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THAT JOLLY OLD COUPLE.

A JOLLY old couple indeed, sir! you may call them that! They are both gone, died within a few days of each other, and the old people here will never forget them and their pleasant cheerful little ways.

I expressed my regret to the matron of the Home that I should never again see Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, and she told me that there was quite a little history attached to their names, if I cared to listen. Of course I cared, as John and Janet Barnes were the great attraction that took me to the Home whenever I could spare time to visit,—so she began at the beginning, that is to say, many years back, when the thought of going into a Home for the Aged first occurred to them. When long past middle age they had lost almost the whole of the income which they had hoped would support them as long as they lived; they had no children. John was almost the last of his family, but Janet had brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces innumerable, and plenty of people who had been entertained at their house in their days of prosperity, but nobody had anything to offer but advice, and that of a kind that was impossible to follow. So they took in sewing, the old man learning to manage a sewing machine, feeble as he was from rheumatism, and the poor wife sewing early and late at every moment she could spare from her housework. They could not have supported themselves but for the interest of the little money they still had in the bank, and often they became discouraged when old age and feeble health made them feel the need of little luxuries to which they had been accustomed.

One day Mr. Barnes was quite startled by his wife's asking him how he would like to go into a Home for the Aged.

"Are you thinking of putting me into one, Janet?"

"Not unless I go with you, dear. But I am thinking of these few thousand dollars of ours in the savings bank, and what a pity it is we could not use them now instead of working so hard."

"And when it is all gone, go into a Home?"

"Exactly. Only we must leave enough out to pay our entrance fees. It would last us a few years, and I am not overanxious to leave it to the children of my brothers and sisters, as they are not willing to help me now."

"It would come hard on you, Janet, who have always been used to a house of your own."

"So many things have come hard of late that I have thought of this as an improvement. We could live six or seven years on this money and the sale of our little furniture, and still have enough to pay the entrance fees. And we only need to work for ourselves, and we can have time to take walks together again."

Janet's plan seemed a good one, and was carried out. Two old friends were taken into their confidence, and proved of the greatest assistance to them at the final breaking up of their little home. Mrs. Barnes sold the family silver to a silversmith, so as to be sure that it would be melted down at once. "My family would be very glad to have it as a gift," she said, "for it is very old, but why have they not come forward and offered to buy it at a good price!" "But the funniest of all was about the portraits, sir," said the matron. "Janet wanted to see her father's picture and that of old Mr. Barnes as long as she lived, but she was very much afraid of their getting into some old second-hand furniture store after her death—so after getting permission to have them in her room and dispose of them as she pleased afterward, she called me to her and told me she wanted me after the death of herself and husband to paint over the faces of the portraits with white paint, and then give or sell them as canvas for an artist. I tell you, Sir, I hated awfully to do it, for they were such fine looking old gentlemen both of them."

"And did you paint over the faces?"

"Oh yes, for I had promised. And now I must tell you about that: Mr. Barnes was taken ill first, with pneumonia, and his wife hardly left him for a minute, and she seemed so well and strong in helping him that nobody thought she would die. She watched him so closely too—she seemed to see what no one else saw, and when he said 'good-night' to her, she said, 'It is good-night and good-bye too. My darling has gone. Mrs. Cole, remember your promise about the portraits.' We thought her mind was wandering, but not so. Mr. Barnes was dead, and his poor wife's heart was broken; she only lived a day and a half after that, and all she said was 'I am going to my darling. Remember about the portraits.' So I had ready a pot of paint, and I spoiled the faces of the two old gentlemen, so as to keep my promise and to satisfy that dear old woman, so fond and so proud."

"Did any of the family ever come after the portraits?"

"Why, sir, if the fine people who came here after the death of this couple had helped them a little according to their means, they need never have come here. Ever so many came to inquire for them, but after giving them a piece of

my mind I referred them to Mr. Campbell and Mrs. Morris, those people you may have met here on visiting days, one John's friend, one Janet's. Two different gentlemen came for the portrait of Mr. Barnes's father, and each of them said there should have been some old family silver coming to them from their old uncle. And an old gentleman and his wife called to see about Mrs. Barnes's effects, as they called it, and said there should have been an old family portrait, and a great deal of silver, and considerable money. I told them that the old people who came here, generally came because there was nothing to keep them on outside, but I sent them to Mrs. Morris. I believe the old man was brother to Janet, for he was the express image of her. But the most interesting of all was that lovely young girl who used to come here to sing to our old people. Did you never notice her, sir? She came with her *bonne;* her name was Agnes Tucker, and her grandmother was own sister to Janet, but she did not know it until afterward."

"How did she find out?"

"She came to see me after the funeral was over, and asked me to let her have something that had belonged to her Aunt Janet, offering to pay freely. I suppose I spoke pretty sharply to her, for she cried bitterly and begged me not to be hard upon her dear mamma. Her grandmother, sister to Mrs. Barnes, had listened to some wicked gossip about her sister, and hardened her heart against her before the marriage of Agnes's mother. Mrs. Tucker had always been fond of her Aunt Janet, but had lost track of her, and when her mother on her death bed had begged her to hunt up her aunt and ask her forgiveness, she had hoped to do so, but had become a hopeless invalid. Agnes did not know the names of all the old people, and it was not until Mrs. Tucker saw in the paper the death of Mrs. Barnes at our Home, that she told Agnes to make inquiries."

"How could she make sure it was her aunt if she did not see her?"

"True, Sir. There was her name, Janet, which is not very common. Then among Mrs. Barnes's clothes were some pincushions and needle-books, old-fashioned things that Mrs. Tucker had made when but quite a little girl. But surer than all was the clock, a Geneva clock of a pattern made a hundred years ago, and very seldom seen now. Mrs. Barnes had given me this clock in the presence of Mr. Campbell and Mrs. Morris, asking that it might stand in her room while she lived, and Mrs. Tucker described the clock minutely. I let them have the clock, sir. They offered me fifty dollars for it, then Mrs. Tucker wrote me a lovely note by her daughter, inclosing seventy-five dollars, and told Agnes not to come away without it. It was just as well. I did not need the clock, but I wish John and Janet could have had the seventy-five dollars."

"Do you think they were happy here?"

"Yes, sir, I do, after the first. They had made up their minds to it, and they were very lively, always trying to cheer each other up—and they cheered the other old people too. But funniest of all was Janet's spiteful little way of referring to her family, and the disappointment of any little expectation they might have cherished, and she always finished up with saying, 'Well, I shall always be glad I did it.'"

"Quite a little romance. Have you nothing to tell me about any more of your old people?"

"Ah, sir, it never comes out until they die, and then we find that everybody has a history. A pity though that rich people did not cherish their old relations as they do old furniture and old crockery."

I laughed, though I sighed, and came away with a resolution to investigate the family record, and see if there were any belonging to me to whom I might offer a helping hand.

In Charge of the Captain.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

SHE came in a cab, quite alone, and crossing the little footbridge, came out on the bare, open deck of the floating barge that makes the landing place for arriving and departing passengers by steamer at Liverpool. They call it the Princess Pier, but it is only a float such as might disgrace a steamboat landing on the Ohio. On the barge were two groups of people waiting for the wretched little paddle-boats to take them to their steamers lying in mid-stream. She seemed to guess quickly to which party she must belong, for there were many of her countrymen and women there.

Near by stood a red-bearded man in a faded uniform and holding in his hand a letter he had just received. It did not seem to please him. In it he had been requested to take charge of a young lady passenger, an orphan on her way to her home in the United States, and to deliver her safely to her guardian in New York at the end of the voyage. At the moment a young person spoke to him.

"Is this Captain MacDonald, of the *Parenthia?*"

A musical voice, rather self-asserting and American at that.

"Yes, miss. Your servant."

"I am Miss Ward, sir, Miss Annie Ward. I believe you are to take care of me."

He turned to have a better look at her, and his disgust at having to care for and watch over a young lady passenger was intensified. And yet there was a pleasure in the idea, for she was wonderfully bright and attractive, after the American manner. He thought of his own demure and sober girls at home, obedient and passive things, and wondered what he should do with this—this untamed barbarian, with her diamonds, her fur cloak, and mischievous eyes. She would talk at the dinner table and flirt with the passengers, and he would have more anxiety and care over her than on a dozen trips in the *Parenthia.*

The arrival had been observed of all the passengers, and her interview and evident cordial relations with the captain excited curiosity and much quiet comment. The Americans were secretly pleased to see how quickly she won her way into the good graces of the captain, and the English viewed her with a lofty contempt. She had come alone to the pier—in diamonds—had spoken to the captain first—she was altogether a most singular person. There was one who gazed at her with undisguised admiration. He put on his eyeglass and stared at her in the English manner—stony and very lofty. Then the stare melted and he became more human. The inspection was so satisfactory that, in his own way Llewellyn Devon felt sure he had fallen in love with the pretty American. He knew it was simply awful for her to appear alone and in diamonds, yet he presumed it was the American manner. He felt glad he was going to America with her, for he could study her carefully and learn something of these strange people, who ate with their knives and went armed on Broadway to protect themselves from the buffalos.

The two tenders arrived at the same time and the two parties of travelers began to get on board their respective boats. There was nothing whatever to distinguish which boat was to take the passengers for New York and which to take those bound to Bombay, and after some little confusion and much shouting and running about of servants the two parties were nearly ready. Captain MacDonald stood on the floating dock while his passengers and their mountain of luggage were stowed on the wretched little steamer, and Miss Ward stood

by his side, an amused spectator of the performance. Just then a newsboy came down the bridge and offered American papers for sale. She bought one and put it in her pocket and at once forgot it.

"Come, Miss Ward. This way if you please."

She was just on the point of stepping on the gang-plank when there was a shout on the other side and a young man, carpet bags in hand, came tearing down the bridge as if fearful of being left behind. He ran to the other boat that was just pulling off and called to them to wait for him. The boat had started, but the engine stopped and the servants on the dock pulled out the plank as if to let him get aboard.

"Mercy! Mr. Rathven! Don't make such a mistake. That's the Peninsular and Oriental boat. You're not going to Bombay, I hope?"

The young man stopped and stared at the young person who had dared to interrupt him.

"Excuse me—oh! Miss Ward. What a surprise. I was late to the boat. Trusted to the Manchester express to connect—late, of course."

"This is our boat. Come. We are just going."

The men on the other tender began to be impatient.

"It's all right. This is my boat, I'm sure," he continued, speaking to Miss Ward; "this is a most unexpected pleasure. I did not think I should ever see you again, much less make a voyage with you."

As for the captain, he felt sure his troubles had begun. When the tender arrived alongside his ship he had the men put Miss Ward on board first, and, following her up the steep gangway, he placed his charge in care of the stewardess, with strict orders to see to her every comfort, and then went to assume what seemed a lesser duty—the care of his ship.

It was nightfall as the *Parenthia* crossed the bar at the mouth of the Mersey. The passengers sought their staterooms early, for the sea was already rough. Here and there one or two lingered in the saloon or walked the deck, but the greater part were in dread of the usual first day's trials. The captain had not appeared at table, for the ship demanded his attention. There had been the usual polite scramble for the best seats, and when all were seated at the four long tables it was observed that the young American, she who on the list of passengers figured among the last simply as Miss A. Ward, had the seat of honor at the right hand of the captain. Opposite sat Mr. Llewellyn Devon, of London. How did she get there? The captain must have asked her. How did he get there? Ask of the chief steward's pocket book—the substantial reason lay there.

It was half-past nine o'clock in the evening when the captain came down from the bridge upon the deck to go to his room. The *Parenthia* was well clear of the land and running safely down channel, and he could take a moment's rest for coffee. As he came along the dusky deck he met two dark figures, a young man and woman, walking slowly along and merrily talking together. The incident was nothing. The young passengers, particularly these singular Americans, generally began to flirt before the ship made her first hundred miles. The figure of the girl seemed familiar, but he could not recall who it might be, and passed on and entered his stateroom, which was on that deck. As he drank the coffee prepared for him a suspicion came into his mind that it might be his charge. Such conduct was highly improper. He could never permit his own daughters to walk the deck alone in the dark with a young man. He looked out the door for a moment, but they were nowhere in sight. The affair troubled him more than a fog. He knew just what to do in that—whistle and run half speed. These Americans were so strange—they did such extraordinary things, and really he wished she had never come aboard ship.

Presently he went out on deck again determined to find out if his charge was in her room or not. He went to the door of the saloon, and, calling a servant, sent for the stewardess. She came presently—a fat and stuffy woman, suggestive of gruel and beef tea.

"It's not my fault, captain. She would go on deck. She said the ventilation was bad below. Lor'! for my part, sir, I think these Americans are crazy on ventilation—why I could sleep in a boiler and not feel it."

"Did she go alone?"

"No, sir. She's found a friend already. Somebody she met abroad."

The captain's fears were realized. This pretty girl would give him no end of trouble before they sighted Fire Island. Just then he heard voices on the deck, and he turned away from the brightly lighted door and stepped into the cool dark night. He knew her voice, and without hesitation he stepped up to the young people and said abruptly:

"Beg pardon, Miss Ward, but it is past two bells."

"I know it, captain. I was just on the point of turning in." Then, with perfect composure, she added, "This is Mr. Rathven, Captain MacDonald. Mr. Rathven is from Boston. I met him two years ago in Florence, when I was there with poor papa."

The two men bowed stiffly in the dark, but the younger man still retained the young lady's arm within his own, and the old captain felt too indignant to even take off his cap.

"Good-night, captain. Mr. Rathven will take me below and then I'll turn in. Good-night."

He felt himself somehow defeated, and gruffly said good-night to her, and passed on toward the bridge without a word to his other passenger.

"The captain is very, very gruff."

"Oh! you must not say that. I'm in charge of the captain, and I dare say the duty weighs upon him. You know I am quite alone in the world now. Mother died when I was a little girl, and father—he died in Rome that very summer after we left you at Florence."

"Tell me more of your life. Has nothing more happened?—I mean anything of importance."

She had that feminine wit that springs to conclusions quickly, and she blushed slightly, though he could not see it in the dark.

"Oh, nothing much. I inherited Howling Dog from Uncle Abram."

"Howling Dog?"

"Yes. That's the name of the silver mine he discovered in Colorado. He died—poor old man—and left Howling Dog, which was all he had, to father, and from father, of course, it came by law to me."

"How very strange. So you own a silver mine?"

"Yes, and I have been studying ores and smelting and that sort of thing, for I mean to go out there on my return and see where all the money comes from."

Her words, half playful half serious, filled him with alarm. It seemed as if a barrier was growing up between them. When they had first met she was the daughter of a poor clergyman traveling abroad for his health. Now—?

Just then the quartermaster passed along the deck with a dark lantern in his hand, and its glare fell on her face for an instant, and the two diamonds at her ears sparkled in the light. She was rich. It was the end of his new found hopes.

Some one else saw the flash of the diamonds as he stood smoking by the rail.

There were a few commonplaces exchanged. The night had grown suddenly chill. She shivered slightly, and felt ill at ease while his heart seemed to sink. Then they went

down stairs to the saloon, and parted for the night. Mr. Llewellyn Devon also came down the stairs just behind them. There was a smile on his face, and he seemed to have made up his mind upon a most important matter. When he reached the sleeping den called in satire a stateroom, he even laughed quietly to himself.

"Howling Dog! A whole silver mine in her own right."

The next morning she appeared at breakfast in a marvelous marine toilet, and without the diamonds. Mr. Rathven, who sat at the purser's table, saw her from afar, and was both pleased and yet sad. She was very far away from him, perhaps above him. She saw him and nodded, and smiled brightly. He tried to smile in return, but it cost an effort. Mr. Llewellyn Devon noted the costume and the absence of the diamonds with the remark to himself that she was a Parisian in dress. He tried in a certain way to catch her eye as she sat down opposite, and murmured something that might mean good morning. She quietly ignored him, and asked her steward if the captain would not be down to breakfast.

"No, miss. We shall make Queenstown by noon, and he will not leave the bridge."

She knew by instinct that the creature opposite wished in some way to make her acquaintance, and at once determined he should do nothing of the kind. Just then the rolling of the ship upset her napkin that was twisted into some absurd shape and set upright in her goblet, and it fell on the table. Mr. Llewellyn Devon quickly picked it up, and handed it to her without a word.

"Thank you, sir. You're very kind."

He merely said, "You're welcome, miss," and then gave his mind to the breakfast before him. She took the opportunity to look at him. He was not so bad looking, and if he must sit opposite to her for twenty-one meals, she must, at least, be civil. When the captain came, no doubt, she would be introduced to him, and then she must speak to him. As for Mr. Llewellyn Devon, he ate his breakfast with great satisfaction. He had seven whole days before him. He could bide his time.

The first hour upon deck among the passengers quickly settled a matter that is generally settled before Queenstown is sighted. Miss Ward was the belle of the boat. Her ample steamer chair on deck became the center of observation. It had become known that she was traveling alone, and that she was very rich. A hundred idle people shut up together upon a steamer quickly find out something of every one's name and fortune. Mr. Rathven seemed to be the only person who knew her, and he, for some unaccountable reason, did not appear to seek her society. He seemed to prefer to walk the deck alone, and to leave her to her own devices. Once as he paused by the rail to look off on the water a fellow-passenger spoke to him in a casual way about the weather—just as men will who are thrown together on shipboard, and as the stranger seemed to be a pleasant fellow he fell into conversation with him. Mr. Llewellyn Devon was going to America for the first time, and was greatly interested to study that remarkable people who had planted such a great city as New York among the wild prairies of the West. America was a remarkable country, and he admired its people. Mr. Rathven presumed he meant Chicago. There were no prairies near New York.

"Yes. He meant Chicago. The people were very rich there. In fact, he had been told that all Americans were rich, many of them owning whole silver mines in their own right."

"Some of my people are rich—others are poor. However," he added with native confidence, "no man is the worse for that, and any man may be rich who has the ability to work."

Such ideas were new to Mr. Llewellyn Devon. Miss Ward must be a strange person to associate with working people. He had inferred that the Americans worked. Of course, he could not have anything to do with such a person, and it was well to know it thus early in the voyage.

Queenstown was just ahead, and after a few more turns up and down the deck Mr. Rathven ventured to approach to the sunny corner where Miss Ward had established her court. There was a court already, for at least two elderly mammas with eligible sons had made her acquaintance. They did not approve of her dress, and were secretly thankful that she had left her diamonds below, yet they thought it best to befriend and protect this poor, lonely, rich girl.

She smiled as he came near, and bade him sit on the deck by her side.

"Where have you been this hour or more? I felt quite deserted."

"You seemed to have many friends."

She looked at him keenly. Had aught happened to chill him. He seemed grave and thoughtful.

"I have some acquaintances on board. People always seem to be friendly since father died."

