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KITH AND KIN.

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

(Continued from Volume XVII., Page 456.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

RANDULF.

THE ball had been kept up until morning, if not till daylight. When people began to stroll in to the very late breakfast at Danesdale Castle, not a lady was to be seen among them, save one intrepid damsel, equally renowned for her prowess in the chase and her unwearying fleetness in the ball-room.

As she appeared in hat and habit, she was greeted with something like applause, which was renewed when she announced that she had every intention of sharing the day's run. Sir Gabriel, in his pink (for no ball would have caused him to be absent at the meet), gallantly placed her beside himself, and apologized for his daughter's absence.

"Philippa has no 'go' left in her after these stirs," he remarked, "and a day's hunting takes her a week to get over; but I am glad to see that you are less delicate, my dear."

"We shall not have many ladies, I think," said she, smiling, and looking round upon the thinned ranks of the veterans.

Here the door opened, just as breakfast was nearly over, and Sir Gabriel paused in astonishment in the midst of his meal.

"What, Ran? You!" he ejaculated, as his son entered equipped, he also, for riding to hounds. "The last thing I should have expected. If any one had asked me, I should have said you were safe in bed till lunch-time."

"You would have been wrong, it seems," replied Randulf, on whom the exertions of the previous evening appeared to have had worse effects than they had upon Miss Bird, the bright-looking girl who was going to ride.

Miss Bird was an heiress; the same pretty girl with whom Randulf had been walking about the ball-room the night before, when Aglionby had come to call Lizzie away.

Randulf himself looked pale, and almost haggard, and was listless and drawling beyond his wont. Sir Gabriel eyed him over, and his genial face brightened. Of course it was bad form to display fondness for your relations in the presence of others. Every Englishman knows that, and Sir Gabriel

as well as any of them; but it was always with difficulty that he refrained from smiling with joy every time his eyes met those of his "lad." He looked, also, more kindly than ever upon Miss Bird, who was a favorite of his, more especially when Randulf carried his cup of tea round the table, and dropped into the vacant place by her side.

The meet took place at a certain park a couple of miles from Danesdale Castle, and soon after breakfast a procession of six—Miss Bird, Sir Gabriel, his son, and three other men who were of their party—set off for it. It was a still, cloudy day, with a gray sky and lowering clouds, which however were pretty high, for all the hill-tops were clear.

That was a long and memorable run in the annals of Danesdale fox-hunting—"a very devil of a fox!" as Sir Gabriel said, which led them a cruel and complicated chase over some of the roughest country in the district. Sir Gabriel, as will easily be understood, was a keen sportsman himself, and had been a little disappointed with Randulf's apparent indifference to fox, or any other, hunting. He had put it down to his long sojourn abroad with people who, according to Sir Gabriel's ideas, knew no more about hunting than a London street Arab does, who has never stepped on anything but flags in his life. He had always trusted that the boy would mend of such outlandish indifference, and he certainly had no cause to complain of his lack of spirit to-day.

Sir Gabriel was lost in amazement. He could not understand the lad. Randulf's face—the pale face which he had brought with him into the breakfast-room—never flushed in the least: his eyebrows met in a straight line across his forehead. He seemed to look neither to right nor to left, but urged his horse relentlessly at every chance of a leap, big or little, but the uglier and the bigger the better it seemed, till his father, watching him, began to feel less puzzled than indignant. A good day's run, Sir Gabriel would have argued, was a good day's run; but to drive your horse willfully and wantonly at fences which might have been piled by Satan himself, and at gaps constructed apparently on the most hideous of man-and-horse-trap principles, went against all the baronet's traditions! for all his life he had been very "merciful to his beast," holding his horse in almost as much

respect as himself. He had always credited Randulf with the same feelings, and his conduct this day was bewildering, to say the least of it.

As Sir Gabriel and Miss Bird happened to be running almost neck and neck through a sloping field—the chase nearly at an end, the fox in full view at last, with the hounds in mad eagerness at his heels—suddenly a horseman flew past them, making straight for a most hideous-looking bit of fence, on the other side of which was the bed of a beck, full of loose stones, and in which the water in this winter season rushed along, both broad and deep.

All day long a feeling of uneasiness had possessed Sir Gabriel; this put the climax to it. Forgetting the glorious finish, now so near, he pulled his horse up short, crying:

“Good God! Is he mad?”

Miss Bird also wondered if he were mad, but put her own horse, without stopping, at a more reasonable-looking gap, considerably to the left side of the fence Randulf was taking.

Two seconds of horrible suspense, and—yes, his horse landed lightly and safely at the other side. Sir Gabriel wiped the sweat from his brow, and caring nothing for the “finish” or anything else, rode limply on to where, not Randulf, but another, was presenting the brush to the amiable Miss Bird.

“What the devil do you mean, sir, by riding at a fence like that, and frightening me out of my senses?” growled Sir Gabriel, at his son’s elbow. The latter looked round, with the same white, pallid face and far-off eyes which the father had already noticed, and which had filled him with vague and nameless alarm. Randulf passed his hand across his eyes and said:

“What did you say?”

“What ails you, lad? What is the matter with you?” asked poor Sir Gabriel, his brown cheek turning ashy pale, and a feeling of sickly dread creeping over his heart.

“What ails me? Oh, nothing that I know of,” replied Randulf, with blank indifference, and then suddenly heaving such a sigh as comes only from the depth of a sick heart.

The laughter, and jesting, and joyous bustle of the finish were sounding all round them. No one took much notice of the two figures apart, apparently earnestly conversing. Neither Sir Gabriel nor Randulf was given to displaying his feelings openly in public, but Randulf knew, as well as if some one were constantly shouting it aloud from the house-tops, that his father worshiped him—that he was the light of his eyes and the joy of his life, and that to give him any real joy he would have sacrificed most things dear to him. And Sir Gabriel knew that his worship was not wasted upon any idol of clay or wood—that it fell gratefully into a heart which could appreciate and understand it. During the last month it had occasionally crossed his mind that Randulf was a little absent—somewhat more listless and indifferent than usual; but the baronet had himself been unusually busied with magisterial and other concerns, and had scarcely had time to remark the subtle change. Of one thing he was now certain, that Randulf, as he saw him now, was a changed man from what he had been four-and-twenty hours ago. The poor old man felt hopelessly distressed. He knew not how to force the truth from a man who looked at him and said nothing ailed him, when it was patent to the meanest comprehension that, on the contrary, something very serious ailed him. He sat on his horse, looking wistfully into Randulf’s face. The groups were dispersing. The young man at last looking up, seemed to read what was passing in his father’s mind, and said:

“I have something to say to you. Could we manage to ride home alone? How will Miss Bird do?”

Sir Gabriel’s face brightened quickly. If Randulf had “something to say” to him, no doubt that communication

would quickly put to rights all these shadowy disquietudes which troubled him.

“I’ll arrange for Miss Bird to be escorted,” said he; and turning round, he requested the man who had already presented her with the brush to see her safely to Danesdale Castle, as a matter of business obliged him and Randulf to ride home by Scar Foot. The youth yielded a joyful assent, and went off rejoicing in charge of his “fair.” Sir Gabriel and Randulf with a general “Good-afternoon” to the rest of the party turned their horses’ heads in a southerly direction. Scar Foot was a little distance away, farther south, and then there were ten miles to ride to Danesdale Castle.

They soon found themselves in a deep lane, beneath the gray and clouded afternoon sky of New Year’s Day. Behind them, Addlebrough reared his bleak, blunt summit, and the other fells around looked sullen under the sullen sky. It was Randulf who had proposed the ride, but still he did not speak, till Sir Gabriel asked, in a voice which he strove to make indifferent:

“What did you make of the dance last night, Randulf? Philippa informed me before she went to bed that it had been a success.”

“A success, was it?” said Randulf indifferently. “I’m glad to hear it, I’m sure. I don’t know anything about it.”

“What did you think of Aglionby’s intended?” pursued Sir Gabriel.

“Miss Vane? Pooh! She may be his *intended*; it will never go any farther.”

“I should hope not, I’m sure! What a mistake for a man of that caliber to make! It shows what soft spots there are in the strongest heads.”

Silence again for a short time, until Sir Gabriel, resolutely plunging into a serious topic, said:

“Well, surely there were lots of nice girls there. Did none of them strike your fancy?”

“Surely I’ve seen most of them before.”

“Well, I’ll tell you which girl I like the best of the lot. I wish you could see her in the light I should like, Randulf.”

“And which was she?” asked Randulf, with a sudden appearance of animation and eagerness.

“Evelyn Bird.”

“Oh!” There was profound indifference in Randulf’s tone. Sir Gabriel went on steadily:

“It is time, without any jesting, that you began to think about marrying. I’ve thought about it often lately. An only son is in a different position from—”

Randulf looked drearily around him. They were passing the back of Scar Foot just now, and the profoundest silence seemed to reign there. Slowly their horses mounted the slope of the road which was for Randulf, and for one or two others, haunted with the memories that do not die. The lake lay below them, looking dull and dismal—the ice with which it had been covered turning rapidly to slush in the thaw-wind—its wall of naked fells uncheered by even a ray of sunshine. Randulf remembered certain other rides he had taken along this road, and walks too which he had had there. He glanced toward his father, and in that kindly face he read trouble and perturbation; he knew that that brave old head was filled with plans for his happiness, his welfare—with schemes for securing gladness to him long after those white hairs should be laid low. Yet it was long before he could summon up words in which to answer his father’s last remark. At last he said:

“I know what you mean, sir: I wish I could gratify you, but you must not expect me to marry yet.”

Deep disappointment fell like a cloud over Sir Gabriel’s face, as he said:

“Boy, boy! was that what you brought me out here to tell me?”

"Partly; not altogether. It was because I wanted to be alone with you, and make a clean breast of it."

He paused. "A clean breast of it?" Vague visions of dread floated through Sir Gabriel's mind—dreams of foreign adventuresses who entrapped innocent youth into marriages which were a curse and a clog to them all their days. Was his boy, of whom he was so proud, going to unfold some such history to him now? Randulf's next words somewhat relieved him:

"I know you wish me to marry, and I know the sort of girl you would like me to marry, but surely you would not have denied me some tether—some free choice of my own?"

"Bless the lad! Of course not. Every Englishman chooses his own wife, and with the example before me of old John, and the results of his severity——"

"Just so," said Randulf, with rather a wan smile. "I've had something on my mind for a good while now. I wanted to marry too. My only doubt was, what you would say to the girl I wanted to have, and I had fully meant to talk it all over with you, and tell you all about it before I did anything." Randulf raised his eyes full to his father's anxious face. "I wanted to marry Delphine Conisbrough."

"Good Lord!" broke involuntarily from Sir Gabriel.

"You don't know her much, I think. I was not going to do anything rashly. For though I love her—better than my life—I knew that whoever I married, you must have a great deal to say in the matter—as it is right you should. I intended to get you to see her, to learn to know her a little better, before you said anything one way or another. You would have consented to my wish—most certainly you would have consented. I heard what you said about her last night, to her sister—about some men's heads being turned by her beauty. Ah, it's not only her beauty—it is everything. But if it were only that, you cannot deny that she surpassed all the women there in looks?"

He turned to his father with a sort of challenge in his voice and eyes.

"Well, who wants to deny it?" said Sir Gabriel. "I own I was enchanted with her, and, as you say, not only with her beauty. But you must remember, my boy, that you have to think not only——"

"I know, I know," said Randulf, with a little laugh, not of the gayest description. "I had to think that if she had been one of this abominable old Aglionby's heiresses it would have been the most suitable thing in the world. But she just missed it—and of course a miss is as good as a mile. She was not so worthy of a wealthy young Admirable Crichton like me, in her poverty, as she might have been with the money and the acres. Bah!" He set his teeth, choking back a kind of sob of indignant passion at the picture his own fancy had conjured up, so that Sir Gabriel became very grave, realizing that it was more than a mere flirtation or a passing fancy. "I tell you she would have honored any man by becoming his wife. But that's not to the point. I had duties toward you—toward the best father a fellow ever had—and I knew it, and was resolved to have it out with you."

"And suppose I had refused?"

"But you would have seen her, as I wished?"

"Naturally. But I might still have refused, finally. What did you propose to do in that case?"

"I wish you wouldn't ask me. I didn't *propose* to do anything—only I felt that if she would be my wife, my wife she should be, against all the world."

"Well?" said Sir Gabriel, with a sigh; "and what next?"

"The next is, that last night I lost my head the moment I saw her. From the instant she came into the room, I knew nothing, except that she was there. It was not of my own

will that I left her side for an instant. She sent me away many times, and told me to attend to what she called my duties. Well—there's no good in describing it all. I don't know what I may have done, or said, or looked like; a man doesn't know, when he's off his head like that. But she took the alarm, and asked me to take her back to Mrs. Malleson. She got up, and wanted to go out of the room. We were alone, in my study——"

"The deuce you were!" said Sir Gabriel, in displeasure.

"Yes, I know it was all wrong. I had no business to take her there. I had no business to do anything that I did. I can't exactly remember what I had said, but I saw her turn red and white, and then she started up, and said, 'You must not say those things to me. Take me to Mrs. Malleson, please, Mr. Danesdale.' I begged her to wait a moment. She said no, if I would not take her she would go alone. I said she should not go yet, and I set my back against the door, and told her she should not leave that room till she had promised to be my wife."

"Well?" was all his father said, but he watched askance his son's face.

He could not understand it all. Randulf did not tell his tale by any means joyously. His words came from between his clenched teeth; his brow wore a dark frown, and his nostrils quivered now and then.

"If I had done wrong," Randulf went on, "I got my punishment pretty quickly, for she sat down again and looked at me, and said as composedly as possible, 'No, that can never be.' I had expected a different answer—yes, by——I had!" he said, passionately. "I could have sworn from a thousand signs that she loved me, and she is no silly prude—pure-minded women never are prudes. And it was not coquetry. She could not coquette with a man in such a case. I felt as if she had shot me when she said that. There was a scene. I don't deny it. I forgot you—I forgot everything except that I loved her. I couldn't take her answer—I would not. I begged her to tell me why she could not be my wife. First she made some objections about you; she said I had done wrong to ask her in that way. What would Sir Gabriel say? She reminded me that I was an only son"—he laughed again. "I put all that aside. I told her it was no question of fathers and mothers and only sons, or of anything else, except the success or failure of our two lives. I said that I loved her, and she loved me. She gathered herself up, as it were, and said coldly, 'No; you are mistaken. Now will you let me go?' Oh, sir, I ought to have let her go, I know. But I felt quite beside myself when I heard her say that. I refused to believe her. I repeated that it was not true—that I knew she loved me——"

"You did wrong," said Sir Gabriel, sternly and coldly; "and I cannot understand how a gentleman——"

"Don't say that to me!" said Randulf, looking at him with so haggard a face, lips that twitched so ominously that his father became silent. "I cannot understand it now. I must have been mad. I'm concealing nothing from you. I went on telling her that I knew she loved me, and that she should never perjure herself while I could prevent it. I reminded her of this thing and that thing that she had said and done, and I asked her what they all meant, if not that she loved me. But I came to my senses at last, for I saw that she looked frightened——"

"And it required *that* to bring you to your senses—shame on you!" said his father very angrily indeed.

"Yes, it required that," replied Randulf, without noticing his father's tone. "But when I did come to myself again, I humbly asked her pardon. I threw the door wide open, and said I would take her to Mrs. Malleson, or anywhere that she liked to go. I made her look at me, and I told her,

‘When I know you married to another man, then will I believe you do not love me, but not till then.’”

“And what did she say?”

Randulf turned his white face toward his father, and said, with a kind of wrathful triumph:

“She said *nothing*—she looked away. She took my arm, and we got into the drawing-room somehow; and she sat down beside Mrs. Malleson—ah, poor child!—with a white face, and a look in her eyes like you see in a bird’s eyes when you’ve just shot it, and you pick it up and look at it. And I heard Mrs. Malleson say that she looked cold; and she shivered a little, and said yes, she was rather, and very tired. I said *nothing*; I think I bowed to her and came away. . . . But I’ve seen nothing, nothing since, but her eyes and her face, and herself creeping up to Mrs. Malleson; and if I see it much longer I shall go mad,” said Randulf, drawing a long, sobbing breath. “Right before my eyes it has been ever since, so that I couldn’t sleep. It looked at me out of my glass while I dressed, till I flung a handkerchief over it. It was just before my eyes in the field all the morning. Why do you suppose I rode as I did?—not for the pleasure of catching a fox, but because *her face* was there before me, in its misery, just out of my reach, and I felt as if I must catch her, and kiss some life back into her eyes and her lips, or break my neck. And it’s here now—there, just before me.”

He shuddered and drew his hand across his eyes. Sir Gabriel was too disturbed to reply at once; too much astonished and as it were paralyzed at the discovery of this fiery drama which had been going on under his very eyes without his knowing it, to speak. Yet he heard Randulf say darkly, half to himself:

“My poor little Delphine! What have they done to her? What have they said to her, that she should turn and stab herself and me in this way?”

Sir Gabriel was still silent, trying in vain to make what he called “sense” out of the story. When Randulf had first mentioned Delphine’s name, his father’s feeling had been one of strong disapproval. Lovely as she was, and charming, she had had neither the training, the position, nor the acquaintance with the world and society which he would have wished for in a girl who was not only to be Randulf’s bride, but some time Lady Danesdale. Be it said for Sir Gabriel that by this time he had forgotten that, and considered only the deeper issues—his son’s future happiness—the question of his joy or sorrow. He at last looked up, meaning to ask another question or two; he met Randulf’s eyes, dull and clouded, now that his narrative was over, looking at him rather appealingly. Prudent questions, conventional doubts were forgotten.

“My poor lad, I wish I could help you!”

“Ah, I knew *you* would understand,” said Randulf. “But no one can help me now—except time. If she had consented, then your help would have been everything; now it is nothing.”

“Suppose I saw her?” suggested Sir Gabriel. “Perhaps I could induce her to state her objection. It may be a shadow, after all. Girls do make important things out of such very trifles.”

“It was no shadow—to her, at any rate. It was some reason which she feels must outweigh all others. I tell you she looked like one stricken to death. It is when I think of her look, and of her fate, shut up there—horrible! With every joy cut off, and in such poverty—”

“They ought not to be in poverty, though, if Aglionby’s feelings—”

“Do not misjudge Aglionby. He has been repulsed too. He would give his right hand to help them—they are his

kinswomen, as he says. Every advance he attempts is repelled. He is in despair about it.”

“That’s very odd.”

“Yes, very. But I do not know that we have any right to inquire into their reasons for what they do.”

They rode on in silence again for a long time, through Yoresett town and all along the lovely road to Stanniforth, and thence to Danesdale. It was shortly before they entered their own park that Randulf began again:

“And now, sir, you won’t resent it, if I am not counted in the list of Miss Bird’s, or Miss Anybody’s suitors, at present?”

“Heaven forbid! We understand one another now. After all, to look at it from a selfish point of view, you will be all my own for so much the longer. ‘My son’s my son till he gets him a wife,’ you know. All I ask, my boy, is that you will be as open with me after a time, when any fresh scheme comes into your mind, or if you decide upon anything. You shall find me more than willing to arrange things as you wish them, if it is possible.”

“I know you will,” said Randulf. “I suppose these things can be lived down. It pleases me to think that you *would* have done as I wished; you would have taken it into consideration. . . . Some time, when the time comes, and years are past, I suppose I shall find a wife,—not like her, but some one who will marry me.”

Sir Gabriel did not answer this. He did not like it. It did not suit him. He would have preferred almost anything to this calm looking forward to a joyless future.

It had grown dark, and the wind was rising, as they drove into the courtyard of the castle. They had to put on one side all that had passed between them; their long ride together, and the emotions which filled both their hearts. The house was full of visitors. There would be fifteen or twenty guests at dinner; all the ball, and the hunt, and the dresses, and the incidents to be discussed. They took their part in it all bravely; and this courage brought with it balm, as moral courage, well carried out, infallibly does.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LIZZIE’S CONSENT.

TOWARD noon on that same first of January, Miss Vane came slowly strolling into the parlor at Scar Foot, yawning undisguisedly, and looking around her with half-open eyes.

“Law, Bernard! you don’t need any sleep, I do believe! You look as if nothing had happened.”

Aglionby forced a smile, and touched her forehead with his lips. As is usual in such cases, the less he felt to care for her, the more anxiously did he make himself *aux petits soins* on her behalf, drawing an easy-chair to the fire for her, placing a footstool, putting a screen into her hand—delicate attentions which a year ago, when he had first had the felicity of calling her his own, it had never entered into his head to render.

“I am not fatigued, certainly,” he said. “My aunt has been downstairs a good while, too.”

“Oh, but she wasn’t dancing; I was. My word! But it is a grand house, Bernard, that Danesdale Castle; and they are grand people too. I don’t like Miss Danesdale a bit, though. Stiff little thing! And I thought some of the other ladies were very stiff, too. I guess some of them didn’t like sitting out when the gentlemen were talking to me.”

“Very likely not,” said Bernard, with a praiseworthy endeavor to appreciate the joke.

“I heard one of them say,” pursued Lizzie, with a musing and complacent smile—“she said, ‘Why on earth doesn’t Mr. Aglionby look after her? It’s atrocious!’ So you see you were not considered to be doing your duty. I dare say

if you, or anybody else, had been looking after *her*, she wouldn't have felt so ill-tempered."

Lizzie laughed, and Bernard's face flushed, for he interpreted the remark in a wholly different and less flattering sense than that suggested by Lizzie.

"I hope the Hunt Ball will be half as jolly," pursued Miss Vane. "Eh, and did you see those Miss Conisbroughs, Bernard? But of course you did, because I saw you talking to one of them. I wonder you condescended to speak to them, after all their designs to keep you out——"

She paused suddenly, with her remark arrested, her eyes astonished, gazing into Aglionby's face.

"You are quite mistaken," said he, in a voice which, though quiet, bit even her. "You must not speak in that manner of my cousins. They had no 'designs,' as you call them. They have been most shamefully treated; and in short, my dear, I will not allow you to mention them unless you can speak more becomingly of them."

"Upon my word! Well, they can't be so badly off, anyhow; and look at their dresses! Lovely dresses they were! and that youngest one is sweetly pretty, only she does her hair so queerly; there's no style about it, all hanging loose in loops, where every one else wears theirs small and neat. But she is pretty, certainly. The eldest one I don't admire a bit, she's like a marble figure."

"Are you talking about the lady Bernard took in to supper?" asked Mrs. Bryce, joining in the colloquy for the first time.

"Yes, I am, Mrs. Bryce."

"I thought her one of the truest gentlewomen I ever saw," said Mrs. Bryce, counting the stitches of her knitting. "Her manners are perfect, wherever they were acquired; but I should say that 'grand air' is natural to her, isn't it, Bernard?"

"Entirely, aunt. She always has it."

"Yes, I thought so. One can see at once when that sort of thing is natural."

"Well, I thought her the stiffest, proudest creature I ever saw. I couldn't tell why she gave herself such airs," said Miss Vane. Here Bernard abruptly left the room, unable to bear it any longer, and Mrs. Bryce continued calmly:

"I am afraid you are no judge of manner, my dear; and I wonder at your speaking in that way of Bernard's cousins."

"Cousins, indeed! Pretty cousins! Much notice they would have taken of him if they had come into the money."

"And *à propos* of manner," continued Mrs. Bryce, who seemed resolved thoroughly to do her duty as chaperon, "let me recommend you to tone yours down a little. Try to make it rather more like that of the young ladies we have been talking about, and then perhaps there will not be so many comments passed upon it as I heard last night."

"Comments!" cried Miss Vane, angrily. "What do you mean? Does any one dare to say that I behaved badly?"

"Not badly, my dear; but what, in the society you were in last night, means almost the same thing—ignorantly. At the Hunt Ball, if I were you, I would not put on that pink gown, and I would keep a little more with Bernard and myself, and——"

"I'll just tell you this—I won't go to the Hunt Ball at all," said Lizzie, with passionate anger, wounded in her tenderest feelings. "I hate all these grand, stuck-up people, with their false ways, like that nasty proud Miss Conisbrough. I won't go near the Hunt Ball. They may whistle for me." (Mrs. Bryce's face assumed an expression of silent anguish as these amenities of speech were hurled at her.) "And what's more, I shall tell Bernard, this very day, that I wouldn't live at this horrid, dull old place, if he would give me twice the money he has. I must have society. I

must have my f—friends," sobbed Miss Vane, breaking down.

Mrs. Bryce smiled slightly, but said nothing. She had a strong impression that her nephew, and not Lizzie, would decide, both whether they went to the Hunt Ball or not, and whether they lived at Scar Foot. He came in again at that moment, with a letter-bag. Lizzie speedily dried her eyes, and watched him while he opened it, came behind his chair, in fact, and looked at all the envelopes, as he took them out.

"That's for me," she said, stretching out a slim hand from over his shoulder. "It's from Lucy Golding. She promised to write."

"Did Percy promise to write, too?" asked Bernard, arresting the same slim fingers as they made a snatch at the next letter. "Because if this isn't Percy's fist, I'll——"

"You need not say what you'll do, sir," was the coquetish reply. "It *is* Percy's 'fist,' as you call it. Most likely it's a New Year's card. We are old friends. I sent him one at Christmas, and I don't see why he shouldn't return the compliment."

"Oh, certainly. There is absolutely no just cause or impediment, to my knowledge," replied Bernard, with supreme indifference. "There's another—your mother's handwriting, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. I wonder what she's doing with herself to-day."

"Aunt, here is one for you, the last of the batch, he said, rising and taking it to her; while he collected together his own, which looked chiefly like business letters, newspapers, etc., and took them to a side-table.

Mrs. Bryce read her letter, and then remarked that she would go into the drawing-room and answer it at once. Lizzie and Bernard were left alone. He began to open his papers, his mind pure of any speculation on the subject of her correspondence. Why did she take herself as far away from him as possible, as she opened her letters? In perusing one of them, at least, her face flushed, her foot tapped the floor. She finished them, put them all into her pocket, and took up the strip of lace she was supposed to be working. Perhaps the prolonged silence struck Bernard, for, suddenly raising his face from the intent perusal of a leading article, he perceived Lizzie, said to himself, "Now for it," laid his paper down, and went to her side.

During the sleepless vigil he had kept last night, he had made up his mind as to his immediate course. He would talk to Lizzie to-day, make her fix the day for their marriage, as early a day as he could get her to name. Then they would be married, and he supposed things would somehow work themselves right after that event. He could live a calm, if joyless, life: plan out some scheme of work that would take up a good deal of time. One could not go on being wretched forever, and one's feet by degrees harden to suit a stony path. He had got engaged to this girl; she had not refused him in his poverty; he had kept her to himself for a year, and thus hindered her from having any other chances. To try to break it off now that he was in such utterly different circumstances would indeed be a pitiful proceeding. He knew that, and it was a proceeding of which he was not going to be guilty. He knew now that she was everything he would rather she had not been. It was now a matter of constant astonishment to him that he could ever even have thought himself in love with her. A sense of shame and degradation burnt through him every time he realized how easily he had yielded to the sensuous spell exercised by a pretty face and a pair of beguiling blue eyes; how densely blind he must have been to have imagined that the soul, or what did duty for the soul behind that face, could ever satisfy him. But it was done; it must be carried through.

Perhaps he began somewhat abruptly. At least she looked very much startled as he said :

"Put down your work, Lizzie. I want to have a talk with you. How many months in the year do you think you can spend at Scar Foot, when we are married?"

"Months, Bernard!" she cried; "oh, don't ask me to do that! I'm very sorry, I am really, because I know you like this place, though I can't for the life of me imagine why; but I really *couldn't* live here. I should go melancholy mad."

"Then you shall not live here," said, he promptly. "I shall keep the place up, because I shall often run down myself and spend a few days at it." (In imagination he felt the soothing influence of the place, the asylum it would be, the refuge, from Irkford and from Lizzie.) "But you shall live in town, since you prefer it, and you shall yourself choose the house and the neighborhood."

"Oh, that will be nice!" said Lizzie. "I shall like that. Then I shall have all my old friends round me. Bernard, it's a load off my mind—it is, really."

He took her hand.

"I am glad if it pleases you, dear. And now, one other thing, Lizzie. Houses can be looked after any time, and there are plenty of them to be had at Irkford. But when will you let me take you to live in that house we are speaking of?"

She looked at him hastily, and turned first red, then pale, so that he congratulated himself on having taken a straightforward course, for she loved him, poor Lizzie, and it would have been shameful indeed to play her false.

"When?" faltered Lizzie, and looked at him and thought how dark and grim-looking he was, and how much graver and sterner he had become since he left Irkford. If he were always going to be like this—he never now said anything soothing or pleasant to her; he was dreadfully severe-looking.

"Yes; when, dear? I suppose the house is not to be taken just to stand empty. Some one will have to go and live in it—you and I, surely."

"Yes, yes; I suppose so," said Lizzie slowly and constrainedly, and dropping her eyes.

"Well, all I want to know is, when? Some time soon, surely. There can be nothing in the way now. For my part, I don't see why it should be put off for more than a week or two."

"Oh no! Impossible," she cried, crimsoning, and speaking with such vehemence as surprised him.

"Recollect, we have been engaged more than a year. We have only been waiting till we could be married. Now that we can, why put it off any longer?"

"It is so fearfully sudden," said she, startled out of her affectation, and fumbling nervously with her handkerchief.

As a lover he was somber enough. As a husband—almost immediately! There must be no more New Year's cards from old friends, when Bernard was her husband.

"Fearfully sudden—well, say in a month or two, though I call that rather hard lines. But—this is January—why not in the beginning of March?"

"March is so stormy and cold; it would be a bad omen to be married in a storm," said she, laughing nervously. "No, a little later than March."

"Fix your own time, then, dear; only don't put it off too long."

"Suppose we said the end of May or the beginning of June," suggested Lizzie, plaiting her handkerchief into folds, which she studied with the deepest interest.

He uttered an exclamation of dismay. Five months longer of unrest, misery, suspense, waiting for a new order of

things. The idea was terrible. He felt that he could not face it. He could make the sacrifice if it were to be done at once, but to have to wait—it could not be. He set himself to plead in earnest with his betrothed—at least with him it was pleading, to her it seemed more like an imperious demand. He said he thought there was a little estrangement between them, which caused him pain.

He begged her not to be so hard. His gravity and earnestness oppressed her more and more. The darkest forebodings assailed Lizzie as to her future happiness with this Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance.

She had no fixed plan; he had: therefore he prevailed. He would have prevailed in any case, by his superior strength of will, as he had done at the very first, when his imperious manner and tones had almost repelled her, and when yet he had contrived to gain his own way. He gained it again. He made her promise that they should be married at the end of April: he promised her on his side all manner of things. He completely reversed her decision about the Hunt Ball. She would go with him, she meekly said. All these things she promised and vowed, and at last he let her go, having promised, on his part, to take her home to Irkford the day after the Hunt Ball. She said that if they were to be married so soon she would want all her time for preparation—and to be with her mother, Lizzie added, almost piteously. And then she made her escape, looking exceedingly tired, and very much disturbed. He, being left alone, realized with a singular clearness and vividness these comforting facts:

First, that it was with the greatest difficulty that he had succeeded in maintaining a tranquil and affectionate manner towards his dearest Lizzie. Secondly, that never had there been so little sympathy or even mutual understanding between them as now, when they had just agreed upon the very day of their marriage. Thirdly, that though she was a willful girl, with plenty of likes and dislikes, yet he was completely her master the instant it pleased him to be so. That he could make her yield to him and obey him in whatsoever he chose, but that he could not—charm he never so wisely—make her agree with him by light of reason and understanding, could not make her like his way, or like doing it—could not, in a word, change her nature—though he could subdue it: a pleasing discovery, perhaps, for the tyrant by nature, who loves always to have the whip in his hand, and to see his slaves crouch as he comes in sight, but a most galling one to Bernard Aglionby.

A cheering prospect! he thought. A wife who, if he left her entirely to her own devices, would constantly be doing things which would jar upon all his feelings and wishes—who had not force of character enough to heartily oppose him—who would unwillingly, servilely obey, puzzled and uncomfortable, but not approving. What a noble, elevated character he would feel himself, with such a life-companion by his side! Perhaps in time she would become like some women whom he had seen now and then—quite broken in; having no will or opinion of her own, turning appealing eyes to their lords upon every question. Hideous prospect! Would it ever come to that? Which evil would be the lesser? The woman whom he was to marry was a fool—that fact was clearly enough revealed to him. It depended upon him whether she should be an independent fool, unrestrained, and at liberty to vaunt her folly; or whether she should be a fool tamed and docile, making no disturbance, but cringing like a spaniel. He had the power to make her into either of these things. It was not a pleasing alternative. He would have preferred a companion; one whose intelligence, even if exerted in opposition to his own, should be on something like a level with it. But that was never to be. Lizzie was his: he had wooed her, won her; since she

loved and trusted in him, he must wear her—and make the best of it.

Less than a week afterwards, Aglionby escorted his betrothed home. The Hunt Ball was over; it had been more of a success, so far as decorum and strict propriety of demeanor went, than that at Danesdale Castle, but Lizzie had not enjoyed it one half so much. The Misses Conisbrough, whom she honored with her peculiar dislike, had not been there. Randulf Danesdale had, looking very pale, behaving very courteously, but, as it seemed to Miss Vane, chillingly; dancing very little, and apparently considered a dull partner by the young ladies whom he did lead out. A dull ball, she vowed to herself, and she was ready to come away early. It was on the day following that Aglionby escorted her home. They had not much to say to one another on the way. Bernard's thoughts were busied with the future, and that disagreeably. Lizzie's were engrossed with a letter which lay at that moment in her pocket. It had come in an envelope addressed by Lucy Golding, and when Bernard had given it to her, he had casually remarked:

"You and Miss Golding seem great allies, Lizzie. I didn't know there was such an affection between you."

"Oh, she's quite an old friend," Lizzie had replied.

But the handwriting of the letter was not the handwriting of the address.

In truth, Lizzie was in greater perplexity of mind than she ever had felt before. The one thing that bound her to Bernard was his wealth, and the position he had to offer her. All her feelings, inclinations, associations, inclined to Percy, who had lately been raised to a responsible post in the bank in which he served, and who was now in a position to support a wife in great comfort. Percy had addressed words of the deepest pathos and the most heartrending despair to her, and she was distracted what to do with him—now more than ever, for her taste of aristocratic society had not altogether been palatable; and as for Bernard, she felt chilled every time she looked at him. It was not as if he maintained even his former brusque fondness and affection. He seemed to have changed entirely. She had been able to laugh at the brusquerie, knowing that it needed but a caress on her part to soften his most rugged mood. But now there was nothing rugged to be softened—only an imperturbable and majestic courtesy which literally overwhelmed her; and a gravity which nothing seemed to have power to lighten. To have to live with him always—if he were always going to be like that—was a prospect which appalled her. She shrank, too, from before his strong will. She did not wish to do the things he wished her to do; but when he persisted, when he fixed his eyes upon her, and took her hand in his strong grasp, and spoke in what no doubt he intended for a kind voice but which was a voice that most distinctly said, "Obey!" then she felt her heart beat wildly—felt a passionate desire to angrily fling off his hand and say, "I will not!" and wrench herself free; felt at the same time a horrible, hot sensation which was stronger than she was, so that she always ended by submitting to him.

He seldom caused her to have this sensation, it is true—she had felt it when he forbade her to speak slightingly of his cousins, and in the conversation that followed; but it was a sensation which left a smart behind it long after the first rush of it was over: it left her quivering, angry, yet helpless; confused and miserable. In a word, it was the sensation of fear. She feared her master because she was incapable of understanding him. It was not a happy state of things. Looked at from Lizzie's point of view, she was a misunderstood being—a *femme incomprise*. And I am not sure that there was not a great deal of truth in her view of the case.

Bernard only stayed two or three days at Irkford; long enough to choose and take a house, and to give Lizzie *carte blanche* as to the furnishing of it. He said he would go and see after Scar Foot being brightened up a little; and Miss Vane said, yes, that was a very good idea. If she wanted him she was to send for him, he said; and Lizzie said, yes, she would. He would in any case be sure to come and see her before April, he added; and Lizzie said, yes, indeed, she hoped he would; only he was to be sure and let her know before he did come, which he promised.

He called to see Percy, and thought his old friend was stiff and ungenial. He went to Messrs. Jenkinson and Sharpe's warehouse and found his old friend Bob Stansfield there, looking very pale and overworked. Aglionby carried him off with him to Scar Foot, and said he had better learn to be a farmer. He returned to Scar Foot in the middle of January, found Mrs. Bryce there, and greeted her with the words:

"Aunt, it is good to be at home again."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DELPHINE.

WHEN Judith and her sister left Danesdale on the night after the ball, they drove home without exchanging a syllable. Judith was for once too absorbed in herself and her own concerns to notice her companion.

Delphine had folded her cloak around her, and crouched, as if exceedingly weary, into one corner of the carriage. With her face turned towards the window, away from Judith, she remained motionless, voiceless, until at last they arrived at Yoresett House. It took a long time before Rhoda could be roused from her sleep by the parlor fire, to let them in. At last she opened the door to them, and they went in, and paused in the great bare stone passage. Their candles stood there, and a lighted lamp.

"Well," said Rhoda, yawning, and rubbing her eyes, "what sort of a party was it?"

Delphine made no reply, but lighted her candle.

Rhoda was too sleepy to be very determined about receiving an answer to her question, and still stood rubbing her eyes and inarticulately murmuring that it must be very late.

"Good-night!" observed Delphine, with a shadow of her usual shadowy smile, and, drawing her white cloak about her, her white figure fitted up the stairs.

Then first it was that Judith began to remark something unusual in Delphine's behavior. She said nothing, but contented herself with telling Rhoda, who had summoned up animation enough again to inquire what sort of a party it was, that it was very large, and very brilliant, and that she was too tired to say anything about it to-night—she would tell her to-morrow. Thereupon she put a candle into the sleepy maiden's hand, and with an indulgent smile bade her go. She would follow when she had looked round the house.

It came as something soothing, after the powerful agitation of the past hours, to go, candle in hand, through all the dark, cold passages,—trying the doors, and seeing that all was locked up. Then she put out the lamp in the parlor, and took her way upstairs. She entered her own room, which, as has been said, opened into Delphine's, though they both had doors into the landing. The first thing that struck Judith was that this door between their rooms was shut. The shut door chilled her heart. She put her candle down, and stood still, listening. A silence as of the grave greeted her. Delphine could not, in less than ten minutes, have taken off her finery and got into bed, and gone to sleep—

ergo, she must be sitting, or standing, or at any rate waking, conscious, living, in that room behind that closed door.

Dread seized Judith's heart. They were accustomed to undress with the partition-door open, walking in and out of each other's rooms, chatting, or silent, as the case might be, but never debarred either from entering the other's chamber. And they always left the door open at last, and exchanged a good-night before going to sleep. What did this miserable, this unnatural closed door mean?

"I wonder—I hope—surely it is not anything that Randolph Danesdale has said!" speculated Judith, in great uneasiness. She began to undress, but that closed door importuned her. Still not a sound from within. She began to question herself as to what she was to do. To get into bed and take no notice of Delphine was a sheer impossibility. When she had taken off her beautiful frock, and hung it up, and put on her dressing-gown, and taken her hair-brush in her hand, she could bear it no longer. If any sound from within had reached her, she could have endured it, but the silence remained profound as ever. She put the brush down, stepped across the room, and knocked softly at the door. No reply.

Another knock, and "Delphine!"

She had to knock again, and again to cry "Delphine!" and then her sister's voice, calm and composed, said:

"Well?"

"May I not come in, and say good-night?"

A slight rustle. Then the door was opened—a very little, and Delphine stood on the other side, still fully dressed, and without letting Judith in, said "Good-night," and bent forward to kiss her.

"Del, what is this?" asked Judith, in great distress. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," replied the same sweet, composed voice. "I am a little tired. Let me alone."

"Tired—well, let me come in and help you to take off your dress, and brush your hair, Del!"

There was an almost urgent appeal in her voice.

"No, thank you. I shall sit by my fire a little while, I dare say. You look tired. Go to bed. Good-night."

She waited a moment, and then—closed the door again, gently, slowly, but most decidedly.

Judith retired, almost wild with vague alarm. Some great blow had befallen Delphine. She, who was now so well "acquainted with grief" was quite sure of that. Who would have supposed that she would take this trouble so coldly and sternly, so entirely to herself, as to shut out even her best-beloved, her perfect friend and companion, from participation in it? She passed a sleepless night. She could not tell whether Delphine ever went to bed. She lay awake with her nerves strained, and her ear intent to catch the faintest sound from her sister's room, and still none came. It was a cruel vigil. When it was quite late, though before the late daybreak had appeared, Judith dropped into an uneasy sleep, which presently grew more profound. Wearied out with grief, emotion, and fear, she slept soundly for a few hours, and when she awoke, the daylight made itself visible even through the down-drawn blind.

Feeling that it must be very late, and forgetting, for a few blessed moments, the ball and everything connected with it, she sprang up and began to dress. Very soon, of course, it all returned to her: the brief flash of hope and new life was over; gray reality, stony-hearted facts, the clouded future re-asserted themselves, and it was with a heart as heavy as usual that she at last went down stairs.

In the parlor she found that which in nowise tended to reassure her, or brighten her spirits. The breakfast-things were still on the table; Rhoda and Mrs. Conisbrough appeared to have finished. The latter was seated in her rock-

ing-chair by the fire; the former was at the table, her elbows resting upon it. Both faces were turned toward Delphine, with an expression of pleased interest, who sat at the head of the table, with a face devoid of all trace of color (but that might easily be fatigue), and looking the whiter in her black dress. She, too, was smiling: she was talking—she was entertaining her mother and sister with an account of last night's ball—of the company, the dresses, and the behavior of those present; and her descriptions were flavored with an ill-natured sarcasm very unusual to her. Just now she was describing Miss Vane and her pink frock, and her manners and conduct in general, holding them up in a light of ridicule, which, could the object have been cognizant of it, must have caused her spasms of mortification.

When Judith came in, she was welcomed also, as being the possible source of more interesting information; but very soon her mechanical, spiritless recitals and monosyllabic replies drew down Rhoda's indignation; and Judith, with a forced smile and a horrible pain at her heart, said she would not attempt to rival Delphine, for that she had not enjoyed the party, and could not pretend to describe it in an amusing manner.

Two or three days passed, and things were still in the same miserable state. Delphine still wore the same blanched face, still continued to show the same spirit of raillery and indifference. When she was with her mother and sisters, it was always she who led the conversation, and was, as Rhoda gratefully informed her, the life and soul of the party.

"I wish you could go to a ball every week, Del," she said, fervently. "It makes you quite delightful!"

To which Delphine replied, with a little laugh, that monotony palled. Rhoda would soon be tired of hearing of balls, which must all bear a strong family resemblance, the one to the other. Occasionally Judith had found Delphine silent and alone, and then she realized how completely the other demeanor was a mask, put on to deceive and to cover some secret grief—secret indeed.

There are girls, and girls. Delphine surprised the person who knew her best by the manner in which she took her grief. Whatever it was, she kept it to herself. She had taken it in her arms, as it were, and made a companion of it, of whom she was very jealous. She kept it for her own delectation alone. No one else was suffered even to lift a corner of the thick veil which shrouded it. No one knew what it said to her, or she to it, in the long night-watches, in the silent vigils of darkness, or alone in the daylight hours; nay, so fondly did she guard it, that none in the house, except Judith, even suspected its existence. Though her mother noted her white face, she was completely deceived by her composed and cheerful demeanor, and said that when the weather was warmer, Delphine would be stronger. It was Judith alone who instinctively felt that never had her sister been stronger, never so strong, as now, when she looked so white and wan. But she also felt it was that terrible kind of strength which feeds upon the spirit which supplies it: when that is exhausted, body and soul seem to break down together in an utter collapse, and this was what the elder girl feared for the younger; this was why she longed irrepressibly that Delphine would only speak to her—confess her wretchedness—impart the extent and nature of her grief.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FOR MY SON'S SAKE.

THE ball had taken place on a Thursday—New Year's eve. The days dragged on at Yoresett House, in the manner described, until the following Monday. On that after-

noon, a dark and cloudy one, the quietness of the village street was broken. Sir Gabriel Danesdale, his groom following him, rode up to the door. Sir Gabriel inquired if the ladies were at home; he was told that they were, and he dismounted and went in, leaving his horse to be walked about by his groom, to the great wonderment of the watching population. He was ushered into the parlor, where Judith and her mother sat. Mrs. Conisbrough was fluttered. Only once or twice, since her widowhood, had Sir Gabriel ever entered her house. He had glanced about him as he passed through the hall—he had seen the bareness and the chilliness of everything, and his heart was filled with pity and with some self-reproach. Marion Arkendale, with her dark eyes and her light foot, had been so bonny; the "Flower of Danesdale" had been her name. He did not know how it was that she had fallen out of the society of the place, had disappeared from the friendly circles, gradually but surely.

"Poverty, poverty!" he thought to himself. "It is a shame that she should have been neglected because of her poverty. And it was a rascally trick on old John's part, though he was my friend, to leave her as he did." Filled with these reflections, he spoke cordially, and almost eagerly, holding out his hand:

"Mrs. Conisbrough, I am more of a stranger in your house than I should be, considering what old friends and neighbors we are. Will you forgive my negligence, and believe that it arises out of anything rather than ill-will?"

"Ah, Sir Gabriel, I never suspected you of ill-will," she said, flushing. "And when women are alone in the world their circle must be smaller than when there are men in the family. Pray sit down. I am glad to see you under my roof."

"It gave me hearty pleasure to see your daughters among us on Thursday," he continued. "Perhaps, as you say your circle is so small, you don't know what a sensation they made. Half the fellows who were there have been talking about them ever since."

Mrs. Conisbrough smiled, gratified.

"You are very good! My girls have had no outside advantages. They have none, indeed, except their youth and the fact that they are ladies by birth, and, I hope, by breeding. And that tells, Sir Gabriel—even in these days, it tells."

"My dear madam, it is everything," said he, earnestly. "I quite agree with you. We'll have a chat about that a little later; and meantime, I want to know if I may see your daughter Delphine, alone, for a short time. I have something that I wish to say to her."

Mrs. Conisbrough started, paused, then replied:

"Certainly you can see her. Judith, Delphine is in the other room. Suppose you take Sir Gabriel to her there."

Judith rose and went across the passage, while Sir Gabriel, bowing over Mrs. Conisbrough's hand, wished her good-afternoon, and left her without explaining his errand. He followed Judith, who was in the room on the opposite side of the hall. Turning as she saw him come, she remarked:

"Ah, here is Sir Gabriel, Delphine."

Then she left them alone, and closed the door after her.

