain. It has created and kept alive the "social evil;" it has filled the heads of women with small vanities and puerile ambitions, and made them look with contempt on the heroic efforts of those who were far nobler than themselves to maintain an honest independence by daily toil. It is impossible to tell what the gain to the whole world would have been if the gospel of work had been preached, instead of the gospel of avoidance and escape from it; if men and women had been taught that it is labor itself which is the greatest blessing and reward in this life, rather than what it brings.

This is the gospel which the present awakening will, it is hoped, bring to women—a realization of how good a thing it is to know and to do. It does not so much matter what, so long as it is useful and good; but it is of infinite moment that whatever it is should be known and done well. Ignorance and fear have degraded women; knowledge, and the strength which it brings, will emancipate them. Ambition, public life, is a snare, and hides pitfalls innumerable; but work, productive, useful work, is a saviour and a blessing, and only those who have served an apprenticeship at it are fit to conduct affairs in which working and manufacturing and great general interests are involved. One of the great and fatal misfortunes of this country is that it is governed by lawyers and politicians—men who draw like leeches the life-blood from the working element, but return nothing to it. May it be a long time before women add themselves in large numbers to these destructive and rapacious classes!

But holding firmly to truth, however, and the underlying principles of a faithful life, there is a great opportunity for women to step in and help save the world from the flood-tide of corruption and moral turpitude which threatens to engulf it, by making honor and purity their guiding-stars, and knowledge and work their anchorage. Life is but a little thing as placed against honor; ease and luxury a delusion and snare, as placed against honesty. If women would but awake to this! All over the world women are trying to suppress vice, to create better conditions, in which men and women may live truer and nobler lives; but it can not be done by adding one wrong to another, by sentimentalizing over wickedness, by justifying evil deeds, by covering the sun with a pall, because it is already obscured by thunder-clouds. Two wrongs do

POETS' CORNER,
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

not make right, nor one wrong justifies another. Let us do what human needs demand, but preserve our own integrity in so doing. If women will only cling with awakening strength and loyal trust to honor and duty, as the surest anchorage and truest safeguards, nothing can really harm them, and they in return may become a nation's dependence in an hour of peril—an hour which will certainly come, unless strong moral influences are brought to bear against the tide which seems destined to sweep away all the old barriers. These influences women to a certain extent are exercising, but they could do much more. They are moving grandly in the work of temperance reform, in stimulating industrial effort, in quickening the intellectual sense and life. But they need to do better work in their homes as well as abroad, to maintain by love and by sacrifice of self all that is best in the influence and character of home life; and to remember that it is the woman who is the formative element in the home—the guiding spirit; and that men and women must be in after life very much what the influence of a strong, good woman has made them, if they have been so fortunate as to have had it interwoven with their being, and its growth and development.

Women sometimes fail to do and to be what they might, through weakness, through fear, through ignorance of just what is right, of what is required, and what is best for them to do. They have been accustomed to depend upon the voice of authority, through father, husband, brother, doctor, minister, and friend. It requires time, knowledge, and experience, to make the average woman of to-day realize that she is not only responsible for her own acts, but also for the influence which they exercise upon her family, her social circle, and the community at large. This knowledge, this realization, will be an incalculable benefit to the world at large; for the faith, the obedience, the steadfast devotion which have so often been given to some unscrupulous man, will be reserved for principles which lay the foundation for peace, security, and true happiness. Knowing what other women are doing, made strong by example and courageous by the knowledge of the real power and responsibility vested in her, a woman will be no longer afraid to express her real thoughts, and will command the respect from those about her which women as yet rarely obtain, because of their failure to realize their own strength, obligations, and possibilities.

Let us hope that the awakening will continue till the majority of women set themselves to work out their own salvation by any and every means that may present themselves, considering nothing too high, nothing too low, for aspiration or useful acquirement. Whatever they are, whatever they may become in the light of this new dawn, let it be something that will do away with the amateurish pretences, the childishness, the weak waiting for something or somebody to do the work of their own will, that lowers, and dwarfs, and hinders the growth and work of so many women. Let it be something that will make them able to stand in the light of the eternal as woman, the source and fountain of that which enriches and saves the world.

A LITTLE Company of honored names,
The touching record of undying fames,
A nation's tribute to her deathless dead
Who on their land her brightest glory shed;
For blood soon dries and battles are forgot,
Swords rust, crowns crumble, warlike banners rot,
But Shakespeare's genius immortal sings
His England's greatness, and embalms her kings;
And "Rare Ben Jonson" cheers the modern heart
As when the Mermaid echoed to his art;
While, once as led to Canterbury shrine,
Come pilgrims now, oh Chaucer, unto thine!
And where 'tis writ that "Spenser's godlike mind
No witness needs save works he left behind,"
And Una's lion guards from time's despite
The name that spells the Faery World to sight;
And "all the air a solemn stillness holds"
As charm of sweetest Elegy unfolds
Memorial tribute to "celestial fire
That woke to ecstasy the living lyre;"
While wistful sadness spreads a pensive gloom
O'er Hudibrastic wit by Butler's tomb,
Sign of Fate's sarcasm in earth's changing strife,
The Abbey dead—but "destitute in life!"
And still the constant Seasons, as they roll,
Keep fresh his fame who sang their inner soul;
Upon the form of him whose seeing eye
Within Deserted Village could descry
A tuneful beauty, tender thought is cast
As ghost of simple Vicar flitteth past;
And here the blind Bard's lofty measures flow,
As pilgrims pause his monument below;
For none e'er lost the Paradise of sight
To gain such inner Paradise of light!
And lo! amid the Poets of his race
One not unworthy of the highest place,
Who breathed no rhythmic strains, lived but to free
His country from the guilt of slavery;
And welcome now mid throng with genius rife
The noble poem of exalted life,
And none of these but fain would see the stone
Of Granville Sharpe placed close beside his own!

WHAT are the Kings, who fill a single page
Of History's record of their vanished age,
Compared with these who trained a people's thought,
Whose laurel crowns the world in homage brought?
What worth Ambition's dust to spirits stirred
By Poetry's sweet, everlasting word?
What warrior feats, or victory's emblems grand
Beside the relict of this gifted band,
Whose minstrel strains make life more true and strong
And lift the lowly with inspired song?
Do tears of reverence unbidden spring
Beside the chiselled tomb of buried king
Like those that sudden fill enraptured eye
Lingering o'er crypts where culture's sceptres lie?
Or sigh for eloquence, no more to fill
Proud halls of state, while these are singing still?

WITH careless feet we move o'er ancient vaults
Where sleep praised virtues, unrecorded faults,
Nor feel it sacrilege to tread on fame,
Until we pause beside familiar name,
And, struck with general sorrow, silent meet,
The Dickens tablet 'neath our shrinking feet;
And as we bend above the new-carved stone
With more of fealty than before a throne,
By memory conjured, passes swift the while
A quaint procession through the solemn aisle,
His Fancy's creatures all, but "little Nell"
Kneels on the floor 'neath which he sleepeth well;
No need to pile upon the pavement bare
A sculptured monument with that shape there!

PROUD are the palaces of England's land,
And wonders still her lovely temples stand;
Fair are her stately homes and lordly halls
Whereon the mark of ages scarcely falls,
And sweet and sacred is each storied place
Where History hallows, and Romance yields grace;
But sweetest, holiest of all her fames,
Her Poets' Corner, and her Poets' Names.

SARAH BRIDGES STEBBINS

* Prunes and Prisms.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

(Continued from page 334.)

CHAPTER XII.

CAMP LIFE!

THE "Home Cabin" had the key turned in its lock, to be left for three weeks to utter desolation! The "Camp Cabin" had a fresh carpet of balsam boughs, and all its holiday attire on, to receive the weary though jolly crowd who were this moment tramping up through the little path from the lake, where they had disembarked!

Tramping up—glad to get there; though all the way had been but a series of merry, happy-go-lucky adventures by water and land. Pictures of wild fascinating scenery, that would linger to the end of life in their memories; pictures of each other in the bright mountain costumes, that, winding in and out among the grand old trees, interlaced with all manner of lovely forest growth, made indelible impressions, to be lovingly recalled through the bleak, dark days of winter; pictures of the stalwart, bronzed guides, with loping, even gait, striding on through the forest, the portable luggage strapped to their backs as only an Adirondack guide can fasten such articles to his person—all formed such bewildering, shifting visions—that the whole journey seemed through another world of delight.

Mr. Higgins went first—striding on before, with his immense knee-boots splashed with the mud gathered from his frequent fordings of the stream, and the brisk little detours he made from time to time to point out objects of special interest to his party, with his huge felt hat that completely fascinated the children, who couldn't keep their eyes off from it—was a veritable pioneer in more senses than one!

HE felt the responsibility of this expedition. Wasn't it expressed in every line of his figure and weather-beaten face?—and he meant to make them have a good time. And what Moses Higgins meant—well, if it didn't turn out as planned, wasn't his fault, that was one thing certain!

Cicely came next; trotting and skipping from very exuberance of glee; full of joy at simply being *alive!* it really seemed as if the whole woods could not contain her! The broken arm was, as Dr. Farman had said "all right!" And here, bright as a bird, free from every thought of care or sorrow, she went flitting through the old forest, the very sight of her doing every one's heart good!

"Ef you don't keep *some wheres,*" Mr. Higgins would say, with a face of pretended wrath, "we'll have to tie you to the rest of the party!" And Cecy would laugh, and go flying off again at the least hint from outside attractions—restless and happy as a butterfly!

Aunt Elderkin came quietly and evenly on after her in the trail—seeing everything; but, while others "oh-ed" and "ah-ed," she only pursed her lips together with a queer expression, very funny to see. Ready, when the time came, to tell what she thought of all that surrounded them: *now* she only gathered it all in, with sharp, observing glances on either hand, as material for future use!

"That woman," thought uncle Joe, watching her method closely, "will know more about it, when we get through with this expedition, than the rest of us all put together!"

Then came Putkins, mounted aloft on Washington Birge's broad shoulders, crowing at every new thing, and giving enthusiastic little digs with both heels into the patient chest beneath them. He had on, for head garniture, a broad straw hat, that had been once adorned by red flannel, a piquant, pretty affair, that set off the laughing, brown eyes and fair skin. *Now*, it would be difficult to tell that it ever had been red, or any other color, for that matter! The hat itself had so many kinks and turns in it, that it gave a variety of expressions to Putkins' face, not exactly of the charming order!

But never mind what the costume was, Putkins certainly was in for a good time! Woe be to the one who petted him! At once he was a slave, to do the will of the royal little tyrant, and that one was—Washington Birge!

And then came Uncle Joe, to see, as he expressed it, "that Putkins doesn't get too obstreperous, and work mischief for Birge and himself! At least, I will be just back, to pick up the pieces!"

And it took all of Uncle Joe's get-up, fierce as it was, to keep things straight and preserve authority!

Tramping next in the Indian file, which the narrowness of the trail made it necessary for them to observe, came Maum Silvy, with a stolid "*k-thud, k-thud*" of the huge calf shoes that graced her feet. She never stopped to look right or left at *anything!* It might be the most beautiful bit of wood scenery that ever gave a thrill to a human heart. It might be this; it might be that. *She* didn't care for it "a mite;" not she; but, with a snort, she would plunge on fiercer than ever, making such a crackling and snapping of twigs and sticks in the path, that one would suppose an army were advancing, instead of one person!

"Gracious!" whistled Uncle Joe, whose auditory organs suffered somewhat from this constant racket, "she'd be invaluable to go in front, and break a path!"

And then, Pruney, who had tried hard to get away from her mother's watchful neighborhood, came unwillingly after, with many shrugs and hitches of the shoulders, and many puckers and frowns.

"Ef ye're thar, I kin tell somethin' about ye!" said Maum Silvy, decidedly. "An' thar ye'r goin' ter be! Come on!"

"Never mind, Prunes," whispered Rex, consolingly, who was next in line, "just wait until we get fairly *into* the woods, then I'll show you something! There's lots of fun left to you yet."

Little Mrs. Farman, just back of him, overheard. "This end of the procession is a great deal the best, Pruney," she said, laughing, and glancing back at her husband, who looked more like a brigand than anything else! "Hugh," she said, "do take Pruney under your wing as regards amusement."

"I consider you engaged to me, Pruney," he said, with an elaborate bow, "over this carry, at least."

Pruney, who thought all this nonsense and merry chat was great fun, laughed and showed all her teeth, and recovered her good spirits immediately.

And then Jane appeared to view—Jane the dismal! who, after her carelessness in the affair about Putkins, no longer considered the "Adirondacks" a pleasant place as regards a residence. Jane followed, wishing every step was her last: and with each step vowing down deep in her heart, that "they never'll catch me here again!"

Jefferson Higgins and William Ezekiel Slocum brought up the rear handsomely, "to ketch deserters," they said.

And so they went into the forest!

And then, just when the trail got to be a very

little bit tiresome; when it seemed as if they had no part of the human frame but pedal extremities, when their tired feet went on mechanically, then burst upon them a lovely little lake—lovely in itself, but lovelier in its setting.

They flung themselves down upon its banks; they lunched and talked, and laughed as only careless, happy people will, who "have all the day before them" to do with as they will!

"Now," said Mr. Higgins at last, "'tain't likely we're goin' to live here, so we'd better, p'r'aps, get up, an' pick out our seats in the boats!"

There they lay; three—two large, roony flat-bottomed ones, and one a dug-out, swaying up and down on the clear, bright water, that shone in the noonday sunlight.

"I'm going in this," cried Cicely, hopping down the bank like a squirrel, to point eagerly at the dug-out, as it lay, roll, roll, with an easy lurch at every movement of the water. "Can't I, Mr. Higgins? Oh, do let me!"

"Will you keep still?" asked Uncle Mose, doubtfully. "The one that goes in that will have to set jest *so*, I tell you!"

"Oh, let *me!*" cried Pruney, flying down to the water's edge, who always wanted to do a little more than Cicely; "I think ye ought! I want ter, most awful."

"*You!*" exclaimed Mr. Higgins, contemptuously, and whirling around on her; "I sh'd as soon think of taking along a wild Injun, or an eel, or a boa constrictor, or a gorilla, as *you!*"

"*I ain't!*" cried Pruney, standing quite still, and stamping her foot angrily at him.

"*Ain't what?*" cried the others, coming up in a bunch.

"*Ain't* all them things—*ain't—ain't!*" she vociferated, dreadfully excited.

"What—for pity's sake, *what?*" exclaimed Uncle Joe, seizing her arm. "Now, then, Pruney, what is it?"

"He called me wild Injun, an' a boy—somethin', an' a grill—that big man did," she said, glaring at Uncle Mose, who was regarding her with great stolidity. "An' I ain't—ain't—so there!"

"Git in somewhars!" exclaimed Maum Silvy, hustling her along to one of the big, flat-bottomed boats, "an' stop yer racket, for ye sound wuss than *all dem* three put together!"

And so they sailed out on the lake.

"Hum is hum!" observed Mr. Higgins, going up the little hill with long, even, slouching steps, to Cicely, who always kept as near as possible to him. "That's what they *say*, but I d'nno, it seems to me, some other places is hum, when you *git* there; an' this is one of 'em!"

He pointed to the side of the little log-house, just peeping through the trees, with great satisfaction and admiration.

"Isn't it just splendid!" exclaimed Cicely, hopping on by his side, in very excess of glee, "to live in the very *middle* of the woods, Uncle Mose, like the birds and squirrels, and eat off from birch-bark plates, and—"

"I never heard them critters did them things," said Mr. Higgins, with a droll pucker to his immense mouth; "I sh'd say they was awful stuck-up!"

"Oh dear!" cried Cicely, laughing. "Hark! what's that?" she exclaimed, as a succession of shots rang out through the forest.

"It's the boys," said "Uncle Mose," "Jeff. an' Wash. Birge. I told 'em to run ahead an' give you all a sal-ute—sort of a welcome, you know. Oh *Je-ru-salem!* see, the old black woman roll though!"

Maum Silvy, supposing, by the volley, that some horrible wild beast or a pack of Indians had been encountered, had started backward, with most unearthly yells of despair, to go down

the hill again. And like most heavy bodies when precipitated suddenly, she gathered impetus by every step she took, so that in a second or two she could no more stop herself than the wind, and was only saved from going on straight into the lake by plumping up against a tall, weather-beaten tree!

"Whoa!" sang out Mr. Higgins, with stentorian voice, tearing his way down over the stones to her assistance, "thet ain't a Christian way to stop yerself, a-tearin' down trees—you *hain't* knocked it over," he said, in a relieved tone, as if he *had* been in much doubt before, and going all around the stout old pine.

"Knocked it!" said Maum Silvy, with some expletive that was lost. "Wal, my—breff's clean—knocked out o'—my body—if dat's wot—you want ter *know*!"

"Oh—oh! oh!" they all cried, running up. "Did you hurt you?"

"Oh, no," cried Maum Silvy, in the greatest sarcasm, "I only did it fer fun, ob course! Wot ye're larfin' at, you, Prune?" she demanded, fiercely.

"I couldn't help it!" gasped Pruny, rolling on the ground in a giggle which she tried in vain to stifle. "Oh, lawks! *how* she went!" she ejaculated, bursting out afresh.

"Ye'll git somefin ye won't like," said Maum Silvy, planting her heavy shoes firmly on the ground, as she turned her back on all the offers of help, and began to puff up the hill again.

"Come on!" said Mr. Higgins, "you come with me, Snow-ball!" and he swung her up to his broad shoulder. "There now when the old lady gits tearin', you just streak it fer Uncle Mose! Now then for 'Camp.'"

Of all the lovely spots that had met her eyes, or been glorified in imagination, Cicely thought there *could* be no lovelier than this that broke upon her view by the waning daylight of that afternoon in August. By the side of the lake—one of the prettiest, most extensive sheets of water in all that region—raised by a slight incline, from which one looked down—down—into the marvellously clear, strangely-colored water; guarded by tall, straight pines, whose tops, the child thought must *really* touch heaven itself. With a perfect labyrinth of green luxuriance before, and all around, of the wildest, rankest growth of *everything* peculiar to wild-wood life in its most astonishing prodigality—the whole over-arched and sentinelled by the grand old peaks, that in a perfect chain, stood as silent, majestic protectors of all this loveliness!—came before her like a dream, as something quite unlooked-for, and which she could scarcely bear!

"Ye'll hev to come to it by degrees," said Mr. Higgins, watching her narrowly. "'Tain't as bad as it might be. I've seen some folks so took aback that they've jist sot down an' cried."

"I don't want to *cry*," said Cicely, with a little laugh, "but to think we are going to eat and run and play here. It's so—so," she tried in vain to find the word.

"Makes ye want ter say yer prayers, maybe," suggested Uncle Mose. "Well, very likely; but I can eat jest as well after it. I tell you, ye wouldn't pray much *without* eatin', an' runnin', an' all that; leastways, *good* prayers," he added, "them lean, skinny ones, I don't call of no account!"

"'Tain't no sech ting!" Maum Silvy's voice came pealing down from the top of the hill, striking dire dismay into the soul of the whole camp. "They've allers et after my cookin', an' I ain't a-go'in' ter stan' back fer ye—I tell ye!"

"An' I tell *you*," replied Jefferson Higgins' voice, who inherited enough of his respected father's "spunk" to be a tough customer—and they could see him strike a pugilistic attitude on

the brow of the hill, that left no doubt as to his earnestness—"if you attempt to meddle around here, it will be the worse for you—that's all!"

"What is the matter now?" cried the whole party, rushing up *en masse*. Uncle Joe got there first, and puffed out, "What's up, Jeff.?"

"Why, this old lady," said Jefferson, pointing a derisive finger at her, "insists on doing what isn't her business. In fact, she sticks her nose where it isn't exactly wanted!"

"It's jest wot *b'longs* to me," cried Maum Silvy, irately. "Now, ye can't git off from *dat*."

"What does she want to do?" asked Mr. Seymour, quickly. "No, Miss Elderkin, if you please," he exclaimed, waving the words he saw her about to speak back from utterance. "Let me fix this. What does she want to do?" he repeated.

"Why, nothin' more nor less than to muss with the cookin'," said Jefferson, irritably. "Now, you know, Mr. Seymour, we *couldn't* stand *that*."

"I guess thar'd be a better lot o' vittles, ef I took hold!" cried Maum Silvy, in a towering rage. "*Mussin' indeed!* I wouldn't go fer ter eat anyting dat your dirty old brown han's tech—not a mossel!"

"Our hands are as clean as water an' soap can make 'em," cried Jefferson, his bronzed face turning white with indignation; and he held up his brawny palms for inspection. "We wash 'em, an' wash 'em in the brook, the whole day long, an'—"

"Of course they are," cried Uncle Joe, trying to appease him, and patting him kindly on the shoulder. "Don't you suppose we know that, Jeff.?"

"An' brown is better than *black*," exclaimed Jefferson, in a sort of subdued shout, out of respect for the company, "for *that* don't show dirt," and with this parting shot, he turned on heel.

"Not a single mossel," screamed Maum Silvy, after him, in a passion, perfectly beside herself with rage. "Oh, not fer worl's on worl's will I swaller of *his* cookin'!" And nothing else could they any of them get out of her!

Here was a nice state of affairs to begin with!

Aunt Elderkin and Cicely went silently to work at the little arrangements necessary for home-life in the cabin. Not very elaborate or very many of them to be sure, but there were the little toilet bags to be hung up on the hooks that graced the side walls; and the extra pairs of shoes, that were brought along for emergencies, ornamented the front of the cabin, which was all open—to the fresh, sweet air. So there they hung, like a fringe of varied length, swaying in the breeze. And then the bright shawls and wraps must all be folded, and put over the rustic seats close by the camp fire, which the guides were now busy building for the night. Those seats had all been made at different times by Mr. Higgins, who started the camp and owned the cabin. They were of as many shapes and sizes as could well be imagined; some of logs simply rolled up to easy distance from the fire, with rests arranged for the back; and others, with fantastic carvings and twistings of the knotted branches into fanciful shapes, for those artistically inclined.

Cicely tucked Putkins, a sleepy little wad, who wasn't so overcome by his natural enemy, sleep, as to be proof against the fascinations of the "pretty chairs," into one of these, and then turned to watch, with great satisfaction, the guides at their work of building a fire.

With agile footsteps and quick skilful movements, they dragged young trees which they had hewn, up to the "camp." And then, after the big fire was started, and fairly under way, they thrust the tops of the stout young trees in the

flames, waving them high in the air for a pyrotechnic display, too beautiful to be ever surpassed by any more elaborate.

Cicely clapped her hands for very glee, and as the lurid light fell upon all the surrounding forest; as the bright shower sparkled down, to be replaced by another, and yet another, she exclaimed, "Oh, how I *do* wish Putkins could see it! I'm going to wake him up."

"We'll have it again some other night," said William Ezekiel Siocum, the solemn one of the party, in a manner as if he were announcing a funeral. "Any time you want it."

"Supper!"

At this Maum Silvy turned her back with a snort, as the sound came from the "dining-hall," in other words, the little nook under the hill, down by the brook; where, on a long line of boards, put up on strong stakes, Cicely's birch-bark plates lay in waiting, alongside of a supply of hot coffee, toast, and cold chicken—and, without which, life in the woods would be a misnomer, a huge dish of fried pork!

Of this latter delicacy, Cicely had confided to Rex two short days before, that "never, *never* in her life should *she* put any in her mouth!" Behold her then, about ten minutes after her introduction to the table, not only driven to it by the overwhelming praises of the hungry party, *taking* some, but actually, like Oliver of old, calling for *more!*

"It's perfectly *splendid*, Rex!" she exclaimed, across the table, in answer to his wicked gleam. "Oh, I shall just dote on it forever, after this!"

"You needn't," remarked Uncle Joe, taking a new supply; "salt pork at home, and salt pork in the woods, with 'Uncle Mose' at the helm, are *rather* different things!"

"It's lucky, Uncle Joe," said Rex, with a warning glance over at Pruny, "that Maum Silvy isn't here to enjoy those sentiments."

"Ef Maum Silvy holds out as she's begun," said Uncle Joe, coolly, at the same time calling for a fresh slice of toast, "she'll be the sorriest, to say nothing of the hungriest creature, that we've had the pleasure of meeting this one spell."

"It's good we've brought some sardines," said Aunt Elderkin, in a troubled way, "and a box of biscuit, else I really don't know what would have been done."

"Let her go hungry," said a voice. Looking up, they saw that it came from Uncle Mose himself.

"I've seen folks like her before," he observed, pointing up with the ever useful thumb to the cabin, with its one adherent. "'Twon't hurt her none. When she gits pooty thin, I'll go back an' fetch up a lot o' truck that Mrs. Higgins will put up; so all rest easy in your minds."

"And oh! *do* look and see how *spl-end-idly* the fire burns!" exclaimed Cicely, cramming the last piece of chicken sandwich into her mouth, "oh, Rex, *wait!*"

A smart scampering ensued up the hill; the first meal in their new home was over, and one and all gathered around the brilliant fire.

"No stories to-night," said Uncle Joe. "No, there's no use to beg, Cicely or Rex, either of you—just *one* song to make the old woods ring; and then to bed, every soul of you!"

With the flashing, lurid flame lighting up each face, giving a gypsy, swarthy look, as with powerful flush the bright fire crackled and snapped its welcome, some one—Aunt Elderkin's voice—struck up America. One after another, the voices fell in, guides and all, till the last strain died away over the tree tops, to be caught, and held in the clasp of the grand old mountains themselves!

And so came on the first night in the forest!



SO HE PUT OUT HIS HAND, AND FORGAVE; AN' HE DID IT HANDSOMELY, TOO!

CHAPTER XIII.

AROUND THE OLD FIRE!

"I DON'T care for *anything*," cried Cicely, at the close of the first day in Paradise, "but just the stories!"

She doubled up a big shawl for Aunt Elderkin in one of the most comfortable seats, then followed suit with another for herself next to it.

"Now!" It was with a very satisfied tone the word came out. Every one of the party esconced themselves in convenient resting-places. The guides disported their huge frames in suitable surroundings, and each, pulling out a knife, fell to whittling for dear life. Of course, *they* were all ready for enjoyment.

"Mr. Higgins," said Uncle Joe, with great solemnity, "it belongs to you to engineer this thing through, and open the ball."

"I'd rather be excused," said Uncle Mose, dryly, and rolling his quid over into his left cheek. "Zeke Slocum here tells a pooty tough yarn, and if ye all live through *that*, I'll foller on!"

"Slocum has it," said Uncle Joe, with an encouraging clap on that guide's broad back. "Sit a little forward, so that we can all have a good view."

"Oh, now, that's a mean one," exclaimed Mr. William Ezekiel Slocum, wholly nonplussed by this change of base. "That's a leetle too strong," he added, in his desperation finding his tongue.

"Shove on, Sloky, the ladies are waiting," said Mr. Higgins, with a punch; "ye couldn't be so onmannerly as *that*."

"I hain't *got* no stories," exclaimed Mr. Slocum, running his generous hands through and through his thick shock of hair, in great trouble, "an' you know it."

"There's that story about the deer," said Mr. Higgins, soberly, with a wink of the eye nearest the largest half of the company, "that's the most interesting tale I ever heard in *all* my life. Give us that."

"Oh, yes, Slocum," cried both of the other guides, uproariously cheered on by the Seymour party; "trot out your deer. Hurry up, now!"

"I told you then I didn't know's 'twas *true*," said Mr. Slocum, anxiously, in whose bosom veracity seemed to be invested with the greatest charms. "I read it in a book, an' *maybe 't ain't true*," he added, looking from one to the other, to see that no morals were corrupted.

"Slocum," said Uncle Mose, deliberately, "we'll take your word for it that it ain't true. Do you swar to it?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried William Ezekiel, in horror, "I don't swar to nothin'. Maybe 'tis true; maybe 'tis!"

"Then we'll take your word 'tis," said Mr. Higgins, bringing his hand down emphatically. "Just as you say. It either is or ain't; don't make no difference to us. We're oblegging."

"'Tain't *neither*," cried Mr. Slocum, smartly! "Now!"

The peal of laughter gave him time to think up the "opening" of his now clamorously called-for story. No peace for William Ezekiel Slocum until he began on the "Last Charge of the Deer!"

"'Twas down in the lake region," began Mr. Slocum slowly, as if with a thousand pound weight on his mind. "An'—"

"As this is true an' *not true*," interrupted Uncle Mose, with the most intense solemnity to all the group, "ye must b'leeve every word on't."

"Two boatmen," went on the narrator in stolid misery, "that is, I b'leeve they was boatmen—at any rate, men—"

"It's safe to say they was men," said Washington Biege, *solto voce*.

"They come to the end of the lake, one night," went on Mr. Slocum, with anything but a storyteller's manner; "oh, no, let me see, they *didn't* come—that was it—they staid where they was."

"It *might* be pleasant to know where the point where they was, *was*," observed Mr. Higgins, dryly. "If they was hung over the pond, that wouldn't be as interestin' now."

"They wasn't hung at all!" exclaimed Mr. Slocum, with much more vivacity than he had exhibited through the whole. "How could they go out to shoot deer a-hangin' over a big pond?" he asked, in derision.

"Sure enough!" said Mr. Higgins, as if convinced by such excellent reasoning, "we didn't know as they did go for deer; you hadn't said so."

"Why, I s'pose you knew it already," cried Mr. Slocum, the least little bit snappishly. "What else would they go for at that time o' night, I sh'd like to know?"

"Sure *E-nough!*" again exclaimed Mr. Higgins, with a very thoughtful face. "But then, you didn't *say* what time 'twas, you know."

"For the good *gr-acious, Peters!*" cried the incensed story-teller, whirling around on him suddenly. "You'd wear a saint to tatters. It's bad enough to try to tell anythin', without havin' a pack o' questions fired at ye every breath. What time o' night do ye *s'pose* 'twas?"

"I don't know," said Uncle Mose, innocently, as if he had never heard of a deer.

"Where was the deer all this time?" asked Jefferson Higgins, earnestly. "I keep a-thinkin' about *him*. Zeke, ain't it most time to give us a few pints of his hist'ry?"

"An' the boat," put in Washington Birge, stretching his long figure luxuriously on a heap of balsams on the ground. "Where 'd them come from?"

"Don't you want to know what they had for breakfast?" cried the awakened Mr. Slocum, who, "slow," no longer, was fast becoming entertaining in the highest degree. "P'raps I can accommodate ye, although the book didn't mention it."

"No consequence," said Jefferson, with a nonchalant air. "Go on, Sloky. Time's most up."

"Now I've begun it, I'm goin' to finish," said William Ezekiel, dignifiedly, who by the usual process, now being roused into the spirit of the thing, was determined to give them the exciting tale in exactly *his* own way—which was just the object sought for by his tormentors.

"Go on, Slocum," said Uncle Joe, with a look of dreadful rebuke to the rest of the guides; "you shan't be swerved from your purpose, again. You have a right to tell that story, and I'll see you through it."

Mr. Higgins drew himself up straight, and assumed a withered look, quite pathetic to witness. The others hang their heads to snicker, while the voice went on.

"I wish," said one man—oh, let me see, where was I? that don't come next. They took their rifles, and rowed silently up to the end o' the pond, and then one man says, 'I wish we *could* see a deer.'"

"Laudable desire," whispered Rex to Cicely, with a nudge.

"Be still," she nudged back again; "you'll stop him, if you don't look out."

"Pshaw, nonsense!" whispered Rex back again; "that's the very way to keep him going. The guides were talking about it this morning. They always have to plague him, and tease, just as they've been doing now, to start him; get him 'riled,' as they call it, and then, nothing *can* stop him. It's excellent fun."

"He's talking," cried Cicely; "do stop—we shall lose it."

"An' then they didn't say nothin' until, suddenly they heard a *NOISE*."

"Here Mr. Slocum leaned forward, bringing his honest, weather-beaten face into full view of the bright firelight. His big blue eyes opened to their widest extent, and his long arms jerked out, to the imminent danger of everybody in close proximity, illustrated in a telling manner, the thrilling stage of the narrative.

"'Twas *jest like a wild animal*," he exclaimed, in a stage whisper.

At this there was such a shriek arose on the air that Mr. Slocum took back his arms to their original position, and turned his big eyes to the source from whence it came.

This proved to be a small heap on the ground, as close to the bright fire as it could very well get, where it crouched, basking in serene content with itself and all the rest of the world.

"Why, Pruny, child!" cried Aunt Elderkin, starting forward, "is that you?"

"He's goin' to tell about—a—*b'ar!*" cried Pruny, in an agony of terror; and, precipitating herself into Miss Elderkin's lap, where she burrowed, shaking with fright. "Make him stop—*don't* let him!" she begged.

"It's nothin' but a pooty little deer I'm goin' to tell on," exclaimed Mr. Slocum, as soon as he could be heard for the babel. "You know, Pruny," he added pityingly, for William Ezekiel's heart was all right, and corresponded in size with

his body, "what them are, an' how pooty they run through the woods."

But at the word "run," Prunty, who had begun to wipe up and listen to Mr. Slocum, whom she liked the best of all, broke out afresh again, with the most heartrending wails of despair.

"I don't want it to run," she screamed; "don't let it run—oh, dear—*dear!*"

"It *SHAN'T* then!" roared William Ezekiel, driven almost wild by her distress, which they were all powerless to control. "I'll make it *walk—there!*" he added, willing to accommodate in any line.

At this Prunty's terror abated, and, willing to listen where the creature was "made to walk," she lay back in Aunt Elderkin's arms with some degree of composure, to hear the remainder of the long-suffering story!

"Oh, where was I?" exclaimed Mr. Slocum, drawing his right hand across his forehead, down which, by this time, drops of sweat were pouring. "Oh, yes!—well, an' the first thing they knew, the most splendid stag shot right across the pond, jest where they was goin'. His antlers were jest splendid—*su-perb*—an' they most smelt the venison, just to look at him! Well, sir, so the men let drive down to meet him, and one raised his rifle to aim between the horns. The boat, by that time, was a-tippin' pretty strong; what, with the other man's excitement, he couldn't carry a very stiddy oar, so the old thing sent a ball clean up over the creature, and wasted that shot! Well, if you'll believe me, that deer turned and took in the situation at once—how there was two fools in that there boat after him, and the cheapest way for him was to take matters into his own hands, and circumvent the whole thing! So—now I don't *know* as this is true," he said, bringing himself up by an anxious stop, and gazing into the fire with a prolonged stare—"I don't *really* think it is; so you mustn't say as you, any of you, heard it from me, 'cos a good many things is said up here in the Adirondacks that the woods *never* heard in their lives, and ain't the least mite in the world to blame for!"

"We won't!" exclaimed Uncle Joseph, solemnly, "repeat the first word of this extremely interesting tale you are relating! Remember, children, not a syllable of what you hear now must *ever* be divulged!"

"Not a word!" seconded Rex, with an equal solemnity of manner. "So proceed, Mr. Slocum."

"Oh, well," said the story-teller, with a gasp, taking up the broken thread of his narrative—"an' with a plunge that creeter jest let *himself* drive over against that boat! There *was* a skuttling going on for a minute somewhere beneath that boat; an' the next minute, before any one could say Jack Robinson, the boat, them three men—"

"You said there was two men," interrupted Mr. Higgins, sternly. "At this late day we can't hev you a-changin' of 'em. That we won't allow!"

"Oh, well, two then," said the discomfited story-teller. "So I did, so I did! I didn't mean to tell a whopper, now I didn't, 'pon my honor!" he asserted, terribly distressed, looking on all the assembly.

"Mr. Slocum," said Uncle Joe, leaning forward to impress his words more indelibly. "We consider you the *soul* of honor, the very under-pinning and foundation of veracity. Proceed."

"Well, the two men riz with the boat, an' when they come down they was slightly separated, an' the guns bein' in one place, and the oars an' other fixin's bein' in another, made it a little awkward for a spell. When they found out that they were not in t'other world, either of 'em, and begun to look around for the deer to hev him keep 'em comp'ny, *he* warn't nowhere to be found! An' that's the hull on't. An' I wish"—here Mr. Slocum brought

down his hand, *not* on his own knee, as the movement indicated, but on the broad back of Mr. Higgins, with such a clap that everybody skipped, most of all the one so honored—"that I'd been banged in a threshing-machine before I'd told this feller I ever *see* that story, I do!"

The woods rang with the cheers with which this speech was received, and when the storm cleared, the only words to be heard were, "Next. A story from Uncle Mose!"

"I'm in fer it, I s'pose," said that individual, slowly, giving a hitch to his long corduroys. "Well, an' seein' I *am* in, why I won't tire ye all out, like some people I *could* mention, a-hangin' back." He shot a sly look from his little, keen eyes, over at his predecessor in the story-telling line, at the same time indulging in a chuckle.

"Resent it, man!" cried Uncle Joe, tragically. "We stand by you, Slocum; you've done *WELL!*"

"I'm that beat out," said that enterprising member of the party, "that I couldn't sass back if anybody said my grandfather run fer office an' couldn't get in! *Gracious!* I wouldn't tell another story to save my life—I *couldn't!*" He leaned back against the trunk of a big tree and stretched his legs, well content to simply sit still and breathe, and let the fun go on!