He wanted to say since Howling Dog had found a mistress, but he refrained, and wisely said nothing.

Just then Mr. Llewellyn Devon appeared and said to Miss Ward:

"Beg pardon, miss, but we are approaching Queenstown. It's a picturesque old place, and I thought you might like to see it."

"Thank you. I would, for we passed it in the night when I came out. Mr. Rathven, let us go and see the place."

The two men at once recognized that they were rivals, and and so it was the relations of these three began. They went to the ship's side to see the port, the ruined church upon the hill, the lighthouse, the picturesque and really wretched cabins, the forts on the hills. The stay was brief, and in less than half an hour the good ship was fairly on her way to New York. By dinner time the misty hills of Ireland began to fade upon the northern horizon. They were entering upon the Atlantic. The captain came down to dinner, and Mr. Llewellyn Devon got his wish. He was presented formally to Miss Ward. His big fee for the seat next the captain was a good investment.

That afternoon Miss Ward kept her room a portion of the time. The attentions of her two lovers were becoming pointed, and she wished for time to think. She knew that many a girl had left a ship in New York an engaged woman when she saw her future husband for the first time at the Princess Pier in Liverpool. The sea is the lovers' paradise. They are all idle. The world and its cares seem very far away. There are no newspapers, no letters; there is no work and only one duty—to enjoy the voyage, and make love. She must consider the matter, and take heed to her steps. To amuse herself she opened the American paper she had bought upon the pier at Liverpool. There was nothing much in it, and she was on the point of dropping it when her eye fell upon a stray paragraph of news from Colorado.

"*The new superintendent at Howling Dog reports that the glowing statements given out by the late engineer of the mine are entirely fictitious.*"

In a moment she had her trunk pulled out from under the berth, and was eagerly pulling over sundry pieces of clothing to get at a box containing a quantity of papers, plans, profiles, estimates, and reports. She had made herself mistress of the business of mining as far as it concerned

Howling Dog. With a plan of the mine before her she went carefully over the whole article in the paper twice, and understood it completely.

"Next time I will obey my instincts. I should have sold out. I felt sure there was danger ahead. Well-a-day! I suppose by this time I haven't a dollar in the world."

Then after a long pause she sighed as if regretting something deeply, and said gravely, "I have a good trade, and that is something. I shall not starve. My diamonds and a few other things will support me till I can find a place, and then good-bye to all my dreams—and poor H. D. He will howl no more—no more should I."

The sea was comparatively smooth, and the weather pleasant. The ship required less care off the shore, and Captain MacDonald tried to keep his conscience quiet in regard to his charge. She was not such a terror as on the first day, for she seemed subdued and quiet, and her conduct, he thought, was quite English and proper. Her lovers were all attention every hour she was out of her stateroom. Mr. Llewellyn Devon had the best chance, for he sat opposite her five times a day at table. Mr. Rathven was the best talker, and talking was one of the chief amusements of the hours on deck.

During the next four days Mr. Llewellyn Devon made haste to be rich. If he could marry this American, all those little troubles in London concerning the last Derby could be settled up. There would no longer be that terrible suspicion that some day he might be obliged in some way to earn his own living. As for Mr. Rathven, he stood afar off like one who would go into a glorious temple, but dared not, lest he be adjudged not worthy of so great an honor. She was so rich, so utterly beyond him, that he dared not lift his eyes to her and let her see the love that was in them.

As for her, her days were a bitter shame and her nights often full of tears. She no longer wore her ravishing suits. They must be saved—and sold—perhaps for bread. She felt she was acting a part. All the people on board thought her rich. One even made love to her, as she rightly guessed, for her money's sake.

Toward Mr. Rathven she felt strangely softened. He had been her friend, perhaps her lover, and now he was merely polite—only a friend who had known her and her father elsewhere. She wished he would stay with her more upon the deck. She wished she could tell him all her fears and her plans for the future. If she could only tell him the truth—perhaps—perhaps—no, she could not tell him. He must never know, for then he would pity her. Pity was akin to love, and she could not seek love, however much she might wish it. She was in charge of the captain, and that too was a bar between them. At times she could hardly keep from crying out against her fate. She had been made very rich only to lose it all, and through no fault of her own. Even now she was a prisoner upon the sea, while the wolves were breaking in upon her pastures. Oh, if the voyage and the wretched suspense were at an end. If she was poor and must return to the bookbindery at Paris, Heaven help her to take up the weary work again and not faint by the way.

Mr. Llewellyn Devon chose the seventh day out to tell his tale. It would be well to land in America with his prospective bride upon his arm. They could then go at once to her mansion, for he presumed she had one near her mine in Colorado, and that would save hotel bills. Besides, womanlike, she might want a day or two to consider the matter before giving a final answer. It must be said to his credit, that he told his tale in a simple and manly fashion; and she—she asked for time to consider. Perhaps this was not so bad. He seemed to be a man of the world, and he must have some means, or he would not be traveling to America for pleasure. That's what he called it. He meant "sport," which means quite another thing.

That very day, two hundred miles from New York, the pilot was sighted, and Mr. Llewellyn Devon won four pounds three and sixpence on his bet on the number of the pilot. To such personalities are Atlantic passengers driven, when they have spent a week together and sucked each other mentally dry. He gave the whole of it to the contribution box of the Liverpool Orphan Society, or some like institution, that hung in the stairway of the grand saloon. He would soon be rich; he could afford to buy a little cheap credit for charity.

The pilot brought a copy of the *New York Herald* of three days before. It was passed about, and in time fell into the hands of Mr. Llewellyn Devon. Unfamiliar with the make-up of American papers, he searched rather aimlessly through it for sporting news, and found something quite different—"TOTAL COLLAPSE IN THE MINING REGION.—HOWLING DOG IN TROUBLE." He could not understand half that was written, but he made out enough to see that holders of "Howling Dog" had come to grief. What a terrible position for a man to be in. How could he go ashore with a penniless bride on his arm? The thought that Miss Ward might accept him, filled him with dismay. What could he do? How get out of his frightful position? He could never support her in the world, and, of course, he could not love her any longer. A girl without a shilling could not expect such a thing as that. He had been reading the paper in the smoking-room, and sat staring out the door upon the cold gray sea in blank despair, when Mr. Rathven entered from the deck. They had been, of course, introduced, and he appealed at once to him in the hopes that in some way he might help him.

"Oh, Rathven! You are the very man I wished to see. Have you seen the terrible news in this paper? Miss Ward must be quite poor."

"Quite poor! What do you mean?"

"Why, this 'Howling Dog'—this silver mine—has bursted—all broke up in fact. See, I read it all there."

Mr. Rathven read the article in silence, though in his heart he was ready to shout—to break forth into singing.

"It is such a sad, sad case," said poor Mr. Devon, growing quite pathetic in the fair American's terrible loss.

"Oh, that's nothing. She has a good trade. She told me so herself. She can easily take care of herself till—till—"

"Till some one marries her."

"Yes, if you like it that way. I meant to say till she could sell out when the market jumped again, or till 'Howling Dog' was himself again. We don't mind such things in my country. She's all right, I dare say."

Mr. Llewellyn Devon was completely prostrated. So she was only a—ah! the thought was horrible. He had actually proposed to a working girl—and she might accept him.

"Has Miss Ward seen this paper?"

"I—I don't know. Oh, it is terrible. Her friends will have to keep it away from her. She might lose her mind if she knew it, or throw herself into the sea."

"There's no danger. She will never see the paper."

With that he folded the paper into a small compass, and threw it across the deck into the water."

"Now, sir," said he, turning upon the wretched Englishman, "no one knows of this but you and I. If you tell her of her misfortune, I'll thrash you till you cannot stand, the instant you go ashore."

"I—I shan't tell her, I promise you. I couldn't do it. Really, I couldn't. I am too tender-hearted for that. It would break me all up."

Within an hour Mr. Rathven had told his tale. He spoke

as a man deeply moved to love, and loving a poor girl for herself and not for "Howling Dog."

She had seen the *Herald*.

As for Mr. Llewellyn, she let him remain in suspense. It would do him good.

The voyage came to an end at the pier on the North River. Not till the gang-plank had been laid, and the friends of the passengers had come on board, did she send for him to come and take her ashore.

Mr. Devon came to the ladies' saloon, like a sorry lamb shorn for the slaughter. She was arrayed in one of her most ravishing suits, and her diamonds shone as brightly as ever.

"I have sent for you, sir, to tell you how much I felt honored by your flattering proposal."

"Do not speak of it, miss. If there is any—any obstacle—if you—"

"Oh, there is only one obstacle; but perhaps you will not mind it. My guardian in New York, who has proved such a good master for 'Howling Dog,' is here. I should like to present you to him. Ah, there he comes!"

At the moment an elderly gentleman entered the saloon and was presented to Mr. Devon. He at once excused himself speaking of business, and said to Miss Ward,

"I sold, and put your money into Last Chance, and next day she jumped, and you are a quarter of a million better off to-day than when you left Liverpool."

Mr. Devon could not find words to express his admiration and his satisfaction. All his hopes were realized and he was on the point of claiming his beloved bride, when the captain put his head in the door and said briefly:

"Good bye, Miss, I hear you are in charge of another captain now. I wish you a happy voyage and a long one, but if you ever run aground, or get out of coal just call on me."

With that he was gone. What did it mean except that Mr. Llewellyn Devon was to be the happy captain on the voyage of life? but on the instant Mr. Rathven entered the room.

"Oh, Alfred! I'm glad you have come. My guardian is here. I want to present you. He saved the wreck just in time, and we are richer than ever."

"I thought you said there was only one obstacle?" faltered Mr. Llewellyn Devon.

"That is true—there is but one. It is Mr. Rathven."

Twenty-One.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

SAYS Punch, "To those about to marry—don't!" Take his advice, all ye who read, provided you are young women under the age of twenty-one. Two decades and one-tenth thereof should pass over the head of every fair maiden before she surrenders her ancestral name for that of a comparative stranger. "A chit in her teens" is not the proper person to breathe irrevocable vows. Legally, she cannot be compelled to do so, having the power of repudiating such forced obligations upon attaining her majority.

I do not say that there is no special case in which a girl may not marry under the age of twenty-one. She may possess unusual maturity of character; she may need a home; she may be exceptionally lonely; but, as a general thing, no young woman should marry earlier.

"Oh, there's another croaker!" exclaims a bevy of girls, to whom the snowy, cloudy commencement-dress is still as much a vision of the glowing future as the filmy, misty wedding-veil. "Our grandmas and mammas married young, why should *we* wait till we're old?"

True, why should you, my dears? Sincerely do I hope that no such dire fate may be yours. But what do you *call* old? I don't expect to be old when I'm *sixty*-one. Marry young by all means; but the real, sensible, economical way of marrying young, is not to marry at all until you are full-grown women, then you'll be more likely to *stay* young. In fact, physicians say that the human system is not fully developed until the age of thirty, so that, other things being equal, it needn't hurt a girl to be addressed as "Miss Smith" until she's past twenty-five.

"But grandma says when she was young, a girl was considered an old maid if she wasn't married before she was twenty."

Perhaps. But times have changed. You would laugh at the fashions of grandma's day. You wouldn't think of wearing one of her youthful bonnets, with its—to us—outrageous shape and impossible flowers. Then why should you think of doing precisely as grandma did in other respects, or why should grandma say that you ought? There are styles in social customs, as well as in bodily adornments. A girl of twenty might have been an old maid two or three generations ago—now she is, or should be, only an unformed school-girl.

Have you never noticed that some fashions, once come, have come to stay? A plain black silk dress is always in style, no matter what novelties La Mode may send forth, season after season. So, too, are walking hats, round basques, short skirts and low-heeled shoes. Do you know why? Because such fashions are founded upon good, sensible reasons, which recommend themselves to the majority of good, sensible people. Hence, it seems likely that the fashion of marrying at a suitable age is also a fashion come to stay. The time will arrive when the world will look upon a bride of eighteen or nineteen with very much the same pitying incredulity with which we now think of one of fourteen or fifteen.

But as to the mere question of age, a woman is not only young, but *very* young at twenty-one. At the same time, she may actually be older than one of thirty. For, paradoxical as it may sound, any one who lives rightly ought to become younger in mind while growing older in body, waxing more vigorous spiritually while drawing nearer to the land of eternal youth. A girl of twenty-five is far more likely to be gay, happy, and positively juvenile than one of twenty. The reason for this is that, in spite of the common opinion to the contrary, early youth is often a very painful period. Care and sorrow weigh ten times more heavily upon those to whom they are unaccustomed burdens. The sense of awakening responsibilities brings with it solemn feelings of dread mingled with more or less discouragement.

We all have lived
Enough to know life's falsity in youth,
But not enough to know its blessed truth.

Our eyes are clear
Enough to see the crosses in our road,
But we are still too weak to bear the load.

As time passes on, however, experience does much to help the earnest youth. He or she learns that sorrow is common to the race; that there is still time to rejoice, and be glad. And, as the rose is the loveliest just before it is full blown, as the scent of the blossom is sweetest just before it fades, so the latter part of our developing period is far happier, brighter and better than its earlier. Gather the rose then, if you would paint it in its perfection; pluck the blossom then, if you would enjoy its rarest perfume. So in later youth, let young people marry, if they would bring lost Eden back to earth.

Sometimes this joyful season, after the first trials of life and before the disappointments of maturer age, is prolonged until late in years. Then the real buoyancy, which we instinctively associate with youth, becomes almost like a perennial fountain of healing. Thus it is, literally, that the old are often the truly young, while the young are the truly old. The smiling, sunny-faced man or woman of seventy may have been the saddest and most tearful of boys or girls at seventeen.

Let a young person marry amid the perplexities and cares of beginning maturity—the time when the heart and soul are so often tortured with the thought of an unfinished education, doubts as to the choice of a vocation, conflicting advice and well-meant officiousness of too-anxious friends, to say nothing of foolish sentimentalism, or the most serious question of all, religious conviction. Ten to one, the melancholy will become a life-long gloom, instead of a temporary cloud. Marry to be happy, if you choose, but, by all means be happy when you marry. Wait until you have attained a certain degree of tranquility, and then ask yourself, whether you marry to escape evil, or to perfect good. I don't know how many will agree with me, but I believe that almost every true soul is destined to pass through "deep waters," early in life. And with few does the final stepping forth, as it were, dry-shod, occur earlier than the age of twenty-one. I am not now speaking of the trials which will be ours when we are older, and better able to withstand them.

Let us conclude, then, that a girl should not marry under twenty-one, because then she is likely to be better, wiser, and happier than at an earlier age. But there are other matters to be considered.

It is now generally admitted, that every woman, to live her best life, needs an advanced education. It will not do now for her simply to read, write, and embroider, and play a little. She is known and recognized as the custodian of immortal minds, to be trained for eternity by her own faithful care. An uneducated woman is unfit for the duties of motherhood. It follows, then, that a woman, to discharge these duties properly, must have time to prepare for them. Can she learn from books or living instructors, half the wisdom that should be hers, before she has attained a legal majority? Can a woman, whom the law will not allow to manage her own temporal property, be trusted with the direction of God's undying souls? No young lady's education ought to be considered finished prior to the age of at least twenty.

So much as regards herself and her children. Now a few words respecting her husband.

A girl of seventeen will take a man whom she will "turn up her nose at" four years later. And *vice versa*, she will despise the same man at seventeen, whom she will be glad to accept at twenty-one. Very young ladies like very big mustaches—older young ladies ask whether those big mustaches hide untruthful lips, or sift the fumes of whisky or tobacco. Very young ladies are captivated by glossy hats and elegant coats — older young ladies want to know whether there are brains under the hats, or hearts under the coats. At seventeen you "adore" the handsome Apollo of thirty who drives such a dashing team, and wears such exquisite kid gloves; scarce vouchsafing the pimple-faced, awkward fellow who figuratively hides in the corner, one pitying glance. At twenty-one you discover that the handsome Apollo has gone out like a shooting-star, and, in fact, was nothing but a bundle of conceit all the time; while the homely hobbledehoy has steadily developed into a real noble gentleman, who is moving straight toward the top in his chosen profession, and bids fair to make his mark in the world. Yes, my dear. The girl of seventeen is dazzled by outward show, while the girl of twenty-one knows honest worth when she sees it. If you are half a woman you rejoice at your lucky escape. Suppose you had married the brilliant beau at seventeen and gone out with him into social nothingness, and missed the true love of your old time ugly friend, who will lay the garlands of his choicest gifts at your feet and bend before you as to a crowned queen!

Yes, *he* will love you. But had you married Apollo, he would soon have tired of you. Young men, as a rule, have more faith in women and appreciate them more than older men. Reversing the proverb, it is possible to be a *young* man's darling or an *old* man's slave. An elderly bachelor weds a girl of tender years, because he wants his wife to obey him; a young man in his twenties marries a woman nearly his own age, or even a few years older, because he rates her at her true worth and is prepared to offer her a life of devotion.

"But I wouldn't marry a man younger than myself." If that is the only objection, never refuse a man on that account, unless the disparity is too great, or you are both too young. Contrary to another common erroneous opinion, a woman is really younger, not older, than a man, on the same birthday. Not in looks, merely, for these vary with different persons, though a man's bearded face and a woman's tasteful toilet may apparently add or subtract a year or two. But a man's greater knowledge of the world gives him a certain maturity beyond that of his wife. There is no reason why a woman should not always look, act, and feel just as young as her husband, provided she does not marry too early, takes good care of her health, and keeps her mind, heart and wardrobe in good trim. But when you are past twenty-one you can judge of all these matters for yourself.

I repeat, don't, unless for some very good reason, marry before that age. Too soon is often as ill-timed as too late. Spring, in its beginning, despite its few brave flowers and occasional bursts of sunshine, is chilly, gloomy wintry; Spring as it nears its ending is gorgeous, beautiful, joyful, with its wreaths of blossoms and floods of golden glory. May for a wedding, not March!

White Chrysanthemum.

O STAR-LIKE bloom, so pure and white,
With stamens of the palest gold!
You fill my heart with keen delight,
So brave you battle with the cold.

Summer's bright blossoms all are fled
With the first breath of wintry air;
Yet here you raise your royal head,
Fairer than spring's first daisies are.

While other plants their leaves put forth,
When bud and blossom, fade and die,
Your roots beneath the silent earth
Are creeping all so quietly.

When, all at once your buds unfold,
With subtle fragrance queer and quaint;
And your pure rays round heart of gold,
Seem like the halo of some saint.

So some strong soul, with gentle grace,
In early girlhood shrinks from view;
But as the years glide on apace,
Till lovers wed and friends are few,

Her true career at last she finds—
A queen of song, an artist rare;
Fame's garland on her brow she binds
And wears chrysanthemum in her hair.