Sir Gabriel found himself standing before a pale, composed-looking young lady, whose hand rested lightly on the mantelpiece, and whose beauty and grace struck him even more in the dull light of this January afternoon, than they had done in her radiant ball-dress beneath the lamplight on New Year's eve. Perfectly calm, she turned her large luminous eyes, with their golden reflections, upon him as he entered, and a scarcely perceptible sigh left her lips.

Dark rings encircled those lovely eyes. Though the deli-

cate white brow was smooth, there was a shadow upon it, indefinable, but most palpable. Sir Gabriel remembered how Randulf had said she looked, and he felt that the lad had been right. This calm and stillness was not that of repose, but the pallid quietude which follows a mortal blow. She attempted a faint little smile as he came in, which flickered for a moment about her mouth, and then died away again, as if abashed. Sir Gabriel whose bosom had been filled with very mingled feelings as he rode hither from Danesdale, no longer felt doubtful as to what emotion predominated. It was a great compassion that he experienced; a strong man's generous desire to take to his sufficient protection some weak, and sad, and grieved creature; to comfort it, to bid it sorrow no more.

Sir Gabriel contemplated the beautiful forlorn figure, and his heart swelled almost to bursting. Those eyes might well haunt Randulf. Of course he could not put his arm round her waist, and say, "My poor child, tell me what ails you, and let me lift this trouble from your shoulders," as he would have liked to do. Custom did not permit such a thing, but he took her hand kindly, and looked kindly from his genial, yet commanding eyes into her white face, while he said kindly, too:

"My dear, I have ridden over from Danesdale, to have a little chat with you."

"Yes; will you sit down?" said Delphine.

"Yes, if you will take this chair beside me, and listen to me. I will not delay in telling you my errand. My boy Randulf tells me that he has fallen very much in love with you, at which fact I certainly cannot pretend to be surprised. Nay, it is surely not a matter about which to be alarmed!" he added, seeing the agitation on her face, which she could not repress. "Let me tell you that I know all that has passed between you and Randulf. He told me. He forgot himself the other night—in a very pardonable manner—but he did forget himself, it is quite certain. A man in his position has no business to propose to any lady without consulting his father. From what he told me, I am sure you were sensible of that—were you not? Did you not feel scruples on that point?"

"Yes—that is, I should have done if——"

"I thought so," said Sir Gabriel, hearing only that which he wished to hear. "I told him so. I said I honored you for those scruples. I thought the matter over very seriously—you will not wonder at that. The marriage of a man's only son is no trivial matter to him. I came to the conclusion that my son's happiness is bound up in this matter—that it stands or falls with it——"

"No, no!" interrupted Delphine, in a quick, gasping voice.

"Yes, my dear child, it does. He loves you with no passing passion. It has made him into a man all at once. I say, his happiness stands or falls with it; and I venture to hope that you feel the same with respect to yourself."

Silence was the only answer.

Sir Gabriel's face lost none of its kindness, but a troubled expression crept over it, and into his eyes, as he saw the fixed and marble composure of the lovely face before him.

"You do not speak," he said at last. "Let me explain as clearly as I can, the errand which brought me here. I have come to ask you to reconsider the answer you gave to Randulf the other night. Put away any thoughts of me—ask only of your own heart if it contains that love for my son which a wife should bear to her husband, and if it answers you yes, give me leave to send Randulf to see you; let him hear from you that you will become his wife and my daughter."

Delphine's face had only grown paler. Her hand, which

had been resting nervously on the table, had slipped down, and was now fast locked together with the other. She clasped them tightly upon her lap, looking at him with the same dull, glazed eyes, the same impassive calm, and speaking at last in a toneless, mechanical voice, which seemed not to belong to herself :

"I am very sorry. You are very good to me, but I cannot marry your son."

Sir Gabriel was shocked, distressed in the extreme. This was no refusal from one who was indifferent. Could it possibly be that the girl was not quite in her right mind? But that idea was soon cast aside. Nothing could be less agitated, more reasonable, more sane, than her whole manner. He did not know that she was suffering supreme torture: that she felt as if every moment she must shriek aloud in her despair, or burst into a fit of wild, hysterical laughter at the grim humor of the game of cross-purposes which they were playing. This he could not know; but he would have been a fool if he had not read suffering in her blanched face, in her dull and fixed eyes, in her nervously clasped hands, and in the dead monotone of her voice. He could only grope about, pleading Randolph's cause, which had now become his own; with each word stabbing her afresh, thinking that if only he could get her to assign the reason for her refusal of Randolph, he would be able to overcome it.

"You told Randolph that you did not love him," he went on. "He told me that he did not believe you." A rush of color surged over her face, and Sir Gabriel went on gently, but pushing matters as far as he could, to make things straight, as he thought: "As to that, I can affirm nothing, except that he spoke from the most reverent and solemn conviction, and not as a coxcomb. And you will forgive my saying that there could surely be nothing very remarkable in it—certainly nothing to be ashamed of, if you did love him, however ardently. I am his father, and consequently prejudiced in his favor, but I ought to know better than others what he has been to me. He has been a good son, of whom I am as proud as I am fond. I think his sister would own that he is a good brother." (One of Delphine's hands went up to her face, and half hid it.) "His friends, I notice, continue to be his friends. His dependents are fond of him; they serve him cheerfully. His dogs and horses love him, too, and that is something to go by. He is no fool; he he is a gentleman by nature as well as by birth." (Delphine's other hand had now gone to her face, which was covered completely). "And there is no reason why he should not be as worthy as a lover and husband as he is in these other things. And added to that, my child, he loves you neither lightly nor carelessly, but with a love I like to see—with reverence as well as passion, with a man's love, and the love of a good and honorable man. Is it really impossible that you can return his love? Surely you cannot refuse to allow him to plead his cause! Surely——"

He stopped abruptly, moved himself, as he dwelt upon the excellences of that "boy" who was so dear to him, and to secure whose happiness he had undertaken this errand. For the last few minutes Delphine's arms had been stretched out upon the table, her golden head prone upon them, her face hidden from sight. Now she suddenly raised it to him—tearless still, but with her eyes dim with anguish, and faltered, brokenly :

"Oh, Sir Gabriel, have a little pity upon me! Do you think I do not know what he is?" The words came with something like indignation, anger, scorn. "Have I not got eyes, and ears, and a heart? Oh, if it could only turn to stone this moment! And has he not looked at me, and spoken to me, and told me he loved me? Has he not been kind, and gentle and generous? Has he not . . . I worship him!"

The last words sprang forth, as it were, involuntarily, breathlessly. She looked at him for a moment with flashing eyes, her face transfigured with a beauty which startled him; her passionate fervor reduced him to silence. That Randolph loved her he wondered no longer. He approved from his heart of hearts.

"Therefore I will never marry him," she went on, and her voice had gained strength. "Tell him what you please; that I am a flirt and a jilt—only he will never believe it; but tell him I will never marry him. And if you knew why," she added, composedly, "you would not press me either."

"I do not know that," he said. "I see you are oppressed by what seems to you some very painful secret. But you know nothing of the world, my child. I must be a far better judge than you of what does and what does not constitute an insuperable obstacle. Cannot you confide in me?"

"No, never, never! I know nothing of the world, as you say; but I know the difference between honor and dishonor. It is for your sake and his—not mine. Do I look as if I were enjoying it? Do I look happy? I know what I am doing. Believe that, and in pity's name leave me to my misery."

He felt that there was no further appeal. He could not be angry with her. He could not resent, though he had spoken quite advisedly when he said that with her answer Randolph's happiness must stand or fall. It would have to fall, but, somehow, the large-hearted old man could think at present only of this stricken girl—for he saw she was stricken—not of his own nearest and dearest.

"Then, my child, I must even leave you, though I feel my heart broken to have my errand end so badly. Good-bye, my love! I would fain have gone home feeling I had gained another child. I would gladly see my son married to a wife like you, if it could have been!"

Sir Gabriel's lips were quivering, as he took her hand, stooped, and gently kissed her forehead. She did not speak; she uttered not a syllable, but sat beside the table still, white as ever, with her hand dropping beside her. At the door he turned back once again, and came to her, saying :

"Remember, you can never be indifferent to me. If ever I can serve you, let me know how, and it shall be done."

Then he went away, really, and she never moved. She heard the front door open, the horses' hoofs. Then they rode away, and she was alone, the fire burning low, the early January evening closing in dank and drear.

To her poignant anguish a great apathy had succeeded. She had spoken out her whole soul and life as she told Sir Gabriel, "I worship him!" The whole scene seemed to float away into the background, like some far-back, half-remembered dream. Everything was shadowy and unreal.

Still she sat alone, and her forehead never changed from its white, stony composure, though it was almost dark, and it was a long time since Sir Gabriel had gone. She did not know that. She scarcely heard the door softly open and close, but she was conscious by-and-by that some one knelt down beside her—it was Judith, who had taken her drooping hand, and was speaking to her, in her deep, vibrating tones :

"Delphine, forgive me, but I cannot bear it any longer. What have I done that you should repel me thus? If your heart breaks, let mine break with it. I ask nothing else. Let us be together, even if it is only in our wretchedness!"

The appeal came at the right moment. Earlier, it would have irritated. Later, it would have been useless. Just now, with her great renunciation just consummated, it was salvation; it enabled her to speak.

"Judith—you are all I have left."

"And you to me. I have lived with you these two hours, and suffered with you. Sir Gabriel is a kind old man, Delphine."

"Poor old man! Yes, very. He likes to see people happy. He wants me to be happy—he wants Randulf to be happy. The other night Randulf asked me to marry him, and I said no. To-day Sir Gabriel came and asked me to marry Randulf; and told me all about how good he was, and how good it would be—oh, Judith! how good it would be to be his wife!"

Her head fell upon her sister's neck. Judith knew better than to speak. There was a long silence, during which one suffered perhaps as keenly as the other.

"I said no," Delphine resumed, at last. "The worst is over now. I must try to go on as if it had not happened—only, Judith, you must promise me one thing."

"Anything that it is in my power to do, my child."

"Try to keep mamma from talking of it. I fear she will be angry, and I cannot bear it. To wrangle over it would be like wrangling over the dead body of the person who was dearest to you."

Judith's brow darkened. There were moments when her large, grave beauty took an expression of kindling anger, and she was not one whose anger is as a summer cloud; it was not an anger to be smiled at.

"I have seen to that," she said. "There are limits to childish obedience. For your sake, Delphine, I have done what I never thought to do. My mother was angry. Sir Gabriel just came in and spoke to her. He said it was due to her to say that you had refused Mr. Danesdale, and that he could not oppose your decision. When he was gone, she wanted to know why. She said she must understand what you meant. I could bear it no longer. I spoke; I told her why."

"You told her? But that is fearful!" said Delphine, in an awestruck whisper.

"It is fearful. But there was no alternative. I did not openly name the reason; I said it was for the same reason as that for which Uncle Aglionby had left his money to his grandson. She looked at me in a manner I shall never forget. It was I who felt the criminal; but you will not be tormented. . . . As for me, I shall soon go away from here. It is not fitting that she and I should be in the same house together, for she will not forgive me. She will forgive you, Delphine. Come and speak to her."

Delphine complied, without hesitation. It was Judith's turn to be left by herself—the strongest, and therefore the loneliest spirit under that roof.

CHAPTER XXX.

MARAH.

A SAD afternoon at the end of January. The scene was Mrs. Malleson's pleasant drawing-room at Stanniforth Rectory. Stanniforth was an exceedingly large and desolate parish; it comprised Yoresett, and Scar Foot, and Danesdale, and many other offshoots and dependencies. Sparse was the population, though the extent was great, for in the words of the old chronicler, "Litle corn groweth in Sua-dale;" and of Danesdale he says, "Danesdale, and the soile about is very hilly, and berith litle corne; but noriseth many bestes"—a description true to this day, to the very letter.

The house belonging to the old "paroch chirche for alle the aforesaid townes," was a large, pleasant, modern mansion. Mrs. Malleson's drawing-room faced south, looking across a flower garden, over some roughly wooded "common land," to rugged gray fells. At this season of the year, the sun set almost exactly opposite the windows of this room. He had been struggling all day to make a way through the clouds, without much success. Just now, how-

ever, he had riven the clouds asunder, and was casting an almost lurid glow of farewell splendor; of misty rays like a crown over the rugged ridges of the fells. Indoors, it was not too light. The fire shone on the furniture and on the keys of the open piano. The two occupants of the room were Mrs. Malleson and Judith Conisbrough, and they had been drinking four-o'clock tea. Judith, who had taken off her hat and mantle, sat in the oriel window, in a low, chintz-covered chair. Her face was turned towards the sunset above the everlasting hills; and the departing rays caught it, and lit it up with a kind of halo, throwing out into full relief the strong, yet delicate features of her noble face, and showing forth more than usual both its sadness and its beauty.

Mrs. Malleson, a little bright brunette, with quick, bird-like, graceful movements, looked, beside her visitor, like a robin beside some far-seeing royal bird. She sat behind her tea-table, and laid down the work which her ever-busy fingers had for a long time been plying—for she was an industrious little lady.

"I wish I could have an exact likeness of you as you sit now, Judith, with the sun shining upon your face. The picture would do beautifully for a painted window, if a ring were put round your head, and it was called St. Cecilia, or St. Theresa, or St. Elizabeth, or some of those grand women, you know."

"Very different from the reality, who is neither grand nor a saint, but who wishes very much that your husband would come in, dear Paulina."

"I cannot imagine what detains him, I am sure. He knew you were coming, because he made a special note of it, and he has taken such a deep interest in all this affair of yours. But he cannot be long now."

"And he would not tell you what he had found for me," said Judith; and Mrs. Malleson repeated, not for the first time that afternoon:

"No, dear. It was about a week ago that he suddenly said, at breakfast time, 'I have it, I believe, at last.' And then I said, 'What have you, Laurence?' He answered, 'Some work that will suit Miss Conisbrough.' Not another word would he say to me; but when I asked him if it was anything to do with nursing, he answered, mysteriously, 'Perhaps—perhaps not.' And that is all I know, except that yesterday he told me to write to you, and ask if you would call here, as he was so busy, and didn't wish you to be delayed."

"I wonder what it is!" said Judith, resting her chin upon her hand, and still gazing out towards the hills and the setting sun."

"I hope it will be something you will not mind taking," said Mrs. Malleson, seriously. "Laurence is such a very matter-of-fact man, you know. He would be quite capable of thinking that when you said you would take *anything*, you meant it."

"Of course I meant it. I believe there is not any kind of honest work with head or hands that I would not gladly take, to get away from Yoresett."

"Well, let us hope— There he is!" said Mrs. Malleson, as she heard the loud latch of the vestibule door lift and fall—"and some one with him. Excuse me, Judith. I'll send him to you here, and tell him to make short work with his business, or he'll have to walk home with you."

She skimmed out of the room, closing the door after her. Judith, again lost in the absorbing speculation, "What can it be?" fixed her eyes upon the now gray and deathly looking sky, over which night was fast casting its mantle, nor noticed any outside sounds, until Mr. Malleson's voice roused her.

The Reverend Laurence Malleon was a favorable specimen of a broad church clergyman of the Church of England, on the Charles Kingsley lines.

He was some thirty-three or thirty-five years of age, and was dressed in a manner which would not have betrayed to any one his priestly vocation.

"Miss Conisbrough, I feel I have kept you waiting an unconscionable time," he began; "and I am very sorry for it. I can only say that I really could not help it, and trust to your good nature to excuse me."

"Pray do not mention it, Mr. Malleon. I do not mind waiting if, as Mrs. Malleon leads me to hope, you have a little work waiting for me at the end of the time."

"I was much puzzled by the circumstances of your case, I confess," he said. "I agreed with my wife, that it was not everything that would do for you. I could soon have found you *something*. I could have got you a situation as nursery governess, to take entire charge of three children, and teach them music, French, drawing, and English at the handsome stipend of twenty-five pounds a year. Would you have taken that?"

"If there had been *nothing* else—yes. But I would rather have to do with grown-up people than with children."

"You spoke of nursing. Of course I could have recommended you to different institutions. But there was your 'lack of gold!'" (Mr. Malleon spoke plainly, but with as keen an interest as if it were his own case he was describing and providing for, and Judith was far too much in earnest to care if he had been twice as explicit.)

"The most agreeable places as nurses," he went on, "are those where you go as what they call a 'lady probationer;' paying about a guinea a week for board, lodging, and practical instruction, until the medical board consider you qualified to take a nurse's place. But you had told me that you must go somewhere where you could earn, not pay money; where services, not a premium, were required."

"Yes."

"One morning I bethought myself quite suddenly of Dr. Hugh Wentworth of Irkford. Did you ever hear of him?"

"No."

"He has a name, nevertheless. He is an old friend of mine. We were schoolfellows. He is a comparatively young man—about my age, in fact; but he has taken every degree that the medical profession has to give, and is member of I don't know how many scientific societies with long names. He is president of the Irkford Royal Infirmary, and his private practice might be of any extent he chooses. We used to be great friends, as lads. Lately, we have lost sight of one another. I knew him to be influential, and I believed him to be rarely good and wise; a man in a thousand. Well, I wrote to him, recalled myself to his memory, and asked him if he cared to do me a favor, as I thought he could. Promptly I had a reply. He remembered all about it, and was glad to hear of me again; and any favor that lay in his power, he would do me. I then wrote to him again. I told him about you. I gave him my impressions as to your character and capabilities. I told him that what you wanted was *work*—that you were desirous to learn anything that you were set to do, and that whatever it might be, you were resolved to master it. I mentioned nursing, and said that your thoughts had turned towards it, not sentimentally—"

"Ah, I am glad you said that!"

"But as a career—as a practical calling. In short, I begged him, if he had any opening for a learner, and was likely to hear of any, to remember me and you. And he has done so."

Mr. Malleon smiled pleasantly, not adding that he had spoken of Judith to his friend in terms of praise, such as those who knew him as Dr. Wentworth did were well aware he rarely used; that he had wound up his description of her by saying:

"In short, she is one of those women who would fulfil old George Herbert's words—who would sweep a room, if she had it to sweep, to the glory of her God."

"He has done so? Oh, Mr. Malleon, what goodness, on both his part and yours! And what does he say?"

"He says"—the rector drew a letter from his pocket—"he says, 'The young lady you speak of, Miss Judith Conisbrough, appears to be a'—h'm—h'm—' character who might be useful, if her energies were properly directed. Of course I know, as every medical man of large practice must, that hundreds, if not thousands of young women annually die, or go mad, or sink into hopeless querulousness or hysteric invalidism, simply because they have nothing to do in the world. Miss Conisbrough can come to Irkford if she chooses. I can find some work for her, but I beg you will explain to her that it is neither light, nor agreeable, nor well paid. No nurse's work is agreeable. It is seldom well paid. She will find the start, especially, most unpleasant. It would not be nursing, as I have no room at present for even a nurse or probationer. By-and-by there will be a vacancy. What I can give her is this. In the Nurses' Home, in which my wife and I take a great interest, there is a matron who wants an assistant. The assistant's duties would be chiefly of a domestic character at first, and pray do not delude Miss Conisbrough with the idea that they would be in any way different from what domestic offices usually are. She would have various departments to look after—from the kitchen to the receiving of visitors if necessary, or if the matron were otherwise engaged. She can try it, if she likes. It will give her a thorough practical acquaintance with the arrangements of the house in which, should she ever become a nurse or a probationer, she would have to live. For her services in this capacity she would receive eighteen pounds a year. When an opening occurs, I will, if her conduct and capabilities have been satisfactory, give her the refusal of a probationer's place. I have had many applications for the place, but none which I consider quite suitable. I am inclined to think that your friend would do, since, from what you say, I gather that she is country born and bred; that in tastes she is simple and frugal; is physically strong and healthy, and in mind steadfast. Pray do not forget to impress upon her that the work is neither light nor agreeable; or it may be that after five minutes' conversation with her, I may simply have to tell her to go home again. As soon as she decides let me know. She may come as soon as she pleases; she must come within the next ten days if she decides to come at all."

"Now what do you say?" asked Mr. Malleon. "It is eighteen pounds a year, and work that is evidently neither delicate nor agreeable. The other is five and twenty pounds, and much less arduous work—"

"Oh, I will take the Irkford one, please. The work cannot be too arduous for me! Oh, Mr. Malleon, if you only knew what this is to me!"

It was with great difficulty that she refrained from bursting into tears of relief and joy. The tight strain at her heart seemed loosened. The awful tension—the blank unvaried hopelessness of her present and future had changed.

"I am glad if it does please you. But you will forgive my saying—you must allow me, since I am your clergyman, and you are without father or brother—to say that it behoves you to think seriously and long before you take such a step—before you, a lady born and bred, leave your quiet home in this beautiful and healthy spot, to venture out into a great

city, where you will have onerous work which will have to be carried on in the vitiated air of the same city. Remember, you renounce your freedom, your independence; you bind yourself to absolute servitude, absolute obedience, and——"

"Yes, Mr. Malleon; I have reflected upon all those points. I can only say, that you do not know all the motives which prompt me to take this course. You and Mrs. Malleon have known me for some years now; have I ever behaved in a giddy, or unseemly, or irrational manner, during that time?"

"Never, to my knowledge."

"And I am not doing so now. I have made no light decision. I came to it on my knees—through fasting and prayer—not from carelessness or love of variety."

"I will say no more. I trust you fully, and fully appreciate the earnestness of your purpose. It only grieves me to think that one at your age, and in your position, should feel it necessary to come to so stern and sad a decision."

"You are very kind. I have pitied myself often, in former times, but not now."

"I hope you have not been without consolation. It is often in such trials that the purest and truest consolation is given; indeed it is doubtful whether those who have not had hard and bitter trials, *can* know what inward peace means. There was a royal lady you know, once, whose crown was a crown of sorrows almost from the first day she wore it, and *she* said constantly:

"Who ne'er his bread with tears hath ate,
Who ne'er the night's drear watches through,
Weeping beside his bed hath sate,
Ye heavenly powers, he knows not *you*."

"I know," said Judith. "But Queen Louisa was a braver and a better woman than I am; and in all her sorrows she had work to do. I have sorrowed as she did. I have eaten my bread with tears, and wept on my bed the whole night long; but I have not found much consolation yet. This work, I trust, will help to bring it."

She rose, as did Mr. Malleon.


"You will not go without telling us—you will see my wife and me again before you leave?"

"Surely; and I will say good-night to Paulina now. I must take my way home."

Mr. Malleon preceded her across the passage, threw open the door of a lighted room (for all the sunset had long been over, and darkness had descended); and Judith, entering and screening her eyes from the sudden glare, found herself face to face with her friend Mrs. Malleon, and with Bernard Aglionby, who had risen as she, Judith, came in, and who now stood looking at her.

(To be continued.)

Women Preachers.


 YOUNG women are gradually being added to the list of those who hold church pastorates, but they are excluded from the regular bodies by every means that the ingenuity of "Conferences" can devise. Miss Anna Oliver was obliged to build up her own church. Miss Kate Lent has been refused recognition, but will shortly enter the field on her own account; and Miss Anna Shaw, having waited in vain for the M. E. Church to open its doors, applied to the Protestant Methodist denomination, and is the first woman ordained by that body. The labors of women preachers, it is acknowledged, have been singularly successful; and male pastors speak flatteringly of the persuasive powers of women when they want them to gain money. Why not permit them to exercise their gift in saving souls?

A Portrait of Washington.

 COL. WALTERS, the author of "Shakespeare's Rural Homes," is the possessor of what is acknowledged to be the best portrait ever painted of Washington, and one which, for the credit of the country, ought to be owned by some society or public-spirited individual in this country. The portrait is the one painted by Mr. Sharples, who was an English artist, while on a visit to Washington at Mt. Vernon, and is greatly superior to Stuart's, much grander and more dignified. It was loaned by Col. Walters to the historical society of New York, in April, 1854, twenty-seven years ago, and at a special meeting of that society, Dr. Van Pelt, who resided then in Hammond Street, New York, had personally known and remembered Washington, spoke in terms of great admiration of the portrait, and in common with Bryant, Longfellow and others, wrote letters to Col. Walters, expressing the gratification they had experienced. Washington Irving asked to have it as a frontispiece to his *Life*, but the owner was naturally afraid it would be copied. The picture was returned by the Historical Society in due time, and is now in Col. Walters' home in Sussex, exactly as it was sent in 1854. At that time he would not have dreamed that anything could have induced him to part with it; but circumstances now make Mr. Walters willing to sell it, if he can find an American who desires its possession; and indeed it seems as though one should not be hard to find.

"Puss In Boots."


(See Oil Picture.)

 THE picture which we give in the present number will be more than welcome to all the lovers of the good old nursery stories and legends. It graphically sets before us that legendary and traditional puss who managed to establish herself, very much to her own satisfaction, in boots; and though the records of that event, and the wonders of art which have accompanied them, have generally presented Puss with her slender limbs encased in boots, trying very hard to walk upright, as if she was not Puss at all, yet it is evident that the true history of Puss's escapade was as the artist has depicted it in our pages. Puss had undoubtedly strolled off to the barn to indulge in a solitary fit of musing; perhaps she might have felt that sense of disgust with the world in general, and somebody in particular, that assails us all at times, and thus been in the mood for doing something "out of the common."

Evidently this was the case, for she sought an obscure corner of the barn, where, neglected and forgotten, lay a pair of old boots given over to soft green mold and dust. The boots were large, they probably belonged to the hired man; the sole of the one which lay with that part exposed to view is studded with nails, but Puss did not mind; perhaps she was of a puss of æsthetic tendencies, and fancied the tint of green upon the moldy leather. Doubtless she put first one soft paw in the inside of the boot, then the other, and gradually worked herself in until she was completely ensconced in her strange resting-place, and experienced such a profound sense of pleasure in the novelty of the situation that her equanimity was restored. She is still somewhat pensive, but she is perfectly satisfied and tranquil. It was not so easy to get out as it was to get in, and that is how she came to stay till some of the children found her, and perpetuated the story of "Puss in Boots," which she never could have told for herself.

Jumping at a Conclusion.

BY LOUISE ALEXANDER.

 SAY, my good girl, just let me have some water out of that pail, will you?"

And the speaker stooped from his horse to reach for the silently offered beverage.

"Surely, you are not a native?" interrogated the young man, with an easy *nou-chal-ance* of manner, as he slowly sipped the cold spring water. For he had caught a brief glimpse, beneath the girl's huge sun-bonnet, of abnormally long lashes, sweeping shyly a pair of carnation flushed cheeks.

"I am staying at Miss Gangewer's, sir," was the demure reply.

"Fortunate woman," said the young man, gayly. "My mother will die of envy when she hears of it. You must know there is a general dearth of intelligent help"—a very perceptible pause of hesitation, before those two words—"in this forsaken part of the universe. There is a sort of amiable rivalry between Miss Gangewer and my mother on the servant-girl question. You don't happen to have a twin sister who would like a place—only two in the family—and one of them a handsome and perfectly harmless young man?"

"No sir," uplifting a pair of innocent-looking gray eyes to the gentleman's ingenuous and laughing face.

"Well, a thousand thanks for the water," with an airy wave of his straw hat. "And very truly 'a sweeter draught from a fairer hand was never quaffed,'" and the horse and rider went off at a madcap pace, and left the sun-bonneted damsel to gaze after him in mute but obvious amusement.

"Oh! Miss Mary," cried the girl, rushing breathlessly into the cool, dark room, where sat the lady of the small domain.

"I have already had a thrilling adventure," and then the girl gleefully related the encounter at the spring.

"I felt quite like a Maud Muller, particularly when he quoted the Judge," she added, merrily inspecting herself with a droll expression, in the tall mirror at the end of the room. "You see, god-mamma, after all, clothes make the woman. And what a fright I must have looked, to be sure," with a comical grimace at her own reflection.

A plain, straight-cut calico dress, of no particular pattern and no particular hue, enveloped the girl's erect, vigorous figure, while the costume was completed by a sun-bonnet of telescopic aspect, from the depths of which peeped out a pair of saucy gray eyes fringed with black lashes, a delicious little tip-tilted nose, a mouth like a rose-bud, and a chin that was cleft at its base by a dimple.

"You really do look a little ridiculous, Rosie," smiled Miss Gangewer, by way of consolation, from where she sat capping strawberries.

"It must have been Charley Raymond you met out there; he is one of those harum-scarum fellows, always making mistakes and getting himself into scrapes; but a good boy—his mother's idol. You can see their house from this window, Primrose. They have just bought it, and already Mrs. Raymond is in the same predicament that I am—not a servant can she get to stay here for love nor money."

"Say the predicament you *were* in, god-mamma," said the girl gayly.

"Do you think I have quartered myself on you for a

whole summer, without meaning to work for my board? Not I. Besides, fancy a girl with æsthetic tendencies, weighing a hundred and thirty pounds! No, I mean to go into training—to grow long and lank, so that next winter I can appear in sage-green with a lily in my hand, and the proper accessories. So, I don't care a fig, now, Miss Mary, how long it takes my luggage to find its way up here. I shall wear this gown of ascetic simplicity. God-mamma, where *did* you get the pattern? And we will discover how many of the inhabitants will take me for your servant-gal."

The summer days went calmly by, diversified only, in the little country house among the mountains, by the arrival of a rather uncertain mail, the vexed question of what they should have for dinner, and to the younger lady the probability of a chance encounter with a certain frank-eyed young man, mounted upon an iron-gray steed.

Nearly every day now this same young gentleman drew rein before Miss Gangewer's cottage door; for quite suddenly he had evinced an absorbing interest and anxiety concerning that gentle spinster's welfare.

Numerous, though rather vague, were the messages and inquiries from Mrs. Raymond, through the medium of her son; and kindly-natured Miss Mary was placidly amused at the young man's absent-minded answers to her remarks, while she noted the perplexed interest of his eyes as they followed Primrose West's movements about the room, while she dusted the furniture with a strictly professional air, or appeared to be engrossingly occupied with some other manual labor during his stay.

Occasionally, likewise, these two young people came across each other in their out-of-doors rambles. Indeed, there appeared to be some mysterious quality by which Charley Raymond discovered and followed up the paths by which the sun-bonneted maiden took her afternoon strolls; and in these encounters the young man betrayed an earnest and even eager desire to elicit all the conversation and attention possible from Miss Gangewer's "servant-girl." It was quite evident, even to himself, that he was daily yielding to a deeper infatuation for this shy, lovely-eyed girl, who was at least educated, if she did serve in a menial capacity; and from some few casual remarks he had gathered the rather vague idea that this girl, Rose West, was from Boston—one of those women of whom he had read, who went out in service during the summer in order to earn money for their studies in the winter.

One sultry July afternoon, while Miss Gangewer sat languidly embroidering by the open window, Miss West ran singing into the room.

"Oh! Primrose," said the elder woman looking up with her usual smile of welcome into the girl's bright face, "I have been thinking about you. Has it ever occurred to you that you are responsible for Charley Raymond's peace of mind? He was in here a while ago, gazed searchingly around—for you I am sure—and then said his mother would like to borrow the pattern of my—sun-bonnet. I suppose he saw I looked astonished, for he was dreadfully confused and stammered out, of course he meant the lambrequin, in my best bed-room.

Miss West gave utterance to a merry ripple of amusement.

"I will reflect at leisure, on the hollow state of affairs you have developed," she said, tying the strings of the telescopic sun-bonnet under her pretty chin. "In the meantime, my dear Miss Mary, I am going to hunt up some huckleberries for your supper."

Saying which, with a gay flourish of farewell, the girl ran lightly down the steep garden path—out of the hot sunshine—and plunged, with a relieved sigh of content, into the cool depth of the shady wood.

The huckleberries grew but sparsely around about, and unconsciously the girl went step by step, until Miss Gangewer's house was left at least a mile behind her.

Suddenly, a low roll of thunder caused Miss Primrose to look up. The sky was black above the tops of the tall trees, and momentarily the wind grew stronger and the trees more noisy. With a quick terror, at the danger of the lightning among her present surroundings, poor Primrose felt suddenly panic-stricken.

Down went the basket of huckleberries, and away sped the girl, whither she scarcely knew, and what an immense relief it was to her to hear a familiar voice, even although the telescopic bonnet had caused her to rush wildly into Charles Raymond's arms.

"Methought I could not have mistaken that sun-bonnet," he shouted above the uproar of the elements, as he hurried her into the open meadow land, where perhaps the lightning had less chance, but decidedly the rain had more, for very speedily the girl's calico dress was saturated, and the rain-weighted masses of her hair came tumbling down in picturesque confusion.

"This will never do," said the young man, frowning anxiously at the sullen sky and at the steady downpour of the summer rain.

"You will take cold standing here. Our house is nearer than yours; you must come home with me."

"Whatever must I look like!" exclaimed the girl, with a helpless attempt at coiling up her thoroughly drenched hair.

"Like an angel, or a mermaid," said the other in a tender whisper.

"Like a chambermaid, you mean," retorted the girl, with a highly practical air.

"Well, mermaid or chambermaid, you are the woman that I love. Darling, surely you must have guessed as much. Won't you promise, that you will marry me?" Truly there was a beseeching tone of entreaty in this straightforward speech, that proved, at least, the young man was in earnest; but the matter-of-fact maiden answered with reproachful rebuke.

"Oh! Mr. Raymond, what would your mamma say?" So the discomfited Mr. Raymond was fain to lead the way, until presently they were standing, two dripping figures, before Charley's mother, Mrs. Raymond. The lady heard her son's story with great composure, and led Primrose up-stairs with a frigid politeness, that perhaps presaged a storm. But she insisted the girl should exchange her wet clothes for others she brought her in their stead.

While Primrose was making her toilet, a council of war was held below stairs by mother and son.

"You surely don't want me to ask that *object* to sit down at the table with us?" his mother inquired incredulously, for she had not been favorably impressed by poor Primrose's draggled and forlorn appearance.

"But she sits down at table with Mrs. Gangewer," remonstrated her son, eagerly. "I rode past there yesterday, and saw them taking tea together under the trees."

"Very well then, as you please," replied his mother, stiffly, compressing her lips.

Upon which the young man began to whistle softly, and strolled over to the piano. While he was idly playing, with expectant eyes fixed impatiently upon the door, it opened suddenly, and before him stood a charming apparition—the figure of a girl clad all in white, with the shining masses of her red-brown hair piled into a sort of crown upon her lovely head.

"Was not that Beethoven's 'Sonate Pathétique?'" she cried eagerly, coming over to where Charley sat, staring in undisguised surprise.

"How well you play; I had no idea you were a musician."

"Nor I, that you were a critic," said Charley.

"No? my pursuits are various and diversified," answered she, with an arch smile.

"Shall I sing you something?" she added, with a slightly coquettish air.

So presently the room was resounding to the magnificent melody of "La Ci Darenì," and the astonished Mrs. Raymond came hurrying in, to behold her son gazing with enraptured eyes upon this inspired songstress, from between whose parted lips the superb tones came as easily as a bird's notes. When the song was finished, with a slightly mischievous smile, the girl's fingers took up the allegro movement of the sonata that Charley had been playing, and executed it with a precision and clearness of touch that elicited even Mrs. Raymond's admiration and approval.

"But, my dear child," exclaimed Mrs. Raymond, when the girl had arisen from her seat, "forgive the apparent impropriety on the part of a stranger, but you are evidently a lady, with education and accomplishments. Why should you accept such a menial position as servant in my friend, Miss Gangewer's, house?"

"But I am not Miss Gangewer's servant," answered the girl, with wide-open eyes and a well-feigned air of surprise.

"Why, Charlie!" exclaimed his mother severely, "I am sure you told me so—"

"Perhaps," interpolated the young lady sweetly, "Mr. Raymond considered my appearance justified his conclusion. I am Miss Gangewer's god-child; and I came on here, quite unexpectedly, to spend the summer with her, while my parents were in Europe. Last winter I went through a course of cooking lectures, so when I found my dear Miss Mary was without a servant, I insisted upon making myself useful to her. Perhaps that is the way your son's mistake came about, Mrs. Raymond," explained the girl demurely.

"Charley," said his mother severely, "I hope this will cure you of that absurd habit of jumping at conclusions."

"Will you ever forgive my unpardonable stupidity?" implored the young man, penitently, when his mother had vanished to prepare the tea-table.

"It was all the fault of that monstrous sun-bonnet, which could not hide your sweetness, after all, you lovely wild rose—"

"My name is Primrose, if you please, sir," said the girl, with the long lashes resting demurely on her cheeks.

"And prim you look," laughed Charley, "with your quaint, funny little airs and demure speeches. I have a faint suspicion, Miss Primrose, that you have been playing a part, and leading me into this trap—"

"A trap of your own construction, remember, Mr. Raymond," said the girl, with a glance of gay and laughing defiance.

"And what a leveler to my pride it has been to be taken for a servant-girl."

"But at least I have proved to you my own sincerity," said Charley with an accent of anxious humility.

"Primrose—what a dear, little, old-fashioned name it is—I love you. Will you be my very own Primrose?"

"If you think me worth the transplanting," the girl said softly, with a shy blush.

And so, the rain being happily over, these two walked hand-in-hand through the sweet gloaming of the summer night, back to Miss Mary's little cottage on the hill-top.

And when Mrs. Raymond discovered, later on, that her son was about to wed the daughter of a millionaire, the measure of her satisfaction was full to overflowing.



Louise Otto Peters.

PRESIDENT OF THE ALLGEMEINE DEUTSCHE FRAUEN-VEREIN.

THE question of woman's advancement is, in Germany, intimately associated with the name of Louise Otto. There are women of greater fame, of higher attainments, but none whose character and writings, whose words and deeds are so much in accord as Louise Otto.

August Silberstein, an Austrian *littérateur*, says of her: "One of the female authors we should not like to miss, either in our time or literature, is Louise Otto. Her character, as it reveals itself, especially in her poems, is so practical, and, at the same time, so indissolubly connected with our age and its tendencies, that we may not inaptly call her a female complement of the time."

In illustration of this statement we give a brief sketch of her life. Louise Otto was born March 26, 1819, at Meissen, in the kingdom of Saxony. Her childhood was a very happy one, though she was so delicate that she was not able to walk until four years of age. Her father, a lawyer of high reputation, possessed a large mansion in town, and a country-house with a vineyard near the Elbe, thus enabling the little girl to pass much of her time in the open air, so early initiating her into the charms of nature, the intense love for which is displayed in so much of her poetry.

When the revolution of July shook the whole of Europe, Saxony had also its own private revolution, Prince Frederick August being made co-regent, and being obliged to sign a liberal constitution. When, in honor of this happy event, the town of Meissen was illuminated, Louise Otto, then ten years old, wrote her first poem, a *political* poem, celebrating the new era and attacking the Jesuits, who, it was said, had tried to poison the prince. Ever since, her lyre, though often tuned to other accords, has been true to its first melody.

When Louise was sixteen she lost both her parents in the course of three months. After this sad event she and her three sisters remained alone in the large house with a maiden aunt, where she had abundance of time to dream, to study, and to poetize.

In 1843 her first novel appeared, bearing, even then, the mark of her aspirations. It was entitled "Ludwig der Kellner" (Lewis the Waiter), and attacked old prejudices and false views of society, inculcating strongly Burns's creed,

"A man's a man for a' that."

In the preface she says: "If spring does not come to-day it will come soon; all those who, like myself, hold fast to this belief, I greet as my comrades." These words made a sensation, and gained for her many friends and admirers among aspiring German youth.

From this time on Louise Otto became a contributor to

many political papers, in which she first wrote under a masculine *nom de plume*; but, her articles being well-received, she soon dropped the mask, and showed that a woman can not only take a lively interest in political events, but also have an opinion of her own on these subjects.

Her succeeding novels continued to treat of social and political questions, as "Die Freunde" (The Friends), celebrating the Burschenschaften, or associations of students at the universities; "Schwarz, Roth, und Gold" (Black, Red, and Yellow), the German colors, which were strictly prohibited in that time of reaction; "Schloss und Fabrick" (Castle and Factory), a novel which pleaded for the poor factory men of the Erzgebirge, and which, on that account, was confiscated, though afterward, upon her personal solicitation, released, and, after some changes, republished; a cheap edition, which in Germany is always a token of marked success, being issued in 1868.

This novel made her very popular among all liberal men, and a deputation of the working men of Leipzig went to thank her and request her to write for their special organ, *The Typographia*. This she promised to do if allowed to speak in the interest of the workwomen, as she had already done in other papers.

The revolution of 1848 roused all her enthusiasm, though it also wrung from her the lament that she was but a "helpless, fettered woman!" Yet she was not idle. Besides songs of glowing patriotism, she wrote an "Address of a German Woman to the Ministry, the Commissioners of Work, and all Working People," which concludes in this manner: "Do not think you can organize any system of labor without including the work of women. But, though all the world should forget them, so shall not I."

And she kept her word. She took part in the revolutionary agitation, in the elections, in the establishment of liberal newspapers; she founded herself the first *Woman's Journal* in Germany, bearing the motto, almost untranslatable, "Dem Reich der Freiheit werb ich Bürgerinnen" (For the kingdom of Liberty I seek free citizens), in which she declared that those women should not be helped who would not help themselves.

The paper made many friends, and in the *Leuchtturm* (Lighthouse), one of the liberal journals of the time, her portrait and biography appeared among those of the most popular men of the day. But the liberal movement was suppressed, her paper, among many others, was suspended; and as Louise Otto was thought to be a dangerous character, confiscations, interviews with detectives and searchings of her house came to be every day affairs with her. The government knew well that among those who had been persecuted and exiled, were many of her friends, and gave her to understand that any support offered even to their helpless families was an offense against the "powers that be."

Among those forced to leave their fatherland was one of her dearest friends, although at that time they had met but once,—August Peters. Being editor of a republican paper, he was threatened, persecuted and fled to take part in the struggle in Baden, where he was made a prisoner. The friends found means of communicating with each other, and in 1851, when Peters was condemned to ten years' imprisonment in Bruchsal, Louise Otto went to see him, and through the iron bars of the prison they exchanged their vows of love and constancy.

Her great desire then was to remain in the town, hoping to be allowed to see her betrothed from time to time, but the government of Baden deemed the fragile little woman too dangerous a person to be permitted a residence in their domains, so she was ordered to go beyond the boundary line.

In 1856, an hour of deliverance came for the prisoner, and the heavily tried pair were united. Husband and wife were

most active, and together established the *Mitteldeutsche Volkszeitung*, a liberal paper, which continued until 1866. In the years which had passed many novels had appeared from Frau Otto's ready pen, one of which, a historical novel, entitled "Nürnberg," won high encomiums.

But the loving pair were not long to enjoy each other's companionship. Dr. Peters died in 1864, leaving his widow in reduced circumstances, as the larger proportion of her property had melted away in the cause of liberty. For many years the courageous woman had a hard struggle with necessity, maintaining herself solely by her pen, until a legacy gave her again a firm footing in the world.

In 1865, the year after her sad loss, Frau Otto, in conjunction with several other women of like sympathies and aspirations, founded the "Allgemeine deutsche Frauen-Verein," an association having for its motto, "Das Recht und die Ehre der Arbeit," (The Rights and Honors of Work), and having for its aim, the elevation of the position of woman, especially in Germany.

The "Verein" was founded at Leipzig, October, 1865, but its members are to be found all over Germany, and even beyond its boundaries. Since then many Women's Congresses have been held in different German towns, such as Brunswick, Cassel, Hanover, Heidelberg, Stuttgart, etc., all presided over by Louise Otto, and all having the same result—the establishment of local Vereins, adopting the same general principles as the mother Verein, and the proving their words by their works in the institution of all sorts of professional and practical schools for the development and elevation of the female sex.

A journal, to be the organ of the new association, was established at the same time, called the *Neue Bahnen* (New Path), and has ever since been edited by Frau Otto and her faithful coadjutor, Fräulein Auguste Schmidt.

The productions of her pen from that period have been almost exclusively dedicated to the interests of women: "Das Recht der Frauen auf Erwerb" (The Right of Women to Work or to Gain Money by Work); "The Trilogy, or The Genius of the House; The Genius of Mankind; The Genius of Nature," and "Frauenleben im deutschen Reiche."

Not least among her works are her poems, which appeared in 1868, and which belong to the best in German literature:—

DIE EIGNE KRAFT.

Willst du das Grosse gross vollbringen,
Musst du der eignen Kraft vertraun,
Musst du im kühnen Weiterringen
Nie seitwärts, immer vorwärts schau'n.

Sieh nicht zur Rechten, nicht zur Linken,
Den Abgrund hier, die Wolken dort
Folgt' deines Sternes goldnen Blinken,
Zieh muthig deine Strasse fort.

Frag nicht, wohin die Wege führen,
Frag nicht, wie weit du wandern musst,
Nicht andre Führer sollst du küren,
Als wie den Gott in deiner Brust.

Hast du sein Rufen recht vernommen,
Lass jeden Zweifel hinter dir!
Du wirst gewiss zum Ziele kommen,
Aupflanzen dort dein Siegespanier.

Ein Siegespanier! den Schlachten schlagen
Und kämpfen musst du allerwärts,
Und Hohes für das Höchste wagen
Geringe achten Noth und Schmerz.

Fühlst du dich also hochgemuthet,
So wandle freudig deine Bahn,
Ob auch dein Fuss, dein Herz dir blutet,
Du kommst gewiss am Ziele an.

So lass den Siegesruf erklingen,
Und einer Welt verkünd es laut:
Das Grosse kann nur gross vollbringen
Wer seiner eignen Kraft vertraut!

Thus writing, working, acting with the same end ever in view, Louisa Otto lives in her poetically pretty home in Leipzig, fragrant with flowers and cheery with the song of birds: and if she has not seen the fulfillment in her mature years of what she hoped for and aspired to in her youth, if it is still denied her to gather fruits of the seeds she sowed in sorrow and in tears, yet she sees the blossoms which crown the plants sprung from those seeds; and should her life be spared a few years longer, she may even yet look upon a rich and abundant harvest.

CASSEL, GERMANY.

L. P. L.

The Burning Bush.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

I.

As in historic days of old,
A voice came from the foliage aflame;
So now, in purple, red and gold,
The tinted leaves, a lesson here proclaim,
For Autumn's blush
Makes the vast woods around a burning bush.

II.

These gorgeous leaves that trembling float
In light, are signs of favor from above;
As Joseph's many-colored coat
Was the sure token of his father's love.
No other land
Has greater gifts from the All-father's hand.

III.

The sunshine of the Summer days
Is left on sheaves of wheat, and shocks of corn.
Abundant bread commands our praise,
Plenty is poured from Ceres' golden horn.
They shall be fed,
Who ask, and trust, and toil for daily bread.

IV.

Sweet clusters of the grape appear,
Transparent beads upon the branching vine;
Rich jewelry, worn by the year,
So grand and beautiful in its decline.
The trees, so fair,
Stand still, like whispering multitudes at prayer.