"Then," observed Mr. Higgins composedly, "as there is no one to take offence as the spirit o' my remarks, I'll step in an' shove along."

"Just what we are waiting for," said Rex, coolly. "Time's up, Mr. Higgins." He took out his watch and counted off the minutes with the air of a hangman.

"I think I'll tell you of the time when, if ever ther was a precious fool on earth thet got took in an' done for, that man's name was Moses Higgins!"

"You!" exclaimed Dr. Farman's deep voice, "why man, I thought *that* was one of the moral impossibilities—You!"

While little exclamations of unbelief, like small pop-guns, kept going off, one after another, from every one of the circle, at the very idea!

"Moses Higgins was the man!" he coolly repeated, picking up a twig, to chew the end of it composedly. "An' ef you'll let me, I don't mind the fun o' goin' over it again, 'twas sech a joke."

Of course there were no objections, so with a great many "hems and haws," to give impressiveness to the prelude, he folded his arms across his stalwart chest, and plunged in.

"'Twas three year ago," he commenced, "I was up at Foskett's, gittin' a lot o' timber fer the Patterson saw-mill; when ther come one day inter the woods, just back of the house, Foskett's little girl, saying ther was a gentleman to see me about some 'guiding business.' So I left the men and struck off fer the shanty, to find there a—well—oh, land a massy! how shall I describe the creeter! I can't, ther! He wasn't like no one I've seen before nor since. Hope I may die ef I ever I want to see his like again! Well, he was a *gentleman*, I s'pose, leastways Foskett's folks seemed to think so; for they was hangin' on ter his words, an' starin' at him enough to eat him up. Ef he'd lived on fashion books all his life fer breakfast, dinner, an' supper, you wouldn't a-seen a more namby-pamby feller than I saw then a-standin' ther before me. An' so insultin' like; I can't call it anythin' else, that lookin' at me as ef I was the dirt beneath his precious little feet! An' the onhandsome way in which he spoke. *Je-rusalem!* but I ached to pitch the feller out, before I'd talked with him ten minutes. Well, he wanted me to be his guide on an' *extended* hunt.' I wish I could take it off just how he said it. 'Twas somethin' between a drawl an' a snuffle." Hereupon, Mr. Higgins unfolded his arms, and laboriously, amid many

shouts and wipings of eyes, undertook a facsimile of the conversation alluded to!

"'Tain't a mite o' use," he said, *causing* at last, to fall back into his own backwo. *Js* dialect; "I can't! 'twould make my fortune ef I could take the fool off, but it can't be done! Well—*hem!* He had had great experience in shooting of all descriptions, had been on frequent expeditions in the Southern States; and when abroad, had become exceedingly expert in the use of the rifle. In short, before I had made his acquaintance scarcely, and discovered," said Mr. Higgins, drawing a long breath, "that my gentleman was a *very* talented, ingenious, cultivated, in short, everything in the way of a travelled personage; an' also, without *one grain of common sense in his head!* He wanted to go alone with only the guide for assistance. Parties were a nuisance, he said, when in pursuit of game; an' hearin' high praises of me—here he soft-soaped me all over from head to foot, till I couldn't stand no more—he had come out from his hotel, on horseback, to secure my services, etc., etc."

"'Thinks,' says I to myself, 'Foskett's men understand all about that lot o' lumber, an' has got all their orders now, what's to hinder me from hevin' the fun I scent out o' this thing, an' runnin' down to the huntin' district with this chap fer a week or two. So I speaks up quite humble, fer I knew my man, an' says I, I'll go, sir!"

"'Very well—very well,' says he. *Oh, Peters!* that pompous like, you'd a thought he owned the whole Adirondacks, an' me thrown in; an' then, when I began to try to give a little advice on the subject, oh, merey! *that* wouldn't go down! My grand gentleman didn't care fer that sort o' thing at all. *He* knew all ther was to tell him, an' a sight more I found; so I shets my mouth like a clam-shell. Thinks I, ef ye go to Ballyhak, ye won't find me interfering. So I let him hev full swing, while I kept still. An' so the bargain was struck."

"Well—*hem!* in about four days, waitin' a bit fer the rain, we struck out fer the woods, with all our huntin' traps, etc., an' a lot o' new-fangled notions thet I don't even now know the name on. I took inside of my blanket, strapped on to my back, a bear-skin thet I alwas hev in front o' my bed at home. When wife saw me doin' thet up, she says, 'Why, Moses, ye ain't a-goin' ter lug thet thing along, be ye?' Now, wife's generally a sensible woman—*generally*, I say, for the best of 'em *sometimes* loses their heads, ye know—so I alwas answers her sensible, an' I said back again, lookin' her in the eye, 'Mehetabel, there is some things a woman *can't* find out!' An' she never said no more *till I got home!*

"Well—*hem!* so the bear-skin went in! Thet's enough to say about that ar article just here! An' my fine young gentleman an' me come down to the woods in style, I tell you. *He* never set eyes on thet bear-skin, 'tain't necessary to say, yit awhile, at least! An' fer two days, he led me sech a chase. Oh, land o' massy! ef I don't look out, I shall say somethin' I wouldn't fer all the world; but I used to hev ter go out an' holler to the trees, an' the rocks, to let off steam, the tormentin' critter tried me so! He wanted to do this thing, and he wanted to do that, that ther warn't no sense nor reason to; *would* hev his own way, an' as fer knowin' the smallest thing about huntin', why, thet little girl," pointing to Cicely, who was following her friend's story with rapt attention, "would hev more of an idea in her little finger than ther was in the whole of his worthless body. An' then I found out thet first night, just what I supposed from the very first, that the feller was an arrant coward. Didn't I say 'bear-skin,' an' lug it, when we was a-layin' on the ground, an' he was asleep. I wanted some

thoughts to occupy me, an' so I made all my plans—saves time ye know!

"Well—*hem!* the next day, I donno 'xactly jest *how*, but somehow the talk led up to bears—"

"Sh!" interrupted Rex, who was crazy to hear the rest, and pointing to the bundle in Aunt Elderkin's lap—"It will scare her to death—what shall we do with her?"

"It's queer she hasn't minded about the bear-skin," said Uncle Joe. "Send her to bed, Miss Elderkin, please."

For answer, Miss Elderkin moved slightly, bringing into the strong firelight the dark little face. With one small hand tucked under her chin, with an expression indicative of the greatest peace, Pruny was far away in nod-land, perfectly oblivious to "bars," or any other dreadful memory!

"That's a comfort," observed Uncle Joe, with a sigh of relief. "Now, then, Mr. Higgins."

"Well—*hem!* oh! so I mentioned, quite careless like, thet bears *had* been seen ther in those quarters sometimes. An' I told some stories I'd heard, an' some—well, p'raps thet I *may* not hev heard. Keepin' one eye on him pooty sharp, do ye understand? Cracky! ef ye'd a seen him shake though! His little boots seem's ef they'd rattle him out of 'em; but, when he see me a-lookin' at him, he shets his mouth together, to keep his teeth from chatterin' I s'pose, an' of all the big, bold ways ye ever see! Why, you'd a thought, ef ye didn't *know* him, thet he'd a waked up to the cannon's mouth without a single twinge! *But I knew my man!*

"Well—*hem!* I kept him on a pooty steady diet ther, fer about two days. At the end o' thet time, I could see, thet ef my friend an' companion wasn't about as tired o' life in the Adirondack wilderness with me as a guide, as ever a poor soul was to streak it fer home, I'd give up! So the time hed come! Next day, we was to go up over a ledge, follow the course of a brook thet ran down through some o' the pootiest, but wildest spots in the whole piece o' woods, and hunt along fer sech game as we could find. Nothin' short o' deer though would *he* look at! We started out bright an' early, an' goes down together fer a piece, too big a piece fer him to turn back, ef anythin' was forgotten. An' strange to say, I *did* forget my box o' matches, so I says, says I, 'I've got to go back; stay here; I'll jine you in jist a jiffy!' *Didn't* I streak it to the camp, though? I went Moses Higgins, an' I come back about the *meanest* lookin' bear that ever stepped on his four legs! I come—oh, great Caesar!" ejaculated Mr. Higgins, throwin' his head back to indulge in a hearty guffaw—"how I come back! I snaked it up over the ledge, lickity split, to be ther in time. Hated to disappoint him, ye know. I tore round some through the bushes, you better b'lieve, to git to the meetin' place—till, I come out to the cliff, below which I knew my sweet friend was waitin' fer me. Then I lies down flat, an' peeks. Ther he was, an' ef ever I see a white-livered, mean, contemptible critter, too scart to live, I had him in my eye then! He was a-sittin' down on a big rock, his rifle in his shakin' hand, an' him a-lookin' all ways of a Sunday, with face as pale as death, an' har, that it most seemed as ef you could see it fairly riz up on his head! I thought how he'd said the day before, when the subject was up fer conversation, how he *did* wish he could see a bear! 'My friend,' I says to myself, softly, 'I can accommodate ye *now*.'

"So I made a little scratching noise, an' waited. He didn't hear me, an' I started a good sized rustle, an' a leetle bit of a whine. Per-simmons, how the feller jumped! I didn't know as I should ever see him again; I really didn't. An' then he give a screech, an' with that he struck out

wildly on a home trot, about as fast as I ever see anything run. An' of course 'twarn't polite to let him go alone, so I follered after! 'Twas pooty warm work, an' I got to larfin' so thet I thought I *should* die, but somehow I managed to keep him in sight. Jest before I come to the tent, I flung off the bear-skin into a thicket, an' then stalked up quite unconcerned. Ther he was, a-hangin' on to one of the tent rails, quite flamber-gasted, an' decidedly shook up. He tried his best to stand up an' be stiff in the legs, the minute he saw me, but 'twarn't no go, an' down he had to flop.

"What on arth's the matter?" I asked, pretending great concern. 'I went to the meetin' place by the big rocks, an' you warn't there.'

"I—I—felt—a little—sick," says he, a-shakin' an' gaspin' so, that I thought I should hev to lay him down an' role him, to bring an idea back into his head. 'An' I thought 'twas bet—better to come back.'

"Sartain—sartain," says I, 'twas more prudent. What can I get you—some camphire?"

"N—no," he said, rollin' his eyes like a sick cat's. 'An' I think—Mr. Higgins—thet—I must—go home. I'm afraid the air doesn't—quite suit me—I might—be—seriously—ill, you know.'

"Do ye?" says I. 'Now, that's too bad. Well, ef you think you're *really* feelin' bad, why, of course, I wouldn't urge ye. I come to the woods with you, an' it's fer you to say when we go home.'

"I was jist about crazy to git home, ye see; fer ther was another job a-waitin' fer me to the Ferris mill, an', besides, I was about sick o' the bargain, an' felt as if I should like to go home too.

"Well—*hem!* So we 'struck tent,' and come up out o' the woods; an' he bid me good-bye, an' I bid *him* good-bye. An' we parted, p'raps never to meet again." Uncle Mose brought up with a very solemn winding off, that didn't exactly call out the handkerchiefs.

"But I don't see where you played the idiot," said Dr. Farman, perplexedly. "Explain that, please."

"Ther is a sequel to thet there tale," observed Mr. Higgins, with a long breath, beginning again. "An' p'raps 't 'ill make you see the pint a little grain clearer if I tell *that*. Gittin' tired, ma'am?" he asked, abruptly, of Miss Elderkin, and including in his glance all the rest of the party.

"Oh, no, indeed," she exclaimed, cheerily, while little Mrs. Farman laughed outright. "You could keep us here all night, Mr. Higgins, if you'll continue to be so entertaining."

"All right, then," said Uncle Mose, well pleased, and proceeding briskly to Part Second.

"Well—*hem!* the next season, I went as one of the guides fer a party o' gentlemen from New York city. Most on 'em was nice, but there was one among 'em, that the minute I set my eyes on I said, 'He's the *man* in the whole bunch!' An' I watched him pretty close all the way in; an' I tell you, things hung together with him. The little things all harmonized with the big ones; an' he didn't wait to do up his religion till he see the bridge warn't strong, or a storm a-comin', like some folks I've took into the woods; but he wore it every day, with his flannel suit, jest as much as ef his store clothes were trotted out fer Sunday.

"Well, I got pooty well acquainted; him an' me seemed to kinder shake together somehow, an' though we had a good many argiments, an' hed our own opinions pooty strong, we come out of each with a tougher likin' fer each other than before. I tell you, he was a sturdy chap. A minister, though he didn't try to show it off, and pull down his face at plous things; but one of them

whole-souled, earnest ones, who havn't no time to waste in nonsense about trifles. The soul o' humor. I've never larfed so in my life as when listenin' to him a-tellin' some of his anecdotes, an' he as grave as a judge the whole time.

"Well—*hem!* one night—it had ben an awful rainy day—an' we sat round the camp-fire a-tellin' our stories, an' crackin' our jokes. An' it come my turn. I don't know what possessed me; but the minute I tried to think o' somethin' interestin' to tell, there wouldn't nothin' else but this bear adventure o' me an' my sweet friend come into my head. Thet popped up all the time. So thinkin', p'raps, 'twould be as good as any, I commenced to pay away on it. An' sure enough! they all seemed to take to it amazin'; an' larfed an' joked over it, like good fellows. The young minister was more quiet as was usual with him; but I knew he was interested enough, to look at his eyes. An' in any pause, he'd alwus ask me a question in his cool way. So on I'd go again.

"Well—*hem!* I made it out pooty good fer my sweet friend. I tell you, I never told thet there story quite so good as I did on *thet* evenin', bein' all wound up by sech an appreciative audience. An' I finished by a volley of applause thet rings in my ears yet. 'Yes,' said I, an' I remember I brought my two hands down smartly together, to make it more emphatic, 'ef ever I saw a man, half a fool, an' t'other half a coward, I had him thet summer.'

"As quick as a streak o' lightnin' out o' a clear sky, the young parson jumped to his feet,

"I am very thankful," he said, in *such* a deep, monstrous voice, 'thet Providence has spared my life, until I can give the man who served *my* brother such a trick, the worst drubbin' he has ever enjoyed.' An' with that, he off with his coat.

"Ef every tree in them woods had tumbled to rags, you couldn't have stunned me more. I was so completely took off my pins, well—I *can't* tell! An' then I knew my mind!

"Gentlemen," I said, steppin' up onto my feet, an' lookin' at 'em all, 'you've heard me tell about one fool; an' you've all larfed an' enjoyed it. *Now* you see another. Larf an' enjoy *thet!*' An' then I jest walks up to the quiet, stiddy figure, that I could see was only holdin' itself in as hard as could be, a-waitin' fer me to git calm enough to pitch in, an' I says to him, 'I'll apolojize ter you, sir; 'twas onhandsome, I'll allow.' An' I held out my hand. I could see thet he was disappointed. He jest *longed* to give me what I deserved, an' I liked him the more fer *thet*, too; though 'twas a pity to waste ammunition over sech a critter as we had ben quarrelin' over. So he put out *his* hand, an' forgave; an' he did it handsomely, too! He jest stuck to me after that. He used to read to me sometimes, an' tell me lots o' information, when I asked him, mind. You couldn't get a thing out of him, unless he saw that you really wanted help on some pint. At all other times, he was closer'n a clam.

"Well—*hem!* An' then when he went back to New York, what do you think he did? Why, nothin' more nor less than to send me out this rifle thet I carry, as a present, to 'remind me of our pleasant friendship,' the letter says. An' now that he's in Europe, a-seein', and a-goin' to so many places, why he finds time to write the interestin'est letters about a whole gist o' things thet a body wants to know. Ef he is brother to a fool—I *must* say it,—'cause it's the solemn truth, ye know, there ain't a grander, nobler soul on earth than John Hamilton Bayne."

"John—who?" roared Uncle Joe, springing to his feet, while "Cousin John," "Oh, *did* he say so!" came in bursts around Mr. Higgins' ears.

"Well, I declar!" he cried, his eyes glistenin'. "Do you know him?"

"I should think we *did*," cried Rex, rushing up to him, to give his brawny arm a pump-handle shake, "why he's our cousin."

"The *bestest, dearest* cousin in all the world!" cried Cicely, flying up, her eyes aflame, and her cheeks glowing, "Oh, Mr. Higgins!"

"I guess I know *that*!" exclaimed Uncle Mose, drawing himself up with a proud air of proprietorship. "An' I don't begin to know all there is to him, neither."

"There's where you speak the truth," cried Uncle Joe, earnestly. "John never was a boy to *talk* about being good; he just went right to work, and *did* it. And the standing up for Algernon, who, well, I never believed in spoiling a good story for relation's sake," said Uncle Joe, with a comical grimace; "so if I say, that your estimate of the other one was about the right thing, why, the truth won't suffer any. *He* was always indulged and praised; sent to school in Europe very early, where, what little sense he had in his head was pretty well taken out of him; while John was steadily making a *man*—and a man he will be to the end," finished Uncle Joe with affectionate pride.

"An' *that's* the truth!" Mr. Higgins' voice rang out over the forest, with an echo that no one cared to break.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"In the Greenwood."

BY F. A. KANLBACH.

Under the lofty birch trees, the budding verdure of which indicates the early spring, linger a handsome couple in tender converse and love dalliance, hope and expectation in their hearts leading them toward their glad fulfilment, as the tender leafage leads to anticipate the rich foliage which in summer will shelter us under its leafy roof from the heat of the day. A charming, perfectly harmonious picture, that we owe to the grand-nephew of Wilhelm v. Kanlbach, Friedrich August Kanlbach, who was born in 1850, the son of a well-known portrait painter, and developed a considerable talent for *genre* painting. He has painted numerous pictures that are designed and executed with a thoroughly pure, refined, and delicate comprehensiveness. He has also inherited his father's mastership in portrait painting, and in 1876 drew a first prize in München for the portrait of Johannes Lahmeyer.

Our Work.

Whether we are happy in our work or not depends upon the way in which we do it. The man who goes to his task reluctantly, like a scourged slave, has no enjoyment in his labor. It is, to him, like a perpetual punishment. How slowly, to his eyes, the sun rises to its zenith! How slowly it sinks to the western horizon! With leaden feet the weary hours go by. And he dreads the morrow which is to be but a repetition of the dreary to-day. His sluggish pulse does hardly beat. He seems but half alive. How different it is with the man who works with a will! Whatever he touches becomes at once interesting to him. He is absorbed in what he is about, and he exclaims at night, "How short the day has seemed!" Not an hour has hung heavily on his hands.

X-17



IN THE GREENWOOD.

Adornings.

WOULD'ST thou wear a golden chain, maiden fair?
Then, here is one of workmanship most rare;
The links are wrought of finest, purest gold;
It's pattern ne'er will seem of fashion old.
This chain of burnished gold is Christian love,
A chain that binds the heart to God above,
And to humanity on earth below.
A wondrous brooch to thee I'll also show,
Which adds a charm to e'en the fairest face,
And lends to plainest ones a winning grace;
This jewel is modesty, that priceless pearl,
The fairest ornament of mortal girl.
Then, if to deck thy dainty wrists and hands,
Thy girlish heart doth long, lo! here are bands,
All closely woven in such curious way,
They might have been the work of cunning fay;
So intricate that one can scarce discern
How each fine strand, so delicate, doth turn.
These strands are kindly acts, the simple cup
Of water to the humblest being given;
Sweet loving deeds that raise the fallen up,
Giving them glimpses bright of Christ and heaven.
The hands that wear these ornaments, though worn
By toil, though rough the skin and torn,
Receive a beauty lasting, and more rare
Than that of dimpled hands, so soft and fair.

MARIE MERRICK.

Women's Work.

THE BERLIN VOLKSKÜCHEN.

THE storm of war which broke over Prussia in 1866, throwing thousands of artisans and day-laborers out of employment, with the usual result of hunger and destitution, bore heavily upon the heart of Frau Lina Morgenstern. Long and diligently she pondered upon the way in which present distress might be relieved without a loss of self-respect to the necessitous, and her thoughts finally evolved the beneficent institution now known as the Berlin Volksküchen.

The honor and dignity of labor is the shibboleth of our century, and Frau Morgenstern wisely thought that those who needed aid could be most effectually helped, not by the giving of alms, but by the operations of a society which would enable the poor to help themselves. To form such a league was Frau Morgenstern's desire.

This wish she communicated to a number of influential gentlemen, who readily responded to her proposition, and in June, 1866, it was determined to found a Volksküchen, which should prepare good-tasting and nourishing food, to be sold to all applicants for the mere cost of the ingredients. The food was to be cheap, but never gratuitous, and this was to distinguish the Volksküchen from the Soup Kitchens, which had been called into existence the latter part of the eighteenth century by the distinguished American philanthropist, Count Rumford.

Theory is often easy, but the putting of theory into practice is quite another matter, as Frau Morgenstern experienced—one unexpected difficulty after another presenting itself at the outset. The gentlemen whose names headed the appeal for funds to provide the capital were recognized leaders of the progressive party, therefore all conservatives declined their support. Then those who were really influential, and able to bring the enterprise into public notice were so greatly in demand that they had but little time to give, while those who were free and were willing to serve in the good cause, had, as a rule, neither experience nor influence.

When, therefore, on the 12th of June, a directory was chosen, very few of the gentlemen who had promised their allegiance were ready to give

their *personal* attentions. But the stone had been set in motion, and, as it proved, a woman's slender hand sufficed to keep it rolling.

A capital of 4,300 thalers, about \$3,270, had been collected, and it was resolved to establish three kitchens where food might be cooked and sold, but without any eating-room attached. Over the shops, the fittings up and the food to be provided, the committee were at first greatly divided in sentiment—one gentleman, indeed, declaring he would have nothing to do with it, unless the entire management of the kitchen was left to the gentlemen. Happily for the poor, the other gentlemen were of the opinion that the brains of women were strong enough to enable them to have a voice in kitchen affairs, and so this matter was amicably arranged.

Herr Jacques Meyer offered the committee land in Kopernican Strasse for the erection of a building, being willing to himself superintend the work. But they could not wait in that time of misery for a new house, too great were the sufferings caused by the god of war, beside which a new and terrible guest had just entered Berlin, the cholera, carrying off each day many victims.

Under such stress, who could dream of delay? Not Frau Morgenstern. Food, substantial, healthful food, must be furnished, and that, too, quickly. From one magistrate's office to another, Frau Morgenstern hastened, entreating for a room, finally receiving permission to establish a provisional kitchen in one of the soup-rooms used only in winter, Charlotten Strasse 87, where, on July 9, over one hundred persons were fed from the first Volksküchen.

Who can not fancy the happiness of this noble woman and her coadjutors, when they were able to reach out life-giving food to the hungry children, the pale and haggard women, and the despondent workman! At first they crept in shy and anxious, half frightened at the place, unwilling to beg, yet fearful lest they should be looked upon as beggars.

But each paid for what was received, and the ladies were so kind, so sympathetic, and showed such consideration for their necessities, that soon every trace of faint-heartedness was dispelled. The ladies, too, soon found it quite unnecessary to have a gentleman present to preserve order; their own womanly influence proved entirely sufficient to keep the roughest elements in subjection.

And here let me say in passing, that it has many times been demonstrated, that the influence of noble womanhood, especially when found in the service of humanity, is greater over the coarsest men and boys than mere manish strength and force. That man who would injure or insult a woman who is serving him must indeed be devoid of every fibre of finer feeling. A director of a large boys' Volksschule in Hamburg says that he always prefers female teachers for his lower classes, as they preserve better discipline than their male co-workers.

By the end of July, Herr Meyer had his kitchen built and opened, and his example was followed by several other philanthropic gentlemen, so that in October, 1866, there were several such institutions in Berlin. After peace had been restored, it was proposed to close the kitchens, or certainly not to keep more than one in operation. Had this motion prevailed, the Volksküchen would have belonged to the past, but Frau Morgenstern, supported by Dr. Max Ring, reorganized the directory, and it was considered desirable not only to continue the Küchen, but also to add dining-rooms, as experience had shown how thankful many of their *clientèle* would be for the most obscure corner even, in which to enjoy what they had purchased.

A basement room in the Koch Strasse was hired

as dining-hall, and now receives from 1,100 to 1,300 visitors daily. Laborers, petty army officers, clerks, soldiers, students, workwomen, teachers, and often entire families form the patrons.

The empress has shown a lively interest in the work, aiding by money gifts and personal visits. Many times has she gone down the stone stairs leading to the dining-room, that she might judge for herself of the food provided, and of the efficiency of the management. She has also instituted, in connection with the Volksküchen, a prize to be given to servant girls who have passed five years in faithful service in the one family, and which, within ten years, has been given to fifty women. This consists of a gold cross and five thalers. The empress has also established a sick fund, to be drawn upon in the case of sick and disabled servants.

And now we may securely feel that the Volksküchen has outlived its dark days and passed through its last struggle. It is abundantly patronized by those for whom it was established; it is under the special protection and patronage of the chief lady in the empire, and its usefulness is thoroughly and ungrudgingly acknowledged by an appreciative public.

The food consists of meat and vegetables, a whole portion costing twenty-five pfenings (about six and quarter cents); a half portion, which is enough to satisfy the appetite of a healthy man, fifteen pfenings. There are now eleven such kitchens in Berlin, from which 94,221 whole and 1,101,480 half portions were sold the past year. The income was 187,227 marks, the expenses for provisions, room rent, service, etc., etc., 176,259 marks, leaving quite a comfortable balance on hand.

As is natural, the success of the Berlin Küchen has caused the establishment of similar kitchens in various parts of the empire, as, for instance, in Hamburg, Breslau, Leipsic, Hanover, Karlsruhe, etc., as also in Austria, Russia, England, Holland, and Belgium, while military *chefs* have not disdained lessons in economy and the preparation of palatable food from the heads of the Volksküchen.

One more good may be expected from the institution. It will be a certain though perhaps a slow wedge entering the prejudices of not only the men of Germany, but unfortunately the larger proportion of the women also, who recognize no sphere of activity as suitable for women except in connection with home or house-work of some kind. This, being kitchen work, will shield its laborers from criticism, until some day the public will open its eyes to find that a great work has been done for humanity, by women whose brains have done more for the accomplishment of their purpose than have their hands. *Dieu le veut!*

WOMAN'S CAUSE IN BERLIN.

THE cause of the higher education of woman has made considerable progress in the past few years in the city of Berlin. It was an English lady, if one born north of the Cheviot Hills will not resent this appellation, who somewhat more than twenty years ago set the ball of culture for women rolling on the banks of the Spree. In 1869, under the patronage of the Crown Princess, Miss Archer issued the prospectus of the Victoria Lyceum. At first the lectures were confined to history and literature, and about seventy ladies availed themselves of the four courses offered. In time these swelled into seventeen courses of lectures, and ten afternoon classes, attended by seven hundred students. History and literature had been supplemented by science, and science had been followed by classics and mathematics. Professors of acknowledged eminence delivered the lectures, and the Victoria Lyceum had become, on a small scale, a university for women.

In 1871 a library was added to the institution. In 1874, Miss Archer, who had hitherto either personally, or with the assistance of a few friends, borne all the pecuniary responsibility of the concern, obtained some small assistance from the magistrates of Berlin, and was thus enabled to fix the attendance fees so low that the throng of teachers, who had long wished to share the benefits of the Victoria Lyceum, were enabled to do so. Miss Archer thus became acquainted with a large number of German and English governesses, and a new and very important department of her work opened out before her.

Many of these girls she found in sorrow and perplexity, sometimes afflicted with feeble health, often dispirited and embarrassed. She perceived the urgent necessity of their having access to good medical advice, and obtaining good food, nursing, rest, assistance in finding work, and cheerful companionship. A beginning was made by the founding of a "Governess Medical Aid Society."

Miss Archer obtained the promise of free medical advice from many of the best physicians and dentists in Berlin, the good-will of the principal chemists, and the promise of aid in nursing and general supervision from benevolent ladies. By an annual subscription of five marks (\$1.25), teachers can obtain medical advice, nourishing food as well as medicine, at a reduced price, and kind nursing.

The society has been able to make arrangements with a large number of German watering-places, by which its members can be sent to them at greatly reduced cost, and two of the most celebrated Berlin hospitals have agreed to receive its members as first-class patients, on payment of the lowest rate of charges. Miss Archer is desirous of associating with the society a Home in Berlin for English girls, who may wish to join the Lyceum classes, and an agency for helping them to find work when they need it; and, also, in the country near Berlin, another Home in which teachers and students in danger of breaking down for the want of a little rest, may recruit their energies.

A Souvenir of Summer.

WE began the book in the spring, gathering a few flowers at a time, and pressing them in an old book kept for that purpose. After the flowers were sufficiently dried, we arranged them on the blank leaves of a large drawing-book. It was at first intended to devote the whole to wild flowers which we gathered ourselves; but so many pretty gifts claimed a place, that we finally selected a few flowers from those given us, or worn on some special occasion, and fastened them with the others in our summer-book. Of course it added to the interest that we should scribble a word or two for future remembrance, or of funny import. The frail kind flower, delicious arbutus, lovely violets, and the little star flower fill many pages. None were too common or too little to find a place in this unpretending collection. Dandelions and buttercups are arranged alone, or with some flowers intended to enhance their claims to beauty. Two sprigs of grass, a clover blossom, and a buttercup, tied with a bit of ribbon, make quite an appearance. One page is filled with lilies of the valley, and we find the words, "Worn at Sara's Wedding," and the date, which was one of June's "perfect days," just the day for the bridal of the lovely blonde who was a special friend and companion. Columbines are pressed with their delicate, pretty leaves, the scarlet and gold almost as bright as when the flowers were gathered. Eglau-

tine, the sweetest of all, is arranged singly and in clusters, forming many pretty designs. Over these is written, "Too Sweet to Fade." On another page is a bunch of field daisies, tied with a blue ribbon, and then a cluster of the fragrant June pinks. Next clover blossoms, white and red, wild lilies that retain much of their beauty. Then a wreath of morning-glories, and within is written, "Coquette c'est votre embleme." The morning-glories are among the prettiest flowers to press, as they never lose their bright color or delicacy. Ferns fill several pages with their graceful grouping; these are marked, "Gathered at the Spring," or "The Rock where the Water Leaches Through." Here is a ball of the milkweed pressed with its innumerable blossoms; wild pea and geranium; beautiful mallows and long sprays of grass. Over some old fashionable pale pinks, is written, "A Bouncing Betty from Aunt Patty." Then a tiny *boutonnère* of small wild flowers, over which is the suggestive word, "Oh!" The pages arranged in the late summer and autumn are, perhaps, most vivid in coloring: the purple aster, the cardinal flower, and the

lovely, shy-fingered gentian; the golden rod of endless varieties. Then the woodbine leaves, that turn such warm, bright colors; the blackberry vines, and sprays of sumach; ash and maple leaves, with many others; and latest of all, sprigs of partridge berry. One page might well serve a student of art needle-work, as a design for drapery. A long spray of blackberry vine runs across the page, forming a fringe, in one corner a stalk of milkweed, with the pods opened, and the silky contents seeming all ready to blow away. The beautiful dog-wood blossoms would also be very effective, reproduced on a dark background. These flowers are familiar "to almost every one by their country-home names. Unfortunately, botany is as yet a "sealed book" to us, and we had no ambitious ideas of an "herbarium." But the collection is so simple and pretty to arrange and preserve, that perhaps some reader of DEMOREST will like to collect for herself so pleasant a "souvenir of summer." When the pages were all filled, we made a cover of light brown Bristol board, and tied the whole with a cardinal ribbon.

H. P. K.



GOING HOME.

From a Painting by H. BETHKE.

A Royal Missionary.

PRINCESS EUGENIE, sister to the King of Sweden, takes a deep personal interest in the spiritual welfare of the Laplanders. Quite recently the princess was instrumental in organizing a society of ladies who devote their time and substance to the spread of Christianity in Sweden. This society, which transacts its business in Stockholm, owes its existence to a letter which the princess penned with her own hand and forwarded to the Swedish ladies of her acquaintance. In this letter the princess mentions that five centuries have now elapsed since Margaretha, a Lapp woman, impelled by an enthusiastic desire to see the glorious sunlight of the Gospel shining on the snow-covered Fjells of Lapland, travelled all the way to the south to obtain assistance from the queen. Margaretha was, however, unsuccessful in her efforts, although the queen sympathized with her desire to secure the sending of Christian missionaries to the Laplanders.

Another Lapp woman, Marie Mallsdotter, of whom the princess speaks, was more successful. Sixteen years ago she travelled on foot to Stockholm to obtain spiritual and temporal assistance for her much-needed race. Even to-day the Laplanders are mainly destitute of the Gospel, though not a little has been done to Christianize them since the time of Adolphus II., who had young men brought from Lapland to be educated as missionaries. Thanks to the princess, brighter days seem in store for the inhabitants of these northern regions.

The Princess Eugenie is said to possess child-like faith, fervent piety, and unassuming manners, and is never weary in well-doing. A sewing class is held fortnightly at her residence, the proceeds being devoted to missionary efforts. She promotes bazaars, not a few of the articles disposed of on these occasions being the labor of her own hands. The princess has a summer residence on the island of Gothland, and during her sojourn there she personally assists in various kinds of mission works for the benefit of the islanders, by whom she is regarded with something akin to veneration.

Needle-work.

OUR best flower painter, Mr. La Farge, when questioned by a beginner as to wise methods of work, answered with the question, "Are you a good botanist?" and a most skilful needle-woman used to say that her knowledge of geometry was very useful in cutting children's clothes economically. A good use of many kinds of knowledge and of one's brains is helpful in all embroidery. A simple knowledge of stitches will not make you a skilful workwoman. Your knowledge of the formation of a flower would often help you more. It would certainly be of use to you in the choice of designs. You would reject then a morning-glory design with an apple-tree branch stem, or cat-tails, with their fall seed stalks growing together with early spring flowers. One is never called upon to tell any untruths in a design. A design may be lawfully conventional, but by no law may it be contrary to nature. There is no art-rule by which a butterfly may be embroidered with the antennæ of a moth. Such carelessness has to come under the head of ignorance, not of conventionalism. Before embroidering the buttercup border No. 6, it would be well to pick a branch of the flower and see how it grows. Look at the shape of the leaves, the direction of the stamens, the shade of colors in flowers and leaves. Before

selecting your greens, lay a leaf across your wools and see what shade comes nearest. You will be astonished to find how much duller and softer a shade of green you will need than the one you would have chosen. I selected a honeysuckle design at Kensington, embroidered in dull greens and pinks. The lady to whom the design was sent was astonished at the coloring, and said, "I thought it could not be right, so I sent one of the children to bring me a spray of flowers and leaves from the garden, and when we matched them we found they were exactly right color for color."

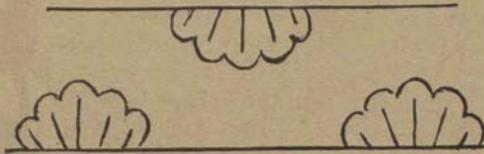
In ordinary cases it is much safer to use the dull greens. They make a better surrounding for the needed bright colors, besides being more useful, as they change less with use or washing. Work the greens in not more than three shades of color. The petals of the flower may be worked in a long and short stitch around the outer edge, and, if worked on a dark material, the cloth will give the proper shading for the cup of the flower. Two shades of yellow will do for the flowers. The borders below may be of two shades of green, and the small figures above and below the curved line may be in blue.



BORDER LINE—No. 1.

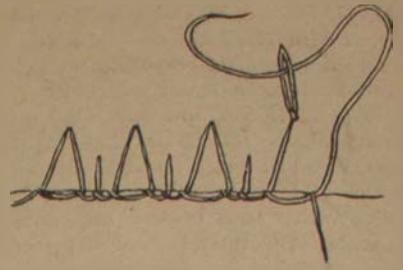


BORDER LINE—No. 2.



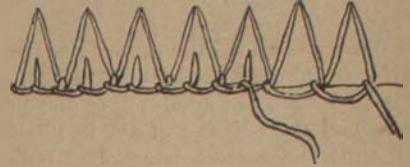
BORDER LINE—No. 3.

We give several border lines: No. 1, No. 2, No. 3. Some of them are borders used on Japanese plates, but they are all useful in embroidery.



BLANKET STITCH—No. 4.

No. 4 is the blanket stitch, to be worked in one color. This stitch is a useful finish for a simple table-cover or mantle scarf. The material is first turned up and run firmly, so as to form a double edge before working with the crewel.