LOUISE CAPRON CURTICE.

NEHEMIAH NEVINS'S NEW YEAR'S.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

NEHEMIAH NEVINS, son of Amos Obadiah,
Was a very bashful scion of a very bashful sire;
And when but a little shaver, with a crop of golden curls,
He'd turn all sorts of colors if set down among the girls.

His mother would reproach him for his nonsense, and aver
That his awkwardness and diffidence he never got from her,
The while she urged him from his silly sheepishness to rouse,
Or else 'twould be his fate to get an Amazonian spouse.

In games or conversation with his own sex, Nehemiah
Was as easy and loquacious as his mother could desire;
But if a petticoated miss before him chanced to come,
He quite forgot his manners and was desperately dumb.

Now 'tis always sure to happen that a fellow who is shy
Will set his young affections on some game that's rather high;
And, likewise an elevated one will naturally go
And cast his amorous glances on an object that is low.

Had Nehemiah sought to win an humble rustic maid,
And in quiet rural places his addresses to her paid,
He might have conquered some of his infirmities when young—
The weakness of his hinges and the stammering of his tongue.

But the head's bereft of reason when the heart is full of love,
Else never would the eagle seek to carry off the dove;
Nor would a man of giant size be ready, as a rule,
To take to wife a little girl who ought to be at school.

So Nehemiah Nevins—though he knew he hadn't oughter—
Fell over head and ears in love with Squire Marcy's daughter;
Whose three initials told she was a G. E. M. of ray serene;
And worth a fortune in herself was Grace Evangeline.

Not bold enough or brave enough, as yet, was Nehemiah,
To win the heart of such a lovely maiden to aspire;
But when he caught a glimpse of her his diaphragm stood still,
And if she smiled or spoke to him he had a nervous chill.

The Turkish-bath, the shower-bath, poor Nehemiah tried,
And a thousand other curious remedies beside,
In order to control the nerves that somehow seemed to vex
The wretched victim most when he approached the other sex.

But 'twas no use; the tell-tale blushes overspread his face;
And so devoted was he to the service of Her Grace,
That had he seen her hesitate to cross a muddy street,
He might have thrown his coat—and himself inside it—at her feet.

And when the parson read the hymn—an aged man was he—
"That *marcy* I to others show that *marcy* show to me,"
Poor Nehemiah Nevins gave a start and looked around,
And in his unregenerate heart Grace did much more abound.

Although full many a cordial invitation from the squire
Had been received by this too bashful son of Obadiah,
He never yet had had the courage to attempt a call,
Lest daring much he might, alas! too suddenly lose all.

But New Year's day gave him a chance. "'Twill serve the ice to break,"
Said he, as early his grand toilet he began to make;
His hat was new, and shiny too; his pants and shoes so tight,
He felt as if braced up; was sure he'd get along all right.

No need for him to ring the bell; the door stood open wide;
A lot of men in evening dress, with crush hats, were inside,
And Nehemiah Nevins being not a little green,
In knock-kneed contemplation stood awhile to view the scene.

Such a buzzing, and a laughing, and a jabbering, in truth
Were enough to scare the wits out of a more conceited youth;
And our modest hero in the face of such a deafening roar
Began to be more nervous than he'd ever been before.

Where was Miss Grace Evangeline, whose smile would cause a blush
Like red hot comet o'er the way sidereal to rush?
As dazzled and bewildered as if shot out of a gun,
He seemed to see a dozen girls, and she the central one.

"Great Heavens!" said Nehemiah Nevins with a start;
"Have I really lost my senses, or only lost my heart?
To speak to any woman is as much as I can do,
And I wish the floor would open right away and let me through!"

The squire chanced to spy him. "Aha! young friend, come here!
Such a galaxy of beauty can't be seen but once a year!"
And he marshaled Nehemiah to the front without delay,
Where a line of lovely maidens were drawn up in proud array.

Nehemiah would have bravely faced a battery of guns,
Or done a thousand other things a coward always shuns;
But to be stood up suddenly in front of so much girl
Upset his equilibrium; his brain was in a whirl.

He bowed to each obsequiously to hide his blushing face,
But could not for the life of him distinguish which was Grace;
And as he took a backward step, he stumbled o'er a mat
And very clumsily sat down upon his brand new hat.

Arising to his feet again, half blinded, he betook
His way into the hall, and there he shook hands with the cook,
Said "good-bye" to the waiter, and with unsteady feet
Poor Nehemiah Nevins made his way into the street.

At home he thought the matter over, and declared
Another year would find him for such interviews prepared;
And feeling that he'd been aggrieved, he planned how he could vex
The charming Grace Evangeline and others of her sex.

When New Year's day came round again, through Squire Marcy's door
The annual tide of broadcloth citizens began to pour,
Political and critical, the cynic and the clown
Who'd be admitted on that day without a single frown.

But not a young man in the crowd! When Grace Evangeline
Heard all her pretty satellites recounting o'er the scene
When Nehemiah Nevins was so comically crushed,
She turned her face away that none might notice how she blushed.

Why had he been so cold of late? Why did he stay away?
And where were all the gay gallants who used to come that day?
The time hung heavy on their hands, the moments were long drawn,
And stupidly and wearily the girls began to yawn.

'Twas nearly ten o'clock at night, when suddenly the gong
Is pulled as if to telephone a message to Hong Kong,
And twenty-five young masculines in Indian file appear,
With Nehemiah Nevins meekly bringing up the rear!

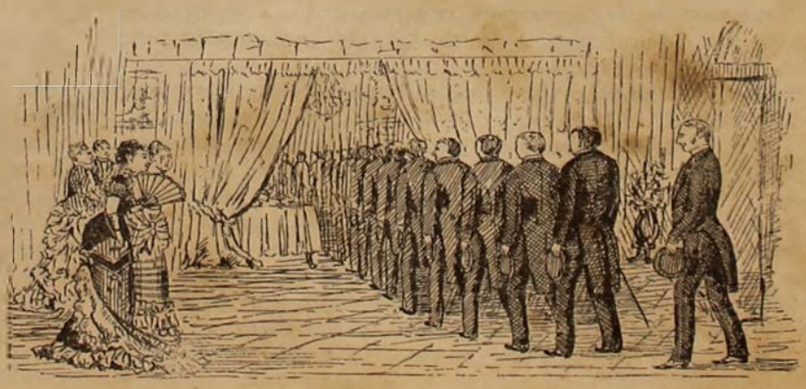
They introduced each other in a cool straightforward way,
As if it were the mode of making calls on New Year's day;
And very much enjoyed themselves—were inwardly amused
As they perceived the girls grew more embarrassed and confused.

'Twould not be easy to depict, nor easy to describe
The feelings of the maids at this attack of savage tribe;
But Grace, who was a merry lass, said, "We'll forgive you all,
And with this charge of *infantry* inaugurate a ball!"

Then there was fun and jollity! and Cupid with his wiles
Played mischief with the merry hearts; betrayed himself in smiles,
And Nehemiah Nevins with the promise of a wife,
Was rewarded for the only joke he played in all his life.

And to-day Grace tells her daughter, who is much disposed to grieve,
Because with half a dozen girls she's anxious to "receive,"
The danger of discouraging poor fellows who inherit,
With other sterling qualities, a share of modest merit.

And thus she sets a fashion that if girls would imitate
Instead of dressing up for show, and sitting up in state,
They'd make our New Year's day more like what such a day should be—
A season of old-fashioned hearty hospitality.



Miss Clifton's New Year.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"HAPPY New Year, Miss Clifton!" respectfully saluted Katherine Clifton's coachman, as he opened the carriage door at seeing his mistress descend the marble steps to the sidewalk.

"Thank you, John. A happy New Year to you, also! And here is a trifle to help you enjoy it," said Katherine, dropping a coin into John's hand as she took her seat. "Drive to Arch Street first, John."

"Yes, ma'am," says John, touching his hat.

The elegant carriage rolled away, and Kate listened to the merry cries around her.

"Happy New Year!" shouted a baker boy as he drove by them.

"Happy New Year!" sung out a rosy-faced milkman from his cart.

"Happy New Year!" lustily yelled a small bootblack on the sidewalk.

Katherine, in her handsome carriage, thought: "How happy every one seems to-day, even the poorest. I am rich, but I have no one to make happy—no one who *really* cares for my happiness. Neither father, mother, brother nor sister. Uncle Ralph—bah, nothing short of a railroad or a coal mine would make him happy, as a New Year's gift! But can't I do something for somebody? I don't know who, I am sure. Mrs. Grundy would faint away if I sent a gift to a *gentleman*, and all my young lady friends have more than they know what to do with now. Here, John, I want to stop here."

She was crossing the sidewalk to enter a store, when a boy, leading a little girl ran against her. "Beg pardon, mum! says the boy, "Oh, Miss Clifton, I didn't know 'twas you!" I didn't mean to run agin you; but you see, me an Jenny here was a trying to get to that window, and I didn't see you."

Miss Clifton knew Johnny, for his mother did her plain sewing, and Johnny often carried work.

"And what did you want to see in the window?" she enquired.

"Oh, them fine dolls! Jenny likes 'em. Of course a boy don't care for 'em," straightening himself.

"I suppose Jenny got one for a Christmas gift," said Katherine, smiling down at the little girl.

"Oh, my! no; ma'am. Ma couldn't give us nothing, this year. She did think by to-day, New Year's, we could have chicken for dinner. Me and Jenny just took some work home, but the lady didn't pay us, so we won't get no New Year's dinner, neither. *I* don't mind, but I hate it for ma and Jenny, here," said the little fellow, manfully.

"Oh, well that won't do!" said Kate. "Jenny could do without the Christmas present, but she couldn't stand New Year's, too. Jenny must have that dolly! just step in here with me, Johnny!"

She took them into the shop, and made Jenny the owner of a lovely doll, and Johnny of a shining pair of skates.

"But we're not done yet!" she said, stopping Johnny's delighted thanks. "We must go into the next store, this time." And there she covered Jenny's little cold hands with a warm pair of mittens, and replacing her thin shawl with a thick, cloth coat, and her shabby hood with a bright cardinal one. Next came a warm coat and mittens and cap for Johnny. And the little things left the store so transformed their own mother would hardly have known them.

"Now, Johnny, if I give you something for mamma, will you be very careful and not lose it?" Kate asked.

"Bet I will! Miss Clifton." says Johnny, fervently.

"Now Johnny, here is a ten-dollar bill. Hold it tight, take it to mamma, and tell her Miss Clifton says that chicken must be bought for your New Year's dinner, and anything else she likes. Now run right home, and don't lose it."

She watched them as they trotted off, and went on with her own shopping, very thoughtful, yet happier than she had been for a long time.

"I know I have brightened one little home this blessed New Year's day," she thought. "I wonder who else I can make happy?"

As she stepped into Wulschner's her question was answered.

A young girl in black was looking over some music at the counter, whom Katherine used to know well.

"Dora May, of all girls," she thought. "She used to be an old schoolmate of mine, but I've lost sight of her lately, I know she is only a poor music teacher, though; and now I remember she has been very sick. I don't expect she sees a very happy time—I wonder if I can't give her a brighter day than her dull boarding house can afford."

She greeted the little music teacher warmly, told her she was sorry to hear of her illness, and invited her to go home with her to spend the day.

"I'll send you home in the carriage this evening," she said. "And you needn't say no, for I won't take no for an answer. I'm not going to spend New Year's day all alone, and we used to be great friends."

"But I'm afraid there will be company," objected the little music teacher.

"What if there were? But indeed, I don't expect any, so please don't disappoint me," pleaded Katherine.

Dora was only too glad for one day's brightness, so she took a seat in Kate's carriage, and went to her luxurious home.

An hour later her sweet face grew brighter as she touched the keys of Miss Clifton's grand piano.

"Oh, if I only had one like this to practice on!" she said, with a sigh and a smile.

"You have one of some kind, I suppose?" said Kate.

"No, not now. I did rent one, and kept it in my room, but since I was sick so long, I could not pay the rent, and gave it up. I go to my pupils' houses, you know, to give their lessons, but I don't know what to do for one to practice on."

"But *I* do!" said Katherine, brightly. "My piano really needs more use than it gets, to keep it in tune, and I play so seldom. It really would be a favor to me if you would come here and use it for an hour or two or three, as you like, every day."

Dora whirled round on the stool, her sweet face all aglow.

"Oh, Miss Clifton! Do you really, honestly mean that?"

"Why indeed I *do*," said Katherine. "It would truly be a favor to me. You see the piano is in the back parlor, and even if there was company you would not need to be disturbed. It will make me happy if you will come."

"Well, it will surely make *me* happy to come!" cried Dora. "That has been my great worry since I got well—what to do for a piano. And I was afraid I would fall back and not teach well if I had no practice. Katherine, you are *so* good! And you have made me so happy."

"No, I am not good. But I am glad if I can help an old friend a little," said Katherine, as she stooped to kiss Dora's fair cheek. "Now, then, I hear the dinner bell, let us go down, for our ride ought to give us a good appetite."

They spent a delightful day. In the afternoon some callers came, though Kate, owing to a recent death in the family had not kept open house to receive New Year's calls, as was her usual custom.

Some of them had been old friends of Dora's too, and seemed pleased to renew their acquaintance, so that the little music teacher did not feel herself friendless.

When evening came, Katherine sent Dora home as she had promised, and then arrayed herself for a little gathering which she was expected to attend.

Her eyes were bright, and upon her cheeks a sweet flush, and as she sat before her dressing-glass while her maid, Janet, arranged her hair, she said to herself:

"Well, I have had a happy day after all! I have only tried to brighten some other lives, and lo, I have brightened my own. This is the happiest New Year's day I have ever spent!"

Yes, for she had learned the sweet secret whispered long ago by other lips than mine. "Happiness is a perfume, which, whenever we sprinkle it over others, spills a few drops upon ourselves."

John Wilson's Love.

FOR five years John Wilson had loved Gertrude Chauncey. The tiresome training of stiff fingers to touch the piano keys with elasticity and expression, the disheartening drilling of shrill young voices to the proper rendering of church music, the endless disputes of the proverbially quarrelsome church choir, all had been lightened by her fine tact and encouraging words.

She had been the soprano and he organist in the Church of the Blessed Comforter, in Ridgeway, a large town or small city in New Jersey, the home of many wealthy and cultured business men of New York. It was natural that they should meet frequently in social and musical circles. They had much in common; she taught music in a large boarding-school in the town, and both knew the comfortlessness of a boarding-house home. Step by step, with her image before him, he had toiled up the steep path of musical preferment, until now success seemed fairly to dawn upon him.

Yet never a word of love had passed between them. Sometimes he fancied that her voice had an additional pathos when she sang to his accompaniments, and yet that clear, sweet voice never faltered, those calm, gray eyes never fell beneath his gaze; and John was much too tender of her welfare to ask her to accept the hand of a poor music-teacher, especially now, when Miss Chauncey's voice was winning recognition in New York, where she had secured a position in a fashionable church choir, and where she was fast becoming known in the highest musical circles.

The last year had been a hard one for John Wilson financially, since on him had come the entire charge of an only brother, disabled for life by an accident, and mentally, since Miss Chauncey's sympathy was lacking, and her successor in the choir was chiefly noted for her quarrels with the basso.

But now a grand opportunity had come to him. One evening he found a note awaiting his return, running thus:

MR. JOHN WILSON,

Dear Sir:—Will you kindly meet a party of gentlemen at my house, to-morrow evening, May 19, at eight o'clock?

Yours, etc., HENRY G. JOHNSON.

The undersigned was well known as a patron of the fine arts, and John found at his house many of the musical people of Ridgeway. An oratorio was to be given, he was told, an excellent New York orchestra had been secured, and the gentlemen of the committee had selected him as the best person to lead. Would he undertake to secure and train one hundred and fifty voices for the chorus parts?

With the enthusiasm of a genuine love of his profession John consented, and began his work. First came the choosing of voices and the rejection, not always easy, of those totally unqualified, but applying with ignorant complacency.

One evening in every week they met, and notwithstanding the trifling of some, and the obtuseness of others, the chorus came at last into sympathy with the painstaking, artistic and thoroughly devout spirit of its leader.

How sorely now John Wilson longed for Miss Chauncey's voice for the soprano solos, but to his note came an answer from Gertrude's aunt, saying that her niece had been ill, and would be unable to take the part, so he bore the additional burden of anxiety for her welfare on his heart.

The evening came. Ridgeway's largest hall was crowded with an expectant audience, among them many musical critics from New York. With the first strains of the orchestra there fell a hush on the audience, broken only by generous applause at the end of the first chorus. The voices, a little suppressed at first from lack of courage, swelled into full volume and the final choruses were given with an intensity of feeling that brought the entire audience to their feet. It was a grand success, and the two rival papers for once agreed in praising orchestra and chorus, and especially the leader.

Two weeks later John was waited upon by a committee from a prominent New York church, inviting him to accept the position of organist at a salary larger than he had ever dreamed of, and later came, by mail, the offer of a professorship in a musical conservatory. A little dazed by his sudden good fortune, John stopped at a little store to buy a paper to send to brother James, poor fellow, and went home to write him of his success. But when he reached home, he let the paper lie unnoticed before him, while he thought how he longed to share the joy of victory with Miss Chauncey, and suddenly he thought, "Oh! I could offer her comfort and even luxury now! But I dare not, she is only my friend, and I—I am not worthy of a higher place in her affection." So saying, he opened the paper, when lo! the very notice he sought had been neatly cut out. He took it back to the store, and asked for a complete one. The voluble old lady in charge was profuse in her apologies. A child, Bessie Smith, had bought the paper, asked her to cut out the notice of the oratorio, and somehow the paper had been replaced among the fresh ones. Now John might have imagined many reasons why that notice should have been wanted; why should he think "Mrs. Smith was one of Gertrude's especial friends, and Bessie was in her Sunday-school class—I wonder?" He left the inquiry unfinished, but the next afternoon, which was Sunday, beheld the unusual spectacle of Mr. John Wilson in the visitor's seat in the Sunday-school; he was usually too tired to attempt more than the two services. However, the superintendent pressed him immediately into service, and the children's voices swelled into unwonted fullness as his skilled hands touched the piano. Then came the lesson hour, and the young superintendent, perhaps with a fellow feeling, said:

"Won't you take Miss Chauncey's class to-day? We have never been able to secure a permanent teacher, and the little girls miss her so?"

John submitted to be led over, and sat down before the class. He looked for Bessie Smith; yes, she was there—lovely child! though never before had he thought her pale blue eyes and yellow hair at all interesting. He did not confine himself to the lesson, but told Bible stories; and somehow the ones that came unbidden to his lips were the dear, tender old ones of Boaz's courteous protection

and tender love for his fair kinswoman, and of Jacob's faithful service for his beloved Rachel. And when he had finished they began to talk, as children will, and to ask questions.