V.

Fair Autumn looks with ruddy face,
Anear and far, across her great domain,
Through woven veils of airy lace,
On garnered fields, where roots and grass and grain,
Were gathered
That earth's great family may all be fed.

VI.

O thank the Giver of all good,
And lift the thankful heart, in grateful praise,
For the large loaf of needed food,
And the succession of delightful days
That blessed our toil,
And won rich plenty from the fertile soil.



"THIS IS YOUR HUDDLE, THIS 'ERE."

Our Huddle.

WHEN yellow leaves flutter down from the maples and drift into rustling piles in woods, whence the summer birds have flown, when uptown streets which for two months have dozed in the hot sunshine wake into life, and when the half-deserted halls and piazzas of summer hotels seem chilly and dreary in the long autumn evenings, those of you, my readers, who still linger there think wistfully of home comforts and social cheer.

You would gladly sit among your books, pictures and ornaments, in the blaze of a cheery wood fire, look into some friendly face grown round, rosy, and brown, since last you saw it, and ask the now universal question, "Where have you spent the summer?"

Where have you spent the summer?

Have you ruined boots and complexion in Catskill climbs, floated among the lilies on Adirondack lakes, or picnicked among the rhododendrons at the Water-Gap? Have you tried tent life and amateur cookery with some camping party among the hills, gazed on the pomps and vanities at Long Branch, or profaned with eggshells and ginger ale bottles the "hushed precipices" of Katahdin?

Have you improved the shining hours at Ocean Grove, or waltzed them away at Saratoga?

For myself I have neither basked in the sunshine of Baltimore friendliness, wondered at New York style, or learned at the feet of Boston culture. In the world, not of it, I have been to a *huddle*.

A huddle is not, as one friend guesses, a skillful packing of a dozen persons in a ten by fourteen foot tent; it is a village blighted in its earliest youth, and situated nine miles from—not only a lemon—but almost every other appliance of civilization.

Spring found me longing for rest and change, yet cherishing a whole-souled repulsion to hotel life. "No," I said, "I will not seek the country to which is annually brought the dress, fashion and dissipation of the town, its newspapers, billiards, gossip and hops;" I will go the country where I can see the cows driven home lowing from the pasture, and can even drive them myself without horrifying Mrs. Grundy. Where I can ride in the hay wagon, and lying on the sweet-scented hay listen to the voices of the reapers and the lulling swish of the scythe, see the breeze creep over the billowing grass, rocking the innocent daisies and setting the cherry buttercups dancing, and watch the great cloud shadows gliding over the hills. Where I can make friends with the shy woodland things, mark where the oriole hangs her nest, and take lessons in domestic economy from Cock Robin and Jennie Wren."

I thought of a distant relative ungratefully forgotten

for some years, residing far from the madding crowd at a place called Martin's Rest. Sweet name! suggestive of sunshiny, breezy meadows, sloping down to some sparkling stream or gently flowing river, whose flowery banks the skimming martins love.

The result of these meditations was a letter to Aunt Melissa, which was promptly and cordially answered, and my vanity being, if possible, at a still lower ebb than my very limited wardrobe, I found myself in the course of a week enthroned on an indescribable vehicle, drawing up with a clatter and a bump

before a country store, while the lank driver remarked,

"This is your huddle, this 'ere."

"This isn't Martin's Rest, is it?" I asked faintly.

"Yes it be; that's 'ere the rest where the place is named from."

I look about bewildered. Where are the murmuring river, the sunshiny meadows? On one side of the road is the store, displaying in window and door a miscellaneous line of goods, from perfumery to plows, from hoes to hymn books, from shoes to scrubbing brushes and satin ribbon. Over the way is a long farm-house with its out-buildings, a pig-pen, an uncleanly looking cider-press, and a tall pump.

"That 'ere" indicated is a worm-eaten board, primitively and unsteadily resting on two stones, close to the dust and glare of the highway, and deriving its poetical name, as I afterward learned, from having afforded a seat to Ebenezer Martin, a traveling tinsmith, since risen to be proprietor of the country store, and one of the shining lights of our huddle.

But any destruction of picturesque fancies is soon forgotten in aunt's cordial welcome, and in her appetizing supper of light bread, cake, and biscuit, amber honey, rich milk, and eggs and fruit above suspicion—for the art of good living is understood in our huddle, whatever arts languish, and a rich farming country lies around us.

Mistress and maid partake at the same table, for the system of domestic service at Martin's Rest resembles the employment of "Lady Help," recently suggested in some English journals, the domestics being in education and social standing the equals of those whom they serve.

The blooming damsel who presides over our pots and kettles is the daughter of one of the farmers in the place, and has received the best education the local free school affords. She accompanies the family to church, sits with them in the evenings, and when a traveling circus wanders here, when a fair is held, or when a corn-husking or quilting frolic gathers our young people together, Lida, in her best apparel, is escorted by a son of the house to the scene of festivity. Such girls are apt to work more intelligently and systematically than do the inferior grade of servants employed in cities, are more handy, neater in their persons, more interested in the well-being of those whom they serve. Most of our servants are daughters of neighboring farmers. Occasionally, however, the huddle residents find themselves at the mercy of the typical Bridget, of whom we have a few specimens, probably *avant-courriers* of a coming army. These, like the Martin's Rest "help," require to be placed on terms of equality with the family and treated as friends, demand freedom such as no city mistress would allow, and are liable when their feelings are wounded to go, leaving

their employers to struggle with circumstances as they can. However, the mistress, who has perhaps served as help in her turn, and who daily takes upon herself a large share of the household work, is generally fully equal to the emergency.

The women of our little community are usually well-skilled in housewifely arts; they bake and churn, pickle and preserve, they cook, sew, scour, starch and iron. Good housekeeping is the one art in which they excel, their one accomplishment, ambition, and object in life. Their literary cravings are satisfied by the few local papers which come to their hands, and a semi-occasional semi-religious novel, while their husbands, in addition to these, read only the "Farmer's Almanac" and the "Agriculturist," and a religious weekly.

The only musical instrument which our community boasts is a wheezy melodeon, which is kept in the meeting-house, and is usually rigidly under lock and key. Here even in these days of Postlethwaite and Mandle, high priests of sun-flower worship, art seems unheard of; indeed, the beautiful is rigidly excluded from dress, furniture, and surroundings. In almost every house is a shut-up best parlor, dark and awful, where slippery claw-legged chairs stand in a row against the wall, with the stiffness of militia on parade. Here the decorative art, such as it is, of the family expands itself in two or three grim portraits, a basket of artificial fruits unknown to pomology, under glass, and a piece of worsted embroidery. Dress occupies little time and thought among the women of Martin's Rest. A dark print, with little trimming or attempt at adornment, is the usual house costume, and a shawl and great sun-bonnet are considered sufficiently elegant for any ordinary outing.

A land of good eating, of executive housekeeping, and of no dressmaker's or milliner's bills, may seem to many an Edwin a Paradise upon earth. But after trying life without art galleries, church, theater, or club, Edwin will confess to the charms of existence in or near a great city, even with the drawback of bills, taxes and poor cookery.

Let him see the queen of his soul presiding at his table in a perpetual grub state of lank, dark calico, and, in spite of the philosophy which states that "beauty unadorned is adorned the best," Edwin will be willing and glad to open his purse-strings for the fresh muslins and ribbons, the dainty slippers and the foam-like lace, which, rightly combined, make so bewitching a *tout ensemble*.

Conversation in its true sense is unknown. Events affecting the welfare of nations pass comparatively unnoticed, while the whole mental force of the community is engrossed in some trifling gossip from over the way.

Wagner or Tennyson might delight the musical and literary world with some new masterpiece; Edison find the secret of perpetual motion; Stanley discover the lost tribes of Israel among the Mountains of the Moon; Sarah Bernhardt take poison, or the Czar of all the Russias be blown to atoms in the Winter Palace, and the inhabitants of our huddle would scarcely evince passing interest by exclaiming, "Lor' sakes, du tell!"

The force of the community having established, beyond question, that Fanny Smith's new overskirt is made from her mother's old underskirt, is now trying to discover why Mrs. Jones changed her seat in meetin'.

At a donation party held at a neighboring village, I was introduced to an old lady, whose conversational powers are respected as something unusual, or who, in local phraseology, "visits real sweet."

"I knowed there was company to Nelson's," she began; "I guess I knowed half an hour after you come. I says to my darter, says I, there's company to Nelson's. 'Lor, ma,' she says, 'how do you know?' 'There's a awful lot of

smoke out of the chimney,' says I. 'You do beat all, ma,' says she. You see," she added, enlightening my mystification, "I knowed they wouldn't have so much cookin' on a washin' day, unless there was company." Have I lighted in my travels among a community of detectives?

My new acquaintance keeps me plied with questions. I am examined as to my family, relatives, tastes, habits, and religious belief. The least item, as to the peculiarities of my great uncle or most remote cousin, would evidently be received with interest.

The huddle has no resident clergyman, and depends for spiritual exhortation on traveling preachers, or on those who can occasionally be spared from their own congregations in neighboring towns. When heavy winter snows or spring rains have rendered the country roads impassable, whole weeks pass without a religious service of any kind, save the weekly prayer and experience meeting conducted by the deacon.

The nature of our occasional service is varied, as the preacher of the day may be an ardent supporter of any one of the well-known sects, but meetin', whatever its character, is too important a public event to be missed.

The entire population, therefore, in Sunday best, may be seen wending their way toward the meeting-house, while every sort of rattling country wagon comes bouncing over the hills with families from the outlying farms. As the help attend service also, it becomes necessary to bring all the children, and the family dog trots demurely in the rear, expressing by the meek droop of his ears and tail his sense of the solemnity of the occasion, and usually behaving throughout with a decorum which might well be copied by some young and frolicsome members of the congregation.

The solemn pomp of the coronation hymn causes it to be a great favorite with country congregations, the allusion to "ball" and "scepter," "majesty" and "crown," perhaps but dimly understood, yet conveying an idea of pageantry and splendor, in strong contrast to the hard work and the plain fare realities of their lives. We open service in our huddle with this hymn, an unfortunate one, musically speaking, for untrained singers, affording uncommon facilities for thin voices, nasal tones, and the introduction of various quavering embellishments.

Prayer, reading from the Scripture, and another hymn precede the sermon, by far the longest and most important part of the service. The preacher incessantly walks up and down the platform from which he addresses the congregation, and a large yellow cuspidor, thoughtfully provided for his use, plays an important part at the commencement of his discourse, which boasts as many heads as Hydra of old.

At the fourth head of the sermon decorum begins to succumb to heat and hard benches, and the venerable Deacon Grimes not only scandalizes us all by going to sleep, but by mild snores calls public attention to his delinquency.

Through the open door one can look on a broad undulation of wood and meadow, where trees, bathed in dazzling sunshine, stand motionless as pictures, and the very daisies seem to doze in the unstirred meadow grass.

Fifthly: Several respectable members having followed the deacon's example, the restless little boys begin to play openly, unsubdued by the frowns of napping elders. Sixthly: The dogs, after regarding the proceedings with grave disapproval, relax from the solemnity of their demeanor and begin to wander from seat to seat and join the fun. Seventhly: Mrs. Grimes' spectacles drop with a crash. She starts up and pokes her husband sharply with her umbrella; the deacon becomes officially alert, takes the ringleader of the restless boys by the ear, leads him out crestfallen and disgraced, and chastises him outside the door in full view

of his fellow sinners. The Martin's Rest urchin of twelve, or thereabout, is not so independent and accomplished a man of the world as his city compeer. Eighthly, ninthly: "In conclusion," and "a few words more," are attended to with outward decorum, and the last note of the Doxology has long died into silence before Tommy or Sammy ventures by hoot or antic to express delight in his new-found liberty.

Our oldest inhabitant is a man upward of eighty, who in all his long pilgrimage has never seen a telegraph, a steamboat or any large body of water, and has never been farther from his birth-place than a day's journey with a team of oxen.

Seeming proud of this peculiar distinction, he steadily refuses to be taken to a thriving railway and manufacturing town eleven miles off, and shown some results of modern progress.

To the invitation, "Peters, don't you want to go to town? I'm going to hitch up the critters," he replies, "No, I'm well enough's I be; I reckon a sight of your new-fangled concerns won't put no dollars in my pocket." Perhaps he thinks the enterprising town's people would regard his ignorance with contempt, and resents the idea, for among these simple country folk he is quite an authority. His opinions on weather and crops are listened to with deference; he is school trustee, though his method of spelling is original rather than Websterian, and he is superintendent of the Sunday-school, when the united religious forces of our huddle succeed in gathering one together.

As the main feature of Sunday-school is an address by the superintendent, very long, very wandering, and black with terrors for evil-doers, one can scarcely wonder at the reluctance of the younger members of the community to attend.

Their elders however literally "go into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in," and to guard against the possibility of escape often attend with them. But when parents and guardians, on whom the address acts as a soporific, begin to nod, and when our good superintendent excites uneasy consciences by painting the awful consequences of stealing apples or saying "bald head," some of his young audience contrive to slip away on noiseless bare feet, and luxuriate in stolen liberty among the meadows. Endeavoring to keep his flock together by means of bribery and corruption, Mr. Peters, last Sunday, promised a bundle of tracts, to be distributed at the close of the Sabbath-school.

But our venerable friend in his haste, and perhaps with failing eyesight, made a grievous mistake, and distributed among us a collection of torn scraps apparently the destined contents of the kindling basket. I doubt if the religious meditations of the freckled little girl beside me were aided by a few battered and yellow leaves of a novel called "The Hidden Crime of the Howards."

An elderly woman of gloomy aspect was looking daggers at the "Boy Cut-throats of Colorado," while the rest of us had worldly advertisements of "Bloom of Youth," "Vanity Fair," and the "Phelan" billiard tables, scraps of newspapers, and stray pages of the "Howards," and other books of equal literary and moral merit. Only by a "hidden crime" on the part of some member of the good deacon's household, could such literature have been brought into that abode of rigid propriety.

Much has been said and sung of the tranquillity and simplicity of a life "far from the busy world's ignoble strife," but we doubt whether the authors of these effusions speak from experience, having tried life in a huddle. Lavish nature showers her gifts even in this remote corner of the world. We have our full share of spring tenderness, of summer



OUR OLDEST INHABITANT.

glory, and of autumn pomp. Here as elsewhere come days, when

"Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it gently her warm ear lays."

But even the joy in exquisite forms, tints, and odors is more than doubled by sympathy, and the average "huddle" mind is strictly utilitarian. To such the joyousness of Shelly's skylark would only suggest the advisability of putting up a scare-crow in the strawberry patch, the sunshine of Lowell's June day would be "splendid for bleaching the pillow-cases," and the blue gentian which Bryant loved, lifting its fringed eyes to heaven, elicits the remark, "Them blows is strengthenin' an' good to dry."

Next summer I will cast my lot at some of our well-known sea-side or mountain resorts, enduring noise, display, and a probable encounter with the ubiquitous Podsnaps and Veneerings, and thankfully enjoying music, books, magazines, conversation and sympathy.

LESLIE DONNE.

In a Reverie.

(See page Engraving.)



ABSENT-MINDED and perplexed; what is my lady fair thinking of, as she sits, or rather reclines, her eyes fixed on vacancy, for it is quite evident that she does not even see her own face, as it is reflected in the glass; if she did, and when she does, perhaps it will remove the slight touch of moodiness from her brow. Has she come in from out-of-doors, and found her tempting lunch awaiting her, or is she going out on the arrival of some expected friend; and has she got to give an answer to a momentous question, that her brows contract, and she is lost in so profound a reverie? Her hat lies on a chair, as if it had been thrown down in haste; her mantle lies in a heap, as if it had fallen from her shoulders—the lunch is untasted—it looks as though a problem, difficult of solution, had been presented to her mind. The ease and grace of the position, the flow and light, diaphanous character of the drapery, will be easily appreciated. But a charming interior effect is produced by the reflections in the mirror—not only of the upper part of the figure of the occupant of the sofa, but of the characteristic elegancies of the room—the screen which is visible at the back of the cabinet, and which is in keeping with the birds, the decorated glass, the artistic sconce, the carving, and the inlaid stand of Chinese manufacture. The scene forms an interior of great beauty and refinement, to which the profound mental absorption of the fair occupant lends a lively human interest.

An Unpublished Story.



PICTURE, reversed—as we see most of life's pictures. Men and women, and events, will not turn themselves toward us, that we may have a good view; they are too busy doing and being. Of what importance is it to those who are in the full thrill and interest of a life episode, that we, looking on, should form a right conception of their situation and relations?

Look at the picture, then, from behind the figures.

Two girls, peeping through the bowed blinds of a window in a country hotel. The younger, seated on a low cane chair, leans forward toward the window, toying with the large open fan upon her knee. We have a glimpse of a face, pretty, with delicate features, and brown hair and eyes, with that lack of decided expression which may, or may not, indicate a lack of character. The other, who kneels at the window-sill, is taller, firmer, more erect. The head, with its heavy, low coil of dark hair, is splendid in shape and poise. You see the smooth curve of the cheek, the sharp turn of a clear-cut eyebrow, the line of a very fine forehead; then a movement, as she speaks, brings into view a face which just fails to be handsome, and succeeds in being very striking. The complexion is clear, not fair, having a faint underglow of crimson. There is a firm chin; a pleasant mouth. The eyes are dark gray, bright and intense; a soft languor would make them beautiful, but this clear intentness seems too watchful, too objective. In fact, the same observant alertness characterizes the entire face and figure.

I have called them girls, I find. The young lady in her teens may be indignant on hearing that one of them was at this time twenty-seven years of age, while the other, her junior by several years, wore her pretty engagement ring only as a guard to one more precious. *She* was the woman with a history—the common history of childhood, girlhood, womanhood; of school training, home training, courtship, marriage. Her companion was outside of this; she had only an aim, a sphere, a career—what you will call it. She *appeared* to be left behind; she had turned aside to follow another road.

At seventeen, Faye Richmond brought out her first novel. It *took*, the publisher said. It was wonderfully fresh and bright; full of mistakes, as a first book is sure to be, but clever, and true to girl-life, with hints of depths yet unfathomed. Not really her first book, after all; there were a drawerful of “*pêchés de jeunesse*,” and a mental library of fascinating “*schemes*” and “*skeletons*.” She dived into these, and, working each year's gain of life-experience and improved style over the dimly-sketched patterns, brought out book after book, until, at twenty-seven, she was already a popular author—she was famous. Not as Faye Richmond; she worked behind another name, and so kept her young life free, unfettered, if uncrowned.

Now came a lull. She was dissatisfied. She had raised her standard of excellence. She came out here, with this new little sister-in-law of hers, to take a fresh start.

“I am making a study of children,” she was saying. “My children are not characters, they are merely stage furniture. It is a shame. The dear little things belong right in among the rest. But we writers are too stupid, most of us; we can't read them, and we don't remember. We're even duller than that; we don't believe that it's worth while to study them.” She talked to Virginia about her books, not *although*, but rather *because*, Virginia did not understand her. It was “*talking aloud to herself*,” as children say. “The men are better, in fact,” she continued, “but worse, practically, because more people will find me out, there. The hero is the same man over again, just ‘*flavored to taste*,’ as the cook-book says, in each story. The girls are good, always; the

older people not so good—but that everlasting young man!”—here a little gesture of comic dismay. “But this is a poor place for study in that line, probably.”

“Probably!” Virginia laughed, merrily.

“The subordinates are sometimes better. Charley, now, was quite fair, really; the genuine dapper little city clerk, with a dress-coat in his lower drawer, and an inviolable pair of whiskers; occasionally just dubious in his grammar, always gallant, slangy, kind-hearted, shrewd, but dreadfully rattle-brained.”

“Lionel was splendid.”

Faye laughed. “Because he is like our Bertram? Yes, he is the best, but only the conventional hero, after all, flavored strongly with Bert, to *your* taste. He is good while he is a student, but—O dear me! Well, Bert is too near, and I am too far-sighted, and can't take his likeness. Shall I tell you about my next?”

“Yes, please do.”

“The girl is the best I've had yet, a new type—but no matter for her. I shall have a boy, a glorious human boy; I've studied him. He is a good deal younger than she, and they have splendid times. *They are real*; and there is a real mother, and a nice middle-aged man. But the young man—I am waiting for him. No Sir Philip Sydney; no ready-made hero. His name is Frank; the surname I shall steal from the original. He shall be the whole man, and more if necessary; no patchwork. It is a task worthy of Preciosa!”

“But the story, Faye.”

A merry little “*ha-ha!*” and a lively shake of the head.

“No, ma'am! When I write, you may read. You shall be as much fascinated as if it had come directly from the circulating library. Besides, I hardly know it yet, so much depends upon the man.”

She straightened herself, and took a view of the hills; then leaned forward suddenly and exclaimed, under her breath, “*There he is, now!*”

A bright-looking young gentleman, with very handsome eyes, was extricating himself and his baggage from the “*afternoon*” stage. His face displayed the eagerness and the precocious experience of the young American; it was good, and refined, besides.

“I'll trust that face,” said Faye. “That's Frank—if he'll only stay here. I am going down stairs, Virginia.”

A few minutes' chat on the piazza furnished her with all the information she desired. A certain Mr. Hunter, cousin to the Dalton girls, had come to spend a month with them. Thus much was certain. Beyond this, there was much speculation concerning his family, his business, his prospects, his principles, his eligibility; and the question was raised whether he were first cousin to the Daltons, or occupied the more interesting relation of second or third cousin, perhaps having a claim on the attention of one of them in a different capacity. Faye listened, greatly amused, and wished that this latter suggestion might have a foundation of truth, for in such case she could study her subject under the most favorable conditions. At supper, she mystified her neighbors by saying to Virginia, “I have found a four-leaved clover, and I'm perfectly happy.”

She felt, indeed, like a geologist who has just discovered the specimen which is to prove his theory. The specimen offered himself to her analysis quite unsuspectingly. Mrs. and Miss Richmond were good walkers and good talkers; they were intelligent and amiable; they neither flirted nor froze. Mrs. Richmond played and sang well, and was altogether charming, and he did not find Miss Faye retiring or indifferent, as some did; she was witty, though not lively, and tossed off, unconsciously, spicy scraps of information from widely diverse sources, sometimes even casually recon-

dite; above all, she was an excellent listener. The two ladies often joined the Dalton party, to which he was attached, or invited him to join their own. They were bent on exploring the whole country-side, which suited him precisely.

It had all happened very naturally, and the student made the most of her chances. She watched him; she drew him out; she angled delicately for facts relating to his tastes, habits, education; she would not have liked to hold herself responsible for some things she said to surprise answers from him. Three weeks passed, and she had not yet begun writing.

"When are you going at your book?" Virginia asked her.

"My dear, when will you learn the value of time?"

"But it is you who need to learn that. What have you been doing these weeks?"

"You beguile me to explanation. Time is valuable, not only for doing, but for watching, and growing, and waiting. I won't put my cake into the oven until I have well stirred in the ingredients. Why, that book is finished, nearly, in my head. I wonder," she added, laughing, "how he would like, if he knew it, to be studied *con amore*, like Miss Wooster's Greek."

Miss Wooster was a young lady from Hartford, who was studying Greek grammar with her intended.

Virginia smiled in her wisdom. She had her own version of the case. It was very nice that Faye should have an admirer—she who had never, formerly, permitted attentions from any gentleman. She respected, outwardly, the fiction of the book-hero; but she saw through it. Were not three weeks of that month's vacation gone, and Faye had made no notes—had not begun "Chapter I." of that wonderful novel? Of course it would have been nicer if Faye had married first, and had her intended sister-in-law for bridesmaid; but better late than never; and Mr. Hunter was certainly one of the finest young men she had ever met—almost good enough even for Faye. She threw out so many hints in her letters to Bert, that that most affectionate of brothers grew thoroughly uncomfortable.

The Daltons went to Saratoga, but Mr. Hunter decided to stay out his month. So Mrs. Richmond arranged a little excursion to "The Falls," to which her sister consented, but reluctantly.

"I suppose I can spare one more day," she said. "I do want to see the Falls once more, and one man is better than a crowd. But you must allow me to share the back seat with the basket, and keep out of the conversation."

The talk was certainly well sustained without her aid, but a handsome pair of eyes sought hers with a disappointed look very often during the drive, and afterward as they clambered over the rocks above the Falls. She climbed easily and delightedly, leaving the young man behind to take charge of Virginia. Little thought for handsome eyes had Miss Faye. She wandered down the stream, out among the moss and ferns, and finally back again, and over the great rock stepping-stones to the middle of the current, so near to the white cataract that the spray fell over her as she lay gazing up at the beautiful falling water, and listening to the soft roar above and soft rush around. For a while, she merely received the beauty in an inarticulate bliss, but by-and-by she found herself groping for a spiritual meaning. The stream comes suddenly to the end of all things, and, with no time for pause, flings itself over in a beautiful ruin; when lo! the channel again! and it runs on as happy and as busily rapid as before. Just so in life, we come to a place where is no way; but if we give ourselves up, cast ourselves out into the nothing, we find the glory; and beyond, the simple, happy life once more.

She turned idly to plunge a hand into the water which,

curving strong around her rock, and the next, pressed in a hurrying, heaped-up little torrent between them. So turning, she became aware of a presence on that other rock. She looked up, smiling, in a swift return to outside human life, and asked:

"What does it make you think of—the wild plunge into the air—the splendid suicide?"

He was resting on one knee, as he had landed from the stone beyond. He glanced upward at the water, then downward to her.

"Shall I tell you, truly, what it *has* made me think?"

"Yes," eagerly.

"It is faith; and it is the losing of life, for His sake, to find it."

It was her own thought, raised higher. A subtle shame stole through her. What kinship was there between this man and the little made-to-order Frank Hunter, dressed and ready to step into the story-book as soon as it should open? She had thought to make a complete study of him in a few weeks, and now she was surprised to see him pass right beyond her, surpassing her where she fancied herself strongest.

Did she know him then?

He had returned to the shore, to assist Mrs. Richmond with the basket, and she was alone. She raised herself, clasped her hands upon her knee, and reviewed her work. She pressed the full force of her intellect into service. The whole plan of her book grew into something nobler and better than her first intention. The girl of the story was true woman, real heroine; a nature broad, and deep, and high; a character finely developing by cultivation and circumstance; why might she not equal her with a man as noble? She tossed out ruthlessly the whole of the love-story, a mere sequence of meetings and talks, and rapidly, yet laboriously, builded a fabric more worthy of the remainder of the work. In her book, the "loverish part," as she called it, had never been above the average. "When I'm famous," she used to declare, "I'll leave it out altogether." But she had not yet ventured on such radical independence. This time, however, a strong sympathy with the heroine, and perhaps a better satisfaction with the hero, enabled her, driven on by a newly re-fired ambition, to attain far higher success. She came to dinner as quietly radiant and as absent-minded as any love-lorn damsel in Christendom, and in that mood completed her silent day, to the reproach of all slanderers of the sex.

Clouds crept over the sky, and darkened with the twilight. The wind wailed fretfully a while, then, piqued at receiving no attention, grew louder and more rebellious.

"I love to hear the shrieking wind,
Magnificently wild,
Like the melodious music of
A bastinadoed child,"

solemnly quoted Mr. Hunter. Doors and shutters slammed, lamps flared, trees shivered and complained; two large Shaker rockers on the piazza swayed in ghostly unison.

"Footsteps on the Ghost's Walk," said somebody, and all listened. It was Faye, pacing the piazza, with clenched hands, and eyes that followed the scudding clouds. Some one came out to seek her. She heard, and sprang, just where she was, three or four feet to the earth, and fled like a wild creature through the wind-shaken shrubbery into the haunted night beyond. The rain found her there, at last, and drove her in. Her novel was finished.

Rain! rain! rain!, till the road was a river, and the trees were wet feathers; till the reading was exhausted, and the fancy work nearly so; till the children had quarreled all round, and "wouldn't speak," and so made life a burden to their poor mothers, already mournful in the prolonged

absence of their husbands; till everybody had answered all her letters, with extra pages thrown in; till the few gentlemen were bored to death (except one, who braved the storm and went out fishing, and sketched in old mills and sheds, and studied nature generally, coming back with brief ecstatic accounts which made one envious); till people grew half afraid to speak in the evening, because they knew there was a crossness somewhere in the room, and were doubtful of the ownership of it.

Mrs. Richmond was magnificent. She sang, she played, she told stories to the children, she entertained the gentlemen, she even arranged tableaux on the second evening. Miss Richmond kept her room. She was in good health, however, came in like a sunbeam, at meal-time, and talked delightfully, but disappeared immediately afterward. Although visible in the evening until nine o'clock, she avoided conversation, and either played with the children, teaching them wonderful new games, and new ways of playing old ones, or listened to the music with an absorbed expression which did not encourage approach. She condescended, however, to take part in a tableau, and stood for one of Queen Mary's attendants in the usual death-warrant scene, where she looked, in a black velvet dress, borrowed necklace, and improvised coronet, far more regal than the young lady with the preposterous ruffle and rosary, and the pearl-trimmed Marie Stuart head-dress surmounting a curled bang. So, at least, thought Mr. Hunter, bowing low in an impossible costume, and presenting somebody's diploma to the pretended queen. She sat all day by the rain-washed window, writing. Sometimes she paused, dropped her chin into her hand, and looked out; but usually she wrote steadily, although Virginia went in and out, opened drawers and trunks—even talked. It was only at important crises that she "lost consciousness;" she was punctual at meals, dressed carefully every afternoon, answered Virginia's questions, while her work progressed unhindered, just as she had always done at home.

One morning all awaked to find the sunshine abroad before them. Was it only four days since they had seen it last? The birds sang; the leaves glistened; the sky was of a dazzling blue. Miss Faye appeared with the sun, like Chaucer's Emilie. She played a couple of waltzes before breakfast, and afterward went out with all the hotel's inhabitants, who stood in groups before the house, planning out their day. She talked, laughed, jested, perpetrated a few forlorn puns, promised to join a game of croquet when the grass should be dry, and finally brought her sun-hat from the hall, and went off with a large party to the post-office—everybody wanted to go for the mail this morning.

As she returned, Mr. Hunter intercepted her. "Since you have been so happily restored to life," he began, "may I hope that you will give me a part of this day, which is my last here? Will not you and your sister walk over to the old mill with me this afternoon? Or, if it is too far, we will ride," he added quickly, to check the half-dissent in her face and anticipate her excuse.

"With all my heart, if I haven't pledged away the whole day already. I am like a belle at a party, who cannot recollect what dances she has promised, and has lost her card."

The tone and look, rather than the words, hurt him. She turned him off carelessly, and made him feel as a school-boy may when he learns that he is to be known by a number instead of his own name; and when she turned back to say, more graciously, "I shall be pleased to go, Mr. Hunter, if my sister agrees," he felt that she was piecing out the courtesy, not the friendliness, of her former reply. To tell the truth, she had planned a complete holiday, and felt annoyed that the subject of her study should intrude upon the time.

As the three started on their walk, they passed Miss Wooster and her amateur tutor, busy with the day's lesson. "Let me see," the young man was saying, "it is a—Oh, no! that isn't a case of attraction."

Faye darted an amused glance at her companions. Her eyes met those of Mr. Hunter, who seemed confused, blushed slightly, and answered with a forced smile.

"Pshaw! how stupid people are! Why will they apply everything to themselves?" thought the girl. "What has that to do with him, anyhow? It takes all the spice out of life to define one's own relations to every identical thing. Shakspeare saw that, as usual, and showed how stupid it is. 'I, the man in the moon; this thornbush, my thornbush, and this dog, my dog.'" To cover her real vexation, she talked rapidly. "I had quite forgotten there was anything of that kind in Greek grammar. It sounds quite romantic. I knew there was something called poetry in Latin grammar—those memory verses, you know. Shocking rhymes they are, too; but they do completely give away the rules without the trouble of conquering them. That isn't slang, Mr. Hunter, if it does sound like it; but if ever I do seem too familiar with that language, don't blame my brother for that. I studied it once for a purpose."

He might suppose, if he chose, that the purpose was etymological; indeed, some such notion appeared to possess him, for he asked, "And what interesting discoveries did you make, Miss Richmond?"

"Oh! nothing very new, I believe. I found that much of our modern slang began as good old English, and some as bad old English; and that most college slang is classical in origin. Homer says, 'that there man!'—but that isn't slang, by the way. A modern critic might pronounce Virgil fearfully colloquial, at least; and Horace ask the bore, 'Does your mother know you're out?' or something very like that. But Horace is almost a modern, isn't he, in spirit and tone? I like his style. Oh! don't imagine that I read Latin! I have a brother in college who reads to me occasionally. I have not been able to finish the grammar, I have so little time for play."

"You would scarcely find that play," said the gentleman, smiling.

Faye merely smiled in return. She was well accustomed to this interpretation of her words. As her work differed from other women's, so her recreation was the opposite of theirs. She would rest herself, or soothe a headache, by an hour of plain sewing, or a morning in the kitchen, in addition to the long, brisk walk she took daily; would amuse herself by making a batch of bread, or sweeping a room; and her reading was solid, if not extensive.

Had Faye been a poet, instead of a novelist, the ruined mill was sufficiently picturesque to satisfy her. Every artist who came within thirty miles made a sketch of it, but the best of them were foiled by the soft colors and mobile, uncertain outlines of its decay.

Mrs. Richmond, being a poor climber, chose a convenient beam as a seat, and prepared to make her seventeenth sketch. The other two clambered on, over moss-grown logs and roots, under vine-hung boughs, past the great wheel—pathetic in its lonely quietude after a life of busy clamor—to the shattered remains of the mill-dam. The girl rested on a flat stone, while her companion ventured out upon the débris, and perched himself, a few feet below her, on a perilous-looking piece of timber. His figure, as he leaned and looked into the water, formed the sole human interest in the picture before her. She took it in, unconsciously—the fair, wavy hair, the musing face, the eyes from which the fire, for the moment, was gone; this, and the broken plunge of the cascade, the tangled, luxuriant brush, the hills, and the summer sky. The whole picture remained

clear to her mind's vision through long months of painful self-condemnation, and in happy years that followed.

He turned suddenly, and met her eyes. "I go back to-morrow. How commonplace life seems, when we go back to it after an interval, and so—ineffectual. One day's work is like another's, and we turn them off as a machine turns off pins or spools, only—there are no pins or spools to be found when all's done," with a short laugh.

"I know," she replied, sympathetically; "but the pins and spools are somewhere; *something* is made. We don't see the whole. One man turns the grindstone, and another holds the knives, and sharpens—so many. How many did the man at the crank sharpen?"

"I never saw it that way."

"This tree," she continued, striking her hand against the trunk behind her, "adds a new ring each year. If you asked it what it has been doing the last twenty years, it might say, 'Making twenty rings.' Would it know what *more* it had done?" She waved her hand upward toward the wide green expanse above her.

"How did you learn all this?" he asked, with a smile which thanked her.

What a sensation to tell him how she *had* learned it—through a life how different from that of which they had been speaking!

Neither spoke for some time. This man had the gift of silence, which had made him the harder to study. Yet it was he who ended the pause. He spoke slowly, looking down into the water.

"I have found a friendship, this summer, Miss Faye, which I think I know how to value. May I keep it?"

There came to her, on the instant, the same thought that had dwelt in Virginia's mind so long. What had she been doing? The risk, the mischief which her carelessness might have caused, flashed upon her with a storm of self-reproach and regret. As quickly, after the first shock, she saw the one honorable, sure, humiliating retreat.

"Mr. Hunter," she began, leaving herself no time to relent, "shall I trust you with an important secret?"

Impressed by her tone, he sprang to his feet and approached her, his eyes sparkling with eager pleasure, which changed suddenly to apprehension. With a swift pang, she read this second thought—"She is going to tell me of her engagement."

"I suppose you have heard of ——?" She named a well-known writer of fiction.

"Oh, yes! I have read several of her books."

"I wrote them." Then, after allowing a pause for his surprise: "It is only fair that you should know, but I must rely on you to respect my confidence. The secret is known to my own family alone."

"I hold it sacred, on my honor; but I hope you have not felt bound, for any reason, to tell me this against your inclination."

"I was about to explain why I thought it necessary. I have been studying characters for a new book all summer. I have not felt a direct interest in any man or woman I have met. That is the simple truth." His eyes were downcast, but he straightened himself proudly. "So you see I have no claim on your kind friendship."

He looked up then, and her eyes fell in their turn. "And I have no claim on yours. I believe I understand you." Then, in his usual tone: "We had better go back, now; it is time." And he offered his hand for the descent.

* * * * *

A few days ago, Mrs. Hunter, coming home rather late from a visit to her mother, found her husband awaiting her in her little study, which they both used as a sitting-room. As everything there was free to him, she was not surprised

to see him looking over the manuscripts in her secretary, and was beginning to apologize for her tardiness, when he called out, excitedly:

"See here, Faye, look at this; it is the best thing you ever wrote. Why have you never published it? Why didn't you finish it?" She came and leaned on his shoulder. "What could you be thinking about, to leave it stuffed away down there? You must finish it now! It's worth all the rest put together! Why, what's the matter, darling?" He threw his arm around her waist, as she stood beside him, and looked up at her anxiously.

"Nothing, only—I can't write that story, ever. It will never be published." And then she sat down and told him, what he partly knew, the story that was outside of the story he had read.

But I hope she will change her mind, sometime, and publish that book; for if it is the best she ever wrote, it must be well worth reading. And I believe there are in it fine descriptions of the old mill, and the Falls, and—in fact, I should like to read it.

UNKNOWN.

Mated.

I GO to the glass; my married eyes
Look at the image reflected there,
And my mocking smiles defy me, while
I search for a single line of care.

My girlish self and my married name
Seem scarce in keeping, and scarcely real;
For girlhood's life and a woman's life
Are as different as joy and weal.

I fathom it all at last, as one
Who, searching blindly, secures her goal;
I will guard my youth, and earnest life
Shall mould itself in a woman's soul.

FRANCES B. CURRIE.

Pansy's Charity.



THE little white kitten sits on the broad stone hearth, gazing in mild surprise at the blaze Will has kindled in the fire-place on account of the wet day, summer-time though it is. Mist settles low in hollows and over glades. Peaches are dead ripe, falling off the trees and decaying in the orchard grass. Pungent odors of pennyroyal and spearmint steam up in the damp air.

Aunt Dorothy sews carpet rags by the sitting-room window. Mother in the spare bed-room is arranging the big pillows of the carved company bed in new embroidered shams. Father and Deacon Wise smoke their pipes on the back porch.

The new young minister is coming this evening to board at Thorn Lodge. Valeria dusts the parlor, and pokes a lithograph of Lotta behind the sofa, hanging in its place a young Samson with red cheeks.

Halcyon in the kitchen is baking a jam short cake for supper. Pansy, on a cushion by the fire, is ripping the lace off of Valeria's polonaise and Halcyon's basque to trim her pretty little white apron with. They said she might, of course.

The Thorns have all seen the new minister; he is nice and handsome as well as good, and there is a general idea that he would suit little apple-bloom Pansy to a charm. Pansy thinks so, too.

Queenly, calm-browed Valeria is engaged; so young men are of no more interest to her, personally (with the exception

of her particular young man). But Pansy is so pretty and blooming she takes an interest in seeing her properly mated. Halcyon is two years older than Pansy, but people are not apt to think of matches for slim, dusky Halcyon with her odd dark eyes and her passion for making puddings and pastry.

"Halcyon would rather have a new pudding receipt than a beau," says her father.

Valeria appears in the kitchen as the second Miss Thorn bends above the short cake just from the oven, fragrant and rich.

"I do hope Mr. Brandon and Pansy will like each other," says Valeria. "They'd make such a sweet couple. What do you think, Hal?"

"Goodness me! I wish I'd greased the pan better. I'm afraid the short cake is going to break."

"Did I ever?" says Valeria, and sweeps away in time to help welcome the arrived boarder. Pansy flies up-stairs in a flash. Halcyon peeps in through the kitchen door, and says, "How good and noble he looks! I wonder if he will like the short-cake."

He does like it extremely, so Halcyon is satisfied. Pansy in her pink dress and white apron is sweet and alluring; Carl Brandon is only a mortal man, and so must admire her.

Saturday's mist and damp are gone, and the wings of the holy Sabbath are gilded with warm, red sunlight. Pansy looks like a blush rose in blue, Halcyon looks odd and picturesque in blood red.

"Hal looks very well to-day," says handsome Valeria. Pansy looks up at her half troubled. "She *does* look kind of nice—but, Vally, she—she ain't as pretty as me, now is she?" Of course not, rosebud," says thoughtless Vally with a laugh, "Hal couldn't be pretty. She don't go in for looks." "She goes in for puddings," says brother Will. Therefore Pansy cannot see how it happens that Carl Brandon actually sits beside Halcyon as they drive off to church. But then he does look very often toward her own pretty self during preaching.

The summer days flit. The young minister dwells content at Thorn Lodge appreciating the ever-cordial hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Thorn, Aunt Dorothy's care, Valeria's kindness, Pansy's beauty, and Halcyon's cooking. There is also a general good fellowship and brotherly love between Carl and brother Will.

Pansy pouts a little to Vally. "He thinks it's an awful nice thing to know how to cook like Hal does. And he thinks she is so good-hearted. I don't. She wouldn't let me eat up the raisins in the jar yesterday, because she wanted them to put in an old pudding."

"Rosebud," says Valeria, "don't get jealous. Hal is a good girl, and I'm afraid you are a vain, selfish little monkey."

Autumn frost bites the flowers, and turns the maples in front of the Thorn farm-house to salmon pink, then vivid red. Sumach cones grow coral in the hollows, and purple haze is abroad. So thanksgiving day comes. Pumpkins are stored away, one buxom sphere falling victim to thanksgiving pies. Bins in the cellar overflow with apples, russet and red. Valeria and Halcyon store the deep pantry with luxuries proper to the occasion.

Eversleigh meeting-house is full. Valeria Thorn leads the choir. Halcyon sings the alto. The beautiful hymn of praise and thanks goes up in waves of sweetness until it must reach the White Throne. Carl Brandon gives out the text, "O give thanks unto the Lord of lords, for His mercy endureth forever."

Fervent, earnest words are they that ring through the substantial old meeting-house. The duty of kindness and Christian charity from man to his fellow-creatures is strongly

discoursed on. Hearts are stirred, and many a silent prayer floats upward. Many a resolution is formed to render the sad heart glad and thankful, to give more freely of that pure human love which is only less holy than the Divine.

Halcyon Thorn bends her dusky head low in the shadow of Valeria's bonnet, and behind her prayer-book brushes the tears from her eyes. Pansy sits, sweet and serene, and wonders if Mr. Brandon can see the daisies on her hat, and if he does not think her pink necktie becoming.

At home again, and the hickory logs are ablaze in the old fire-place. The Thanksgiving Dinner is a success. Halcyon's plum-pudding is praised immensely, to Pansy's discontent. Late in the afternoon inquiry is made for Hal.

"Gone to take Granny Simpson some pudding," says Valeria. "It was overlooked when we sent her basket last night, and Hal said she should have it any way."

"It was kind of her," said Mr. Brandon. "I know many worthy people who are willing to give bread to the poor, but would not indulge them with puddings."

"I wouldn't bother my head about 'em at all," says Pansy, flitting away.

"What a dear, thoughtless darling," says Aunt Dorothy.

Not many days after, Pansy startles the family violently by staying in the kitchen all the morning and manufacturing a pudding. Halcyon is not at home. Pansy undertakes the pudding without advice of counsel, and carries it through independently. Consequently, it is a very surprising pudding that graces the dinner table.

"I've made a pudding, pa," says Pansy, triumphantly.

"Bless me, have you, dear? Saints preserve us, what's this!"

"Why, it's the pudding."

In the dusk of evening Valeria finds Pansy crying on a secluded balcony.

"My darling, what *is* the matter?" says she, pulling the little pink hands away from the round blue eyes.

"Oh, Vally, says Pansy, "everybody is so mean. Nobody would eat my pudding. Then I thought maybe it *wasn't* very good, so I would take it to Granny Simpson. I knew Mr. Brandon was there, 'cause I saw him go after dinner. So I went, and he was there. And don't you think that sassy old creature, Granny, when I offered her the pudding, turned up her long nose at it, and said she wouldn't eat no such witches' mess as that for a dollar. Mr. Brandon looked just as if he wanted to laugh. Every one praised Hal for making puddings and being charitable, and when I do the same they laugh at me."

"This is the difference, rose-bud," says Valeria. "Hal does right for the sake of right. She never considered whether she would be admired for it or not; and what you have done, you only did in order to be praised. This won't do, dear. If our hearts are right with God, and we know our motives are pure, we need not be unhappy because of other people's opinions."

"My heart is right with God," says Pansy. "As for people, it isn't *people* I care for, Vally, it's Mr. Brandon."

Vally despaired of getting any satisfactory logic from her pretty little sister, and falls into a reverie.

All this time Carl Brandon and Halcyon Thorn are at the front gate under the low branches of a locust tree. And Carl slides a ring over Hal's slim brown finger. The family are almost as much surprised at the announcement of their engagement, as they were at Pansy's pudding.


"Who," says Carl, "could help being won by such a sweet, loving disposition?"

"Own up, now," says brother Will; "it was partly the puddings, wasn't it?"

"Well, perhaps, just a little," says Carl, with a laugh.

HATTIE WHITNEY.

My Call.

 HAD looked forward to perfect rest and quiet when I should reach Elmdale, where I was to spend my vacation. Through the last days of the term I was sustained by the thought of the hour when I should be away from the sight of the school-room and the sound of children's voices. I liked children, too, but I had sixty in my class, good, bad and indifferent—with the indifferent preponderating—and I knew that I should say good-bye to every one of them with positive delight.

When the last day came, however, the good ones seemed better than usual, the bad ones a trifle less bad, and the indifferent ones developed more positive qualities, with a tendency toward goodness, and when one little warm-hearted, but ill-favored and altogether unlovely youngster, threw his arms around my neck in a perfect frenzy of grief at my going, a vague doubt crossed my mind as to whether the path I had marked out for the future would prove, after all, better than this. For this was my last teaching; I had resigned. I said I had hoped for rest and quiet when I reached Elmdale, my sister's home.

Tired and dusty, but thankful, I arrived at that haven one sultry July evening. She welcomed in true sisterly fashion; and served for my supper the choicest fruit, and the sweetest cream, and the goldenest butter. As she chatted in sheer delight at having some new person to chat to, I discerned the sounds of children's voices, and pretty soon a rush up the front porch and up the stairs. Boyish laughter and a girl's soft voice fell on my ear, but my ear was dull to such music.

"Heavens and earth, Sarah! what have you here?"