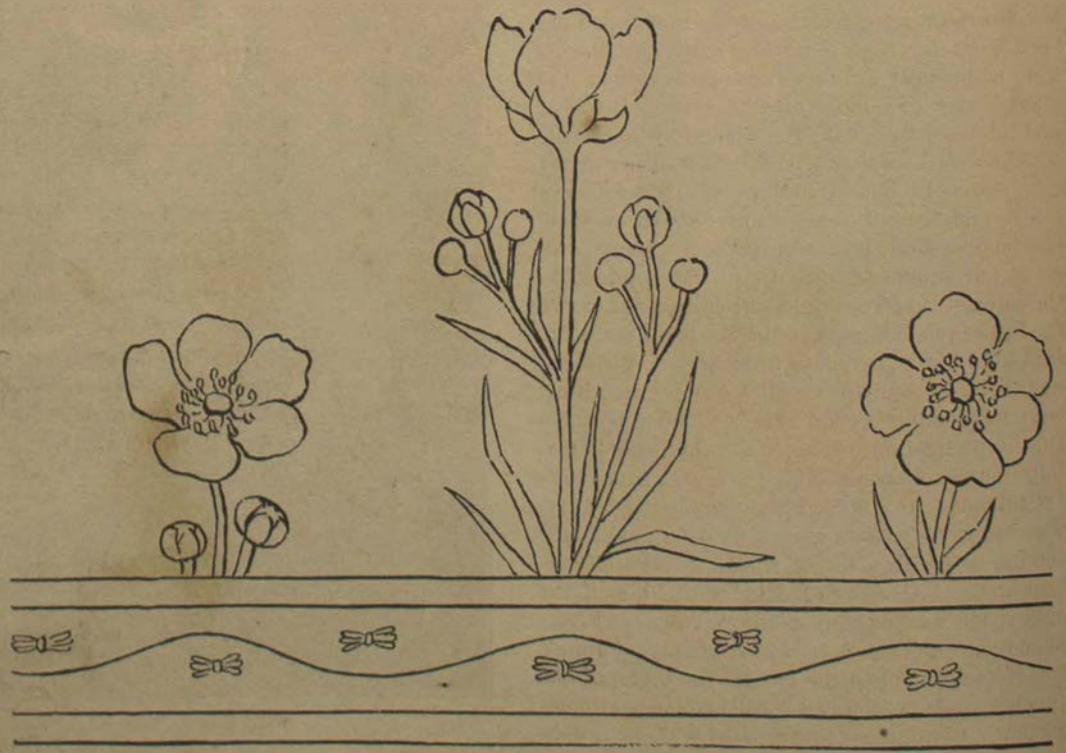


BLANKET STITCH—No. 5.

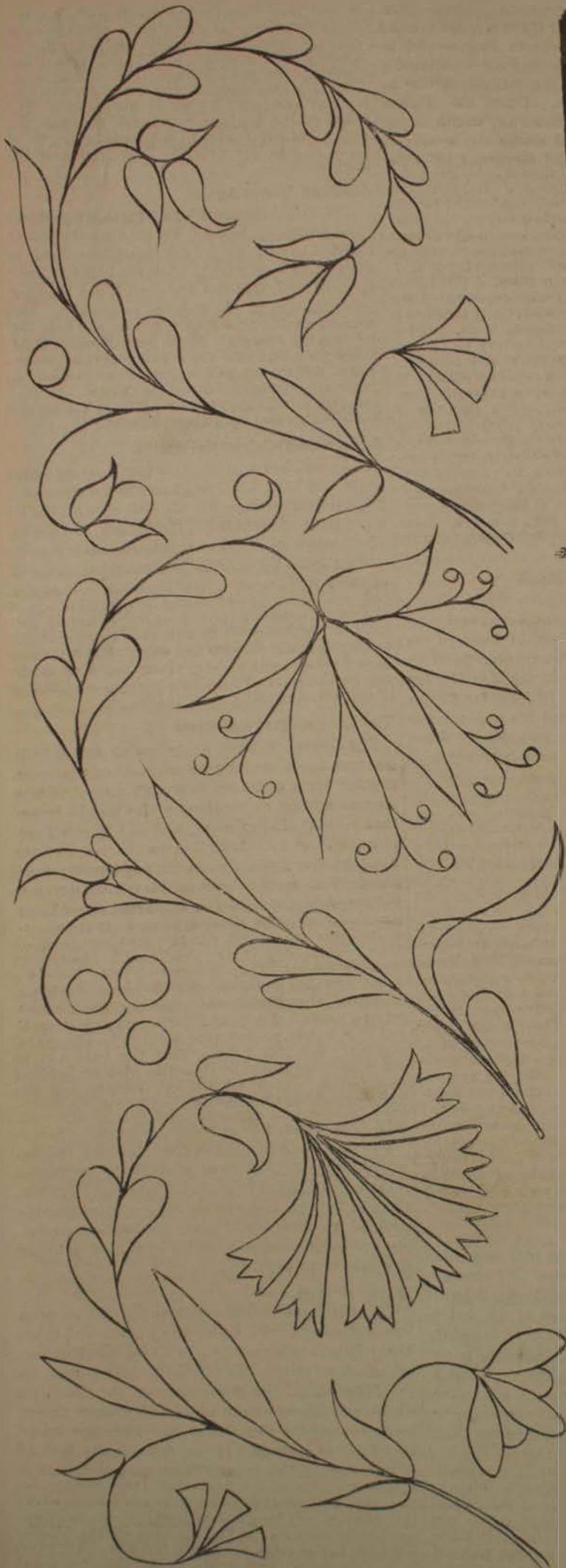
No. 5 gives the border in two colors, as olive and yellow, the long stitch being olive, the short yellow.

The New England design, No. 7, we have arranged for use for any length of border. The several sprays may be separated, if desired, without injury to the design. Two of the figures may be alternated for a short and the three for a long border. The stitch for this design was given in the last number. It may be varied when more rapid work for temporary uses is desired. Instead of turning the needle away from you in the second stitch, thus crossing the thread twice, draw it through point toward you crossing the thread but once. This simple stitch is not so durable or so handsome, but is much more rapid and suitable for any work that is expected to last but a little while, and may be used for tidies or bureau covers. But for any work that should last a lifetime, have patience, and use the more durable stitch.

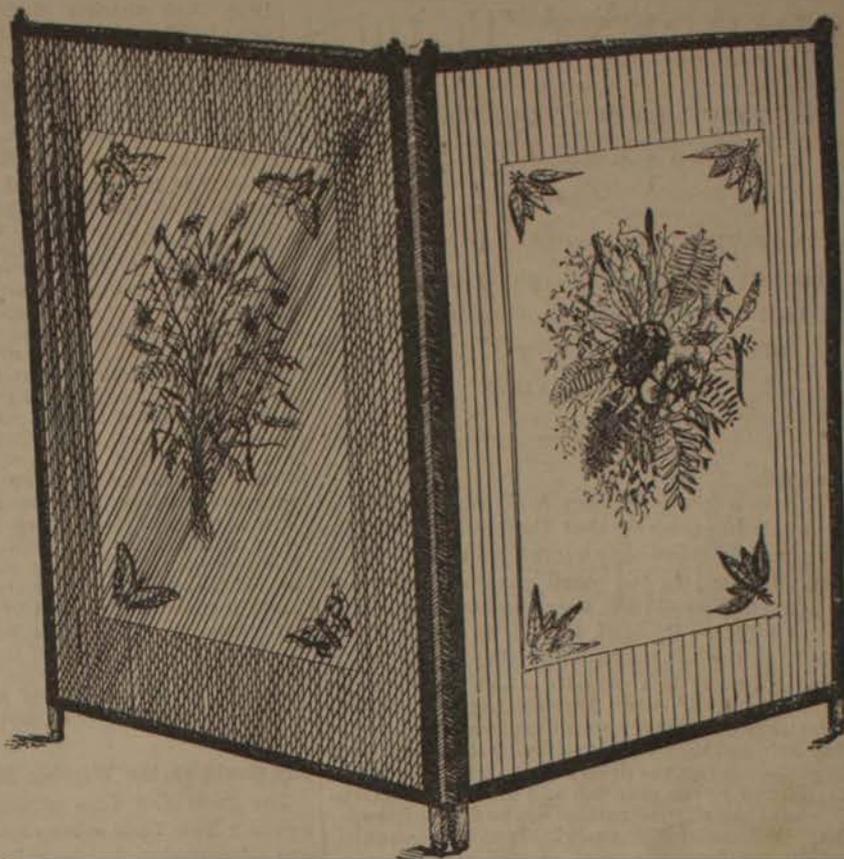
HETTA H. L. WARD.



ORIGINAL BUTTERCUP DESIGN FOR BORDER—No. 6.



ORIGINAL NEW ENGLAND DESIGN FOR BORDER—No. 7.



Folding Screens.

FOLDING screens are being used considerably. Some are quite small, for standing before fireplaces, while others are high enough to hide a door. A very effective one can be made of a common kitchen clothes-horse, with a coarse muslin nailed tightly down each side, and a strip of red plush or velvet turned over the wooden edges, and tacked round to form the binding. To form the panels, use satin, and embroider, in colors, a design of one or two long-stalked ox-eyed daisies, with a few leaves and blades of grass, and several rich-hued butterflies. This design would be more effective if embroidered on pale blue. Another pretty way of decorating is, to press flowers and grasses, tie them in bunches as desired, and fasten on the panels; then back of the spray paint shadows of flowers and leaves, and long, bending grasses.

Flower Pot Cover.

MATERIALS:—Flannel in olive, red, and canary colors. Black, blue, and orange floss. Cut a piece of cardboard the shape of the flower-pot; sew it together, and make a full puff of the olive flannel on the outside. Then cut four diamond-shape pieces of the canary flannel, and notch the edges, or, better still, have them pinked. In the center of each diamond *applique*, small pieces of the red flannel feather stitching, with the flosses. When all the pieces are finished, fasten them on the inside of the cover at the top, allowing the points just to reach the bottom outside.



This design is also often used as covers for toilet bottles.

Sewing-Machine Cover.

This cover is ornamental as well as useful for protecting the machine from dust. Measure the length of your machine table, and cut your cloth or crash so it can hang over front and back. Line it or not, but it is preferable lined with baize, such as is used for the tops of desks and tables.

Cut the two ends in deep vandykes, bind with braid, which cover with a heavy cord, and finish each point, and between each point, with a tassel. *Appliquéd* work on the cover is a great addition, and is very easily done.

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.

Cray-fish.

This is a great delicacy in Europe; and is of so much importance, that Professor Huxley has written an exceedingly clever book about it. It could be bred in the small streams of our own country, and would add a new and toothsome dish to our tables. It could, indeed, be exported at a profit, as the crustacea are getting scarce in Europe, and there is a parasite which destroys this little animal. The two are born together, but the parasite is not dangerous unless swallowed by the cray-fish, and then voided. Having thus concluded its cycle, it acquires destructive powers, attaches itself anew to the cray-fish and kills it. So extensive has been the destruction of the fish in Europe, that American farmers might do worse than cultivate it for foreign export as well as home consumption.

Not This Year.

Professor C. V. Riley, the head of the United States Entomological Commission, whose reputation is deservedly high, is out in a letter assuring Western farmers that there is little or no danger from the locusts this year. It is true that some few swarms have appeared in Texas and Kansas, but there is no reason to apprehend any very destructive visitation. There is no real connection, he explains, between the periodical cicada and the true locust. The thirteen and seventeen year broods do no harm. The dangerous locusts are those which are apt to reappear at intervals of eleven years, but then local conditions must be favorable to their increase. The dangerous locusts are propagated in the high plateau between the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada Mountains. When the season is too hot or too cold, and easterly winds prevail, they come in great clouds toward the Mississippi River. They are a perpetual threat to the crops in our Western States and Territories. Happily for the country, there are but few years when they are at all dangerous; but, in view of the immense interests involved, an effort should be made to stamp out this locust plague. Their breeding-places are well known, and were the ground irrigated and broken up with the plow, were trees and shrubs planted and farms cultivated, a few years would see an end to the locust plague. A million dollars spent wisely and honestly during the next ten years, would save the country thousands of millions of dollars in half a century.

Che-mah.

This is the name of a remarkable Chinese dwarf who has recently arrived in New York. He is exactly two feet high, and is said to be the ugliest man in the world. He is 44 years of age, and has traveled extensively. In the olden times, it was the fashion for princes and kings to have court fools and dwarfs in attendance upon them. Every diminutive, misshaped, poor creature was in demand in those days. But in modern times we hand these monstrosities over to the Barnums for the amusement of the new sovereign, the people. Che-mah's father was six feet high, and his mother an ordinary-sized woman.

The Scrutin de Liste.

France is trying to make a change in her methods of voting. The present Chamber was elected main-

ly by single districts, as we elect our Congressmen and State legislators. But if the new law is voted future legislative chambers in France will be composed of members chosen from departments, in which six, eight, or ten legislators will be elected upon one ticket. Under the French system the voter writes down the names on his ballot. It is claimed that under the *scrutin de liste*, as it is called, a better class of representatives will be chosen, and then it is believed that the imperialists and royalists will disappear from public life, if departments, equivalent to our States, elect, instead of single districts. It would be well if we could introduce into Congress a certain proportion of representatives elected on a general ticket. It would prevent log-rolling, and raise the tone of our politics, if the Lower House had a body of men who represented the nation, and not a district. Now, every member is expected to look after his constituents, and the net result is not always satisfactory to the nation. It is noticed that we get a better class of men from a large than from a small constituency. The mayors of New York have generally been men of character and ability. The majority of the aldermen, for the last forty years, have been purchasable rascals. Nor are the members of our State legislatures, elected by districts, much better. But we shall mark how the new system works in France, that is if it should go into operation. Perhaps a convention to make a new constitution, or revise the old one, may some time be called, when this and kindred reforms can be considered.

Jay Gould on the Witness Stand.

The great New York millionaire was a witness before a New York court recently, and every one was astounded to find how little he knew of the details of the vast business transactions in which he was engaged. He could not remember whether a check he drew on a certain day was for five or ten millions of dollars. Indeed his memory was at fault about everything he had done. When William H. Vanderbilt was examined before a legislative committee, at Saratoga, last year, he betrayed the same lack of familiarity with the details of the workings of his great railway systems. Daniel Drew, when examined touching his own bankruptcy, testified that he never kept any accounts, that he depended entirely upon his brokers. All he knew was, that on certain days he bought stocks, on others sold them, and that he had made or lost money by the transactions. Years ago Jay Gould ran a tannery in Pennsylvania. His New York partner demanded a settlement. The books were overhauled, and found to be in the wildest confusion. As a matter of fact, men who are capable of vast dealings are not good at detail. Good accountants rarely make good business men. They waste their strength in verifying the accuracy of details. Most men pride themselves upon their intimate knowledge of their own affairs. But the general on the battle field, thinks only of the great strategy, not of the tactics which must be practiced by the individual soldiers. The greatest faculty is that in which a man reproduces himself by choosing wise and honest agents to do his work, and it is in this that men like Jay Gould and William H. Vanderbilt excel. They cannot attend to the myriad details of their own business.

Irish Troubles.

Premier Gladstone hopes to be able to get his Irish land bill through the House of Commons early in July, but its fate in the House of Lords is very doubtful. The condition of Ireland is most unhappy. The tenants are very generally refusing to pay their rents, and the whole population resist every attempt at eviction. There is a social war throughout that beautiful but unfortunate island. While the sympathy on this side of the water is with the tenants, against the landlords, it should be borne in mind that we live under precisely the same land system in this country. The landlord view of the case is what obtains with us. In California the owners of the Southern Pacific road induced a large immigration to a certain fruitful section of California. After the immigrants had built their houses and planted their crops, a demand was made for payment, which they could not meet, and just before the

harvest they were evicted and thrown upon the world penniless. It was a worse case than any that has recently occurred in Ireland. But in America the landlord would not understand claims for tenant right, improvements, and so on. The soil is absolutely his, and the tenant who cannot pay will have to give up his holding. The action of the British Government, therefore, is a very great concession to the tenant class, for it seeks to interfere with the legal rights of the landlord.

American Horses Again.

It is settled that next year a great many of our most promising blooded horses are to be sent to England to compete for the rich prizes offered at the various race tracks. It is the belief of horse fanciers here, that the American horse is an improvement upon his English progenitors. Our animals are larger, stronger, fleet, and have better staying powers. Next year Hindoo Maid, Crickmore, and the crack two-year-olds, at the end of this season, will be sent abroad to show the great superiority of American horses. If they succeed, it will gratify our national vanity, and make racing more popular than ever.

A German-American University.

It is said that somewhere in our Western States there will soon be planted the foundations of a great German university. It is to vie with the famous institutions of Bonn, Heidelberg, and Berlin. The wisdom of starting new universities may be questioned. What is needed is the improvement of those we have now. But the scheme, if carried out, will show how large and influential a part of our population are the Germans. It would, perhaps, be well for us to cultivate German thoroughness in scholarship and study; but it is to be hoped we are not to have either the beer drinking or the duels, which are such noted features of German university student life.

The Land of Mist and Snow.

The *Jeannette* left San Francisco on July 8, 1879. She was last seen on September 3d of that year, making for a point on Wrangell Land. There are now several expeditions under way to rescue that vessel. The steamer *Rodgers* left San Francisco on June 15th, to follow in the track of the *Jeannette*, and it will thoroughly explore Wrangell Land. But as the *Jeannette* may have got into Behring Sea, and drifted east to Franz Josef Land, another vessel, the *Alliance*, is now on its way to Spitzbergen to search for the missing vessel on the Atlantic side of the continent. Lieutenant Greeley's party, when it reaches Lady Franklin Land, will also make search. There is some hope, therefore, that during this summer, the *Jeannette* will be found. No doubt it will have its story to tell, for it has passed two winters in the arctic regions. We still believe that the best way to reach the pole is on the Howgate plan of gradual approaches, which Lieutenant Greeley and his party are about to undertake.

Still they Come.

For the eleven months ending May 31st, the immigration to this country reached the enormous total of 564,294. Germany furnished 175,306, Canada 110,611, and the coming eleven months promise to show a still more extraordinary total. No wonder business is prosperous and railroad stocks hard to sell down.

Water or Rail.

There are numberless schemes on foot to open new waterways, so as to admit of grain and other heavy freight being carried to Europe at the lowest possible rates. We are promised barges on the Mississippi, the deepening of the Welland Canal, the improvement of the Hennepin Canal, so as to connect the Mississippi with the lakes, the object in each case being to use boats instead of railways for the transportation of freight. It is, however, a curious fact that the tonnage on our lakes and waterways steadily decreases, while the amount of freight carried by the railways constantly increases. The tonnage of the Mississippi has fallen from about 250,000 tons to 222,000 tons, comparing 1866 with 1880. On the great lakes the tonnage fell off between 1866 and 1880

from 215,000 to 75,000 tons. During the same period two railroads, the New York Central and the New York and Lake Erie increased their freight-carrying capacity from 6,000,000 tons in 1869 to 17,250,000 in 1879. The fact is we live in an age of steam and railways, and the water routes cannot compete with them. There is no danger that Montreal or New Orleans will rival New York, or take away its immense foreign trade. It is not water that will beat steam, it is gas or some means of flight through the air. Western farmers must depend upon the railroads and not upon the waterways.

Blown From a Cannon.

Jelil Agha Mukri, the stirrer up of a massacre during the Kurdish invasion of Persia, was blown from the mouth of a cannon at Tabreez early last month. An announcement like this creates a shudder, but really such a death is easier than perishing from some slow disease like consumption or typhus fever. This manner of punishing criminals was first tried during the Sepoy mutiny, and the English general who was conspicuous for inventing that way of intimidating rebels, was recently in Ireland in command of troops who were trying to put down the members of the land league. The Tories in England make no secret of their device to appoint this sanguinary British officer the military ruler of Ireland, with power to enforce order there, even if the insurgents are to be blown from the mouths of cannons.

An Unbelieving Saint.

This is an epithet that has been applied, and justly, to M. P. E. Littre, a member of the French Academy and a Senator of France, who has just died full of years and honor. This man had no religious belief; he rejected all creeds, yet his life was so perfect that he was honored by even the most devoted Christians. He spent his days in hard work for the good of mankind. To him France owes two monumental works, one a dictionary of the French language, the other an encyclopedia of medicine. The work in both those volumes shows marvelous erudition, great good sense, and gives indication of having cost a world of continuous labor. He was famous in other ways, but his two dictionaries stamp him as one of the greatest and wisest men of his age.

Chinese Matrimony.

One of the objections to Chinese immigration is the fact that it does not involve families; but very few women come over, and these, alas, nearly all lead impure lives. Still, some of the Chinese merchants have wives and children, and occasionally a marriage takes place. Recently in San Francisco were married Mr. Le Young and Miss Ah Chung. The services were peculiar. The presents to the bride were from her female friends only, those to the groom from his male friends only. On the second day after the marriage the newly made husband gave a banquet to 500 guests. It was a strange feast, and included swallows' nests, stewed shark's fins with chopped chicken, roast Chinese goose with ginger and cucumbers, ducks wrapped in dry orange peel stewed, and, of course, tea without stint. While the feast was under way, a roar of fire-crackers announced the coming of the bride. She entered the room with a fan before her face, and it was with difficulty the guests caught a glimpse of her features. The feasting was kept up three days, and then the bride entertained her female friends. The groom was not permitted to be with his bride until the third day, when he was sent for and took her away from her father's to his own home.

Young Russia.

Others besides the Nihilists are trying to effect changes in the constitution of the Russian Empire. M. Akzakoff is the most eloquent of Russian orators. He edits the Slavonic organ, the *Reuss*, and he has been styled the Russian Mazzini. He represents the Slavonic, as distinguished from the German section of the population. While he desires reform, he objects to a parliament or compact based on a model of those founded in Western Europe. But he wants to re-establish the Zemskie-Sobor, a kind of Russian States-General, a body which will consult or petition, but which

cannot legislate or act. He and his party argue that a parliament in the Western sense is impossible in Russia. The Cossacks, the Finns, and the mongrel tribes in Siberia, know nothing of representative government. But there must be some change in that vast empire, or else the Nihilists will keep on killing the Czars.

That World's Fair Project.

New York has temporarily given up the idea of holding a great international fair. It is said that the reason why General Grant resigned the presidency, was because he discovered that several large jobs were in contemplation. The jobbers got control of the commission, and when this was found out the project came to an end. Now Boston is in the field with a programme to hold a fair. There is a great deal of local pride in that city, and there are many objects of interest Boston would have to show its visitors. By all means let Boston have a world's fair.

The de Lesseps Canal.

The preliminary work of cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Panama is nearly complete, and within five years the waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean will mingle in the channel cut by the great French engineer. It must be a great feat for one man to have succeeded in two such undertakings as the opening of the Suez canal and the Panama canal. The United States looks on the work coldly, as our statesmen and merchants fear that a waterway through the Isthmus would divert from us the commerce which now reaches Asia by our railway system between the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean. Hence the semi-defiant attitude of our Congress and the declination of our capitalists to put any money into the enterprise. But the French Canal Company have plenty of money, and have purchased the Panama railway. There is some talk also of their securing the steamers belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Whether we as a nation like it or not, the Panama canal will certainly be opened, and a vast commerce between Europe and Asia will make use of it.

Living on Next to Nothing.

Before the era of railroads it was possible to find out-of-the-way places where one could live on very small sums of money. It was the custom in England, when a family met with pecuniary misfortunes, for them to retire to some obscure place on the Continent, where they could live in an economical way until their means had increased so as to be enabled to live with their accustomed comforts and luxuries. But railways have equalized values wherever they have penetrated; and now hotels charge about the same rates, and living does not differ much, comparing one locality with another. But it seems in Italy there are still places where the cost of living is at a minimum. A correspondent of the *Tribune*, living in Italy, tells how she and her husband manage to get along on about \$1.40 a day. On this sum they had the attendance of two servants, and indulged in a bill of fare that was really luxurious. The letter is dated from Viariggio near Leghorn. The house the couple lived in was a nice one with seven rooms, and the rent for a hundred days was \$20.19. There are places in this country where rent and food are cheap; but the comforts of a nicely furnished house, two intelligent servants, and a course dinner could not be procured for any such sum as that asked in Italy.

The Revised New Testament.

After all, the great mass of religious people take kindly to the new text of the revised New Testament. It jarred terribly on the sensibilities of those who reverence the ancient text to have the familiar wording changed; but still words are things, and mistranslations and errors of text have no place in a work deemed sacred by so many of our people. Indeed, a fault found with the revisers is not that they went too far in making alterations, but that they did not go far enough. They feared to face denominational prejudice, and in many cases made verbal alterations when the whole text should have been recast. The time will come when still another revision will be demanded.

An ill-omened Palace.

The new Czar does not seem to know the word fear. He pays no heed to the warnings of the Nihilists, gives no hope for any reform, and sends to Siberia, without trial, every one who doubts the wisdom of the autocratic rule in the Russias. He has chosen for his summer residence the palace of Peterhof, sixteen miles west of St. Petersburg. The place has tender memories for him, for there it was he first saw the charming and good woman who is now his wife and empress. But ill omens surround the gloomy portals of Peterhof. It was here that Peter the Great received the injuries, in trying to save the drowning man, which ended in his own death. The infant Ivan V. was murdered in one of its chambers; and from its windows to the left can be seen the somber old chateau in which Emperor Peter was so foully assassinated. When the Russian armies were being defeated at Alma, Nicholas I. reviewed for the last time before his death the companies of his guard in front of Peterhof. But in spite of all these gloomy associations, the young Czar with his charming wife will spend his summer looking out upon the great Gulf of Finland, which stretches north, east, and west, dreaming perchance of the time when he can dictate peace to Germany in the Kaiser's palace at Berlin, or enter in triumph the city of Constantinople to found an empire destined to dominate over all Western Europe.

Storing Electric Energy.

In the old Grecian mythology Jupiter was king of the thunder. He wielded the lightnings of heaven. But the modern scientist, without making any vainglorious pretensions, is really getting supreme control of the vast possibilities of electrical energy. The modest way in which man obtains domination over nature conceals even from himself the marvelous powers within his grasp. What can be more astonishing than the annihilation of time which comes by the use of the telegraph. Suppose Aristotle or Plato were told the day would come when a message could be sent from one end of the earth to another in a few seconds of time; in other words, that distance would be annihilated in the communication of intelligence! The old Grecian philosophers would have said that the man was insane who would believe so wild a fable. But the latest marvel is the ability to store up electric energy. What is known as Higg's improvement on Faure's pile makes electricity a salable article like pills or plaster. The value of electricity in disease has long been known. Hereafter it will be available, as the cells can be charged and sold at retail in the stores. Professor Buchanan, of England, by electricity, bloodlessly removed a tumor from the tongue of a boy in a minute, which would have taken ten minutes under the ordinary process. It will be valuable in cases of spinal exhaustion and nervous debility. It may create a revolution in medicine when physicians realize that the surface of the body can be medicated, and that there is no need of pouring nauseous drugs down the throat. The difficulty with electricity, heretofore, has been its immediate dissipation upon being produced: that is to say, there was no way of saving it. Now it can be stored like water in a cistern, and can be used in connection with lamps, carried in the hand, and on railways to generate a force to run cars without using coal or causing smoke. Electricity may yet be used to split open mountains, to sink mighty shafts into the earth, to tear asunder icebergs, and to perform labors that make the marvels of the Arabian Nights seem tame and commonplace. What a wonderful era we are entering upon, and how it makes one wish to go to sleep and revisit this earth after a thousand years by which time, perhaps, man will have obtained supreme control over all the forces of nature.

Improving the Human Race.

Mrs. Emily Talbot, Secretary of the American Social Science Association, represents a society which thinks that something should be done to improve the human race. This organization believes that some of the care now bestowed upon plants and animals to improve and perfect them, ought to be transferred to the coming generation. This is undoubtedly a matter of vital importance.

There are millions of sickly, unhappy people in the world, and tens of thousands are born daily who live but to see the light. There is a great and needless waste of human life, and health is the exception rather than the rule. Mrs. Talbot is sending out circulars, asking certain questions of fathers and mothers; such as when the baby first noticed the light, when did it first speak, at what age did it walk, and scores of similar queries are put. But all men and women know that back of these inquiries are others which cannot be asked, and which would be really the vital ones. So much sacredness and secrecy attaches to love and parentage that there does not seem to be any way of solving this the greatest problem connected with the life of man on this planet.

Changing Masters.

Northern Africa will soon be dominated by European powers. Tunis is practically a French dependency; Italy will probably soon annex Tripoli, while it is an open secret that Spain proposes to possess itself of Morocco. This magnificent and fertile region will soon be utilized for the benefit of mankind. If we only had some American ships, we might have a profitable trade along the southern shores of the Mediterranean.

Unhappy Turkey.

Minister Longstreet has returned from Turkey, and states that it is a nation practically without a ruler and without statesmen who can become such. The Sultans and chief officers are educated by the women of the harem, who are very ignorant. The people are brave and industrious, but they are the victims of misrule. There is an abundance of fertile land in Turkey, which is unoccupied, waiting for a government and a people who can utilize it for human uses. A really powerful government at Constantinople would be a boon to the human race, for it would rehabilitate all the localities famous in ancient history. Turkey dominates over sections of the earth which were the seats of former empires; and which would again become wealthy, populous and powerful if a wise and stable government replaced the powers of the harem-ruled Sultans.

America Abroad.

The winning of the Derby and the Grand Prix by the American horses Iroquois and Foxhall, is of course flattering to our national pride, but we fear the consequences will not be altogether wholesome. Outdoor sports are all very well; the breeding of blooded horses is useful in many ways, but racing is an expensive and a demoralizing business. It excites all the competitive and gambling passions of human beings. This is only the third time in a hundred years that a foreign horse has won the Derby. Kisber, a Hungarian horse, won the Derby one year; Gladiateur, a French horse, another year; and now Iroquois is the victor. Next year quite a swarm of American horses will compete for this honor, and a great many foolish people will lose their money, as they will back the horse that comes from their own country. Horse-racing is an aristocratic amusement. It can only flourish in luxurious communities, and where there are rich and idle people. Time was when trotting matches were the only form of horse-racing known at the north, and it must be confessed that the trotter is a most useful animal. Every butcher boy and buggy owner can understand the value of a good trotting horse, but the racing horse is a fancy animal, a mere luxury of the very rich.

A Great City.

In the census recently taken, London proves to have a population of 3,814,571. This makes it the most populous capital of the world. The gain in ten years is 560,311, about equal to the total population of the city of Brooklyn. The population of New York, one year ago, was 1,260,590. But the increase in ten years was at the rate of 28 per cent.; while, for the same period, London increased only 17 per cent. But adding the population of Brooklyn and of the country twenty miles in every direction of the City Hall, New York has a population of about 2,250,000, and at its present rate of progress will catch up to London early in the next century. The greatest city in the Union may yet be situated on the lakes or

the Mississippi. Time and the railway connections will settle that question. But for our time we must be content to acknowledge New York as the metropolis of the Union.

A Good Deal of Weather.

This has been a very extraordinary year for atmospheric disturbances of all kinds. We have had heavy storms, great cyclones, the tearing up of whole towns, waterspouts, and thunder storms without number. The weather gossips and the oldest inhabitants have had a great deal to talk about, and the comparisons are all against the weather of this year. There is much apprehension about our crops; the winter wheat is far below expectation; spring wheat is late, and corn has been retarded. There will be plenty of grass and hay, but we can hardly expect the enormous harvests of the last three years. Still our country is so vast and includes so many climates that there will be an abundance of vegetable and grain food for all. We may not have enough for export abroad to any great extent; and if this is so, it will be due to the phenomenal weather of the winter and spring of 1881.

Plenty of Money.

All accounts agree that there is a plethora of money in every part of the country. In the extreme west, where one per cent. a month was considered cheap for the use of money, it is now difficult to loan out at six and seven per cent. In the eastern cities money on call is quoted at three and three and one half per cent., and mortgages on improved property do not bring more than five per cent. Cheap money, in a new country like ours, is, on the whole, a blessing. It is an aid to all productive occupations, for it puts within the means of the enterprising capital at moderate rates with which to introduce new manufactures or extend old ones. Land and labor is not so heavily mortgaged when money can be loaned at six, instead of ten and twelve per cent. It bears hard upon some few classes, however; and the rich who live upon their incomes, find that instead of getting seven, they can only receive four and five per cent. upon their investments. Widows and orphans depending upon Government securities, find their standard of comfort diminished by the lowering of the rate of interest. But the country is prosperous, and labor is everywhere employed, and the temper of the times is hopeful for better prices and a prosperous future.

Colonizing the Arctic Region.

The work of laying siege to the North Pole has commenced. A detachment of young soldiers, under command of Lieutenant A. W. Greeley, have already reached Lady Franklin Bay, where a station is to be established to furnish supplies for colonists who will work their way gradually northward, establishing new stations while they continue on their way to the North Pole. All the explorers are hardy, able young men, whose average age is twenty-nine years. They expect to be at least five years in reaching the Pole. The advantages of this plan are obvious. There will be no step backward. The base of supply is always to be kept open. Telephone and telegraphic wires will keep them in constant communication with their friends and stations in the rear. Then, if an exceptionally open summer gives them the chance, a rapid dash can be made to the Pole, and one of man's greatest conquests of nature will have been accomplished. We have no doubt the time is coming when trips to the North Pole will be made with as much ease as a trip around the world.

The American Hog.

The efforts of the German and French Governments to officially discredit American pork is likely to result in a scientific and popular verdict in favor of the American hog, as compared with its European competitors. As a matter of fact our corn-fed western swine are the most wholesome of any in the world. In other countries the animal is fed on offal and the waste of a family or farm. He is ill-treated and often underfed. But in this country, on our western farms, where the hogs are turned in to feed on corn, they become fatter and are in better condition for human food than any-

where else. The English and German scientific and medical journals now admit that the cases of trichinæ can be traced to German raised pork, but not to American. Our State department has acted wisely in giving to the world the facts about this food produced. It is real cruelty to the poor consumers of pork in Europe, to try and create a prejudice against the American article, which is at once the cheapest and the best. Yet pork is not a food that we would recommend in preference to beef or mutton.

The Real Railway King.

On the 9th of June, 1781, was born George Stephenson, who was the father of the railway system of the world. To him, more than to any other man, is to be credited the success of that wonderfully practical invention which has done so much to change the face of the world. We have not the space to give the life or tell what George Stephenson accomplished. It was on November 18, 1822, that he first constructed a short railway near Newcastle-on-Tyne. His locomotive made the speed of only four miles an hour, drawing behind it a weight of 64 tons. His success led to an application to Parliament to build a road from Darlington to Stockton-on-Tees. But both Lords and Commons opposed the application, and Stephenson was actually mobbed and called a lunatic and a fool, for trying to demonstrate the feasibility of railway travel. But common sense and a practical invention finally got the best of prejudice, and Stephenson's railway was copied all over the world. It was but fit and proper that his centennial should be observed. He obtained but little honor during his lifetime, but now his memory is held in grateful remembrance.

What a Shame that it should be Necessary.

The legislature of the State of New York has passed a law, which the Governor signed, making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for the proprietor of any hotel or public conveyance to discriminate against any person on the ground of creed, color or race. This is designed to protect Hebrews; but surely it ought not to be necessary to put any such law on the statute book. There are objectionable Jews just as there are undesirable Christians, but it is disgraceful that the race should be objected to rather than the individuals who make the trouble. There are many ways of getting rid of unwelcome guests. Higher prices, a hint that their room is more desirable than their company, will usually get rid of objectionable people. But race prejudice should be frowned down, both by law and public sentiment. We can all recall the time when colored people were not allowed to travel in street cars or to enter hotels, and they would be mobbed if they occupied a seat in a fashionable theater. Happily this is no longer the case, and the prejudice of color, judged by the present feeling compared with that of twenty years back, is gradually but surely dying out.

The Polyphemus Ram.

Foreign nations are multiplying their engines of destruction. England to-day possesses a torpedo ram which seems to be a vessel calculated to do great harm if ever it is called into action. The *Polyphemus*, as it is called, is 2,610 tons burden; it has a twelve-foot ram and three ports for discharging torpedoes under the water. The apparatus for steering and firing the torpedoes is concentrated in an armed tower. In many respects this vessel is modeled after the American *Monitor*. It is a very formidable engine of war, the most powerful and dangerous of its kind known to modern naval science. We have nothing to cope with this naval monster, for practically we have no navy.

Protection in England.

A really powerful protectionist party is organizing in Great Britain. That nation has tried free trade now for over a quarter of a century, and has endeavored to induce other nations to follow its example. But the latter have not done so, and now England finds itself at a disadvantage in many of the great markets. Its goods are excluded by high tariffs, although its own markets are open to all the world. The party that is form-

ing say that the British Government should insist upon some reciprocity, and should discriminate against those nations which virtually prohibit English manufactures from being sold in their territory. John Bright will go to his grave a sorrow-stricken man if England should ever again become a protectionist country.

Suffrage in Italy.

The Italian Parliament is chosen by a very small constituency. Not one in five who would be voters in this country can exercise the right of suffrage in the Italian peninsula. England has household suffrage, France and Germany universal or manhood suffrage, but Italy is not free in the sense that the people have the choice of their own rulers. But an effort is making to extend the right to vote to other classes of the population. Those who pay a certain rent will hereafter be allowed to vote, but this privilege has to be coupled with the condition that the voter shall be able to read and write. In other words, an educated constituency will be demanded to select the rulers in the Italian kingdom. Italy is progressing in wealth and power, but she still has a very large poor and ignorant population. Hence the reluctance to give these poor people so much control in the conduct of affairs.