"Did he remember Miss Chauncey, who used to teach them? Wasn't she pretty? And just as good as she is pretty," said Bessie. John felt like embracing her!

"And she's been real sick, but she's better now; and she wrote to my mamma to be sure and send her word about the concert, and mamma let me buy the paper and have Mrs. Brown cut that part out, and put it in her letter my own self!"

Ah, John had his question answered then. He answered the superintendent's question rather absently:

"Very interesting class, wasn't it? And you seemed to interest them. Come again!"

He walked home in a tremor of delight. She did care enough then to send for a paper. Was it only friendly interest? He would go and see! She had been sick, too, poor girl. He could hardly wait till Monday, and arrived in New York before most people were up, wandering restlessly about, until the hour came when he could, with propriety, make a morning call. He felt relieved when the servant announced Miss Chauncey as at home, but could scarcely refrain from kissing the frankly outstretched hand when she entered.

"Let me congratulate you," she said, in her old friendly way. "I read with admiration and pleasure all the notices in the *Tribune* and *Times* of my old work-fellow's success!"

"Ah, Miss Chauncey," said John, trying to speak professionally, "how much more successful would it have been with your voice as soloist!"

"Haven't you heard?" she asked, wonderingly, and with a slight tremor in her voice. "I have been very ill, threatened with congestion of the lungs, and Dr. Loomis says I must not sing for a long time again, perhaps never!" and in spite of her control, a tear rolled slowly down the pale check. John could stand it no longer.

"O, Gertrude, Gertrude!" he cried, passionately, kneeling before her, and looking into those beautiful eyes. "What is my good fortune to me when I think of your sorrow? Let me help you bear it, dear! O, Gertrude, darling, I have loved you so long, and now I must speak! Dear, I am not worthy, but just give me the right to shield you." His voice broke, but she laid her hand on his head and said tenderly and clearly.

"John, I think I have always loved you!" and then he sealed the avowal on the quivering lips.

Then he told her of his success, and of the positions offered to him, and was well rewarded for all his years of waiting, when she said:

"John, I always knew you would some day be famous, all through those happy years in the dear old 'Church of the Blessed Comforter.'" And John said, not irreverently:

"A blessed comforter it has proved to me!"

Gertrude was the first to be recalled to every-day life, and saying, "John, I must call auntie down to see you," she ran rather nervously to summon her. But John had no hesitancy now, and when the stately old lady entered the room, and Gertrude introduced him as "My friend, Mr. Wilson," John took her hand, led her up to her aunt, and said: "Madame, allow me to introduce to you my promised wife," and when the old lady had sufficiently recovered from her astonishment, they talked together quite as old acquaintances.

John and Gertrude were married in the little Ridgeway church, and the organ pealed forth its sweetest notes, and the choir boys sang like white-robed cherubs, instead of mischievous mortal urchins, as the couple joined hands in the simple, solemn troth, "for better, for worse."

Gertrude's voice has regained all and more of its former sweetness and strength, and she has become known even outside of New York; but her sweetest songs are those she sings in her lovely little home to her husband's accompaniment, and in the evening, to the three white-robed little ones who call her "Mamma."

The Ancient Greek Sport Kottabos.

(*See page engraving.*)

AS a general thing, the Greeks had no drawing-room to which to retire after an entertainment; consequently, the sports in which they indulged at this time were carried on where the feast was in progress. Music was always a part of the entertainment, the performers being either hired or slave girls, to whom had been given a musical education.

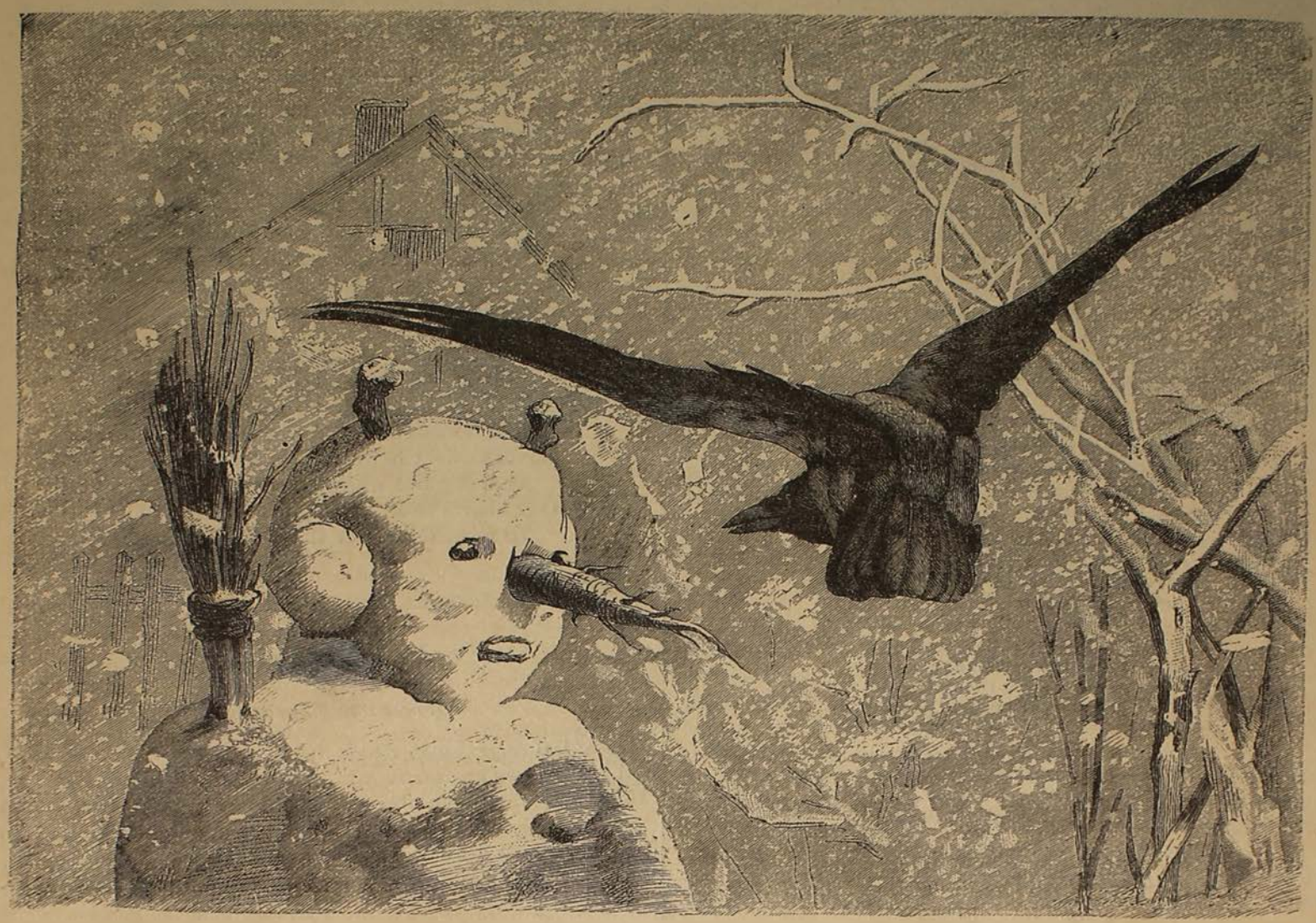
Conversation formed only a part of the entertainment, the wisest philosopher setting aside his discourse to enjoy the games in progress. Dancing girls gave hoop exhibitions, having as many as twelve hoops afloat in the air, which they moved to the sound of music, keeping exact time to the cadences. Sometimes dramatic scenes were acted, or jugglers performed for the amusement of the company.

Among the favorite games on these occasions was that of Kottabos, which, being originally played in Sicily, spread throughout Greece, becoming especially popular in Athens. So fashionable did it become that persons had rooms erected in which to play it. A fluted column, standing on three feet, and wreathed with flowers, was stood up in the room. A metal vessel was held over a small pole, which was set in a basin. The players stood at a distance and threw the sediments of wine from a drinking cup into the smaller vessel, which would fall, with a ringing sound, into the larger vessel below. The victor was the one who spilled the least wine and whose throw caused the vessel to make the most sound in falling.

This sport, so popular with the young Greeks, was a species of love divination. If the vessel in falling produced a ringing sound, it argued well for the constancy of the thrower, but if he failed to reach the vessel it betokened a fickleness on his part, and he was made the object of sarcasm and bantering. The prizes on these occasions were wreaths, eggs, cakes, and even kisses.

Our illustration is from a painting by A. Scisoni, and preserves throughout a fidelity to classical times. A gay company of young people are assembled, and while the half-clad slaves are handing the viands, the merry girls are eagerly watching the game. Music is not absent on the occasion, for a slave girl fills the air with the melody of a double clarinet. Confident of his own ability to reach the mark, the young lover prepares to throw the wine, holding the cup by the handle, while his left hand clasps that of his beloved, who stands with the wreath to reward his success and a kiss of approval too. A lady stands by the wreathed pillar, holding in place the vessels.

To throw the Kottabos was not easy. It required a correct aim, a steady hand, and considerable practice to do it successfully, so that not a single drop should be spilled. To be a successful Kottabos thrower, was deemed quite a proud distinction by the youths of Athens, as much so as to be an accomplished thrower of spears.



The Raven and Snowman.

"THE RAVEN and Snowman," is an admirable sketch by Feodor Flinzer. All day the boys have been at work, sculpturing in snow the image of a man, and have succeeded in fashioning a remarkable object. They have evidently not been guided by the rules of the old masters of sculpture, but have rather trusted to the promptings of their own genius as better suited to their purpose. With willing hands and merry hearts, the light flashing from their eyes, and the rich color mantling their cheeks, they have piled up "the beautiful snow," and brought out, at last, from its frozen depths, this wonderful looking object. They have placed a bunch of twigs on its shoulder, and an old root does duty as a nose, and there it stands, like a grim, white sentinel, guarding the waste of snows around. The work was finished amid wild shouts of merriment, that resounded over the village, and before the little sculptors had time to salute the image with snow-balls, according to "ye ancient custom," the increasing storm forced them to retire to the shelter of their houses, to reappear on the morrow to carry on their sport.

A raven, flying through the air, is attracted by this strange object, standing amid "the silence of the snows." At a loss as well it may be, to understand whence it came and what it is, the bird gazes with an inquiring look at the snowman, and croaks his displeasure at its appearance. It flies around the huge monster, vainly attempting to understand the mystery of its silence and its singular looks, and is evidently unwilling to soar away until the riddle is solved. There it "hangs fluttering in the air." and spreading out its black wings against the snowy sky, revolving in its mind the probabilities and possibilities of the strange apparition. From the half-opened beak we can imagine that it is pouring out Hamlet's abjuration :

> "Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! let the earth hide thee !
> Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
> Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
> Which thou dost glare with ! "

In "The Raven and Snowman," the artist gives us a very humorous conception, admirably carried out. The accessories are few and simple, only the roof of the house and the fence, barely visible through the drifting snow, and a few bare, desolate branches. The interest is made to center entirely in the two objects brought together in this cold and wintry scene.

THE BALLAD OF THE RAVEN AND SNOWMAN.

A raven, so the story goes,
While flying through the wintry snows,
Beheld an object strange and white,
And quite peculiar to the sight.

Its nose was minus Grecian line,
Its eyes—well, they were not divine :
It scarcely seemed of mortal birth,
Yet there it stood upon the earth.

The raven gazed in strange surprise
And scarcely could believe his eyes,
And then he said, "I'd like to know
Who you are, standing in the snow."

But still there came no sound of speech;
Then loudly did the raven screech,
And flapped his wings, afraid to stay,
He spread them out and flew away.

And when he reached his quiet nest,
And his dear children round him pressed,
He told them what an awful sight
Had loomed up, tall, and cold, and white.

How pale its face, how queer its nose,
And how it glared amid the snows;
"It stood as still as any post,
I think, my dears, I've seen a ghost!"

Then all the little ravens cried,
And laughed, until they almost died;
Hysteria seized on all the crowd,
And loud they cried and still laughed loud.

"Why, don't you see, our parent dear?
The thing to us is very clear,
'Tis strange that you should never know,
The ghost you saw was man of snow."

Unfilial creatures, they to say
Their parent saw no ghost that day;
But children often grief impart
Unto a parent's loving heart.

Quite dignified the raven grew,
As he beheld the laughing crew;
"Don't *you* tell *me* that I don't know
An awful ghost from man of snow."

And to this day, the story goes,
He still insists, that 'mid the snows,
He saw a ghost of horrid form
Standing all white amid the storm.

I do not like to pen a word
Against this bright, sagacious bird,
Or any one who says to me,
"I did an awful ghost once see."

I hope I'm shocking no one's creed,
Or doing any impious deed,
But when I hear of ghosts, I say,
"A raven saw a ghost one day."

The Golden Street.

O BURNISHED street of glittering gold!
A quiver in the moon's bright beams,
Like to the brilliant robes we fold
About us in our sunset dreams;
If we could tread the shining way
Now spread before us o'er the sea,
Who would not leave this house of clay
And lose himself, dear God, in Thee?

Where yonder phosphorescent line
Tells where the sky and waters meet,
We seem to scan Thy grand design
And sink all self beneath our feet;—
We seem to tread the shining road
That leads us through the heavenly gate,
Where we shall leave each heavy load,
And where our dear ones for us wait.

Our vessel cuts, with splash and surge,
Her path amid the boundless deep;
While on th' horizon's shimmering verge
The skies, but not the waters, sleep.

They vex us with their constant moan,
Their hungry cry of "more, more, more,"
Which tells us how, alone, unknown,
An hour might sink us in their roar.

But earth and sea, so beautiful—
We cannot, cannot leave you yet!
And to this moonlight's silvery lull
Our thoughts, like gentle sounds, we set;
While yonder ship with milk-white sails,
Now passing in the shining track,
With its twin shadow, silent trails
A pathway to our homeland back.

O bear to them, our loving ones,
Dear messages across the sea!
Tell them that while Potomac runs
And ocean rolls so full and free—
In that sweet hour when calls the dove,
And sky and water softly meet,
Our hearts shall travel, full of love
To meet them o'er this Golden Street.

MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

An Ejectment.

(*See Page Engraving.*)

OUR engraving, which is taken from a fine etching, shows an intruder in an unpleasant plight. A dog, having been absent from his kennel, returns to find it taken possession of by a burly and unmannerly hog, who is comfortably stowed away in quarters that are none of his, and is sleeping peacefully, and doubtless dreaming delightfully.

Moved by a natural feeling of indignation, the dog prepares to eject the intruder. Without much ado he drags him forth forcibly, rudely disturbing his slumbers, and giving him a painful surprise. Like many other intruders, the hog is deficient in those finer feelings which would make him realize the enormity of the offense he has committed in taking possession of the house of another without invitation to do so. In fact, he considers himself the party sinned against, and his feelings are evidently hurt by the treatment he is receiving.

The cries and noisy demonstrations of pain made by this representative of "squatter sovereignty," attract the attention of his companions, who come thronging, not to the rescue of their unhappy friend, but to contemplate, with varied feelings, his punishment. The two leaning on the fence seem very happy in their safe retreat, and appear to be saying to each other, "I am glad *we* are not in that scrape;" while the large animal near the gate wears a look of unsympathetic indifference. One of the two pigs looks decidedly amused by the scene, while the other wears on his face an expression of gloomy resentment. There is no disposition shown by any of the party to rescue their comrade, all keeping at a safe distance from the terrible avenger, knowing full well that

"Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose."

The artist evinces great humor in this production, and wonderful skill in the drawing of the animals. For truth, vigor, and expression, the picture cannot be surpassed. It possesses all the effectiveness of Oudry's productions, and infinitely more humor than is seen in the animal paintings of this celebrated painter.

Holiday Gifts and Customs in Paris.

FOR months previous to the holidays the note of preparation resounds throughout the land, and Paris seems alive with expectancy. There is not a toy known to juveniles on one side of the Atlantic that is not familiar to those on the other, while dolls of every size, color, and quality, are so numerous as to induce the belief that the two millions of human beings said to live in Paris are one and all expected to buy a doll.

Christmas is more especially devoted to the children than to adults, and everything that can in the least contribute to the amusement or pleasure of the little folks is eagerly grasped at by merchants, manufacturers, parents, and guardians; nor is the instructive ignored, for there are books of animals, birds, insects, fowls, all so vividly colored and so graphically described in beautiful letters that the veriest dunce must needs learn a little therefrom, while the intelligent infant's heart bounds with delight, and its eyes beam with animation, at sight of such gorgeous treasures.

"Santa Claus" is a stranger to the French legends of *Noël*. Instead of this dispenser of bounty, the infant mind is taught that the "Bon Enfant" or "Enfant Jesus" is the donor of the gifts that make Christmas-tide so full of pleasure. In all of the churches there is a representation of the "Babe of Bethlehem," and a visit to the "Crib" is one of the treats that no child is allowed to forego. Infants in arms are borne hither and thither by their untiring nurses, the older children following, attended by governesses or parents, and all gazing with wonder upon the lights, and images that look very real indeed. Collections are made in all of the churches for the benefit of the orphans and the poor of the parish, and not a child visitor but leaves its offering as a thanksgiving for the good things it has received from the "Bon Enfant." The greatest ladies of the congregation take turns in serving an hour as collectors on these occasions, and their efforts result in substantial benefits before the day is ended.

All day troops of children from the parish schools and charitable institutions may be seen marching in the streets under the guidance of their teachers and patrons, who quietly conduct them into the churches, and as silently marshal them out again; and, when they are returned tired and hungry to their homes, they find some kind hand has provided surprises of food and clothing, such as they had perhaps heard of, but never hoped to realize.

Among the well-to-do and very rich, great trees, laden with gifts for each child and servant, are usually placed in one of the *salons*, and at break of day the little ones are allowed to see it brilliantly illuminated with tiny wax candles of every hue; but they cannot receive their gifts before they make the prescribed visit to the church and leave a gift of money, no matter how small, for the needy. Once out of the house it is easy to keep them occupied with the round of visits until time to dress for their early dinner, at which hour they are made the guests of their parents, who treat them as if they were veritable ladies and gentlemen of full growth, but keep them in orderly subjection, with wholesome fear of the disappearance of the "beautiful tree," should one of them transgress ever so slightly.

On this occasion, if on no other, the governesses and tutors dine with the family, which dispenses its hospitalities graciously, and with none of that reserve usual at other times in its intercourse with those dependent upon its largess. The dinner is strictly a "family" affair; but after this is finished, other guests are received by the family in the best *salon*, and all assist in the distribution of the gifts with which the tree is laden; the children being permitted to detach and present those of the servants, while each is received with an amount of well-feigned surprise delightful to the little donors.