"Well, to tell the truth"—as if she could have told me anything else—"I have taken the minister and his three children to board for the summer, but they are very nice children, and won't annoy you a bit, and Mr. Mann is just as nice as he can be."

"Don't talk to me, please," I said in a tragic tone; "leave me alone with my grief; here have I fled from work and care and confusion, and find myself set right down in more uncongenial surroundings than I abandoned. Sarah, I tell you it's too bad!"

"Well, Margaret, I didn't want to take him, but I had plenty of room, and there was only Tom and myself, and good help, and the church ladies thought—"

"Oh yes, they thought there was a providence in it, I suppose. But where's the man's wife? and why don't they keep house like christian people?"

"She's dead, Margaret," said Sarah solemnly, with an air that said, "now you'll be sorry."

"Well I'm here, and I'm going to stay till September 10, nothing happening. I hope you'll keep your minister out of my way, and not ask to go to any sociables, or work him any slippers, for I refuse in advance."

"As to that," said Sarah, "you need not worry; he does not go to sociables very often himself, and as he is out of doors most of the time he has'nt much use for slippers. He won't bother you any; in fact he is'nt extremely ministerial in his ways, though as good as he can be."

"Then you don't think I'll have to read up on foreign missions, or sew for the heathen, because he's in the house, do you?"

"I think he won't care a straw what you know, or do, or say; for I may as well tell you, there's a lady across the street who has charmed him completely, and there's every reason to believe that she will say 'yes' to him when the opportunity offers."

"My heart is at rest, so far as he is concerned, but those children; Sarah, couldn't you shut them up somewhere, or do something with them for a few weeks? Remember I'm your only sister, Sarah, and I feel myself on the way to the mad-house."

My sister Sarah was a practical little body, a sensible, intelligent, clear-headed sort of a woman, with perfect health and perfect spirits, not in the least given to nerves, not over-sensitive, and with a certain fashion of seeing through disguises and making the fact known that made her a charming, and at the same time a somewhat alarming person to be with.

I slept the sleep of the weary but contented that night. I made up my mind that one minister and three small children should not spoil the last summer that remained to me, for after the falling of the leaves I was, it seemed to me, to leave my old self, and be some other self—of just what sort it had not yet grown clear to me.

I was half wakened from that sleep by a very pleasant voice, and as I listened, for I *did* listen, the tones of a little song that I knew and loved fell on my ears. I was too sleepy to care much about the words, but I heard:

The mountains wear crowns of glory
Only when seen from afar;

and with a dim thought of my recent disappointment in my mind I dreamily assented:

And the sails lose all their whiteness
Inside of the harbor bar.

"I wonder if they do," I said. "I wonder if they do," thinking of the ship that was to come to my shore in season of falling leaves.

Then I slept, hearing now and then the clear voice singing softly and persuasively:

And the sails lose all their whiteness
Inside of the harbor bar.

It was arranged that I was to do just as I pleased while at Elmdale. I should retire what hour I chose. I should rise with the birds, if so it pleased me, or I could take my "Frühstück" in bed. I had reveled in anticipations of wearing my easiest shoes, and my loosest, easiest gowns; and my sister assured me that I need not change my plans in the least, for the minister did not know calico from cloth-of-gold.

Long after the family breakfast-hour that morning I came down stairs. It looked so inviting out on the veranda, that I went out there. It was so perfectly delightful to know that for a few blessed weeks, I was not to live by the bell.

There was a tall, dark-haired man, in a broad straw hat, and a long, loose linen coat, coming through the gate and up the steps, with a basket on his arm, filled with some sort of green stuff.

He lifted his hat to me, and as I was about to say that I would speak to my sister, and see if she wanted any vegetables—for I supposed he had something to sell—he set the basket down, drew a large paper out of his pocket which he spread down carefully, and then seated himself with the air of one who intended to stay.

Seeing my amazed look, for I *was* amazed, he said, "I conclude that you are Mrs. Hunt's sister, of whom she has so often spoken; my name is Mr. Mann, and I am so fortunate as to be a member of your sister's family this summer."

"You are the minister?"

"The same."

"What in the world have you in that basket, and what are you going to do with whatever it is?"

"These," said he, lifting up a portion, "are greens, dandelion greens, and I am going to pick them over for dinner; they will be cooked after I shall have that accomplished."

"Do you like them?"

"Do I like them? Miss—pardon me, I don't know your name yet—Miss Ray, I see that you are in need of light upon an important subject. To the New England man or woman greens are, so to speak, the apple of his eye, or her eye. They are the guide of youth, the strength of middle life, and the prop of old age. They stimulate the mental processes, strengthen the domestic virtues, invigorate the moral qualities. No family should be without them. I think that I'll write a sermon upon greens," he said.

"I certainly would," I replied, "your eloquence is almost convincing."

"I think you could be converted," he said, "still they would never be to you quite what they are to one who has been thoroughly rooted and grounded in them from his youth up." He looked up soberly and our eyes meeting, the absurdity of it all flashed over us, and we laughed merrily. That laugh made us friends.

And I sat down on the doorsteps and he instructed me just how to pick them over, assuring me that any small deviation from the regular method impaired the flavor.

"I learned how to do this as I learned my catechism," he said.

Then we chatted upon other subjects. He was a fluent talker, and better than that, a stimulating and inspiring sort of a talker. Whatever good gift you had, you were pretty sure to have about you when in his presence. As he gathered up the greens he said: "I am aware that upon this subject," touching the basket, "my information and personal knowledge far exceed your own, but I discover there are some subjects upon which you are far better informed than I, and we may be of mutual benefit to each other."

"Possibly," I said, "but I came here not to instruct or be instructed, but to get away from both. Did you ever teach school?" I asked.

"No, the Lord was good to me, and permitted me to escape that usual fate of the aspiring college student. Have you taught?"

"Yes, I've taught and taught and taught, till I'm tired, soul and body, and I've studied hard to be ready for examinations, till I've felt like an encyclopedia, and don't you dare to try to teach me anything, and come to me with a question about anything to be found in books at your peril. I've come out here to relapse into barbarism!"

"Perhaps we better not have these 'yarbs' cooked for you," he said, but there was a little softness in his tone, and a look in his eyes that said, "Poor child, I am sorry for you."

My sister came out, and the conversation ended. The minister fled to his study, and I took myself to the hammock, and swung and rested and dreamed.

I saw him at dinner, but he had evidently been writing, and ate and drank abstractedly. I fancied that he had been struggling with some theological question, and had been worsted.

I saw the children at dinner. Two half-grown boys and a little girl with immense blue eyes, and a mass of yellow curls. They were tolerably well-behaved, though the boys, the eldest in particular, seemed to have the preternatural wisdom common to boys of his age. There were few subjects upon which he did not seem to have opinions, which he expressed with a freedom and positiveness amazing to less highly endowed mortals.

Of this trifling failing his father seemed most beautifully oblivious.

After tea, my sister and I went out to ride, the children went, no one knew where, and the minister went across the way where lived the lady who was said to be ready with a yes, whenever it should be asked for.

When we reached home, we could see them out in the yard playing croquet, and till ten o'clock that night I heard the click of the balls. When my sister came into my room to say good-night, I remarked in my most positive tone, "Your minister is undoubtedly a very excellent person, but, of all the senseless and idiotic ways in which to spend time, to waste it in knocking harmless and inoffensive balls through unoffending wickets seems to me the most utterly senseless and idiotic! and I have my opinion of the man or woman who does it."

"Don't you think, Margaret, that your warmth is out of proportion to the occasion?" Sarah asked. "It appears to me that you've grown prodigal in the matter of adjectives too. I think you had better drop the subject, and tell me of yourself, and what you've done since I saw you, and what you're going to do."

And in true sisterly fashion, we sat long into the night talking. Every woman knows that there's nothing in the world to be compared to the delights of such talks. How the quiet of the hour opens the heart, how we laugh, and may be cry, and say every now and then, "we *must* stop talking and go to bed," and then say good-night, and then immediately after think of something that *must* be said; every girl and every woman knows all about it.

If Sarah came back once to say just one word more, she came back three separate times, and then I went to sleep wondering why I didn't ask her about this or that or the other person.

And so ended my first day at Elmdale. And other days passed much like that one. There were more long talks, more riding and walking, much swinging in the hammock and sitting under the trees, and much resting. I put every thought of the future as far from me as possible. In my determination to pass a summer that should be care-free, I almost forgot the promise I had made for autumn. Almost, but never quite.

My acquaintance with the minister grew apace. In spite of my commands, he did come to me now and then with a question, and now and then, notwithstanding my resolve not to be instructed, I asked information which he was well prepared to give.

As I grew rested, I grew a trifle more gracious; or, as Sarah said, a little more like my real self.

For long hours Mr. Mann and I sat on the east porch, which looked not on to the street, but right out into a garden of ripening fruits, trees full of singing birds and beds of bloom.

I am sorry to say that there was also a croquet ground, where the children spent many hours, and made much noise.

So in these chats together we discussed many questions, and gained a little insight into each other's method of thought and opinions and habits. We differed widely upon some subjects, but he was wise beyond the wisdom of most men, for he admitted my right to my own opinions, and even in a spasm of frankness admitted that he liked women with "views."

I had been there about four weeks when I discovered that Mr. Mann liked me. Not long after I discovered that I liked Mr. Mann. In view of that promise the knowledge was not agreeable.

Added to this was the aggravating fact that Mr. Mann had himself made a little discovery, and, worse than all, my sister

had not only seen the state of things, but with her customary straightforwardness had endeavored to sound me thereupon.

It occurred something in this wise: We, Mr. Mann and I, had just finished reading "One Summer," he had gone across the street and was knocking the croquet balls around in a frantic sort of a fashion, while his companion—the charming woman who was said to have enslaved him—leaned on her mallet in a way which was most captivating. I could see it all from my window. I could not help acknowledging that she was very pretty and graceful.

Someway too, I looked that way oftener than was consistent with my opinion of croquet. This did not escape Sarah's eye.

"What do you see out the window?" she asked.

"Several things: to be definite, a horse and carriage, two ladies who are evidently engaged in the solemn business of making calls, for they hold card-cases in their hands, a stout man who looks a little like a colporteur or agent or some thing, and a small boy chasing his hat."

"I suppose that is all?"

"That ought to satisfy any reasonable female, but since you seem to desire more, I will state that I also see Mr. Mann and Miss Gates engaged as usual in their favorite pastime. I cannot tell you, owing to distance and my own ignorance, which one is likely to beat."

"H'm: I thought you were not interested in that 'idiotic game?'"

"Sarah, don't be sarcastic, it is not your style, and don't be vague and roundaboutish, that also is not your style; leave all such to your wary and diplomatic sister. You have something to say; say it without circumlocution."

Sarah picked up a stitch in her knitting; got up and opened the screen door to let a fly out; assured herself that the ladies who were out with their card-cases did not "owe" her a call, and then proceeded:

"What do you think of Mr. Mann?"

"Think very well of him, barring the croquet."

"Are you aware that he is falling in love with you?"

"I have had no information of his being in that precarious condition."

"Do you pretend to say, Margaret, that you do not see that he is in love with you?"

"I thought you said 'is falling' in love. Now you go farther and assert that he has fallen, a fact of which I am, or was unaware."

"Margaret, I wish you would talk reasonably with me about this."

"So I will, Sarah. I will admit to you that I think that Mr. Mann either is falling, has fallen, or will fall in love with me. I may be mistaken, but I think so, only, why so much attention to the lady across the street?"

"I suppose he wants a little exercise, and he knows she is going to be married this fall."

"Did you not tell me that she was supposed to be ready to say 'yes' whenever opportunity offered?"

"To be sure I said so, and so she is, only he is not the man."

"Astute and far-seeing sister, you prepared a snare and I walked into it."

Sarah smiled serenely, but returned to the attack.

"What are you going to do about all this?"

"Just as I have done, with one exception."

"And that?"

"I shall tell Mr. Mann to-morrow that I too am going to be married in October; after that I shall be conscience

clear. In truth, I am not troubled with any remorse now."

"You've certainly given him a good deal of your time."

"No more than he has given me of his. I have had the fear of the world before my eyes, and so I think has he. All our chats have been either indoors or on your back porch—for the simple reason that I didn't want all the elderly ladies or aspiring damsels saying that Miss Ray had designs on the minister. I've never heard the man preach; I have not developed a taste for prayer-meetings nor Sunday-school picnics, I have not knit him a scarf, nor embroidered him a tidy, nor worked him a 'God Bless our Home.'"

"No, but you've—"

"Yes, I read and talked and quarreled with him. Why, Sarah, I don't even know his children's names, and that is more than they can say of me, for this morning the youngest boy called me Margaret, and asked me to tie his hat-band. Frankly, I shall continue to do just as I have done."

"What if he should propose to you?"

"I shall prevent any such foolishness."

"Margaret, are you quite resolved to marry John Graham?"

"We won't go over that ground again. I am resolved, and nothing less than his death or mine, or his failure in business will prevent."

"It's a wicked thing, Margaret, and you'll be sorry."

"I agree with you entirely, my dear, and that reminds me that I must go upstairs and answer his letter received several days ago, and sister, don't be troubled about me; I shall do very well, and as for Mr. Mann, there are a dozen ladies in your own church who would do far better than I for him. Why, I couldn't conduct a Dorcas society to save my life"—and I fled.

When I reached my room I took my lover's letter and read it over. It was a curiosity. He commenced with the usual My Dear Margaret, and proceeded to make careful inquiries after my health; advised me to wear flannels through the summer, the season was so changeable; stated that his own health was excellent, and that business had never been better; that he proposed buying a heavier and better stock than ever before in the fall, and trusted that nothing would prevent the fulfillment of the plans he had made. Told me a little of the town news, hoped that I was enjoying myself, and advised me not to read or study, as he had an idea that it was bad for me. Said that he looked forward to the coming fall with "pleasurable emotions," and closed by saying that he desired to be respectfully remembered to my relatives, and wished me to accept the profoundest assurances of his love and respect. He added a postscript, saying that he had several workmen making alterations in his house; had had the carpets taken up and cleaned, and hoped such changes as he had made, or should make, would meet my approval. If I knew of any sure preventive of moths, would I kindly write and inform him; his former wife was very successful in the care of her woolens, furs, etc., but he had forgotten what she used. Would I bear the matter in mind.

It wasn't very lover-like, though eminently kind and sensible and practical. I suppose the wretched feeling that crept over me as I took up my pen to write to him was most unreasonable. When a woman makes up her mind to marry for the reasons that influenced me, she has no cause for complaint if she has what she bargains for, and it was not in the bond that John Graham was to write me tender love-letters.

I thought it would be a comparatively easy thing to tell Mr. Mann of my engagement, but when on the next afternoon he sung out, "Ho, for the east porch, Miss Ray!" and

went thither book in hand, evidently expecting me to follow, I felt that it was going to be a *hard* thing. We read and talked as usual, and there was nothing said that in any way made it possible for me to speak of it. So I gladly let it go by. I reasoned that Sarah was unnecessarily anxious, and what was the use of giving superfluous information any way? And the afternoon went by.

That evening, little Edith, his daughter, came up to me as I sat rocking. She leaned on my chair, and with one little soft hand smoothed my hair, saying "it's ever so pretty, Miss Ray."

"Not so pretty as yours, little one," said I, and moved by a tender impulse, I took the child on my lap; she put her arm around my neck, and said, "Now please sing to me," and I sang one song after another, for she had no conscience in the matter, and as she rested in my arms she said over and over, "It's so nice to be sung to and petted, isn't it Miss Margaret?" I would say, "Yes, dear, it's very nice I suppose."

"Don't you *know*, Miss Margaret?"

"I don't know so very much about it, but I'm glad you do."

"Well, sing me one more song, and I'll love you any way."

And I sang, "The sails we see on the ocean." "Why, that's papa's song," Edith cried; "he likes it ever so much," but before I had finished papa's song the head grew heavy, and Edith was fast asleep. Pretty soon I heard Mr. Mann's voice calling the boys. After a little skirmishing they all went up-stairs. I heard what might have been a mild sort of war-dance, a good deal of laughing and talking, winding up with what I recognized as a pillow-fight.

It occurred to me that Mr. Mann was not a very stern parent.

Then down the stairs he came singing out, "I've one more lamb to gather into the fold; where is she I wonder? she ought to have had her head under her wing two hours ago. Lambs put their heads under their wings, don't they? of course they do."

He came along to where I sat. "Here in your arms, Miss Ray, and asleep—that's too bad."

"Not at all too bad; I sang to her and she went to sleep." He dropped down in a chair beside me.

I knew what was coming, and I said to myself, as well now as ever and have it over, but he only said "What a beautiful night."

I felt it perfectly safe to assert, and thought that may be it would be just as well not to make myself absurd by trusting to my intuitions.

Presently he said, "Miss Ray, I love you."

I did not speak; I could not speak. The silence grew positively painful.

"Did you hear, Margaret? I say that I love you."

"I heard you the first time, Mr. Mann."

"And is the information so valueless to you that you will not acknowledge it by a word?"

"Yes, I will say that I am sorry to hear you say so."

"Truly?"

"Truly."

Then I will not repeat it; but Margaret, I had fancied sometimes, for a moment, that you might think my love a precious thing. I wish you were glad instead of sorry."

"Dear me! I am a miserable sinner, Mr. Mann, and a miserable woman as well, or as ill. I did not intend to make you love me."

"You have not 'made' me love you. I loved you in spite of yourself and myself, too. I had all the time a vague suspicion that it would be a useless thing, that you could not love me in return."

"I do love you!"

"And yet you are sorry that I love you."

"No, no, I did not say that; only sorry to have you say so. I shall be glad all my life that you have loved me, though I am not so selfish as to hope that you will always love me."

He bent down and took the sleeping Edith out of my arms. "She is too heavy, and you are tired, I think. I will be back in a moment," and without waiting for a word he went up the stairs with her. How tender and kind and considerate he was!

I heard him speaking softly to her as, child-like, she fretted at being roused. I felt it a curious thing to wait for him to come back, but I would not have dared to move, and in truth I did not want to go.

I was determined that I would have this taste of sweetness, though I put the cup away the moment after.

He came back and sat down beside me.

"Now tell me all about it; there is something to tell, of course."

"Yes, there is, and it is this: I am to be married in October to Mr. John Graham, wholesale and retail dealer in groceries, fruits, &c., 320 Reade St., N. Y."

"You are unnecessarily explicit, but I infer from a remark you made a moment ago, that you do not love this Mr. John Graham."

"I do not love him."

"Then why do you marry him?"

"I will tell you why, though I am aware that you will despise me for it. I marry because he is rich, because he can give me what I have never had—a home—and ease and comfort, because I am tired of teaching school to keep my soul and body together; tired of making over my old dresses; wearing cheap and sometimes shabby shoes; tired of washing out my gloves in gasoline, and having the smell betray me; tired of living in boarding-houses, washing out my own pocket-handkerchiefs in my wash-bowl and ironing them on the carpet; O! I am so tired of everything."

"Does this wholesale and retail dealer in groceries love you? and is he, or will he be a congenial companion?"

"He loves me after his fashion. He admires me—I am sure heaven only knows why; and he is quite sure that I will do the honors of his handsome home in worthy manner. He is a very good man, Mr. Mann. He is one of the vestrymen of the church; he does not deal in false weights or measures; he knows they are an abomination unto the Lord; he puts no sand into his sugar or water into the vinegar. He is well informed upon the subject of free-trade, knows the markets, home and foreign; reads his daily paper, and his prayer-book on Sunday; peruses faithfully every President's message, and I think he has read Livingstone's travels. But he is rich, his home is beautiful within and without. I shall have all that heart can wish!"

"Will you truly, Margaret? If you say 'yes,' to that question, then I shall be satisfied."

"No, no! In spite of it all I shall be miserable. God pity me. But you cannot understand!"

"On the contrary, I understand perfectly. I know you are tired out; that life has been hard for you. But if I felt that it were going to be easier, I should give up my own hopes with less pain. Believe me, dear Margaret, that it is for your own sake I say to you never, never, marry a man because his ships are on every sea. Truly," and he smiled as he said it, "you better wash your gloves in gasoline, or go gloveless. I want you for my wife, but against all that this man has I have little to offer."

"No, you have offered me the best gift in the world, but I cannot take it. I am not fit to be your wife. I am too

small and selfish. I feel myself now just fit to be the wife of such a man as I expect to marry."

"By no means," he answered firmly; "no good man should be treated as you intend to treat him; no good man should be married for his money."

"I've heard all that sentimentalism before, Mr. Mann. If Mr. Graham chooses to take me with a full understanding of my feeling for him, and I choose to marry him, knowing that I don't love him as I ought, I don't see that anybody will be greatly wronged thereby."

"There you don't see as clearly as usual. All the redeeming feature of the case is that there will be no deceit about the wrong—the wrong will remain."

"There could be nothing but wrong about it anyway. To break my engagement would be certainly a most dishonorable thing."

"Not so much so as to keep it."

"Do you ask me to break it?"

"You try me sorely, Margaret. I ask you to do just that which will make for your own happiness. And you must decide what that shall be. But it is only fair to say to you that as my wife you would have only a modest home, and possibly more care than I ought to ask you to share. There are my children, I love them, and I should want you to love them. Good night, Margaret, God keep you!"

I went to my room, and for the next hour held such communing with myself as never before. Then I went to bed. I dreamed that I had married Mr. Mann, and that we were having a donation party, and that John Graham had sent us a bag of "evaporated" apples, and a half-dozen boxes desiccated cocoa-nut—two articles with which my boarding-house experience had made me unhappily familiar.

When I rose in the morning my mind was made up upon two points.

One was that I loved Mr. Mann, and the other, that in consequence of that fact I should never marry John Graham. I had no definite idea as to what I should do beyond that.

I wrote a letter to Mr. Graham before I left my room.

This was my letter:

MY DEAR MR. GRAHAM: Please release me from my engagement. When I said that I would marry you, I did so, believing that, though I had only respect and esteem for you, I should never have a warmer feeling for any other man. I find that I am wrong, and the knowledge makes it impossible for me to be your wife. Perhaps you will not understand me; but I hope you will believe that I am trying to save you as well as myself. Your friend,

MARGARET RAY.

I intended to keep out of Mr. Mann's way, but he saved me my trouble by quietly packing his valise and going for a week's visit. It gave me an excellent opportunity to discover how exceedingly pleasant his society was to me; how necessary indeed to my happiness. He could not have done a more politic thing, and I have never been quite sure that he was not aware of his wisdom all the time.

I deserted the east porch; I did the things my soul abhorred; I made calls, went to a festival, and even played croquet, than which I could no farther go. The ladies of the church, several of them, told my sister, who told me with a grim smile, that they thought Miss Ray perfectly charming.

The day before Mr. Mann's return came my letter from Mr. Graham. It ran thus:

MY DEAR MISS RAY: Your letter just received and con-

tents noted. I am much surprised at the decision you have made, and greatly regret the same. I had hoped that the arrangement made would result satisfactorily to both. I infer from your note that some other party has awakened in your heart a warmer feeling than it was possible for me to inspire. That being the case, I can only comply with your request, and return to you all you ever gave me, your promise.

I am at present somewhat anxious upon business subjects.

There has been a sudden decline in the market, and there is a prospect of loss before me. Owing to my agitation upon this point, you will excuse my brevity. With much respect and many good wishes.

JOHN GRAHAM.

I could not tell when I had finished reading this whether he was glad or sorry, and I am no wiser to this day.

The next day we had another talk, Mr. Mann and I. He stopped me as I was on my way to the porch, and held out his hand. He looked into my face sharply and said, "Is it well with you?"

"It is well with me," I said, "and you?"

"That depends upon you."

Then I told him what I had done, and I did what a thousand other women have done before and will do after me. I promised to marry him just and solely because I loved and honored him more than all the world besides; and he—why he gave me such tender words and caresses, such strong, true, helpful words, as made me forget all the past and lose all fear for the future.

Then we walked together into my sister's room; she did not look as surprised as it had been in my mind that she would.

She said, "Well, proceed to tell me all about it."

Arthur—that's Mr. Mann—said: "It hardly seems necessary, you look provokingly aware of it all."

"So I am, and have been from the first. But how," turning to me, "about your marrying a poor man? how about your conducting sewing societies and mission meetings, teaching in Sunday-school, and all that and all that?"

"And how," continued Arthur, "about your making over your old gowns and washing your gloves in gasoline?"

"And how," retorted I, "about your marrying a woman who never learned her catechism, never made a flannel shirt for the Hottentots, and positively *hates* croquet?"

"All will be well," he said softly. "Love will teach and guide us aright. I have no fear. God has given me my heart's desire."

Sarah's delight was evident, but she discreetly forbore saying much about it. When I accused her of having it all in her mind when she planned my visit, she had the grace to be silent.

We were married that fall. The "church" warmly approved their beloved pastor's choice.

They were all considerate and kind to me, and though I may not in all things follow in the steps of the model minister's wife, I am sure I have won their respect and friendship. Arthur is positive that in all things I am the perfect woman nobly planned.

I know full well how many my faults, but it is so sweet to have him so deluded that I am careful not to break the spell.

We have the "blessed enough," and our home is very sweet and beautiful, for love is there.

I received John Graham's wedding cards not long since, and the important intelligence that business was improving. I am filled daily with wonder and thankfulness at the fate that led me from the ill that I had chosen to a good that I dreamed not of. Truly "His ways are past finding out." I am sure that I was "called."

CARLOTTA PERRY.

People and Places Abroad.

BY JENNY JUNE.

LOOKING back upon places one has visited, the people one has met in the experiences of a season into which much that is unusual has been crowded, we find that by a process of natural arrangement they have fallen into a sort of order—some that seemed most interesting and important at the time taking a back seat, or receding from view altogether, while others step into greater prominence, and acquire a stronger and more permanent value. One of the suggestive studies is the difference in the work accomplished individually, and by associative effort, and at first view decidedly the balance seemed to be struck in favor of the individual. Out of a society only a general average can be obtained of activity, of judgment, of practical wisdom, courage, or devotion; out of the individual we get the best that the possessor of these qualities can give. The superior results on the part of societies have usually only been shown where they have been largely under the guidance and direction of the individual. The converse may be true where a considerable body is composed of exceptionally strong men or women, or both, animated by one impulse, inspired by one noble and impersonal desire; but such are rarely to be met with, and disappear when their object is attained.

Speculation upon this subject was suggested by an acquaintance formed in Germany with a distinguished lady. Fraulein Calm. The Fraulein is the originator, and stands at the head of the "Frauenbildungs-Vereins," a system of schools that fill a place deplorably vacant in our own country. Twelve years ago the first one was started in Cassel, Germany, by a simple announcement made through the local press, that girls wishing to acquire certain arts, and technical knowledge which would enable them to teach special branches, act as book-keepers, or as thorough seamstresses, embroiderers, or dressmakers, could join classes where they would receive the instruction free. The classes began with forty pupils, in two rooms loaned by the city. The Cassel school has now a building, an average attendance of three hundred girls, and awards certificates of excellence to at least forty graduates annually. Besides this, Fraulein Calm has been called upon to assist in establishing a dozen others in different parts of Germany.

The schools occupy the middle ground between the common public, and the higher normal school, both of which have reached a high degree of perfection in Germany. They fill a place made so necessary by the needs of the great majority, that of supplying the practical knowledge required for obtaining a livelihood, and they do it in so thorough and admirable a manner as to leave nothing to be desired. For example, a girl who takes up book-keeping, begins at the very beginning, and does not stop until she has so completely mastered her subject that she can demonstrate it step by step, and is competent to keep the books of a large and complicated business concern.

Just so in regard to millinery, dressmaking, or embroidery. The pupil, no matter what her age or previous acquirements, is put on a "rag," or bit of material to begin with, and taught so that when she has finished her course, she can not only make beautifully and entirely, a dress, a bonnet, a cap, or execute an elegant piece of ornamental needle-work, but she can explain it, and teach others how to do the same thing. A clever girl can supplement her common school education with a knowledge of the French and English languages, history, and other supplementary studies, which will enable her to teach; and she may also acquire several

useful arts, each of which represents more than a livelihood, because trained labor is always and everywhere at a premium; besides, the actual science of book-keeping, which is useful in many directions, in addition to forming for a woman a comparatively lucrative occupation.

Men have so completely monopolized the money-making fields of the world, that moderate opportunities for women are highly appreciated by them; but with the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of business methods something of this disparity will cease, and women will use the labor of men's hands for their own profit, as men now do that of women.

The reputation of *Frauenbildungs-vereins* is so good that the graduates, or those who have received their certificates, are sought for, and find no difficulty in obtaining good positions, particularly as their spheres of operation are so diversified; and they are thus spared the long waiting, the slow and painful struggle, the many humiliations, and the uncertain tenure of the average woman-worker.

Fraulein Calm is the most modest and unpretentious of women. She does not like to speak of or have any allusions made to her own work; she lives in a quiet but charming home of her own, and supports herself and her mother by literary labor. Her face has a most sweet expression, and she would pass for a Quaker; yet her latest work, recently published, shows a gradual advance toward what in Germany are considered extremely radical ideas in regard to woman; and she is the undoubted leader in a social movement, unacknowledged as yet, scarcely recognized as having an existence, yet certainly destined to achieve a social revolution in the status of German women.

GERMAN SOCIAL LIFE.

The charm of social life is its simplicity, and absence of pretense. People do not feel obliged to make any strain after a fine house, a fashionable neighborhood, unnecessary changes of clothes, an expensive hospitality. Yet they are always so friendly and genuinely hospitable, that even the stranger feels at home, and experiences a sense of security and certainty of being cared for, which is probably due very largely to the absolute order and system, a rule of which visitors experience only the comfort and safety without any of the restriction. It is in this respect a paradise for women. Remarked a radical German to an American lady, "Now that you are on German soil you are no longer free; you are under police surveillance, you had not entered this town before it was known who and what you are, and what the probable purpose of your visit." "I am very glad of it," was the reply, "it suits me exactly; I like to be taken care of, and if anything evil happened to me I should like it to be traced, and my family know how it happened. I have nothing to conceal, and hope to be law-abiding. I am glad to feel protected and cared for."

But there is in reality a vast deal of nonsense talked in regard to the surveillance exercised over private affairs. Certainly it never assumes the form of interference, except with law-breakers, and is not very onerous, for it is impossible to realize it in the ordinary current of affairs. Taxes are said to be very heavy in consequence of the enormous military force which the nation sustains. Yet a woman teacher, who earns her own living and that of others, remarked to the writer that she paid nothing with more pleasure than her taxes, for she felt she owed the security and all the pleasures of her life to the guardianship that was exercised by the government. This guardianship secures to them not only clean streets, but beautiful well-kept parks, and alleys, plenty of outdoor music, cheap concerts of a high class, excellent dramatic entertainments at a minimum cost, museums enriched with the treasures of art, good schools, and saving,

postal, locomotive and transfer facilities, which are cheap, prompt, certain, and adapted to every degree.

So much must be said for modern imperial government, that, while it imposes severe burdens in order to maintain its power and ascendancy, it recognizes its duties and performs them; while with us very nearly equal burdens are imposed, the resources from which are distributed in ways that give us neither dignity, comfort, nor security. On the other hand the chances for individuals are greater with us—particularly those who have what we call “push,” and are not over-scrupulous in regard to ways and means. That government is not a good government, however, which does not govern—because it is only through government that equal and exact justice is obtained; nor is that good which, like the government of the city of New York, constantly pays out for having work done which is never performed.

SOCIAL LIFE ABROAD.

We are apt to think that in America alone is growth, progress, material prosperity, happiness, and the opportunity for advance through industries and in general culture. But this is a great mistake. The poor of Belgium, Switzerland and Germany live on few, and what we would consider poorer articles of food; but they thrive upon them—they are substantial and much better for the making of flesh and blood than the “bakery” stuff which half the misery of our greater cities lives upon. I could not walk six blocks in New York without being accosted by a beggar, and more often than otherwise by more than one—while in the whole of a trip through parts of England, Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, I never saw one to my knowledge. Probably this country is honored with the presence of a great deal of the vagabondage of European cities, and it is not improving in character or appearance.

The populations abroad deal with poverty, but it is industrious not squalid poverty, at least in the countries I have mentioned. It is poverty which compels incessant toil, and wins meagre compensation; but it seems to have taught the people how to make the most and the best of the smallest and simplest resources. For example a feature of the fish market consists of long ends of small fish-skins hung up to dry. These are sold to the very poor for the merest trifle, and with them they flavor their onion and potato soup. Yet they are not starved, meagre, or miserable in appearance. On the contrary, they are stout, and the children look rosy and happy in a somewhat stolid way. For whatever of comfort exists the industry of the women is chiefly responsible. They are always at work, sitting before their doors, selling fruit or vegetables in the market. If their hands are not otherwise occupied, they are always knitting. This homely occupation, which requires no care or thought, which can be taken up or laid down, clothes the feet of the whole family with warm and serviceable, if not fine and elegant stockings, and well-clad feet go far to produce an effect of thrift and comfort.

The brightness of the street life is greatly enhanced by the living so much out of doors. The sidewalk *café* is an institution in all continental towns, and at all hours of the day, but especially the latter part of the afternoon and through the evening, the little tables are surrounded by gay groups, or individuals, both men and women, who chat and sip their coffee and eat their pistolets, without the least concern in regard to the passers-by.

A delightful feature of the more important towns consists of the “gardens,” where open-air concerts are given in the evening, and where afternoon coffee is often taken by ladies and their friends. Many of the gardens are controlled by societies musical, “artistique,” and literary, and entertainments are varied, some introducing courses of literary and scientific lectures, others partaking of a more artistic with

perhaps a mixture of the dramatic element. All are good of their kind, and in them different degrees in society mix on an equal basis. The point, however, is that every inducement is held out to the citizens and residents of a place to become subscribers to these, as we should call them, “institutions.” They are provided with attractive grounds, they make charming promenades, they furnish entertainment for every evening in the week, if needed, to which a man who is a subscriber can take his family and friends; they are a resource for his wife and daughters; and the cost is nominal, making an average, perhaps, of three cents as the cost of admission to the regular entertainments, per head. Single tickets, purchased for the special occasion by non-subscribers (residents), would be more of course. Some cities, Antwerp in Belgium, for instance, which has three or four of these garden societies, including the zoological, send free tickets to the strangers who are registered guests at hotels, which are a real boon to those who wish to make a stay of a few days, or a week, and know not what to do with their evenings. Residents have to pay, and for occasional tickets higher in proportion than would seem necessary, it being the policy of those who preside over the local interests to make it an object for every resident to take a personal interest in efforts to provide good and cheap amusements, and act in some sort as the hosts of all strangers.

Whether my recent experience was exceptional or not, I do not know; but in all the parts of Europe I visited, I never saw a beggar, or a drunken man; except one of the latter, a cabman in Paris. On the contrary there is a cleanliness, brightness and cheerfulness to which we are strangers in this country, and which seems to be due largely to the general provision made for good and cheap food, drink and recreation. The bread is excellent and costs less than with us, besides being supplied in a great variety of attractive forms; coffee is used in large quantities in the morning for the simple breakfast, and at four in the afternoon. Between these usually comes dinner in Germany, and in the evening, supper, which is a delightful meal, when supplied in true German fashion. Once started on the subject of Germany, I find it difficult to tear myself away from it—its friendliness, its delightful home-y-ness, its quaint and charming domestic ways, its honest sincerity, its freedom from shams—all went straight to my heart; and the more Germans we can induce to come to America, the happier and better for our country it will be in the future.

THE STATUS OF WOMEN

in Germany is often made a subject of severe animadversion upon German men, and of some complaint among German women themselves. German men have the reputation of being overbearing, dictatorial and domineering toward their wives, and of utterly failing in the minor courtesies which in this country at least are usually extended to women. There is some truth in this charge, yet wives on the average are better treated and are happier in Germany than in this country. The reason is this, that while the German may fail in minor matters, he is usually good in essentials; and the American, polite and gentlemanly as he is when there is a satchel to be carried or a seat to be yielded, is apt to fail in the realization of more important responsibilities; for instance, his share in making his home agreeable and attractive, in training and educating his children wisely, and providing for their future by developing their faculties, and putting them to use, rather than by leaving them money to squander.

It was my good fortune to find two intelligent young American women abroad, both married to German husbands. One had paid a brief visit to her old American home since her marriage, the other had not. Both declared their perfect happiness and freedom from any desire to return to their own

country, even for a visit. Both said it was associated with too much discomfort, straining after effect and desire for unhealthy excitement, to be pleasant in the retrospect, and that their present life was much more natural and wholesome, as well as more agreeable socially.

Upon the occasion of a brief excursion into the country, an American gentleman, who had known one of the ladies at home, begged permission to carry the basket which contained some light provender for the party. This was refused, on the ground that gentlemen did not do these things in Germany, and it would look odd. The gentleman expressed surprise that an American girl, whom he remembered as a rather exacting society belle, should have adapted herself to such "barbarous" customs. But with heightened color the sensible young wife defended her husband's countrymen from the charge of discourtesy. "My husband," she remarked, "never goes out in the evening without me; if I must stay at home he stays at home also. He places the interests of our household entirely in my hands, and within the range of his means I can do what I please. Of course he expects I will do the best that I can with what is intrusted to me; and he on the other hand thinks constantly of what will make our lives happier and better. Our social life is most charming; I never knew anything like it in America, and I would not exchange it for all the gayeties of all the seasons of New York, Washington, Saratoga, or even Newport, with its old formalists and shoddy modern element. My life is full of happy activity, and I do not know what an unoccupied moment is, or one of *ennui*."

Does not the "happy activity" furnish the key to the preference which these young American women give to the German life, over our own, which we are accustomed to consider so much more free and every way desirable? American men expect both too little and too much—by "relieving them of all care" they deprive them of all resources, and then expect them to be happy and energetic. That they sometimes are so in spite of circumstances, and that they leave their homes to Bridget and an entry-book, while they hem pocket-handkerchiefs for criminals or the natives of Timbuctoo, is not their fault, but that of the system which deprives them of a birthright of duty, and substitutes the potage of pleasure in which there is no permanent satisfaction. Still a little mixing up, an infusion of the American element will do the German no harm. His fault is brusqueness and an apparent harshness, which does injustice to his real kindness of heart and loyalty of nature. A generation here, or a good American wife there, soon rectifies this fault, and makes him as good a husband as he is a citizen. Good men everywhere are very much the same in their behavior toward women; and the majority of women will indorse the recent assertion of a well-known London periodical, that the best use to which you can put a sensible, intelligent young woman is to marry her to a good man; but very aptly remarks, the sensible, etc., young woman, "Produce the good man! Where is he? He may be a member of a bachelor club, or you may have killed him in Zululand—*then* what am I to do?"

TWO PALACES.

There is a remarkable building in Antwerp, which interested me more than the palaces of kings—more than the Royal Museum—more than the old prison of La Steen with its torture chambers, its noisome cells, where the damp oozes through sixteen feet of stone wall, and forms into green slime upon which sickening reptiles feed, and where the awful traps still exist through which state prisoners were secretly plunged and lost in the dark waters below. This remarkable structure is the "Plantin" house at Antwerp.

It is the most perfect and perfectly preserved specimen in the world of that anciently respectable combination of business and dwelling-house, and it derives additional interest from having been the first complete printing-house in existence. In style and finish it is rich as any old palace. It occupies the four sides of a square, with a fine old court in the center. It is frescoed in solid black oak, much of which is enriched with the rarest carvings. The walls are covered with gold-embossed leather or Gobelin tapestry, upon which the portraits of the old founders and the ladies of their families hang painted by Rubens. The tables are marvels of carving and inlaying, and the cabinets finer than those in the Electoral palaces of Germany.

The printing and business offices connect with the living rooms, yet are separated from them, and in these the old types and printing-presses, the composing desks and forms, remain just as they were used in the fifteenth century, and hardly differ in appearance from those used to-day. There are proofs to which Rubens' signature is attached, and wonderful old manuscripts and specimens of authorship. No single museum possesses so many early and admirable specimens of the printers' art, nor so many to which great names are attached. In addition to this evidence of business reputation, there is abundant proof of almost royal social standing, the grandeur of all the appointments reminding one of the imperial old farmer in Sweden, who, having been notified that his house of logs, in existence since the twelfth century, would be visited by King Oscar of Sweden and his court, and that the table service necessary for the entertainment of so large a number of guests would be sent on in advance, replied that he should be most happy to see his Majesty and all his court, but he need send on no table-service, for he had enough of gold and silverware to supply all the persons that the king's palace could hold. Yet this farmer managed his acres, and sat at the head of his massive wooden table with his men and maid servants every day of his life.

Infinitely more interesting and memorable to me was this "Plantin" palace of industry than the grand old palace of Fontainebleau, full as it is of historic memories. For from the wadded walls of the castle was shut out all human sympathy, and evidence of human progress; while within the former the keys had been already forged, through the printing-press, that were to unlock all the doors of ignorance, prejudice, and superstition, and give light and freedom to the whole world.

Fontainebleau is marvelously interesting, more so because more varied, and covering a larger number of historical epochs than that of Versailles. Every room is suggestive of the character and influence of great historical personages, figures in the great panorama of lives and courts which have controlled the destinies of France for centuries. It is curious, however, that the sight of royal palaces, the examination of their gorgeous interiors, the actual knowledge of, and acquaintance with their wadded walls, their barred entrances, their shut-in grandeur, inspires no wish for participation in the life they recall. I am sure I felt with all the strength that Goethe insists we should put into everything, that I would rather have been the lowest of the workers in the great "Plantin" house of industry and progress, than empress in the hot-bed of treachery, suspicion, hatred, and falsity, which festered on the inside of the gilded gates of the gorgeous palace of Fontainebleau.

The most impressive room in the chateau is that of Napoleon I. The grandeur of it is worthy of Solomon—but it is no vulgar display. The beauty and depth and richness, the subtle tones, the blending of shades, the rarity of marbles and woods and metals and stuffs; the perfect harmony of the whole; so that the effect is like the stealing upon one's senses of some grand symphonic strain of music. The room

is a revelation of the artistic side of Napoleon's character. The long *salon* of Francis I., paneled with his stately arms and solemn visage, produces no such vivid feeling of personality as the mere furniture of the room of Napoleon I.

More interesting, too, than all the splendors of Louis XIV., Marie di Medici, and the grandness of Louis Phillippe, is a little round mahogany table, which turns up on a hinge, and occupies a place in a *salon* used as a council chamber. A small brass plate, on the reverse side, tells that upon this table Napoleon, Emperor, signed his abdication of that sovereignty which he perilled life, soul, and honor to gain and perpetuate.

Fontainebleau has educational as well as historical interest. It is the home of the famous "Bee-Hive" schools established by Emile Souvestre, a writer of highly-valued books for children; and the school at Fontainebleau, which is carried on by his daughters, has the reputation of being the best for girls in France; where it must be said, however, that the standard, previous to his time, was not at all high.

PARIS—ITS SHOPPING.

France gains, but Paris loses in interest. In France the labor problem has been practically solved—the land has been divided among the people, and they are industrious and happy. Paris has lost under the republic, very naturally, much of the attraction it formerly had for tourists. There is no longer the absolute order—the exquisite cleanliness—the prompt service—the authoritative taste, or the supreme law in matters of fashion. It may be all the better for the people, for it gives them individual freedom, and permits them to exercise their own ideas, and select from other sources their models for imitation. But it comes upon one with a sort of shock all the same, to find Berlin in the great shops, English æstheticism posing in exclusive warehouses, and American ideas accepted and not even disguised.

This is not what we go to Paris for. We somehow feel that it has stepped from its throne, and that what it has gained in humanity it has lost in fine art which had become the possession of the world.

Shopping is more like New York shopping than formerly. Styles are more frequently behind than in advance of those of New York, and the difference in cost is trifling except in the matter of silk hose and gloves. Furs and elegant wraps, which were formerly much less expensive, are now nearly equal in price; and it is only by a lucky "find," that the shopper lights upon some things which bear any resemblance to a "bargain." Nor is there compensation by finding better styles than at home. Between seasons, which is the time the majority of American tourists find themselves in Paris, the stores are filled with just such rubbish as that with which they are thronged in New York, with here and there a single article worth buying, and therefore quickly appropriated; but no choice to select from. Beautiful things may be had, of a standard kind, by paying a good price for them; but the cheap days of Paris shopping are quite over, and for styles they are as likely to be American, or German, or English, as French. In fact the "Mother Hubbard" designs, for which Kate Greenaway is responsible, are the only novelties.

A WOMAN'S WISH.

It is common enough to meet women tourists abroad—enthusiasts who cross the most difficult passes, climb heights, scale mountains, and perform feats as difficult as anything attempted by men. English girls are particularly famous for their enterprise, and they are often found in groups of two and three, sisters and cousins, hanging, so to speak, from the side of a mountain, or sketching in the most retired nook of some charming valley. They know all the best

places, visiting them so often, Switzerland and the Rhine country being to the English and Germans what the White Mountain region and the Berkshire hills are to New Yorkers—their tramping grounds. But there was one case of a woman who went abroad last year, that was very touching. The woman had been afflicted with cancer for many years, and was given over to die by her physicians. Three months of life was all she could possibly expect. Her one desire had been always to go and see Mount Vesuvius, and her husband, though not rich, determined it should be gratified. He surrounded her with the tenderest care; they traveled by easy stages. She saw just what she wanted, no more. She lived in a state of exaltation, forgetting her sufferings, unmindful of her impending doom, and crowned all by arriving at Vesuvius while the great crater was in a state of eruption. She went up its sides as far as it was safe, and was carried back to her hotel, her soul fully satisfied. She watched it from her window in a sort of ecstasy, which hardly left her until she arrived at her own home, where, three days afterward, she died.

The Parting.

BY HATTIE WHITNEY.

DEAR, we must part, the Autumn sun is setting;
So sets the happy time we've known together.
The hour is near for grieving and regretting,
As comes the pallid, gray November weather.
And so dissolves the spell—
Dear heart, farewell, farewell.

The empty grape-vines, bare and brown are trailing
Their tendrils in the withered yellow grass.
The sickly light from out the West is paling,
And clouds are drifting in a sodden mass.
Ah, life looks sad to-day,
So cold, so chill and gray.

Throughout the glowing Summer-tide we revelled;
And breathed the perfumed air of happiness.
And joy's warm beams across our path were levelled,
Unstained, untinged by sorrow and distress.
Now Summer with its gleams
So dim, so distant seems.

Across the fields the low, dull shades are starting;
Through jagged clouds a star appears to view.
The chill, wan day from sullen earth is parting
While round them glisten falling tears of dew.
Ah, well, dear heart, dear heart,
So even must we part.

But love, though sad-eyed melancholy broods
About our hearts, and over all the world,
Though wild black shadows gather in the woods,
And lightning-lances from the clouds are hurled,
The sun again will glow,
And warm, soft breezes blow.