A Revolution in Cooking and Heating.

Will wonders never cease? Mankind has used boiling water for cooking purposes since long before the invention of letters, yet during these countless ages the race never knew the possibilities of hot water. An inventor named Prall has found out that by superheating water, that is, by raising it to a temperature of 400° to 425° Fahrenheit, that it can be used for cooking and heating with greater advantage than any other kind of heat. By the new system dinners can be cooked in a room where there is no perceptible heat from the apparatus. In several restaurants of New York meats and poultry are roasted, broiled, stewed, and boiled from heat given out by the superheated water on the Prall system, and this with a perfection and economy unknown to any other species of cooking. The Common Council of New York have granted a permit to allow the company who own the patent to introduce this superheated water into houses. Next fall a square mile will be taken up, and the water will be supplied from a central building to the private houses that need it. But note the changes it will bring about. No fires will be needed, for the house will be warmed by hot water. There will be a range, but the heat will be supplied through a coil of pipes. Chimneys will not be used; there will be no soot, and no danger from catching fire. The house of the future, with electric lights at night, will not need insurance, for there will be no way in which it can catch fire except from outside. This Prall system of heating and cooking is not an experiment. It has been tested, and fulfills all the requirements. It will be particularly valuable to hotels and large apartment houses; but it will be an economy and a comfort as well in the tenement house, for there will be no need of coal bins or the dragging up of scuttles of coal to the upper stories. The business of the ash-cart man will be gone. How surprisingly stupid mankind has been not to discover the possibilities of hot water before the year 1881!

Silver and Gold Galore.

The activity in mining circles is really extraordinary. Our railways are penetrating the mining regions throughout the far West, and districts hitherto inaccessible can now be made to produce abundantly of gold and silver, provided capital can be obtained to develop their resources. And the capital, both of the East and Europe, is available for this purpose. Large sums of money are being raised to develop our mines. We now produce more gold and silver than all the rest of the world put together, and in ten years time it is predicted that we will triple if not quadruple our product. Even as far up as Alaska immense ledges of gold-bearing ore have been found. In England there is a renewed interest in gold mining, and money has been sent to various portions of the East Indies to develop new gold mines. We cannot have too much gold, and the more there is of it the better.

Kindly Charities.

The various funds raised in the East to enable poor girls and poor children to visit the seaside, will reach altogether quite a handsome figure. Ours is a hot climate in summer, and it is very severe on delicate people. The Young Women's Christian Association of New York supplies accommodations for young women, so that they can spend two weeks by the seaside for \$10. This includes the railway fare. With the country so rich and prosperous, it should be our boast that no person should be so poor that he could not have some refreshing summer recreation.

Acclimatizing Foreign Birds.

We have been altogether too successful in colonizing the English sparrows in this country. In twenty-six years they have multiplied enormously, and being a pugnacious bird, have driven away and reduced the numbers of some of our most beautiful and tuneful American birds. Various attempts have been made to acclimatize the English sky-lark. Hundreds of these birds have been set free in Virginia, Delaware, New Jersey, and Long Island; but our severe winters seem to kill them off. Mr. Isaac W. England and Mr. John Burroughs have made the attempt again this year, this time in New Jersey, not far from Paterson. The sky-lark is described as being the most tuneful of birds. Many of our readers have doubtless read Shelly's famous "Ode to the Sky-lark." One of them is worth a thousand sparrows. But it is very difficult to keep alive the higher forms of life, while, as the motto has it: "Ill weeds thrive apace."

Mary had a Little Lamb.

An amusing controversy has been going on respecting the authorship of this well known nursery rhyme. It was credited, it seems, to one John Roelstone, proprietor of a riding-school sixty years ago. But it is settled that the real author was Mrs. Sara Josepha Hale. There is very little merit in the lines, but they have become wonderfully popular with the little folks, and there are very few grown persons but what are familiar with the jingle of the words.

Canoe Clubs.

On the 11th, 12th, and 13th of August next, Lake George will witness thirteen races, in which only canoes will engage. It is supposed that seventy-five little vessels will contest in these races, and the American Canoe Association will no doubt have a good time. It is a matter of doubt whether any good will come of testing new models of canoes. They can be of very little use in themselves, but if they tempt our young men into the open air, they will at least do that much service to their owners. Women cannot very well use canoes, as they have an awkward habit of upsetting. They are at best a toy boat, and yet they have one value. In streams running through a broken country, they are of use, because they are portable. The traveler can take one on his back from one stream to another, or when he wants to avoid river rapids. It is to be hoped the canoes will have a good time next August.

Our Military and Naval Academies.

West Point and Annapolis are a credit to the country. They supply every year their quota of educated young men for service in the army and navy. It is not our policy as a nation to encourage wars. Our army is small, and we have scarcely any navy. But other nations are not as peaceably disposed as we are, and it is wise for us to have at least a few trained officers in case of an emergency. The scientific departments of the two academies is of great importance. The West Point Academy is of great importance in the training of the army.

About Air Navigating.

It should be borne in mind that the problem of navigating the air will never be solved by balloons. Birds and insects float in and fly through the atmosphere, but none of them use gas. It is found that twelve different means are employed by insects and birds to get through the atmosphere, and ingenious men are now carefully studying their various means of flight to solve this greatest of problems. Some motor may yet be discovered which will overcome the power of gravitation, and enable man to soar through the air as rapidly and as safely as do the birds and insects. The poet Stedman has written an interesting work on this subject, in which he points out the changes aerial navigation will make on the surface of the globe. The habitations of men would no longer be on the unwholesome plains, but on the breezy and healthful uplands. Mountain tops would become populous; they would be the natural entrepôts for the storing of goods. Densely populated cities would disappear, and man become cosmopolitan, for all parts of the earth would be accessible to him. All this may seem very wild to prosaic, sober people; but there is literally no limit to the possibilities of modern science and invention.

What are we Coming to?

Mr. James Parton has an article in a recent number of the *North American Review*, which every American man and woman should read and ponder. Our politics are in a bad way. Incorporated wealth is securing undue power in our local legislatures. The interest of the great railroad magnate who is willing to pay overrides that of the whole community. Our public men are not chosen because of their ability or high character, but on account of their subserviency to some great material interest of the country. As a nation we are increasing in wealth and population, but our politics are becoming more debased year after year. The paper money era developed the Tweed Ring, but the inflation of prices now under way, promises to add largely to the corrupting influences at work in all departments of our local, State and federal governments.

Pensioning School Teachers.

Governor Cornell, of the State of New York, has vetoed the bill giving a pension to school teachers who have given twenty-five years of their lives to that honorable and arduous profession. Some of the reasons given in the veto have force. But the State which first recognizes the duty of providing for life for its educators will do itself a special honor. To no profession do we owe so much as to the educators, and up to this time none have been paid so poorly. Even great institutions like Cornell University spend immense sums on buildings and pay learned professors ridiculously inadequate salaries. In continental Europe the money is spent upon the educators, not for the buildings. The famous Universities of Heidelberg and Bonn are poverty-stricken so far as regards building accommodations; but they are rich in the kind of professors who are gathered there to teach. All honor to the great State of New York, for being the first to recognize the right of a teacher to some provision in old age; and the time cannot be far distant when pensions will not be confined to those who fight battles for pay.

Pigeon Maiming.

All honor to Mr. Bergh! He tried to put a stop to the maiming of pigeons by so-called sporting-men, but the latter were rich and influential, and they succeeded in getting a law passed legalizing the shooting of pigeons from traps. At a recent convention of sporting-men at Coney Island, some two thousand birds were slaughtered to make a gentlemen's holiday. Mr. Bergh was present and exhibited his exhibition, but he was un-

Another Balloon Trip.

And now we are to have another balloon excitement. Professor Samuel A. King is building a great aerostat which he hopes can be kept afloat for a week. In ordinary balloons the gas escapes through the interstices of the oiled silk. But in this new balloon, which is to be constructed of a preparation of india rubber, it is believed the gas can be retained for six or seven days. It is the intention to start from some Western city, and come East. Should the voyage be a successful and prolonged one, an attempt may be made to cross the ocean.

A Girl Life Saver.

It seems the little boys and girls out West have an unfortunate habit of tumbling into the water. Sometimes they get drowned and sometimes they don't. There is a girl named Katie Mulkearns who has become quite famous for the number of children she has rescued from drowning. In three summers she has picked out of the Ohio River eight little girls and boys. She is a pretty girl, only fifteen years of age, and, what is remarkable, does not herself know how to swim. Katie ought to have a medal.

And Why Not?

It is proposed at Winchester, Massachusetts, to build a number of houses which shall have the one peculiarity of being without kitchens. There is to be no cooking. This is to be done in a central establishment which will be supplied with dining-rooms, large and small, for the families who occupy the houses, and who will be supplied with good food for a moderate figure. The economy in the purchase of food and the hiring of service, including the consumption of fuel, would, it is supposed, cost less to each householder than if the cooking was done by each family in the ordinary wasteful way. For nearly a hundred years social reformers have been dreaming of communities, co-operative homes, and social palaces. But we are getting all those things without readjusting society in order to accomplish it. The apartment house, the great French flat in our large cities, enables people of moderate means to live in a magnificent palace in which wholesome food can be supplied by caterers at a lower price than families can cook for themselves. There is every economical reason why these large houses should prove successful. An immense structure is now under way in New York, just west of Central Park, which could permanently and handsomely accommodate some six hundred persons. All these people have only average means, but they will live in a palace larger and more luxurious than any owned by Queen Victoria. It is in this direction that modern improvements are developing.

Technical Schools.

The United States is far in the rear of other civilized countries in the matter of technical schools. Switzerland is ahead of the whole world in this respect. That country gives special instruction in the casting of bronzes, in making watches, in engineering, medicine, and hundreds of special industries of which we know nothing. France, Germany, and England, all have their special technical schools. We have a few, a very few such. To be efficient, these schools must be started and sustained by the State; but there is an ignorant prejudice against the State undertaking anything in this country. There is, however, a manual training school in Washington University of St. Louis, which should be imitated.

rected to any useful object. The school of the future is an industrial or technical school; and, educators, don't you forget it.

Big Houses.

One of the marked tendencies of the time is the erection of immense edifices in our large cities. This has been rendered possible by the use of elevators. The busy New Yorker has no time to go up several flights of stairs, so he prefers a building ten or twelve stories high, in which is an elevator, where he can sit still while going up. The apartment houses are for families, and some of them are ten stories high; while the buildings with offices reach, in many cases, fourteen stories high. Architect Mullet predicts that the lower part of New York will yet be full of fourteen-story houses, that merchants will sell their goods by sample, in elegant suites of rooms, and that the population of large cities will be quadrupled without occupying very much more room. One would suppose that when railroads had made so much more ground available, that it would not be necessary to pile story upon story, as population could spread horizontally, instead of laterally. In the old cities of Europe tall buildings were very common, because of the necessity of housing a large population near the business centers. It was supposed that railways would do away with the necessity of twelve-storied houses; but, in spite of all predictions, the many-storied house is now the popular one, both for residence as well as business purposes.

The Great Railroad Question.

While it is doubtless true that railroads are a source of corruption in our politics, it must be admitted that the consolidations of the various roads have been to the advantage of the business and travelling community. The traffic on the Lake Shore road has increased during the past ten years 202 per cent., while the charges for transportation have decreased during the same time 57 per cent. On the New York Central Road ten years show an increased business of 289 per cent., while the charges have decreased 76 per cent. And the same general facts are true of all the great trunk lines in the country. With the increase in business, there has been a steady decrease in charges.

Unifying our Railway System.

The work of consolidation goes on. All our scattered railway lines are becoming united, and the time can not be far distant when five great combinations will virtually control the entire railway system of the country. These aggregations of great corporations are building up colossal private fortunes. Our railway magnates are among the richest people on the top of the globe. But there is this satisfaction, that they can not long abuse their positions. It is difficult to deal with a corporation, for it is neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be anathematized. But a few men like Jay Gould and Vanderbilt can be dealt with, if they abuse their trusts. In the meantime, the public are benefitted by being able to travel any where without change of cars, and to send merchandise in any direction with an assurance that it will reach its destination. The American railway system will, before many years, have a longer mileage, and will be as finely equipped as the entire railway system of Europe.

Irishmen Ashamed of their Names.

The Irish are a very clever people, and their descendants in this country make brilliant journalists, artists, actors, and business men. But somehow they don't fancy the old country names, especially the actors, and the following among them have changed: John T. Raymond's name was legally changed; Frank Mayo's name was changed to Barrett; and Barrett's name was changed to Barrett.

The Great Comet.

The astronomers were out of their reckoning. The great comet came into view before they were prepared for it. There was a time when the people on this planet would have viewed a comet with terror, as presaging war and pestilence. But now, in civilized nations, it is looked on simply as a curiosity. So far comets are puzzles to astronomers; they really know very little about them. The spectroscope even fails to reveal the materials of which they are composed. This promises to be the most remarkable year for all kinds of atmospheric and celestial phenomena. Old Mother Shipton's prophecy did not come true, but one of the astronomers says that it is barely possible that the earth passed through the tail of the comet about the time when the world was to have come to an end. Everybody should study the heavens. Said the philosopher Kant: "Two things fill me with awe, the starry heavens above us and the moral law within." The good book says, "The heavens declare the glory of God," and man can take some comfort in the reflection, that in no field has human science shown to such an advantage as in studying the phenomena of the starry worlds above us.

Electric Omnibuses.

Experiments have been made in Paris in using electricity to propel a street wagon or omnibus. This has been made possible by Faure's invention, stored electricity. The omnibus was tested, went along rapidly over a bad road and up a declivity. It is thought the system of electro-traction will effect a saving of twenty per cent. while there will be no danger even in a crowded street.

That Red Spot.

In 1878 there appeared on the southern hemisphere of Jupiter a red spot, which remained without material change during 1879 and 1880. It was of value to astronomers, as by it they could ascertain the exact time of that planet's rotation. On June 18 the time was five hours, twenty-six six-tenths minutes. The spot is still upon Jupiter, and it is about the same size as last year, but it is hardly visible, due to the present low altitude of the planet.

Killing the Eagles.

How wanton are sportsmen! They not only kill innocent and to them useless birds, but they are destroying the eagles in all our eastern States. One of the curiosities of Litchfield, Connecticut, was a pair of eagles that lived for many years on Bantom Lake. People came from far and near to see these splendid birds. They were the last pair known to live in the hills of Connecticut. But they have been shot, and there is an end of the eagles, so far as Connecticut is concerned. There is not much sentiment to be wasted upon eagles, for they are a rapacious bird, and an unfit emblem for a peaceful country like the United States. That, however, is no reason for exterminating them. It takes five years for the eagle to reach maturity; and one, at least, is known to have lived a hundred and five years. This was in captivity in Vienna.

The Russian ladies are advancing rapidly in the direction of higher education. Besides the medical courses at St. Petersburg, there was opened two years ago in the same city a kind of ladies' university, being a series of courses for higher training in the mathematical, physical, and historical sciences. We learn now, from the annual report recently published, that notwithstanding the opposition on the part of Government, it has acquired further development. The number of students, which was 789 in 1879, has already reached 840; and this number would have been much larger were it not for the regulations which are intended to check the further development of the institution. The money necessary for the institution is collected from private sources—subscriptions (\$5 per annum) and voluntary subscriptions. Like courses are already opened at St. Petersburg.

European Letter—No. 6.

FROM CORDOVA TO SEVILLE, SPAIN, Feb. 12, 1881.

WE are now upon the fair banks of the Guadalquivir, where the old city of Seville rears its Moorish walls, and where the busy ways of fashionable life have not wholly obliterated the old Spanish customs. During the whole journey from Cordova here we seemed to be passing through a cultivated garden—the beautiful valley of the Sierra Morena Mountains. It is here in these broad, dazzling green meadows, stretching away on both sides to the blue Andalusian Mountains, with the winding river in and out, that the Merino sheep are found which are so famous for their fine soft wool. We saw flock after flock of them, looking white and pretty against the green grass, innocent little lambs sported by the sides of their mothers, and lingering near, or lying at full length on the green sward, would be their peasant herdsman, with the faithful shepherd-dogs beside them. They were peaceful and lovely meadow-scenes, and the fair valley shows even yet the traces of the pride the Moors once took in making this the garden-land of Andalusia. Back in those blue mountains are bred the fierce bulls whose fighting in the arenas so delight the Spanish people; they are kept in the wilds of the mountains, and allowed to see no human beings except the men who attend them; thus they are rendered mad with rage when turned into the ring to face the cruel thousands who come to see them slain. As we approached Seville, the sharp nip of the mountain air left us, and gave place to the mildness of spring. Daisies and clover-blooms were in the meadows, and the birds were giving us a serenade to welcome our entry into the city. The hotel omnibus was awaiting us at the station, so we sprang into it and drove in the bright noon sunshine up to the *Hôtel de Quatre Nations*. We were delighted to see that it is built around a Moorish arcaded court, and facing a long public plaza. We have come to consider no houses so beautiful as these fine Oriental houses, with their inlaid marble courts, and fountains, and flowers in the centre, with slender pillars supporting the rooms above. If air-castles ever become substantial structures, some day there will be a gorgeous Moorish dwelling erected in New York, in which will be tropical flowers and tinkling fountains, silver hanging lamps and soft cushions. But Arabian Nights' palaces would be out of place in our cold northern climate; so avaunt, dreams!! One must attend to creature comforts, even in Moorish palaces of hotels, so we ordered our luncheon before sallying forth to view the interests of the place, and as our waiter spoke only Spanish, we were forced to do a great deal of swearing in order to get anything to eat. This does not mean, either, that we were profane, but *dadme*, which we pronounce *damme*, was all the Spanish we could muster for our English "give me," and we applied it to bread, butter, meats, and everything! Of course there is a cathedral in Seville, as in every other place in Europe, great or small, and this is the finest in all Spain. I hope my mind will not be a perfect maze of cathedrals by the time I reach home; I think I have walked in and out of two hundred already. This, however, is not apt to be soon forgotten, so stately and so vast are its dim, holy aisles! It was once a Moorish mosque, but has been so torn down and added to that all trace of its origin is gone; it is said that part of it was once embedded in banks of earth, but a cunning priest offered to the people an "indulgence" for each basket of earth that should be carried away. Men, women, and children worked so busily then that in a few days the bank of earth was no more to be seen. The outside of the cathedral, as it stands now, is indescribable with its orange courtway, architectural bridges, arches,

and spires, but inside all is simply, sternly grand; great gray stone pillars eighteen feet in circumference tower up to a dizzy height, where they support stone archways. In large barred recesses along the sides are hung precious old paintings, many of them by Murillo; one of the finest of these is his St. Anthony. The figure of the saint kneels by a table upon which is a vase of white lilies, a vision of angels in a cloudy haze appears above, the rapt face of the saint is looking toward them. An enterprising genius once cut this precious figure of the saint from the canvas, and, concealing it between two mattresses, hied away off toward America, to make his fortune out of it. But detectives followed upon his track, and brought St. Anthony back home, none the worse for his sea voyage in such choking quarters. What punishment was inflicted upon the thief by the late priests no one can find out, but the poor wretch has never since been heard of, and since that time the picture is safely locked behind great iron gates. It would be a clever thief indeed who could steal anything from this cathedral now, for no less than seventeen fierce bulldogs are turned loose here every night to guard the many precious things—the silver and gold upon the altars, the diamond rings and precious jewels upon the virgins, and other valuable relics hung before the shrines—whole strings of silver arms, legs, heads, and braids of long, beautiful hair hang at the sides of the altars, given by devotees who believe they have been cured of diseases by the intervention of the saint beside whom they are hung. One of the virgins, the richest of all in the possession of gems, is supposed to be too holy for mortal hands to touch. A small scale has been broken off her cheek, and no artist dares to mend it; those who have tried have been unable to approach it. The robe of this virgin is so gorgeous that a man who possessed an inquiring mind once concluded he would view the beautiful under-garments also, but in lifting the robe to see farther glories he was struck blind! The whole place here is full of such supernatural stories. Before the high altar is a slab in the floor which once covered the ashes of Columbus while they were being removed to Havana. Upon it is an inscription, "To Castile and to Leon, Columbus gave a new world." In another chapel opening out of the main one the body of St. Ferdinand is preserved. It rests in a huge, heavy silver coffin, which was, however, closed; three times a year it is opened, when there is a grand Mass performed. One of our party tried to induce the guide to uncover it for us, but he remained obdurate. I am sure I did not want to see his old bones! Behind this silver casket a low door led into a small dark room, where the banner and sword of this king are kept, and also a small ivory image of the Virgin, which, fastened to his saddle-bow, he always carried in battle with him. We returned many times to this cathedral, and even now have not seen all its altars, tombs, chapels, and pictures. Outside of it, and attached to the cathedral, is the remarkable old Moorish tower. In those sad days, when the glories of the Moslems were departing, and when they were forced to surrender this fair old city to their enemies, they begged that this tall tower and the mosque beside it, should be destroyed, as they considered it too sacred to fall into Christian hands; but this prayer was unheeded, and the Giralda Tower still rears its head high above all the surrounding country. Upon its top, three hundred and fifty feet in air, is a bronze figure of a woman, representing Faith. It was from this tall height the bell used to summon the faithful Moors to their prayers: "Come to prayers, come to prayers, it is better to pray than to eat," it said. It was also from this tower that Alcibades studied the stars. He must have disliked going up-stairs as much as I do, for, instead of wear-

some steps, this tall tower-top is reached by an easy inclined road—so easy, that it is said a donkey can be ridden up it, and that really that is the way in which the old astronomer usually got himself up to such an elevation. Just across the plaza from this most wonderful cathedral, picking our way through the swarms of dirty beggars that sat sunning themselves in the cathedral door-ways, we went into the large square building where are kept the famous "Archives of India," but it was very stupid to wander through hall after hall filled only with yellow old manuscripts, into which we could not even look. We looked reverently upon the *outsides* of those relating to the discovery of our own dear country, and then we hurried out of it, going through an arched gate-way near by, into the "Alcazar," another gorgeous Moorish palace, larger and more brilliant than the Alhambra, but not so delicately beautiful. It was built almost half a century before the conquest, but many of its colorings are still bright. One sees the same arched apartments, the same intricate stone carvings and inlaid doors and ceilings as in the palace of the Alhambra. It is now being restored and furnished with Oriental cushions and divans, which gives some idea of what its beauties must have been in the days when it was the abode of kingly heads. How we linger in this fine old Spanish city, where every object we see is connected with romance, or history, or song. Yesterday we started off through a maze of narrow streets to view the "Caridad." And what is the "Caridad?" It is the very old monastery which was built by Don Juan Yenorio, in expiation for his sins. He is thought by many to be the Don Juan of Byron; at any rate he was a most wicked, handsome, and gay young Spanish nobleman, and nothing was too bad or daring for him to do. It is said that in search of new amusement he even bade the stern bronze figure of Faith, on top of the Giralda Tower, to descend and sup with him one night. The image came down at the command of the dissolute young fellow, but that night, as he was passing through the streets at midnight, he saw a funeral train, with four of his companions in wickedness bearing the dead body. He stopped them and laughingly asked them to remove the cloth from the dead face, when he saw to his horror that it was his own dead body which they bore; this so frightened the sinful man that he turned saint at once and built this monastery. It was with much interest we entered these cold gray walls; a pretty nun led us at once into the chapel. Here we saw the tablet which the once gay saint caused to be put over him at his death. It bears these words in Spanish: "Here lies the body of the wickedest man in Spain." We were told that his portrait hung over this tablet, but though we searched well, and tried hard to make our pretty Spanish nun understand, we could not find it. There are, however, several pictures of value in this chapel: two very fine ones of Murillo, and one picture, dimly seen in one corner, is the most horrid thing I ever looked at, it is called Annihilation, and represents an individual moldering in the grave: there are the dark, earthy sides of the grave about him, and worms and bugs are crawling in and out of the sunken eye-sockets and the mortifying flesh. This disgusting picture was painted by a pupil of Michael Angelo's, and is so real that it is said Murillo always held his nose in passing by it. This monastery of Don Juan's is now used as a hospital, so our black-robed nun took us to visit the hospital beds, where poor, decrepit old men were sheltered, when we sauntered again back to our hotel. Another intensely interesting spot in Seville is "Pilot's House;" this is said to have been built by an eccentric rich Spaniard, in exact imitation of Pilot's house at Jerusalem, in dimensions, style, and everything. It is a large, fine house, built about an Oriental

court; the roofs are flat, with garden seats here and there upon them. In a room at the right is a copy of the pillar to which Christ was bound; here also is a black cross modelled exactly after the true cross in size. Half way up a marble staircase is, behind a sort of window-frame, a picture of "the cock that crew;" behind the house is a garden, where we sat in a summer-house, pressed flowers, and ate oranges fresh from the trees. The old woman who conducted us here went for knives and plates, and we pretended we were having a sort of Jerusalem "pic-nic." We met with a Spanish lady who offered to gain us admission to the palace of the Duke Montpensier, the father of the late young Spanish queen. So we had the pleasure of going through this large ducal pile, and seeing the home of pretty, dead Mercedes. It stands upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, but looks on the exterior more like a big factory than a palace. Inside is much beautiful furniture, and beyond are extensive gardens, but we were too tired to enjoy its beauties; this sluggish southern atmosphere makes one languid and indifferent, and a half day of sight-seeing is quite enough. We have driven out on the fashionable drive-way and promenade of Seville many times; this drive leads along the banks of the Guadalquivir the whole length of the city, and out to the broad, green meadows of the country. The river here is wide and clear, and upon fair, sunny afternoons looks smooth as glass. Fine villas shine out amid the foliage on the other side of the river, and long avenues of trees are planted along the road. The name they give this drive-way is a most fitting one—the "Delicious." From four until six o'clock in the afternoon is the popular time for the beauty and fashion of Seville to resort here; fine carriages are drawn by the proud slender-legged horses of southern Spain, their clean-cut, delicate limbs step high in air as they walk, their smooth, jetty sides shine in the sunlight—surely no steeds in the world can be more beautiful than those of Andalusia! These carriages were filled by Spanish ladies, each fluttering a gay fan, and wearing always the black lace head-dress. One of the customs of these ladies, after they reach the green, level country bordering the drive-way, is to allow their coachmen to drive slowly to and fro, while they alight and air themselves upon the promenade, bowing to the gay gentlemen who prance by on their black horses, their long cloaks streaming behind; or gossiping with the others whom they meet. These scenes are so gay and friendly that I found myself longing to be in the clique myself. After all, it would be a charming life to know some of those handsome young grandees riding so haughtily by, to own one of these old Moorish palaces, and to dwell in this far-off city of Seville, whose feet are washed by the fair flowing Guadalquivir!

FROM SPAIN TO ITALY, GENOA, Feb. 22, 1881.

THE winds were sweeping with icy breath through the streets of Madrid as we reached there early one morning. We shivered and drew our cloaks close about us, for we had just come from the soft airs of the South; and when we drove up to our hotel, we ordered roaring fires in our rooms, and tried to forget the raw blasts that were blowing outside. Madrid did not please us, coming as we did from the countries of picturesque dressing; we saw none of the charming peasant dresses, and very few of the lace toques of the Spanish ladies. The streets are wide and bordered by fine buildings; horse-cars run to and fro in the streets, and all had the busy city-like air of New York or Chicago. It was difficult to believe we were still in a Spanish city, all was so different from the distinctive cities of southern Spain. It was not agreeable, either, to know that we were upon such bloody soil, for right before our win-

dows is the large public plaza—the Puerta del Sol—where the terrible massacre by Murat was committed in 1808. But it is a tourist's duty to see all the sights of a city whether liking it or not. So, warming our frozen bodies, we sallied out to wander up and down the long streets. The French shops, filled with beautiful things, reminded us of Paris. Here and there were windows filled with Spanish fans upon which were painted bull fights, or rustic scenes where youths were playing guitars beneath the loved ones' windows. We bought several of these fans, and also some black lace toques. The hand-made Spanish lace is quite different in appearance from the machine-made stuff one buys in New York for real. We saw a great crowd gathered on the curb-stone in front of our hotel as we returned, and started eagerly to join it, as some one exclaimed that the young king and queen were driving by. We congratulated ourselves that we were just in time, and took our splendid first peep at royalty. There was first a grand parade of soldiers on horseback, by ones, by twos and threes; they were dressed in glittering uniforms, with tall nodding plumes in their hats; and in their midst and protected by them was an open carriage, in which sat their royal highnesses, Alphonso and Christine. They are only plain flesh-and-blood mortals after all, and if they had been without the gay accompaniment of soldiers, might have been taken for ordinary quiet citizens out for an afternoon's airing. Indeed one would have thought that a handsome young fellow had chosen a very ugly wife, but since she is a queen, one must not call it ugliness. Her face is long, narrow, and sallow, with high cheek bones, and light, prominent eyes; her mouth was smiling as she passed, and showed a disagreeable amount of red gums, in which were large white teeth; her hair is a light blonde, and was frizzed over her forehead. An unbecoming white plush bonnet, with long white strings, was tied over it; and she looked blue and cold in spite of the warm sealskin jacket which she wore, showing that Jack Frost does not respect even queenly blood. He is a fine-looking, dark-eyed, good-natured young fellow, and drove with his head uncovered to the crowd. I'm sure I hope he did not have a cold in his head for it. He looked happy and satisfied with the queen at his side, and was no doubt proud of the little baby awaiting them at home. But I contrasted her with the lovely pictures of the dead Mercedes in the windows, and wondered how he could forget her so soon. After them came other carriages filled with lords and ladies of the court, with one or two young ladies on horseback, attendant courtiers as cavaliers following in the rear. We saw this same procession almost every day during our stay in Madrid, as at four in the afternoon is their time for driving out. The picture gallery at Madrid contains one of the choicest collections to be found in the world; convents, cathedrals, and palaces have been robbed to add to its stores. We spent delightful hours in rambling through its halls, and gazing at the fine works of Valasquez. One of these, his masterpiece, is a striking thing—a group of drunken old men making merry over a wine cup; there were some exquisite ones of Raphael, and many of Rubens' women, very fat and very naked. But pictures can never be described, with their lights and shades and colors; they must be seen, therefore I will not linger upon them. We had a drive through the public gardens, which, in summer, are no doubt beautiful; and one morning early we left Madrid by moonlight—one of the penalties one must pay for traveling in Spain is this rising at unheard-of hours to get trains. For several days after we traveled rapidly until we reached the French border, coming over hill and dale, through historic old Castile, over bleak bare mountains, and

down into smiling valleys, stopping a little time at Saragossa, where is a leaning tower and a miraculous virgin in a church, said to have been placed there by St. James. Pilgrims from all parts of Spain come to worship before this virgin. This old capital of the kings of Aragon is also the place where the famous exploits of the "Maid of Saragossa" are made celebrated by Byron's poem. We passed through Barcelona, spending only a night there, so that long gas-lighted streets and a very cold hotel is all the memory we have of it. We were in haste to reach the borders of France, so we were glad when the blue Pyrenees mountains loomed up before our eyes. We passed the gauntlet of the custom-house, and entered safely into *La Belle France*. As our train sped along that beautiful southern region that borders the coast, we entered into a retrospect, and began to congratulate ourselves upon our safe voyage over land and sea. Since we had left the south of France, two months before, we had wandered on Africa's sunny strand, and been tossed upon the billows of the Mediterranean Sea, as well as coming safely up through Spain, where the blood in the veins of its people runs fierce and warm. Truly it was with grateful hearts we now returned to the beaten track of travel. The whole country from Marseilles to Nice is very beautiful. Villas of wealthy men stand embowered in foliage, and many a pretty village nestles back among the mountains. The climate all along here is so fine that fashionable winter resorts are scattered here and there. Nice is perhaps one of the most lovely of these. It stands, a fair white city, in a sort of semi-circus ring of hills. These hills are the high ranges of the Alps, which frown down upon the fair villas and gardens that stud the orange and olive groves. On a steep pointed summit of one of these Alpine peaks stands an old castle, its ruins giving just the finish of picturesqueness to the scene. In front is the blue sea, which comes trembling up almost upon the fashionable terrace that borders it. This terrace is the favorite walk and drive-way of the many people who come here for health or pleasure every winter. Our hotel, the *Hotel des Anglais*, was upon this terrace, and commanded a fine view of the promenade and of the sea. No sooner had we arrived than we young ladies were anxious to join the throng of passers-by. So ordering a pretty basket phaeton and "buttoned" coachman, we drove out of the gates and were whirled along among the many beautiful carriages and stylish people. This afterward was our favorite pastime during every afternoon of our stay. There seemed to be many more of the English nobility at Nice than of any other nation; the *Hotel des Anglais* was quite filled with titled "Johnny Bulls." It was very amusing to us to watch these superior English—the elderly ladies with their high blood and long noses, the young ones with red cheeks, "banged" hair, and large flat feet, and one and all dressed in the most horrid taste. Their dislike of Americans is very evident. They seem jealous of the great strides our country has taken, and to dread lest she one day becomes a formidable rival in power and culture. A discussion arose one evening as to our different pronunciations of the English tongue. I had been telling of the surprise of an old Arabian one day, at finding I could speak English and yet had come from America. He probably thought we had a language of our own, and exclaimed over and over again, "So you can speak English in America!" One of these old English ladies, who had been alternately petting and patronizing us ever since we had made her acquaintance, spoke quickly, "But I hope, my dear, you did not tell him yes!" "Why not," spoke up one of the gentlemen. "Because you do not speak English in America," responded she. "You give a broad sound to your

'a's,' and you drawl, and you talk through your noses." This was too much for Dr. R., an American gentleman, and he at once reminded her that it "was generally agreed that the purest and best English was spoken by the educated Americans, who were free from localisms, and who do not give that peculiar 'oo' sound to their 'o's' nor the 'in,' instead of 'ing,' that is so common among English people." The only answer to this was that her "husband had been an English clergyman, and that all the fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons in her family had been Oxford and Cambridge men, through several generations, and therefore *her* English was not to be questioned." The English, though, can be warm friends after the crust of iciness which they always put between themselves and strangers melts away; and in our travels we have found many warm-hearted and generous representatives of our mother country. We soon left beautiful Nice behind us, with its swarms of English visitors, and came farther on to Mentone, another winter resort in the Riviera. Our train wound along the rocky coast, with beautiful country houses perched here and there, and passing Monte Carlo, where the famous gambling house is. The mountains crowd down almost to the sea here, and the village of Monte Carlo is situated upon its sides, a lovely, rugged, and picturesque place it is, to harbor so much wickedness! When we reached Mentone we found it a charming spot, shut in and sheltered by the mountains, with the sea in front. The climate here is thought to be warmer and more equable than Nice; and the place is quite filled with hotels and pensions for the accommodation of invalids. It is a quiet and peaceful spot in which to spend the cold months. There are none of the gayeties of Nice to be found, but the country about is full of beautiful drives and charming scenery. It is, however, quite distressing to hear the coughs of sick people, echoing through the halls of the hotels, and along the sunny streets. Some of these poor consumptives looked pale and emaciated, and as if their days upon earth were few; but others were rosy and healthy-looking, many of them young girls—and one would not suspect them the victims of the dread disease until the rattling cough betrayed it. Oranges and lemons grow luxuriantly in this sheltered vale; the trees were laden with the yellow fruit, and venders, with great baskets of them were selling them upon street corners. The Mentonians have a tradition that the lemons which grow here came from Paradise. Eve, as she was driven out of Eden, managed to snatch a lemon just as she left its gates, and to conceal it beneath her fig-leaves, perhaps. At any rate, in her wanderings afterward about the earth, she dropped this one lemon at Mentone. It grew and multiplied, and so, to-day, Mentonians believe they still eat of the fruit of Paradise.

As we passed the custom-house, from France into Italy, our luggage was examined, and only one poor little sprig of oleander seized upon. This was a souvenir of Boabdil's gate at the Alhambra, which one of the ladies of our party had been cherishing, and trying to have grow. All of her entreaties to have it saved were in vain, and the flower had to go. Why it was seized upon and other things escaped is one of the mysteries of an Italian custom-house. After this we passed safely into "fair Italia," the land of poetry and art. The first part of our way was cut through solid rocks, so that we were darting in and out of one black tunnel after another. But soon we came to a more open country. I was reading "Dr. Antonia," the novel of Ruffini, but was obliged to look up from the pages every few moments upon the beautiful flying panorama before us. The scene of this pleasant story is laid upon the Cornice Road; and at Bordighera, which lies upon the

road also, we saw the pretty village, the palm-covered hills, and the fair seas and skies described in this novel. We hoped we could have driven, as some of its characters did, from Nice to Genoa, in a carriage, thus taking in more slowly the beauties of this far-famed road. But time was hurrying us on toward the south; we, therefore, contented ourselves with the glimpses we caught of it as we were whirled along. The country villas of our first glimpse into Italy looked very odd to us, who are accustomed to plain exteriors. The outsides were decorated quite as much and more than we ornament our houses inside; there were painted upon them imitation balconies, pillars, window cornices, vases of flowers, and even ships and seas, thus giving us quite an art gallery. The meadows, as we approached Pisa, grew greener and greener, and were studded with bright yellow mustard flowers. The snowy Alps beyond gave the air a chilliness that did not seem in keeping with our ideas of "Sunny Italy."