While the recipients enjoy the possession of their new treasures, their elders are occupied in pleasant discourse; after which music is provided, and the entire family joins in an impromptu dance, even baby being whirled gayly around by its dignified papa before he kisses it good-night and consigns it to the arms of the nurse.

The old-time custom of making merry for a fortnight still prevails. The decorations of the churches are allowed to remain until "Twelfth" day, or "Little Christmas," which is the 6th of January. The schools are closed during this time, governesses and tutors take a holiday, and the children are left to the care of parents and guardians, who, aided by nurses and friends, improve each shining hour out of doors in company with their offspring. The Boulevards are gay with booths, in which almost every possible or impossible object is offered for sale. Lotteries flourish, and one has a chance to win anything of much less value than is paid for the venture. Jugglers thrive, and lay in a store of new jokes for the ensuing year in the Provinces, while fortune-tellers cull their own fortunes from the credulity of the public.

On the eve of the New Year commence the usual courtesies of relatives and friends, who exchange the most costly or the most insignificant of gifts. Relatives and very intimate friends may give and receive almost any article, from a sofa to an inkstand; but where there is only a limited degree of intimacy, confectionery and flowers are the usual offerings; but their value and elegance are matters of taste and means on the part of the giver. If flowers are given, they are of course either growing or cut and arranged in some device. In any case they may be offered simply to bloom and fade in a day or two, leaving only the memory of their beauty or fragrance behind, or they may be the medium of conveying a rich and elegant vase, which the recipient will cherish as an art treasure no less than as an offering of friendship.

Where families are simply on formal visiting terms, visiting cards only are exchanged, either by the individuals leaving them in person or sending them by a member of the family or by the servants. It is even permissible to send them by mail; as there are only certain degrees of social status in which this latter is permitted, it is safer to leave them in person. Within a week after the reception of cards, a call must be made and the compliments of the season exchanged. Cake and wine may be offered, and it is an offense to reject either the one or the other; but if one does not habitually partake of wine, it is sufficient to raise the glass to the lips, thus to acknowledge the attention of the hostess, while one says, "Your health," and returns the glass to the plate or salver without having tasted the wine. There is no obligation of "calling" on New Year's day as in America, in fact there would be no ladies at home to receive, as they attend church both in the morning and afternoon, and then rest for the evening, dress for very late dinners, and either go to the opera or to the *salon* of some celebrity.

The President of the Republic receives the various diplomatic *corps* on New Year's day, and such chiefs of political and military divisions as choose to call on him; but this is purely a "political" reception, at which ladies do not attend or assist in any capacity. Paris is a large city, and families are often separated by vast distances, which time or circumstances may render it impossible to traverse easily or rapidly, and it is a kindly custom which extends the interchange of holiday civilities throughout the whole month of January. Gentlemen, as well as ladies, who have an immense visiting list, avail themselves of the privilege of send-

ing a visiting card at any time during this month, and feel the obligation amply repaid if they receive a card in return.

Christmas and New Year's cards, embellished as they exist in America, are not usual among Parisian gifts, but there are many more costly substitutes, such as grotesque or national figures supporting panniers, which are to be filled with flowers, fruits, or candies. Silk, satin, or velvet pouches, hand-embroidered or painted, and filled with the finest confectionery, are a most usual gift, and are afterward made into cases for gloves or handkerchiefs.

Manila baskets and boxes are quite a novelty. These are lined with satin, and, after doing duty as *bonboneries*, are readily utilized for other purposes.

But if one wishes to find the most unique, as well as the costliest gifts, they must be sought for in America. The Parisians invent and manufacture for others, and are satisfied with a modicum for themselves. M. T. K.

Forgotten by the World.

"THE world forgetting, by the world forgot," may, to some, appear a very desirable condition. Sick at heart, stung by ingratitude, weary of baffled endeavor, ever striving, never attaining, the disappointed seeks in solitude that happiness which the world denied him. The past is not so easily forgotten as he hoped. Old memories refuse to be exorcised; the shadowy train pass and repass, for, as De Quincey says, "there is no such thing as forgetting possible to the human mind." Into solitude he carries the wounds of the conflict and finds no balm there. The world forgets him sooner than he forgets the world, and the gap made by his absence is soon filled. He has gone, but the great world rolls on as if he had never been. Few are they who

"Write on Memory's scroll a deathless name."

Some hearts remember, but the heart of the world forgets.

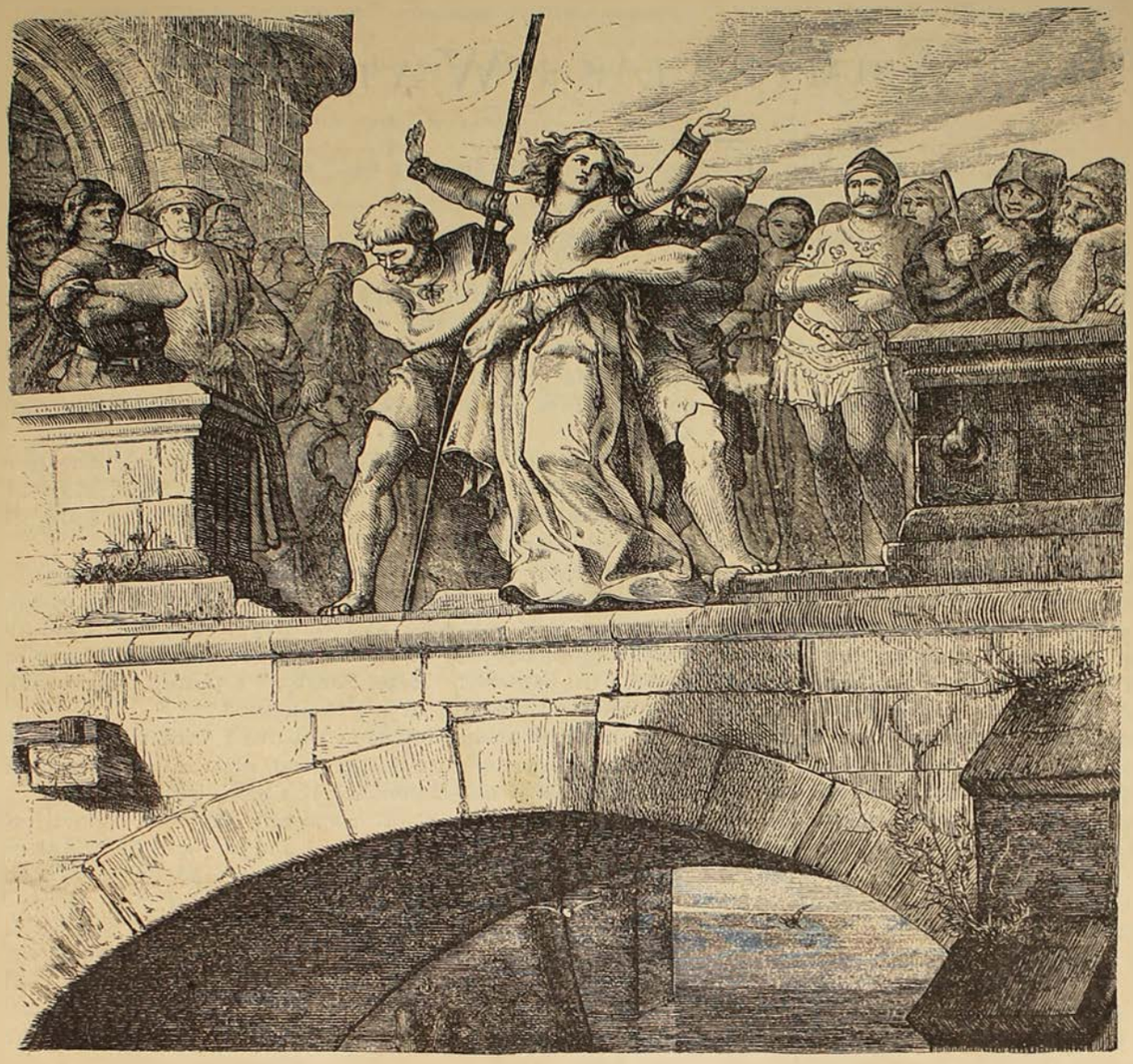
The old recluse in the picture, may probably have left the world for the purpose of religious contemplation. Yet, God is as near to him in the crowded city as he is in the rocky home of his seclusion, and the good he might have done by his example remains undone; for is he not "forgotten by the world?"

He may be that "godly eremite," of whom Byron wrote:

"More blest the life of godly eremite,
Such as on lovely Athos may be seen,
Watching at eve upon the giant height,
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene;
Till he who there at such an hour has been,
Will wistful linger on that hallowed spot."

As he sits on the rocky heights, looking over the blue waves, the shadows of the twilight coming down upon him, he looks like a statue of Contemplation. Who can tell what thoughts are passing through his mind—thoughts of the home once his, the love, the hopes, the joys, that filled his heart. Kings have retired to cloisters, to be haunted by the vision of a crown. Lovers have carried their wounded feelings into the shadows of the devotee's cell, and love still pursued them; and who can tell how strong the chain still is that binds this old hermit to the past.

The artist, Mr. L. C. Kenley, has produced a very striking picture, and it is not difficult to realize the lonely position of this solitary figure on the rocks, who is forgotten by a world that he once cherished and adorned, but where his name is never mentioned, either to praise or to blame. Thus will he die "unwept, unhonored, and unsung"—a being who in the world, was yet not of it, and who voluntarily shutting himself away from its glories, abandoned what his Maker intended him to enjoy, preferring to make for himself "a sepulchre, a living grave."



Agnes Bernauer.

IN the Church of the Carmelitans, in Straubing, there is an old tomb to which a painful history is attached. It was erected by Duke Ernst of Bavaria-Munich to his daughter-in-law, Agnes Bernauer, who was cruelly put to death by the connivance of the duke himself.

Agnes Bernauer was a beautiful girl who attended in the refreshment room attached to her father's bathing establishment in Augsburg. Here she was seen by the young Duke Albrecht, son of Duke Ernst, who, falling in love with her, married her, and carried her to his castle at Straubing.

The family of the Duke Albrecht were indignant at this *mésalliance*, when he could have wedded the daughter of a noble house. But their indignation did not mar his happiness, for he lived with his young wife in loving contentment, never regretting the step he had taken, nor giving so much as a thought to the fair, proud dames, one of whom might have been his wife.

If the young husband was happy, no one else had any right to complain. Not all her charity to the poor, who greatly loved her, nor her charming qualities, which made her the joy of the man who had chosen her for his wife, could still the angry clamor that raged around Agnes. She was a woman of the people, and that was enough to bring down a storm of aristocratic denunciation, in which the clergy joined. Year after year, the tempest of fury increased, until at length, after she had been married a few years, it broke in violence over the head of the innocent woman and swept her away.

During the prolonged absence of his son from the castle, the Duke caused the arrest of Agnes, and had her thrown into prison. She was accused of witchcraft and magical arts, and an attempt to poison her husband's cousin, Prince Adolph. On these charges she was tried, and sentenced to death by drowning. The same day on which the sentence was passed, the lovely and innocent young woman was dragged forth by rude hands to the Danube bridge, and in the presence of her inhuman judges and a great multitude of people, was pushed into the sea. Women were generally put in sacks to be drowned. In the words of Byron :

"There rolls the sea, and yonder yawns the sack."

Agnes, however, was spared this, but finding that her body floated, the executioners used poles to keep it down.

That the charge of witchcraft was believed in does not seem remarkable, as such was the belief of the age. In our own country we had an exhibition of this foolish belief, which caused the death of several innocent men and women ; and, at the time of her death, many persons believed in the justice of the punishment meted out to Agnes. There were others, however, who discredited the accusations, and remembered only her deeds of love and mercy, and the gentle, womanly ways that lingered around her like precious perfume, and long after the cruel deed, they sung of her in verse and told her fate in story.

When her husband reached home and learned the fate of his wife, his grief and rage knew no bounds. Wandering amid the desolation of his castle ; missing at every step the loved one from his side, and goaded almost to desperation at the cruel injustice of the act, he conceived the idea of marching with his followers to wage war against his father ; but whether he carried out his plans or not history does not say. It is likely, however, that he did not, for the old duke did all in his power to reconcile him to the fate of Agnes. He caused her to be buried in the Church of the Carmelitans, and reared a tomb, in the shape of a slab-stone, adorned with a life-size figure of her, a cast of this monument being in the National Museum of Munich.

"Man was made to mourn," says Burns, and he might have added; "but not forever," for Albrecht took another wife, and this time from among the fair ladies of the aristocracy. Perhaps his heart often went back to the beloved wife of his youth who had been so ruthlessly torn from him, for a love so devoted and unselfish as his is hard to forget.

THE ADMIRAL'S WARD.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T," "HER DEAREST FOE," ETC.

(*Continued from page* 102.)

CHAPTER XXXV.

IT was a couple of days before Laura quite shook off the effect of her fainting fit.

In truth her strength seemed scarcely equal to the load laid upon her, and at times the questions, "What shall I do? how shall I guide myself?" became absolute torture, so perpetual were their recurrence. Yet, amid the gravity of such thoughts she found room for a smaller annoyance, which fretted and stung her. Denzil Crewe evidently thought she was still pining in hopeless love for Reginald Piers; and she saw no means to undeceive him. On such a subject she could offer no assertions, and if she could they would not be believed. Her depression, her preoccupation, her altered mien, might all be naturally accounted for by the theory of an unrequited passion, and for many a long day to come her lips must be sealed, if indeed she should ever speak to tell the strange discovery which had presented to her the bitter cup of mingled gall and vinegar, which she could not choose but drink. It was strange, how this minor matter vexed her, and revealed how surely she had trusted in her friend's complete and sympathetic perception of her mind and character. That he should misunderstand her on such a subject seemed too hard. Meantime she determined to test the truth of the extraordinary statements contained in Holden's letter.

Her daily occupations secured her an unusual degree of independence; it was perfectly easy to arrange *not* to give a particular lesson, and the time it would have occupied was at her disposal unquestioned. By such an arrangement she was sure of some hours of freedom one day about a week after her return from Pierslynn, and turning her back on the scene of her daily labors she started to seek the church named in the letter which had so changed her life.

It was a long, wearisome drive, in an omnibus filled to overflowing with a constantly fluctuating crowd of passengers, and Laura descended at the Mansion House, dusty, crushed, and with a sense of having been trampled underfoot; after a moment of bewilderment she collected herself and applied for direction to a stately policeman: "St. Olave's, Miss? let me see—it is in a rare out-of-the-way corner; you had best make your way into Cannon Street, turn toward St. Paul's Church Yard, and take the third street to the left after you pass the station. It is a narrow, crooked lane; after that you had best ask your way again."

Laura thanked him, and turned away with an odd sense of being ashamed of herself and her errand, and a strong wish that she had on a thicker veil.

She found her way easily enough to the opening of the narrow street indicated, following its winding for a little distance, and after some further directions from a porter who was lounging at the entry of a court. Laura made her way to a quiet nook bounded by dingy, red brick houses on three sides, the fourth being occupied by a high iron railing which separated them from a space of green sward, shaded by a large lime tree whose blackened, gnarled trunk gave little promise of the leafy crown which sheltered the inclosure. Beyond was a very old, smoke dimmed, decrepit-looking church, and at the further side of the little square was a small two storied house with a vivid green door, with a bright brass plate inscribed "James Pratt, clerk."

As Laura approached this door it opened, and a respectable looking middle-aged man came forth, who asked her civilly what she wanted, listening to her reply with a slightly surprised expression.

"The entry of a marriage in 1819 or '20," he repeated. "Yes, certainly, you can look at the register. I am obliged to go out, but my wife will show you the books, and the fee is eighteenpence. You can pay it when you have examined the register. Here, Sarah;" a plump, rosy woman responded; "I will give you the keys."

He left the room, but soon returned with three or four ponderous keys on a rusty ring, and, after murmuring an indistinct apology about pressing business, walked off.

The wife hastily took off her apron, put on a bonnet, and led the way through a wrought-iron gate, and then, unlocking the church door with a clang, ushered Laura into the dark, damp, old edifice. The earthy odor, the James I. monuments, and statues in the hideous Queen Anne style, the deserted, disused aspect of the interior, struck her with indescribable, chill melancholy. "This way, Miss," said her guide, turning down an alley between the high pews, and conducting her into a dingy little vestry, where a limp surplice hung in a ghostly fashion against the wall.

"About what date, Miss, do you want?" asked the clerk's wife, selecting a rusty key and opening an old oak press. "I had better look at the register for 1820," said Laura, huskily, recalling her father's age, and the date of his death. She trembled as she spoke. She was on the eve of testing the truth of the strange story which she strove to doubt, and yet which seemed to force belief upon her. *If* it proved true, what a task lay before her!

"Will you please look yourself, Miss? I am not much of a scholar, and the back of this here book is rubbed terribly."

Between them they selected the volume, and then Laura searched nervously back from the date of her father's birth. Even at that distant epoch the quaint old church seemed to have been falling into disuse, as the marriages seemed few, considering the thickly inhabited district around it.

Laura turned back two or three pages, and finally, among the entries in July, 1820, she came to the following:—

"25th. Geoffrey Piers, gentleman, bachelor, of Llanogwen, residing at No. 4 Church Row, and Valerie Berthier, also of this Parish."

Laura sat looking at the faded writing, speechless, scarcely able to collect her thoughts, while her companion moved the chairs, and made a semblance of re-arranging things, in order not to leave the visitor alone with the church registers.

"It *is* true, then," was Laura's only distinct idea. "And what next?"

"I suppose I may copy this?" she said at last, rousing herself with an effort.

"Yes, sure, Miss. I think there is a pen and ink somewheres about."

"Do not trouble yourself. I have a pencil and note-book," and she hastily wrote down the entry.

"I thank you," resumed Laura, when she had completed her task. "I need trouble you no further, I suppose. I can inspect the register at any time, on payment of a fee?"

"Certainly, Miss; only if you come about dinner-time you are more likely to catch my husband. He assists in keeping the books of a house in Cannon Street, and is often out. Really the church is so deserted there are no fees nor nothing, in a manner of speaking, to make a living by; people must take care of themselves," etc.

"No doubt," returned Laura, absently. She strolled to the door and stood there a moment, comparing the sunshine without and the chill, earthy dullness of the interior, trying to picture the group at the communion rails at the lonely, secret wedding of her grandfather and his Canadian wife, pitying the humiliation such a marriage must have been, even while the friendless girl must have been grateful for the tardy reparation. But why had her grandfather permitted the stigma of illegitimacy to rest on his son? What misery and injustice had arisen from this suppression of the truth? And what would be the end thereof?