And that Great Love, that notes the sparrow's fall,
And gives the lily pure its spotless dress,
Keeps loving guard and hears the earnest call
Of heart-wrung mortals in their sore distress.
That love so strong, so near,
Enfold thee closely, dear.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

TABLE COVERS.

THING that is suited to its use has a beauty of its own, and an unsuitable thing cannot be wholly beautiful.

Tea-cloths or covers for tea-trays, should be embroidered on a material that will wash—freshness and sweetness being among the essential things for these covers. A round-thread linen is most useful. Drawn work and knotted fringe is very suitable with slight embroidery in colored marking cotton, crewels or silk. In this embroidery, care must be taken that only those colors be used that will bear washing. Silks and crewels may change in color, but often for the better, by washing. In crewels, yellows, reds, gray-greens, and old blues, are generally safe. As we have said before, always wash your crewels before using them. Two shades of blue, or of pomegranate red, in a set conventional border with drawn work, is very suitable for a tea-cloth.

Small sprays of flowers like those scattered on old Dresden china, may be powdered over a tea-cloth, and have a pretty effect. Great care must be used to keep the sprays small and the colors simple. On a white or cream-colored material only the more delicate shades are suitable. For this work stem-stitch is best. If an old New England border is used, then the New England stitch is necessary. Many of the new linen covers with Morris designs, which may be seen at the Morris sales-room on Union Square, have conventional flower, leaf, and scroll borders; the designs simply and regularly darned in heavy twisted silk. The darning is really darning, only exquisitely done, as our grandmothers darned the heels of stockings, a long stitch of the silk, a short stitch of the lifted threads of linen. The stitches alternate in their several rows, the linen threads coming in the middle of the long silk stitch of the line above. This work has a very rich and antique look.

A design like the border design in this number may be wholly darned in, or may be embroidered in various stitches with silk on the linen according to the wish of the embroiderer. The varieties of drawn work are so very numerous and well known, that I give no directions for them. Those who wish to see designs and descriptions of this work, may find them in No. 3 of Tilton's Needlework Series, by Lucretia P. Hale. In this number of the series are also found directions for the Holbein stitch, which is very suitable for linen tea-cloths. A monogram may be properly worked above the border in the middle of one end of a tea-tray cloth.

For covers of tables for libraries or parlors, there is a much larger variety of materials, as plush, velvet or velveteen, satin, silk, raw-silk, momie cloth, serges, diagonals, and other woolen stuffs. The plush, velvet, satin, and silk are all more for ornament than for use. With the plush an embroidered satin border decorated with *appliqué* designs in plush and gold thread is good. On velveteen, silk may be used; on Turk satin, silk embroidery is suitable. On soft



NO. 1.—TABLE COVER BORDER.
DESIGNED BY HETTA L. H. WARD.



India silk, the darned work may be used with delightful effect. No. 2 shows how the darned work on the India silk is done. The background, not the design, is darned in suitable color to contrast well with the color of the silk. A much richer effect is gained if from three to six

shades of the same color are used in the background. These shades are darned in with lines of irregular lengths, so that the shades blend with each other and have the effect of the variable lights on a piece of changeable silk. The design which is simply the silk ground, is outlined in run or stem-stitch with the various colors needed in flowers and leaves. The design No. 1 is suitable for this work. Much of the beauty of this work will depend on the choice of the colors used. The effect of the finished work is almost unexpectedly beautiful. This kind of embroidery is also very suitable for a small curtain for a choice cabinet. A band of darned work may be applied to a table scarf of any material, but it is much better to work your band on the table-cover itself. A few lines of darned work in a different shade from the background color, will generally add to the beauty of your border. If the flowers and leaves of your design are large, stamens to your flowers and veins to your leaves are necessary.

I have given in former numbers of this MAGAZINE, designs which may be used as borders for table scarfs of Turk satin or woolen materials. Larger flowers as primroses, marigolds, crocuses, or daffodils may be used in the same manner as the daisy or the buttercup design in the July and August numbers of the MAGAZINE. The design is more suitable for embroidery, the more it is conventionalized and adapted to the use of only a few colors. Daisies, forget-me-nots, and delicate flowers are more suitable for a baby's blanket or a child's apron than for a woolen table cover in common use. Even roses are best used only in most conventional form or outline design, if desired on an ordinary table cover.

For a square table, a continuous design is best. A round table gives space for a corner design. A bunch of thistles, daffodils with buds and leaves, tulips or any large flower with good color is suitable for a corner design. The button-hole stitch, as given in the August number, with a tassel of the crewels used in the embroidery at the corners, is the best finish for a woolen cover. A table scarf of Turk satin is neatly finished with a raveled fringe, and a loop of filose caught up in the goods, a little above the line of fringing, at regular intervals. These filose loops make a pretty finish or heading, besides adding to the weight of the fringe.

Next to the fire-place, the table is a home center. Any labor or thought spent to make this more cheery is well spent. But with all love for dainty work let us remember that a thing suited to its use has the beauty of fitness. Our tea cloths must not be too fine for daily use; our library and living-room table covers must be of serviceable stuff, fit for use, not simply a fine, useless embroidered affair, the trial of our households and of our own good temper.

HETTA L. H. WARD.

My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
Of cleaning paint and washing walls,
And scrubbing far and near."

PARAPHRASES Jennie, with a doleful whine.

"By which you mean," say I, smiling, because I cannot help it, "that it is time for the fall cleaning."

"Yes, ma'am; the evil is upon us even while we speak."

"But I thought we agreed that our houses were to be so beautifully kept that house-cleaning was not to be a giant to be met and conquered."

"So we did," admits Jennie, "but it never entered into my calculations that we should close up the house this summer, and leave it for moth and rust to corrupt, as we have been doing. I have been in town once or twice every month, but I have always stopped at a friend's, and now we have all come home to the dirtiest house you ever saw. It smells like a vault, and there is, I can't imagine why, a greasy feeling about everything."

"That is owing to the peculiarly damp heat of last summer," says Miss Greene. "I have heard many people speak of the same thing."

"Well," says Sophie Mapes, "I see one reason to be glad that we could not go out of town this summer. We do not need any special overturning and upheaval."

"You destroyed your enemy by inches, did you?" asks Jennie enviously.

"Yes, I have tried to keep dirt from accumulating; so that we did not have to have a grand abolishment of it this season."

"But isn't this rather late for house-cleaning?" asks one of the girls. "Ours was over a month ago."

"Yes," says Jennie, "it may be late, but I don't see as that makes any difference. House-cleaning is like death, it has all seasons for its own. However, we can't help the lateness of it, for we have only just come home. I gained seven pounds this summer, but I expect to lose every ounce of it now. I only wish we could put the house to soak, or invent some easy way of suddenly restoring it to the immaculate state of neatness we left it in when we went away."

"I really do not think you will find it needs very much more cleaning than a liberal use of brooms and dusters will give," I say, by way of comfort.

"I read the other day," remarks a young lady whom we have only seen once or twice before, "that house-cleaning was much simplified by getting well ready for it in advance. What does that mean?"

"I suppose it means that the furniture and carpet may be taken out of a room, and curtains and shades taken down, and all such things done before the housemaid or professional cleaner, if you employ one, begins. That would save her time for the direct work in hand. The looking-glasses, pictures, vases, brackets, and movable ornaments of all kinds should be taken into another room and dusted, wiped or washed, according to their nature and requirements, by some careful person, while the cleaning is going on; then they will be all ready to replace when the room is ready for them. It is also an excellent plan to empty and clean the closets before the room is begun upon."

"There is one misery of country house-cleaning that you don't undergo in the city," says Miss Greene.

"I shall be glad to know of any calamity we escape," says Jennie. "What is the omitted evil?"

"White-washing."

"Well, that is a task no one would covet," I say, "but it is a good thing to know how it is done. Ceilings are quite out of the amateur's reach in these high town houses, but for closets or attic rooms, one might sometimes be glad to do a little white-washing for oneself. Can you tell us anything about the process? I suppose you have had some experience at home."

"I have done a little white-washing," says Miss Little, "and I think I do it rather decently, for I am very particular to always move the brush one way, not across, and sideways, and in all sorts of directions, as I have seen people do. My way leaves the wall nice and even, not streaked or spotty. I am particular, too, about mixing the white-wash."

"How do you mix it? Have you any rule as to quantity?"

"No particular rule for that. I take a pail of skim milk, it must be perfectly sweet or it won't do at all, and put in enough lumps of quick lime to make it as thick as cream. You will have to keep stirring and mixing till the lime is smooth and even. Two cups of white varnish stirred in before you use it, will make it as smooth and nice as paint, and if it is put on smoothly and evenly, with a *good* brush, it will look nearly as well as paint."

"Really you must be quite an expert. But why wet the lime with milk instead of water, as I think people usually do?"

"We find it makes it whiter, smoother, and less liable to fall off in flakes," replies Miss Little.

"I have an item of information," says Miss Greene, "that is quite *apropos* to the subject of house-cleaning."

"We shall be glad to hear it."

"It is a way of taking ink spots out of painted wood, or even from floors. I don't know how it would do for varnished or oil-finished woods: Dip a wet rag in powdered oxalic acid, and wipe the ink spot. A few minutes afterward wash off the acid with a clean cloth and warm water. If the paint is tinted the acid may act on the color; in that case it is said that a little hartshorn and water will restore it. I never have tried it on any but white paint, and it doesn't leave the slightest trace of either ink or acid on that."

"Thank you. That is a very nice fact," I say.

"I am in possession of a small but useful fact which I gleaned from a very loquacious painter, while we were in the cottage this summer, and which I have tested for myself and not found wanting in truth," says Jennie. "If you want to get rid of the smell of paint, put several plates of sliced raw onions in the room."

"I think the cure would be worse than the disease," remarks Miss Kitty.

"No, it isn't," says Jennie promptly. "The smell of onions, if vile is innocent, and will not make you sick, like the paint smell. But after the onions have gathered all the odor of the paint unto themselves, as they certainly will, be sure to bury them or burn them up, and don't let any living thing eat them, for my informant says he had a pair of pigeons killed by regaling themselves on some that he threw out after using them for deodorizers."

"As we seem to be in the way of giving items," says Miss Kitty, "I may as well tell you of a nice way to take wine stains out of table-cloths and napkins."

"Yes, do," I say. "We may as well call this a patchwork day, and see how many scraps we can get together."

"We have had several table-cloths defaced," proceeds Miss Kitty, "but now mamma, when any wine is spilled, ties some cream of tartar in the stained part, and dips it into a tin cup or saucepan of suds, and boils it a little while, and then rinses it out in more soap and water."

"Salts of lemon will take out a good many kinds of stains," says Miss Greene.

"Yes, and it takes out mildew on clothes, unless the spots are too deep," adds Miss Little.

"Can anyone tell me," asks Sophie Mapes, "what to do with grease spots that have not washed out of clothes?"

"But they ought to wash out," says Miss Little, critically.

"Well, perhaps they ought, but I find them on clothes that come from the wash, and I don't know what to do with them."

"I should point them out to the washerwoman," I say. "They are the result of careless laundrying, of course; but if they are neglected in the first washing, it is very hard, I know, to get them out the next time. So I should recommend treating them with benzine before putting them back in the wash again. If you have a washer who is apt to overlook such things, it would be well to mark prominent grease spots, before the articles are given to her, by running a thread of colored worsted through them, telling her, of course, why it is done. Grease can always be taken off from white material by careful washing."

"Won't it wash out of colored clothes, too?" asks one of the girls.

"It is not always safe to apply soap enough to dissolve the grease, as the alkali in the soap may destroy the color; but I have seen grease taken out of lawns and prints by immersing them in a tub of clean cold water. The grease will come to the top, after awhile, in little globules. The first water should be poured off, and a second or third change used, or more, if necessary, till finally no more grease will rise, and none will be left on the dress, and it may be dried and ironed."

"Well, is there any way upon earth to take grease out of a silk dress?" asks Jennie, "for I exhibit a facility and perverseness in getting my dresses daubed with grease, that is worthy of a better cause."

"Have you tried benzine?"

"Yes, but not always with success."

"Then try blue clay," I say. "It is an old-fashioned device for getting out grease spots, that I think is more reliable than the preparations put up for sale in various fancy forms. You can get the clay, 'Wilmington balls,' it is sometimes called, at the druggist's very cheaply. Scrape off some, and put it over the spot on the wrong side of the silk, and lay a piece of blotting-paper over it. After a few hours wipe off the clay and rub on some fresh. It never injures the color, but as it dulls the silk a little, it is always best to apply it to the wrong side, even if you have to rip a lining to do so."

"I think," says Miss Greene, "that my mother uses that same kind of clay to take grease spots out of wall paper. You know, in a dining-room careless children will sometimes lay greasy fingers on the paper."

"Yes, I know it; and sometimes other people besides Mr. Jellaby, in 'Bleak House,' have a fashion of leaning back in their chairs and leaving oily imprints of their heads upon the wall. It is best, when cleaning such places, to dampen the clay, after powdering it, with a solution of beef's gall and water."

"My aunt," says one of the young ladies, "keeps a bottle labeled 'Stain mixture.' It is good to take out fruit stains and all kinds of spots on white goods, and it is very good to take ink and fruit marks off your hands."


"Oh, tell me what it is without a moment's delay," says Jennie briskly, "for I have the most unclean and disreputable looking hands, from either ink or fruit, nearly all the time."

"The receipt," says the young lady, "is one ounce of sal-ammoniac, I believe that is a kind of hartshorn, and an

ounce of salt of tartar. It is very simple, but, I suppose, the success is in the proportions."

"Javelle water is a good stain mixture," I say. "You can buy it already prepared, at the druggist's, or you can make it for yourself, by buying a five-cent box of chloride of lime. The directions for making it are printed on the box, but the lime must be used as soon as the box is opened, as the air destroys its usefulness. Speaking of taking stains from the hands, it is worth remembering that in the season of tomatoes, and that is the time when fruit stains abound, the juice of raw ones will remove the color of fruit, particularly if applied before the hands are washed."

A Woman's Work of Art.


OR the past few weeks a work of great interest has been on exhibition at Reichard's Art Rooms, opposite the Brunswick Hotel in this city, which has not received the notice or attention its beauty and importance demand. The work in question is a full size study of the "Lorelei" in marble, executed by Mrs. Phinney, of Philadelphia; but for many years past, a student in and a resident of Rome. Mrs. Phinney's standing there is high, though she is almost unknown to the public of her own State and country, she having been as yet, only an ardent, ambitious, and faithful worker, with no desire but to excel in the field she has chosen. Her statue, the most important thing she has yet accomplished, though she has been twice accepted by the Paris Salon, for lesser works, is abundant evidence that time, strength and energy have not in her case been misapplied. The "Lorelei," as she has embodied Heine's conception, is full of ideality and as truly a poem in marble, as the other in verse. The figure is seated upon the rocks, and is looking down into the sea, a gentle breeze tosses the silken waves of her hair across her breast as she weaves into them a string of coral beads, meanwhile watching the reflection of her own fair image in the water. The position is slightly to one side, one knee being drawn up and the foot lightly resting on the rock. But difficult as it must have been to prevent angles and a certain stiffness, every line of the lovely figure is grace itself and is instinct with delicacy and refinement.

Anatomically it is perfect, having been subjected to the severest mechanical tests, and the charm of a highly poetic and imaginative work is therefore aided by symmetry and exact obedience to the law of proportion. This evident knowledge of elemental principles adds to the pleasure which the genius of the artist excites. No detail which thorough knowledge, or a vivid imagination could suggest is omitted, and the result is a complete and harmonious figure, delicate, yet powerfully expressive of the most subtle shades of the poet's meaning.

Mrs. Phinney may be proud of her work, and her countrymen and countrywomen may be proud of her. The statue has for its base a solid block of Vittelano marble, and is therefore worthily supported. Mrs. Phinney was the pupil first of Prof. Allegretti, professor in the Royal Institute of Fine Arts in Rome, from which she received her diploma, and whose severe examinations she passed with honor. She afterward studied with the celebrated Prof. Amici, and ranks as the third of his three best pupils, the other two being Signors Rosa and Biggi; the latter well-known for his fine bas-reliefs, which are the admiration of connoisseurs abroad. Mrs. Phinney is desirous of returning to Rome and will probably do so; but it certainly ought to be known that we have a woman sculptor who is capable of achieving the highest

rank, if she only receives such encouragement and recognition from her countrymen as has been frequently bestowed upon pretenders. An examination of her work by competent judges is all that she asks.

A Sign of the Times.*

NE of the strongest evidences of the change which has taken place of late years in public opinion in regard to education in general, as well as the education of women, is to be found in the annual report of the President of Columbia College for 1881. It is several years now since "Sorosis," the Woman's Club of New York city, and the first chartered one of the country, laid a serious memorial before the trustees of Columbia College and the University of the City of New York, through President Barnard and the then Chancellor, Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, praying that the opportunities and privileges enjoyed through these institutions by the young men of the city might also be extended to the young women. The memorial showed that the existing Normal College for girls, while excellent in its way, did not cover the whole ground, and that its functions for training teachers were impaired by the pressure upon its resources by all classes of society.

It was shown that, in order to find a collegiate training, girls born and resident in the great city of New York, with its superb institutions of learning and nearly a million and a half of inhabitants, are obliged to be sent from home a long distance or to another State, and then they can only find, at great expense, a college based upon a false and one-sided idea, and not calculated to give robustness or vigor to thought or work. The appropriation and monopoly, on the contrary, of all the best, long-established, and well-endowed institutions of learning by boys, creates another source of invidious distinction and inequality between the sexes, and teaches young men to consider young women as inferior beings whom a gentleman may treat with courtesy, but who possess no rights that any one is bound to respect.

That they quickly adopt this view is shown by the indignation with which young male collegians who are receiving their education mainly as a gratuity from the city and State, and in return for which they have never performed the least service, and probably never will, receive any suggestion or proposition which tends towards an extension of their opportunities to the opposite sex. Their manly pride is in arms. "We will not permit it. We will leave the college or university in a body!" they have been known to exclaim; and, in fact, the severest opposition to the co-education movement has come from male students.

The report of President Barnard deals most justly, wisely, and exhaustively with the faults of our system of collegiate education, and outlines a model preparatory school where the teaching is thorough and practical, and the studies given to objects rather than to books. The system, as described, is revolutionary, for it discards printed aids, sends the pupil out of doors to find what he wants to know, and to the black-board to demonstrate and describe it, instead of teaching him by words, which are forgotten nearly as fast as they are acquired. The method which begins by getting rid of books, ends, the president asserts, by producing the most deeply interested and profound students of books. "It constitutes," he says, "a regular education to the love of books, while

* The following deferred article is still interesting, and the utterances of so distinguished a man as President Barnard upon the subject of general and special education are too important in their relation to the future opportunities of the women of New York to pass unnoticed or unrecorded. We therefore print it, even at a late day.—Eds.

that which is in vogue at present too frequently results in creating an utter detestation of them."

Highly important are the strictures upon the cramming young boys with the subtleties of the dead languages and the grammar of foreign living ones before they have mastered their own. The modern languages can be taught any time, and have a place everywhere, Mr. Barnard asserts, for the teaching should be "wholly colloquial;" but the serious study of ancient languages should be postponed until, at least, the pupil's mind is somewhat formed, and he or she begins to understand and appreciate the uses of language. The time now spent in plodding wearily over the Greek grammar, which the small boy never again wants to set eyes upon, would give him a robust physique and a thorough and practical knowledge of the natural sciences, if properly employed.

In regard to the higher education of women, the report says:

"From many quarters during the last few years, the anxious enquiry has been coming in upon the undersigned, 'Will not Columbia College do something for the higher education of our girls?' Especially has this been the case since the subject was first brought to the attention of the trustees in the annual report of the undersigned for 1879. Evidence continually presents itself that the interest felt in this question in this community is deep, extensive, and constantly growing. It is, in fact, so generally felt among people of the highest influence and culture in our city, that nothing is more rare than to meet an individual who does not avow it. That there has been a great change in popular opinion on this subject within a period comparatively brief, admits of no question. The reasons for this are not very far to seek.

"In the first place, the logic of events has been operating upon many minds with a slowly growing but ultimately irresistible force. Most of the objections which the proposition to extend to young women the advantages of the highest academic culture encountered in the beginning were speculative merely, and were founded upon hypotheses which the unanswerable results of experiment have proved to be baseless. No one is any longer weak enough to argue that women should be denied the educational advantages which universities offer, on the ground of any natural incapacity in the sex to profit by them. Nor is it any longer contended that the physical organization of women is too delicate to permit them with safety to grapple with those difficult subjects which are commonly supposed to require for their mastery a severe course of study long protracted. The fallacy of this line of argument has been abundantly exposed by the signal success of Michigan, Cornell, and the Boston universities, and by the more conspicuously brilliant, if not more conclusive, results of experiment at Girton and Newnham colleges in England."

The report goes on to show the folly and uselessness of adding to the number of colleges already in existence, when there are, in fact, more than enough to educate all the young men and women in the country who, for many years, will be likely to demand such an education. It says:

"The increase in the number of our colleges has largely outgrown the increase in our population, and that the attendance on them has steadily fallen off."

It further says:

"Without intending the slightest disparagement of the teaching in any of the certainly excellent colleges for women in the country at this time, it is certainly allowable to say of it that it cannot possibly compare with that which is given in those ancient seats of learning where, through a long series of years, have been gradually brought together all the appliances necessary to facilitate research or illustration in every department of knowledge; and where the teachers are

men of celebrity universally recognized as authorities in the world of science or letters. The advantage to the learner of having his course of study directed by an instructor who is thoroughly master of his subject, is one which is not generally appreciated as it should be." The admission of women to Columbia College is nobly and frankly recommended in the following words:

"The time seems, therefore, to have fully come when Columbia College should feel herself urged by every motive of expediency of duty to do her part in carrying forward this noble and beneficent work. The public mind is prepared for it; a large number—it is believed a majority—of our most enlightened fellow citizens eagerly demand it; the members of our Faculty without exception favor it; our circumstances are such as to make it easily practicable. If in any minds there are still objections to the system which elsewhere exists, under which young women are withdrawn from their homes to be gathered together in numbers in academic boarding houses, such objections can have no application here, since the young women received as students at Columbia College will still reside, as the young men do now, under their parents' roofs, and will continue to be surrounded by all the beneficial influences of domestic society. If there are any who except to the arrangement under which, as at University College, London, and at the Boston, Cornell, and Michigan universities in this country, young men and young women assemble to receive instruction in the same class rooms and at the same hours, their scruples may be removed by adopting here the plan of the Harvard 'Annex,' and holding the exercises for the two classes of students separately. The Faculty favor it without exception, and it is believed that no member of the Board of Trustees is unalterably opposed to it.

"Within the past two years the number of young women who have turned their attention to classical studies has greatly increased; and that there are now not a few of suitable age in our city who are so well up in their Latin and Greek that they could probably pass without difficulty the entrance examinations. It is believed, therefore, that the consequence of opening the College to the admission of women would be an early and very material increase in the number of our students: which would be attended with an augmentation of the revenue from tuition fees, amounting in the course of about four years to not less than ten, and probably more than fifteen thousand dollars per annum.

"The measure proposed is therefore recommended not only by the consideration that it is right in itself and that it will greatly increase the usefulness of the College, but also because it will be advantageous financially. And it has the further recommendation that, being in the direction of manifest destiny, to accept it promptly would be a graceful act; while to lag behind the spirit of the age in regard to it, would be only to be coerced after all into accepting it at last ungracefully.

"In conclusion on this subject the undersigned can only repeat the conviction expressed in his former report, that the question here considered is in this institution only a question of time; and that, whatever may happen this year or the next, Columbia College will yet open her doors widely enough to receive all earnest and honest seekers after knowledge, without any distinction of class or sex."

These are good words, well and fitly spoken, and whatever the future action of Columbia College may be, President Barnard has acted wisely, as well as bravely, in placing himself unmistakably on the side of right and justice, and practically progressive ideas. No sounder or clearer views have ever been enunciated on the whole subject of education, and they ought to reach every parent, every guardian, and every teacher in the country.

What Women are Doing.

Mrs. Louisa Parsons Hopkins, the authoress of "Motherhood," is a native of Newburyport, Massachusetts.

The Moral Sex.—Of the criminal classes in France only fourteen per cent are women, and this is about the average everywhere.

A Model Correspondent.—Lady Florence Dixie, who went to the Transvaal as correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, camped out with her husband and cooked her own rations.

A Bright Old Lady.—Miss Jane Stuart, the daughter of Gilbert Stuart, has a brisk step, gracious manners and brilliant dark eyes, though now past eighty. She still works in her Newport studio.

The "Donna," Italy, says Signorina Giulia Cavallari, has passed the third year's examination in the Bologna University by a unanimous vote. Next year she will receive her diploma as Doctor of Letters.

The Fortitude of the Empress Augusta, of Germany, during her long and painful illness, and her constant consideration for those about her, is the theme of many admiring comments in the German papers.

A correspondent says—"The complete subjection of women is the corner-stone of the Mormon fabric. Nowhere in Europe do women perform more hard out-door work, or are held in such complete slavery as in Utah.

A Good Example.—The Countess of Scarborough has established a school of cookery at Lumley Castle, and the wife of the Vicar, who has passed through a cooking course at South Kensington, gives the instruction.

But Not the Last.—Miss M. Gillett, a native of Wisconsin, has been appointed by the President a notary public for the District of Columbia. This is the first instance that a woman has received such an appointment from the President.

Why Not?—The Greeley (Col.) *Tribune* says the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Woman Suffragists attended the caucus in that city, and were permitted to vote for the nomination of mayor, trustees, and recorder.

Social Science Congress in Dublin.—Two of the subjects for discussion are, "In what way may intermediate education be best promoted under the Act of 1878?" and "How may the higher education of women be most efficiently advanced in Ireland?"

University Degrees in Italy.—On June 27th two young ladies, Evangelina Bottero, of Acqui, and Carolina Magistrelli, of Mantua, who have been studying at the Roman University since 1877, together with students of the male sex, took degrees of doctor of natural science.

Women Patentees.—Some one, who has taken the trouble to count the patents issued in America to women, finds that the number for the year ending July, 1880, was seventy, or ten more than the average. Most of the inventions of women have to do with household appliances.

Miss Georgie S. Richards, of Denver, Colorado, who has been journal clerk of the district court for the past eighteen months, has been recently appointed additional deputy clerk of the court. This is the first instance in which a lady has occupied such a position—which is an important one.

A Woman Honored.—The directress of the elementary female school and infant asylums of Fano, Italy, Signora Angiolina Bianchini, has received a letter of thanks from the Syndic of Rome, and a gold medal for the part she took as secretary of the eleventh jury, at the Educational Exhibition.

A Woman Composer.—Madame Marguerite Glangier has written both the music and the libretto of an opera which is to be brought out in the autumn at the Renaissance Theatre in Paris. It is to be called "Sais," and the scene of action Egypt, the hero being a kind of Oriental Faust. The title rôle will be assumed by Capoul.

Greece Alive Again.—The first Kindergarten in Athens has just been established by two pupils of Frau von Marenholtz-Bülów, Froebel's most enthusiastic follower. The greatest interest is taken in the movement by the Queen of Greece and the Minis-

ter of Education. The Turkish Government, too, has also sent two ladies to Dresden to receive instruction from Baroness von Bülow, in order to establish Kindergartens in Constantinople.

Mrs. Margaret Parker, late of Dundee, Scotland, President of the British National Woman's Temperance Association, invites through the Englishwoman's *Review* co-operation in getting up a company to secure an estate, not too far from London, where women could be trained in the delightful occupation of fruit, flower, and vegetable-culture, along with the keeping of cows, bees, &c.; the whole to be conducted as a woman's business-enterprise.

A Good Example to Europe.—Queen Ranavalomanjaka, of Madagascar, has always been a strong temperance woman and a rigid advocate of prohibitory laws. In Imerina, her central province, a new prohibitory law has just been promulgated, which, if she shall be able to enforce it, ought to result in the strictest sobriety. Under a penalty of a fine of ten oxen and \$10 it prohibits the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages, and punishes with lighter penalties those found drunk or carrying the liquor, whoever may have sent them. If one convicted be unable to pay the fine he must suffer imprisonment, one day being regarded as equivalent to a sixpence of the fine.

Norwegian Music, and Legendary Lore.—Of the workers in untrodden fields, Miss A. A. Woodward, better known as "Auber Forestier," is one of the most earnest, most original, and devoted. Miss Woodward is a Philadelphia lady, well known to the public through her "Echoes from Mist-land," which is the story of the Nibelungen Lied, and the "Spell-bound Fiddler," which embodies the romance of Ole Bull, and weaves in delightful studies of Norwegian life, music and character. For Miss Woodward is second only to Prof. R. B. Anderson, of the Wisconsin University, in her devotion to Northern folk lore, and has of late been the coadjutor of that gentleman in the preparation of the "Norway Album of Music," published by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston,—the editing and English words of which are the joint work of Prof. Anderson and "Auber Forestier." Miss Woodward is now engaged in assisting Prof. Anderson in preparing a complete English edition of Bjornsen's works for Hurd & Houghton's press. Two volumes have been issued, others are in preparation; and though, as Prof. Anderson was personally solicited to take charge of the work, and is responsible for it, his name alone appears on the title page as translator, yet in the introduction he does full justice to the work of his coadjutor, and places her name over each of the poems which she separately renders into English.

Miss Woodward is an accomplished musician, and as enthusiastic an admirer of the music as the poetry of Norway. She has recently made a new and original departure by initiating a series of "Evenings with the Music and Poetry of Norway." The beginning was almost an accident; it was the result of an invitation, while on a visit to her Emerson cousins at Concord, Mass. (her cousin married a brother of Ralph Waldo Emerson), to play some of the music of Norway for a little group, and tell something about it. Her surprise was great on finding sixty or seventy people assembled at the hospitable mansion of her entertainer; but "Philadelphia pride," as she herself remarked, came to her aid, and, though she had nothing prepared, and no one with her to sing the vocal numbers, she determined not to be embarrassed before the wisdom of the New England Athens, but bravely struck out and did her best, reading the words of her songs before playing the music of two parts. It was a great triumph, and resulted in an invitation from several clubs and art societies, including the New York "Sosisis," and Woman's Club of Boston, and the University Club of Madison, to give a similar "evening," and in New York and Boston a series of parlor entertainments; the character of these attracting ladies of the highest culture and refinement. Miss Woodward is an enthusiast in her work, and awakens enthusiasm. She has become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the old Norse Mythology, its legends, its poetry, its art, and its music, and she has been a worshiper until she is quite prepared, as well as naturally qualified to be, a priestess at its shrine. At present there is no one whose services in this almost untrodden field are in advance of those of "Auber Forestier," save those of Prof. Rasmus B. Anderson.



FANCY WORK

Folding Screens.

THE folding screens mentioned in the Demorest for August, are very useful as well as ornamental, and can be easily made. First, have a plain frame, made at a carpenter's from your own description. Those having three panels are, perhaps, more useful than those having two. The frames can be made of common pine. The height varies according to individual taste; four feet is a good height, and about sixteen or eighteen inches wide for each panel; the frame should be mounted on tiny brass castors. The expense of the frame is trifling. The cover for the screen depends, of course, on one's own fancy—a pretty cover is dark brown Canton flannel on one side, and a deep shade of red on the other. By laying the frame down on the floor, or on a large table, it is easy to tack on one side. Then if the cover is not embroidered, and you wish to decorate it, it is best to do so before putting on the other side. For instance, you tack on the red Canton flannel, and by using brass-headed tacks you can finish the edges very prettily. If plain tacks are used, it is best to finish the edges with a narrow gimp, or with black braid, herring-bone stitched with gold silk; this makes a particularly pretty finish. Now for the decorations. A few Japanese fans, as varied in shape and color as possible, are to be sewed on the different panels. A small umbrella, with the stick broken out, and sewed on flat, looks very well. Then take a medium-sized umbrella, of as bright color as possible and without figures, take out the stick and cut the umbrella in half, one half will look well put on one of the panels, low down; then the other half cut in two again and fit one piece in the *upper* corner of a panel, and the other piece in the *lower* corner of the panel farthest removed from its counterpart. Almost every one has pretty ornaments of Indian bead-work, or such things. Any little decorative article, if tastefully disposed, will add to the beauty of the screen. One that we have seen had an old-fashioned

shell-comb sewed on so tastefully that it did not look at all out of place. In one panel, say in an upper corner, sew one of the Japanese pictures that were so much in use recently for tidies. Underneath this sew a Japanese fan, one that opens in a triangle. In the corner opposite the picture, in the same panel, sew two small, round fans with the sticks crossed. The screens can be made as plain or as elaborate as you wish. A frieze of Japanese design and long silk panels with storks, or birds of bright plumage, or with the brilliantly costumed Japanese ladies, will make a very effective screen, but will be much more expensive than the fans, umbrellas, etc. It adds very much to finish the top of the screen with little gilded balls; these can be purchased at almost any toy shop. After the decorations are all sewed on one side, lay the screen down and tack on the plain flannel. Do not make a mistake, and not have the cloth come down low enough; it is best not to leave any space above the castors; the screen looks better and is more useful in preventing a draught, what they are most used for. They are invaluable in a room where one is accustomed to lying down. They always look pretty near the head of a lounge, arm of a sofa, or near a large chair. Even when simply covered with bright cretonne, they add to a chamber, and one has little idea, unless they have used one, how very convenient they are. For home, everyday use, these simple screens are very pretty—of course the elaborate embroidered screens so fashionable in drawing-rooms, must be mounted in ebony frames by upholsterers.

H. P. R.

Decorations for Church Fonts.

TAKE a bordering of red cloth round the base of the font, and on this arrange a band of oats, wheat, and barley. A wreath of the same with poppies, cornflowers, and large daisies should surmount the top of the font, with grapes and vine leaves surrounding the base and climbing upward. The wild flowers from the hedges mixed with wheat-ears and barley, if arranged on the morning of the service, are effective, especially blackberries, fruti, blossom, and leaves—woodbine, and hops, but they soon fade. Another way, and quite an original one too, is to decorate a hexagonal font as follows: Several stalks of wheat in bunches, joined so as to form a long piece, but without being twisted into a rope. The whole is kept together by being tied with a string at intervals, and over it, to hide it, and little bunches of red geraniums. Then place it round the font, and secure the wreath with string and another bouquet of geraniums. Sometimes hanging ferns are added, or trails of convolvulus. Still another way is to fill up the partitions with cardboard, covered with red baize. All around each partition, when fitted into the space, put a narrow bordering of box, made up previously on thin string, and in the center of each partition hang on a small nail a wreath of flowers, made up with damp moss to keep them fresh, or a cross of flowers made on two pieces of wood. Round the top of the font lay moss thickly, and at intervals place white flowers—white roses, siringa, deutzia, or anything most easily obtained. Sometimes the foot of the font is decorated with corn, poppies, and other field flowers, all standing up.





American Living.

HERE is no better evidence of ignorance and inexperience of the world than the disposition to condemn habits and customs which differ from those to which we have been reared; and when one person goes into ecstasies over French methods of cooking, and another extols the German, and both unite in declaring that there is nothing fit to eat in England, and plenty to eat but no cooks in America, or that America is the only place where anything can be got that is fit to eat—the broad assertions must be taken with many grains of allowance, for a little study of the subject would show that the habits of different countries have grown out of their conditions and necessities, and that it is an evidence of the adaptability of human nature, that it can live and thrive, in time, on whatever is not actually poisonous.

The one great and marked distinction between American living and that of almost all other countries is the quantity and variety in the way of food that is seen on the tables of the working classes, that is, those who earn their living by hand labor. The wealthy everywhere acquire very much the same methods. A dinner of courses in London, Paris, or Berlin does not differ materially from a "course" dinner in New York, except that in Paris alone the number of dishes will be smaller, the quantity less, and there will be a degree of refinement and delicacy in the cooking rarely found in other cities, even when French cooks are employed; for in Paris marketing is done on a smaller scale, and many elements of nicety in cooking are readily obtainable which are difficult to find elsewhere.

But the artizan, and especially the laboring class abroad, know nothing of the *soufflés*, the *entrées*, the exquisite *gateaux* which make a genuine French dinner so charming to look at, so pleasant to remember. "Cabbage" soup, "onion" soup, bacon, the refuse of meat and fish, bread and cheese, fruit when at its cheapest comprise the bill of fare for the workingman in Paris; and it is not so bad after all—much more nutritious than much of the crude stuff consumed by the poor in our great cities, from which nothing good can be extracted for want of proper cooking. A great luxury in France and Germany also is the delicious bread and many different kinds of bread rolls. The most of these are simple bread made in different forms; but there are some that contain a little shortening, as the little horse-shoe shaped "*pistolet*," for example. There is also a delicious "*soufflé*" bread which has eggs as an important ingredient, and is exceedingly light and delicate.

The griddle-cake, except in the form of a flour pancake used for dessert, is unknown abroad, breakfast on the Continent being a very light meal, and simply intended to "break" the fast of the preceding night. Some Americans, after acquiring the habit of a roll and coffee breakfast abroad, keep it up after returning home; but these are usually confined to such as possess wealth and leisure, who can order their lives without reference to work or business, and the principal distraction of whose day is the later breakfast or "*dejeuner*," which, when it comes at mid-day, takes the place of luncheon, and to which friends can be invited, and the formal evening dinner often preceded, as in England, by five o'clock tea, or as in Germany by afternoon coffee. But this makes a business of eating, for which the majority have neither the time nor the kitchen resources. Public opinion in this country runs strongly in favor of beginning the day with a good, warm breakfast, and only interrupting the course of business with a light lunch. This is by far the best, in fact the only method open to business men in our large cities whose stores and offices are distant from their homes, and who do not feel able to digest a dinner in the midst of the worries and work of the day. But it is a bad system for children, who should eat meat only once in the day, and that not on rising or retiring, but as near mid-day as possible, and therefore whenever it is practicable in houses where late dinners are required by the heads of

the family, the children should have a special dinner prepared for them at a suitable time, to be followed by a light tea or supper of bread and milk, or bread and butter and fruit aided by cold boiled cereals such as hominy or oatmeal served with cream.

Cake is the curse of the American method of living. In the largest cities, as before remarked, it has been largely gotten rid of, the methods among the wealthy classes being very much the same all over the world, and cake being the particular adjunct in the country of "tea," which has been driven out among the majority by the late dinner. But by "American" we mean those methods which still largely obtain throughout the country, which are distinctively American because the outgrowth of the soil, of the wants and conditions of the early pioneers in this country, and which have survived the necessities which gave them birth. To those early times, when appliances were few and resources small, when the cooking utensils obtainable were of the simplest, and the means of keeping food very limited, belong the hot bread and biscuits, the "hoe" cake successor to oatmeal cake, the "Johnny" cake proper, the fried meats and potatoes, and the famous "boiled" dinner, in which all the principal constituents are cooked in one pot.

It is easy to see how in the desire to surpass each other in the display upon such great occasions of such luxuries as were available, cake grew into such variety and quantity, until the making of cake became one of the chief objects and aims of an American woman's existence in certain sections of this country where tea-drinkings are a popular form of entertainment. Three kinds of cake used to be as necessary twenty years ago on a "company" tea table as the three volume form to a novel, and everybody, at any risk, must try each one. Not to be able or willing to "try" every kind of cake was to hurt the feelings of the maker, who was usually the hostess or her daughter. The draft upon the digestion made by this sort of living has assisted the heat generated by stoves, and the indoor lives consequent on the want of companionship and attraction out of doors to give us a nation of dyspeptics; and it is only of late years that the mass of information on this subject which has flooded the country through magazines and newspapers has begun to awaken in intelligent women a desire to modify the old customs, and cultivate methods more in accordance with the demands of modern life and an advancing civilization. Still it is hard to get out of a rut or change that which has the strength of habit to hold it in its place; and even so late as twelve months since, more or less, a cookery book was published which contained nearly four times as many receipts for cake as for all other dishes combined. Now, if man cannot live upon bread alone, much less can he live upon cake alone, and these receipts were not of an æsthetic or novel character, but simply rung the changes on "jelly" cake and "pound" cake and "cookies" and "crullers" and "suet" cake and "sponge" cake and "cup" cake and "fruit" cake ad infinitum, by making all the author's sisters, aunts, and cousins responsible for a different variety. In their proper place, however, we have not a word to say against the "cookie," prized by children: too many sweet memories cluster round the jar in which they were kept on a shelf in a certain old-fashioned store-room we wot of. Nor against the good old-fashioned "ginger" cake, excellent with its attendant apple for school lunch; nor even against that which will "melt in your mouth" as an occasional luxury; but it is the putting cake before the more important elements of our daily bill of fare, bread, meat, and vegetables, and neglecting the study which might be wisely devoted to increasing the attractive and healthful methods of presenting and preparing these for the table, which is a misfortune, because it perpetuates the evil, and gives what is in reality hurtful a more important place in the household economy than what is healthful and necessary. We wish that some of our good and practical housewives would take this subject of cookery up, and send us their conclusions and suggestions. The head of a sensible housewife is the best receipt-book in the world, and we should like the written recipes of hundreds of dishes peculiar to individuals, families, and sections, many of which have never been published. We would like local receipts for salads, spiced fruits, Christmas and New Year's dishes, gelatines, potted meats for luncheon dishes, soups, preserved fish, German desserts and compotes. Fancy receipts for mince pies and plum puddings will also be welcome, and all kinds of bread, the tender brioche, the raised

biscuit, the standard "household," and the many excellent varieties of brown bread. We also invite an expression of opinion from practical and intelligent housewives on the cake and pie question; not to sustain a theory, but to add to the general stock of knowledge, and to learn from true sources what the results are of different kinds of living, and especially of living unmixed with rum or alcoholic liquors of any kind.

Rabbit Stews.—There is scarcely a nicer dish than a rabbit stew and suet dumplings. The rabbit has too dry a flesh for roasting or baking, unless well covered with bacon, but is dainty meat in stewing. The rabbit makes an excellent stew with onions and white sauce. Make a white sauce as indicated, with milk, cut up in it half a dozen onions in small pieces, and flavor with pepper, salt, and mace. Smother in this a cut-up rabbit that has been scalded and dried well, and let gently simmer for one hour or an hour and a quarter.

Brown Rabbit Stew.—Brown the cut-up rabbit in butter or fat, and make gravy; add pepper, salt, cloves, mace, some dried thyme, and place in with it two small pieces of bacon. Let gently simmer for the right time, and pour in at last two spoonfuls of sauce. In serving, take out the bacon.

Rabbit and Tomatoes.—Scald the rabbit and dry it well, sprinkle it over with flour, place it in a little warm water, with some salt; cover close till it is done. Warm a little fresh butter, stir in flour and add warm water, mix with it half a tin of tomatoes, or stew cut tomatoes in it. When done, clear of skins and add the gravy of the rabbit; simmer up twice and pour over rabbit. Serve with boiled maccaroni.

Pork-Packing.—Pork must be cold before it is packed—all the animal heat entirely out of it—and when packed down an abundance of good coarse salt must be freely spread over every layer of the meat; then allow it to stand two or three days before turning on the brine. Place a heavy, flat stone on the top of the barrel, so that the pork will be kept solid in its place. It is best to keep the stone on the meat the year round, so that none of the pieces can float on the brine, as they are apt to do unless kept in place by a heavy weight. Let the brine cover the entire mass, so as to exclude air. There is so much lean meat in the hams and shoulders of a hog that they never ought to be salted with the solid pork. A pickle should be made expressly for their curing, as they can be made so much more palatable than when simply salted. The brine, if kept nicely, will answer to use year after year by scalding and skimming and letting stand till cold, before turning it over the pork.

Apple Toast—*Ingredients:*—Tart apples, eight; stale bread, eight slices; butter; cinnamon; sugar.—Peel the apples, and core with a corer; cut each apple in half across (not from stem to blossom). From slices of stale bread cut out a number of circles with a biscuit-cutter; spread each round with butter and put the half of an apple upon it, filling the hole left by the corer with sugar, butter, and cinnamon, or nutmeg. Put in a buttered baking-pan, and cover; bake them very slowly until the apples are quite done. Serve hot with a sauce made of sweetened cream.

Luncheon Dish.—Large baked potatoes squeezed out of the skins, mashed with a silver fork until as fine as flour. Break over this a lightly boiled egg, add a little salt and some bread crumbs. Brown in the oven.

Haddock.—Tie the fish with a string in the shape of an S, or with its tail into its mouth; lay it in plenty of cold water, well salted. Place the fish kettle on the fire, and by the time the water is on the point of boiling, the fish, unless it be a very large one, should be quite done. Let it drain across the kettle, and serve with egg sauce.

Egg Sauce.—Boil half a dozen eggs hard, when cold remove the shell, cut each egg in half crosswise, and each half into four quarters. Put them into half a pint of melted butter, made as follows: Mix in a saucepan on the fire two ounces of butter with half an ounce of flour, stir in half a pint of boiling water, salt to taste, with a dust of white pepper; keep stirring until the sauce thickens.

White Sauce.—Put two ounces of fresh butter into a saucepan. As soon as it is melted mix with it one tablespoonful of flour; mix the two well together. Then add about one tumblerful of

hot water, pepper and salt and nutmeg; stir till the sauce begins to thicken; then stir in, off the fire, the yolks of two eggs, beaten up with the juice of a lemon, and strained.

Children's Pudding.—Put one tablespoonful of Carolina rice and one tablespoonful of tapioca into a three-pint pudding dish; add one tablespoonful of coarse brown sugar and a small pinch of salt. Let this soak 'close to the fire, and let it be constantly stirred. Then put very little bits of butter on the top, and put it in a moderate oven. For the first half-hour stir it often from the bottom, then leave it. In two hours you will have a pudding far exceeding in richness one made with eggs, and with a delicious flavor. Sago, or tapioca, or rice alone, are equally good.

Scotch Hotch-Potch.—Take four pounds, neck and breast, of mutton, the latter cut into neat square pieces. Cut into dice, very small, turnips, carrots, onion, cauliflower, and a very little cabbage, in quantity to fill a quart bowl, put these on together with two quarts of cold water, boil gently for two hours, add a few peas and some blades of parsley. When ready serve in a tureen, the meat with the rest, after seasoning to taste.

Scotch Barley Broth.—Take the middle cut of a neck of mutton, put it on to boil, with a quart of water to each pound of meat. Put in, while the water is cold, a breakfast cupful of pearl barley. Cut up into dice, quite small, turnips, carrot, green onion, or a little leek, and cauliflower, in quantity double that of barley. When the soup is boiling add these, and a few blades of parsley when half done. Let the broth boil two hours. Then serve the meat with some of the broth as gravy.