At Pisa we took a flying glance only at the Leaning Tower, and the Baptistry, and then we came on to Genoa. All Americans must have some feelings of interest, if not of emotion, when landing in the home of Columbus. The air was biting cold as we alighted; the city, too, as we drove from the station, seemed half composed of old palaces; and, behold, when we reached our hotel, it, too, was an old palace! alas, now sunk from its once high office. The chamber in which we slept was, perhaps, once an ancestral hall—it was so large, so gilded, so cold, and so gloomy. I did not sleep well in this cheerless apartment. I wondered if it was because the spirits of its former occupants came to protest against the plebeian heads that rested there. Well, no matter; I have slept in a palace, and my glory is complete.

A NEW YORK GIRL ABROAD.

The Hero's Fate.

A TRUE STORY.

In a quiet nook by the garden wall,
Shaded by maples, so grand and so tall,
An aquarium stood—the chosen joy
Of a hunting, and fishing, and fun-loving boy.

There minnows and sticklebacks dally did dive,
While black eels and bull-heads devoured them alive.
Of the stones and the shells, and the weedy pond,
This youth and his friends were justly fond.

They had crawled in the mud, they had lain in the sand,
In perils by sea, and in perils by land.
They had won those fishes, both great and small,
And they cherished them fondly, lest ill should befall.

What then was their anguish when they descried,
That in spite of their care, a bull-head had died.
Not one of the feeble and weakly band,
But the boldest and strongest in all the land.

He had slain his hundreds, this warrior brave,
And must never lie in a watery grave.
"We'll raise him a flag, and we'll fire him a gun,
To tell of the battles and sieges he's won."

"I'll fire the minute gun over the brave,"
"I'll bring the sabres to cross on his grave,"
"I'll wave the flag," and "I'll toll the bell;"
Ah! did they not love him both fondly and well.

A cap and a shroud were hastily made,
And in them the bull-head was decently laid;
His confined remains were put on the wall,
And then, on their missions, departed they all.

But thus as he lay, in solemn array,
Awaiting his burial, at close of the day



The Reward of Industry.

See pretty Miss Lu-cey, the Japanese Lily,
Sedately arranging her hair;
While for her amusement the handmaiden Tillie
Plays a beautiful Japanese air.

The papa, a nabob of fabulous wealth,
Always pays her the hairdresser's price;
Then pretty Lu-cey, with the fruit of her toil,
Buys articles costly and nice.

Answer to Shaksperian Trio in July.

3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 21, 24, 27, 30, Coriolanus.
25, 28, 31, 34, 1, 4, 7, Othello.
26, 29, 32, 35, 2, 5, Hamlet.

A wily old cat stole by that way,
And gobbled him up without delay.

As he had eaten many a fish,
So was he eaten sans fork or dish.
His fins and his head, and every bone,
Leaving the shroud and coffin alone.

The boys came back with their torch-light glare,
The gun, and the flag, and the sabres bare,
And there they stood, in dire dismay
Around a grave, where no bier lay.

Alas, poor fish, that I should thus relate
The end of all this wondrous pomp and state!
It only proves, how frequent is the slip
Betwixt the cherished cup and the waiting lip.

C. G. T.

A California Boy's First Coon Hunt.

BY ERLE DOUGLAS.

In the first place, I do not live in the country. I'm what my rural friends call a "city jake." This summer, just after my graduation from the Boys' High School of San Francisco, Sister Sarah and myself went upon a ranch hidden among the vine-clad hills of Sonoma County. The young men of our vicinity seemed to fancy the pale city lad, and one of them offered to take me coon-hunting. It's perfectly unnecessary to say I was pleased at the idea. I was in raptures; but my sister, dear, careful, old girl, looked on the project with great disfavor.

"Now Will," said she, "I'm afraid to have you go. Suppose you should get shot! Just think of mother."

"Oh, you girls are too easily frightened," replied I with a laugh, and George came to my aid with

"There's no danger, Sarah. We take dogs, not guns on the coon hunt."

"But Willie," persisted she, "you'll be so tired. Perhaps you'll be out late, and you know you're not used to—"

"Shouldn't wonder," broke in George. "We may stay out all night. 'Twill do him good, though, to rough it. I'm going, I'll take care of him."

This silenced Sister Sarah, but I knew from the expression of her face that she was not convinced. I was determined to go, however, and she was kind enough not to attempt to thwart me.

Next evening Frank Halsey, who had suggested the hunt, made his appearance at the house about nine o'clock. His white and brown setter dog accompanied him, and he wore a coonskin cap, of which he was not a little proud, for he had made it himself. Indeed, the grey fur, with the long, bushy tail dangling at his neck gave him quite a picturesque look. For a moment I imagined that the veritable Davy Crockett stood before me. In his hand he held two glowing "lightning bugs," which he had captured for the girls to see, as the other evening they had expressed, in his hearing, the wish to look at one. But I didn't call them out, for I was anxious to get off, and didn't want to be kept waiting by their interminable chatter. You see I was selfish that night. So Frank put the glow-worms on the porch, and off we started. Before going I had tied a handkerchief about my neck in place of my collar and cravat, so as to be as much like my companions as possible.

We had to walk a distance of two miles to meet Jack Wilde, the veteran hunter of this district. Without Jack no coon hunt could be a success, so the boys told me.

On the road George had to turn aside to deliver Miller's mail. It's strange, but George goes considerably out of his way very often in that direction. Besides, he's always suffering for a drink of water when he's within a mile of the house. He may carry their mail because he has an obliging disposition; he may grow thirsty because the air is hot and the roads dusty; but I believe it's simply because Maggie, Miller's only daughter, is very pretty, and rather partial to George. This time as it was late and Maggie not visible, George lost no time in overtaking us, and we soon came to the appointed place of meeting, where we found Jack Wilde, his dog and axe, Hugh and Ren Porter, Frank Halsey's half-brothers, waiting for us. As it was still too early to start up the coon, we walked a little further and stopped at Halsey's ranch, to wait till midnight. We sat around in Frank's room, the rest narrating exciting adventures, while I sat by listening with the eager, intense interest of a novice of an embryo sportsman,

Poor George, who had been hauling hay all day, was so tired, he flung himself upon Frank's bed and in a moment was fast asleep.

When it was time to start it took all of us to arouse him, and really he was not thoroughly awake during the rest of the night.

Leaving Halsey's we had a long walk in prospect before we could hope to start up a coon. It was no easy task to keep our footing either. Deep ruts and treacherous holes and jagged stones beset our path ready to trip up the unwary. Ren in clambering over a fence, fell, his gun dropping to the ground, for though George had assured sister Sarah of the absence of guns, a gun had been brought along. Though the stock struck the ground with force, the gun did not go off. Had it been then discharged Ren would have received a strong inducement to give up the hunt, indeed to abandon all interest in the affairs of this mundane sphere.

How I enjoyed that midnight tramp along the road, over the hills, across creeks and lonely fields, in the clear moonlight. The noise of labor had long since been silenced, only our own voices fell in unfamiliar tones upon our ears save when up "whir-r-ed" a quail as we started it from its nest on the ground. The tall wheat rustled as we trod down the blades, and the heavy ears swished against us at each step. The dried grass spread over the hillside in an unnatural color, the jagged rocks, the rough fences, the great trees, and every blackened stump resolved themselves into weird, fantastic shapes in the moonbeams, while their shadows lengthened upon the ground as the orb of night went down in majesty.

The hunt now began in earnest. Sending the dogs ahead, we were guided by them, for the moon had set, leaving the stars to light our path. Suddenly the dogs paused before a large tree and barked with noisy excitement.

"They've tree'd the coon!" said Ren. Lest the dogs were mistaken an effort was made to divert them from the tree. But no; they would not leave the spot.

"Build a fire, boys," said old Jack, and speedily enough branches and sticks were gathered for a roaring camp fire. Its blaze-lit up the whole hillside. Jack climbed up the trunk, one of us passed him his ax, and a few sturdy blows cut off a large limb which fell with a crash carrying away all below it.

"Give me a stick," called out Jack, and the next moment he was poking a long pole into the hollow trunk. We could hear the imprisoned coon turn and struggle in its close quarters, growling like a dog.

"Perhaps it's a fox!" said Hugh, who like myself was a city boy, and a novice at the sport.

"No; I guess not," returned George, when "whiz-z-z" out jumped the coon, springing over my left shoulder. So near my head that its brush touched my cheek.

"Now fellows, run for it," shouted George, grasping a burning brand and springing after the dogs who were in furious chase after the coon.

"Look out, Will, don't stumble," cautioned George, as we rushed down the slope.

"I'll bet you'll roll over, Will, before you get to the bottom," called out Hugh.

"Not I, but you will," I shouted back, and hardly were the words spoken than Hugh pitched forward, rolled down the slope, and over a bank of sheer twenty feet into the creek. Ren followed him; but I checked my course just in time to turn aside. I sprang down a lesser declivity into water knee high.

But who could care for trifles at such a moment? The dogs had caught the coon in the dry part of the creek. One was grasping the head, the other the tail. How they pulled and shook, and bit poor coonie, who was tenacious of life and

struggled with shrill cries to escape. I could see all very plainly, for George had kindled a small fire with the brand he brought. As soon as the coon was killed we carried it back to the large camp fire, where Jack Wilde skinned it. Stretched out full length on our backs by the warm blaze we watched his skillful knife. George again fell fast asleep, but for me there was no thought of slumber. I could have lain awake there all night, talking and gazing at the stars. How large and bright they seemed to grow as morning was drawing near. I fancied I could distinguish little tails of light extending from each star. It was a source of pleasure to me to watch and study them, but it could not last forever. The dawn was breaking as we started for home. I had never before seen the transition from darkness to light. The coon hunt had yielded me a store of enjoyment, never to be forgotten. It was past four o'clock when we drew the counterpane over our shoulders and fell asleep in our beds.

The Gardens of the Sea.

BY JAMES GRANT.

JUDGING by the many beautiful specimens, wrongly named *sea-weeds*, that are washed ashore on ocean's margin, the flower-gardens of the sea must be like those of fairyland could one but visit them.

A flower garden in the sea! incredulously exclaim some of the young people who are putting color in their cheeks at the seaside. Yes, young friends; away down in ocean's cool, green depths, there are gardens of many colored flowers and leaves whose beauty and delicacy of outline and tint will not pale beside their more showy cousins on dry land.

Some of them, torn from their beds by the waves, are cast up at our feet; others grow within our grasp; but many can only be reached by the aid of scientific appliances, and so are hidden from our sight in all their beauty.

Beds of pinks, feathery ferns, groves of delicate miniature trees, and dainty shrubs of many kinds, are there; some of them broad leaved, with polyp-blossoms for flowers, waving their branches in the nearly motionless water as though fanned by the invisible wind.

Delicate vines may be seen, drooped and twined in the most fantastic shapes, and wide leafy fans rivaling in their texture the most dainty filigree work.

Nor is color wanting. Stars of purple and emerald green, branchlets whose exquisitely rose-tinted stems look like waving coral, and the bright yellow of the fan plant, all occur either in masses or blended in delightful harmony.

Any one who is an early riser may in a very few weeks become rich in some of these treasures; for, strange as it may seem, the most beautiful things are cast up by old ocean during the night. But Neptune does not yield his gems to careless hands—there must be loving search and not a little preparatory study. And the reward is ample where, at the end of a summer's sojourn at the seaside, one carries away a portfolio full of many mementoes in the shape of well-arranged wreaths of leaves and blossoms, redolent of the foamy sea. But interesting and beautiful as they are, thus preserved, the study of their wonderful forms is far more absorbing when seen in their own element and under a microscope or a fair-sized magnifying glass. It is like discovering a hitherto-unknown country; new wonders unfold themselves at every glance, and the pursuit of these beauties of the ocean's depths is a most instructive and delightful variation from ordinary seaside pleasures.



Summer tourists, a mile from the bridge, meet on the opposite banks. Arabella Stewart, the acknowledged belle, tauntingly remarks that modern heroes are not equal to Leander.

Wade is equal to the emergency and crosses in primitive style.

Exquisite Jones decides on a more elaborate and scientific plan, and (as usual) comes to grief.



Queen Pudding.—One pint of fine bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done, but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff and beat in a teaspoonful of sugar, in which has been stirred a piece of the lemon. Spread on the pudding a layer of jelly, pour the eggs over this, replace it in the oven and bake lightly. To be eaten cold, with cream, or without.

Swiss Trifles.—One cup of flour, one cup of powdered sugar, two eggs well beaten, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix well together the ingredients and spread about a quarter of an inch thick on a buttered baking tin, bake five minutes in a very hot oven. Turn out flat on the table and quickly spread with preserves without stones and roll up. Set aside until cold, then pour over it one pint of custard made as follows: A tablespoonful of arrow-root, mixed in three tablespoonfuls of milk, put the rest of the pint of milk with one laurel leaf to steep; mix one egg well beaten with the arrow-root, then pour it in the hot milk and boil it until thick. Flavor to suit the taste.

Delicious Fritters.—Put three tablespoonfuls of flour into a bowl and pour over it sufficient hot water to make it into a stiff paste, taking care to stir it well to prevent its getting lumpy. Leave it a little time to cool and then break into it, without beating them first, the yolks of four eggs, the whites of two, and stir and beat all well together. Have your fat or lard hot and drop a dessert spoonful of batter in at a time, and fry a light brown. Serve on a hot dish with a spoonful of jam or marmalade dropped in between each fritter.

Lunch Sandwich.—A savory improvement on the stereotyped sandwich, when well prepared may be called delicious. Take some cold boiled ham, cut up in small pieces and pound it well, adding some butter and grated nutmeg to taste, and a little cream or condensed milk. Fill a mould with the mixture and set it for half an hour into a moderate oven, then place the mould for a few minutes in hot water and turn out the mixture on a dish. Cover the surface all over with the beaten whites of some eggs; cut some bread in very thin slices divested of the crust, spread the slices with the mixture and sprinkle it with capers or pickled nasturtium seeds, then roll the sandwiches and tie them with bright ribbons.

Company's Favorite.—A delicious pudding can be made in a few minutes by taking one pint of milk and stirring into it half a cupful of cassava, half a cupful of cocoa-nut, two eggs, a little butter the size of an egg, salt and sugar to taste; flavor with vanilla. Cook this as you would boiled custard. When cooked and put in the dish in which it is to be served, pour over the top the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth, with a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar added. Set it in the oven for a short time to brown. This may be eaten warm or cold, with jelly or preserves or without.

Sweet Macaroni.—An excellent *soufflé* is sweet macaroni; boil a quarter of a pound of the best macaroni of small length in two quarts of water and a large pinch of salt until perfectly tender; drain off the water and add to the macaroni in the stewpan a teacupful of cream and a quarter of a pound of sifted lump sugar; continue shaking the pan over the fire until the cream is absorbed, add a little milk which has been boiled with some vanilla, and serve with orange marmalade; or beat the whites of six eggs to a foam, add some current jelly, beat it until it is well colored, pour over it sweetened cream, and eat with the macaroni.

Beef Tea.—Take a pound of beef from the best part of the leg, chop it up fine, and put it to steep in a pint of cold water for an hour, or longer, as

the steeping extracts the iron from the meat and greatly increases the strengthening power of the liquid. When well steeped, strain off the liquid through a coarse sieve into a saucepan, and bring it to a boil, taking care to preserve the small fibres of meat which float in it, as they contain the most nourishment. Carefully remove the fat from the surface and it is ready. Convalescents may have salt and pepper added, but for very sick persons they are not desirable, nor are any kind of vegetables for flavoring.

Lemon Cake.—Make a plain cup cake, bake it in thin jelly tins, turn each cake out upside down when done, let them cool and spread like jelly cake, with the following lemon filling: grate the peel of three lemons, squeeze the juice, mix them with the yolks of ten eggs and twelve ounces of pulverized sugar. Put all into a bowl standing in boiling water; beat till it is cooked. It should be about as thick as rich cream. Remove it from the fire, beat in the stiffly whipped whites of five eggs, set it on ice to cool. When cold spread it between the layers of cake.

Cold Slaw Dressing.—Scald five tablespoonfuls of milk, and while hot, stir in one well-beaten egg; add a piece of butter the size of a small egg; stir it constantly till it thickens; add vinegar and salt to your taste, and pour over the cabbage or salad. Let it get cold before eating.

Catsup.—Halve your tomatoes, place them in a firkin, with a layer of salt between each layer of tomatoes. Let them stand over night. In the morning, add seasoning, cloves, allspice, and very little mace, and pepper and salt to taste; then put on the stove and boil one hour. Take from the fire, and strain, and bottle.

Sago Jelly.—To one quart of water put six large spoonfuls of sago; the same of sugar; boil to a jelly; stir it all the time while boiling; flavor to your taste; put in moulds (teacups can be used for moulds), and then turn them all out on a large platter, and pour cream or thin custard over them; and round the edge of the dish place a row of fresh geranium leaves, and some little bright flower.

A Nice Breakfast Dish.—Remove the skins from a dozen tomatoes; cut them up in a saucepan; add a little butter, pepper, and salt; when sufficiently boiled, beat up five or six eggs, and just before you serve, turn them into the saucepan with the tomatoes, and stir one way for two minutes, allowing them time to be done thoroughly.

Currant Jelly.—Rub the fruit through a sieve and then squeeze through a fine cloth; three quarters of a pound of sugar to every pint of juice; set over a good fire and skim and stir occasionally. When it is done, it will fall from the skimmer in sheets.

Preserved Pineapple.—A pound of sugar to a pound of pineapple; put the slices in water, and boil a quarter of an hour; then remove them and add the sugar to the water; put in the apple and boil fifteen minutes. Boil the syrup till thick and pour over the apple.

Blackberry Jam.—To four bowls of blackberries add four bowls of sugar, boil thoroughly and turn into jars, with a paper dipped in alcohol over it.

Delicious Raised Muffins.—On bake-day morning, take from the bread-sponge which has been set to rise the previous night *three pints*. Use new process flour. Take a lump of butter, size of a large hen's egg, slightly warmed, and beat it well into the sponge. Add three or four well-beaten eggs, and beat all together thoroughly. Put into muffin-rings, or cups, or gem-pans. Let them stand in a warm place for fifteen minutes. Bake in a quick oven. They will be done in about twenty minutes.

Ham Omelet.—Ingredients:

Cold Boiled Ham.....one-half pound.
Eggs.....four.
Pepper.....one-quarter teaspoon.
Salt.....one-half teaspoon.

Chop the ham fine, add the eggs well beaten; then spice and fry brown in butter.

Tongue Toast.—Ingredients:

Cream or Milk.....three tablespoonfuls.
Grated Tongue.....one teacupful.
Pepper and Salt.....to taste.
Eggs.....four.
Buttered Toast.....

Mix the tongue, cream, and seasoning together in buttered stewpan. When quite hot put in the well-beaten eggs, stirring all the time until the mixture becomes thick. Have ready slices of nicely buttered toast. Spread the mixture over it, and serve hot as possible.

Cheese Omelet.—Ingredients:

Eggs.....three.
Pepper and Salt.....to taste.
Grated Cheese.....two tablespoonfuls.
Butter.....one tablespoonful.

Beat up the eggs with the salt, pepper, and grated cheese. Melt the butter in a frying-pan and pour in the mixture, holding the handle of the pan with one hand, and stir the omelet with the other by means of a flat spoon. The moment the omelet begins to set cease stirring, but keep shaking the pan for a minute or so, then with the spoon double up the omelet, and keep on shaking the pan until the under side is of a good color. Turn out on a hot dish, brown side uppermost, and serve quickly.

Drop Dumplings.—Ingredients:

Eggs.....three.
Sour Cream.....six tablespoonfuls.
Salt.....to taste.
Flour.....enough to make a stiff batter.

Salmon Toast.—Ingredients:

Salmon.....one pint.
Water.....one quart.
Butter.....one-half cup.
Flour.....one tablespoonful.

Pick up one pint of the fish; freshen it in water; put it back on the stove; add the water, butter, and flour, with a little pepper; stir this all together and bring to a boil. Toast slices of bread; cover with the mixture, and serve hot for breakfast.

Sandwich Dressing.—Ingredients:

Cold Meat or Fowl.....one large coffee-cup.
Salad Oil.....three teaspoonfuls.
Mixed Mustard.....“ “
Butter.....one-half pound.
Cayenne Pepper.....very little.
Salt.....one-half teaspoonful.
Egg.....one yelk.

Mince cold ham, beef, tongue, or chicken, one, or all together if you have them; add the other ingredients, and beat smooth. Spread this between thinly cut slices of bread or split tea-rusk (made for the purpose without sugar), and press together. If wrapped in a damp cloth these will keep fresh for several days.

Potato Pudding.—Ingredients:

Cold Boiled Potatoes.....one-pound.
Butter.....one-half “
Sugar.....one-half “
Eggs.....six.

Mash the potatoes fine; cream the butter, and mix well with the other things, and beat all to a light batter. Flavor with nutmeg, or orange or lemon peel. Bake in pie-pans, lined with puff paste.

Light Rusk.—Ingredients:

Light Bread Dough.....one pound.
Eggs.....two.
Butter.....one-third of a cup.
White Sugar.....one-fourth of a cup.

Mix the ingredients thoroughly; let the dough

rise until light; mould into small biscuit; let rise again and bake. When baked, wash the tops with a little sweetened milk.

Breakfast Ginger Biscuit.—Ingredients:

Molasses.....one cup.
Sour Cream.....“ “
Ginger.....teaspoonful.
Saleratus.....“ “
Flour.....“ “

Knead with the flour hard enough for biscuit; roll out about half an inch thick and bake. To be eaten warm.

Cottage Sweet Cakes.—Ingredients:

Flour.....one pound.
Sugar.....one-half pound.
Butter.....one-half “
Eggs.....nine.

The eggs must first be broken; the whites and yolks beaten separately very light, then all mixed well together and beaten with the hands. Flavor with a teaspoonful of finely powdered mace.

Buns.—Ingredients:

Boiling Water.....one and one-half pint.
Brown Sugar.....two cups.
Cinnamon.....
Yeast.....half a cup.
Flour.....

Pour the boiling water on the sugar; add a little cinnamon; strain it; stir a sponge, as for bread, with the yeast; set in a warm place to rise; when very light, add butter and flour, sufficient to roll out, and cut in cakes. Let them rise before baking.

Sorosis Pudding.—Ingredients:

Sweet Oranges.....three.
Sugar.....three-fourth pound.
Sweet Almonds.....one-half “
Rose-water.....
Eggs.....sixteen.
Fresh Butter.....one pound.
Puff Paste.....

Take the outside rinds of the oranges; boil in several waters until tender; pound them in a mortar with the sugar; blanch the almonds, and beat them very fine with rose-water to keep them from oiling. Break the eggs and froth six of the whites; beat very light yolks and remaining whites; cream the butter and beat all the ingredients together until perfectly light. Then line pie-plates with a thin puff paste, and bake. Sift sugar over tops of the puddings when drawn from the oven.

Veal Suet Pudding.—Ingredients:

Milk.....one quart.
Veal Suet.....one-half quart,
Bread Crumbs.....“ “
Dried Cherries.....one-quarter quart.
Eggs.....three.
Sugar.....one cup.

Pour the boiling milk on the suet chopped fine, and then cherries and bread crumbs; and add the beaten eggs and sugar. Flavor to taste; tie in a cloth and boil two hours and a half. Serve with hard sauce.

Steam Pudding.—Ingredients:

Flour.....one quart.
Raisins or Currants.....one coffee-cup.
Suet.....one teacup.
Molasses.....one-half teacup.
Brown Sugar.....“ “
Soda.....one teaspoonful.
Sweet Milk.....two “
Salt.....

Chop and seed the raisins; mince the suet. Mix the ingredients well, and steam three hours.

Bread-and-Butter Pudding.—Ingredients:

Bread.....one loaf.
Butter.....
Currants.....
New Milk.....one pint.
Eggs.....four.
Powdered Sugar.....one-half pound.
Rose-water.....two teaspoonfuls.

Cut the bread in thin slices, and butter as you

would for tea. Butter your dish and lay slices all over the bottom, then a few currants, clean, washed and stemmed; then lay bread and butter, then currants, then currants, etc., till the bread is all in. Take a pint of new milk; beat up the eggs and sugar together; mix with the milk and pour over your bread; add the rose-water or other flavoring. Let stand an hour or two before going to the oven. Bake half an hour.

Rice Pudding.—Ingredients:

Rice.....one coffee-cupful.
Milk.....two quarts.
Sugar.....eight tablespoonfuls.
Salt.....one teaspoonful.

Let the rice soak in a pint of the milk two hours; then add the rest of the ingredients, and bake slowly three hours.

Rice Custard.—Ingredients:

Milk.....one quart.
Eggs.....three.
Sugar.....four tablespoonfuls.
Butter.....one “
Salt.....one spoonful.
Boiled Rice.....one small cup.

Boil the rice, and, while still warm, drain and stir in the milk. Beat the eggs; rub butter and sugar together, and add to them. Mix all up well, and bake in buttered dish half an hour in a pretty quick oven.

Old-Fashioned Indian Pudding.—Ingredients:

Milk.....one quart.
Indian Meal.....three handfuls.
Egg.....one.
Molasses.....
Butter.....
Cinnamon.....
Salt.....

Stir in the sifted meal while the milk is hot; let it cool, and add the beaten egg; molasses to sweeten; butter half the size of an egg; cinnamon and salt to taste. Bake three quarters of an hour.

Water Pudding.—Ingredients:

Water.....eight tablespoonfuls.
Lemon.....one.
Sugar.....quarter pound.
Butter.....“ “
Eggs.....four.

Grate the rind and squeeze out the juice of the lemon; beat the eggs, yolk and whites separately. Mix all together, and bake one hour in a slow oven.

Boiled Pudding.—Ingredients:

Eggs.....four.
Sweet Milk.....one quart.
Sour Cream.....half pint.
Soda.....one teaspoonful.
Salt.....“ “
Flour.....

Use flour enough to make a stiff batter, and boil or steam. The above recipe, with a less quantity of flour, makes very good waffles or griddle cakes.

Orange Tartlets.—Ingredients:

Havana Oranges.....two.
Sugar.....three-quarters of a cup.
Butter.....one tablespoonful.
Lemon.....one.
Corn Starch.....one teaspoonful.

Use the juice of both oranges, and grated peel of one; add the sugar and butter, and with the juice of half a lemon wet the corn starch. Beat all well together, and bake in tartlet shells without a cover.

Orange Pie.—Ingredients:

Oranges.....two.
Sugar.....one cup.
Eggs.....three.
Milk.....one cup.

Use the juice of both oranges and grated rind of one, and add the sugar and beaten yolks of the eggs; mix the milk with the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in puff paste.

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CENTENNIAL AWARD OVER ALL COMPETITORS,
MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

August Fashions.

BEFORE midsummer arrives all the more important points regarding dress have been decided, and the apparent novelty consists chiefly in new arrangements of materials already at hand, and the various little accessories that impart piquancy to the toilet, and are in truth as important an element as the seasoning for Sam Weller's "weal pie."

The use of lace is a veritable *fièvre* this summer, and there is scarcely a material shown for dresses, either heavy or light, to which some quality of it is not applied.

The dresses of Spanish lace met with favor on their first introduction, and some of the loveliest toilets worn are made of it in combination with the various summer goods. In one case a skirt of black surah is covered from belt to foot with row upon row of black Spanish lace, and over this is a polonaise of black *crêpe de Chine*, elaborately embroidered with jet, the drapery opening back and front to show the skirt. The same style of skirt is also worn with a polonaise of *gaze de soie* either plain or brocaded. Another has for foundation deep red surah, only half the depth of the skirt, covered with rows of black lace, with piece lace sewed at the heading of the upper row and turned upward, forming a full drapery front and back. The basque is of the same lace over the red foundation, with a full *jabot* down the front, and large *bébé* bow of the surah at the back. A polonaise of black Spanish lace is also very effective, with a skirt trimmed with flounces of black and white striped satin, plaited so that the white is on the inside of the plaits, and only shows when the wearer is in motion. Perhaps the most charming of all are the toilets of white Spanish lace combined with French *moire*, one of which is described among the "Watering-Place Toilets;" but the highest novelty is a dress of delicate tinted surah or satin, pink, blue or mauve, trimmed with Spanish lace of the same color.

All black transparent fabrics are fashionably

made up over a color, notably grenadine and silk batiste over orange, olive, old-gold, and the terracotta shades, and trimmed with lace.

Grenadine also composes some of the richest of the all black toilets, and is trimmed with silk embroidery on net, French lace, or the heavier *dentelle satiné*, the more silky quality of Spanish lace. The sewing-silk grenadines have the preference, and the plain is used in combination with brocaded or figured, the latter usually forming the draperies and corsage.

Red is used to an almost unlimited extent this summer, whole toilets being made of it. A dress of batiste in shaded red, trimmed with black Breton lace, is a charming example, and shaded red grenadine, trimmed with bows of satin ribbon to match, and black *dentelle satiné* composes another *distingué* toilet. Large bows and sashes of shaded red satin ribbon are conspicuous on light toilets, especially on white and cream mull, oriental veiling and challi; and a large Alsaecian bow of red satin or plush, secured with gold pins, is a favorite coiffure with morning costumes.

Sashes of broad ribbon or soft silk are worn around the waist and tied in an old-fashioned baby bow at the back; and another arrangement for giving a short-waisted effect is a broad belt of satin ribbon with large *chou*, or cabbage bows, placed around it at intervals. A new trimming for the neck and sleeves of dresses is puff of surah, made by plaiting the edges, then joining them together, and afterward pulling out the plaits in the middle to give a soft, puffy effect. This is sewed in the neck and the wrists of the sleeves, and constitutes a perfect finish without the addition of lace. Large pins of oxidized silver or gilt, shaped like monster hairpins, are used to sustain the drapery on woolen costumes, and are novel and effective. Long, loose-wristed gloves of tan-colored undressed kid are worn with even the most dressy toilets, white as well as colored, and are even chosen for use with morning costumes, the long sleeves being tucked inside the gloves.

Illustrated Models.

OUR models for this month are especially suited for midsummer, when one naturally delights in toilets in keeping with the long, languid days—charming creations of diaphanous fabrics in delicate colors, their beauty enhanced by soft laces, fluttering ribbons, and graceful draperies.

The large engraving of "Midsummer Toilets" shows three most desirable designs, each adapted to any of the summer fabrics, and susceptible of much or little ornamentation, according to necessity or taste. There is a quaint effect about the "Raymonde" polonaise in keeping with prevailing ideas. The full corsage with deep yoke, the broad belt with immense waist bow, the puffed sleeves, and the *bouffant* drapery, render it especially becoming for slender figures, and it is altogether charming made in white, pale blue, or faint rose-colored mull, trimmed with flat Valenciennes or Aurillae lace; or nun's veiling, and kindred woolen fabrics trimmed with Mirecourt or Spanish lace, while it is equally desirable for the more practical costume of gingham or percale, the lace replaced by embroidery, or even plaiting, or ruffles, and the skirt finished with a deep kilt-plaiting, in place of the more elaborate shirrings and puffings with rows of lace that would be executed for the more dressy fabrics. And if a still more simple costume is required, the upper row of trimming can easily be omitted on the front, and it will still be stylish.

The "Zaïna," another graceful polonaise, also gives opportunity for the employment of quantities of lace, of which this season it can hardly be said that one can use a surplus, so readily does it lend itself to the formation of *jabots* and frills, falling borders and flat garnitures, and the thousand and one quaint conceits which deft fingers know how to arrange, and which have the approval of fashion. It also illustrates another favorite idea, the shirring of the outside of the fronts, at the places usually occupied by the darts, over a tight-fitting lining. The "hooped" back dra-

pery is also popular, and the broad collar is a distinguishing feature, the open neck being a matter of choice, as the pattern is cut high. All the thinner varieties of dress goods are appropriately made up after this design, notably grenadines, either plain or figured, trimmed with Spanish lace or silk embroidery on net, the skirt of satin surah, trimmed to match; but it is equally well adapted to camel's hair and similar goods, and the more unpretentious washable materials.

The "Regia" is also adapted to a wide variety of dress materials—satin *foulard* with Pompadour figures, trimmed with Russian lace; pongee, with the narrow ruffles embroidered in bright colors; polka dotted nun's veiling, trimmed with Mirecourt lace; figured cotton satine, with the skirt of plain satine, and the same color as the ground in the figured fabric, or a plain sewing-silk grenadine, made up with black surah, and trimmed with French lace. The effect of a basque is retained by the arrangement of the side draperies, which are short, and disposed in a novel manner with shirring, while the drapery in the back falls gracefully nearly to the bottom of the skirt.

Two overskirts, especially desirable for washable fabrics, are the "Amalia" and "Toinetta," the latter having pointed drapery at the back, and the apron falling in a shawl-shaped point at the left. These combine equally well either with a basque or round waist, and the "Amalia" is illustrated *en costume* on a single figure, in combination with the "Leoline" basque which is a favorite design for a garment made in white goods, pongee, or *foulard*, trimmed with lace, to be worn with various skirts.

The "Myrene" walking-skirt, combined with the "Fifine" basque gives an excellent model for a costume of either plain or brocaded grenadine, to be made up with *satin merveilleux*, and trimmed either with Spanish or French lace. They also are suitable for *foulard* or summer silk, both of which are cool and pleasant fabrics for midsummer wear; or they can be used for the standard black-silk costume without fear of their too soon passing out of style.

Among the dainty accessories which add so much to the effect of a toilet, and which, with deft fingers and a little ingenuity, can be compassed at very little expense, may be counted the "Nita" hood and the "Mignon" cape. It is not essential that either of these should match the costume with which they may be worn. The hood may be made of odd pieces of *guipure* or Spanish net, either black or white, and trimmed with lace to match. The black will be very effective lined with a bright color to use with black costumes; and the white with a light color, for use with light dresses. The "Mignon" makes up charmingly in pale blue surah, trimmed with Mirecourt lace; in deep red, with Spanish lace of the same color; or in mull or grenadine, finished with flat Valenciennes; but, undoubtedly, would be more practical made in black *satin merveilleux* or surah, with the garniture of Spanish lace and jet.

A NOVEL lace pin is an ox-eyed daisy with a long stem, leaves, and buds, the petals of white enamel, and the center of dead gold with a diamond dewdrop at one side. The earrings match in design, but are smaller. Another design is a peacock enamelled in natural colors.



Black Grenadine Costume.

THIS elegant costume of black brocaded grenadine and *satin merveilleux* is designed after the "Fifine" basque and "Myrene" walking skirt. A shirred *plastron* of *satin merveilleux* ornaments the front of the basque, which is also trimmed with *passementerie* and shoulder knots of black satin ribbon. The skirt is trimmed with narrow plaited ruffles of *satin merveilleux*, and gathered ruffles of black Spanish lace arranged in a double *jabot* upon the front. Ruffles of Aurillac lace finish the neck and sleeves of the basque. Both the basque and skirt are illustrated separately elsewhere. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents. Patterns of basque, twenty-five cents each size.

Trimming Laces.

NEVER was lace used for trimming in greater profusion or of more varied kinds than this season. The Breton and Vermicelli laces, with which we have been so long familiar, still retain their

vogue as the most suitable laces for children's and misses' use; while the effective Mirecourt seems the appropriate garniture when a heavier lace is required, and the silky-looking Aurillac, with its graceful leaf designs, is the fitting complement for the delicate mulls. Rivalling these in popularity is the flat Valenciennes, also a machine lace, which has rounder meshes than the lace from which it takes its name, but retains the distinctive Valenciennes patterns which are woven so as to produce a more solid effect than in the real. Closely allied to this is the Louis XV. lace, in which the mesh and weaving of the pattern is similar to the flat Valenciennes; but the design is larger and more varied, portions of it being outlined with a heavy thread, and a point-lace effect introduced which is very lovely. One sample is an exact reproduction of a piece of lace worn at the time of the monarch from whom it derives its name.

The imitations of point d'Alençon and English thread laces are perfect, and in some patterns it would puzzle even a connoisseur to decide upon their genuineness. Round point, too, is very successfully imitated, and the beautiful Polanza lace is worthy of being used on the richest of summer fabrics. This has a fine mesh, closely covered its entire depth with a design run with double thread similarly to the Vermicelli lace, but with a more vine-like effect, and in the centre of each scallop is a rose in Valenciennes weaving, also outlined. The scallops are broader and more accentuated than in the other laces, and are irregular in outline, being formed of a succession of pendent leaves in flat Valenciennes, outlined and veined with the coarse thread which is connected with the vine design which pervades the mesh.