"Good-day, Miss," said the clerk's wife, approaching to lock the doors. And Laura felt she must go forth to work out her destiny.

Slowly she retraced her steps to seek a westward omnibus, striving in vain to think clearly and with sequence.

Issuing from the sleepy nook into the eddying rush of the main stream, Laura found herself again at the Mansion House. She was profoundly occupied with the question, Should she, or should she not, finish her work by calling in Gray's Inn Lane before she returned home? She dreaded the visit, partly because she shrank slightly from venturing on such an unknown land alone, but more because she so much dreaded that the stranger in whose hands Holden had left his papers might cross-examine her, and extract from her any knowledge that could disgrace Reginald. How keenly, how bitterly she felt that he was irretrievably disgraced in her own eyes; yet, at all hazards, she must shield his reputation from those of others!

What would the Admiral say? His judgment, however, would be softened by his dominant belief in the wretchedness of human nature, unassisted by divine grace. But what would Mr. Trent say, with his strict ideas of honor and integrity, uninfluenced as they were by any theory of spiritual rectification?

How should she guide herself so as to be just, yet not pitiless?

"Why, Miss Piers, what brings *you* into the city?" said a familiar voice; and Laura, startled out of her thoughts, looked up, with a sudden sense of detection, to encounter Mr. Trent's eyes fixed on her with a look of surprise. "I am afraid you will not find much material for art, high or low, here."

"I am not so sure," returned Laura, rallying her forces and shaking hands with him. "The materials of true art abound everywhere. How is Mrs. Trent?"

"Remarkably well, I think; she says she is utterly worn out with fatigue. You know the wedding comes off on Tuesday, and the whole household is upside down with preparations."

"I can understand that. When it is all quite over I will come and hear about it from Mrs. Trent."

"She is always glad to see you. Your cousin, Mrs. Piers, is coming up for the ceremony; very friendly of her. I have just parted with Reginald. I was nearly as much surprised to see him in the city as to meet you. What shall I tell Mrs. Trent? That you have a commission to paint the Lord Mayor and Corporation?"

"Such a subject deserves a Titian, if we had one," returned Laura, smiling. "No; say I was making a large investment—any thing you like."

"Very well, and good-morning. I am somewhat pressed for time." He hurried away, and Laura went on almost blindly for a minute or two, so stunned did she feel by the notion of her narrow escape of meeting Reginald. How could she have spoken to him? How could she have met his eye? Her difficulties seemed to spring up thick and fast. With a kind of desperate resolution she determined to go straight to Gray's Inn Lane and finish her task.

By the time she had found the number inscribed on Holden's letter she felt calmer, and soon discovered the name of "Winter, accountant," painted on the side of the doorway, with a large 2 indicating the second floor.

On reaching it, she was admitted by a grubby clerk to a dingy office, and on asking for Mr. Winter was shown into an inner den, where sat an elderly, grizzled, red-eyed, not too neatly attired man, who was writing at an office table surrounded by a litter of papers.

"Miss Piers," he said looking at the card his clerk had given him, "ha! Miss Piers," he repeated as if trying to remember something. "Sit down, if you please;" but Laura, who felt a quick aversion to the man and his surroundings, remained standing. "Now, then," he went on as the clerk left the room and closed the door, "what can we do for you, ma'am?"

"I have come," said Laura, restored by a wholesome feeling of antagonism, and speaking with quiet firmness, "to claim some papers which the late Mr. James Holden tells me in this letter, he left in your care for me." She opened the letter as she spoke and took out the one inclosed and directed to Mr. G. Winter.

"Oh! ay, that's it. I remember now," he returned, looking sharply at her while he drew his left finger and thumb slowly down from his cheek bone till they met at his chin while he perused the letter. "Yes, I heard our poor friend was no more, a few days ago; an old pal, I mean companion, of his was here last week to know if there were any assets, for he owed him, he said, fifty odd, but I knew that couldn't be, for Holden paid up everything before he started for Sydney. I managed the whole thing for him. It was then he left the parcel you are in search of; pray," rising, and placing himself on a threadbare hearth-rug before a rusty grate, "how am I to know you are Miss Laura Piers?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," returned Laura. "If the possession of this letter, and that which I have just given you is not sufficient proof of my identity, I have no other."

"Hum," looking very earnestly at her. "What sort of a man was Holden?"

"I never saw him but once; I think he had black eyes and hair. He was rather stout, and looked as if he rode races, or went to races."

"That's him. Where was he employed?"

"At Messrs. Thurston & Trent's."

"Good! Do you know what the papers are?"

"Scarcely, they concern myself I believe, and possibly may not be of much value."

"Likely enough! and I dare say there is no use in making

much ado about nothing ; as you have brought me the man's own letter authorizing me to give them to you, the bearer, I suppose I may as well give them up. You will, I presume, pay the usual fee on delivery.

"How much is it?" asked Laura, doubting that she had sufficient money with her, and feeling inclined to forfeit everything rather than return to the office of Mr. George Winter.

"One guinea," he returned, thrusting his hands deep into his trousers pockets.

"I will pay it," said Laura, shortly.

"And give me a receipt?"

"Certainly."

"Sit down, then, while I look in the safe," he returned. Taking a key from a drawer in his table he proceeded to open and examine several bundles of papers in an iron safe which stood in one corner, keeping up a running fire of comment while he did so. "Poor Holden! He was a pleasant fellow, but a trifle too fast. It's more than two years since he left that packet—(where the dickens has it got to?) in my keeping—"don't give it to nobody," says he, "that hasn't a written order from me, for I know you are true blue!" Ay! I helped him out of more scrapes than one, and between you and me, he was on the verge of "all up" when he got the pot of money that put things square, but he was uncommon close, never could find out how he came by it! It was just a month or two before he left England; paid everything in brand new Bank of England notes and gold ; no tracing any thing ; ay, here it is at last. There you are, ma'am,"—beating the dust off against the chimney piece, then laying the parcel, which was wrapped in brown paper, beside his blotting book, and locking the safe, he took up his pen to write out a form of acquittance for Laura to sign. While she sat still and silent in the chair she had at last accepted, feeling as if in a dream, and looking with a sort of dread at the commonplace parcel which contained the key to the mystery so unexpectedly revealed—she longed yet half feared to examine its contents, yet she almost trembled with eagerness to have it safe in her own possession. If this uncouth, repulsive man had any idea of its contents, what a scourge he would be to Reginald! Into what depths of degradation might he not drag him.

"Now then, put your name there, ma'am, hand over one-pound-one, and the papers are yours. I hope you will find them worth the money," with a slight smile.

"I hope so," returned Laura, carelessly, as she rose—and advancing to the table—read over the receipt he had written and signed her name to it ; finally she laid the desired one-pound-one upon the table.

"All right," said Mr. Winter scrutinizing the coin severely. "I am happy to hand you over this parcel, and should the relatives, heirs, executors, or assigns make any opposition or inquiry you will bear me harmless."

"I feel sure no one has any interest in the documents, whatever they may be, save myself."

"Very well, wish you a good-morning."

"Thank you," said Laura, bowing as she moved toward the door.

"And," continued Mr. Winter, who seemed loth to let her go, "my clerk's fee is half-a-crown!"

"Indeed," replied Laura, continuing her retreat before he could interpose between her and the exit, but without again opening her purse till the pale and grimy lad in the first room opened the outer door and stood with it in his hand, when in passing she bestowed the stipulated half-crown on him, saying, "Mr. Winter tells me that is your fee."

The astonishment depicted in his face enlightened Laura a good deal as to the legality of the fees demanded.

She was thankful, however, to be out of the house and in possession of the papers, whatever they might be, at any cost.

Though the interview had seemed long, it had not really occupied much time, and it was barely half-past three when she escaped into the open air and the busy obscurity of the streets. She felt strangely nervous, ready to start at her own shadow. What if she met Reginald bound upon the same errand as herself, for perhaps he knew of Holden's death, and the existence of these letters. She must command herself, and strive with her unassisted judgment to decide on the most prudent and least vindictive plan of proceeding.

Meantime, she feared to be alone. She knew how little chance there was, at that hour of the day, to find a seat in a Holborn omnibus, so she ventured on the extravagance of a cab, and thus managed to reach her own quarter of the town in time to give one of the private lessons which properly belonged to that day.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MRS. CREWE had made a considerable change in her domestic arrangements since her son had taken up his abode with her. She had adopted the six o'clock dinner instead of the indiscriminate meal with tea and bread-and-butter, over which she used to preside at that hour. "It is a cheap piece of gentility," she observed in one of her many confidential conversations with her excellent neighbor, Miss Brown ; "call it dinner or tea, people are as hungry for one as the other. I wanted late dinner from the first, I mean since the Admiral came, but he would not hear of it. I daresay he thought I saved a fortune by calling luncheon dinner, and dinner tea ; but I am sure he did not like it. How could he, accustomed as he has always been to the elegancies of aristooratic society ; only he is such a Christian, that he is never so happy as when he is thoroughly uncomfortable in a good cause."

"That may be Christianity, but it is not common-sense," said Miss Brown with a snap.

Mrs. Crewe slid dexterously out of the discussion by remarking that the Admiral had attained to spiritual heights beyond *their* reach, and then brought round the congenial topic of Collins's shortcomings.

On this particular day Laura was delighted to find herself in excellent time for the evening meal, and passed to her own room unquestioned and unsuspected, her precious packet concealed in a large roll of drawing-paper.

"That's right, dear," said Mrs. Crewe opening the dining-room door. "I was just beginning to hope you would not be late, it has been *so* warm, and you look that tired and dusty and worn out, it gives me a pain in the back to look at you."

"Then I will hide myself as soon as I can," returned Laura running up-stairs. Her first care was to put away the parcel in her safest box which had a patent lock. Then she sat down to rest and breathe, while memory raised the curtain of the past.

Scarce two years ago she had sat and thought in that very room, almost dazed by the sudden flood of love and light and intolerable joy that had broken in upon her. Was it possible that she had really had a lover, and such a lover, charming, handsome, distinguished? Alas! was it all a gigantic sham? Yet in the old times, when neither had a thought of the future or its possibilities she had been Reginald's chosen friend and confidante ;—there was a certain amount of sympathy and mutual comprehension between them which nothing could quite uproot. And yet, if this

strange story, the truth of which she could no longer doubt, was true, how basely he had robbed her. How she had been beaten to the earth by the storm of disappointment and mortification. What a martyrdom she had endured since those days of dazzling delight ; and she was there still, living, breathing ; her own self, not crushed out of mental form and intelligence, but calm, resigned ; and, as she acknowledged to herself with surprise, not incapable of enjoyment in some directions, but that she was at present somewhat overweighted with the task that lay before her. For she could not, must not, allow Reginald to go altogether unpunished.

Yet how could she strike him without hurting dear, innocent, unsuspecting Winnie?

She could not answer the question. She must first acquaint herself with the contents of Holden's packet, and then? She found no convenient conclusion, so proceeded to make a more than usually careful toilet, in order to avert attention from her worn, weary aspect ; nor did she leave the grateful shelter of her chamber till informed that "dinner was on the table."

Both the Admiral and Denzil were waiting when she entered the drawing-room, and she apologized in some confusion for her unusual want of punctuality. Laura was always anxious to show her regard for those with whom she lived, by her quiet observance of the small politenesses that are to society what mortar is to bricks, without which the wall could not stand.

When dinner was over, the *partie carrée* assembled in the drawing-room, and Laura observed that the Admiral seemed unusually disposed to talk. He had met an old shipmate that day who had been "interviewing" one of the Lords of the Admiralty on behalf of his son, a young lieutenant, and this opened up a long vista of by-gone days. The Admiral was deeply interested in his old friend's son, and announced his intention of speaking to certain influential personages in his favor.

Mrs. Crewe listened with much attention and approval, and did not fail to observe with a sigh that she wished his interest could be employed in favor of her dear boy.

The "dear boy," meantime, lay back easily in his chair, apparently lost in thought, and Laura, though resolutely keeping her mind present with her, was glad to be silent, and occupied with some ornamental work destined for Mrs. Crewe.

Presently their neighbor, Mr. Brown, joined them with a *Times* in his hand, to talk over an important city article with Denzil. But Denzil was not disposed to talk, so Mr. Brown, nothing loth, turned to the Admiral, and they were soon deep in an argument on the amount of benefit really derived by society from what is usually termed Progress.

"Play us something, Laura, dear," said Mrs. Crewe, who did not care for conversation of this description.

Laura silently went to the piano, and began to play from memory the old airs and dreamy cradle-songs that she knew her listeners liked. While she did so she remembered that she had scarcely exchanged a word with Denzil since the evening when he had spoken to her so harshly. The absorbing interest of her search for the documents indicated by Holden had thrust it back among the stores of memory, but not obliterated it. She wondered why he had been so cross that night, and earnestly hoped that no evil had happened to ruffle the rare interval of peace his mother was enjoying, or indeed to wound himself. She hoped he did not think she had avoided him because she was offended ; she had been a little hurt at his tone, but even that had passed away ; she would not easily let so good and pleasant a friend go ; so she thought within herself while she touched softly, tenderly, the pathetic notes of "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon."

"We have been quite strangers for the last week," said Denzil's voice suddenly, close behind her. "I know you are above small spite of all kinds, yet whether you intended it or not, I have felt in punishment."

"That is your own fancy," she returned, "certainly not my intention. We are both too busy for imaginary wrongs."

"And too true, I hope," he added ; there was a pause, and Laura's fingers strayed over the keys, and brought out, almost unconsciously, "Logie o' Buchan."

Denzil came a step forward and leaned against the side of the piano. "I found a book to-day I have heard you express a wish to read, so I have brought it to you."

"Indeed! What is it?"

"Freytag's last volume."

"Is it for a peace offering? that was not needed," said Laura, looking up with one of her brief, sweet smiles. "Yet I thank you heartily, and accept it greedily."

"That's right," returned Denzil, looking well pleased. "I wish I could read German."

"It is not so difficult ; I think I could teach you."

"Do not tempt me," he returned, his deep, dark eyes lighting up with a kindly glance. "For me, it would be waste of time. Lives like mine are too full of indispensable work to allow of excursions into pleasant by-ways. I must stick to the main road if I mean to accomplish what I want."

"And what do you want?" ceasing to play and looking up at him with interest.

"Independence and a fair position."

"Yes, and you will win it. Men have the game in their hands. But what uphill work it is for a woman to make a place in this crowded world."

"I daresay it is, but women have men to work for them."

"Sometimes. The time is going by for that. Do not suppose I am too self-asserting, but when you think of the hundreds of women who cannot possibly find men to work for them, you must admit we have a right to help ourselves if we can ; we are becoming too heavy a burden for you."

"Perhaps so, the mere fact of increasing population creates great changes."

"Work is no hardship," said Laura. "It is often the highest pleasure."

"Your work, yes," he returned. "But think of sewing long seams and things, the livelong day."

"True, the lot of some is very hard. Where is my book?"

"Here," said Denzil, turning to a side table and taking up a parcel that lay there ; he opened it and produced a foreign looking volume with a neutral tinted paper cover.

"You are really very good and kind to me."

"Then you give me plenary absolution?"

"You do not need it ; if you did, this book would purchase much."

"I do not like that way of putting it," exclaimed Denzil, his dark cheek growing red. "I do not want to buy a pardon, though I am very glad to receive it as a free gift."

"Well, needed or not, you have it."

"Thank you ;" there was a pause, Laura resumed her playing, and Denzil stood still by the piano leaning on the end and looking down into the face of the musician. "I had a visit from your young cousin, Herbert Fielden, at the office this morning," resumed Denzil. "He was on his way to Pierslynn, and had some business in the city. I like the youngster, there is something kindly and frank about him.

and he has a look of his beautiful sister; all the better for him. He hankers still after the sea, but I fancy Mrs. Piers of Pierslynn would scarcely care to have a merchant skipper for a brother."

"I cannot tell—there is no pretension about Winnie; she is very true and real."

"Yes, but remember she has another self to influence her now, and one more alive to appearances than she is."

Laura made no answer.

"Herbert tells me his sister is coming to town for Miss Trent's wedding. It is to take place immediately, is it not?"

"Next week, I believe. I have not heard from Winnie for some days. I suppose she waits to tell me which day they arrive. I did not expect to have the pleasure of seeing her so soon again."

"It is a great pleasure, I suppose," said Denzil looking at her keenly. "Unbelievers do say there is no such thing as female friendship, but I think Mrs. Piers and you are very fast friends."

"I think we are, and so long as I am sure of my own friendships I do not care to generalize on the subject."

There was another pause, and then Denzil said somewhat abruptly, "Have you been working at South Kensington since you returned?"

"Not yet; to-morrow is a students' day, and I think of copying there in the afternoon; there are some bits of Danby's I should like to get hold of."

"If I can leave the city in tolerable time, I will come and see what you are doing, that is if I may?"

"Of course; I shall be glad to know what you think of my work, you have a very good eye for color, considering."

"That is encouraging! You are feeling all right again, Miss Piers? quite recovered that attack?"

"Yes, quite."

"Yet you are not looking yourself."

"I should be very pleased to be some one else, could I choose. Yet no! it would be base and cowardly to shrink from one's own personality."

"Laura!" said the Admiral, suddenly, "may I trouble you to bring me a small parcel of papers tied with a black ribbon which lies beside my desk. These reports, my dear sir, will show you the difficulties our association has had to contend with, etc, etc."

And Laura's *tête-à-tête* with Denzil was over.

. . . . . .

When she escaped to her room, it was nearly ten o'clock, and having locked her door and shaded the light, she drew forth the packet she had purchased that day, determined to master its contents before she slept. But first she put away the book Denzil had brought her, with a pleased sense of kindly recognition, and satisfaction that the little estrangement between them had been swept away. "He is very kind and thoughtful, and a true gentleman;" the half uttered words came with a sigh, as she felt that no temptation, no sophistry, would have induced *him* to play the traitor.

Then she broke the seal of the packet, which was inscribed: "To be delivered only to the person named by me.—J. Holden." Within was a memorandum signed by the same name. "These letters were addressed to my father's aunt, Mrs. Deborah Pryce; she resided for many years near the little town of Llanogwen, in North Wales; my father inherited what property she left, and among other things these papers. They lay for years unnoticed in an old desk, until about four years ago, when on my mother's death, in looking through her few effects, I came upon them, and thinking they might possibly be of use to myself or some one else, put them aside. Mrs. Pryce was for many years a widow, and had a farm which she managed herself; she had always let some rooms in her house to sportsmen, as there was good fishing and shooting all around, and this Geoffrey Piers and his wife appear to have been her tenants from 1819 till the spring of '21. One letter is missing; it was a very short one, containing the mere announcement that the marriage had taken place. I gave it to Reginald Piers, when we came to an understanding respecting the Pierslynn succession. In this matter I have acted for the best for all parties, feeling satisfied that if I gain a little, no one will be the loser, unless indeed certain arrangements are not carried out, in which case I reserve to myself the means of doing justice."