Apple Compote.—Peel, core, and halve six large apples, trimming them so as to get them all of a size; drop them as they are done into cold water with the juice of a lemon squeezed into it, to prevent their turning brown. Have ready a strong syrup (made with one pound of sugar and one quart of water) boiling hot; put the apples into this, with the thin rind of a lemon and two or three cloves. As soon as they are cooked (great care must be taken that they do not break), take them out and dispose them, concave side uppermost, on a glass dish; place a piece of currant jelly or quince jelly in the hollow of each apple, then well reduce the syrup, and, when cold, pour as much of it as is necessary under the apples.

Mashed Potatoes.—Boil some potatoes and pass them through a sieve. Put them into a saucepan with a little butter, and salt to taste; add a little good milk, and work them well with a spoon on a slow fire for some minutes, adding small quantities of milk as they get dry.

Fried Smelts.—Let them be carefully floured, and fry them in plenty of hot lard. When done drain them well in front of the fire, sprinkle them all over with very fine salt, and serve with fried parsley and lemon cut into "quarters."

Sauce for Boiled Beef.—Grate a quantity of horse-radish, boil it in sufficient water to give it the consistency of sauce, add a pinch of salt and two or three tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar, then stir in, off the fire, a gill of cream, beaten up with the yolk of an egg.

Fig Pudding.—Take quarter of a pound of finely grated bread crumbs, half of a pound of finely chopped figs, three ounces of white sugar, six ounces of finely chopped suet, with grated nutmeg to taste. Put the figs in a teacupful of warm milk near the fire until thoroughly soaked, then add the other ingredients: mix well, put into a mold, and boil for four hours. Serve with rich liquid sauce.

Hashed Mutton.—Mince an onion and fry it in butter to a brown color, add a tablespoonful of flour, stir well, pour in enough stock or broth to make the sauce, with a dash of vinegar, pepper, salt, and spices to taste. Let the sauce give a boil, then strain it. and when cold put in the slices of meat well trimmed of any outside parts, and a good allowance of pickled gherkins cut in slices. Let the whole get warm by gentle simmering, and keep it hot till wanted for table. Serve garnished with fried sippets.

Bread Sauce.—Pour half a pint of boiling milk on a teacupful of fine breadcrumbs, add a small onion stuck with three cloves, a small blade of mace, a few peppercorns, and salt to taste; let the sauce simmer five minutes, add a small piece of fresh butter, and at the time of serving remove the onion and mace.

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.

The Late President.

James A. Garfield died at 10.35 p.m. on Monday, September 19th, from a wound received on July 2d at the hands of Charles J. Guiteau, who shot him in the side with a pistol. Mr. Garfield had never done his assassin any harm. The murderer, while an unbalanced creature, cannot be called insane. He had lived an infamous life; his one talent was an ability to run up board-bills and borrow money; he was never known to pay a debt. Notwithstanding the contemptible life he led, this wretched dead-beat was consumed with vanity, and thought he ought to be distinguished. He shot the President to satisfy his itching for notoriety. The late President was a noble and kindly gentleman, who would not harm any one designedly. He was a child of the people; in youth he worked for his living as a tow-boy and a carpenter, which did not prevent him from being a splendid student, a brilliant orator, and one of the best debaters that has ever appeared in the halls of Congress. He came to the front because of his great abilities and undeviating rectitude. He was not a pushing or an ambitious man, and he no doubt would have made a wise, far-seeing, and just First Magistrate. But he has been gathered to his fathers, and the world will never know what he could have accomplished. He was a tender father and loving husband, and he left a wife who is an honor to American womanhood. May he rest in peace!

The New President.

Chester A. Arthur is a self-made man, and bids fair to be a sensible and well-intentioned, if not a great Chief Magistrate. He has not had the advantage of any legislative, executive, or Congressional experiences, but he is a good judge, as well as an astute manipulator of men and politicians. His private life has been without a stain. He comes into the Presidency unembarrassed by pledges, and prepared to adopt any policy which would seem best for the country. Men of all parties seem disposed to give him a fair trial; and if his administration should come to grief at the close, it would not be for want of any good wishes at the beginning.

The Paris Electrical Exhibition.

This most important of expositions is now under way. France occupies about one-half of the entire space, England takes up about one-quarter of the space, and Germany comes next with appliances which show the value of electricity as applied to military requirements. The United States and Belgium are next in size and importance. Edison occupies two rooms, and his exhibit includes the electrical instruments with which his name is associated; that is, telephones, photophones, electro-motors and lamps, and a great variety of telegraphic apparatus. The Maxim company makes the most brilliant display, for it has a number of arc lights, two of which are 40,000 candle-power each, placed on the roof of the building. M. Gaston Tassandier exhibits a balloon propelled by electricity stored up in Planté's secondary piles. This may be the germ of the balloon of the future. But we have not space to tell all the wonders of this novel exhibition; it ought to be repeated in New York.

The New York American Institute Fairs.

These have been very creditable institutions in the past; but the ones held of late years have shown a sad falling off. There is no objection to people advertising their wares in fairs of this kind, but merely ordinary goods should not be allowed to be sold. Whatever is new and useful in the way of an invented article or product, should have the most prominence. Goods that appeal to popular taste should be favorably regarded; but the Institute should awake from its lethargy and have a fair worthy of the Metropolis. The fairs held thirty years ago, in the old Castle Garden, were in many respects superior to those which were given during the last three prosperous years. The American Institute should wake up.

Lorenzo the Luxurious.

Not Lorenzo de Medici, good reader, but Lorenzo Delmonico. He has been gathered to his fathers, and the places that knew him in New York shall know him no more. In 1827 this world-renowned caterer opened a little store in William Street, below Wall, New York City. At that time the site of the *Tribune* building was up town, Murray Hill was a farm, and the Central Park a hideous collection of bogs, marshes, rough stones, and mud cabins. Delmonico prospered with the growth of the metropolis; he associated himself with his brother and uncle, and at his death this well-known firm owned three immense establishments, employing an army of cooks and waiters, and paying over \$150,000 a year in rents. So far as eating is concerned, New York is probably the best provided city in the world. You can get better cooked and dearer dinners in New York City than in Paris. Clustered together in the neighborhood of Madison Square are certain hotels and restaurants the peers of which cannot be found anywhere in Europe. There is the Brunswick House, Delmonico's, the St. James Hotel, the Hoffman House, and the Union, New York, and Lotos clubs. All these are within a stone's throw of each other, and all are famous for their good fare. Delmonico pays as high as \$10,000 a year for his *chef*, and \$4,000 per annum is no uncommon price for an artist in getting up dinners. Many stories are told of the extravagant entertainments gotten up at Delmonico's. A dinner given by Sir Morton Peto to fifty persons cost \$250 a plate. A hundred dollars a plate was no unusual charge; but of course the money was for the accessories, not for the mere food and wine. On one occasion there was what was called the "swan dinner," in which real swans floated in real water, in an artificial lake, around which the tables were spread. Bills of fare and favors for the ladies are sometimes very costly. The late Lorenzo Delmonico was a very honest man and good citizen. He was sixty-eight years of age when he died, and was forced to live abstemiously himself during the last years of his life. He left a princely fortune all willed to his relatives, but he had no children of his own.

Should Guiteau be Vivisected?

It seems cruel to talk of torturing a human being for the benefit of science and mankind, but physicians now are forced to experiment upon harmless animals with a view to ascertaining the properties and sensibilities of living muscle, nerve and tissue. While these investigations are necessary, they are misleading, for man is unlike other animals. Tens of thousands of operations upon the human system are dangerous, and often fatal, because of the inability of the surgeon to judge accurately, owing to the impossibility of using human subjects experimentally. The ancient Egyptians permitted their priests, who were also their physicians, to experiment on criminals. And why should not Guiteau, for instance, be set apart for the benefit of the human race? The wretch deserves no pity, for he inflicted the most intolerable and prolonged pain upon a kindly gentleman, who had never done him any harm. He did it simply to be talked about; he had an itch for notoriety, and so he plunged the nation into grief to gratify it. Would not some unusual and mysterious punishment, like vivisection, do more to stop president killing than any other disposition of the criminal? Even madmen are susceptible of fear. While the desperate ruffian does not care for death, he is often appalled at the prospect of some horrible and mysterious punishment. If the murderer knew that his fate was to be stretched upon a dissecting table and carved like a hound or a frog, he would probably conclude that it did not pay to kill. It is well to be tender hearted and humane; but we live in a world in which all the operations of nature are cruel. Millions of innocent human beings are poisoned by fevers, or in danger of life, and suffer horrible pain because of the failure of some bodily organ. Much of this suffering would be alleviated if criminals like Guiteau could be used for surgical experiments. Would he not be a good one to commence on?

Exeunt Bonapartism.

The recent elections in France have been a sore blow and discouragement to the Imperial faction. They have lost in nearly every contest, while the Republicans have gained. The Legitimists and Orleanists have also lost ground, but not so much as the Bonapartists. Even Corsica, the cradle of the family, has, for the first time, elected Republican deputies to the French assembly. In the new house Gambetta will be supreme, yet it is to be noted that in a popular election he lost many votes. It is the instinct of the French people to follow some leader. They were faithful to Louis Napoleon while he was successful; they followed Thiers while he was alive, but Gambetta now leads them. He calls himself an Opportunist; he wishes to do a great many good things, but he bides his time. Republicanism has curbed the power of the Church; it is making education secular and universal; it is reorganizing the army, and is earnestly studying certain social problems, such as life insurance by government, provision for worn-out working people, and the general betterment of the condition of the lower classes. There is no doubt but what every day Europe becomes more republican, and the peace and prosperity of France is clearly having its effect upon other European populations, in teaching them that self-government is not incompatible with progress and good order.

New Electrical Marvels.

Doctor Siemens, of Edinburgh, has been making experiments with electricity upon growing crops, and has reached some astonishing conclusions, which seem to be justified by the tests he has been applying. He finds that plants will grow continuously, winter as well as summer, if subjected to the electric light inclosed in glass. It has long been known that light as well as heat was one of the factors in the growth of plants. It has also been understood that some plants would grow continuously without any period of rest, and it now seems that by using the electric light a plant can make as much progress at night as by day, and in winter as well as summer. If this is true, a new agricultural era has dawned upon the world. The grains will have their seasons shortened, and be much sooner brought to market if the electric light is used, while the ability to produce vegetables of all kinds would be doubled and trebled. Are we not justified in thinking that science will soon make this world a very different one to live in, and much better than it has been in the past?

Great Expectations.

Every day some new suggestion is made as to the probable uses of electricity. A San Francisco professor thinks the time is coming when swamps and sewers will be deprived of their unwholesomeness by strokes of lightning, or, in other words, by electric currents which will kill the germs and spores which communicate disease to the human system. This is based upon the germ theory of disease, which is to the effect that malarial and other foul air contagions are due to minute animalcules, or infusoria, which multiply in the victim's body after inoculation. But would it not be a miracle if all atmospheres were rendered wholesome by electrical discharges? The electric light has made one change in cities which may lead to important results. It has enabled buildings and other public works to be constructed at night as well as day. Laborers are employed in eight and twelve hour shifts, and edifices are completed in less than half the time required than when only day work could be employed. In summer, laborers prefer to work at night. Scientists tell us, as yet we only dimly appreciate the marvelous changes that will be wrought by electricity in human conditions.

The Post-Office Savings Banks.

These institutions were first organized in Great Britain, in 1861. They have proved so popular that nearly all civilized nations have followed the example of Great Britain, or are about to do so. From 1861 to 1880, the number of post-office savings banks in England increased from 2,500 to 6,000; the number of deposits, from 640,000 to 3,400,000. In 1861 the interest credited to depositors was \$100,000; in 1879 it reached \$3,700,000. Yet no one person is allowed to deposit more than \$750. If the interest is not drawn when the deposit reaches \$1,000, interest ceases. The English Government only gives two and a half per cent. interest. All over Europe the laboring classes are beginning to feel that governments are safer than private corporations. Hence, schemes for government life insurance and government provision against sickness and destitution in old age. It has been popular in this country to cry down all government, and to declare it unfit to conduct any business, yet our post-office system is a marvel of efficiency and cheapness, and where municipalities furnish water and gas it is done just as well and at much less cost than when corporations fix the charges for their own benefit.

A Phenomenal Year.

Can it be the comets or the conjunctions of the superior planets? Whatever the reason, this earth of ours has been behaving badly for the past nine months. Last winter was terribly severe; the spring was exceptionally wet, while July, August and September have been unusually dry. Indeed, we have had a drought which has played havoc with our corn crop and has injured our wheat. Our grass and hay crop is the most important we grow, but next comes corn, of which we raised 1,700,000,000 bushels in 1880. This year the croakers say that our corn crop has been cut off from five to 700,000,000 bushels. Then, the drought has led to forest fires, and enormous and valuable woods, which it took many and many years to create, have been destroyed. An early frost, to kill what remains of the corn crop, is all that is needed to make the disaster well nigh complete. Should we have another such year, our people will begin to think that perhaps the growing of food for the world is not in the long run a profitable business. Nations that depend upon their agricultural products, like Russia, are always poor. It is banking, commerce and manufacturing which enrich Western Europe, and the Eastern and Middle States of the United States.

Dying.

Stanley, the great explorer of interior Africa, may be dead before this paragraph reaches the eye of our readers. He was on an expedition to open internal Africa to commerce, when he was stricken down by the malarial poison which had fastened upon his system during his explorations in the dark continent. This American newspaper reporter will live in history as the greatest explorer of modern times. He showed more skill, bravery and perseverance than any of the great travelers of our day. He

crossed the continent of Africa by descending the Congo, a task Livingston shrunk from, and Cameron declared was impracticable. He thoroughly surveyed the Victoria Lake, and nearly completed a like survey of Tanganyika. He found that the largest affluent of Victoria Lake was the real beginning of the Nile, and that Luabala and the Congo are one and the same river. But his work has killed him. The wholesome, buoyant adventurer, full of fire and animation, was changed after his second exploration into a gray haired, sad-faced, dreaming, prematurely old man. It is said to be the fate of all explorers of Africa, that once poisoned by its malaria, it exercises a strange fascination to the victim, who always returns to die. Livingston was a changed man when Stanley discovered him. He too, had eaten of the insane root; he cared nothing for his Christian mission, and was living with several dusky women when found by the young explorer. Stanley himself is entering the dark valley by way of the dark continent.

Fair Trade.

The reaction against free trade in England is gaining strength. In several isolated elections for members of parliament held recently, the fair traders, so called, have made gains and have elected their candidates. For over thirty years England has tested free trade, but other nations have not followed her example. While her markets are free to the world, she is met by hostile tariffs in the ports of all the foremost nations. In seasons of bad crops and depressed trade, the discontent shows itself in a clamor for retaliatory tariff legislation. But the United States need not care. England must have our food, and we can afford to get along without her manufactures. Still, if Great Britain should threaten to retaliate, it might have its effect in forcing more liberal fiscal regulations upon other nations.

About Women Lawyers.

Miss Lelia J. Robinson took a regular course at the Boston University Law School, and on receiving her diploma applied for admission to the Boston bar. But the Supreme Judicial Court decided that under the laws of the commonwealth a woman could not act as an attorney in Massachusetts. The sooner the old Bay State amends her law in this particular, the better. There should be no impediment to a woman who wishes to practice any profession. Some women would make admirable lawyers, and if they are not fitted for the profession, clients will soon find it out. More than that, in cases involving the relation of the sexes half the jurors should be women. It is notorious that men are hardly used in law contests with women, as the men jurors generally side against their own sex. It does not look well for male practitioners in any profession to object to female competition. If women are physicians, it is for the patients to say whether they'll employ them or not; if they are lawyers, then litigants ought to be the judges of their value as attorneys, and so with other professions. *Pace aux dames!*

Michigan Afflicted.

That the elements of nature are good servants but bad masters, is shown by the terrible fires which have devastated Michigan and other States. Michigan is a well wooded country, but the protracted drought made the land arid and dry, and when the fire came its progress was favored by all local circumstances. The damage was enormous; not only woods, but farm houses, barns and villages, were swept as if by the besom of destruction. More lamentable than all, many hundreds of lives were lost. The contributions have been pouring in for the benefit of those rendered homeless by the conflagration, but the loss has been very, very severe. There are few things more terrible than a raging fire in a forest. The heavens become black with smoke, the roads are soon impassable, the fire rages in every direction and with incredible rapidity. The swiftest runner is overtaken by the pitiless flames. A wide river may save the lives of those menaced by the flames, but creeks and even considerable streams afford little protection, as the smoke and fire fill the air and stifle and scorch their victims. The vast destruction of forests during the past summer, ought to be made a subject of national action. Surveys should be made and new trees planted in every section of the Union. A timber famine is not far off, if our present wasteful system is continued.

The Meeting of the Emperors.

Kaiser William of Germany and the new Czar of the Russians have had a formal meeting at Dantzic, and it is understood that the emperor of Austria helped to bring it about. The meeting is regarded as significant, and, as for the present, insuring the peace of Europe. It was feared that the new Czar would be willing to go to war with Germany, so as to induce his people to frown down the nihilists and those who were agitating for constitutional reforms. Germany has been fearful that some understanding would be arrived at between Russia and France, which would lead to a war. The motive for the alliance being the desire of France to recover Alsace and Lorraine, and of Russia to seize upon Constantinople and what is left of Turkey in Europe. But somehow Bismarck has won over Russia from the French alliance, and the meeting at Dantzic settles the question that there will be no war at least this year.

Egypt in Trouble.

One of the perils of standing armies is the disposition they sometimes show to revolt and make kings, emperors and ministers of their own liking. During the reign of the emperors in Rome, the army frequently named the wearer of the purple. The Sultans of Turkey were frequently installed by the Janissaries, and now the Egyptian army notifies the Khedive that he must do thus and so. They object to the ministers he chose and prefer other ones. They elect their own officers and determine upon their own pay. There is no help for it; Egypt must pass under the dominion of some European power; it cannot govern itself. It now seems as if France was to be the dominant authority in all Northern Africa.

A Vast Population.

According to the recent census of India, its population numbers 250,000,000 of souls, about five times as many as the United States. There is raised by taxation in that country \$354,000,000. The surplus over expenditure is \$4,000,000. This vast empire is under the control of the British government. One of the difficulties in its future is the rapid increase of its population. Every few years a short crop brings on a famine in some one of the districts. Malthus argued that population always outruns the means of feeding it, and he claimed that war, pestilence and famine were necessary to reduce the numbers of mouths, so that all who survived could be fed. The English domination in India has put a stop to wars. Famines are partially provided against, and sanitary provision has been made against pestilences. It follows that population is increasing with great rapidity, and the probability is that some year when the crops will fail, literally myriads of human beings will perish of hunger.

Bismarck's First Love.

A lady who lived recently in the United States was, it seems, the object of Count Bismarck's first passionate attachment. Her parents let rooms to the students attending the university in Greifswalde. The young count serenaded the object of his affection, and wrote her tender epistles. While in the midst of his courtship with his Josephine, he quarreled with the authorities of the university, and was forced to leave the town. He made, however, a formal offer for his ladylove, but the lodging house keepers objected to giving the hand of their daughter to such "an ill-reputed young man." This was in 1842. In 1845 the family came to America, where they lived in Brooklyn. Here Josephine was induced to become the wife of a Hungarian dealer in petroleum. The husband died in 1872, and the lady went back to Europe, and, at last accounts, is living in Hungary with a married sister. She still preserves the letters and amatory productions of the great Chancellor of the foremost nation in Europe.

Changing its Bed.

New Orleans is beginning to be alarmed. The jetty system threatens to become a failure; and further, there is some danger that the Mississippi river will change its bed. It seems that the Red River, which has been wont to discharge its main current into the Mississippi about 100 miles above New Orleans, now finds its way to the Gulf through the bed of the Atchafalaya. The bar, at the mouth of the Red River is reported as giving away to such an extent that the Mississippi itself might change its current and so leave New Orleans an inland city—but the people of the latter city profess not to be alarmed. They say the total mean discharge of the Lower Mississippi is at present 675,000 million cubic feet of water per second, of which the Red River furnishes only 57,000 million feet, or less than one-twelfth of the whole volume. Still it is no uncommon thing for beds of rivers to change, and that too with a suddenness surprising to all concerned.

A Congress of Antiquaries.

At Tiflis, in Southern Russia, there has been convened a Congress of Archaeologists, Anthropologists, Philologists, and Historians. The object is to collect and compare the remains of ancient nations, but more especially those of the Caucasian race. A great many distinguished *savants* were present, among them Prof. Virchow of Berlin. The Russian Grand Duke Michael presided. In connection with this matter, it seems that important work is under way in all the ancient buried cities. Mr. Ormuzd Rasan has been at work in the Euphrates Valley for eighteen months, and he has succeeded in exhuming from the ruins of Babylon many valuable fragments. Our space is too limited to give even a catalogue of the curiosities recovered, but they related to the wars, religious worship, and domestic habits of a highly civilized people. Some of the memorials date back 7,000 years. It seems that the inhabitants of the country before the people of Babylon appeared, were worshipers of the sun-god.

Another Horse Victory.

Well, Iroquois has won the St. Leger. This is one of the most famous of English races. It is usually contested by the winners of the Derby; and it is considered a great honor if the two events are won by the same horse. The success of our American

horses must be astonishing to John Bull; but then it is not so surprising after all. Our race-horses are descended from the best strains of blood in Great Britain. Lexington and Leamington were of English descent. Our sporting men are constantly purchasing the best English stock. Then, we have other advantages. Our climate is better for the horse than that of England. We can grow horses under a great many conditions—most of them favorable—while the horse-fancier of England is forced to content himself with a small plot of earth, and a moist, dismal climate. Not only our breed of horses, but that of all animals, will in time have an advantage over those of foreign countries. We ought also, in time, to have on this continent the noblest race of human beings on earth. But there is too much horse-racing in this country to-day; it has got to be a popular passion; and the good effects shown in the improvement in the breed of horses, are more than counterbalanced by the bad effects of the gambling to which horse-racing gives rise.

The Mormons.

The vitality of the Mormon delusion is very remarkable. There is a constant stream of immigrants passing through New York bound for Salt Lake City. They are a very poor and ignorant people, but they are generally in the prime of life. They come in families, and there are rather more men than women. The Mormons seem to have the missionary spirit more largely developed than any other sect. Brigham Young is dead; but they seem to thrive quite as well under the guidance of his apostles. By an ingenious system of laws they are enabled to keep the Gentiles out of the farming lands of Utah. Although that territory is full of valuable mines, the Mormons refuse to labor for the precious metals, but confine themselves to agriculture and manufacturing in a small way. Their material prosperity shows that gold and silver mining are poor industries, compared with wheat growing and potato culture. But some time or other the Morimon must go; the spirit of the age is against polygamy, and faiths founded upon illusions and enthusiasm cannot last long in this epoch of the world's history.

Can Hydrophobia be Prevented?

M. Pasteur, an eminent French *savant*, has made up his mind to try and cure or prevent hydrophobia. M. Pasteur is well known in connection with investigations into the efficacy of germs in propagating disease, and much is expected of his labors in this new field. He has already announced one important discovery. Hydrophobia is not blood poisoning, but affects the ganglionic centers and the nerve tissue. It was found that sheep, whose blood was inoculated with the poison of rabies, were not affected by hydrophobia; but what was very remarkable, the animals thus inoculated were proof against any attack of hydrophobia when bitten by a mad dog; that is to say, the inoculation of the poison in the blood is a preventive against hydrophobia. Quite a number of sheep have been treated; but in every case the animals died of hydrophobia, except when first inoculated through the blood. It would not, perhaps, be advisable to try this preventive, but it is a pity that the experiment could not be tried first on human criminals. Guiteau would be a very good subject.

A Browning Society.

A society has been organized in England to make a special study of the works of Robert Browning, the poet. New York has its Goethe Club, and Shakespeare societies are quite common; but the study of Shakespeare's text requires no special organization. All educated persons are expected to read and study the dramatic works of the master-poet of the human race. Browning is a strong writer, but his poems are a puzzle to common people. Fine lines are to be found scattered through his works, and there is spirit and vigor in many of his shorter poems, but he has mannerisms which detract from the popularity of his works; and then he is generally very obscure in his style. He has written, it seems, some 97,000 lines, one-fourth less than can be found in the works of Shakespeare. There is one objection to studying the works of any very original writer. The student is apt to copy or imitate the object of his admiration. It is far better to make a general study of the best poets, than to confine your attention to any one, however great or admirable. Robert Browning had the rare felicity of being the husband of one of the greatest women poets of the age, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. While not as strong or original as her husband's poems, the verses of Mrs. Browning will always be the most popular.

Luminous Paint.

Something new under the sun at last. A prepared paint can now be procured, which has been so mixed with phosphorus and other ingredients that it becomes luminous in dark places. It is said most surprising effects are produced when this application is applied to the interior of buildings. When the room or hall is shadowed or darkened, this weird light makes its appearance, and the most extraordinary effects are produced. This paint, when put on windows, increases the light which comes through the panes. It is said certain fashionable houses in New York will have one or more rooms in which this luminous paint will be used to produce such very startling and picturesque results.

Our Inland Fisheries.

Few people have an idea of the enormous extent of our inland commerce. Take the matter of fish caught in our inland lakes, that is to say Lake Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario. The total value of fish caught in 1879, according to the census was \$1,650,000. The weight of the fish nearly 70,000,000 pounds. Five thousand men were employed during the fishing season, and their boats and apparatus were worth \$1,350,000. And yet fish is not much used by the Western man, and the above figures are only those caught in a few of the great lakes.

Big and Swift Ships.

The English and French are at work upon a new fleet of steam vessels, to ply between this continent and the Old World. Their peculiarity is their great size and swiftness. The French vessels expect to run from Havre or Bordeaux to New York in less than eight days, while the new English steam vessels, it is said, will accomplish the task in seven days. No matter what the wind or weather, no day is to pass in which 400 miles are not made. A few years ago, a ten days' trip was considered fast, but a voyage of less than eight days now excites but little comment. Ship builders go still further, and say that in ten years' time six days will be all that will be required between New York and Liverpool. In another respect these new ships are notable. They are of immense size and tonnage. The French vessels are of 6,000 tons, and more than one of the English ships is over 8,000. Traveling is pleasanter in these great vessels than in smaller ships, as they are not so easily affected by the winds and the waves. But it is a lamentable fact that the United States has no vessels building, big or little, to contest the supremacy of the ocean. Somehow or other Congress is hostile and the people apathetic to the necessity for encouraging the steam marine of the United States.

The Chess World.

There has been a chess tournament at Berlin, in which famous American as well as ingenious English players have contested. An American named Mason made quite an important figure in the contest, but an Englishman named Blackburne, won the prize. The best American player, Makenzie, was not however present. Paul Morphy, who astonished the world some years ago, and who was undoubtedly the greatest player that ever lived, is now, it is said, an imbecile in New Orleans. He is not insane, only demented. The mighty strain on the delicate brain took him out of the ranks of normal human beings. After all, chess, while very fascinating to those who know it, is not to be commended or encouraged. It consumes time without returning any equivalent; the same expenditure of brain power and nervous energy might establish a man's fortune, acquire a new language, or fit a person for a distinguished literary or artistic career. We live so few years, and there is so much to do in this world, that it seems like a cruel waste of time to spend our energies on chess, cards or other games, which kill time without doing any good.

Hopes for Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone's land law has got through Parliament and is now in force. The hope is that it will serve, in a measure, to cure Irish discontent, by restricting the power of the landlords to raise rents. Ireland has no mineral wealth; the iron and coal so abundant in Great Britain is nowhere to be found in green Erin. With the exception of some linen manufacturers, the Irish people have nothing to depend upon but the land. For this there has been fierce competition, and the landlords dealing with tenants who had no other resource, wrung from them the last farthing. Of late years, to add to their distress, there have been poor harvests, and then the competition of the United States has so reduced the price of agricultural products as to make that business unprofitable, quite apart from the exactions of the landlords or the churlishness of Nature. We do not believe that the new land law will alleviate Irish distress, and it is not surprising that a new agitation has sprung up for more radical measures. What Ireland wants, is more diversified industries; manufactories which do not depend upon coal and iron.

A Big Sheep Ranch.

It comprises 20,000 acres of some of the very best land in Dakota, and is owned by John W. Bookwalter, one of the candidates for governor of Ohio. It is on Mission Creek, fifteen miles from the Kansas border. On this ranch are 13,000 sheep, and the number is constantly increasing. The great West contains many gigantic farms. Sheep and cattle raising requires, of course, many acres, but some of the corn and wheat farms are also very large, running into the thousands of acres. In Europe, small farms have been found the most productive, and east of the Alleghenies one and two hundred acre farms are the rule, larger ones the exception. But the machinery which has been invented within the last quarter of a century has made it possible to convert a farm into a species of manufactory. Land is required to use machines to advantage, and men of means have discovered that if land is cheap and the rates of grain transportation to the seaports very low, that it pays to invest money in machinery to till large farms. Some day this will create political trouble, for it will not be possible to work a small farm economically by the side of an immense plantation, the owner of

which has wealth and machinery. There has been a revolt already in California against the ownership of so much land by very few persons, and where vacant land is all taken up, the landless will view with envy the vast farms owned by the few rich men.

International Congress of Americanists.

In Madrid, on the 25th of September, a congress of Americanists, as they call themselves, commenced, which lasted four days. The object of this body is to investigate ancient America, that is to say, the congress wants to give to the world all that is known of the history of this continent previous to its discovery by Columbus. It is known that many nations existed before the time of Columbus, who had died out leaving only a few memorials. There were the Mound Builders of the Ohio Valley, who seems to have lived in communities. There was a race who knew the value of metals, for the copper chisels and hammers they used can be seen to-day in the copper mines of Lake Superior, as well as in the turquoise and bullion mines of New Mexico and Arizona. Then it is reasonably supposed that the Northmen settled in New England in the eleventh century. The old tower, to be seen in Truro Park, Newport, is at least a thousand years old, and was not constructed by savages, but by a tool-using people who knew how to compose mortar, were familiar with the construction buildings, and aware of the value of the Roman arch. So far the American people have taken but little interest in the history of this continent before the time of Columbus, but the generations which are to follow us are likely to be more curious about the records of the land they live in, than were their forefathers. The congress in Madrid, by the way, was attended by some very notable Americans.

What should be done with him?

Sergeant Mason, a soldier who had served during the war with credit, shot at and tried to kill Guiteau, the wretch who committed a murderous assault upon President Garfield. Mason was one of the guards of the prisoner, and he took advantage of his position to draw a bead upon the spot where he supposed Guiteau was standing by a window. The bullet did not take effect, and Mason was arrested. Many people have expressed regret that the bullet missed its aim; but it would have disgraced us in the eyes of the world if the miserable wretch, who caused such sorrow to an entire nation, should have been killed in that way. Mason's motive was the same contemptible craving for notoriety which animated Guiteau. Ours is a government of law, and the lives of the most detested criminals are sacred until the courts decree their punishment. If Mason had succeeded he would have fared as badly as Corbet, who killed John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of Lincoln. This man has lived a miserable life since he took the law into his own hands. It should be borne in mind that death is a very slight punishment for what Guiteau has done. We must all die, and people who murder often wish to be killed at the same time themselves. There are other punishments which Guiteau fears more than death, and these should be meted out to him. As for Mason, he should be sternly dealt with.

How they Shot a Bear.

The Yellowstone region is one of the wonders of the world. It has been set apart as a great national park, and when the railroads get nearer it will be visited by travelers and lovers of the sublime and the beautiful from all parts of the world. A gentleman, the Rev. Charles F. Marshall, has done a great deal toward making this wonderful region known; he has lectured about it very extensively. The only house fit to live in, in the park, is owned by him. Himself, wife, and a young lady companion, are the first white people who have ever passed a winter in this wonderful but desolate region. The family had one adventure which is worth telling: Mr. Marshall was forced to leave for Virginia City, in order to get some needed winter supplies. His wife and her young lady friend were left alone in the wilderness. One day the two were terrified on seeing a bear prowling around a cellar outside the house, which had been dug to store and save the family provisions throughout the winter. Had bruin succeeded in getting at the stores, the family would have been in danger of starvation, for there would have been no time to lay in fresh supplies before the winter closed in. So the women tried to drive the bear away by shouting and throwing bottles and plates at him from out the window. But the animal was hungry and kept digging away at the cellar, so as to get at the tempting provisions. At length it was proposed to shoot the bear; but neither of the ladies had ever fired a shot. But finally Mrs. Marshall loaded the rifle, and the young lady agreed to fire it. A sight was taken over the window-sill, and off went the bullet. The animal was clearly wounded, for he made off and ascended an adjoining hill, where he sat on his haunches and surveyed the scene of conflict below. But night was coming on, and it would never do to leave him so near the cellar, so the rifle was reloaded and the two rash women started out to attack the bear. The loaded weapon was laid across a log, and again the young lady fired. The beast sprang forward, and the two frightened women rushed screaming to their habitation, which they reached in safety, leaving their gun behind them. On looking back they saw their enemy prone on the ground, and in the agonies of death. Again they started out, reloaded the rifle, and put a third charge in his body. When Mr. Marshall returned he found his stores safe and a 350-pound bear added to his winter supplies.

Scientific.

Seeds.—To keep seeds from the depredations of mice, mix some pieces of camphor with the seeds. Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing them injury.

Common Sense in Geography.—"The fewer names and figures the scholar remembers the better, provided, in place of a mere lumber-room of facts, his mind is impressed with the leading and characteristic features of any country, and especially of his own. Instead of a burdensome array of figures, let there be a simple method of comparison; and the scholar who, taking his native country as a fixed basis, can measure its greatness by contrast with the extent, the population, the wealth, the manufactures of other countries, has really learned much of what geography ought to teach."

Sponges.—Sponges long in use are sometimes affected with sliminess, which is caused by the sponge not being wrung as dry as possible immediately after use. When this has once formed, it increases rapidly. A contemporary says that one of the most effectual recipes for cleansing sponges, and certainly one of the cheapest, is a strong solution of salt and water, in which they should soak for a few hours, and then be thoroughly dried. Sponges should not be left in a sponge dish; they should be kept suspended where the air can freely circulate around them. Quick evaporation of the moisture is the main thing to keep them in good order.

The Earth's Day Increasing.—In a recent lecture on "Eclipse Problems," Professor Charles A. Young, of Princeton, said, with reference to the observed increase in the rapidity of the moon's motion, that the discovery led at first to the opinion that the moon's orbit was growing shorter, and that ultimately the moon would come down upon us. More accurate calculation, however, shows that there is no danger of so disastrous a result. The moon is not coming nearer, but our day is growing longer, owing to the friction of the tides upon the earth's surface. The tides act like a brake, and slowly diminish the speed of the earth's rotation.

Incurable Disease.—Maladies which cannot be "cured," are the opprobria of medicine as an art. It should not, however, be hastily assumed that cases which cannot be cured must therefore be regarded as beyond the hope of recovery. There is a wondrous power of self-cure in the organism, and many a sufferer condemned by the "faculty," has been relieved by Nature. It is desirable that this should be borne in mind—first, because hope is itself a great specific, and nothing so greatly tends to destroy the natural chances of recovery as depression produced by an adverse prognosis; second, it is a most irrational position to take up that any malady is incurable.

Milk Diet in Heart Disease.—M. Potain, at the recent meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science, read a paper on this subject. Milk diet is particularly efficacious in secondary cardiac affections, as hypertrophy or simple dilatation of a gastric or renal origin. The diet modifies the condition of the kidney and the stomach, because it gives these organs almost complete rest; therefore to be thoroughly efficacious it should be absolute and more or less prolonged. It may be usefully employed in cases of simple reflex palpitation of gastric origin. It may also be advantageously used for its diuretic action in dropsy, especially, and perhaps exclusively, when the dropsy is of renal origin.—*Medical Press.*

Ensilage.—Ensilage is a process for preserving grass, corn, and other fodder which is cut in a green state. The process consists in cutting the fodder into small bits, packing it, by hydraulic pressure, in suitable receptacles—walled enclosures, pits, etc.—to exclude the air from the mass. Thus stored, the green fodder undergoes a slight fermentation, not sufficient for its destruction, and some part of its nutritive quality, which would be lost in drying, is saved. In this way the fodder can be made to yield more food and better food than by ordinary processes of curing.

How to Get Rid of Smoke and Impure Air.—For some time past Captain Douglas Galton, Mr. LeFevre, and other engineers, have been taking observations as to the altitude of fogs and smoke over London. The result proves that at a height equal to the Victoria Tower, or the dome of St. Paul's, owing to the moisture of the upper atmospheric strata, the air over the metropolis is particularly free from impurities. A bill introduced into Parliament proposes to supply, by means of a small pipe fixed to the highest part of the principal buildings, and with the aid of a fan, to bring down the pure air from above and force it into buildings such as St. Paul's and the Houses of Parliament, thus displacing the fogs and smoke, and all impure air. At the same time, by passing this pure air through a heated chamber, the buildings can be warmed.

Straw Beds for Nursery Use.—It is not generally known that cut straw makes a most excellent stuffing for beds used by children and infants. Make a case of soft tick, obtain some new well-dried straw, have it cut in a chaff cutter, fill the case moderately full. It makes an astonishingly comfortable bed, is very warm, and is much more healthy for infants than a feather bed. The idea is really a good one, and the straw beds are well worth the attention of mothers.



No Shirking.—The burden which was thoughtlessly and even ignorantly taken up must be patiently borne.

A Sure Test.—If you cannot win mankind's approbation, be sure you have that of your tailor and washer-woman.

Self-Importance.—Persons who like to contemplate their own importance should consider that the world got along very well before they were born, and will probably get along equally well after they are dead.

Justice and Generosity.—Justice and generosity are so intimately interwoven that neither can flourish healthfully without the presence of the other. No one can act fairly without acting sympathetically; nor can any one subserve his own best interest while that is all he has at heart.

The Use of Loving.—What is the use of loving, if it is not to spare one another? It is preparing for ourselves vain regrets if we should have to confess sooner or later that, instead of using all our faculties to embellish this short life, or mutually to console each other, we sometimes disenchant it or dried it up at the source.

Flowers.—"Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity; children love them; quiet, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered; they are the cottager's treasure; and, in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rests the covenant of peace."

Mental Strain.—There can be no room to question the extreme peril of "overwork" to growing children and youths with undeveloped brains. The excessive use of an immature organ arrests its development by diverting the energy which should be appropriated to its growth, and consuming it in work. What happens to horses which are allowed to run races too early happens to boys and girls who are overworked at school.



Too Thin.—What kind of paper most resembles a sneeze?—Tissue.

Keen Critics.—Speaking of a savage, biting critic, Douglas Jerrold once said, "Oh, yes, he'll review the book as an east wind reviews an apple-tree!"

Principal and Interest.—"Why is it," asked a lady, "that so many people lose their interest in church-going now-a-days?" "Because they have lost their principle," was the witty reply.

Good Advice.—"Keep your patients alive," said an old doctor to a graduating class of students. "Dead men pay no bills."

The Long and the Short of it.—A lazy boy complaining that his bed was too short, his little sister cleverly said, "That is because you are always too long in it."

Woman's Curiosity.—A woman woke her husband during a storm the other night, and said: "I do wish you would stop snoring, for I can't tell whether it thunders or not."

Cruel.—"There's my hand," he exclaimed in a moment of courage, "and my heart in it!" She glanced curiously at the empty palm extended towards her, and wickedly replied, "Just as I supposed—too little of it to be visible to the naked eye."

Those Girls.—A couple of young men went out fishing the other day, and, on returning, were going past a farm-house and felt thirsty. They shouted to the farmer's daughters, "Girls, have you any buttermilk?" The reply was gently wafted back to their ears, "Yes; but we keep it for our own calves."



MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE
THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

Review of Fashions.

IT is no use saying that such and such is the fashion, and nothing else," said a great authority on fashion, recently, "for everything is the fashion, and women have only to choose for themselves what is, and avoid what is not becoming." But women know this is easier said than done, at least by the majority, and that to acquire the judgment, the taste, the equivoise, which avoids all mistakes, and always gets the very best out of the limits of circumstance, is a point attained by very few.

It is worth while, however, to try for it, and work toward it. It is a comfort to think that the tall, the short, the thick, the thin, are not bound by one commonplace style, as was the case within the memory of women not yet entitled to be regarded as "oldest" inhabitants of their communities; and it is pleasant not to be forced to adopt what we do not like, or give up what we do, at the dictates of a third authority which has no existence in fact or common sense. It is not at all certain that folly in fashion has ceased to exist, or that it will not reappear under some of its old absurd forms; but the fact cannot be too strongly insisted upon and emphasized that it is the fault of women themselves, if they put on the cap and bells: and the more they think for themselves upon this and every other subject, the more independent they will become in their methods, and the more distinctive, as well as sensible in their style of dress.

We have often said, and we repeat, that the essential thing at first is to discover what to avoid. This makes the task of choosing much more easy; and it is not necessary to go over the whole ground every season. There are some things which should be avoided on principle, therefore always; some that should be avoided because they are not adapted to individual taste or circumstances, and some because they are incongruous, and have no merit save "novelty."

Fashions for some years past have changed little in essentials. We have had a convenient walking dress, abundant latitude in the construction of reception and in-door toilets, so that they could be made plain, or elaborated according to taste; we have had warmth, convenience, freedom from deformities and protuberances, a wide range of soft and graceful fabrics, and a rich accession to the domain of color, which has been artistically worked, but leaves plenty of ground still uncovered. Of course it is not necessary to abide by the letter of what we have done, achieved or enjoyed during that time; but the dictates of judgment and common sense ought to suggest not to go back to what was

a source of constant annoyance, and exposed us to the shafts of well-deserved ridicule. There is plenty of choice without recalling the humps on the hips of Louis XIV.'s time, which frightful distortion was suitably accompanied by unnatural wigs, towering head-dresses, and paint put on as thickly as if cheeks were house-doors. Dress can be made beautiful, and even beauty can be adorned by it; but beauty is not improved by what is false and unnatural. Dress is worthy of study; but let it be from the point of view of modest, truthful, intelligent, active, sensible and refined womanhood, whose desire is to elevate and increase its usefulness, not trick itself out in pretenses for the rest of the world to jeer at.

Illustrated Designs.

OUR illustrations for the present month furnish a number of useful models appropriate for the season, and indicative of the newest styles for the late autumn and early winter months. First among them is the "Isotta" costume, a walking dress composed of two materials, one shaded in stripes, the other plain. Bronze, bronze brown, seal brown, dark green, olive, and very dark plum color are the favorite shades, and the stripes are contrasted most effectively from light to dark in high colors upon the dark background, the shading toning them so perfectly, however, that the result is not glaring, unless in common fabrics. The "Isotta" costume is made in seal-brown camel's hair, the striped material shaded from gold to brown, and used as a kilted skirt, a deep vest, and as cuffs. The stripes, it will be seen, run round, instead of straight down, as formerly, and recall the "Balmoral" stripes of twenty-five years ago. The clustered loops which ornament the side are of plush ribbon, satin on the under side; the revers also are faced with seal-brown silk plush.

The "Favorita" walking-skirt is a round skirt edged with a ruche and plaiting, and trimmed with side kiltings forming an overskirt, except at the back, where they are supplemented by a drapery in a different stuff. A short apron is drawn up at the sides, and trimmed with a beaded fringe and passementerie. The under part of this skirt is of lining, and the upper part "trimmed on," so that only ten yards of plain, and two and a half of contrasting material are required to make as illustrated.

An overskirt suitable for draping over a walking or in-door dress will be found in the "Melissa." It is a simple, yet graceful design, adapted to camel's-hair, cashmere, tweed,

or any softly-draping woolen goods, and it may be trimmed with shaded stripe, or any pretty contrasting or trimming material. The quantity required is five yards and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one and a half, same width, of a combination fabric. Jackets have become an "institution," and the "Granville" is one of the most approved designs for young women—married or unmarried—who are not too stout for this kind of garment. It may be made of mixed, all-wool tweed, of diagonal, fine-ribbed, or or velvet beaver cloth, and is not only tailor-cut, but tailor-finished, with stitching and facing of satin on the inside of the edges. Two yards and three-eighths of cloth, usual, that is to say, forty-eight inches wide, will make it, and the only trimming required consists of horn or smoked pearl buttons, three-quarters of a yard of satine for facing, and the cord for the back.

Cloaks show great diversity, and can be obtained in styles suited to every grade of climate. The "Anatolia" visite, for example, is a very elegant design for ladies living in warm climates, where the winter is short, and characterized by no such severe weather as renders furs and long cloaks obligatory at the North. The "Anatolia" is particularly stylish and graceful in cut, and as it requires only four yards and a quarter of material of the ordinary width (twenty-four inches), a rich fabric, *satin de Lyon*, *satin merueilleux*, or satin brocade (in small figure), may be afforded. It may be lined with quilted satin, watered silk, or silk plush, crimson or gold, or mastic, and ladies in possession of a few yards of black lace need only add the watered ribbon in two widths, and four yards of passementerie, to make a cloak equal to one costing seventy-five dollars in the shops.

The "Grosvenor" pelisse is a cloth garment better suited to the frozen North than the sunny South. It is usefully made in velvet beaver, or some heavy cloth that does not need lining, and in this case, instead of plaiting, the round forms of collar and sleeves may be cut out in plush of the same shade, put on and faced upon the inside with silk or wool satine. In lighter cloths it makes a nice riding cloak in a moderate climate, and then the plaiting would easily be made in the cloth, the edge tailor-stitched, and no facing be required.

The "Grosvenor" may also be made in silk or satin, and fur-lined; the collar and plaiting which constitutes the sleeves being of course of the same fabric. Less than ten yards of a material twenty-four inches wide would make the whole.

Among riding-habits the "Palisade" carries off the palm for neatness and elegance. The postilion basque is simple, but perfectly fitting, and the skirt cut in such a way as to fall evenly at the sides and back, when the knee is placed over the pommel of the side-saddle. Plain riding-trousers accompany the habit. Seven and a half yards of cloth, cashmere, or whatsoever material is used, that is, forty-eight inches wide, is sufficient for the entire costume, including the trousers.

Palisade Riding Habit.—This stylish and graceful habit consists of three parts—a tight-fitting postilion basque, with the usual number of darts in front, short side gores under the arms, with a cross seam at the waist line where a short basque skirt is added, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back; a skirt cut with a *genouillère*, or knee gore, at the right side, rounding to allow the skirt to fall evenly when the right knee is placed over the pommel of the side-saddle; and plain riding pants. This design is suitable for ladies' cloth, serge, camel's hair, cashmere, velvet, and dark flannels. Bindings of silk galloon, in tailor style, and small buttons set closely together



down the front, finish the basque stylishly without any other trimming. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



Riverside Riding Habit.—A stylish and graceful habit especially adapted for misses' use. It consists of three parts—a tight-fitting postilion basque with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back; a skirt cut with a *genouillère* or knee gore, at the right side, rounding to allow the skirt to fall evenly when the right knee is placed over the pommel of the side-saddle; and plain riding-pants. Patterns in sizes for twelve and fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Riding Habits.