Even the most prejudiced of inveighers against the wearing of "imitations" cannot find aught against these laces, for they are really beautiful in themselves; and being comparatively inexpensive—none of them costing over one dollar per yard for the widest patterns, they are readily adapted to many summer

fabrics which are most effectively trimmed with lace, but on which a "real" lace would be sheer extravagance and entirely out of place.

In addition to the usual white and cream tints, there are laces in pale pink, delicate blue, old gold and red, to match costumes, and this is really one of the novelties of the season. These colors come in Spanish lace, which by the way has become a veritable *faux*. There is scarcely a single article of attire which this lace is not used to trim—parasols, bonnets, mantles, and even dresses are composed entirely of it; and some of our *élégantes* have a toilet made of each, black over white, and white over black, or either one over a color.

Paris Fashions.

ONE of the characteristic features of the present fashion is the confusion of materials and colors. Corsets of velvet are worn with white toiles foamy with lace; brocade, *moiré*, and *satin merveilleux* are combined with all the lighter fabrics, woolen or *batiste*. Everything is correct, everything is admissible, provided that one wears the toilet with a certain careless elegance which is not without grace.

Skirts of a different color and material from the waist are still worn. Skirts of plain surah, navy blue, gray, beige, ocean green, pansy or *bordeaux*, with deep platings of narrow or wide plaits, the polonaise or corsage-tunic of cashmere, *foulard*, or Pompadour or Persian *indienne* opening in front with small paniers gracefully caught up at the sides, and falling rather long at the back. The waist is gathered in shirrings down the back as far as the large *pouf*, which is a loose knot with broad ends; a satin ribbon comes from the side seams, and is tied negligently in front, or fastened with a buckle.

A costume of this description displayed at the Bois had a plaited skirt of slate-colored surah, over which was an overdress of pearl gray *foulard* with black sprays, the whole lavishly trimmed with platings of narrow black lace. To this was added a little cape of slate-colored surah shirred at the neck and lined with cherry color. Another costume was of navy blue surah with three ruched flounces, a *caroubier* ribbon placed at the head of each flounce like an insertion, and tied at the side. The waist was of Pompadour cashmere, and had a large collar and cuffs of *caroubier* covered with Renaissance guipure.

For carriage and visiting toiles, which are required to be a little dressy, elegant short dresses are made of *satin merveilleux* and changeable surah rather dark, as violet and black, blue and old-gold, garnet and black, *aventurine* and brown, etc. The draperies or trimmings display the double shading at every motion. These fabrics are draped in scarfs, paniers, and in long ends tied loosely upon an underskirt of the same silk covered with white lace disposed in ruffles or ruches slightly gathered; Valenciennes is most frequently used for this purpose. Shaded materials are also used for toiles of the same class, but it is always necessary to combine them with plain goods. For example, the scarf draperies and ruches should be made of the plain goods, and the shirred *tablier* of *ombré*; the upper part, that is to say the waist and the overskirt or the polonaise, may be of a plain light quality of summer woolen goods matching the principal tint of the *ombré*.

Some very elegant ladies prefer however a complete costume, dress, hat and parasol, of a single plain color. With these dresses a mantle of the same goods is worn, demi-long and in



White Bunting Costume.

A CHARMING dress of cream-tinted French bunting, trimmed with Vermicelli lace edging and insertion. The illustration represents a combination of the "Amalia" overskirt, arranged over a short walking-skirt, trimmed with wide puffs and lace ruffles, and the "Leoline" basque, which is cut with a square yoke back and front, to which a tight-fitting habit form is added at the sides; the middle of the front and back being completed by inserted side-plaited *quilles* cut considerably shorter than the fitted part, and the required length furnished by the addition of a deep edging of lace. Lace ruffles are also used to trim the edge of the overskirt and the demi-long sleeves. Straps and bows of violet satin ribbon confine the plaits to the figure in the middle of the front and back, and similar bows ornament the sleeves and overskirt. A ruche and colarette of Vermicelli lace finish the neck of the dress, and a spray of heliotrope is fastened in front. Both the basque and overskirt are illustrated separately elsewhere. Price of overskirt pattern, thirty cents. Patterns of basque, twenty-five cents each size.

visite form, and trimmed with *passementerie* and *motifs* of assorted beads, in lily-of-the-valley fringes, torsades, showers of tiny drops, etc., as richly as possible. These *motifs* are arranged upon the back, on the shoulders, in front, in *appliqué* and as fastenings, the material of the wrap almost disappearing beneath this species of fanciful embroidery, the effect of which is extremely elegant; the lining of the cloak should be plain satin of a gay color, contrasting with the rest of the toilet. These wraps are taken in the carriage and put on or taken off, according to the temperature.

Parasols, by their originality and variety, have become a most expensive and beautiful accessory of the toilet. They are of two very distinct types, one as much in vogue as the other; the ordinary parasol and the Japanese flat parasol, half of satin, figured in *bizarre* patterns upon a plain dark ground, half of lace, guipure, or some other lace, stretched over the frame like the goods. All are adorned with bows of ribbon and clusters of flowers fastened to a large movable ring, which confines the parasol when it is closed, or hangs from the top when it is open in the old way. The edge is trimmed with a fall of white, *écru* or sulphur-colored lace, and the sticks present a great variety; the handsomest have a finely painted porcelain handle, the simplest are of black wood with turned handle, or represent some animal, a dog or elephant, carved in wood, the head of an English pug or spaniel.

Hats in the shape of an overturned basket filled with flowers underneath, and tied down over the ears with a broad ribbon, may accompany walking-dresses; but there are some very original ones from the hands of our best modistes, who know how to combine a certain dash of eccentricity with the best and most Parisian ideas. One is a simple sea-side hat of manilla, with an immense brim forming a cabriolet and brought down over the ears in a manner to shade the face better than an umbrella; it is lined with tea-colored satin covered with manilla *tulle* puffed and turning up in a simple ruche around the brim. The manilla color is very soft, half *beige*, half brown or pale *écru*; and around the crown is a simple scarf of seal brown *moiré*. Another manilla straw for a town hat is lined with garnet velvet, trimmed with narrow cream-tinted lace plaited fine, and a bow of moss-green satin, in which three blush roses are fastened. Nothing is more unique and charming than this *coiffure*, which may be worn with any toilet.

Manilla straw forever! The warmer in tint it is, like the complexion of a Brazilian, the more elegant and beautiful it is considered. Japanese hats of manilla are seen, bent in and out all around the edge, with a fine pearl or Roman pearl pin, pinned in each fold. The trimming is a bow placed in the middle of the hat, and a cluster of flowers. Not every one can wear this hat; only pretty women will risk it.



COIFFURES, LINGERIE, ETC., FOR LADIES.

And this large black hat, almost flat, placed very far forward and on one side, a little raised at the back to hide under the lace a half wreath of crushed roses, without leaves. Brunette or blonde will be piquant and pretty in this, and besides there is nothing too daring about it, but a perfect taste, pausing just at the point where the coiffure is charming and perfectly *comme il faut*. To know how to coil oneself is a great talent, and to parody the famous saying, "Let us see how you arrange your coiffure, and we shall know who you are." Fashion is so indulgent and eclectic, it authorizes every shape and every possible association of flowers, feathers, straw, and fabrics; it requires, therefore, very little skill to know what to choose, and to discern that which is best adapted to the age, the figure, and the style of toilet, all things which should be considered with an equal care.

The materials known as fancy goods are innumerable. Woolen goods, without twill, predominate. They are made plain, and checked, and with every variety of silk stripes, wide or narrow, wide and narrow, of several shades of one color or of several colors. There are also cotton gauzes with stripes brocaded in silk or even chenille. The silk goods, all silk, striped or in small or medium *damier* patterns are charming. The cotton fabrics destined for toilets to be worn during the warmest weather will be printed satinettes, which although cotton are called *surahs*, *surah lumineux*, *surah princess*, etc. Among these figured satinettes there are some very original designs; flowers and insects of pale blue, old green, and faded red upon a *loutre* or wood-colored ground. Others are detached bouquets, little wreaths and garlands, and very minute cashmere designs, and Chinese and Japanese figures. There are also satinettes *à disposition* for the trimmings of the overskirt, waist, and skirt. But it is just as well to avoid pattern dresses, which, limiting the toilet to uniform effects, give to the women who wear them the appearance of a manufactured article. The ground-color of these satinettes are of all shades, white, gray, violet, peacock-blue, and *loutre*. Plain satinettes are also made in all these colors.

There is a new changeable fabric, a sort of linen gauze, very transparent but very firm in texture. These gauzes have two tones; myrtle green and reddish brown, garnet and violet, black and red. They compose very elegant toilets draped over light silk underskirts. Some of the gauzes are figured, but always of two shades to produce the changeable effect. For simpler toilets, these same linen fabrics are employed in combination with plain cotton satinette, substituted for the light silk.

The goods called Algériennes, of soft silk with gay stripes, are charming if used with discretion. Satin, figured with a variety of designs in cashmere style, will be also much used in combination with light silks and woolen goods; but an old friend, always young and pretty, whose return will be welcomed with pleasure, is the beautiful French *moiré* silk. This summer it will be much worn as a transparent for *écru* embroideries, in scarfs, basques, and garnitures. Velvet also will be worn in little mantelets and casaquins to put on with different skirts. There are a great many watering-places where, at certain hours of the evening, it is very convenient to have these garments. Velvet is really no warmer than brocaded silk or *moiré*.

We have noticed two pretty fancies. The first is an underskirt, the trimming of which can be applied quite as well to the skirt of a dress. All around the edge is a flounce, composed of large plaits alternating with three small plaits, and edged with Bruges lace. The body of the skirt is slashed at equal intervals; then each one of the little breadths thus formed is draped upon one

of its sides, in a manner to form a sort of point. Between the points are placed bows of satin ribbon, hiding the plaits which drape the breadths. Colored lace, placed in a number of ruffles upon *surah* of the same color, ornaments some of the most coquettish skirts, and is used on elegant fancy lingerie.

But we promised to describe two objects. This is the second: the *matinée Abbe galant*, in satin brocaded with silver upon blue in a *damier* pattern. It opens over a chemisette of silk muslin plaited *en surplis*, and is closed only at the neck. Alençon lace adorns the chemisette and garment. This surplice-chemisette can be applied to a costume as well as to a *matinée*, and would have a charming effect with a toilet of light silk or linen for the country or sea-shore.

It need scarcely be said that extravagance in dressy toilets is greater than ever; the president—not to say the queen of dress-makers—has put into vogue the combination of lace and embroidery upon gauze, with *moiré*, red, coral color, rose pink, blue, and mauve. The use of the *moiré* gives a brighter tone to the embroideries, the lace softens the color of the *moiré*. Basques are of every shape, Louis XV. with the long point, and a plastron shirred or covered with narrow lace gathered to within half an inch of the top; Louis XVI. with round waist, crossed in surplice style, or waists cut low in heart shape, so low indeed that it is still more of a charming indiscretion than the round low-necked waist; waists cut square with a small shoulder strap, and with all, very little in the way of sleeves, or none at all, lace sleeves, or sleeves made of gauze, permitting the entire shoulder to be seen. This is very pretty when the arm is beautiful, which is rare. Another fashion is the *chérusque*, of white or black lace, beaded with pearl or jet, or of gold, silver, or steel lace, mounted full upon a frame of wire, and encircling the shoulders, finishing low in front as it grows narrower. Young ladies wear the *chérusque* very low, older ladies wear it close to the neck and rather high at the back and square in front. When the neck is round, fair, and slender, it is charming; if not, it resembles a Japanese flower-pot. With these unique collar-ettes, it is absolutely necessary to arrange the coiffure high, and leave the back of the neck free; ladies who do not adopt this fashion arrange their hair to suit their own taste; blondes, especially, have all their hair waved fine, and falling with strands of pearls interwoven. The fine pearl is the favored jewel of fashion; happy and envied they who are able to wear six rows of pearls around their necks, each pearl as large as a humming-bird's egg. A less expensive and quite as pretty fancy is to encircle a lovely throat with a narrow *barbe* of the finest lace, bearing a diamond locket or medallion.

Among the newest trifles in jewelry are the microscopic watches attached to the neck by a serpent coiling upon the skin; Grecian necklaces composed of five rows of variegated pearls, with diamond clasps; and arrows, which are again worn in the coiffure and corsage.

Parures of Australian linen or silk *batiste*, trimmed with lace; white or cream-tinted fichus form always the complement of toilets for dinner and small evening companies. Cuffs to match are placed upon the bottom of the sleeves *en revers*, or falling over the hand. The large, open, or perfectly round collar fastened with a knot of ribbons is worn with simple dresses of woolen goods trimmed with silk. This collar is almost the same as that worn by children, and is made of linen with an edging of Irish guipure or Richelieu embroidery, the handiwork of young girls or their manumas.

For street wear there is the straight collar of guipure turned back to form points in front, with

cuffs to match on the sleeves, which are made shorter and shorter because gloves are constantly increasing in length. For demi-toilet undressed kid gloves laced close, or *gants de Suède* without buttons, wood colored, and loose enough to lie in the fashionable wrinkles upon the arm, are the most in vogue. Gloves in soft skins should not be worn as tight as kid gloves; this is the fancy of the moment.

Although not exactly pertaining to fashion, it may interest our readers to hear of a splendid piece of work which is being made for Mrs. Vanderbilt, of New York. It is an exact copy of the bed of Cardinal de Bondy, which is in the Cluny museum. This bed, entirely of old-gold satin, is covered with silk and chenille embroidery representing little negro children playing with the cardinal's insignia which is not very reverential, but quite in the spirit of the period; some brandish the cross of monseigneur, others his hat, his book, or the episcopal ring. The canopy, the covering, the surroundings are all finished with an art which does honor to our modern upholsterers, and proves that in the art of imitation they are sublime. If Monseigneur de Bondy could return to this world he might, very likely, be deceived himself.

Coiffures, Lingerie, etc.

No. 1.—This illustration represents the style of lace mitts so much worn this summer. The longest one is of black net beaded with jet; the next of a light quality of *écru* silk lace, and the shortest one of pale pink silk net, with a delicate floral design embroidered on the outside of the hand.

No. 2.—A black velvet "Pierrot" collar and wide cuffs, edged with deep ruffles of Breton lace, compose this handsome set. The collar is nearly three inches wide at the back, and slopes to a point in front, and the lace is about three inches deep. The cuffs measure three inches and a half in depth. Price, with velvet of any desired color, and white or black lace, \$4 for the set.

No. 3.—A pretty *jabot* of Aurillac lace, arranged in deep *coquilles*, and fastened at the throat with a bow of *gendarme* blue satin ribbon having fringed ends. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$1.75.

Nos. 4 & 5.—These display respectively the front and back view of an extremely graceful arrangement of a Spanish lace scarf, that is very pretty for a summer evening open-air head-dress. No. 4 illustrates a white, and No. 5 a black, lace scarf, the disposition of both being the same; either one is appropriate with almost any toilet.

No. 6.—This lovely *jabot* of white silk muslin with tiny blue polka dots is trimmed with white Italian lace edging, and interspersed with fringed-out ends of *mallard* blue satin ribbon. The muslin is formed in a bow with loops of ribbon at the throat, and then falls gracefully in a double *jabot* reaching to the waist. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$2.50.

No. 7.—"Camail" or cardinal collar of shirred, wine-colored *surah*, edged with a deep gathered ruffle of cream-colored Languedoc lace. Scarf ends of cream-tinted mull are fastened under the pointed ends of the collar and tied in a graceful bow in front. Price, with *surah* of any desired color, \$3.75.

No. 8.—Plaid *surah jabot* arranged gracefully with three pointed ends edged with deep Smyrna lace and fastened with a knot of the *surah*, which is red, blue, and old-gold in broken plaid. Price, in any color, with black or white lace, \$1.85.



FANS AND PARASOLS.

Fans and Parasols.

No. 1.—This handsome fan is of satin cretonne, embroidered with gold thread in an elaborate design. It is mounted upon a frame of ebonized wood with gilt ornaments.

No. 2.—Japanese fan of gilt rice paper with a floral design. The sticks and handle are of black bamboo, painted to correspond with the mounting, and a crimson silk cord with tassels is tied in the handle.

No. 3.—Black satin parasol lined with Japanese *foulard*, cream tinted with scarlet figures, the gilt ribs of the frame showing outside of the lining and the carved wood handle tied with black and red cord and tassels.

No. 4.—Parasol of silver-gray satin lined with rose-colored *satin merveilleux*, and trimmed with rose-tinted Spanish lace. A bow of gray satin ribbon with a large pink rose is placed upon the outside of the parasol. The handle is of natural wood.

No. 5.—A lovely parasol covered with black and white satin in wide *bayadère* stripes, lined with red *satin merveilleux*, and trimmed with a deep fall of black Spanish lace. A bow of black and white satin ribbon is tied around the natural wood handle.

No. 6.—Japanese parasol, covered with satin *foulard* in Oriental colors. The stick is of ebonized bamboo, and the ribs show outside of the red and gold lining, and are gilded with Japanese lacquer. The frame has sixteen ribs, which gives the parasol a flat appearance.

No. 7.—Peacock feather *châtelaine* fan, composed of peacock eyes, mounted upon a handsomely wrought ivory handle. Both sides of the fan are finished alike, and the handle is tied with a gold-colored silk cord and tassels, and has a ring at the end of the handle by which it may be suspended from a chain or ribbon.

No. 8.—India pongee silk parasol trimmed with a wide band of Oriental embroidery around the outside. The parasol is lined with pale green *satin merveilleux*, and mounted upon a polished, light wood handle.

No. 9.—Fan of embroidered black satin, mounted upon an ebonized wood frame, painted to match the embroidery, which represents bright-colored summer flowers, and insects. A gold-colored silk cord is attached to the handle, terminating in bright-colored silk tassels.

Latest Styles of Parasols.

THE designers and fabricators of parasols and sunshades, apparently find it a labor of love to shape and embellish them in a manner to serve the double purpose of protecting and enhancing the delicate complexions of those for whom they are intended. For the pale are rose-tinted and crimson linings; for ladies of brilliant complexion delicate shades of green, silver-gray and white are most becoming, and for all, an almost endless variety of coverings and shapes are displayed in quantities sufficient to afford opportunity for the most fastidious choice.

The newest sunshades and parasols display a great deal of originality, with their handsome, bright, and many-colored bows, cords, *pompous*, and tassels, their apparent purpose being to confine the parasol, when closed, in a convenient manner, like a fan, with a sliding ring or noose of silken cords.

The small Chinese pagoda shapes are used, as well as the large perfectly flat Japanese parasols, with sixteen small panels or divisions. The bamboo ribs of the frame are gilded and displayed outside the gay lining; and this innovation is not confined to the Japanese parasol alone, many elegant black satin parasols, with the ordinary eight-ribbed frame, having their steel ribs gilded in like manner. Still many of the most elegant and expensive parasols are lined in the ordinary way with a fine quality of *satin merveilleux*, either red, white, old gold, or silver-gray, according to the material with which they are covered.

Nearly every handsome silken texture that is employed for costumes has its merit recognized as a parasol cover, and cheaper fabrics, such as cretonne, gingham, and pongee are also used. A parasol and fan to match accompany a great many imported pattern costumes of French cretonne and satine.

Dressy sunshades are covered with *ombré* satins in red, green, gray, and yellow, and sometimes richly trimmed with black or white Spanish lace ruffles, if not entirely covered with Spanish lace.

India pongee parasols, lined with pale green or rose-pink satin, and pinked out around the edges, are extremely serviceable for the country or seashore, and may be carried with almost any toilet.

A lovely, medium-sized parasol is of *foulardi*, tinted champagne-color, which is a hue changing from pale pink to dull yellow, lined with pale pink *mousseline* silk, and edged with a fall of pink Spanish lace.

Another elegant and artistic affair is of black satin, embroidered in Kensington stitch with a spray of golden rod and leaves, the lining of the parasol crimson satin, and the border edged with a crimson-lined plaiting of black satin. The handle of this is of satin-wood, and not at all conspicuous. Natural woods are most frequently used for handles, the "shepherd's crook" being the latest design. The handles are usually light, excepting upon the coaching parasols, which are shorter and heavier in every way, and have most of their showy appearance displayed in the linings. Ivory handles are used to some extent upon the larger parasols, especially those trimmed all around with bands of peacock or pheasant feathers, which are a novelty this season; but the daintily wrought ivory, tortoise-shell, and jewelled handles are usually reserved for the pretty little carriage shades, that can be turned over at right angles to the stick, so as to form a screen. Some of the most elegant and novel of these are composed entirely of the glittering feathers from the back of the peacock, and bordered with a fringe of peacock's eyes, the whole mounted upon a stick of exquisitely carved ivory, and lined with white satin. Others are of black or white satin, with elegant covers of black thread, or white Duchesse lace; but these last, although dressy and beautiful, and never entirely out of style, do not possess the delightful charm of novelty.

Yachting, Boating and Bathing Dresses.

FOR summer sports and excursions, costumes that will endure a moderate amount of exposure to the sun, wind, and rain, are absolutely indispensable. This is more to be looked for in the fabric of which they are composed than in the design. Fortunately neither are lacking. The materials are flannel, Cheviot, cloth, summer serge, Chuddah cloth, and many new varieties of light woollens without twill. A new goods is called yachting serge which comes in all light

neutral shades, cream, and pink. Lawn tennis cloth, too, is an extremely fashionable and serviceable material for boating-dresses. Skirts of this, in gay stripes, with diagonally draped overskirt of blue flannel, and shooting-jacket to match are made still gayer by the addition of a scarlet sash and deep sailor collar. Red is much worn this summer, and the addition of a few red bows and a sash enlivens a dark costume very much. An elegant yachting-dress of fine dark garnet woolen goods trimmed with many rows of *soutche* braid has a plain skirt, draped overskirt and hunting-jacket. Kilt-plaited or plain-gored underskirts with a row of plaiting around the bottom, and a simply draped overskirt, is the style most worn with the hunting-jacket, which has almost entirely superseded its predecessor, the "Jersey" waist. Like the "Jersey" it is found most suitable for yachting and boating dresses, as well as for travelling and costumes for active exercise, while it has the advantage of being more easily modified by the different number of plaits, etc., to give different effects.

Bathing-suits as worn at French watering-places are marvels of elegance and coquetry, but convenience and comfort are more considered by American sea-side belles than conspicuousness of effect. The imported bathing-suits for ladies have no sleeves, which gives greater freedom to the arm for swimming; but most ladies prefer to have their arms covered, to protect the delicate skin from sun-burning, which is almost inevitable with short sleeved or sleeveless blouses. The most ordinary shape is the convenient princess with trousers and blouse cut all in one piece, and an overskirt buttoned around the waist; or else very full trousers gathered in just below the knee or at the ankle, and a loose blouse belted in at the waist to form a full skirt. Very slender figures sometimes have a blouse box-plaited upon a yoke. White serge or heavy flannel, embroidered with blue, or blue serge trimmed with white, are the favorite and most suitable fabrics; something that will not cling to the figure too closely when saturated being the *desideratum*. For variety the gay handkerchief plaid woollens, that have been so popular for some time past, are utilized, and these are sometimes made up with a blouse, loose in front and box-plaited at the back but belted down closely to the waist. Peacock-blue, garnet, and dark olive-green, with bright borders, are the colors used. Bunting lined with cotton may be employed, if a dressy bathing-suit is desired, and ornamented with appliquéd designs, cut out of white flannel. Scarlet and light blue are the usual colors for a showy costume like this, and the ornaments appliquéd are made to represent dolphins, sea-serpents, and anchors. *Feru* flannel is also used for the blouse over striped maroon and *éru* trousers. Rows of Hercules braid, blue upon white flannel, and white upon blue, is a serviceable trimming, but not as new as the bands of striped lawn tennis cloth in red and white, or gay Roman colors. Raw silk stockings and crocheted bathing slippers are usually worn, or canvas bathing-shoes. Embroidered slippers of Turkish toweling bound with braid are also occasionally worn.

Many ladies find the long bathing-cloak of white or gray Turkish toweling, bound and trimmed with Turkey red, a convenience when coming out of the water, to enable them to attain the friendly shelter of the bathing-house. Capuchin hoods are employed on bathing-cloaks, and some of them are very handsomely embroidered with red. A new bathing-hat, made entirely of oil-silk, has a soft full cap crown, supplemented by a wide brim all around held in position by reeds. This brim shades the face effectually, and has a lining which is not attached to the crown of the hat, but ties closely down under the hair at the back, protect ing it from the water.



J. Cole, sc

Midsummer Dresses

Midsummer Dresses.

FIG. 1.—This dainty and attractive summer toilet is composed of a short walking-skirt of cream-tinted India muslin, trimmed with two narrow plaitings, and a deep ruffle of Aurillac lace around bottom; and a polonaise adjusted to the figure in front by shirrings drawn in to a fitted lining at the places usually occupied by the dart seams, and trimmed with ruffles and insertion of Aurillac lace, and a *jabot* of lace down the front. Bows of moss-green satin ribbon ornament the front of the polonaise, below the *jabot*, and at the closing of the "paysanne" collar. Leghorn hat, with wide brim, faced with green velvet and edged with a fall of ivory white Spanish lace, and trimmed with pale pink figured surah, and a plume shading from *erette* pink to canary yellow. Cream lace mittens, and triple necklace of amber beads. The design employed is the "Zanina" polonaise, the double illustration of which is given with the separate fashions elsewhere. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—A unique and charming costume of white India mull, trimmed with Mire-court lace. The design is the "Raymonde" polonaise, which is mounted upon the yoke of insertion and puffing in gathers, and confined by a belt at the waist, giving the effect of an infant waist and princess overdress, arranged over a short walking-skirt trimmed with two deep-shirred flounces edged with Mire-court lace, and each headed by a large puff of mull. The polonaise is trimmed all around with insertion and ruffles of lace, and a second trimming of lace and insertion is placed upon the front to simulate an upper-front drape. The belt and waist bow are of shaded red *satin merveilleux*, and bows to correspond ornament the front of the skirt. Parasol of shaded red satin, trimmed with a fall of black Spanish lace. The polonaise is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 3.—This graceful figure represents the "Regia" costume, made up in cream-tinted satin *foulard* with lilac figures. It is composed of a short gored skirt, trimmed across the front and sides with triple fan-plaitings of *foulard*, alternating with gathered ruffles of India pongee silk embroidery; and a princess overdress, forming a pointed basque in front, to the bottom of which is added a shirred drape, forming paniers at the sides and finished with a loose knot and plaited scarf ends at the back. The collar is composed of a shirring of embroidery, and the sleeves are trimmed with a deep ruffle of the same. Lilac satin bows ornament the sleeves, and a long-looped bow is placed at the termination of the basque in front. The double illustration of this costume is among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Midsummer Millinery.

THE latest midsummer styles in hats are simply immense!—that is the only word that will give any adequate idea of the size to which they have attained. Imagine hats with conical crowns measuring from seven to nine inches in height, and straight brims from seven to eight, and, in some of the more ultra, ten inches in width! and these not intended for sun hats, but for carriage wear and to be worn with dressy costumes.

The most pronounced of these styles is very appropriately known as the "Obelisk," and is in fact an almost exact reproduction of the hat usually seen on the pictures of "Mother Goose"

of nursery fame, but with a more exaggerated brim. This design comes in coarse straws—dark red, blue, green, old-gold, black and white—and is always trimmed with ostrich feathers, sometimes long plumes, or again a profusion of tips, a lovely cardinal-colored rough-and-ready in this shape being trimmed with ten tips, shaded from cardinal to light red, placed closely around the crown about two inches from the bottom, curling outward and downward upon the broad brim which was faced with deep red velvet put on in a full puff. These are worn placed quite well back on the head, the brim either standing out like a halo, or slightly rolled, not caught up, at one side.

Another shape has an extremely wide brim, the crown shaped like a Normandy cap, the long part toward the back, which allows it to fit on the head more like a bonnet, the brim flaring in front and at the sides, and quite touching the shoulders at the back. A dark brown one in this shape has the brim faced with brown velvet, a row of gold lace placed flat around the edge with the points inward, and two long plumes, shaded from brown to gold, encircling the crown, the one at the left falling on the shoulder.

This shape is also arranged so that it may be worn over the face by turning the deep part of the crown toward the front, and pinching the brim into a series of scollops at the back to make it fit closer. In this case it is more often trimmed with a mass of flowers placed under the brim at the back, and a scarf of lace or shaded grenadine around the crown.

Other hats with exaggerated brims are in sailor shape, the crown low and broad, the brims receding or flaring upward, and occasionally curved upward, but always worn the same width all around. A pretty model in this style is in dark blue satin porcupine straw, the curved brim faced with dark blue velvet, and the crown surrounded by silk *pompons*, shaded red, shaded blue, and shaded pink placed alternately, and as closely as possible, giving an effect almost as lovely as feathers, and rendering it more practical for a yachting or mountain hat.

Another novelty, the English riding-hat, comes in coarse straw, with a high crown like a gentleman's silk hat, slightly belled in shape, the brim very wide with two standing rows of the broad straw on the extreme edge. When worn, the brim is rolled at the left side but drooping elsewhere; and it is really very lovely and decidedly *distingué* in white rough-and-ready straw trimmed with two long, full, white plumes, starting from a huge bow of black velvet on the left, and the inside of the brim faced with black velvet arranged in a full puff.

This, by the way, is the favorite method for arranging velvet—which is used to a great extent—on the inside of the broad brims, although many have shirred facings, and on others only a plain facing appears.

When the weight of the velvet is an objection, the inside of the brim, and often the outside also, is covered with rows of lace, either black or white, sometimes in fine plaits, and again laid on perfectly flat, the latter arrangement being usually chosen for Spanish lace. The combination of black and white is used to a great extent—entire white trimmings on black hats, and *vice versa*. The most delicate of mulls and laces are used on the coarsest straw, and feathers are used in the greatest profusion, and on the large hats to the utter exclusion of flowers.

But every one can not wear these exaggerated shapes; it requires courage in the first place, and a certain style in any event; so the bewitching pokes, and lovely *capotes* still have their faithful adherents, and on these the lovely flowers of the season find their appropriate places. Strings are

almost universally abandoned at this late season on both of these shapes, and when used are most frequently of mull, gauze, or some similar light and soft fabric, excepting when satin ribbon forms a part of the trimming in which case it is continued in strings.

Shaded gauzes and grenadines are among the effective materials now used on bonnets, and the old-time *erépe* in delicate colors composes some of the most beautiful *capotes*. Spanish lace comes in all the fashionable colors; and a pretty fancy is a bonnet made of fine Breton lace embroidered in a design of roses and buds with foliage, in the natural colors, a half-wreath of blush roses placed on the left side with a long *cordon* of buds which is carried across under the chin and fastened on the right shoulder.

A lovely Spanish bonnet is made of a black Spanish lace scarf arranged over a small skeleton frame, the only trimming a cluster of yellow and red roses in foliage, placed low down on the right side and veiled by the lace. In wearing, one end of the scarf is coquettishly lifted up to the left shoulder and fastened there with a rose or cluster of buds.



FIFINE BASQUE.

Fifine Basque.—This dressy and stylish basque is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A shirred *plastron* ornaments the front of the basque, and the side gores are cut with extensions which are draped in plaits over the side-forms and back-pieces giving the effect of small paniers. The sleeves are rather shorter than the ordinary coat style, and are buttoned at the outer seams. The design is adapted to any class of dress goods, and is most effective made in a combination, and trimmed as illustrated, with *passenterie*, and shoulder knots of satin ribbon; but any other style of garniture appropriate to the design and the material selected may be used. This design is shown elsewhere in combination with the "Myrene" walking-skirt. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

THE Parisian ladies have attempted to modify the scant grace of the riding habit. Black is no longer fashionable, blue or bottle-green is the color, and the skirts are quite as short as those to be found in the hunting field, where ladies are among the hard riders. No cravat is worn, the plain collar is fastened by a brooch or badge, and the tall hat has disappeared in favor of the round felt one.

Summer Flowers for Winter Wear.

DURING the bright summer months, when the gardens are so richly and sweetly laden, it seems a pity that those for whom it is difficult to obtain fresh flowers for winter use should not preserve a generous supply of the fragrant blossoms when this may easily be managed by even very youthful fingers. Our beautiful roses will amply repay all care bestowed on them, and especially suitable to the proposed treatment will be found the extra sweet bloom of the moss-rose tree. It is better to make the pretty collection for this purpose after a few dry and sunny days, when there will be no chance of mouldiness or mildew. It is also important to select very strong and healthy specimens, quite free from decay, and just before the bud shows signs of breaking. The stem should be cut a few inches in length, leaving attached one little spray of green leaves. When the flowers are gathered, do not leave them unfinished, or they will be unsuccessful; but immediately proceed to sear the ends of the stems. This may be done by covering the tip by hot sealing-wax; red will be found the best. Having procured some very soft white tape, about three-quarters of an inch wide, commence to wind it closely and evenly round the flower, beginning at the top of the bud, and covering it entirely; also carefully folding underneath the green leaves, so that they may not be crushed. Continue the binding of tape to the end of the stem, where it should be securely sealed. When thus completed, wrap it in wadding, also in several folds of tissue paper, and lastly place it in a box. Tin will be found most satisfactory for this purpose, so that all empty mustard or spice canisters prove of value. An outer wrapper of brown paper sealed firmly over is desirable, for the tins do not always fit well. The great object in view is to protect the

flowers from air and light, so that it is a good plan to hide the parcel under the articles in some deep box or drawer; thus treated, they may often be well preserved for six months, and, when required for use, have simply to be gently removed from their coverings and placed in a basin of tepid water for a few hours, when they will prove as sweet as in the gay summer-time. All the flowers inclosed in the box should be revived at once, for, after the light and air have been allowed to enter, it would not often answer to again close the box, trusting to the remaining flowers being preserved longer. However, a small mustard canister will hold one beautiful rose nicely. The Japan rose, or camelia, may, with care, be successfully treated and preserved for some time.

Another very easy and satisfactory manner of keeping flowers from fading is to dissolve a little gum arabic in water. Attach the flowers to a stout thread, and dip them into this solution. Fasten the thread across a rail or chair back, and let the flowers remain suspended until dry, when they should be again immersed in the gum, and once more dried. Sometimes it is desirable to repeat this treatment even a third time, but only if the flowers in parts do not look well covered. Such blooms as the hardy pelargoniums or geraniums answer well thus, and the fine coating of gum is hardly noticed; still, care must be taken not to cause the smallest crack, or the air will obtain entrance, and very soon bring decay. Ferns, especially the maidenhair, dry and press well between botanical paper, and no better foliage will be found to mix with these preserved bouquets; but if the fern fronds be freshly gathered, they should be soaked in water for some hours previously to arranging with the flowers, when they will last with the stems in water for many days, and also remain quite fresh out of it in a warm room for a whole evening.

Garden Hats.

A LOVELY garden hat is a coarse Panama or Leghorn with a wreath of wild roses with buds and foliage embroidered in natural colors around the crown, the entire brim, both inside and out, covered with full platings of Breton lace, and a rosette of the same lace at the top of the crown, from which proceed wide strings of mull edged with the lace that ties it down in the most coquetish manner possible.

Other pretty garden hats are made of mull, pale pink, blue, cream, or white, shirred on silk wire in the ordinary sailor shape, with the crown a little higher, and a very broad brim. These are variously trimmed with lace, a wreath of wild flowers or small roses, a lovely one in cream mull being surrounded by a garland of delicate blue corn flowers. Strings, if used, are of mull, but most frequently they are dispensed with, and the brim is bent in a poke shape, sometimes turned up at the back, and trimmed with a profusion of crush roses placed as closely as possible together.

Cotton satine is used for the same purpose, and makes most lovely and really serviceable garden hats, either shirred as described for the mull, or with the brim only shirred and the crown full like a Leonardi da Vinci hat or a baker's cap. Satin ribbon is usually selected for the trimming of these.

SATIN surah in *chiné* designs is used for full-dress toilets, with skirts of white surah.

CIRCULAR fans, made of natural flowers on a foundation of net and wire, have a row of fern leaves for a border, the stalks being to the center, where they are secured by a bunch of flowers.



TOINETTA OVERSKIRT.



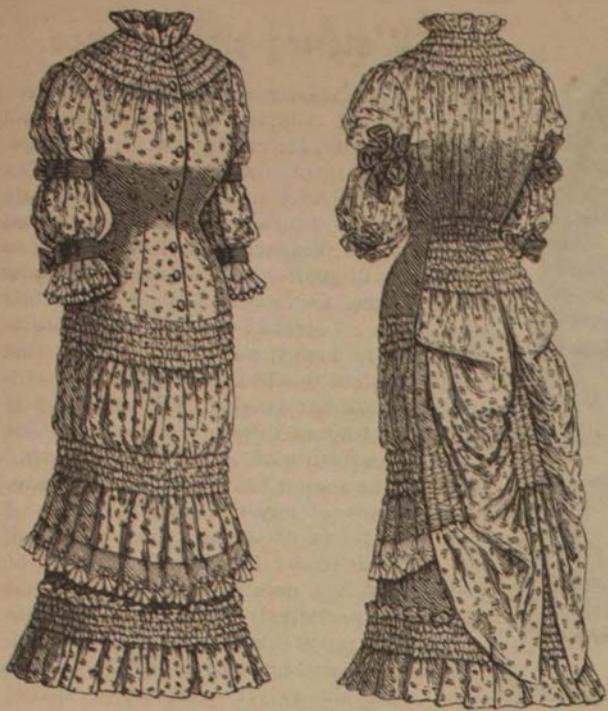
MYRENE WALKING SKIRT.