Having read this carefully, Laura took up a letter marked 2, and, seeing that the remaining documents were marked 3 and 4, proceeded to unfold it. The paper, yellow with age, was covered on three sides with small, fine, faded writing, while the fourth bore the inscription, "To Mrs. Pryce, Craigedon Farm, Llanogwen, Merionethshire," the London post-mark, and was dated July 28, 1820. The address inside was the Church Row, and the date, written in old fashioned style, "This 28th of July, 1820." The letter began: "Dear and respected friend," and proceeded to say that they (her husband and herself) had changed their plans, and instead of returning as her former letter stated, on the following Wednesday, would remain a week longer in town, as her dear husband (the new title was repeated as often as possible) wished she should see some of the sights in the great metropolis, especially as she felt so much stronger and better than when she left Llanogwen.

"The feeling that I can stand by my husband's side in the face of the world, seems to give me new life," she continued, and it need never harm him, for I do not want to intrude upon his proud people, only to be his true wife and helper in peace and obscurity in your pretty, pleasant home. How can I ever thank you enough, dear Mrs. Pryce, for all your goodness. I know it was your excellent advice decided Geoffrey to follow the inclination of his own kind heart. You are a mother to me, the only mother I ever knew! Mine has been such a lonely life. I so wished you had been with me at church, I had no one but the clerk and the woman of the house where we lodged. Though I was so happy, I could not keep back my tears, and, when I repeated after the pastor, 'Till death do us part,' I felt a sudden chill, as though the parting was not far off. You will scold me for this, dear friend, but now I feel quite gay and hopeful. I shall remember your advice, and take great care of my marriage certificate till I can give it to you to keep. I am writing while my husband is gone out on business, and it is the next best thing to talking with you. How much I shall have to tell you when we meet."

Then followed some mention of the Tower and St. Paul's, of a beautiful dress her husband had given her, and then it ended with the words:

"Always your attached,
"VALERIE PIERS."

The tears rose to Laura's eyes as they perused these lines; she wondered that a French Canadian, as her grandmother seemed to have been, could write such good English; she had evidently received some cultivation, and her letter had a certain refinement that made it hard to imagine how she could have formed such a connection as that which at first existed between her and Geoffrey Piers, but conjectures were fruitless. She folded up the letter and took up a small slip of paper, which certified "That it appears by the Register of Marriages kept for the Parish of St. Olave's [City], in the borough of , that Geoffrey Piers and Valerie Berthier were married, the twentieth day of July, in

the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty.—Witness my hand this twenty-fifth day of July, 1820. T. LAWRENCE, *Vicar.*"

One more letter, dated October, 1820, from Chester, described the writer as not much the better of the change, and very anxious to return to Llanogwen, as Mr. Piers would be obliged to go to his cousin's place at Pierslynn. Mrs. Piers was always very fond of him, and she was ill, etc., and the writer adds, "I could not bear Geoffrey's absence unless I were with you, he is so kind and gentle; how shall I ever leave him?" Finally, in a rude, round hand, on a piece of ruled paper, that looked as if it had been torn out of an account book, was written as follows:—

"This letter, October 27, was the last she wrote me, poor dear; she never left me again until she went to a better world, the 9th of January following, just a fortnight after her little baby boy was born. I had him christened Edward, in our parish church, as I knew his father was a prelatist, but he was too distraught, poor gentleman, with grief to know or care what I did.

"I loved that boy, and had the sole care of him for five years. Mr. Piers paid me regularly, and came often to see him. At last he took him away somewhere that he might be properly educated, so I lost my little darling.

"I had a few letters from Mr. Piers telling me how the boy got on, but now it is nigh six years since I had any tidings, and I do not expect ever to see or hear anything more of Mr. Piers or his dear boy: but so long as I live I will keep these papers, and I charge my nephew, Charles James Holden, to do the same, as there is no knowing when they may be of use to the boy.

"DEBORAH PRYCE. Sept. 14, 1831."

This was all. Laura sat long in deep though confused thought. What the legal value of these letters might be she could not tell; to her they were proof positive. Indeed, she could not conceive a doubt existing as to her right to the family estate.

Still the wearisome question arose again and again, what should she do?

To attack Reginald, although he had wronged and robbed her, was almost beyond her strength; to submit to such a wrong with her eyes open was not to be thought of. At last a resolution slowly formed itself in her mind; she would wait awhile, and then she would speak to him alone. Having shown her full knowledge of his treachery she would come to some terms with him by which he should be neither beggared nor disgraced. This was all she could decide, and so after a long, unprofitable reverie she folded up the packet again, tied it carefully, locked it away, and went to bed, where, to her own surprise, she slept profoundly, having been much exhausted by the fatigue and excitement of the day.

The waking next morning, the going about her usual work, the interest and vexations of teaching, the writing a receipt for some small payment, all seemed strange and difficult to her.

She was unworldly enough, and very little inclined to cynicism or morbidness of any description, yet she could not help smiling as she thought of her social experience. She had learned so deeply the lesson of her own insignificance; not that she was annoyed by it, the few she loved, loved her, but to the world, the general world, she knew she was just a praiseworthy "young person" who maintained herself and could draw a little. Even of those who cared most for her, which of them recognized the power, the capability, that was in her? Suppose she stood revealed before them as the mistress of a fine estate, patroness of a couple of livings, the possessor of the power money always gives: with what sympathetic respect she would be spoken to, with what consideration she would be treated. Even Mrs. Crewe would think of her with awe tempered by love.

She smiled quite kindly at the idea; after all, of those she knew, the one who seemed to know her best was Denzil Crewe. He said little on the subject, but the habit he had of listening to her opinions, the very way in which he opposed them, proved a degree of appreciation she had never met from any one else, not even Winnie, not even Reginald, when he was playing the lover; "a part," thought Laura, with a sigh and a smile, "no one will ever play to me again, unless indeed for the same reason, my title to Pierslynn."

Yet she went through all her daily duties with more inward calm than she had felt for some time. Her doubts were all resolved, she held her fortune in her hand, and at her own disposal; the pain of this knowledge was always aching at the bottom of her heart, the terrible weariness of spirit that comes of disenchantment, but constant occupation, gave relief, and the friendly companionship of Denzil Crewe brightened her rare moments of leisure.

The second day after Laura's excursion into the city she was a little late for dinner, and ran up to her room to make a hasty toilet without first seeing Mrs. Crewe.

"Come away, my dear," cried that lady as she entered the dining-room where the rest were at table. "I am so sorry you were late to-day, of all days. It is the first time I have ventured to treat you to salmon, and yours will be quite cold," performing a fantasia on the handbell. "Collins, bring—oh! you have it. Sit down, Laura, and eat your fish, while I tell you the news. A little more salmon, Admiral? just a thought? no; well, Denzil, I insist on your taking *that and* eating it," dropping an abundant spoonful on his plate, "now then, Laura, who do you think paid me a visit to-day?"

"I am sure I cannot guess, Mrs. Crewe."

"What do you say to Winnie! Mrs. Piers of Pierslynn, herself, *and* the baby. She came, she said, without writing a line, just to surprise us. Collins, if you don't mind you will drop the knives and sauce ladle, and grease all the carpet—and a great surprise it was, she looked sweet, in *such* a bonnet, and cloak, and dress. Madame Elise, my dear, no mistaking her style. She is just the same dear, warm-hearted, charming creature as ever. Is she not, Admiral?"

"Very interesting and worthy of affection indeed," he returned, "though she has caused me much grief."

"When did they come to town?" cried Laura, all attention.

"Only yesterday. Was it not kind and friendly of her to come out here so soon? The baby is a beautiful little darling, but delicate; it requires food, I am sure. Doctors may say what they like; but as I told that dear, inexperienced young creature—and I think I *ought* to know—some babies *must* be fed; pearl barley boiled to a jelly, with a tinge of white sugar, and cooled to a proper degree with the purest milk you can get, is admirable after two months old; I have known splendid children reared upon it. Collins!" with withering severity, "I will trouble you to look at the bottom of that plate, Collins; one would think you had stood it in the coal-cellar!"

"Did *you* look at the baby, dear Admiral?" asked Laura, with a smile.

"Yes, I *looked* at it; but these poor little creatures are beyond my comprehension," he returned

"Its limbs are not at all what they ought to be," resumed Mrs. Crewe, authoritatively. "But what eyes the precious dear has! The exact model of its mother's. Do

you know, my sweet Topsy was quite jealous to see the baby in my arms. She jumped on the small round table and sat there straight up, with her pretty toes together, giving a little croak now and then in the most intelligent manner. Denzil, would you cut a slice of cold beef for Topsy? I heard her mewing in the garden. She is annoyed with an ugly white cat that *will* come into our premises."

"How long did Winnie say she was going to stay in town?"

"She did not say, but I fancy they will be here some weeks. She seemed so bright and happy, and said how she enjoyed your visit, Laura. She got well from the time you arrived."

"I have no doubt yours is a healing influence," said Denzil, smiling; "though you and Mrs. Piers are so unlike in nature, I do not quite understand your being such great friends."

"That is just it," said Laura. "Our angles fit into each other; were they a shade nearer they might graze."

"The baby had a beautiful robe and pelisse," resumed Mrs. Crewe, "all white satin and lace; but he has no cap. I must say I like a baby in a cap. I stuck to them as long as I could, but even in my day they were going out. I remember what a sweet little angel Denzil looked in his close-quilled cap border with its loops of white ribbon."

Both Laura and Denzil burst into hearty laughter at the picture thus conjured up.

"Mrs. Piers wrote a little note for you, Laura; it is in the drawing-room."

An announcement which made the rest of the dinner seem very long, especially as the Admiral was disposed to talk, and Mrs. Crewe did not like to move.

"Well, dear, what does she say?" asked Mrs. Crewe, when they had escaped the dining-room, the Admiral having ascended to his own chamber, and Denzil producing an evening paper, while Laura read her note.

"She begs me to go to her early to-morrow and spend the day, which she supposes I can do, as it is Sunday."

"Will you go?" asked Denzil, quickly.

"Oh, yes, of course! Then I can tell her of my engagements, and she will see that I cannot be with her every day."

"I dare say her own engagements will be so numerous that she may not want to see you every day," he returned.

"Very likely," said Laura, calmly; "our paths lie wide apart. Still, it is very pleasant to catch a glimpse of each other now and then."

Denzil made no answer, and Mrs. Crewe took up her parable. "No doubt it is, Laura, dear; and very right and natural. I am sure it is highly to your credit having kept up your friendship with young Mrs. Piers so steadily. She may be a valuable friend to you yet."

"She is always valuable to me," said Laura, in a low tone.

"I wonder if Mr. Reginald Piers will ever honor me by calling again? I used to be all and all with him, but I dare say he would feel awkward now. I must say my opinion of that young man is considerably changed, and he must know it."

"All that is past and gone," said Laura, very gravely and composedly. "I dare say he has nearly forgotten the terrible mistake he had almost made. Let us forget it too."

"It would certainly be in better taste to do so," said Denzil, emphatically.

"Please, miss," said Collins, opening the door suddenly, "the Admiral says, would you mind stepping up-stairs a minute?"

CHAPTER XXXVII

"I SHALL be all alone to-day," said Mrs. Crewe, as she and Laura returned to the dining-room the following morning, after attending the Admiral to the door as usual. He was in the habit of starting early on Sundays, in order to reach "Mount Moriah" in good time, and Laura did not feel herself bound to accompany him invariably. "Denzil started quite an hour ago, to catch the 9.30 train to Isleworth. He is invited to spend the day with Mr. Gibbon, the senior partner, who has a lovely place in the country. Very flattering I am sure." Then, after a pause, she resumed confidentially, "Mr. Gibbons has a very nice daughter, I am told, highly accomplished, and very pretty. Now, it has struck me that all the attention Denzil has received from the family of late may possibly mean that he would not be unacceptable as a son-in law."

"Perhaps so," said Laura, stirring a supplementary cup of tea.

"My son may not be a wealthy man," continued Mrs. Crewe with dignity. "But he has birth, and high character, good looks, and, though I say it, first rate abilities,—it is my impartial opinion that the girl who gets my Denzil may bless her stars."

"I am sure he would be the best possible husband," returned Laura cordially. "And now I must go too, as Winnie wants me to be with her early. But I will come back in time for tea, Mrs. Crewe, and go to church with you in the evening."

It was with a curious mixture of pain and pleasure that Laura hastened to her appointment the next day. Mr. and Mrs. Piers had established themselves at the A——— hotel, being somewhat nearer the dowager's dwelling, as she professed the most devoted attachment to her little grandson.

Laura found Winnie in a pleasant room, opening on a balcony filled with flowers, she herself in most becoming summer attire, and "baby" in his highly ornamented bassinette.

Winnie was writing when Laura entered, and sprang up to meet her with her usual affectionate warmth.

"I am so delighted to see you, dear! I was sure you would come early. I want so much to have a nice talk with you before Reginald comes back; he said he would come in to luncheon. How have you been, Laura? You do not look as well as you did at Pierslynn."

"I daresay not. London is so warm and exhausting, but I am quite well. Now let me look at baby."

After half an hour or more spent in admiring and discussing the sleeping infant, and expatiating on his surprising progress, Winnie exclaimed, I have a note for you from Mrs. Piers. She wants you to dine with her on Wednesday. You must come with me, dear. She is very nice in her own house, and you will like her." And Laura, after some hesitation, agreed.

While they still spoke the door was thrown open, and a waiter announced "Colonel Bligh."

A tall, soldierly-looking man entered, and advanced to shake hands with Winnie. He was very sunburnt, with thick, dark mustache, abundant black hair, just touched with gray, and keen, red-brown eyes.

"Hadn't the least idea you were in town till Piers looked me up this morning. Very glad to see you so blooming." He shook hands with Winnie as he spoke, and darted one quick inquiring glance at Laura.

He was followed in another moment by Reginald, who was, Laura at once noticed, looking brighter and better than when she last saw him. He was evidently much surprised at finding her with his wife, but assumed an air of great cordiality. "Ah, Laura! delighted to see you. I was going to try if I

should have better luck to-day than Winifred had yesterday, for I know you stay at home of a Sunday. And how have you been since you deserted Pierslynn?"

The blood went back to Laura's heart with a suffocating sensation as he spoke. His voice had all its old charm for her ear. Was it possible that this handsome, débonnair gentleman, with his cordial, winning grace of manner, was a cheat, an impostor? Surely he was belied. He did not know her (Laura's) rights. He could not have played so base a part. She grew deadly pale, and it was a moment before she could control herself enough to reply.

"I am sure you were better at Pierslynn," continued Reginald, looking at her earnestly. "I cannot say I think London agrees with you."

"Why, I thought her looking so particularly well this morning," exclaimed Winnie. "Let me present Colonel Bligh to you, Laura. Miss Piers, Colonel Bligh."

The Colonel made a profound bow, both gentlemen sat down, and luncheon proceeded. Colonel Bligh and Mrs. Piers kept up a running fire of conversation in which Reginald joined occasionally, but in spite of herself Laura was absolutely silent. "Come, Laura, what have you been doing since you came back to town? Has the Admiral been taking you to too many prayer meetings? or have you been working too hard? Ah! Laura!" lowering his voice, while Winnie and Colonel Bligh were laughing over some mutual acquaintances, "you are not made for this dull, hard life. You must cut London and come to us. Why Winnie will scarce ever feel any place home without you."

Laura raised her eyes and looked straight at him for the first time since he came into the room. "Thank you," she said, slowly and coldly, "you are very good."

Something in her tone, in her eyes, suddenly stilled Reginald's warm hospitality. He looked away, a quick uneasy frown contracted his brow for an instant, and he turned from Laura to join abruptly in the conversation of the others, but soon again addressed her.

"And what does the Admiral do with himself?"

"He is always busy. He has joined a sect of benevolent people, and has quantities of business to do, examining into cases and visiting districts."

"Happy are the rogues and vagabonds whose cases are inquired into by our good old friend," exclaimed Reginald, laughing. "I imagine it requires no great skill to throw dust in his eyes."

"I am not so sure," said Laura. "I imagine he often sees more and deeper than we think, only his goodness is of the order that shines equally on the evil and the good."

"That is exceedingly immoral," said Colonel Bligh, gravely.

"It must be horribly difficult to find out who is deserving and who is not," observed Winnie. "And while one is trying to find out, some good creatures may die of starvation! Some more strawberries, Laura."

"I say, Piers. You must take Mrs. Piers down to Goodwood. The races come off on Friday next. Let us make up a party. There is Mrs. Compton, a capital little woman, a sort of relation of mine (she is going to call upon you, Mrs. Piers, if you will allow her), she would like to come, and some of her following; by-the-bye, our old friend Madame Moscynski is staying with her. They are an uncommonly jolly pair of widows, only Mrs. Compton is far and away the best of the two."

At the mention of this name Winnie's big eyes lit up with a startled, angry look—at least, so it seemed to Laura, who understood every change in her countenance—she did not reply immediately, and Reginald said quickly, "By all means. Mrs. Piers has lost both Epsom and Ascot. She ought to see Goodwood, eh, Winnie?"

"I thought Madame Moscynski had gone abroad?" she said slowly, pushing her plate away and leaning back in her chair.

"She *said* she was going, at any rate," returned Reginald easily. "But we know 'how light a cause may move' that fair lady to change her plans."

"As to the lightness of the cause, it is impossible to say," remarked Colonel Bligh, helping himself to mayonaise. "She likes to be suspected of being a political agent, a sort of pale phantom of the celebrated Princess Lieven, minus a great many important ingredients. She is deuced clever, for all that, and one of the most eloquent listeners I ever met."

"What a curious phrase, Colonel Bligh," exclaimed Winnie.

"I mean she has a way of appearing so absorbed in what you are saying to her (if you are at all worth the trouble) that a man begins to think himself no end of a *râconteur*, or conversationalist, and that she must be a very highly gifted woman to have found it out."

"Exactly," said Winnie quietly, though her color rose, and Laura could see a tell-tale pulse quivering in her snowy throat just above her rich lace cravat, "quite clever enough to make unpleasant use of the admissions or revelations her eloquent listening may have led you on to make."

"Come, Mrs. Piers! that is too severe. Angelic women like you ought to leave sarcasm to poor, commonplace, worldly mortals."

"By Jove! it is too bad," cried Reginald, with rather a forced laugh. "You must know that when we first met Princess Moscynski in Paris, Mrs. Piers being quite inexperienced in all matters apertaining to the higher regions and mysteries of the toilet, Madame took her in hand. I must say she had an apt pupil. My wife soon found she could go alone, considerably before Madame Moscynski recognized the fact, and hence the blood feud which exists between them. More on our side, I confess, than on the arch offender's."