FIG. 1.—This graceful riding habit is of dark olive ladies' cloth, modeled after the stylish "Palisade" riding-habit design, which consists of three separate parts—

a postilion basque, a skirt cut with a knee gore at the right side, and plain riding pants. The basque is fastened down the front with a closely set row of hammered silver buttons. A silver lace pin is worn with the straight, high linen collar, and tan-colored "Mousquetaire" gloves are drawn up over the close sleeves. High black silk riding hat, and ivory-handled riding cane. Corsage bouquet of crimson roses. Patterns of riding-habit in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

Furs and Fur-lined Cloaks.



WITHIN the past ten years, furs have taken a new departure, and become the inside, instead of the outside, of luxurious street garments. There was a time when the mink cloak, enormously weighty and ill shaped, was the only fur cloak procurable, except the still uglier Astracan; now the form is cut in rich silk or satin; the



RIDING HABITS.

FIG. 2.—An extremely stylish riding habit for a miss of fourteen. The design illustrated is the "Riverside" riding habit, which is similar in design to the "Palisade," but especially adapted to misses' use, with a tight-fitting basque and skirt of very dark blue ladies' cloth, and plain riding pants of the same. Plain gilt buttons fasten the basque together in front, and ornament the postilion at the back. Low Derby hat of dark blue felt, worn with the hair arranged in two braided coils at the back. Patterns of habit in sizes for twelve and fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

shape is equal in elegance and distinction to that of the most dainty garment; and the fur is turned next the body, and comes in soft, warm, and direct contact with the person.

The fur-lined cloaks, as illustrated by F. Booss and Bro., the well-known importers and designers, of 449 Broadway, are marvels of richness and beauty. They combine luxury with perfect neatness and refinement in style and finish, so that the highest distinction is obtained. The variation from last season is in the increasing narrowness of the back, the



NATURAL BEAVER CAPE.



DAUPHIN CLOAK.



BLACK FOX ÉCARPE.



NATURAL BEAVER MUFF.



BLACK FOX MUFF.



SEAL-SKIN MUFF.



GREBE MUFF.



SEAL-SKIN COLLAR.



GREBE COLLAR.



SHORT DAUPHIN CLOAK.



EMPRESS CLOAK.



SEAL-SKIN HAT.



SEAL-SKIN HAT.



CASTILIA CLOAK.

FASHIONABLE FURS.

difference in the form of the sleeves, and the addition of *satin merveilleux* to the list of fabrics. The length, varying from forty to fifty inches, is about the same; the long dolman shapes do not differ very much from those with which we are familiar; and the rich brocade, *satin de Lyons* and *satin sublime*, are friends of last season.

The most elegant and expensive of the list of illustrated fur-lined cloaks is the "Empress," a dolman cloak fifty inches in length, with very graceful sleeves, and a narrow back fitted perfectly to a graceful form. The cloak is whole squirrel lined, trimmed with finest black fox, and enriched with ornaments and buttons of *passementerie*; the price of a model so elegant and of such rich materials as this is two hundred dollars.

The "Dauphin" is a dolman in *satin merveilleux* fifty inches in length, squirrel lined, and trimmed with collar and cuffs of otter fur; a shorter dolman of the "Dauphin" shape is also made of *satin merveilleux*, is trimmed with Russian chinchilla, and lined with the same fine quality of fur, but the length is only forty-two inches, and the price only eighty-five dollars. The "Diavolo" is a very rich dolman, otter trimmed and highly finished; but it is less novel than the "Castilia," which has long pointed sleeves meeting together at the back, united by rich *passementerie* ornamentation.

The dolman-shaped cloaks have largely superseded the circulars, but the latter are still made to some extent, and are preferred by some ladies as wraps, because they can be thrown off so readily. A very handsome one is shown by Booss Bros. in *satin merveilleux*, fifty inches long, beautifully lined, and finished at a cost of one hundred dollars. There are lower prices also for lower grades, but this is almost the finest made. The "pointed" furs are less employed than formerly, all smooth and short-haired furs, such as otter, seal, grebe and beaver, having come to the front. "Natural beaver," that is beaver undyed, was introduced last season, and at once obtained great popularity. It appears this season in sets consisting of pelerine and muff, the former article being shaped more like the traditional coachman's cape than like the old-fashioned pelerine, which was cut up slightly on the shoulders, and deepened back and front, sometimes to a point.

The new round cape or "pelerine" is however a very fashionable addition to street garments; and in fur it is desirable, because not yet common, and sufficient in itself to give distinction to a cloak of plain cloth, or a simple street costume. But natural beaver cannot, or should not, be worn with everything. It looks well with mastic beaver, with black velvet, with dark green or olive suits, and with dark garnet, but it looks best of all with a long coat of mastic velvet beaver, and mastic felt hat, faced with crimson plush, and trimmed with mastic feathers.

Fur collars are narrow, compared with what they have been, and the novelty is a small, almost straight, victorine, which is rounded at the throat, and forms straight, not wide, bands reaching to the top of a belted waist. It is a pretty and convenient shape, and must become popular; it forms with the muff a stylish and not expensive set, in black fox, beaver, or Russian chinchilla.

There are small round collars also, but the long straight styles are the newest. The bonnets and hats are mostly in seal, trimmed with ostrich feathers, and distinguished-looking aigrettes. The bonnets partake of the cabriolet shape, the hats are large; both possess distinction, and are generally highly becoming. All furs, it should be remarked, are made up lighter than formerly, and much improved in consequence. The finish is beautiful, and the combination of close and rich, but not heavy *passementerie* with natural fur,

in the formation of buttons and tassels, in the best possible taste.

The seal-skin, firmly rooted in the public mind, and fashioned after the foregoing shapes, is more elegant than all previous productions, and may be classed among the most distinguished of out-door garments. The Dauphin is a positive departure from all former designs, and recommends itself to a fastidious taste. The seal-skin sacque, modeled to graceful proportions, outlines the figure, and wins admiration for its simple yet harmonious character.

Messrs. F. Booss and Bro., owing to their advantages as importers, are able to offer to the public all their select lines of seal and silk garments, at prices that defy competition in this country, and even in Europe. Mr. F. Booss, the senior of the house, during his trip to Europe the past summer, made special visits to all the leading houses of Paris, London, and Berlin, and perfected arrangements with them for advantages in seal-skins and other fabrics possessed by no other house; thus enabling it to keep a reputation fully earned.



Isotta Costume.—This stylish costume, suitable for the street or house, is composed of a short, gored walking skirt, which clears the ground all around, and is trimmed on the lower edge with a very narrow knife-plaited ruffle, above which is a deep flounce, plain in front and kilt-plaited at the sides and back; a drapery moderately full in the back and forming a draped apron in front and a narrow side-gore at the right side, and a double-breasted, tight-fitting basque. This last is cut with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The double-breasted portion is added to the front in a seam, and the fronts are cut considerably shorter than the rest of the garment, and have double basque skirts added to furnish the required length. The neck of the basque is finished with wide *revers*, and a shawl collar, the fronts being cut away, disclosing a vest piece and pointed collar; and the bottoms of the sleeves are finished to correspond. This design is suitable for any class of dress goods, and especially for a combination of materials as illustrated. This costume is also shown in Fig. 3 of the full-page engraving. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Are Hooped Skirts to be Revived among us?

THIS is a question which is anxiously asked by many women, and which we are very sorry to have asked at all, for it looks as though women were still incapable of making up their own minds upon subjects of interest to themselves, and one especially which has been so often discussed, and is so useless and absurd in its character and tendencies, that, having once got rid of it, one would suppose there could be no question of reviving it. Are women so dependent upon authority that they can never make up their own minds in regard to the simplest matter, but must always be led by dictatorship from a source which is probably anything but disinterested?

The interest, for example, which there is a present effort to excite in regard to hoops and hooped skirts is a purely local and trade interest; it has nothing to do with fashion except so far as ladies can be made to believe that it represents fashion, and induced to adopt the old mode from an idea of its authoritative revival. Women themselves establish fashion. Modes may be suggested, advocated, and even worn by individuals, but if the majority will not accept them, they can never become fashion, for nowadays it is not the few, but the many, who set and maintain fashion—for fashion is what the majority, not what the minority, wear.

Hooped skirts are not now fashionable, and cannot again become so except by senseless people taking up the cry of a few interested persons and making them so. They are not only useless, they are absurd; they are wholly without a reason for their existence. They begin by being a caprice; they end by being a caricature, and by making their wearers the laughing-stock of men. We hope there is enough of sense and intelligence among women to prevent the majority from aiding and abetting a purely local and spasmodic attempt to graft again upon the dress of women so useless, ungraceful, and inartistic, if not indecent, an addition. Whatever it may be in the beginning, it is sure to be all three in the end, and a stiff cage for the skirts to fall over must always be the first two.

Women may be the patrons of industry, but there is no necessity for them to make themselves the scorn of the intelligent world in order to revive a petty trade which always had a precarious existence, and ought never to have existed at all. A little stiffness or imperceptible extension at the back of the skirt is a matter of taste, and under the present styles may be used or not according to fancy. The same shapes and sizes of these "dress improvers," as they are called, have been used for five years past by those who have worn them at all, and at least they do not distort or greatly change the contour of the figure. But with the hooped skirt the manufacturers are trying to foist also upon the public a winged monster, in the shape of a bustle with protuberances at the sides that turn a modest, sensible girl, or woman, into a walking distortion—an embodiment of misshapen deformity.

One only of these objects has been seen, so far, in public, and its wearer was looked and stared at as if she had escaped from a raree show, as she richly deserved to be. It is not necessary to be an æsthetic sunflower in order to avoid being a double-barreled monstrosity. There is a sensible medium which those who have to live for something besides the gratification of whims find it wisest to adopt. But there is no medium in hooped skirts; they are a folly from first to last, only they usually begin by being a less, and end by being a greater, until they terminate their brief and struggling existence. For no woman wants them; they inquire with a sort of terror in regard to their advent; they ask all the time if they are not dead, during their existence, yet they never realize that it is they, and they only, who can infuse the

breath of life into the creature, or keep it there. Hooped skirts have not come to life yet; let women enough say they shall not, and they will not.



Granville Jacket.—This stylish and practical jacket is double-breasted and tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in each side of the front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounded to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The double-breasted portion is joined to the front in a seam, and may be omitted if desired. This design, the *pattern of which will be found in this number*, is suitable for any quality of cloth or other goods usually selected for street garments, and many varieties of dress goods. The "tailor" finish—rows of machine stitching—is most appropriate for woolen goods. This combines nicely with the "Melissa" overskirt, and is so illustrated elsewhere. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents, each size.



Anatolia Visite.—This unique and graceful wrap is cut with a dolman back partially fitted with a curved seam down the middle, sacque fronts, and sleeves inserted in dolman style, slightly gathered at the top, giving a high effect to the shoulders. This design is appropriate for silk, cashmere, *sicilienne*, *satin merveilleux*, *satin Rhadames*, and other goods of the same class, and can be trimmed as illustrated, with lace and *passementerie*, or with fringe, according to taste and the material selected. The back view of this is shown *en costume* on the full-page engraving. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Fashionable Lingerie.

No. 1.—This handsome *fichu*-collar is composed of cream-tinted net, folded in a bias, three-cornered piece, edged all around with a deep ruffle of cream-tinted Polanza lace which is also arranged to form a double *jabot* falling in front. The *fichu* is fastened together in front with a pale pink satin ribbon bow. Price, with bow of any desired color of ribbon, \$4.50. In Italian lace, \$3.25.

No. 2.—Adapted to very dressy wear, this graceful *fichu* is composed of cream-tinted silk muslin, caught up with gathers at intervals and trimmed all around the upper edge with a full ruffle of cream-tinted Aurillac lace. A long looped bow of Pompeiian red satin ribbon fastens the *fichu* together in front. Price, with ribbon bow of any required color, \$5.50. Trimmed with Italian lace, \$3.90.

No. 3.—This exquisite *fichu*, with shirred *plastron* of pale rose-pink Surah, is suitable for the most dressy occasions. The collar part is composed of three overlapping gathered ruffles of cream-tinted Polanza lace, mounted upon a foundation of lace net. The lower ruffle extends all around the *plastron*, and the heading is concealed by a band of fine white embroidery. A narrow pink satin ribbon is run through the neck of the *fichu* and tied in a bow in front, and a similar bow ornaments the pointed end of the shirred *plastron*. Price, with satin ribbon and Surah of any desired color, \$4.85. Trimmed with white Italian lace, \$3.65.

No. 4.—Handkerchief *fichu* of cream-tinted net and Aurillac lace. The *fichu* is composed of a bias piece of the net, folded double with pointed ends, and edged all around with a full gathered ruffle of Aurillac lace. Price, \$4.50. Trimmed with white Italian lace, \$3.00.

No. 5.—A dressy triple collarette, composed of three overlapping gathered ruffles of white lace, the upper one falling over a narrow band of blue satin ribbon encircling the neck, and tied in a looped bow in front. The lace ruffles are mounted upon a net foundation, and are made of Louis XIII. lace about four inches wide. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$4.50. In Italian lace, with any colored ribbon, \$3.25.

No. 6.—A dainty collarette and *jabot* composed entirely of plaited ruffles of cream-tinted silk Aurillac lace, mounted upon a foundation of mull cut square around the neck.

The *jabot* is arranged with three overlapping rows of plaitings, and a cluster of pale blue satin ribbon loops half hidden by the second row of plaiting. Price, with ribbon loops of any color preferred, \$3.50. Composed of Italian lace, \$2.25.

Dainty Belongings.

HERE is no city in the world that has grown to such requirements in personal belongings and in the arts of the toilet as New York, and the actual status of a lady or gentleman, and particularly of a lady, is much more clearly exhibited by her personal habits and surroundings than by her clothes. There are dainty instruments, fine as jewels, for the care of the nails, the eyebrows, the teeth, the skin and even the ears. Brushes for all uses include a dozen ivory-mounted and inclosed in satin-wood and satin-lined cases. Perfumed waters are distributed from crystal flasks with silver tops, which can be graded in their removal so as to give it in quantity drop by drop. Softening creams and velvety powders are concealed in priceless little jars of Indian or old-blue china; and flowers and mouchoirs are kept in cases that communicate to them an indescribable odor, faint, yet most delightful.

The under-clothing used in the day time, instead of being folded as formerly, a custom considered the very pink of neatness and order, is now hung upon the pegs of a tall, revolving stand, which occupies a very small space in the dressing-room, and over this is thrown a light cover of linen, which may be ornamented with German embroidery or etching. Under a cotton dress, a lady will not unfrequently wear silk under-clothing, the underwear being much finer and more daintily trimmed than the outside. Combs of every description, when not of ivory, are of tortoise-shell, and the shell are the more desirable. When a lady goes to her bath, over her night-dress of batiste she puts a dressing-gown of pale pink or blue flannel, and the mule slippers, into which she thrusts her white feet, are satin-lined to match. Toilet-covers and draperies are trimmed with quantities of exquisite lace; and chairs, baskets, hanging-baskets and bird-cages, with ribbons and flowers. How it is all kept so pretty and fresh-looking is a mystery; but the modern lady gives her mind to the care of her body, and at least has succeeded in developing abundant resources for the accomplishment of her object.



STREET COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—A stylish street or visiting costume of black *satin merceilleux* and black brocaded satin. The designs illustrated are the "Anatolia" *visite*, and the "Favorita" walking skirt. The *visite*, which is cut with a dolman back, and has sleeves inserted in dolman style, slightly gathered at the top giving a high effect to the shoulders, is composed of the plain *satin merceilleux*, richly trimmed with black Spanish lace and satin cord jetted *passementerie*. A bow of

black watered silk ribbon, with jet *piquets* on the ends, ornaments the back, and similar bows are on the front. The back drapery of the walking skirt is of black brocaded satin, the rest of the skirt being of *satin merveilleux* and trimmed on the bottom with a *chicorée* ruche and knife-plaiting, over which is arranged a short, draped apron ornamented with *passementerie* garniture, and two kilt-plaited "wings" in front. Hat of black fur felt, faced with black

silk plush, and trimmed with a scarf of gold colored *moire* ribbon. A gilt aigrette and black ostrich feather ornament the left side of the crown, and the *moire* strings are tied in a large bow under the chin. The *visite* and walking skirt are also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents. Patterns of *visite* in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—Scotch plaid and black velvet suit for a boy in dresses. The design illustrated is the "Stuart" suit, composed of a kilt-plaited skirt of gay Scotch plaid tartan, and a half-fitting jacket of black velvet cut in square tabs around the bottom, and bound with silk braid, which also is used for the false button-holes employed as garniture with oxydized silver buttons. A scarf of the tartan is tied upon the left shoulder, and fastened with a silver ornament. Sailor collar of plain white linen, and black velvet Scotch cap, trimmed with a heron's feather, a Scotch thistle in oxydized silver, and a band of tartan. The double illustration of the "Stuart" suit will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for four and six years, price twenty-five cents each. Patterns of the Scotch cap can also be furnished in sizes for from four to ten years, price, ten cents each.

FIG. 3.—This charming street costume of *noisette* cashmere and striped plush in gold color and brown, is composed of a tight-fitting, double-breasted basque, and short skirt with a full drapery of cashmere, and a deep flounce of plush kilt-plaited at the back and plain in front. A narrow knife-plaiting trims the underskirt around the lower edge, the drapery is looped at the side with brown plush bows, and the *revers* and collar on the basque are of brown plush. The vest and under basque skirt are of plush, and the basque of cashmere. The design illustrated is the "Isotta" costume. English walking hat of brown English straw, faced with brown moleskin plush, and trimmed with brown plush bows, a gilt slide, and shaded brown and gold ostrich plume drooping from the left side of the brim. The double illustration of the costume will be found among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



Favorita Walking Skirt.—A novel and graceful style of walking skirt, composed of a gored skirt short enough to escape the ground all around, and trimmed on the bottom with a *chicorée* ruche and knife-plaiting, over which is arranged a

short, draped apron, and two kilt-plaited "wings" in front, and an irregular drapery at the back. This design is adapted to any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed as illustrated, with a band of embroidery, or more or less elaborately according to the material selected. This skirt is shown on the full-page engraving combined with the "Anatolia" *visite*. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



Melissa Overskirt.—Very original and graceful in design, this overskirt is arranged with a shawl-pointed apron draped in plaits at the left side, and in two clusters of shirring at the right side; a narrow side gore on the right side draped in plaits and gathers, and the back breadth cut with an extension on the left side, which is plaited and draped to give a "capuchin" effect to the black drapery. This design is adapted to any class of dress goods, and may be simply or elaborately trimmed, according to the taste and material selected. The front view of this overskirt is illustrated in combination with the "Granville" Jacket. Price of patterns, thirty cents.

A Venus in Hoops.

MANY of the dresses worn this season by the beautiful women who give magic to society would not shame the Venus itself. A perfect dress, constructed upon a true artistic plan, would be beautiful even upon that perfect form. But put a bustle on the back of the Venus—take away one of the most lovely curves in her whole shape, the bend of her waist—and the Venus is the Venus no longer. The monstrosity of the thing is apparent at once. And let me suggest that if men were more unanimous in preferring a beautiful effect to a merely stylish one, it would make a greater difference than anything else. The word 'stylish' leads men and women to perdition in the matter of dress. Men like their own female friends to look like other women, even at the cost of beauty; and as to the women, their minds are so taken up with the details of dress that they have no space left in them for the conception of an artistic whole."—*London World*.

SHADED STRIPES are in high demand.
GOLD EFFECTS are introduced largely into striped woollens this season.

Fashionable Bonnets.



No. 1.—This stylish bonnet, of myrtle-green fur felt, is trimmed with a scarf of green and gold *ombré* striped satin ribbon which also forms the strings. The brim is faced with *ombré* plush of the same colors, laid in plainly. Two short ostrich plumes, shaded green and gold, and an *aigrette* ornament the left side of the square crown. The strings are tied in a large bow under the chin.

No. 2.—An elegant bonnet of garnet velvet, with high crown and rolled brim, the latter faced with Burgundy red, mole-skin plush. A band of gilt braid is run around the edge of the brim. A shaded crimson ostrich feather encircles the left side of the crown, and the bonnet is tied down

over the ears with shaded red *moire* ribbon, arranged in a large bow in front.

No. 3.—Garnet plush poke bonnet, trimmed with a band and ornaments of dark red velvet studded with colored cut-glass beads. A bow of pale pink satin Surah is fastened at the back, and the strings are of pale pink satin and garnet velvet. A pink ostrich plume is arranged on the left side curling toward the front.

No. 4.—This elegant little *capote* is of black Brussels net with tamboured polka dots. It is arranged in graceful folds upon the net frame, and the same material forms the scarf-strings which are tied in an enormous bow under the

chin. The edge of the bonnet is finished with a narrow plaiting of yellow *crêpe lisse*, over which falls a ruffle of black Spanish lace. A half-wreath of *Gloire de Dijon* roses, and a gilt and feathered *aigrette* compose the trimming.

No. 5.—A very handsome bonnet of dark blue plush, trimmed with a full scarf of blue Surah edged with a plaiting of dark blue Spanish lace. A bouquet of tea-roses with their foliage is placed near the back at the left side, and the strings are navy blue plush ribbon with satin face.

No. 6.—This beautiful bonnet, of black silk beaver, is trimmed with a scarf of black Spanish lace, heavily jetted, and a fall of Spanish lace edging around the brim. Three violet-colored ostrich tips, in different shades, droop toward the front from the right side. The strings are of violet satin-faced plush ribbon.

No. 7.—“Brush-beaver” bonnet trimmed with a scarf of shaded crimson plush. The bonnet is black, and two feathers, one black, and the other shaded crimson, are fastened with a gilt *aigrette* at the left side and droop toward the front. This is a front view of the same shape illustrated on No. 1. The strings of black and crimson Surah are tied in a large bow under the chin.

Stylish hats and bonnets are furnished through our Purchasing Agency for \$8 upward, according to the materials. In sending an order, it is always best to state complexion, color of hair and eyes, the purposes for which the hat is to be used, and any preference in regard to color, etc.

The New Cloaks.

CLOAKS are more elegant than ever this season, and emphasize the new departure of last season in the direction of colors, and the use of rich satins, and brocaded fabrics. Dress cloaks retain the dolman shape, but are long, narrow in the back, and fasten only about two-thirds of the way down the front. Brocaded satin, and *satin merveilleux* are used both in white and black for the finest garments, the white being employed for operas and receptions, the black for day wear. The lining is usually quilted satin, gold, pale pink, or heliotrope; but soft mastic is this season considered more elegant than high color, at least for black cloaks, and many handsome brocades are lined with this delicate shade. Those ladies who wish something different from satin and brocade, have gone back to plain Lyons velvet; some of the best and most fashionable cloak-makers favor velvet as more permanent and more suitable for rich cloaks than fancy silks. The objection to velvet with some is, that it does not shirr readily, and is spoiled by shirring, and the “Mother Hubbard” effects are still in high vogue. This will undoubtedly militate against the adoption of velvet, and plush for cloaks, although the latter, in the pure silk qualities, shirrs and hangs very gracefully.

There is a well found objection, however, in the minds of many ladies against using the same material for a rich cloak that they employ for the dress that may be worn with it. It looks too much *en suite*, which is all very well for a woolen walking-dress, but out of place in the construction of an elegant toilet, unless, indeed, it be of velvet, trimmed with rich fur, and uniform throughout.

Sicilienne is not by any means discarded; on the contrary, some beautiful cloaks have been made of it, and trimmed with feathers; bands composed of soft, closely curled ostrich tips laid one over another, the finishing *flots* of thick ivory white, or black satin ribbon; the lining, pink mastic, or gold watered silk or satin. These cloaks are finer, and much more elegant in appearance, as well as newer than those which show a profusion of trimming lace, and beads, which have a vulgar effect, and cheapen the richest fabrics.

Cloth cloaks are distinguished by their neatness. They are cut to fit closely, and the dark shades, the buttons which have the appearance of small bronze plaques, and finishing of dark plush put on as collar and cuffs, and upon some of the long dolmans as border, produce a harmony which is very effective. A fashionable adjunct to handsome woolen and plain velvet cloaks is a pelerine of natural beaver fur matching the muff. No bordering is used.

Winter Hats and Bonnets.

THE new designs in millinery are many of them wonderful to behold, both as regard size, shape, and combination of material. The hats are very large and furry; the bonnets larger than last season and beady—very.

The beaded bonnets maintain the previous shapes somewhat enlarged, and are therefore not so new in appearance as the cabriolet bonnets of plush, or the enlarged pokes of felt, trimmed or bordered with plush, or fur, or what is known as feather fur.

Some of the hats are preposterous; they have the high poke crown, with the large rolled brim, circular in shape. Some have wide brims turned straight up in front, and others artistic brims, wide and indented.

The crowns are hardly any two of them alike, and they do not always correspond in their constructive outlines to the brims. This is an inexcusable fault, and one which designers and manufacturers ought to know better than permit. There was a great deal of fault found a few years ago with the “scoop” bonnets because they “obstructed the view” upon public occasions. What was said then will be emphasized in all probability, in the strongest manner, by disgusted male patrons of theaters and the like. In fact such hats as the present, and large bonnets ought not to be worn upon dress occasions; they are picturesque out of doors, but they are not adapted to a reception (in a drawing-room), to a theatre, where every one is entitled to an equal chance, or to a church, or a concert-room.

There are some modified shapes which are very handsome, and very becoming indeed; but it requires judgment to find them. These also are usually more expensive than the more showy styles, for they are composed of richer materials, and their ornaments are of a more costly character.

Plain velvet bonnets seem to have disappeared entirely. Plush and felt, the latter bordered with feather fur, or plush combined with beaded satin, are predominant; and the striking effect of these combinations is heightened by size, shape, high and varied color, and shading, and the picturesque posing of the profuse feather ornamentation.

Immense beaver bonnets, with bands of fur upon the brim and three to five ostrich plumes posed upon its edge, will, it is expected, be fashionable later; but every one cannot have these enormous head-coverings, so that the light of the sun will not be wholly excluded.

For the earlier fall season, and for young ladies' wear, there are very pretty feather toques and turbans in a great variety of styles. Some of these are so light that they can hardly be felt upon the head; and, as they require no additional trimming, they are not expensive; the price ranging from five to ten dollars. There are turbans also with feather crowns and plush brims, which are finished by a wing poised as an *aigrette*; this takes away from the flat appearance upon the head, and renders them more becoming. The prettiest are made from the speckled feathers of the common barn-yard fowl—a hint to girls living in the country.



LADIES' WALKING COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—This graceful costume is composed of a dress of canonesse blue serge trimmed with bands of blue velvet, and a jacket of "coachman's" drab English cloth. The designs illustrated are the "Melissa" overskirt, arranged with a shawl-pointed apron draped in plaits at the left side, and in two clusters of shirring at the right, over a short walking-skirt of serge, trimmed all around the bottom with a knife-plaiting headed by a *chicorée* ruche or horizontal *jabot*; and the "Granville" jacket, double-breasted and tight-fitting, simply finished with rows of machine stitching and large, smoked pearl buttons. Square-crowned blue felt hat, the brim wide and rolled all around, faced with blue velvet, and a long drab ostrich plume drooping across the front and over the right side. Price of overskirt patterns, thirty cents. Jacket patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

FIG. 2.—A stylish dress of brown silk and woolen armure

is completed by a graceful pelisse of brown mixed cloth. The cloak is in circular shape, with plaitings set in the lower part of the back seam to give the required fullness, and openings are cut in the sides to admit of the insertion of the graduated plaitings that form the sleeves. The collar is simply a circular plaiting set on the neck of the pelisse with a narrow heading. The hat is a unique shape, with brown satin crown, and a scarf of *écaru* ploughed plush lightly twisted around it, and fastened with gilt slides. Natural ostrich tips and a short plume complete the trimming. The design illustrated is the "Grosvenor" pelisse. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

Low-necked Dresses.

HERE are some things which the increasing sense and intelligence of women, their larger opportunities and share in the greater activities should teach them to avoid, and one of these is the low-necked dress. The uncovered neck, and especially the uncovered bust, has grown, in the light of stronger personal responsibility, into an abomination which ought to condemn it with all right-minded women, and crush it out of existence. There is no more reason why this part of the body should be left uncov-

ered than any other part of the body; if some women choose to do it for immodest purposes, let it be understood that they are immodest women, and that it is a badge rather than a fashion. The difficulty now is that an almost obsolete custom still carries the weight of authority, and justifies the few who still lend themselves to the perpetuation of so absurd, indelicate, and in reality unbecoming a style. Young women consider that what has been may or must still be, and not only endeavor to court admiration, in this way, without a blush, but without any realization of the thoughts and scorn in the minds of men, or the imputations which these convey. The covering of the neck has become so nearly universal that an exposed one is always a mark for comment and inuendo. Let low-necked dresses henceforth be tabooed, and the dressy effect be produced by the softness of lace, or the opportunities afforded by the square or V-shaped bodice.

Novelties in Winter Fabrics.

AMONG the newest things must be reckoned the plushes, because it is so recently that plush has been used as a material for dresses. Heretofore plush has been considered suitable for furniture covering only; but the desire for "something new" has led to the impressing into the service of dress whatever can be made effective or available.

And certainly plush is effective. Its depth and capacity for holding light, color, and warmth, make it one of the most becoming of fabrics, especially to delicate, fair-tinted persons, to whom it serves as a wonderful background. Last season plushes were plain; that is, in solid colors. This year they are striped and ribbed, and gotten up in an immense variety of patterns and shadings. Olive colors are often arranged in a pattern resembling olives, or small olive-shaped leaves laid one over another in a feather design. The Terry plushes are also very handsome, and are not unfrequently used for the crown of a bonnet, the leaf pattern being employed for the brim. Most of the fancy plushes are designed for bonnets and hats, the plain and striped being better adapted for combination with dress materials, such as fine wool and *satin merveilleux* and *moire antique*.

The revival of *moire antique* may be considered almost in the light of the production of a novelty, it having been out of fashion so long. A great effort has been made to bring it up and restore its lost prestige a number of times within the past five years, but they have signally failed; and it is doubtful if this so-called revival will do more than add another to our list of trimming fabrics. Just now it is the height of elegance to have as rich or even richer material for the lining and trimming than for the body part of the costume. "Lining" with many, in this sense, means simply a facing, which occasionally shows by the turnings of the edge, and, as the interior of a garment rarely shows to more than this extent, the economist is as well off as her more lavish sister. Thus *moire antique* has taken its place with satin as a lining; and this will tend to displace both for outside wear, that is, as a material for dresses and cloaks. White, pink, and old gold *moire antique* come from Paris as linings for elegant opera cloaks of white *Sicilienne* and *satin merveilleux*, enriched with fringes and *passementeries* of silk, silk cord, and pearls or rice beading.

In rich brocades the most marvelous things have been effected; and the size of the designs, and their striking character, quite preclude their employment for entire toilets. They are combined, therefore, with *satin merveilleux*, or *satin Rhadames*, which forms the draped or plaited front of the dress, the brocade forming the Princess back and sleeves, or train and basque, or *moyenage* bodice and train. This combination affords an opportunity for contrast of color as well as material, and the most striking are allowable. For example: A train of mastic brocade, upon which ostrich feathers seem to be thickly laid—so perfect is the design—will exhibit a shirred front of coral-red *satin merveilleux*, outlined with white lace *en cascade*, or with a *passementerie* of magnificent amber and ruby beads mixed with silk or chenille. Fern and feather patterns are the favorites; but there are also exquisite lace designs, which are used instead of satin for the fronts of rich robe-dresses, and simulate the rows, or ruffles, in point or Spanish lace laid across the front of the tablier.

Satin merveilleux cannot be called a novelty, but it has at once stepped into high favor; and is, at present, one of the most popular silk fabrics in existence, and is used for the greatest variety of purposes. It is a fine, twilled, satin-fin-

ished silk which wears beautifully, drapes easily, and combines readily with other and richer fabrics. In light, bright shades, such as cream, pink, coral-red, or blue, it makes up into lovely evening dresses, and contrasts charmingly with the masses of pale-tinted lace which are now so fashionable. *Satin merveilleux* divides the honors with nun's veiling and other fine and semi-diaphanous materials for evening wear; and both are so susceptible of graceful and becoming arrangement that they leave nothing to be desired.

The introduction of gold and silver thread and embroidered effects into gauzes and tissues of various kinds, gives a brilliant variety to the materials for evening wear, and for the making of the numerous *fantaisies* for the neck and scarf arrangements for trimming, which are employed almost universally with more or less of skill and taste. These glittering effects are not so much out of place in thin tissues used for ornamental purposes, but we must protest against their employment in woolen fabrics where the first essential is capacity for service; tinsel threads, or designs in such a connection, are eminently "matter in the wrong place."



Grosvenor Pelisse.—This novel and elegant model is in circle shape, with curved openings cut in the sides to admit the graduated plaitings that serve for sleeves. The necessary fullness is supplied by a fan-plaited *quille* inserted in the back seam below the waist. A plaited "Pierrot" collar completes the design, which is suitable for a variety of goods, almost any material that is used for street or traveling cloaks being appropriate. The plaitings may or may not be of a different material, and it may be trimmed in accordance with the goods selected; rows of machine stitching, as illustrated, are the most stylish finish for cloth and similar goods. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price thirty cents each.

"What to Wear"

Is too well known to need more than the announcement of its appearance for the Autumn and Winter of 1881-82. Its practical character has already secured for it 60,000 circulation, and it has only to be seen for every lady to place herself on the list of its subscribers. What it tells is just what every woman wants to know in regard to her own or children's wardrobe. Price, fifteen cents, post free.

Send order at once to MME. DEMOREST, 17 E. 14th Street, New York, or any of the Agencies.


Misses' Costumes.

FIG. 1.—This stylish costume of olive-bronze cashmere, for a miss of fourteen, illustrates the "Frances" basque and "Barbette" skirt. The skirt is trimmed all around the bottom with a deep, box-plaited flounce, and the overskirt has a draped apron trimmed with a narrow box-plaiting, and a *bouffant* back drapery falling in two square tabs which are trimmed all around with bands of olive-bronze watered silk, bands of the same width ornamenting the box-plaitings. The basque is cut quite short all around, and lengthened to the required depth by a similar box-plaiting, and the collar and cuffs are composed of box-plaited ruffles of cashmere, edged with bands of watered silk. Belt, waist-bow, and cravat-bow of olive-bronze watered silk. Bronze fur felt hat, with *satin merveilleux* scarf and gold-colored ostrich trimmed feathers. The double illustrations of the skirt and basque are given among the separate fashions. Skirt patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five

cents each. Patterns of basque in sizes for from ten to sixteen. Price, twenty cents each.


FIG. 2.—A charming illustration of the "Marcelle" costume, made in dark-blue pressed flannel, with scarf and shoulder-cape of gay *bayadère* striped Surah. The Gabrielle dress is trimmed around the bottom with two tucked and gathered flounces, the upper one headed by the Surah sash which is tied in a large bow at the back. The Surah shoulder-cape is shirred all around the neck in "Mother Hubbard" style, and tied in front with a ribbon bow. The tan-colored, loose-wristed gloves of wash leather are drawn up over the tight sleeves. The wide-brimmed hat, turned up at the left side, is of dark blue felt, faced with mole-skin plush, and trimmed with a wreath of dark blue and gold ostrich tips. The costume is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Jersey Suits.

MONG the pretty "Jersey" suits are some in new heather mixtures, dark olive and gold, with a suspicion of red, accompanied by a dark, plaid scarfing material containing the colors, and used for the folds around the body, and a trimming for the neck and sleeves. The plaided material is fringed upon the ends in silks of the varied colors of the plaid.

Very stylish Jersey suits in plain wool have double folds of *satin merveilleux*, turned upwards and forming a pocket upon the right side. The basque, or jacket is cut with small square pockets and is double breasted from the line of the bust, but fitted with the greatest accuracy. There is a narrow standing, and also a turn-down coat collar, the latter forming *revers*.

Children's Costumes.

MERICAN ideas have been accepted abroad as the standard for children's clothing, and the American kilted Princesse dress as one that can hardly be improved upon. From this there is only one appeal, that is to the "Jersey," which hardly differs, excepting in making the kilted flouncing an essential part of the skirt, instead of trimming it on, or only inserting it in the back.

Children now are very picturesquely, and at the same time very simply and charmingly attired. Their clothing consists of two or three layers containing more or less warmth according to the season, and they are thoroughly protected, if properly dressed without injurious weight, or hindrance to growth and development.

The utmost refinement in simple materials is now obtainable, and daintiness in cotton or linen, warmth, and lightness in wool, are much more desirable than flimsiness in silk. One of the merits to economical mothers of the present styles is that they require but a small amount of material, and it is therefore more easy to get that which is of the best in quality and design. The woolen materials of

MISSES' COSTUMES.

the present season are well adapted for children's wear, because they are so neat, yet so attractive in their cassimere and heather mixtures. They are also accompanied by clustered, striped, or plaided trimming in well blended shades and patterns, which adapt themselves admirably to the kiltings, and scarf-like folds or drapery which forms their principal ornamentation.

Plush is too heavy in the best qualities, and too flimsy in the inferior ones to be useful or suitable for children, but there is a new make of velveteen, the "Nonpareil," which is well adapted to their requirements, having the appearance of a light silk plush, rather than of cotton velvet. This may be used for plain suits, consisting of skirt and deep jacket; for little coats, red shade is best for this purpose, trimmed with Russian lace; and for boys' suits, which are most usefully made in black, or very dark blue, indigo shade.

Combination under-clothing is best, both for boys and girls, and for school wear, over the corded waist, worn by girls, it is an excellent plan to arrange a skirt of the same material as the dress, to be buttoned on to the waist by broad, two inch tapes attached to a yoke fitted round the hips, but its top held two inches below the waist-line. Such a skirt is warm, neat, and clean for winter wear. It saves washing, and reduces the amount of under-clothing. It may be buttoned on to a slip waist if preferred, but if the dress is wool, and the skirt the same, and the under-wear a warm merino suit beneath combination drawers, which serve as chemise, corded corset cover and drawers combined, there will be no need for flannel skirts; and thus a troublesome item is got rid of.

Hose for children are dark, and self-colored. Black, and dark-brown hose are worn even with light and white dresses, the dark color reappearing in the sash or hat. Very large hats, or poke bonnets, are put upon the merest babies, if they can walk, and the effect is very odd and quaint; very long dark stockings, very large collars, and a generally antique gravity of cut and style distinguish the dress of boys up to twelve years of age; after that they are given over to the tailors. But the "little men" suits, consisting of jacket, vest, and trowsers, have disappeared mainly, and been replaced by Spanish suits of black velvet, with deep jackets, large needlework collars, or jabots of lace, soft Rembrandt caps, and long black hose, which if they are slender, and American boys usually are, make them look as if they had been sitting for the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet."

One of the pretty variations from the "Jersey," for girls of ten or twelve years, will be found in the "Marcelle" costume which is complete, and can therefore be worn in the fall and spring, or in a mild climate without additional outdoor garment. The design is adapted to the heather cloths, and pretty woolen serges of the season, the ruffles being tailor-stitched as a finish, and the only ornamentation required the scarf sash in a striped or plaided material, or contrasting color, or fabric, such as we have described. A shirred "Mother Hubbard" cape completes the suit.

A design for skirt, and simple, well-fitting basque is given in the "Barbette," and Frances models. This costume can be made in a combination of plain material, with the fashionable shaded stripe, and will make a very effective suit. The collar, and additional depth given to the basque is obtained by side-plaiting; and this must be arranged with some care, if the striped material is used, in order that particular stripes may not predominate, unless this effect should happen to be desired.

The "Stuart" suit consists of a kilted skirt, mounted upon a half-fitting under-waist, and a deep jacket cut out in tabs, and trimmed with doubled galloon, and small silk, or flat gilt buttons. It is a simple, yet very stylish little suit, requiring only three yards and a half of tweed in a heather mixture, or velveteen, twenty-four inches wide. The under

waist, of course, should be of lining, faced in front with the material of the suit. The "Riverside" riding-habit is for Misses and for a girl of fourteen years, and may be made of three yards and three-quarters of cloth forty-eight inches wide, with one yard and three-quarters additional for the trowsers. The pattern has the knee-gore which enables the skirt to fall in even folds around the limbs when the wearer is seated upon her horse, her right knee lifted over the pommel of her saddle. The basque and whole design of this habit is very neat and accurate, and we recommend it to girls who are about to attend riding-schools, as they will find no impediment in their dress, which is so often the case where it is badly or improperly cut and important features omitted.

The hats for children show little, if any change. Felts, both rough and smooth, beavers and feather hats, are all in high vogue. The trimmings are cords, pompons, and smooth feathers; the shapes generally oval, with upturned or rolled brims.



Barbette Skirt.—This stylish model is composed of a gored underskirt, trimmed all around the bottom with a deep box-plaited flounce, and an overskirt having a draped apron trimmed with a narrow box-plaiting, and a *bouffant* back drape falling in two square tabs. The design is suitable for any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed as illustrated, with bands of contrasting material, or rows of braid, according to taste and the material employed. The front view of this is shown elsewhere in combination with the "Frances" basque. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Marcelle Costume.—This simple and easily arranged costume is composed of a tight-fitting princess or Gabrielle dress,

upon which two tucked and gathered flounces are placed; the upper one headed by a broad scarf or sash which is tied at the back in a large bow. The dress is fitted with darts in front, side forms rounded to the armholes, and is fastened in the back. A small shoulder-cape shirred all around the neck in "Mother Hubbard" style completes the design, which is adapted to any class of dress goods. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Frances Basque.—Tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side of the front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, this basque, although novel in arrangement, is thoroughly practical and simple in design. The basque is quite short all around, and lengthened to rather more than the depth of an ordinary cuirass basque by the addition of a side plaiting joined to the lower edge of the basque all round. Similar plaiting forms the collar and cuffs, and the sleeves are cut

in ordinary coat style. This model is suitable for any class of dress goods, and requires no trimming excepting the plaitings. This design is shown elsewhere in combination with the "Barbette" skirt. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Stuart Suit.—Composed of a kilt-plaited skirt mounted upon a half-fitting under-waist, and a half-fitting jacket cut in square tabs around the bottom, this simple little suit is practical as well as stylish. A simulated vest-front is cut in



extension on the front of the jacket, which is fitted with a deep dart taken out under each arm, and it has a French back. A sailor collar and coat sleeves complete the design, which is suitable for cloth, tweed, heather mixture, flannel or any of the goods usually selected for small boys' dresses. Bindings and false buttonholes of silk braid and buttons furnish all the trimming required. One view of this suit is shown in the full page engraving. Patterns in sizes for four and six years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Owl's feathers set closely together, and trimmed off to give a plush-like effect, compose a very stylish feather turban for a young lady. An owl's head is added upon one side by way of ornament.

Emily Faithfull on Nonpareil Velveteen.



HE most fashionable material for autumn and winter costumes is undoubtedly the Nonpareil Velveteen. This beautiful fabric is entirely free from the defects of the old makes of Velveteen. Its texture is soft and supple, which causes it to drape in most graceful folds; its colors have a deep rich tone, and in appearance it is with difficulty distinguishable from the best Lyons Silk Velvet at four times the price. The black is of a specially pure tone, and will not fade nor spot from the effects of sun or rain, and the same remark applies to all the other colors in which it is produced, and which certainly surpass in depth and purity of tone those of all other similar materials. It makes up elegantly for full costumes, princess robes, coat bodices, and plain skirts, and also is used for trimmings and hats. It is already a thoroughly established favorite here, and cannot fail to become as popular on the other side of the Atlantic; but ladies must be careful to obtain the genuine article, which bears the trade mark "Nonpareil Velveteen" on the back of every second yard.



"APPLE PIE ORDER" is probably a corruption of Alpha Beta, and means nothing more than alphabetical or regular order.

"ALICE W."—The ombré effects are carried out in the stripes and checks for fall wear, and are very effective upon the dark olive and bronze shades. The ombré tints are more subtle than those of last season, and produce finer effects. Stripes are wide, but are composed of narrow clustered and shaded lines. Our illustrated designs will give you models for making. Some very good ones were also given in the last number of the Magazine in the "Mirabel" costume and the "Giulia" walking skirt.

"IGNORAMUS."—"Æsthetic," according to Webster, means something that "pertains to the science of taste or beauty;" it may be supposed, therefore, to signify at present and in the abstract, taste and cultivated thought as bestowed upon dress. For the world in general it represents only certain local ideas in dress which have obtained a great vogue in London, are rapidly extending to Paris, and have already found their way more or less to New York. Their merit lies chiefly in their originality, their revival of old and picturesque forms, and their adaptation to the requirements of young girls and children. They are "unconventional," and it is the fashion now to be unconventional; but they are also sensible in many ways; they make war upon hoops and unnatural protuberances of all kinds, and maintain a hold upon the short skirt for walking and street wear, which deserves acknowledgment. The æsthetic also abhors starch no less than crinoline, and has emphasized the favor which had already of late years been bestowed upon soft, natural, and undressed fabrics and clinging materials. Any quantity of ridicule has been poured out upon the æsthetic element as seen in society, and some of it is absurd enough for a caricature; but there is an idea in it nevertheless, and it at least assists to give that variety which in dress, as in other things, is the "spice" of life.

"RHODA BROUGHTON."—"Poppæa" was a famous, or rather infamous, Roman who is said to have been the first woman that wore a mask on her face when going abroad, in order to protect her complexion from the rays of the sun. Whenever she made any excursion from Rome she was followed by a train of five hundred asses, whose milk furnished her with a bath for preserving the fairness and softness of her skin. She was the inventress also of a species of pomade made of bread soaked in asses' milk, and laid over the face at night.

"LUCY."—Rowland's maccassar oil is as good as any. After the hair has been washed and well dried, it is a good plan for those who find their hair gaining a tendency to fall out, to rub into the skin of the head a little oil or pomade obtained from beef marrow clarified and scented; it restores the essential oil of which washing with soap, bay rum, or ammonia deprives the hair, which grows less as we grow older, and the loss of which causes the hair to turn gray.

"AUNTIE."—The best way to preserve pears is to make a sweet pickle of them. Take juicy Bartletts, Bergalows, or Duchess pears; peel them, and stick half a dozen cloves into each. Make a syrup of half a pint of vinegar to three and a-half pounds of granulated sugar; and into this put a couple of pieces of green ginger, and thin chips of lemon cut from the outside of two smooth, oily lemons. Add the juice of one lemon, and boil all till the syrup is clear. Put in the pears, and boil gently till they are clear also; take out with a skimmer, remove the ginger; reduce the syrup one-third, pour over the pears hot, and keep them in tight jars—self-sealing glasses are best.