Toinetta Overskirt.—An uncommonly graceful overskirt, composed of a draped apron falling in a shawl-shaped point at the left, and a pointed back drapery arranged to give a "hooped" effect. This design is adapted to any class of dress goods, especially fabrics that may be laundered, as it is very easily arranged. It may be trimmed as illustrated, with ruffles of lace and a looped bow of satin ribbon at the right side, or in any other style to suit the taste and

the material employed. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

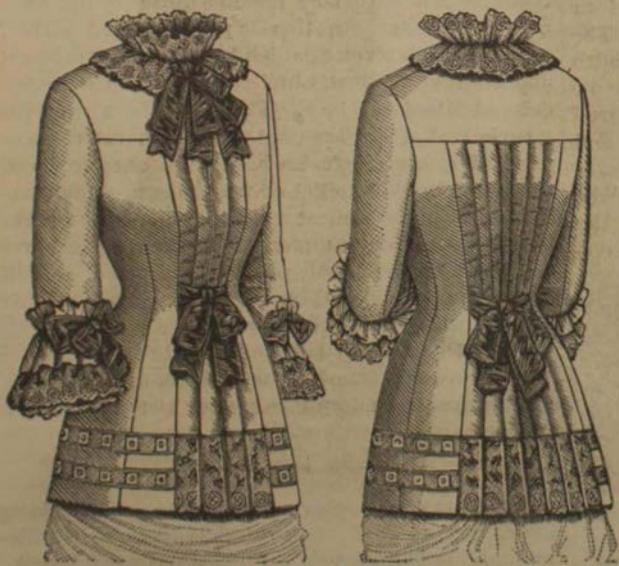
Myrene Walking-Skirt.—Very dressy and stylish in effect, this graceful walking-skirt is composed of a gored underskirt, short enough to escape the ground all around, upon which is arranged a drapery, open nearly to the waist in front, and draped in gathers upon the plain skirt underneath, while the drapery at the back is ar-

ranged to fall in two points draped across each other. This design is suitable for almost any class of dress goods, especially those which drape gracefully, and thin summer fabrics. It may be trimmed as illustrated, with narrow plaited ruffles and gathered ruffles of lace, or with any other trimming adapted to the design and material employed. This is shown elsewhere in combination with the "Fifine" basque. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



VILMA COSTUME.

Vilma Costume.—A stylish and graceful costume, especially to be recommended for its novel and artistic design. It is composed of a gored skirt, trimmed with a shirred flounce around the bottom, and a princess overdress shirred all around the neck, and fitted to the figure by a single dart in each side of the front, side-gores under the arm, and shirred over a tight-fitting lining at and just below the waist line in the back, below which the drapery is supported by being shirred perpendicularly in the middle of the back and at the sides. The overdress is cut off somewhat longer than the depth of an ordinary cuirass basque in front, and a *tablier*, shirred across the top, and again at about half its depth, is added to give the required length. Two large puffs, finished with bands of ribbon, are arranged upon the sleeves. This design is appropriate for any class of dress goods that may be shirred, as the shirring is the principal feature of the costume, and it may be trimmed with lace as illustrated, or in any other style adapted to the material selected. Patterns in size for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



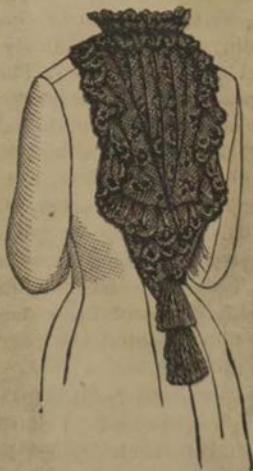
LEOLINE BASQUE.

Leoline Basque.—This charming design, especially becoming to slender figures, is a blouse waist, with a square yoke back and front, to which a tight-fitting habit form, cut with a single dart in front and straight side-forms at the back, is added at the sides; the middle of the front and back being completed by inserted side-plaited *quilles* cut considerably shorter

than the fitted part of the waist, the required length being furnished by the addition of a deep edging of lace or embroidery, which also trims the bottom of the plaited ruffle on the demi-long sleeves. This design is suitable for any quality of dress goods, excepting the very heaviest, and is most effectively trimmed as illustrated, and confined to the figure in the middle of the front and back by straps and bows of satin ribbon. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Summer Traveling Cloaks.

DECIDEDLY the most comfortable and convenient wraps for midsummer traveling are the long, loose pelisses, made of pongee or *foulard* in "Mother Hubbard" style. They require no lining, and are usually trimmed with a deep plaiting around the bottom, and forming a broad collar at the neck, lined with a contrasting color, and bows to match down the front. The "Dagmar" pelisse, illustrated in the previous number, is an excellent model, and is very effective made in *écru* pongee, the plaitings faced with *caroubier* surah, and bows of the same color. Another pretty dust cloak for short journeys is made of dark gray cashmere, a long "Mother Hubbard" pelisse, trimmed all around the bottom and up the fronts with Spanish lace of the same color, placed on flat and reversed, and forming a deep round collar; and fastened down the front with bows of shaded red surah.



NITA HOOD.

Nita Hood.—A dressy model for a capuchon to be made of the same or a different material from the costume or wrap with which it is worn. It is illustrated made of black figured *guipure* net, and trimmed with ruffles of lace edging, but it may be made of any light material, or silk, as well as of black or white Spanish lace, and finished with soft silk tassels, and tied in front with wide satin ribbon strings. Pattern, a medium size. Price, fifteen cents.



ZANINA POLONAISE.

Zanina Polonaise.—Adjusted to the figure in front by shirrings drawn into a tight-fitting lining at the places usually occupied by the dart seams, this polonaise is an attractive and particularly graceful design, very becoming to slender figures. The lining is fitted with the usual number of darts in front, and side-gores under the arms, and the outer fronts of the polonaise are cut with a deep dart taken out under each arm. It has side-forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. *The neck is not cut low in the pattern, but is marked, so that it can be, if desired.* The front of the polonaise is draped slightly, and falls in a point at each side, and the back is arranged in "hooped" drapery. The sleeves reach to just below the elbows, and are slightly flowing. A deep "paysanne" collar completes the design, which is specially adapted to lighter qualities of dress goods, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with lace ruffles and insertion and a *jabot* of lace, or in any other manner to suit the taste and material selected. The front view is illustrated on Fig. 1 of the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Wedding Notes.

At a recent French wedding, the bride, who brought her second husband a dowry of sixteen million francs, set a new fashion for widows who marry again. The bridal veil was replaced by a white lace mantilla, arranged on the head in Spanish style. The bouquet of orange-blossoms was changed to flowers of a color most becoming to the wearer. She also wore a white dress—another innovation. The front, which was of satin, was brilliant with an embroidery of white pearl beads. The train was of white brocade velvet, and there were bouquets of real pink roses scattered all over the dress and corsage. Her toilet was high-necked, and her ornaments diamonds and pearls.

One of the noticeable features of a wedding procession lately was two little girls, about six years of age, dressed in old English costumes, and carrying huge bouquets, who followed the bridesmaids and preceded the bride. The dresses were of white mull, trimmed with flat Valenciennes, with very short waists, shirred at the shoulders, and broad sash ribbons tied just under the arms, in large *bébé* bows at the back. The hats were of shirred mull, the broad brims edged with lace, and trimmed with long white plumes.

Lawn Tennis Costumes.

For lawn tennis costumes, cream-colored flannel and cashmere are favorite materials this season. A simple design is of cream-colored cashmere, in princess style, with fans of cardinal *foulard* let in the bottom of the short skirt at regular intervals, a band of the same silk around the drapery, which is drawn quite tightly across the front, and arranged to form a pocket; and a handkerchief of *foulard* to tie loosely around the throat. The hat is a broad-brimmed rough-and-ready, trimmed with the cardinal silk and a long cream-colored plume.

An "artistic" lawn tennis costume is of cream cashmere, with sunflowers of various sizes embroidered on it in silks; one on the left shoulder, smaller ones on the cuffs and edging the drapery on the skirt, the yellow shading and brown centres contrasting well with the cream foundation. Another style of dress of the same color, but of French bunting, is made with a plain underskirt edged with a plaiting about four or five inches deep, above which are divisions, marked by brown silk feather-stitch, in which are worked detached flowers with a leaf or two. A short overskirt is well drawn away from the front and allowed to fall long at the back, and has a facing of brown silk. The waist is very full, and shirred around the throat, and finished with a broad belt, having a pocket on one side lined with brown silk and a sunflower embroidered upon it. The sleeves are full at the shoulders, but very tight toward the wrists, and just below the elbow a sunflower is worked on each sleeve. The hat is of cream-colored mull, lined with brown and ornamented with two sunflowers in a bow of lace.

Nun's cloth is also a favorite material, and in pale blue and brown striped looks very pretty: the plain part forms the bodice, drapery, and principal part of the dress, while the striped is finely plaited, and used as trimming on both skirt and bodice. The pretty plain and flowered satines, profusely trimmed with lace, worn with hats made entirely of cream lace and ornamented with a tuft of flowers corresponding with the flowered satine, are also much worn, and so are the gray-blue and pale-pink gingham, trimmed with Madeira work. For dressy costumes there are the pale-colored Madras muslins draped over satine or batiste, with loops of satin ribbon and ruffles of cream lace, and the soft *foulards*, with velvet collar, cuffs, and pockets, made with plaited skirts, and the deep Louis XV. coat, and trimmed with lace and large fancy buttons. There is also a very light kind of cream oatmeal cloth, which is used for embroidering upon. It is warm and yet light, and washes perfectly. The lawn tennis dresses for really hard play have plain skirts of lawn tennis cloth, white ground, with colored stripes—red, blue, yellow, black, or a cluster of fine stripes in different colors forming a wider one; a full, loose waist with a rather wide belt, made of flannel, cashmere, or serge of some dark color to match the stripes in the skirt, and a scarf drapery of the same material as the waist, tied around the hips, with the pouch or pocket fixed to the left side. Others again have tight-fitting waists or cuirass basques, with the skirts trimmed with two kilt-plaited flounces and a scarf drapery, the skirt of the lawn tennis cloth, and the waist and drapery of satine or plain gingham. The shoes have rough rubber soles, with very low heels.

OPEN-WORK embroidery is an effective trimming on mauve, lemon, pink, and blue surah.



Amalia Overskirt.

A VERY simple but graceful and stylish overskirt, draped high in the middle of the front, and forming a "hooped" drapery, very slightly *bouffant* in the back. This design is suitable for any class of dress goods, including those that may be laundered, as it is very easily arranged. It may be trimmed, as illustrated, with a knife-plaited ruffle of the material, or in any other style to correspond with the goods employed, according to taste.

The pattern, which will be found in this number, consists of two pieces—half of the apron, and half the back drapery.

The small gores in the top of the apron are to be basted and fitted to the figure before they are cut off. The holes near the front edge of the apron denote four overlapping plaits to be turned upward on the outside, and supported by being tacked to a tape or band suspended from the belt on the inside. The back edge of the apron is to be laid, according to the holes, in six plaits, to be turned upward on the outside. The holes near the front edge of the back drapery denote four plaits to be turned upward on the outside. The clusters of holes in the apron and back breadth are to be matched respectively, the back to be lapped over the apron. The apron is to be sewed plainly to the belt, but must be held loosely and toward the person in sewing, and the back is to be gathered. Tapes or elastic bands should be sewed to the side-seams of the overskirt on the inside, and fastened behind the person to keep the fullness at the back.

Cut the apron with the front edge of the pattern placed on a lengthwise fold of the goods, to avoid a seam; and the back drapery lengthwise.

Five yards and a quarter of goods, twenty-four inches wide, will be required for the overskirt, and two yards additional of the same width for the plaiting.

GOLD and white is the fashionable color combination.

FLOWERS are used upon evening dresses to an unlimited extent.

HARLEQUIN ribbons, with mixed colorings, are extensively used now.

CHENILLE "Jerseys" woven with India-rubber, are worn over silk waists.

Watering-place Wraps.

AN innovation for summer is the mantelet made of colored velvet, of course not lined heavily, for carriage wear. A handsome one is of dark green velvet of a charming shade, with the lining of pale rose-colored brocaded silk, and trimmed with white Valenciennes lace placed in clusters of plaits, half hidden by narrow black lace, the whole having a finished elegance. Velvet of a superior quality is never very heavy, and a mantelet of this kind burdens one less than a wrap of cashmere or similar goods. This mantelet is intended for cool days in summer, its color and its garniture of white lace indicating clearly the season for which it was made. But beware of any deviation! beware of old mantelets of black velvet that one would like to use in summer! beware of wearing velvet mantelets with toiles that are not superlatively elegant. Rather the simplest wrap of black silk, or even black camel's hair, which will be far more elegant than the velvet mantelet of winter, or a velvet wrap worn with an ordinary costume. Other charming garments for

carriage wear are made in the "Mother Hubbard" style of surah or satin in delicate colors, and profusely trimmed with lace, and lined either with silk, satin, or plush of a contrasting color.

Matinées.

CHARMING matinées are made of cotton, satine, pale blue, rose color, cream, old-gold, or red, and trimmed with some of the pretty but inexpensive laces now so fashionable. One model made in pale blue satine is in a half-fitting sacque shape, demi-long, trimmed with Louis XV. lace arranged *en jabot* down the front interspersed with loops of pale pink satin ribbon, the bottom finished with a fall of the lace gathered rather full, and surmounted by a standing row of the lace laid quite flat. The sleeves are demi-long, rather wide, finished with a row of lace, and gathered in just below the elbows, and apparently tied with a band and bow of pink satin ribbon. A broad, round collar edged with lace reaches quite to the tops of the sleeves. Another is of dark red satine, trimmed with black Spanish lace and red ribbons; and another of dark blue garnished with cream-colored Mirecourt lace. These can be worn with a variety of skirts, are cool and comparatively inexpensive, and form an agreeable change from the lace-trimmed jacket of white lawn, which has so long been the almost universal domestic breakfast uniform for summer. The same style is repeated in *foulard*, both plain and figured, and in poncee, and if something still more elaborate is desired, there are exquisite matinées made of delicate shades of surah silk in "Mother Hubbard" style profusely trimmed with lace, and in some cases quite long enough to render a separate skirt unnecessary.

BENGALINE, or Victoria silk, is repped like *Sicilienne*, but as soft as surah. It comes in pale tints, and is handsomely trimmed with flat Valenciennes.

Novelties in Fans.

NOWHERE perhaps is a lady's taste in selection more noticeable than in the various comparatively trifling accessories of the toilet that are not

wholly indispensable. The *modiste* may compose her costume, the milliner select her bonnet trimmings, but the selection of her fan or her parasol is a care that most frequently devolves wholly upon herself.

One parasol may perhaps be made to do duty for every occasion, but at least two fans are usually required, one for light and one for dark dresses; for who would think of carrying a white satin fan with an ordinary costume? or a dark cretonne fan mounted on ebonized wood, with an evening toilet of light gauze, or India muslin? The newest fans are immense, and in many cases of the same material as the dress, or of a fabric to match. They are also made in independent designs of plain black silk, and Watteau cretonne, with figures in Pompadour costume, the dresses outlined by a chain-stitching of gold thread, and the powdered hair represented by silk embroidery in a raised stitch. These fans are mounted upon frames of ebonized wood with ornaments of silver, and have a châtelaine chain and ring of silver or nickel plate. Japanese rice-paper fans, and palm-leaves are not considered as part of the toilet although extremely convenient during the sultry weather when a fan is required for use as well as ornament; but the smaller sizes of palm-leaf fans covered with satin and a spray of flowers tacked upon the outside make a charming variety when novelty is desired. The feather châtelaine fans, sometimes called "Bernhardt" fans, are very popular, and, strange to say, matronly ladies seem to prefer these, while young girls and slight, graceful young ladies appear to have a weakness for the Havanese or large folded fans.

Satin fans, painted or embroidered by hand and mounted upon mother-of-pearl or tortoise shell, are extremely elegant. A very handsome and odd fan, mounted upon ebonized wood, is painted with a representation of a second fan of gold-color, opened wide, with red tassels, the fan itself being of black satin. A pretty travelling fan is composed of panels of red Russia leather, connected by a narrow red satin ribbon, the fan being fastened when closed by a ring of braided satin cord, finished with a silk tassel, and a similar cord is tied in at the handle to attach it to the châtelaine. The fan is still carried at the side suspended by a chain, châtelaine, or ribbon from the belt, but the long fan chain passing around the waist is no longer fashionable. Plush fans are hardly seasonable, but may be carried with certain dresses.

Painted cork and violet wood fans belong especially to the summer season, and are pretty and comparatively inexpensive. Delicate sprays of violets, lilies, and myosotis are preferred to gayer flowers in their decoration. Light feathers, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, down mounted upon ivory sticks, compose very pretty fans for young ladies, although they are of a kind to "perish with the using." Lace mountings are never out of date, and are not at all common, because of their costliness. The most elegant of these are made to order with the monogram or initials wrought in the lace. White point lace is placed over white satin and mounted upon tinted pearl, and black Chantilly lace over black silk or satin is mounted upon tortoise shell or gilt sticks. Frequently one side of the fan is covered with lace and the other enriched with a painting that is a veritable work of art. If the owner answers to a pretty diminutive or pet name, a floral design painted or embroidered upon satin with tiny blossoms composing the letters of the name, makes a handsome fan-mounting, especially for a birthday or bridal gift; but the name should not be too boldly outlined, but require a little deciphering, for one would not care to have a stranger discover that familiar appellation, at a single glance from the other side of a crowded *salon*.



MIGNON CAPE.

Mignon Cape.—Especially adapted to *demi-saison* and summer wear, this dainty *camail* is composed of a simple cape cut with seams on the shoulders upon which the shirring is arranged to fit. The design is adapted to many of the materials selected for *demi-saison* wear, as well as to lace, muslin, *tulle*, or any of the fabrics used for summer dresses. It may be made of the same or a different material from the dress with which it is worn, and trimmed as illustrated, with lace, or with ruffles of the material, or fringe, according to taste. Pattern, a medium size. Price, fifteen cents.

Summer Stationery.

THE gilt-edged, rose-colored note-paper, upon which our mothers wrote their dainty little notes to their young lady friends, although it was not without elegance, is far from satisfying the requirements of the modern society belle. The most delicate half-tints of silver-gray, pearl, pink, robin's egg, and cream, are selected for her correspondence, excepting business letters, to the dry details of which even ladies must sometimes condescend. For these is provided an equally fine, but water-ruled paper, "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," as most appropriate. This comes in the same sizes as the satin-finished, tinted paper, for more familiar and friendly correspondence—the ordinary letter size, and three sizes of note-paper—the two larger sizes of note sheets accompanied by square, and the smallest by long, envelopes to match.

A pretty, unique device, stamped in the upper left corner, adds "chic" to the note sheet. The latest novelty is an exact reproduction of the autograph signature or initials in engraved script, stamped in metallic colors, gold, silver, steel, or bronze. This fancy has, for the present, almost superseded the interlaced initials or monogram.

Tasteful and elegant as this note-paper is, with its artistically-wrought "chiffre" and delicacy of tint, it is not available for notes of invitation, except to the most informal affairs.

For summer entertainments, *fêtes champêtres*, or garden parties, lawn tennis parties, etc., where a brilliant company is expected, a special form, engraved in script upon rose-white note paper, is the highest style. The hours, which are usually from three to eight, for an afternoon lawn party, should be specified, as well as the class of entertainment given. If the hosts reside in the country, and most of the guests are obliged to come by rail or boat, it is polite to intimate in the invitation that carriages will be in attendance at the arrival of a convenient and speckled train or boat, and to provide a sufficient number of conveyances

to meet the expected guests. If the affair is to be an unusually elegant one of its kind, and fair weather is an indispensable condition of success, it is also customary to state that, in case of rain, the entertainment will be postponed until the same day a week later.

Another form of invitation, equally fashionable and quite as much used, is the ordinary "At Home" card, with the specified hours added, and the magic words "Lawn Tennis," or "Garden Party" engraved in the lower left-hand corner. The upper left-hand corner may also display a design representing a group of lawn tennis or archery implements, or a similar device, indicating what form of amusement is provided for the guests.

At Newport, and other society resorts, a series of lawn parties is often given, and in this case, no date is inscribed upon the card, the day of the week and the hours only being given; and it is understood that every corresponding day in August is meant. For the more formal invitations, a reply of acceptance or regret in form is necessary; while for a card invitation, the proper reply is either an appearance at the appointed hour, or a visiting card, delivered by hand if possible.

Script engraving is the only style now employed for invitations and cards. A novelty in the arrangement of the words, is to restrict all of the lines to a uniform width, but this is by no means general.

It may not be amiss to add here a bit of Parisian caprice. The *élégantes* in Paris are using a different note-paper for every day in the week. Monday, green; Tuesday, pink; Wednesday, supposed to be an unlucky day, so gray is used; Thursday, blue; Friday, white; Saturday, straw-color; Sunday, maroon! What colored ink they use upon this last-named paper is not given us to testify.

Garden Party Toilets.

THE dresses worn at a recent notable garden party were very gay—light colors, especially cream, and pale pink, being most popular. One young lady had on a dress of white Spanish lace over pale pink, with a mantle like a small Mother Hubbard, open up the back, composed of lace and trimmed with pale pink satin ribbon, and a bonnet composed of green rose leaves, and a wreath of pale pink roses in front; the parasol was white lace, lined with pink, and a pink rose on one side. Another pink and white costume was arranged with a skirt of alternate flounces of cream lace and pink *foulard*; a Louis XV. coat of *foulard*, much trimmed with lace and bronze buttons and *passementerie*. The hat worn was of cream lace, turned up at the back with a spray of bronze leaves, and a small pink feather. A lovely dress was of pale mauve satin surah, trimmed with shaded silk, and worn with a mantelet of white lace, lined and trimmed with mauve, a bonnet of white chip with shaded mauve strings, and wreath of shaded violets powdered with steel. Many of the young ladies were in cream *foulard* with lace, in Pompadour satines, in pale pink cottons, and in white dresses, with bows or broad draped scarfs of *ombré* silk. One or two watered silk coats were worn over flounced Indian muslin and lace skirts, and these were usually accompanied by very large hats of muslin and lace. The bonnets were mostly either of straw or of flowers, but hats of various shapes were greatly affected by the younger ladies, especially white hats. Natural flowers were worn with almost every dress.

Watering-Place Toilets.

AMONG a variety of lovely toilets prepared for midsummer festivities, we note the following:

For a young bride is a charming dress with a short skirt of pale blue *satin merveilleux*, trimmed with six flounces, three of plaited satin and three of cream-colored, hand-run Spanish lace. The overskirt is of Spanish piece lace, draped across the front, and relieved in the back in a *pouf* over a large bow of blue satin ribbon. The corsage is of the satin, in pointed shape, trimmed with lace placed on flat and reversed; and the front opens over a *plastron* of ruffled lace which terminates in a point at the waist. The sleeves are demi-long and close, and trimmed to match the basque; and a large *fichu* of lace is fastened at the bottom of the *plastron* with a satin bow. This toilet can easily be reproduced in black Spanish lace with *corail* red or old gold *satin merveilleux*, and would be even more becoming for a brunette than the above combination.

Another toilet is made of satin surah, in lilac and rose-color, trimmed with Polanza lace. The skirt is of rose-color, trimmed with festoons of the lace over fine plaitings of the satin. The corsage is of lilac surah, pointed back and front, with the overskirt attached to it by shirring, and draped in an indescribable manner. A *fichu* of silk muslin, trimmed with lace, is arranged in Charlotte Corday style, and fastened at the left side of the corsage; and the Marquise sleeves are finished with a fall of lace.

A pretty and peculiar dress, is of white Madras muslin, made up over satin of a deep shade of orange, and trimmed with large, orange-colored bows. Another is of cornflower blue *tulle*, elaborately trimmed with fringe of large, red daisies, hanging by their stalks.

A white toilet has the skirt of French *moire*, trimmed on the bottom with plaitings and a full puff of satin. The corsage is a white silk jersey, covered with crystal beads and cut low back and front, the sleeves of *tulle* embroidered to match the jersey. A scarf of oriental material, with gold ground, is tied around the hips, and the long ends, finished with a fringe of crystal and gold beads, fall nearly to the bottom of the skirt in the back.

A toilet for a garden party is made of geranium red, French *moire*, and ivory nun's veiling; the short skirt of the *moire* trimmed with deep kilting edged with two rows of Louis XV. lace put on before the plaits were laid. The polonaise is of the veiling, shirred at the shoulder and around the waist, trimmed with Louis XV. lace, and very much drawn away from the front, the back disposed in a *pouf* surmounted by a huge bow of the red *moire*. Sleeves shirred to the elbows, and finished with a red band and a fall of lace. With this are to be worn tan-colored kid gloves, and an "Obelisk" hat of red straw, faced with *moire*, and profusely trimmed with ivory and shaded red feathers. The parasol to match is of the *moire*, trimmed with ruffles of Louis XV. lace, placed at intervals in clusters of three rows to the top of the parasol, which is surmounted by a cluster of geranium flowers.

A toilet of black silk muslin, with brocaded flowers in bright colors, is trimmed with ruffles of French lace over plaitings of garnet satin ribbon, the polonaise looped with garnet bows, and a *fichu* scarf of the muslin, edged with lace.

A decidedly novel toilet is of lemon-colored satin surah, trimmed with Spanish lace of the same color, the short skirt about half covered with plaitings of the surah edged with lace, large dotted Spanish net, of the same color, draped as an overskirt, and forming transparent sleeves, and the round waist of the surah shirred around the neck, and confined at the belt by a wide, soft sash of surah, tied in a large bow at the back.

The same idea is effectively carried out in black Spanish lace, either combined with black or a color.

THE combination of rose-color with violet-lilac is extremely fashionable.

IMITATION of old Italian embroidery are much employed with the new silken fabrics.

CLOTH uppers of ladies' shoes are frequently made of the same material as the dress.

CLUSTERS of summer flowers are fastened to the sliding rings which confine the closed parasol or fan.

GUIPURE *de Paris* is a new lace this season; it is an embroidery in *relief* imitating old Venetian point, and is executed upon *écru* batiste.

THE Spanish boot is an elegant novelty, made of black satin with lace ruffles down the front seam, and closed at the side with jeweled buttons.

THE bracelet slipper is cut very low in front and high upon the instep, and fastened by a richly chased gold or silver anklet or bracelet, instead of the usual strap.



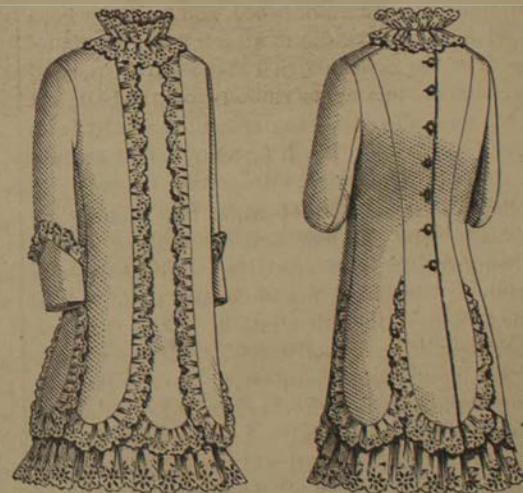
RAYMONDE POLONAISE.

Raymonde Polonaise.—Unique and graceful in design, this stylish polonaise is arranged with a very full drapery mounted upon a yoke in gathers, and confined by a belt at the waist, giving the effect of a princess overdress with a *bébé* corsage. The sleeves are trimmed with a puff and a lace ruffle, and are rather shorter than the usual coat sleeve. This design is appropriate for almost any class of summer dress goods, especially those that may be laundried, and can be trimmed, as illustrated, with gathered ruffles of lace, or in any other manner to suit the taste and material employed. The front view of this design is illustrated *en costume* on the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



RÉGIA COSTUME.

Régia Costume.—An extremely graceful and stylish costume of novel design, composed of a gored walking-skirt trimmed across the front and sides with triple fan-plaitings, alternating with gathered ruffles; and a princess overdress fitted with the usual number of darts in front, side-gores under the arms, side-forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, which forms a long polonaise draped in a graceful manner. The front is a pointed basque, to the bottom of which is added a shirred drapery forming paniers at the sides, and finished at the back with a loose knot and plaited scarf ends falling on one side. This design is suitable for any class of dress goods, excepting the heaviest, and is especially adapted to a combination of colors. This is shown on Fig. 3 of the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



MILLIE DRESS.

Millie Dress.—This dainty little dress, suitable for young children, either boys or girls, is composed of a gored skirt, and a princess overdress about half-fitting, cut with side-forms front and back extending to the shoulder seams, and side-gores under the arms. The seams are all left open a little below the waist, and the detached portions form round tabs. This design is suitable for almost any goods usually selected for the dresses of small children—*piqué*, percale, linen, and many other materials—and may be trimmed as illustrated, with ruffles of embroidery, or in any other style to suit the taste and material employed. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.



VILMA COSTUME.

This stylish costume is represented as made of forest-green *voile de religieuse*. The design illustrated, the "Vilma," is extremely quaint and artistic, and is composed of a short skirt trimmed all around with a deep shirred flounce, and a princess overdress, shirred all around the neck *à la* "Mother Hubbard," and forming at the back a polonaise shirred to the figure at and below the waist line, and draped with clusters of shirring. The front is a shirred apron mounted upon a tight-fitting basque, and the "Marguerite" sleeves are tied at the wrist and elbow with *ombré* moss-green satin ribbon. The bottom of the apron is edged with cream-tinted Spanish lace. The double illustration of this costume will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

YOUNG ladies wear no jewelry at balls; either a row of pearls is worn around the throat, but generally a simple satin ribbon—white, blue, or pink—is tied around the neck.



GEORGINA COSTUME.

This simple and graceful costume for a young girl is of blue linen lawn, figured with white stars, and trimmed with bands of pale blue lawn. The design is the "Georgina" costume, composed of a plain gored skirt, trimmed with a shirred flounce, and a princess overdress, fitted with darts in front, and shirred to the figure at the waist in the back. It is ornamented with a sailor collar, and wide, turned-back cuffs. Embroidered linen collar, and throat knot of crimson satin ribbon.

The double illustration of this costume will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

White lace stockings are worn over those of tinted silk to match the dress with rich evening toilets.

IMPORTED novelties in hosiery show *ombré* effects—a shaded stocking has a toe of the most delicate rose pink, changing gradually up the length of the stocking to a rich crimson at the top.



GEORGINA COSTUME.

Children's Fashions.

THE midsummer attire of the little folks always acquires an added degree of daintiness from the almost universal use of light-colored fabrics, and since the adoption of the quaint "Mother Hubbard" or "Kate Greenaway" styles, as they are called, the last suggestion of primness has disappeared. The most striking characteristic of these styles are the short waists and broad sashes, deep, lace-trimmed collars and shoulder puffs, to which the "Mother Hubbard" cloaks and poke bonnets give the crowning touches.

Not that the dresses differ so very much in their original shape from many that have been worn hitherto, their general construction being that of a perfectly loose blouse, either shirred around the neck to form a circular yoke or gathered in full straight breadths and mounted with a ruffled heading upon a square yoke which may or may not extend to the armholes. Add straight, full puffs across the top of the sleeves; let the sash be placed around the form almost under the arm-pits, and tied in a large *bébé* bow at the back, and you have the miniature "*Esthete*" in perfection. The "Lily" blouse may be arranged in this way with little or no deviation from the original pattern, and the "Dido" blouse, which has the skirt portion shirred at the top and attached to a deep yoke, will make a charming little "Greenaway" gown for children under six, by either making the shirring which confines the fullness below the waist much higher up, or omitting it altogether. Another pretty little dress quite in "aesthetic" style may be produced by omitting the belt from the "Allie" blouse, which is box-plaited full upon a square yoke. A puff at the armhole seam and another at the elbow will give an increased appearance of quaintness.

For still younger children the "Infant's French Dress," which is designed especially for little ones under a year old, is in keeping with the same ideas. It is a blouse gathered and mounted upon a yoke cut high and square. Shirring drawn in to fit the yoke may be added with good effect.

For these pretty and refreshingly simple costumes, the fabrics in vogue this summer seem especially adapted. Pink is a favorite color, and may be found in every class of goods, especially gingham, plain, striped, and plaid; and Scotch tartan gingham is also used to a considerable extent in combination with plain colored gingham. Trimmings of English embroidery or Russian lace are suitable for these materials. The beautiful "Carrickmacross" embroidery or Irish guipure is the favorite trimming for white *piqué* which is still much used, and for which the "Millie" dress will be found an excellent model. *Piqués* are also trimmed with contrasting bands of colored linen or Russian embroidery, as well as the cotton canvas and linen gowns. Holland frocks are made very smart with band trimmings of pink, blue, or red satine; and some dressy and particularly "aesthetic" little dresses are composed of satinette or satin sheeting in pink, blue, or lilac, and sometimes of Pompadour or flowered satine. It would be useless to attempt a description of the various designs which may be obtained in *foulard*, satine, and light qualities of cloth, and cashmere for children's summer garments. The "Mother Hubbard" cloaks are extremely picturesque and pretty made in cotton satine, either figured or plain, with bright-colored lining showing in the ruffle at the neck and sleeves, also in *foulard*, pongee, and cashmere. Warmer cloaks for cool days are made of honey-comb cloth in cream tints tied together down the front with bows of satin ribbon. The "Little Milkmaid" cloak is a model suitable for children under eight years, and is made in the approved "Mother Hubbard" style, shirred all around the neck

to give the semblance of a circular yoke, and has full sleeves shirred at the wrist.

Not less quaintly charming are the bonnets and hats now fashionable for these artistically arrayed little ones. Enormous hats of Leghorn with broad flapping brims are trimmed with scarfs of mull or a profusion of ostrich tips and plumes, giving the little wearers a comical, old-fashioned appearance. There are several varieties of the sailor shapes in fancy straws that may be trimmed with sprays or garlands of wild flowers, and the shape called "A Hundred Years Ago," tied down over the ears like the poke bonnets which are as often seen upon children of all ages as upon their elders. The "Granny" hat is made of satine, cream-tinted, or navy blue trimmed with contrasting satin ribbon, cardinal, sky blue, or pink with cream and cream satin ribbon with dark blue satine. The crown of the "Granny" is similar to that of the Normandy cap, and is mounted upon a stiff lining, with a curtain, and a shirred brim in poke shape flaring out in front. It may be made of mull as well as of satine, and lined with colored silk to match the ribbons.

A pretty hat made of shirred mull over colored silk, with a crown something like a mob cap, and wide soft brim falling downward all around, and made of rows of lace, is the "Cherry Ripe," a model copied from Millais's picture of that name. The lace used is generally flat Valenciennes which has a closer mesh and is a nearer approach to the real Valenciennes than the Italian lace, and is very much used for trimming mull, muslin, and other summer fabrics.

But all these styles with which we have been occupied belong more exclusively to children under ten years of age, although their principal characteristics are displayed in a modified form in the dress of older children.

A great number of costumes, simple and short, are made for young girls and misses, of satin-striped nun's veiling, made up on the bias, to avoid the ungraceful appearance of a slender figure in lengthwise or crosswise stripes. The flounces are cut bias, and slightly gathered, not plaited; the overskirt is bias, also the corsage, which is open over a *guimpe* of the same goods, or surah of the same color. The colors preferred are chamois, *tourterelle*, *beige* and gray. A charming costume for a young lady or miss is a skirt of plaid surah laid in broad box-plaits terminating at the bottom with a narrower plaiting, *a la vieille*, the corsage of mastic camel's hair or other light woolen goods with a scarf of the surah passed around the hips forming a large *bébé* bow at the back. For such a dress the "Jersey" costume is easily adapted with good effect. With these costumes, a little scarf or mantelet of the same material may be made for those young ladies who prefer to wear a light wrap upon the street. A jacket or paletot of light-colored cloth is also extremely convenient to wear with light dresses upon cool days. A simple *parure* of mull and lace will complete and brighten up the toilet. The more dressy costumes for evening and young girls' summer parties are very much trimmed with shirring, and composed of most delicate and beautiful fabrics, such as *foulard*, nun's veiling, India muslin and mull, and lavishly trimmed with Mirecourt or flat Valenciennes lace. A charming design is the "Vilma" costume illustrated in this number, and a very pretty style for light, washable goods is the "Georgina," as the shirring at the back of the waist can be let out before the dress is sent to the laundry and gathered up again afterward.