"RENOVATOR."—It would probably be more trouble and more expense to find a dado that would harmonize with the paper on your walls than to remove the whole and have new paper as well as dado. Besides, in putting new with the old the freshness of color would render the age of the other more obvious, and though of different design, greater variety in color, and divided, it is to be supposed, by a border from the upper wall, yet the general tone or quality ought to be the same, and certainly show no very marked difference. If you are near a good center of supplies you can test the matter for yourself very easily; if not, unless you can arrange an original dado on a plain surface matching your grey wall paper, we do not see how you are going to manage it, as there would hardly be the remotest chance of finding what you want at a distance, excepting of a special and costly kind made for the purpose.

"YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER."—It is a very good plan to keep something on hand that you can add to your tea-table if your husband brings home unexpected guests, and at the same time something that will not force you to burn your face over the fire, as you must occupy the head of your table even if you are your own cook. Broiled ham and poached eggs are always welcome, and are not much trouble when fires are kept. Potted meats are useful, or veal cake; and when it is the season for mince pies, a good home-made mince pie will stamp your housekeeping as superlative with the lovers of that popular dish. Variety in bread is very desirable, and there is nothing more simple yet so difficult to find as hot waffles, light and good. Waffles can be mixed while the waffle iron is heating, and being warm, they are doubly welcome as a tea dish, where everything is usually cold except the tea. Stewed, canned, or preserved fruit is an essential element, but cake should be abolished, or its use limited. Custards with jelly and a whip on the top, an omelet, or a dish of floating islands, are all useful, and pretty adjuncts to the tea-table. But do not make the mistake of being too formal, or trying to have too much. If you have cream, a very nice dish for tea is the cold hominy or oatmeal left from breakfast put in a mould which has been dipped in cold water, and turned out firm and smooth. Cut in slices, add a tablespoonful of jam, or preserve, and pour cream over. This is good enough for a king.—Velvet skirts are more fashionable now than they have been for some time. Why not match the shade of velvet and make a basque, or get a wool for an over-dress, and make it with velvet collar and cuffs to match the skirt. Or a more dressy method would be to find a small figured brocade with black ground, or a narrow striped velvet and satin for a basque. But we should not advise a garnet velvet jacket with black velvet skirt, as the cost would be high, and the effect not good.—Clean your vinegar bottles with soda.

"PILGRIM."—Velvet or plush of the same shade would trim your dark blue, and wine-colored wool very nicely; but if you like color, there are ombré stripes for trimming, which are so varied, that there is little doubt something could be found to harmonize with the two shades.—It is quite common for young ladies to go abroad unattended with one of Cook's personally conducted excursion parties, and there is no reason why it should be considered in the least "fast" or improper, provided the young lady is a sensible and well-behaved person. The cost for a three months' trip would not be over \$500, for the ticket alone.—Sailor hats have not been worn by young women for some time; they are confined to school hats for children. The fashionable traveling hat worn by young ladies during the past summer was scoop-shaped, and projected over the forehead.—It ought not to be necessary for "etiquette" to tell any one that it is proper to thank people when they have done us a favor, or striven to give us pleasure.—Your method of wearing your hair has been out of date for a long time. It is several years now since it became common to wear the hair in a simple massive braid, or twist, and in waves across the forehead. The rows of what are vulgarly known as spit curls is a local American fashion, not seen elsewhere; and a vile one at that, neither cleanly, or becoming.—Your handwriting is crude, your spelling faulty, try and improve them.

"COUNTRY GIRL."—"Diaphanic" tiles is the name given to the new substitute for stained and ground glass. It is in thin, transparent sheets, toned so that very fine blendings of color may be produced; it may be attached to glass, as it does not require gum, and is perfectly water-proof, so that windows, or glass doors, covered with the tiles may be washed without injury.

"INQUISITIVE READER."—We should advise cretonne both for chair and curtain, no fringe, but ruffles of the chintz if desired. Abroad chintz in small patterns is preferred to cretonne, and the edge is often ruffled; plain goods in solid colors are not now used; figured woolen reps, and raw silk figured, and in blended colors, are the materials in common use for covering furniture. Lambrequins should be of the same material as the curtains, and chintz for a chamber with a fall at the top would be in better taste than Nottingham lace with colored lambrequins. There is a black, and also a gold liquid paint, which are used for decoration, but do not spoil natural wood-work by trying to make it look like ebony. These liquid paints may be used upon wood to trace small designs, but they are principally used upon pottery. If your wood-work looks "streaked,"

wash it off with hot water and soda; rub down with sand-paper, and then vigorously with linseed oil; this treatment will darken it in time.

"JENNIE."—It is not necessary to inquire for the hostess on entering, but if she does not make her appearance during your call, as she probably will, you should leave a card for her with the friend who is her visitor. The simplest form of congratulation is the best, but its wording should depend somewhat upon the degree of friendship, or intimacy subsisting between you and the bride. To the mere acquaintance you would say, "you have my very best wishes," or, "allow me to congratulate you;" but to the *friend*, your heart would dictate a little more warmth of expression.

"Mrs. A. E. N."—Your best way would be to cut over the skirt of your watered silk, and make a coat basque of striped watered silk and satin to wear with it. The edge of the skirt at the back you could finish with a ruche of platu trimming satin, and in front with fine knife pleating set under a battlemented edge. The "Ernestine" would be a good design for you, and easily deepened if you prefer it longer. There are such pretty plain and cashmere finished flannels, and other fine all-wool goods for babies' winter dresses, that one is embarrassed by riches. There are very narrow stripes, which are pretty, and may be trimmed with lace, but plain colors are more dressy when handsomely embroidered or braided neatly. Both are used, but embroidery is the more fashionable of the two. We are not competent to give an opinion, not having tried them.

"N. A. S."—A black straw, a small "poke" shape, lined with black velvet, and trimmed with black velvet, and black ostrich feathers would be becoming to you; and could be worn all winter in Bermuda. We should also recommend for best, a plain black velvet walking suit, skirt, and jacket, the latter lined where necessary with satin, and untrimmed save with old silver buttons. A second walking-dress might be of very dark green camel's-hair, with kilted skirt, and deep basque, bonnet of dark stone, or écreu felt, with dark green velvet lining and feathers. Broad satin strings of the same shade. Dark green tie, barred with fine lines of red, old gold, and black. You should wear black and white a good deal, but not blue or light green.

"MIGNONETTE."—Plush is a very fashionable material for suits, and also for trimmings and bonnets. In the fine qualities it is not objectionable, as it looks more like a silken fur than furniture covering. Dark leaf-green, brown, seal and coffee shades, and red of a deep poppy tint, are the fashionable colors. Very stylish walking-suits are made both of plush and plain Lyons velvets, consisting of plain skirt and jacket, the lapels lined with satin, and collar lined with satin; but no trimming on the exterior save buttons on the jacket, unless a kilting let into the sides and back of the skirt can be called so, and which is altogether optional.

"AMBITIOUS."—The "Art Students' League" would probably furnish the best school for you at moderate cost. For attendance upon all the classes, every day of the week, the payment for the entire season is only \$125; to members \$70. But you can select your own classes, and pay by the month. The cost of lessons in single classes, ranging from \$5 to \$16 per month, according to their importance and the frequency with which they are taken. The "Perspective" lectures are free to students in other classes; so also the "Composition" class. The "Sketch" class is free to students of Life, Portrait and Antique classes. The instructors are J. Carroll Beckwith and C. Y. Turner, in Drawing, Painting, Life and Antique Classes; W. M. Chase, Drawing, and Painting Portraits; T. W. Dewing, Composition; J. S. Hartley, Modeling, and Artistic Anatomy; and Frederick Dielman, Perspective—all excellent in their departments.

"MADGE."—"Style's out of date, and love, as a profession, acquires no aid from beauty of expression," is from "The Love-Letter," by Austin Dobson, and may be found in "Vignettes in Rhyme," and other verses, published quite recently by Holt & Co., with an introduction by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman.

"PET."—"Banbury" cakes are named from the town of Banbury in England, where they acquired their celebrity. They consist of a kind of mince-meat, very delicious, placed between squares of flaky pastry, baked a very light brown, and sugared. The following is the correct recipe: Stone and chop a large cup of fine raisins; chop also equal parts of lemon, citron, and candied orange-peel, half a small teacup-full when chopped. Add the juice and grated peel of a large lemon, one egg beaten very light, and a small cup of granulated sugar. Mix these ingredients together very thoroughly—make a firm, but light and flaky, crust, which roll out as thin as possible, on a lightly-floured board, and score in diamond shapes or small checks. Cut in squares, spread the smooth inner side with the mince, and cover with another square, like a sandwich. Make the edges even, and bake a light brown, powdering with sugar before serving. They will be found a delicious variation from cake for lunch or tea.

"PUZZLED."—Sweeping statements are usually false, or at least convey

a false impression, though there may be a grain of truth in them. Shawls are both fashionable and unfashionable. They do not take the place of cloaks and mantles, but they occupy a well-defined place of their own as movable wraps, and as an addition to the costume during the autumn and spring, when winter cloaks are too heavy, and summer wraps too light. A cloth jacket at these seasons is a useful and suitable garment for young women, but older ladies require something more stately and dignified; and a handsome shawl, which can be kept year after year—such as an India cashmere—is always rich and distinctive, and is a most valuable permanent acquisition, as much so now as ever it was.

"BORN 'NEW YORKER.'"—New York has no public library at all comparable to the National Library at Paris, which is the largest in the world, the library of the British Museum or the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, which rank next. The Congressional Library at Washington, the Boston Public Library, and the Harvard Collection are the largest aggregation of books in this country. But our largest libraries, with their two or three hundred thousand volumes, are small compared with the millions abroad.

"MRS. M. W."—The Woman's Congress is announced to meet on Oct. 19th, 20th and 21st, at St. James' Hall, corner of Eagle and Washington streets, Buffalo, New York. Twelve papers are promised, on such subjects as the following: "Scientific Openings for Women," "Rescue Work," "The Ideal Home," "Factory Girls," etc. Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, of England, and Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney are the principal speakers. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will doubtless preside.

"SNARLEY."—Do not braid your hair if it is fine and curly; it is only heavy, straight hair that should be braided. Curly hair of a light quality is lost in a braid; put it up in a loose twist, or divide it in three parts, arrange the center in a loose "French" twist, fastening it with a small comb, and then loosely pin the two other strands around it, crossing them at the back, and concealing the ends under the edges. You may have a little waved front across the forehead, or a few flat curls.

"BABY."—Such interest might as you say be considered a "little step," but it would be by no means a guarantee of success. There would be no impropriety, at least not necessarily, in accepting such a gift under such circumstances; but would you not feel better, and more independent to appear in such a dress as you could afford to pay for? And if your friend desires to show his interest, let it take some other form.

"MARCIA."—If you tie your hair at all it must be loosely, and with a soft silk galloon. It is better not to tie it at all. Our illustrations furnish charming methods of arranging the hair in ways adapted to all kinds of hair, and every variety of head and face. A pretty way for you if you *must* tie your hair, is to tie it low, take it up with a comb in a straight puff, and allow the curls to fall over the top, which should not be as high as the top of the head, unless it is more becoming to you to dress your hair high, then you can grade it to suit. Fashion in hair-dressing is like fashion in other things just at present, it admits of a great diversity.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—Nothing of the kind has ever been invented; there is straight, heavy hair that will not curl, or if forced by heat or pressure to roll itself up, drops out at the first opportunity. Such hair is usually accompanied by a face that looks best with hair simply and classically braided. There is a difference in the formation of straight and curly hair, and until that can be changed nothing can be invented that will make straight hair curl "permanently."

"IGNORAMUS."—We do not know the P. O. address of the iron and alum springs in West Virginia, but perhaps some of our subscribers will kindly furnish it.

"WESTERN HOME.

"EDITORS DEMOREST.—I sent you a club this year, but the readers of the MAGAZINE are not limited to the number of its subscribers by any means. For instance, my own copy is exchanged with two friends for other publications of a different class, besides being loaned to one or two others, who will perhaps become subscribers if they can spare the money, although I have never asked them to do so, as it is a pleasure to furnish appreciative people with good reading matter, and those friends of mine enjoy the MAGAZINE so much that I gladly allow them to read it without money and without price, being amply repaid by their pleasure, especially as their good taste in literary matter is so well known that their good words are valued. One lady to whom I loaned my two first copies this year has since subscribed for herself; of course when I let a MAGAZINE go I expect it to be taken care of, and I must say it generally is returned all right, as my friends know how I valued them, and that I have them bound, I think we dwellers in country towns value magazines and papers more than people in cities, as we depend upon them to a great extent for our pleasures. You have lectures, theatres, operas, concerts, we rarely have anything of the kind. So our monthly magazines, our weekly and daily papers are the links connecting us with the great world; and in time we become so closely bound to our favorite books or papers, that it is really painful to do without them. Five years of 'DEMOREST'S'

cheerful, instructive company has made it one of our necessities. With a pattern and hints from it, I made myself a mantle this spring out of an old style silk overskirt, at a cost of four dollars, which compares favorably with one purchased ready made by a friend for thirteen dollars; and this is but one sample of its value to me. "E."

"M. B. T."—The ceremony should take place first; the breakfast immediately afterwards, ten o'clock would be a good hour for the ceremony, and this would enable you to get through with the breakfast, and leave by twelve. Wear your traveling dress minus hat, veil, and wrap. Wear white kid gloves to be married in, exchanging them afterwards for gloves matching your suit or undressed *écoré*. A linen ulster the latter part of October, and beginning of November would neither be handsome nor suitable, a dark tweed would be much more useful and appropriate. There is no change in the "style" of being married with a ring by a Presbyterian, it is always the same, the only difference is in the number of bridesmaids and other attendants, and that is a matter of convenience as well as fashion. At an informal wedding there is no need of bridesmaids, or bridal veil; these are part of the paraphernalia of display weddings, and belong to white satin and much expensive ceremony. The breakfast must of course be prepared beforehand (where a caterer is not employed), and nothing warm can be expected but tea and coffee. Care should be taken to have these good, and plenty of them. A fine dish or open basket of fruit and flowers should occupy the center of the table, and dishes of salad and sandwiches the corners. Dishes of chicken and turkey, cut and garnished, should be placed at intervals down the sides, the ornamental dishes and baskets of cake, Charlotte Russe, and single fruits occupying the middle; dishes of jelly, olives, sweetmeats, buttered biscuit, and the like, can fill up the spaces. Piles of plates of different sizes, piles of napkins, and an abundance of spoons, and knives and forks should occupy a side table with the cups and saucers.—We should not consider a wrapper suitable unless you are at home, or in the house of some near relative. A wrapper is scarcely tidy, much less dressy for a young married woman. Make a pretty house-dress of some soft woolen material, after the "Ethelreda" style, and then you will be able to see any one who may call upon you, or you are dressed for a carriage-drive, with the addition of a wrap.

"ALETHEA."—Our plate of costumes gives a clear, and perfectly correct idea of the details of the principal varieties of æsthetic dress. They present, to say the least, an odd appearance, and will not be likely to supersede the present sensible fashions with the majority. But as an "idea," as a novelty, as a departure from the ordinary party, and indoor dress for those who can afford to indulge their fancies, they are really quite "too too," for anything, "don't you know?"

European Letter—No. 9.

NAPLES AND POMPEII, *March 12, 1881.*

NAPLES, with its beautiful iris-colored bay, with its careless picturesque people, with its distant smoking mountain, lies now before our admiring eyes. We wander through its streets, or look far out at the white sails dotting the blue water, or drive about the country and feel almost as languid and as carelessly happy as these brown-skinned Neapolitans. There is a luxuriance and a dreaminess in the air, the influence of which one feels while breathing it. We started early one morning a few days since for a whole long day's drive in the environs of the city, and away along the bay into the country. The air was as warm and sunny as our June; the waters danced in the morning sun like a hundred big Kohinoors. The huge rocks—that are islands—looked misty and indistinct in the white mist. In the inlets of the shore the water took on deep indigo tints, while far out it was green, lighter blue, and sometimes with streaks of rainbow hues, according to the manner in which the light shone upon it. Overhead were the azure skies of Italy with bits of foamy white clouds sailing upon them. Our way lay along the beautiful bay shore over a smooth, hard road that goes back sometimes on the hills and sometimes by the water's edge. In the fields along one side of the drive wild red poppies were flaming like fire in the green grass. We stopped and pulled for ourselves bunches of these brilliant flowers together with white daisies and field grasses, and then drove rapidly along until we came to the village of Pozzuoli, which, from its position on a cliff overlooking the sea, had been in sight long before we reached it. This is the village where, it is believed, Paul landed and spent three days while on his way from Palestine to Rome. It is mentioned in the Bible, but is spelled as Puteoli. It is a col-

lection of "rocky" looking houses, built on a high point out in the water. The streets are narrow and stony, and go "up hill, down dale." Often we were obliged to alight and go on foot up and down these streets—they being either too narrow or too steep for the carriage to pass. Men came and offered us the aid of donkeys or of sedan chairs by which to mount the steep streets. Our first duty was to go and stand upon the very wharf where Paul landed; it was a dirty inodorous place, but we looked out over the sea and thought of the long, long ago, and wondered if indeed we were upon the same ground. Across from this wharf Caligula once built a bridge which reached to Baiæ, a village on the same shore, but separated from it by a small gulf or inlet. The only purpose this bridge serves now is to make a picturesque ruin. Behind the village of Pozzuoli, about a quarter of a mile, is the Solfatara, which is the extinct crater of a volcano. To visit this we were again forced to leave the carriage and walk in the hot sun up a narrow filthy lane which led to it. It seemed quite frightful when we walked through a pass in the sides of the crater, right across the bottom of it, though its fires have long been quenched. We walked quite across the bottom of what is now an enormous bowl. The burned out ashes of the earth was like a fine, white face powder, such as young ladies use upon their faces. I am sure that druggists living near here would not flourish in their trade of selling "Bloom of Youth, or Lily White!" Grasses and little flowers were growing where once the hot fires boiled and bubbled, though in places the ground is yet too hot to permit of vegetation. Though eight long centuries have elapsed since this huge mountain emptied its burning contents upon the town of Pozzuoli, and the surrounding country, yet the sulphurous smoke still issues from various spots in this white earth, which is so hot that the guides roast eggs in it for the wondering traveler. In a cave in the side of the crater the smoke pours in such volumes that one cannot enter it, and on approaching it one hears the angry hissing and bubbling, as if some of the fire was still burning there. As much as we could see of this cave was very beautiful, with the rocks inside encrusted with yellow sulphur. The guide darted in holding his breath, and chipped for us some specimens of this yellow-coated rock. He then took a huge round stone and dumped it down on the earth beneath our feet, it gave out a frightful hollow sound, as if the earth on which we stood were merely a thin crust, and made us start speedily to leave such insecure quarters. Quite near the Solfatara is a smooth round mountain, which they call New Mountain. It is well named, for in the eruption of 1538 it sprang up out of the sea in a single night, just like a bubble in a pot of mush. This big regular "bubble" is now covered with vegetation. Fancy going to sleep with plain ground before one's eyes, and waking in the morning to find a great mountain looming up! We soon left the village of Pozzuoli behind, and went farther on to the lake of Avernus. This looked very like the crater we were in in the morning, except that a lake fills the whole hollow of the bowl, leaving room enough around it for a carriage drive. These waters are nauseous from the poisonous vapors of the extinct volcano, and it is said that no bird can fly over it without dropping dead, because of the gases that arise from it. This is the very spot to which Hannibal came to sacrifice to Pluto, and the cave under it is the one where Virgil makes Æneas descend into the infernal regions. The guide wishes us also to descend, but we did not want to go there just yet! It must be very horrible from the noises and gases that still remain of the old volcano; and this dread and solitary place was a fitting one for Virgil to choose for the scene of his fearful story. After quitting this romantic and lonely lake, we drove on to the village of Baiæ. This is now but a few ruins with some people living among them; but in the days of Roman pomp and splendor, this was their fashionable watering place, like our Newport. The fine mineral baths attracted the wealthy and the gay. Here Julius Cæsar, Horace, Seneca, Virgil, and Pompey all had country homes. It seemed like a dream to be walking over the ground where their feet had been! We climbed about among the desolated ruins which stand upon a high cliff overlooking the sea; farther back are some ruined temples, one to Venus and one to Diana, where too, they say, she lies buried. We decided to rest among these artistic old ruins, for it was high noon-time, and the horses in a foam from our long drive.

We wandered on into a half ruined villa, where the people who lived there sold wines and bread. We went up on to the canopied roof of this place, where stood some little tables, and drank some of the famous Falernian wine which is made in this vicinity. It is delicious, like a sweet mild cider, yet it was not long until we felt the effects of it in our heads. And then we drank some "tears of Christ." Think of such a drink as that. Well, it is only a wine, which is so sweet and good that the peasants give it this precious name—"Lachryma Christi!" After refreshing ourselves in this way, and enjoying the cool breezes that blew off the sea, we started once more over the white dusty roads to where was another extinct volcano. What an upheaval of nature there has been in this region; where one goes out and in one crater after another! We went to this one that we might see the *Grotto del Cane*, which is, Cave of the Dog. It is a grotto in the side of the crater, which now does not look like a crater. For it is covered with grass and trees, and from it issues out of the ground choking fumes of carbonic acid gas. This settles for several feet above the bottom, and above that is pure air. So that one can stand upright in it with perfect safety; but to bend the head low enough to meet the poisonous fumes would soon end in death. To illustrate this they keep at the entrance a pretty white puppy, which they introduce into the bottom of the cave, and allow him to remain until he becomes insensible. Ten minutes suffice to kill the dog, but before that time he is taken to the air to recover. We protested against this cruel part of the programme as the guide started to untie him, that we might witness the deadly effects of the gas; so doggie was allowed to go free. He had been tremblingly crouched in one corner where we entered, evidently fearing from past experience what he must undergo; but he seemed to understand at once that he was to be released, and jumped upon us with delight. We saw torches lighted and put in the vapor, where they were at once extinguished, and then we started back to Naples. The sun was casting long cool shadows on the green grass as we went toward home. We passed the tomb of Virgil as we neared the city; it looks not unlike the round, white *koubahs* one finds among the Mohammedans, and thus we finished an interesting day. The next day we spent in "wanderings in the past," for we went to where the buried city of Pompeii is being uncovered to the eyes of the nineteenth century. As we drove out through the suburbs of Naples toward the mountain of Vesuvius, and beyond to the city of Pompeii, it seemed that we went through miles of macaroni hanging on bamboo sticks drying in the sun. Every dirty hovel was ornamented with the long strings of drying macaroni. Men, women and babies sat in promiscuous groups before the doors; old croons of women sat with the curly heads of children in their laps, engaged in a very "crawly" operation, that of picking, with thumb and finger, the insects from their hair. It made us ill to think of the dirt we must have eaten in this same macaroni. As we approached Pompeii, the region grew ashy and desolate. We went for some miles through the choking dusty roads, and then drew up before a gate. Descending, we paid our entrance fee, then walked through this gate, behind the tall walls, and on to where the rows of roofless walls and the long narrow streets that one sees in European cities yet met us. Just at the entrance is the museum, where many of the objects that have been dug up are shown. It seemed so real, so sad, and so strange to be looking upon the things they were daily using and wearing, when overtaken by the volcano. There were the rings and bracelets of gold, the finely carved cameos, the chains and ornaments, the powders and perfumes that were used by the beauties of ages ago. There were the dishes of food as they had been spread upon the table, now only blackened remains. There were charred grapes, candies, nuts, pots of porridge as when on the fire, loaves of bread, lamps, kitchen utensils, and, saddest of all, a number of skeletons: one of these, the beautiful form of a woman, was found only three years ago. These skeletons are puttied over with cement, partly to preserve the crumbling bones, and partly because they were not complete. Poor, agonized creatures, what a death they met! and no voice is left to tell the tale save these mouldering bones! We felt rather saddened as we walked through the desolated and forsaken city. It was as if we were walking through a cemetery—as indeed we were. One-third has been already uncovered, but much remains to be still uncovered. The streets of the disinterred part have been cleaned off,

and look as though they might be ready to border by houses to-day. The pavements are in a perfect state of preservation; at each corner are broad stepping-stones. In the paving stones one still sees the ruts that were worn by chariot wheels in the days when Glaucus, the handsome young Greek, drove his fiery steeds through the streets. Everything portable in the houses has been taken away to the museums, but the beautiful mosaic floors remain, and even a few of the frescoes have been left, though the most perfect of these have been cut out and carried off to the museums also. The houses seem to have been Moorish in style, with double courts, and a fountain in each small bed chamber are at the sides of these, with dining and cooking apartments in the rear. They must have been very artistic and beautiful when the frescoes, pillars, and mosaics were bright and new, when white statues stood here and there, and fountains cast their sprays into the marble basins. It is most wonderful to see the skill and taste they exhibited away back in those pagan days. With all the science and skill of our present age we do not make more beautiful things now. We went into the house of the gay Glaucus, and into that of the rich Diomed, of Cicero, and of Sallust, of all of which Bulwer writes so glowingly. In Diomed's house we went into the dining-room where the choice dinner of nightingales' tongues and snow-dusted salads was served the night of the terrible destruction. I was surprised to find the dining-rooms of all the houses so small, yet according to their old rule of hospitality, they did not require larger ones. The rule was this: "The number at dinner must not exceed nine—the number of the 'Muses'—nor be less than three—the number of the 'Graces.'" We went down into the wine cellars of Diomed's house; it was here where the terrified people whose skeletons we saw in the museum took refuge. The cellars are circular roofed tunnels; along the sides are earthen receptacles for wine; in the roof are apertures admitting the light of day. It was through these that the fine ashes and sulphur smoke came, smothering the ill-fated creatures to death. The house supposed to be that of Sallust is large, and has been one of the finest. In the inner private room some of the mural decorations have been left. A large fresco of Diana, surprised at the bath by Acteon, who is punished for looking upon her by being eaten by hounds, is still bright and vivid. The public baths are yet in a good state of preservation; there are two larger rooms—one for women, the other for men, and outside a large conversation room for both, where no doubt they gossiped and flirted, as fashionable people do now. One of the streets, which must have been the public way, is bordered by tombs—just as we see in Rome, on the old Appian way. But we were anxious to go to where the workmen were still excavating. The guide therefore led the way up in the large field which still covers the buried city, and we walked across it, to where the men were digging, daisies and field grasses were growing over them, as if upon graves. I had supposed until I came here that it would be an easy matter to dig these houses out, and rather anticipated fishing some treasure out on the point of my parasol; but as I stood and watched the slow and toilsome work of these men, I realized why it has taken so many years to bare even the little they have done. But a few men are kept working at once, and these are closely watched that no jewel is lost to the government. They must dig with the utmost care in the hard soil of ashes and lava, lest they injure the walls; they use strong props as they work, to prevent the weight of the earth from falling and injuring some treasure. As we stood and looked at them, they were just uncovering a beautiful mosaic niche, which might have been a fountain or a place for a statue. It seemed to me it would not have been a hard lot to dig for a livelihood here, where there is always the excitement of finding something new. The sun was sinking behind the mountain, and hurried us away, before we were ready, from this most interesting place. We looked up with a shudder to the smoking mountain above, that had wrought all this destruction, and imagined we could see the black showers of ashes, and the burning streams of lava pouring down upon the doomed city. One has a feeling of uneasiness even while being so far away as Naples, for if the prophecy of the mountain is fulfilled, it will one day bury it, as it once did its sister city. It will then re-cover the resurrected remains of Pompeii, again hide the treasures that have been found there.

A NEW YORK GIRL ABROAD.

The National Calamity.

(See Page Portrait of J. A. Garfield.)



WHEN the ceremonies of Inauguration Day, on the fourth day of last March, confirmed General James A. Garfield as President of the United States, not a thought could have been entertained but that he had many years of life before him, to enjoy honors worthily won. No man ever entered on the important duties of that position with a fairer record, none with brighter prospects or fairer expectations of a pleasant and prosperous administration. A man of the people, who had struggled, as a boy, with all the hard conditions of a settler's life in the great West, General Garfield was still a ripe scholar and a man of the broadest culture. The energy and determination which distinguished him, and his capacity for work, had enabled him to wrest a finer and more thorough education out of his poverty than many men acquire who possess wealth, and this was supplemented later by stores of reading, by a comprehensive grasp of every subject brought within his notice, and an experience of men in every relation of life, that gave him an almost intuitive sense in dealing with them and their varied capacities. He was, in every respect, an ideal president of a republic "governed by the people for the people," for he represented its beginning, its growth, its best life, and its happiest results. Noble in presence, dignified in bearing, frank and cordial in manner, carrying honest, sincere, and simple ways into the White House, with a family that, in itself, from the aged mother to the youngest darling, was a guarantee of faithfulness and fidelity to the highest trusts, there was every reason to suppose that in the chosen head of the nation we had at last found one whom every man would delight to honor, and who could be entrusted with great interests without betraying them.

The crime of a miscreant put a sudden stop to these bright anticipations. There was nothing to justify it, not even passion. It was the dastardly act of a conceited and miserable poltroon, whose morbid conditions turned whatever was enjoyed by others into a grievance against himself. At the hand of a coward the nation itself received a blow whose effects cannot be measured, for it deprived us of one whose life was dedicated to noble aims, and who had been consecrated to the defence of the best principles. An interval of severe suffering, of anxious waiting, of heroic endurance, and the sacrifice was completed—the grand life went out, and left the world darkened, for a time, as if the sun had been obscured.

No event has ever occurred in this country, not even the shooting of President Lincoln, which has excited so much of real grief and sympathy abroad. Queen Victoria especially demonstrated the feeling of the English people by a most unusual act, that of ordering her court into mourning for one week, in addition to sending a message to Mrs. Garfield full of genuine interest and sorrow, and, through the British embassy, a floral tribute of remembrance, which was placed upon the coffin.

President Garfield's career was singularly rich in representative characteristics of the truest American manhood. All his strength of will, all his energies, had been put, from his boyhood, to great and noble uses—to the acquisition of a scholastic education and the fulfillment of every private as well as every public duty. It is something to have advanced, step by step, through a strong and useful public career until the highest honors were gained; but few could have done this except at the sacrifice of their domestic life. But President Garfield, great as were his gifts and attainments, will live in the hearts of the American people because he was emphatically one of them; because he was at home a simple, modest, energetic farmer, hospitable in his ways, a loving husband, a proud and fond father, a public-spirited citizen, and a practical, sincere Christian. The husband and wife were not elated by the unexpected elevation to the highest place in the nation. Mrs. Garfield said, "Oh, James, will it not break up our happy home-life?" And General Garfield wrote to a friend that there was more of sadness than elation in his mind at the news of his success. This has been spoken of as prophetic, but it is very apt to be the case with any noble and sensitive individual who feels that his triumph has been obtained, more or less, at the expense of others.

General Garfield was fortunate in the possession of a wife of

unusual force yet dignity and sweetness of character, whose education had been of the highest class attainable, and fitted her for any position she might be called upon to assume; while her native judgment and good sense, her fine taste and thorough cultivation, prevented her from placing too much value on any merely adventitious circumstances. Her admirable fortitude, her heroic endurance, have shown of what stuff quiet American wives are made, for Mrs. Garfield is no exception to the rule—there are thousands who would do as much for men not half so deserving. She has won the gratitude of the American nation, however; and the fund, though generous in its proportions, which has been raised in her behalf, is a poor return for the blood that has been spent.

The peaceful inauguration of the successor to President Garfield is an evidence of the strength of true republican principles in the heart of the American people, and shows strongly that though one man dies the nation lives, and will continue to do so, though "fools rave, and people without wisdom utter vain things." But a great and common calamity draws all hearts together, and the lesson of President Garfield's life and death will not, it is to be hoped, be soon forgotten.



Children's Books.—Among the charming holiday books issued by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, to whom the little folks of England and America owe so much, is a quite unique book entitled "The Three Wise Old Couples." It is a comical poem, with illustrations by Hopkins. The volume is gotten up in fine lithographic style, and though it will pass for Juvenile, it will serve to entertain the grown children as well as the little ones. "The Little Folks' Illuminating Book" is a new volume in the series of Painting Books, containing bordered Scripture Texts in plain outline and in colors. The new volume of "Little Folks" has a new and attractive cover. A new book, by the author of "Three Brown Boys," tells of their sister "Hazelnut." "The Favorite Album" is prettily illustrated by Ernest Griset and others; and "Familiar Friends" of last year, but good enough for many seasons, is put in handsome boards, making an elegant book, both as to cover and contents. Of the little quartos made here, perhaps the prettiest are "The Rainbow," "Sunny Days," and "Children's Happy Hours." A new book by Joanna H. Mathews has been illustrated and put in neat, tasteful covers, and many will select it as the most attractive in the entire list. The "Little Folks' Album of Music," made in England, is a quarto volume of rhymes and jingles set to music and accompanied by illustrations. "Bible Pictures and Stories" has illustrations of an excellence seldom seen in books for children. One of the notable books of the year will be "Old Proverbs with New Faces," illustrated by Lucy Lawson, who is considered in London as a successful rival of Kate Greenaway. In all the books is great improvement in the coloring of the board covers, the colors being less glaring and in more pleasing combinations. On all of them also is used a newly discovered patent finish, which protects from fading and from dust, and gives a smooth appearance to the cover.

"**Shakespeare for Young Folks,**" is announced by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, Park Place, New York. It is to be a beautifully illustrated volume, containing three "typical" plays, and the fact that it is edited by Prof. Robert R. Raymond, Principal of the Boston School of Oratory, is proof of the general excellence. The plays are "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," and "Julius Cæsar;" giving them chiefly in attractive narrative form, but using as much of the Shakespeare text as the nature of the case will allow; so that the letter-press shall be easy of comprehension, with all the fascination of "stories," while the flavor of the poet's own thought and expression is given to appreciative young minds.

Curious Discovery.—A most interesting discovery has just been made in the town of Rudolstadt by the fall of a poplar tree. A bit of the outer bark being torn off, two distinct profiles were found cut on the inner bark, one of which bore a striking resemblance to Schiller. Underneath was the name "Schiller" and a date which could not be deciphered. Certain it is, however, that the cuttings must have been made more than fifty years ago.

Literary Reminiscences.—The journals and letters of the late Caroline Fox, of Penjerrick, will shortly be published in London. They will be found a deeply interesting record of the opinions and conversations of almost all the notable men and women of letters and science of her time,

among whom Caroline Fox enjoyed the friendship of Carlyle, Sterling, Mill, Owen, Buckland, Bunsen, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, Wordsworth and others.

The Art Magazine (Cassel, Petter & Galpin, publishers), deserves the place which it has won, and which it maintains in the public favor. The August number contained as a front-page picture, an engraved copy of F. W. W. Topham's famous painting exhibited in the Royal Academy during the past season, "Renouncing the Vanities by order of Savonarola;" and as illustrations of the *résumé* of "Pictures of the Year," "Peace and War," "Married for Love," by Marcus Stone, and "Un gage d'Amour," by E. Blair Leighton. There is also chapter II on "How Oxford Was Built," with illustrations, the usual illustrated sketch of a living artist; and an illustrated *résumé* of the black and white exhibition in the Dudley Gallery, including a reproduction of a very creditable drawing by the Princess of Wales, who contributes a winter scene at Sandringham to the same exhibition. These are only a tithe of the good things, which are all so well done that they are truly educational, and calculated to improve the popular taste.

Hand-Book of Punctuation.—From the press of Lee and Shepard, of Boston, has lately appeared a valuable book on punctuation and other matters connected with preparing manuscript for printing, by Marshall T. Bigelow, Corrector at the University Press, Cambridge.

"The author has given, in practical shape, information not only useful to typos, proofreaders, editors and authors, but to business men who write their own circulars, advertisements, etc. He shows the importance of punctuation to every man, and how little it is regarded. The contents convey to the reader the main features of this very useful handbook: 'A Corrected Proof-sheet;' 'Explanation of Proof Marks;' 'The Comma, Semicolon, Colon, Period, Interrogation and Exclamation Points, Dash, Parenthesis, Brackets, Apostrophe, Possessive Case, Paragraphs, Quotations, Capitals, Italics, Citations, Abbreviations, Hyphen, Compound Words, Syllabication, Rules of Orthography, List of Words Spelled, Accents, Divisions, etc., in the classical and modern languages. Remarks on Composition, Technical Terms, Sizes of Type, Dimensions of Books and Paper.'"

The subject is handled so concisely that one hundred pages contain all the "education" needed on a subject of vast importance to readers, writers, and printers of manuscript.

"**He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.**"—The same publishers announce what will be regarded with intense pleasure and satisfaction by lovers of excellence and refinement rather than size in books, the publication of the above poem by E. B. Browning, illustrated by Miss S. B. Humphrey, and uniform with their previous series of illustrated hymns and poems, "Nearer, My God, to Thee;" "Abide with Me;" "The Breaking Waves Dashed High;" "Rock of Ages;" "O Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" "Home, sweet Home." These, charmingly illustrated with a rare fidelity and sympathy, are perhaps unequalled for thought, diction, and picturesque setting.

"**Raleigh.**"—The holiday announcements of Messrs. Lee & Shepard are, as usual, rich in excellent and attractive books for the younger members of the household. Boys owe them a debt of gratitude for their admirable series, "Heroes of History," to which they have this year added "Raleigh" to "Vasco da Gama," "Pizarro," "Magellan," and "Marco Polo."

"**Our Little Ones**" is a book of illustrated stories and poems, edited by Oliver Optic, with over 350 wood-cuts, engraved from original designs by American artists, expressly for this book. Its contents are entirely original; and the delightful type, the pictures, and the well chosen stories, will certainly make it a holiday favorite.

Scribner's Magazine has changed its name to the *Century*, not because of getting married, but because of a divorce from its former publisher.

"**Chatterbox Junior,**" published by R. Worthington, 770 Broadway, is one of the most charming books ever issued for children, and all the better because it contains so much that is of real, permanent interest. For instance a "Centenary Sketch and Portrait of George Stephenson, 'father' of railways; a fine picture of Edinburgh, from Carlton Hill; another of Dublin's handsome thoroughfare, Sackville street; also a portrait of President Garfield, and a picture of the White House at Washington." It has been edited by Edward Willett, Miss Pollard, and others, and the reading-matter is excellent, the illustrations numerous. The cost is only a dollar.

The Semi-Annual Report of the "Tenement Household Aid Association" for furnishing nourishing food to the sick poor, states that it has distributed, during six months, three thousand five hundred and eighty-eight bountiful reliefs, in baskets, to two hundred and fifty-three different families, representing eight hundred and eighty-six different individuals. In a number of cases rents had been paid, also, for persons dangerously ill who were about to be ejected, and who would have suffered greatly in consequence. The association supplements the work of dispensaries with greatly needed care, and adds to the chances of recovery, the indispensable one of nourishing food.

"Cat's Cradle."—Mr. R. Worthington, the enterprising publisher of 770 Broadway, has issued in advance of the holidays, an original book of rhymes and pictures for children, with Sixty Illustrations in colors. Large quarto, boards, with double covers in colors, \$2.00. The rhymes are by Edward Willet, of the literary staff of one of our New York dailies, a strikingly original, genial and effective writer for the young folks. The illustrations are by Charles Kendrick, one of the best of our rising young artists, who has gained fame in connection with a celebrated humorous periodical. The plates are handsomely colored, all the work is admirably done; and the publisher can safely announce CAT'S CRADLE as the most elegant and attractive work of the kind yet produced on this side of the Atlantic.

The Art Magazine for September has for its leading features a sketch of Michael Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian painter, and an engraved reproduction of his "Last Hours of a Condemned Prisoner."

English Christmas Cards.—Cassell's Art Magazine says, "The exhibition of designs for Xmas Cards at the Dudley Gallery is good as the average, but devoid of any exceptional merit. In last year's display at the same gallery there were at least half a dozen really fine contributions characterized by the truest artistic taste. This touch of fine quality is absent from the present exhibition."

God's Mothers.—We shall have the pleasure of publishing shortly an article from the always welcome pen of Miss Louisa M. Alcott, on "God's Mothers," a subject which will receive admirable treatment from the author of "Little Women."

Miss Fothergill's Story.—We hope our readers are fully appreciating and enjoying "Kith and Kin," Jessie Fothergill's new story which is now appearing serially in our columns. It is a very powerfully written and interesting novel, and will advance the reputation of the author of "Probation," the "Wellsteads," etc. Miss Fothergill is rightly considered one of the most brilliant and promising of the younger English writers of fiction. "Kith and Kin" is published simultaneously in the *Temple Bar Magazine* of London, and will be issued in book form by Henry Holt & Co., at the close of the year.

Legal Status of Women.—Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood's paper on the "LEGAL STATUS OF WOMEN, AND THE GUARDIANSHIP OF CHILDREN," prepared for the "Woman's Congress" assembling in Buffalo, has been secured for this Magazine, and will be printed in the December Number.

A New Serial Story, by the author of "THE WOOING O'T," "WHICH SHALL IT BE?" etc. We are negotiating for the publication, during the coming year, simultaneously with its issue in the London *Belgravia*, of the "ADMIRAL'S WARD," the new novel by Mrs. Alexander, author of "The Wooing O't," "Her Dearest Foe," and other stories, which have won for their author a great reputation. Mrs. Alexander is to-day the most popular novelist with lady readers in this country or in England, and her "Admiral's Ward" will, it is thought by high authority, be superior to "The Wooing O't," or even her last admirable novel, "The Freres," now in the press of Henry Holt & Co.

Excursion Tickets to the International Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, Georgia, can be obtained from New York and return for thirty-six dollars, good for thirty days, through the months of October, November, and December. This is a great reduction from the usual rates of fare, and will induce many to embrace the opportunity of "seeing the South," and witnessing a most interesting and important exhibition of our great national industry in all its phases.

MISS M. CHARLESWORTH, so long known as the author of "Ministering Children," "England's Yeomen," "Dorothy's Looking-Glass," and "Oliner of the Mill," died lately in her home in Surrey, England. She was born in 1819, and was the daughter of a country rector. As a girl she was noted for the great interest she showed in her father's earnest parochial work, and, being gentle, thoughtful, sympathetic and generous, she won the affection and esteem of all in the neighborhood, both high and low. After twenty years of this life, Miss Charlesworth's father was appointed rector of a London church. Unhappily the change to a city life did not suit Miss Charlesworth's health, and it was while confined to a sick room that she wrote those stories which have afforded so much pleasure to thousands of young readers of all nations, in all parts of the world. Though in very feeble health, she did a noble work among the London poor, establishing three ragged schools, which still carry on an excellent work. After her father's death, some years ago, she removed to a charming village in Surrey, where she lived till the end came, still laboring for the good of others.

Metaline for Sewing Machines.



Oil has long been considered an important factor in the working of machinery, but its drawbacks were such that some agent more permanent in its effects, more cleanly, and less troublesome, has been eagerly looked for. Such a substitute has been found in Metaline, which is gradually being applied in all great manufacturing houses where pressure has heretofore required the constant use of oil to prevent destructive wear and tear, and where, consequently, the labor of one or more men was needed to save jar and friction, the consequences of which would have cost more than their wages. But this, after all, was an expensive and not very satisfactory method, and therefore the discovery of Metaline, which obviates the use of oil, does not require renewing, resists the heaviest pressure, and is as clean as the machine, has been rightly considered one of very great importance, and has received the practical approval and endorsement of the best engineers, and all the leading manufacturers and steamship companies.

As a labor, and money, and time, and strength-saving agent, however, it is as important for women as men. Sewing-machine operators are well aware of the hindrance and obstacle which exists in the use of oil to rapid and especially cleanly work. To be sure oil is a necessity, the machine will not run without it; several times perhaps in the day the work must be stopped, the instrument taken apart, the dirty vile-smelling oil applied, and then a cleansing process gone through with before the labor can be again prosecuted. Had the machine been Metalined all this tedious work would have been saved, the machine would go smoothly without jar or friction, and keep on going smoothly, the Metaline being as durable as the machine itself. Men eagerly seize all the chances for saving themselves trouble or time, which is money; women have not learned this lesson so well; they are afraid of a little present outlay, forgetting that five dollars spent in securing fifty dollar in the future, is money well invested.

The question is often asked, Is the fact exactly as you have stated? Will a machine run without any oil whatever? We state, emphatically, Yes. Once a machine is Metalined no oil is needed, nor any other lubricant. The machine runs smoothly, evenly, and permanently, and the dirt, gum, grease, and generally offensive characteristics of the use of oil, of course disappear. The cost of Metalining a single machine is from six to eight dollars, but the comfort and the saving of time soon more than pays the cost. Very soon the demand will force the Metalining process upon every manufacturer, and a sewing machine that is not Metalined will not be considered fit for use. Direct to the Sewing Machine Metaline Company, 204 and 206 Greene Street, New York.

Uses of Smoke.—Professor Aitken, in a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, states that the most active sources of the fog producing particles characterizing such cities as London, etc., are the smoke and sulphur given off by coal fires; and, as even gas grates will not prevent the emission of these particles, he thinks it is hopeless to expect that London, and other large cities wherein such fuel is used, can never be free from fogs. Inasmuch, however, as more perfect combustion will prevent the discharge of soot flakes, these fogs, says Professor Aitken, may be rendered whiter, purer, and therefore more wholesome, by the use of gas grates, such as that recommended by Dr. Siemens. He also draws attention to the deodorizing and antiseptic powers of smoke and sulphur, which, he thinks, probably operate beneficially in killing the deadly germs, and disinfecting the foul smells, which cling about the stagnant air of fogs, and suggests the sanitary caution that by suppressing smoke, a greater evil may thus be substituted for a lesser one.

Among the Pretty Things prepared in anticipation of the holidays is a charming novelty in engraved glass, and silver, from the art manufactory of Reed & Barton; a cut of which will be found in our advertising columns. It consists of a perfume stand, and jewel-case combined, in the form of a cone-shaped parlor-stove, the bottle forming the interior cylinder, the drawer the satin-lined jewel case. The top is inclosed in a mitred case of decorated silver, which is drawn aside in the cut, to show the bottle. Messrs. Reed & Barton can be relied upon for excellence as well as fine taste in the manufacture of sterling silver and plated wares; ornamental and useful, or both; and are particularly happy in their designs for gifts: at moderate prices.

Young Housekeepers will find a great advantage in obtaining their supplies of table ware and kitchen furnishing also from the old-established house of Mr. Charles L. Hadley, Cooper Institute, New York city. Mr. Hadley has a fine assortment of white and decorated French china, and pretty and useful articles for kitchen and table furnishing; his prices are always moderate, and his sincerity can be relied upon.