Misses' hats differ very little in shape from those worn by older ladies. The "Obelisk" is a new shape, but the universal poke is an especial favorite, and is never so becoming as when shading one of these fresh youthful faces. Shaded

ribbons are usually selected for trimming them, as well as for sashes, sleeve-knots, etc. The pretty Japanese parasols and fans are well adapted for misses' use, not only on account of their light weight and showy appearance, but because they can be replaced at a slight expense if destroyed or lost, which calamities are prone to happen to children's toilet accessories, especially when, as is usual during the "merry summer months," they are engaged in the pursuit of pleasure.



SACQUE APRON.

Sacque Apron.—This simple design, which can be used either for an apron or dress, is suitable for little girls between the ages of two and eight years of age, or for boys who still wear dresses. It is in sacque shape, loose fitting in front, but partially confined to the waist at the back by a sash joined in the side-seams and fastened behind with a bow and ends. The bottom of the skirt can be finished with a flounce, as illustrated, or may be trimmed according to fancy. Any washable material can be used for making it, white goods trimmed with embroidery being the prettiest. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, fifteen cents each.



FRENCH BLOUSE APRON.

French Blouse Apron.—A favorite apron for girls from two to six years of age, and for boys who still wear dresses. It is made with a yoke, the same back and front, to which is attached a full skirt reaching to the bottom of the dress. For warm weather, when worn with a sash, it can easily be used as a substitute for a dress. It should be made in a washable material, white linen, percale, or dimity being the prettiest; the trimming plain or elaborate according to taste. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, fifteen cents each.



LADIES' CLUB

"KILMENY."—An article of apparel can be patented; fifteen dollars is paid on filing the application, and twenty dollars when the patent is issued. It would be very little use to advertise for a situation in a New York paper, unless you can promise to do something that no one else can do, or to do some especial work better than any one else can do it. The field is wide, but the laborers are too many for the work. If you could afford to reside in the city while you were looking for work, you might possibly procure something to do, but the chances are rather against than in favor of success. If you can possibly procure employment at home, our advice is to stay there.

"OLIVIA."—It can not be said that small hoops are fashionable although they are worn by some fashionable ladies. Tournures of hair-cloth, or white cross-haired crinoline, made in puffs or ruffles, or else a number of plaited and starched muslin flounces tacked inside the dress skirt, are generally found to impart a sufficient *bouffant* effect to the skirts where that is required.

"DELPHINE."—We can send the copy you desire of the Magazine for 25 cents, and the pictures of Marie Antonette and the Princess of Wales for 25 cents each.—You can make an Anglo-Japanese box by carrying out the following directions: Gather some leaves after they have turned red and brown; place them between sheets of paper, but not close together; then put a board upon the top with a weight on it. Rub the box with sand-paper until it is smooth, then coat it over with black paint; when dry rub it smooth with pumice-stone, and then give two more coats of paint. When dry, glue the leaves on the wrong side, and press them down on the box with a piece of wadding. A careless arrangement of the leaves is the prettiest. When all the leaves are thus fastened to the box, dissolve some isinglass in warm water, and while rather warm, brush it well over the work, using the brush *one way*. When dry, give the box three coats of the best copal varnish, letting a day elapse between each coat. Line it with colored paper, and before lining, glue first to the lid and then to the back two pieces of narrow tape to prevent the lid falling too far back, and put on small brass hinges. Another pretty way is to paint the box black, and cover it with shells glued on; or colored chromos, arranged gracefully, and the whole varnished over. The flowers cut out of curtain-calico, especially the glossy, and glued on the box, then varnished over, make a very good ornamentation for a pine box when painted black.—It is best to have the Magazines bound, as that will preserve both the reading and the pictures. There is so much valuable information in them that they are well worthy of preservation.—Prince Albert was a prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a duchy of the German empire. His eldest daughter, the Princess Victoria, married the Crown Prince of Germany and Prussia. The present duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is a brother of the late Prince Albert, and having no children, his nephew, the Duke of Edinburgh, is heir presumptive to the throne. The Princess Christian is Helena, third daughter of Queen Victoria, and is married to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg. The Princess of Teck is a daughter of the Duke of Cambridge, who was the uncle of Queen Victoria, and is married to Prince Teck of Wurtemberg.—Isabella, of Spain, fled to France on the breaking out of a general revolt in her country, and her deposition was declared at Madrid. She ultimately abdicated her claim to the throne in favor of her son Alfonso, now the reigning monarch of Spain. We suppose that Isabella is called "bad," because her moral conduct has not always been free from reproach.

"TRENTONIAN."—The publication of the promised picture of Queen Louisa, of Prussia, has been unavoidably postponed until our October issue.

"E. H."—In order to become a member of the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle," write to Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J.—Margaret Fuller was born in 1810, in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts. She was early distinguished for those intellectual powers which afterward gave her a place among remarkable American women. A great student, she acquired not only the ancient, but many modern languages; a great reader, she was thoroughly acquainted with the wide range of English, German, and French authors; and a great thinker, she brought to the surface, what, in those days, were considered very advanced ideas on the

woman's question. She was one of what were known as "Boston transcendentalists;" and, in connection with Mr. George Ripley, she edited the *Dial*, a philosophical and literary journal. Her conversational powers were remarkable; and she presided over a literary circle of ladies who met for the purpose of conversation. At a subsequent period, she joined the staff of the New York *Tribune*, which position she resigned to go to Europe. While in Rome, she accidentally met the young Marquis Ossoli, and, the chance acquaintance deepening into love they were married. In June, 1850, she started for America with her husband and child in the bark *Elizabeth*, and on July 16, the vessel was wrecked in a storm on the sand-bars of Long Island, and the Ossoli party all perished. The body of the little boy floated ashore, but those of the Marquis Ossoli and his wife were never recovered. Margaret Fuller published several volumes, the most renowned of which is *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*—a book worthy of the thoughtful reading of all women.

"PILRIM."—The "Mirecourt" lace is better adapted for trimming nun's veiling, bunting, and similar goods than for washable fabrics. Smyrna, Russian, Irish lace and Carrick macross embroidery are most used for the latter class. The *barège* now fashionable is similar to the material of the same name worn some time since. Certainly, a white cashmere scarf embroidered with white silk would be very pretty for evening, and may be worn as a fichu, or, if made in a long scarf, gracefully thrown around the shoulders and the ends loosely knotted together upon the bust, or at the waist in front.

"NOVICE."—As you are a blonde, dark blue would be the most becoming color for a bridal traveling-dress to be worn in the month of October. Camel's hair goods, trimmed with a nice quality of *satin merveilleux* would be quite suitable if you do not wish a too expensive costume. A good black silk would be desirable for the second dress. Or, if you already possess one, a garnet silk with ornaments of cashmere jet would be becoming and serviceable.

"STRAWBERRY."—"Thank you very much for the pleasure you have afforded me;" or, "I am indebted to you for a very pleasant evening, or ride," as the case may be. It is customary to say, "thank you," on the expression of pleasure at the introduction, and if the pleasure is mutual, "I am happy to make your acquaintance also," is sometimes added; but usually all expression of gratification is made by the gentleman.

"A CONSTANT READER AND SUBSCRIBER."—The words you give are not a sufficient clew. Our own reading of Mrs. Browning furnishes us with no such sentiment.

"MRS. M. C. W."—The right side of *satin de Lyons* is the side that looks the most like satin.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—For \$1 we furnish a set comprising eighteen patterns of infant's garments, which includes several different styles of each of the necessary articles; or a selection of separate patterns can be made from our Portfolio at the regular prices—from 10 to 25 cents each. We do not know of any way of renewing a mirror that has been injured by hanging in the sun.

"MRS. JAMES H."—You will find the following an excellent method for polishing marble: Dissolve 1 oz. of pearlsh in water, then add fine Paris white (whitening will do, but it is coarse), until the mixture is of the thickness of good cream. Apply with a brush to the marble, and let it remain on at least two days; the longer the better; then rub off with a dry cloth. One application is enough unless the marble be much dulled or discolored with smoke.

"OVID."—The better plan would be to make a green silk shade for the injured eye to use while in bathing. Tie the hair up under the hat. Information regarding the dress will be found among the fashions.—Landscape painting can not be learned from a book. If you possess a talent for painting, place yourself under a teacher, as all good painters have done. Painting done by amateurs has no "value," and can not find purchasers.—It is quite proper to ask a gentleman to call again after his first visit, as he may need that encouragement to do so; then leave him after that to follow his own inclinations.—A barber's recipe to make the hair stand in crimp in warm weather is to put it up in paper, and pinch it with hot tongs night and morning.—In gum arabic, the accent is on the ar—ar'a-bic.—We are not acquainted with the merits of the Baltimore painters. Ladies take the Turkish baths, of course, and find them agreeable in every respect.

"FLORA."—For measuring for our patterns, for all fitted garments, the bust measure only is necessary.

This should be taken *very loosely* around the form, under the arms, and over the fullest parts of the bust and shoulder-blades, raising the ends of the tape slightly in the back. We refer you to the article "How to Use 'Reliable' Patterns," in our publication "What to Wear," for complete information about using patterns. A lady, under the circumstances you name, can either slip the card under the door or call again: this is simply a matter of preference and not of etiquette. Certainly, in recognition of your hospitality, strangers should make the first call afterward.

"OLD MAID."—To wash your black Lisle thread stockings, dip the feet only into water at first, as these are the really dirty parts; rub through very quickly, using curd soap sparingly, and let a handful of common salt be stirred in before commencing to wash. Then wring out, and plunge the whole stocking into another bowl of warm water, with salt again; rub through, wring, and dry at once in a stiff wind, or before a fire. This method has been successful with stockings clocked with white. Or you can wash them in a lather of bran and water, the bran to be tied up in a muslin bag, then squeeze the stockings tightly in a towel, and dry very quickly.—To wash your crewel work: prepare two basins of water, barely lukewarm; put a pint of bran into a thin muslin bag and sew it up; place this in one of the basins of water, squeeze it until the water becomes slightly yellow, then put in your piece of crewel work, and wash with curd soap, having previously removed the bag of bran to the other basin and squeezed it as before. When thoroughly washed in the first basin, put it into basin No. 2, and repeat; then it must be rinsed in lukewarm water, or water with barely the chill off, colored with the bran, as in the first instance. Wring the article very tightly, place a dry cloth on either side, and roll up firmly to dry the moisture as quickly as possible, which prevents the colors from running; then iron on the wrong side, wet, on flannel, which throws up the work. The bran not only keeps the colors from fading, but imparts a stiffness to the article, especially adapted to linen.

"MOTHER AND DAUGHTER."—There are several ways by which the front hair may be arranged to lie in flat curls upon the forehead. The curls may be wound around the finger to the required shape, and then quickly twisted up in a single thickness of tissue-paper and pinched with hot tongs, taking care not to scorch the hair. If the use of the hot iron is objected to, the curls may be arranged and fixed in place with bandoline, or a preparation of quince-seeds which can be made very easily with two teaspoonfuls of quince-seeds steeped for half an hour in half a pint of boiling water and then strained, and perfumed with a little cologne water. A piece of lace net or thin muslin should be tied down over the curls to keep them flat until they are perfectly dry.

The "Sylvanie" basque and "Myrene" walking-skirt would compose a pretty design for a costume of plum-colored silk to be worn by a young lady of seventeen or thereabouts. The lace trimming on the skirt may be added or omitted, as desired. A pretty summer hat for the same would be a white "rough-and-ready" straw gipsy with a wreath of cherries, or two full white ostrich plumes encircling the crown. The white and yellow Tuscan straw hats are very fashionable also this summer, but would not be nearly so becoming to an indifferently clear complexion. A stylish polonaise, the "Agnita" for instance, arranged over a gored skirt, would be a desirable model for an all-wool lace bunting. The "Théo" costume would also be an appropriate style for a lady of fifty years. Black Spanish lace ruffles, or bands of black *satin merveilleux*, or both, would be the most suitable garniture.

"ST. GEORGE, 1881.

"LADIES' CLUB:—The last number of the Magazine contains an article on the summer school at Chautauqua which has interested me a great deal. Will you please tell me the cost of living and of taking a course of lectures to one person? Also will you tell me what steps to become a member of the 'Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle?'"

"Will you also kindly tell me how to furnish a room (carpet, etc.) with white plaster-Paris walls and painted a pale lemon. I have a piano and a small cabinet.

"Are small chromos and steel engravings framed in simple home-made frames out of taste in a dining-room? I am free to acknowledge that what refined tastes I may have, that desire to surround one's self with as much beauty as is possible, are due mainly to the reading of such books as the Demorest. I have seen little of the poetic homes where no article is, except with a direct view to the laws of art. But I truly desire to lift myself

up to a higher, still higher plane than that of merely filling one's home irrespective of beauty and harmony; that existence that winds sluggishly only because no one dams up the pale stream. My home is my earthly heaven, and my earnest desire is to teach my children to love and strive for that which is good and beautiful. My husband is a farmer; but that does not hinder him from leaving the land outside, and when he is in our home he is a cultivated, fastidious gentleman. Our books and periodicals are doubly precious to us, who work for them and know their value. This year my husband said, 'Well, Su, what magazine this year?' I had been taking Harper's. 'You may write for Demorest, my dear; for, although Harper's is most excellent, I must have a woman's helper. I want something to take with me in my kitchen as well as parlor. Something that talks to me as one woman talketh to another.' So I have my precious Demorest, and shall not likely ever do without it again. Society is very limited here and uncongenial mostly. So I gather up my Demorest in my leisure moments when other women are gossiping and calling, and let Jennie June's wise counsel furnish food for my meditations. I read my book all through, even the advertisements, although we take four weekly papers. With sincere good wishes, I am yours, etc.,

"INQUIRER."

Board can be obtained at the hotels in Chautauqua from five to fifteen dollars per week. Lodgings in tents or cottages vary in price from thirty to fifty cents a night for a single lodger. The payment of ten dollars will entitle you to attend all the lectures, concerts and entertainments held during the six weeks at Chautauqua. By forwarding fifty cents to Dr. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J., you can become a member of "The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle;" and by writing to him he will forward the necessary information.—The size of a room, its situation, etc., as well as the amount to be expended, are subjects to be considered in furnishing. For a parlor or sitting-room, a body Brussels or good ingrain carpet is a better investment than a tapestry Brussels; for, although the latter appears to be cheaper and equally handsome in the beginning, the colors soon wear off and it looks dingy and faded, long before it is worn out. Have the carpet made with a border, and tacked down, leaving half a yard of bare floor between the edge of the carpet and the base-board all around the room. This strip of floor should be painted to match the woodwork, or a little darker. This is the most fashionable way of laying carpets at present, but the whole floor may be covered if preferred. A complete set of upholstered furniture consists of a sofa, two large chairs and four smaller ones; these may be had ready made or to order. If you do not wish to purchase a complete set of furniture, a lounge covered with material which will blend nicely with your carpet, with cushions piled up Turkish fashion at the end, and an easy chair, will be enough of upholstered pieces, and very pretty chairs of Vienna bent wood with cane or perforated wood seats may be had at a moderate price. They come in various sizes finished like ebony, black walnut or ash, and are very graceful and durable. No center table is required, but several little fancy stands for flowers, etc., may be placed in the windows and around the room. Put curtains, either lace, or thin muslin, at the windows. Scrim curtains, with antique lace and insertion, are most fashionable at present. Walnut rods and rings are used for the curtains instead of cornices. Straight valances of the same material as the curtains may be added. Engravings and sketches in pencil or water-colors, and photographs, have a better effect upon plain white walls than oil-paintings or chromos. The small engravings and chromos in home-made frames are not at all out of taste. No fixed rules of taste can be given, only a few general principles. That which is pleasing to the eye can not be entirely devoid of taste, although a refined judgment may perceive that it compares unfavorably with more beautiful objects.—Thanks for your appreciation.

"B. H."—In making over a black silk, a basque and pretty trimmed skirt will be found the most advantageous. The "Lucinde" basque and "Zamora" walking-skirt will make a very stylish costume; or, if these models display too much shirring, the "Regia" costume will be very handsome in black silk, and quite as fashionable in the autumn as it is now. A desirable model or a wrap to be worn with it is the "Geraldine" mantlelet, which may be trimmed with plaiting to match the skirt of the dress, only narrower if desired.

"AMATEUR."—The most handsome manner of mounting an embroidered screen is to have the frame made of carved wood, or made plain in ebonized wood; this latter method is not so expensive as the others. A very

antique and simple-looking frame may be made of wood fret-work; one in this style, has the edge perfectly plain, the carving a small conventional border, about an inch wide. So many ladies are adepts in the fret-work carving, that it may give them an idea for utilizing their handiwork. A screen of three folds mounted in this manner would be very valuable. Then there are the plain oak frames, the gilt frames, and the bamboo; the last are very light and good in style. All these frames require that the work should be stretched over an inner frame of wood, which fits inside the outer one: this inner frame is made of plain deal, and the work is nailed over it.

"YOUNG NATURALIST."—In a recent lecture, Mr. Darwin gave some curious instances of the way plants are protected from insects and other dangers. Opium, strychnine, and belladonna, three of the most deadly poisons, are all formed by plants as a means of defense to preserve them from cattle, etc. A curious use was made of this fact, as recorded by Livingstone, who states that at one place in South Africa the natives were in the habit of catching their zebras by mashing up some stupefying plant in their drinking-places. Almonds are protected by poison; cultivators generally sowing the bitter kind, as the sweet kind are eaten by mice. Other plants are protected, not by poisons, but by some aromatic substance. Fennel, anise, and caraway seeds are examples of this, as they are never eaten by birds on that account. The lime, which is protected by its aroma, is liable to grow wild and hold its own anywhere; whereas the orange, citron, and olive require careful watching. Flowers are often more aromatic than the leaves of the plant on which they grow, and to this owe their safety; for caterpillars will even starve to death sooner than eat the flower of a plant, the leaves of which they readily devour. The most peculiar protection, perhaps, is that enjoyed by the common lettuce, which when pricked by an insect, spurts up a sticky juice, and envelops the intruder, and so drowns him.

"K. G."—Chloroform will remove spots from silk without injuring the fabric; but we do not know what effect it will have on mildew. Benzine and spirits of hartshorn are both good for certain kinds of spots or stains. You do not say whether the silk is black or colored, and an application that would improve one might injure the other. A chemist gives the following to take out mildew, but he does not say whether it is applicable to silk: Obtain very dry chloride of lime, and for strong fabrics dissolve four tablespoonfuls in half a pint of water. Let the mildewed article lie fifteen minutes in this solution. Take it out, wring it gently, and put it immediately in weak muriatic acid, one part of acid and four parts of soft water. Rinse thoroughly in blue water. For delicate fabrics, the solution of lime should be diluted by the addition of three or four times the measure of water. Let the article lie in it five minutes; then put it into the muriatic acid. Rinse twice in clear water, and once in blue.

LITERATURE

The Magazine of Art.—The June number of the "Magazine of Art," published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., exhibits some very attractive features. The principal papers are "Pictures of the Year;" "Poetic;" "The Place of Pictures in the Decoration of a Room;" "Hints for a Sketching Club;" "Our Living Artists;" "Treasure Houses of Art;" "An Exhibition of Old Masters at the Hague;" "Famous Equestrian Statues;" "Lady Art-Students in Munich;" and "How Oxford was Built." The illustrations, as usual, are good. The frontispiece is a fine engraving of Hano Thornycroft's admired statue of "Artemis," the sister of Phœbus Apollo. This magazine is one of the best publications of its kind, and commends itself by its excellencies to all lovers of art. The yearly subscription is \$3.50.

Popular Songs.—"Popular Songs for All People," is the name of a collection of songs, published in cheap form. The number before us contains fourteen popular songs, with words and music. This collection will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents, by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., 25 Rose Street, New York.

The Old Village Pastor.—We are in receipt of this new song, the words and music of which are by Willis Woodward. The publishers are Willis Woodward & Co., Nos. 817 and 819 Broadway.

Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum.

The opening of the spring loan exhibition of the Metropolitan Museum occurs opportunely with the display of the collection of drawings, by the old masters, presented to the Museum by Cornelius Vanderbilt. These drawings, in more than one respect, are among the most important acquisitions of the Museum. There is an interest which attaches to the slightest works of the famous names of old which the most indifferent sight-seer will appreciate. But their greatest value is to the student, who will recognize in the careful working out of difficult problems in foreshortening, the evident experiments in rendering position, situations, in the precision and character of the slightest touches which show constant practice with the pencil, the steps the masters did not disdain to take to acquire their eminence. Such a lesson and such examples have now a special value, inasmuch as there is an evident tendency at present to obtain effects in color at the expense of form. Many of the landscapes of the recent exhibitions showed almost total disregard of drawing, particularly in rendering animal forms. At the same time, no one will assert that there is any incompatibility between fine color and good drawing.

These drawings were first collected by Count Maggiori, of Bologna, during the close of the last century, and some additions have been made by Signor Marietta, Prof. Angelini, Dr. Guostalla, and Mr. James Jackson Jones, from whom Mr. Vanderbilt purchased them. They are arranged in long cases in the east gallery, and according to their several schools.

The early Italian schools are very fully represented. These are for the most part in red chalk and pen and ink, and particularly those by Raphael and his school are, if freely, very carefully executed, and with great refinement of manner and finish. By Raphael there is a group from the "Massacre of the Innocents," in which each figure is thoroughly elaborated. Another interesting work by him is the figure of a man about to plunge downward, with arms outstretched, a difficult position vigorously expressed, and finished with softness and delicacy. Another distinguished work in this school is by Giulio Romano, a nude figure with cloak. Michael Angelo's drawings are characterized by equal vigor and less softness. One of these represents a man seated on the ground, looking upward, a difficult piece of foreshortening in the face. Another, interesting from its conception, is the head of four demons. There are some pleasing examples of Andrea del Sarto's easy grace, a lovely head, by Allori, and an exquisite child's head, by Santo di Titi. There is a large drawing of Neptune in his car, by Cellini, whose goldsmith's trade asserts itself in his elaborate manipulation, and a drawing of a vase by him. Two of the most effective drawings are attributed to da Vinci. These are a woman with a candle and a head, most subtly modelled, and almost in their gradations, giving the sense of color.

The authority of these drawings is not always insisted on. We get in the catalogue the opinions of men who have made a study of such matters. At the same time, one of the most interesting results of inspecting these drawings, is in observing in these pencil sketches and masters the traits we have been made familiar with in their more widely known paintings. The loveliness of Corregio's boys is here in black and white, the grace of Guido in his Cupid. The minor Italian schools include numerous examples of Guercino, the Caracci, Salvator Rosa, Carravaggio, John of Bologna, and other well known names.

In the Venetian school, there are several interesting studies of landscape by Titian, and a landscape also by Giorgione. There are also figure studies by Titian, and a finished pencil portrait. Paul Veronese and Tintoretto are also largely represented, and a characteristic Venetian scene by Guardi, whose kinship can be readily seen in the Venetian painting by Guardi in the gallery.

The Dutch and Flemish schools are very entertaining. There are some capital character studies by Rembrandt, and landscapes which explain his famous landscape in the Uffizi at Florence, Rubens's vigorous studies of figures and animals, and Von Ostade's and Tenier's transcripts of low life, and Van Dyck's Madonnas and Cherubs are all unmistakable, and can be readily referred to the paintings in the gallery. There is at least one Albert Dürer in the collection and a Lucas Cranach.

The Spanish school includes the names of Velasquez, Murillo, but comprehends few examples. In the French school there are two Watteaus, humble rustic scenes,

which one can scarcely associate with the painter of galantries. There is a graceful portrait by Mme. Le Brun, some beautiful landscapes by Claude, one Greuze, and several Poussins and Bouchers.

The drawings are all admirably arranged for inspection and the permission is given to copy them, at the same time seats are not permitted, and the permission is almost rendered void by the fatigue which the drawing would naturally entail.

The loan exhibition of paintings contains four special works. Bastien Le Page's Jeanne d'Arc, Whistler's "White Lady," Jules Breton's "Evening," and a large rich Watteau. The subject of three of these paintings are women and a curious interest lies in the types. Bastien Le Page's Jeanne d'Arc is a skillful mingling of two well known ideas of the Maid of Orleans. The rough hands and feet, her shabby clothes and noble, rugged face, every evidence of a life of toil, suggest the practical, far-seeing heroine of Michelet, but she also dreams dreams and sees visions as does the hitherto inspired beauty of other painters. In the background are the filmy visions whose entreaty she has not been able to withstand. Overturning her stool she leans against a tree, the inspiration of the vision in her eyes. This is in itself a remarkable triumph for the painter, and renders almost hypercriticism the notice of defects in the technic. Whistler's "White Lady" is one of his first experiments in monotonous, but here again the pale wan lady with sea-green eyes and red-gold hair, the listless pose and drooping lily in the languid fingers suggest other subtleties than those of Mr. Whistler's handling. Interesting as it is, it is unhealthy and morbid, and is the forerunner of the modern school of English æsthetics, which has served Du Maurier and Gilbert so aptly. Jules Breton's "Evening" is noble and impressive. The principal object is the tall powerful figure of a woman with outstretched arms outlined against the evening sky. At her feet is a group resting on the ground, and further off a line yet harvesting. These are not women of visions, nor of haunting tragedies. They are powerful animals whom the largeness of nature and the dignity of labor have rendered at once human and poetical. M. G. H.

FREE EXCURSION.

From New York City to Washington, New Jersey, and Return.

BEATTY'S ORGAN WORKS.

GRAND FREE EXCURSION FROM NEW YORK TO WASHINGTON AND RETURN—SEATS IN PARLOR CAR AND DINNER AT WASHINGTON, TO ALL WHO PURCHASE AN ORGAN.

To those in New York and vicinity, who contemplate purchasing an Organ, I extend a cordial invitation to enjoy the excursion described below at my expense. Please read carefully and observe the following directions:

You leave New York by Christopher or Barclay Street Ferries, at 8:20 A.M., crossing the beautiful Hudson and landing at Hoboken, where the Oswego Lightning Express awaits your arrival. Take the palace car at my expense, as you will be better able to observe the beauties of the route. As you pass out from the depot, over the maze of tracks, and pass the shops and busy hives of labor upon all sides, it is but a moment before you plunge into the darkness of the Bergen tunnel.

Leaving this rapidly behind, you now have a magnificent prospect. On the left, in the distance, is Newark, with thousands of inhabitants. Towering above the city you may see myriads of chimneys pouring out black smoke like incense to the gods of Prosperity. On the right the eye falls enchanted upon the winding Hackensack, and a moment later upon the fugitive Passaic; while beyond, in magnificent perspective, rises the Palisades of the Hudson, opposite Yonkers. Seated in the sumptuous palace car you hardly seem to move, though you are being whirled rapidly onward. As you near Paterson like a panorama glides before the plate glass windows of your car.—first, the Erie shops, with yard choked with dismantled engines and broken cars; then the lovely residences of Paterson embowered in foliage and trees, and on the right, at a little distance, the great locomotive works and silk mills—two of the most gigantic industries of our country. Here you cross the great bridge over the Passaic river, and catch a glimpse, on the right of the Passaic Falls, while on the left the river winds away and is lost among the foot hills.

The ride onward to Boonton is one of rare beauty. It is an ever changing prospect of lovely mountain scenery. Reaching Boonton, you cross the Rockaway River, and see, in the distance, to the left, Morristown, the County seat of Morris County, where is located the old headquarters of General Washington. Next you reach Dover, famous for its iron, and from there to the highest point in New Jersey—Port Morris—the country passes before your eye like a painting, picturesque and beautiful. At Port Morris you see mountains of coal awaiting removal to its final destination, and, too, the great reser-

voir that feeds the Morris canal, its waters flowing eastward to the Hudson, and westward to the Delaware rivers. The train now, with its palace cars and gleaming locomotive plunges into the Musconetcong valley, famed as one of the richest farming lands in the State. In the distance the Delaware Water Gap appears—a blue indentation in the mountains. This sight alone is worth a day's ride to see. It is charming beyond description. You cannot afford to miss it.

Arrived at Washington, at 10:50, A.M., you find a coupe awaiting you which takes you to the factory, where you have over two hours time in which to examine the

CELEBRATED BEATTY FACTORY,

select an Organ from the many beautiful and low priced styles, and get your

DINNER AT MY EXPENSE

before leaving on the return trip, at one o'clock, for New York, where you arrive at 3:30 P. M. the same day. You will have ample time to see the factory, learn how organs are made, even to the smallest detail. You will be astonished at the extent of Beatty's great factory. You will be shown the Mayor's offices, counting rooms, newspaper filing rooms, correspondence department, letter filing and mailing rooms, circular department, and private office. You can test the Organs or have them played at your pleasure.—Beatty's Quarterly.

DEMAREST'S MONTHLY, A MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISERS.

THE BEST IN FORM AND THE LARGEST IN CIRCULATION. The advertising columns of DEMAREST'S MONTHLY furnish the most reliable, cheapest and best advertising medium in the world. Goes everywhere. Read by everybody. A book of reference for the family, and sometimes the whole neighborhood; especially for the enterprising, and for all those who can afford to purchase. For advertising purposes, no other one medium covers so much ground, or is so universally read and sought for as DEMAREST'S MONTHLY.

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September.

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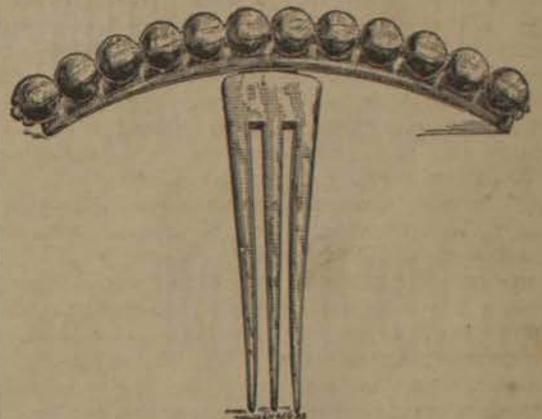


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By an arrangement of fine coiled wire springs, which allows the corset to yield readily with every movement of the wearer, the most perfect fitting and comfortable corset ever made is thus secured. Recommended by our best physicians as not injurious to the wearer. For sale by Chicago Corset Co., 67 Washington St., Chicago, Ill. Price by mail, \$1.75. Lady Canvassing Agents wanted in all parts of the U. S.

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WARRANTED SATISFACTORY
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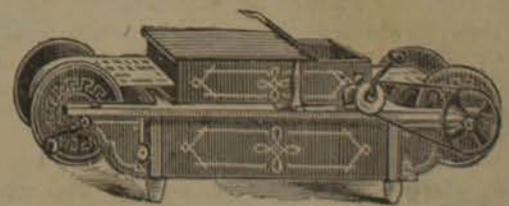
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313 & 313 BROADWAY.

THE ORGUINETTE

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THE CABINETTO



Are the most wonderful music producing instruments in the world.

Play Everything—Sacred, Secular and Popular.

ANY ONE CAN PLAY THEM.

Large Pipe Organs, Pianos and Reed Organs may all be seen operating mechanically as Orguinettes, Musical Cabinets and Cabinettos, at the most novel and interesting music warerooms in the world.

Price \$8—\$30; Large Instruments, \$60—\$2,000

No. 831 BROADWAY,

Between 12th and 13th Sts., NEW YORK.

The Mechanical Orguinette Co.,

Sole Manufacturers and Patentees.

Call and see them, or send for Circulars.

Good Words.

TERRELL, TEXAS, 1881.

"MME. DEMAREST:—I regret the necessity which has caused me to delay acknowledging the receipt of the dress. It came in good condition, and I am well pleased with it. Please accept my sincere thanks for your kindness."

"Your purchasing 'bureau' is a great blessing to one like myself—living in a country town, where it is sometimes impossible to obtain the kind of goods you wish."

"I also duly appreciate the advantage of having one of your superior taste, good judgment, and long experience as a buyer."

"Very respectfully,
"M. A. G."

Queen Louise of Prussia.

The superb full-length portrait of Queen Louise of Prussia, which we have had in preparation for some time, will be ready for the October issue of Demarest's Monthly, when every subscriber or purchaser of that issue will get a copy of a picture worth double the cost of the whole year.

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ESTABLISHED 1824,

MANUFACTURERS OF

**Silver-Plated
Table Ware**

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
686 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

MACK'S MILK CHOCOLATE

For Pic-Nics and Excursions. For the Family Table, Pastry and Confections. Ready for instant Use. BOILING WATER ONLY required. Full Weight. Strictly Pure and guaranteed to keep in any climate.

Put up in 1-4 lb., 1-2 lb. and 1 lb. packages
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

MACK'S MILK CHOCOLATE SYRUP,

For Soda Fountains, &c.
Guaranteed Pure and to keep.
Basley & McAlvanah,
MANUFACTURERS,
181 and 183 CHAMBERS STREET, N. Y.

A Set of One Doz. Assorted Elegant Chromo Business Cards, or a set of the Gold ground Marguerite Cards, 5 cts. each set; or by mail two 3-cent stamps; or both sets for three stamps. Address W. JENNINGS DEMAREST, 17 E. 14th St., N. Y.

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For marking any fabric with a common pen. No preparation. Established 50 years. Superior and very popular for decorative work on linen. Also, Payson's Combination. Rec'd Centennial Medal & Diploma. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers, News Agents & Fancy Goods Dealers.



THOMSON'S SPECIALTIES!

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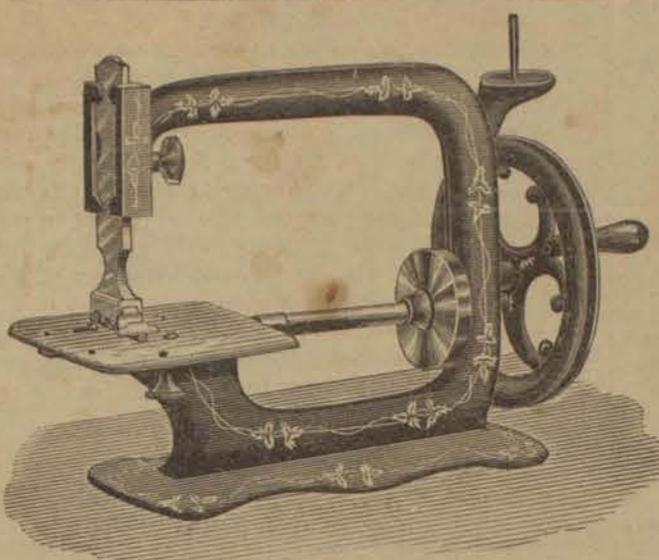
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They give Complete Satisfaction, are a Perfect Fit, and wear twice as long as ordinary Corsets, and are consequently cheaper than others.

If you cannot find these most desirable Corsets where you are accustomed to purchase, we will send any style you order by mail, postage prepaid, at the following prices: R/H, satteen emb'd, \$1; G, heavy English Coutil, \$1.50; F, very fine Coutil, emb'd, \$2.25; Unbreakable Hip, \$1.25; G, Nursing, \$1.50; Patent Adjustable Belt, satteen, \$1.25; Coutil, \$1.50; Patent Abdominal, satteen, \$2; and large sizes, \$2.50.

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The only Machine in the world that makes the Hand-Running Stitch. Simple, Practical and Perfect in operation. Doing a large range of material; such as Silks, Satins, Velvets, Alpaca, Cashmere, White Goods, Etc., with one or two rows of stitching at the same time.

Work more regular and beautiful than can be done by hand. Shirrs or gathers adjusted full or scant by drawing thread same as hand work. Will do the work of ten or fifteen hands. For Machines or information in regard to the business, address

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The latest, best, and only correct wave, patented Oct. 28, 1879, can be found at Hull's (Palmer house) hair store, 38 and 40 Monroe st. (not State st.) These waves are the latest and best. No tying, fit better, last longer, need less dressing, cost less, and look more natural than any others. Ladies will consult their best interests, save money, and get absolutely the best waves made of strictly natural curl hair. Sent C. O. D. anywhere from

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Its merits as a WASH BLUE have been fully tested and endorsed by thousands of housekeepers. Your grocer ought to have it on sale. Ask him for it.

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Harris' Seamless, Lauretta, Donna Maria, Fernando and various other makes of Kid Gloves for Gents, Ladies, Misses and Children, in 2, 3, 4, 6 button and upwards. Gloves of all descriptions, Lisle, Silk, Kid Gloves and Lace Mitts. Prices and quality unsurpassed. Wholesale and retail. Write for sample color card and price list, which will be forwarded free of charge.

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SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 30 cts. Circulars FREE. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

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XX COT (not painted, White Duck) \$2.



Makes a perfect bed. No mattress or pillows required. Better than a hammock, as it fits the body as pleasantly, and lies straight. Folded or opened instantly. Self-fastening. It is just the thing for hotels, offices, cottages, camp-meetings, sportsmen, etc. Good for the lawn, piazza, or "coolest place in the house." Splendid for invalids or children. Sent on receipt of price, or C. O. D. For 50 cts. extra, with order, I will prepay expressage to any railroad station east of Mississippi River, and north of Mason and Dixon's Line. For 75 cents, in Minnesota, Missouri and Iowa. Send for circulars.

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