"I am not surprised at the 'Moscynski' being distanced," said Colonel Bligh with a bow and look of unmistakable admiration, "she is much too heavily weighted for competition with such an opponent."

"Well—well—you will see about Goodwood?" cried Reginald impatiently.

Winnie opened her lips as if about to speak, and then closed them resolutely.

"Yes, I am going to dine with Mrs. Compton to-day, and will let you know what is to be done."

Winnie did not speak, and Laura felt a new light—a very unpleasant light—dawning upon her.

"I suppose your sister, Lady Jervois, will be in town to-morrow or next day," said Winnie to her husband.

"I am afraid not; I forgot to mention that my mother (I was sitting with her this morning) had a letter from Helen, and Jervois has caught a chill. He was chopping wood or digging potatoes, or some such amusement, and got overheated, so there is no chance of Helen coming up till her lord and master is all right."

"I am so sorry," cried Winnie, "not so much for Sir Gilbert, I confess, but I do like Helen. Do you know Lady Jervois, Colonel Bligh?"

"No, I have never met her, but I have heard Markham, you know Markham of the —th Dragoon Guards, talk of her. He says she was a perfect pocket Venus, when she first came out."

"Poor Nelly! how changed she is; yes, Markham was awfully spoony on Helen. But he had no money, so he wisely sheared off."

"He has come into something since, has he not?" asked

Colonel Bligh. "He was very jolly with us on board the yacht, and, by-the-way, what a capital comrade the Princess was; we missed her awfully when she left, she kept everything ship-shape, and old Dereham could do nothing without her. What an old muff he is; she tells me she is going down to keep house for him in August; if so I think I will take shooting quarters there."

"You had better come to Pierslynn," said Reginald, "I think I can offer you good sport."

Somewhat to Laura's surprise, this invitation met with no seconding from Winnie, who seemed in deep thought, and soon after said, "Laura, shall we go into the next room; would you like to come with me to Mrs. Piers? I should like to hear about Sir Gilbert, and I will set you down in Leamington Road afterward."

"Thank you," said Laura.

"What are you going to do, Reginald?"

"Who, me? Oh! I am not sure. Bligh and myself thought of looking in on little Bob Norris; they say he wants to sell the famous brown mare of his, that astonished us all with the Saltshire last winter. Tell you what, Winnie, if you and Laura make your way to the Zoo about four, or four-thirty, I'll meet you there, somewhere in the aquarium."

"Very well," said his wife, "remember we dine at half-past seven, with the Lloyds."

"Oh! I had nearly forgotten."

Winnie rose and went into the next room, followed by Laura and the two gentlemen, and they naturally fell into a pair of *têtes-à-têtes*, Colonel Bligh talking on smoothly and pleasantly in a lowered tone to Mrs. Piers, who, though she rewarded his efforts with occasional smiles and laughter, seemed to Laura absent and preoccupied.

Reginald tried to interest Laura and himself with a discussion of her affairs.

"How is the Admiral getting on? Is there any chance of his saving anything from the wreck of that confounded company?"

"I am afraid not. He seems to have forgotten about it, and we are all very content and happy together in dear, kind Mrs. Crewe's dove-cot."

"Are you?" shifting his chair to place himself between Colonel Bligh and her. "I don't think there is another girl like you anywhere; or is your philosophy the result of compensation?"

"Has your new life so dulled your wits, Reginald, as to blind you to the conceit and presumption of such a speech," returned Laura, coolly, though it stung and startled her.

"By Jove! it was both," cried Reginald, recalled by this rebuke. "I did not think of what I was saying; still you are a sort of girl one does not meet every day. Winnie tells me you made no end of sketches at Pierslynn. I wish you would accept a commission from me, and work one of them up into a picture."

"No, Reginald, I am too busy just now."

"That is, you don't choose to accept anything from me," he returned, looking at her with a curious, bold, hard stare, which made her feel angry and regretful. Angry at his effrontery, regretful for the subtle, indefinite deterioration in him, which she felt rather than observed. To turn the conversation, she remarked how well Winnie was looking—better than ever.

"Yes," replied Reginald, "she is in great feather. Hasn't she come out, too? by George! she has a spirit of her own, but bright and true as steel. Do you know," looking down, while his face darkened, "I sometimes wish she had been less handsome and—bewitching. Come along," he exclaimed to Colonel Bligh, interrupting himself in a harsh tone.

"If we are not off we will miss Norris," and he walked away without a word to any one.

Colonel Bligh made his adieu without much deliberation, volunteered a promise not to forget Goodwood, and with a profound bow to Laura, followed his leader.

Winnie sat silent for a minute, while Laura watched her. At last Winnie seemed to rouse herself, and changing her expression, exclaimed: "He is very nice and agreeable, is he not?

"Who, Reginald?"

"No, no! Colonel Bligh," said Winnie, laughing. "I flatter myself he is a great admirer of mine. Come, dear Laura, let us go and see my mother-in-law. I should like to know about poor Helen. Only fancy having to nurse Sir Gilbert. It must be an awful penance; you don't know what an odious little wretch he is."

. . . . . .

The following afternoon Laura returned very warm and weary. Monday was always a day full of work, and that of the least sympathetic kind.

It was the evening of the Admiral's monthly meeting, on which occasion there was always an early dinner for him. On this special Monday Mrs. Crewe had gone out in a great state of excitement to visit a cousin, a post-captain in the Navy, who, with his wife, had arrived in town from some distant station, and had invited her and her son to dine with them; she had dispatched a note to Denzil at his office, requesting him to join her at the Charing Cross Hotel. So Laura, having changed her dress for a cool, creamy summer gown, and washed away the dust of the hot streets, partook of a refreshing cup of tea, and strolled into the little garden, where the ubiquitous Collins was hard at work with a huge watering-pot, Mrs. Crewe having carefully provided against the possibility of her finding any spare time.

The little plot of garden was sweet and fresh. The spreading horse-chestnut at the far side from the house sheltering it from the sun, while Mrs. Crewe's taste and care preserved it from neglect or cockneyism.

Laura was glad to be alone for awhile, and yet anxious to turn her thoughts from the weary iteration that occupied and harrassed them. She therefore took refuge in the book Denzil had given her; opening it with a slight sigh: "How kind and thoughtful he is! I suppose if he marries his partner's daughter there will be no more pleasant little gifts for me;" and then the feeling of how great a loss his friendship would be came upon her with a degree of pain that surprised. She must get used to the idea, however, for some day their sympathetic companionship would cease. Denzil was the last man to whom a platonic liason would supply the place of wife and home. He was so earnest and practical in all his ways of thought and action! Would it not have been happier for Winifred to have married Denzil. He was so steady and so strong. Alas! it had come to her as a sudden revelation that Winnie was not quite happy; there was a sort of insecurity pervading even her brightest moments, and that pregnant expression which had fallen from her lips more than once, "You know we are all right now," implied so much that things were wrong once, and might be again. Winnie herself was perhaps a little jealous and exacting; yet this was quite a new development of her character. In her girlish days she was the frankest and least self-seeking of mortals. Always happily secure in her own grace and charm without seeming the least conscious of either, it seemed as natural to her to give freely all help and kindness and pleasure, as to breathe, asking nothing in return, yet rejoicing with youthful triumph in the readiness every one showed to befriend and oblige her.

"She is changed in some mysterious way! some evil

touch has brushed away the sweet, fresh bloom of her nature. Yet she is not so much changed as Reginald! I fear—I fear there are many dark days before him! He seems secure enough now! Does he know of Holden's death?"

Turning from her own conjectures, she resolutely fixed her eyes and thoughts on the pages of "Die Brüder vom Duetschen Hause," and read with increasing interest and relief.

She had got well into the story, though her "hours of idleness"—comparative idleness—were few, and intended to read so long as the light lasted. But she had not been half an hour so occupied, and Collins had retired with the watering-pot, when the smell of a cigar attracted her attention, and looking up, she saw Denzil Crewe standing on the door-step. Their eyes met, and he came down the walk to her.

"I thought you had gone to dine with Mrs. Crewe at Charing Cross!" said Laura in some surprise.

"I thought it impossible to get away from the office in time, so I sent a line of explanation to our host, and, after all, finished my work sooner than I expected."

"Mrs. Crewe will be vexed."

"I hope not. I shall see these relatives another day. Do you mind my cigar?"

"No—I like it on the air. I sometimes think I should like to smoke, too; it must be soothing when one is worried."

"It is," returned Denzil, sitting down on the bench beside her, but carefully to leeward, "though I hope you do not want a weed for that reason."

"Oh! every one has their share, I have nothing special to complain of."

"There was a pause, during which Denzil looked thoughtfully at the gravel, and then Laura said softly, "I have been enjoying the amusement you kindly provided for me," and she held up her book.

"Is it a thrilling tale?" asked Denzil, absently.

"Certainly a stirring one."

"I did not see you since yesterday morning," resumed Denzil, rather abruptly, "you spent the day with Mrs. Piers?"

"The greater part of it."

"I went down to Mr. Gibbons's, the head of my firm. He has a nice place away down the Sou' Western line near Malden; it is rather new and bare now, but will be pretty when the trees are older;" he paused, knocked the ash off his cigar, and resumed, still looking at the ground. "We had a long consultation, Mr. Gibbons and myself; rather a serious one for me."

"Indeed," returned Laura, feeling a little startled, and thinking: "Is it possible he has been proposing for the daughter?"

"It seems they are very much dissatisfied with their agent in Japan," he continued, "so they want me to go out and look after him; more than that, they want me to stay there for a couple of years as their representative."

He looked up gravely into Laura's eyes, as he ceased to speak.

"Your mother would be terribly cut up," she said; but what do think of it yourself?"

"It would be advantageous to me in more ways than one," he returned, "but I have an unusual reluctance to leave home; still"—he paused, "I shall have time to think about it, for they await replies to their letters, which cannot arrive before a month or five weeks, and" stealing an inquiring glance at her, which she did not observe, "we have always been friends—that is, you have been so good as to treat me as—well, as a sort of brother, that I thought I should like to talk to you about it." He said this with a slight hesitation and diffidence, that sat well upon his serious strength.

"You know I shall be pleased and interested to listen," replied Laura, turning to him with a sweet, frank smile.

Denzil was silent for a moment, and began again.

"If I go out I shall certainly increase the stability and business of the firm, and they will give me a salary in addition to my share of the profits, besides other chances that may arise to push my fortunes. On the other hand, I dislike the idea of losing two or three years (in one sense they would be lost) in such a remote place, after all my frequent wanderings. The firm would soon find as good an agent as I should be, and my share of profit would not be diminished were I to decline. Besides all this, I have an especial reason for wishing to stay in England, though for the same reason I am more anxious than ever to make money."

"Then it is hard to decide. Your pros and cons seem so equally balanced. It would be a great disappointment to your mother were you to leave her again, and she ought to be considered."

"Ay, she ought, indeed; if she knew all my motives, however, she would, I am certain, reconcile herself to my absence."

"Then you incline to go?"

"Yes, if I do not lose more by going than by remaining here;" he rose as he spoke, and slowly paced around the garden twice; then, throwing away the end of his cigar, he resumed his seat beside her, and Laura looked up from her book again. "I am very anxious to make money," said Denzil, resting one elbow on his knee and his head on his hand, speaking as it were out of his thoughts.

"Most men are, I suppose."

"I am not greedy of riches; but independence, comfort, all men ought to strive for."

"Poverty must be worse to men than women," said Laura, thoughtfully.

"I should have thought not; women want more of luxury than men, they cannot rough it like us."

"In one sense, perhaps, yes; but they can renounce and endure more, while the dignity of independence is more essential to men. To be the master of his own life must be the object of all men; even I like to feel that I am gradually winning the command of my own."

"Even you! Do you know I think you have a dash of masculine spirit."

"I do not think I have any spirit at all; but," irresistibly impelled to make a covert approach to the ever-present topic of her thoughts, "it must be hard for a young man, full of life, of ability, conscious of birth beyond his position, yet chained down to inferiority by poverty, to resist grasping fortune, even though infringing the rights of another, another who would never miss them, and to whom he hoped to atone."

"Is that the plot here?" said Denzil, touching her book and looking at her, a little surprised by the emotion of her tone. "It is a very poor kind of a hero that would start his career with a theft. I hope he gets properly punished in the end."

"I have not come to the end yet," returned Laura, accepting the shelter unconsciously offered. "No doubt he will be."

"I should not think you would have any compassion for a character of that kind."

"You ought to know the whole story before you blame me," said Laura.

"I do not think you need fear my blame," returned Denzil with the soft, kindly smile which occasionally lent beauty to his thoughtful face.

"I am not so sure. I fear you are disposed to judge me by too high a standard, and to feel impatient with me if I fail to attain it."

"I deny that altogether! In short, you misunderstand me."

It will never do to begin misunderstanding each other after being so long *en rapport*; do not let me hear the word again," returned Laura, rousing herself to reply with cheery playfulness.

"Very well," said Denzil Crewe. "Yet———" he stopped, and a short silence ensued.

"And how is Mrs. Piers?" he asked, breaking it suddenly.

"Remarkably well, and looking lovely."

"No doubt," he returned thoughtfully. "She is lovely—that is just the word. She made a great impression on me when we first met." He laughed slightly, and leaned back in his seat. "I was inclined to build castles in the air respecting her, but I soon saw that was no use; saw it in time for myself."

Laura did not know exactly what to say, but only for a moment. The frank confidence which existed between Denzil and herself was not to be clouded over by a trifle. "Yes," she exclaimed, "I saw you were very much struck by Winnie, and at the time I wished she might love you, for I always liked you myself," concluded Laura with the most unembarrassed, sisterly cordiality.

"And don't you wish it now?" asked Denzil,a quiet smile lighting up the depths of his grave eyes.

"Ah, no! how could I? No doubt everything has turned out for the best, I suppose, yet she might have been very happy with you. And, God only knows what is before her!"

"Ay, God knows! I am obliged to you for your good opinion so far. Tell me, Laura—Miss Piers, I mean—do you never think of yourself?"

"Yes, often—too much. Why do you ask?"

"Because I never see any trace of self-love about you."

"But I have it, though. I have a great longing to express myself; to put what I feel and think on canvas, or on paper. I suppose you would consider it a mere foolish fancy were I to tell you how Nature seems at times to speak to me of her wrongs—of the wonderful deafness and blindness we, her creatures, are guilty of toward her, and commands me to set forth her beauty, her law, her liberty."

"It is a curious thought. I have dimly felt something of this when alone in the night watches at the sea. I suppose there is some curious affinity between us, or some of us, and physical, inanimate nature. You ought to be a great artist with these ideas."

"But I never shall be," said Laura with a slight sigh. "I have at least acquired knowledge enough to be aware of the narrow limits to which I can attain. I am incapable of bold flights or sustained effort, but I think I shall be able to maintain myself and enjoy life. I am not sure that wealth could give me more."

"Perhaps not. Yet it brings with it a certain amount of power, and that to men, at least, is always attractive."

Here Collins made her appearance, and presented a note which had just arrived, adding, "The man is waiting, Miss."

It was from Winnie, expressing her regret that in making an appointment for the next day with her dearest Laura,she had quite forgotten the Trent wedding; and, as she would be late, and had some inexorable visits to pay, she must give up their plan of a drive together. Could Laura come out with her on Wednesday at two, do an afternoon's shopping, return to dress at the hotel, and accompany her to dine with Mrs. Piers? "Send me a line by bearer," was the conclusion.

"I must answer this," said Laura, rising to go into the house.

"But you will come out again?" exclaimed Denzil somewhat eagerly.

"I think so. It is pleasant here."

But when the note had been dispatched the Admiral was back again, and wanted Laura to look over some notes he had made of the proceedings at that day's meeting; and, though Denzil smoked a second cigar, Laura did not return to renew their pleasant, confidential talk.

. . . . . .

"So!" cried Mrs. Crewe to her when she returned at the unusually late hour of eleven, "you were not able to come. George Fleming and his wife were sorry; so was I. Did you get any dinner? Being Monday I know there was not much in the house."

Denzil assured her he had feasted in the City.

"We had an excellent dinner. Green-pea soup, salmon cutlets, fore-quarter of lamb, and a gooseberry tart. It must have cost them a pretty penny at hotel prices, and I am bound to say that I make a better, lighter pastry myself. Still, they were very kind and hospitable,only I wish George Fleming had taken more interest in us twenty years ago, and helped you into the Royal Navy."

"All things considered, I am not sorry he left me alone," said Denzil dryly, but his mother did not heed him

"But it is just the way of the world! People are always ready to show you kindness and civility when you don't want it. Are you long in, Denzil?"

"I got home about half-past seven."

"And found every one out. Why in the world did you not come to dinner? We did not sit down till nearly seven."

"I did not care much about it; I had a cigar in the garden and a chat with Laura Piers."

"Oh!" a prolonged "oh." "I really think you and Laura are growing very fond of each others society! I begin to understand why you were too late for the Flemings' dinner," and she nodded to her son with an indescribably knowing smile, and air of complete satisfaction.

"Look here, mother," said Denzil sternly, pausing in his "quarter-deck" walk, in which he often indulged when in deep thought or confidential talk, "you must not worry Laura with these sort of hints and innuendoes. It is seldom a fellow can have the comfort of a real, honest friendship with a sensible, noble-hearted girl like her, and I would not lose it for—well, for more than I would care to say! She is as frank, as much at ease, with me as if I had been born her brother, but if you begin to smile and nod in that fashion, she will just close up like a mimosa. Her wounds are still too fresh to permit her to think of any man as a lover. I know she would shrink from the idea, and no wonder: she has had a sore trial, if I can be of any comfort or help to her, let me, and see that you do not mar the innocent, healthy pleasure of our intercourse; promise me you will not." Pausing opposite his mother.

"My dear Denzil, you are quite awful when you assume that solemn tone; I am sure I never meant to make any mischief; one would think I was a gossiping, meddling old woman; really the whims and vagaries of young people nowadays are quite unaccountable; you are so over refined and—and I don't know what! I am sure there would be no harm done if you and Laura did take a fancy to each other. I should have no objection, and I am sure she would be a lucky girl, but——"

"Never mind all that," said Denzil, impatiently, "just promise me to put such fancies out of your head, and out of your conversation."

"Very well," returned his mother readily, for Denzil's serious words were law to her, and after a short pause she resumed the subject of her dinner, of her hostess's dress, of the news she had heard, with many parenthetical topics.

(*To be continued.*)

My Grandmother's Story.

HIDDEN in the oaks, far from the road, stands my grandmother's house. It looms up in solemn grandeur like some old castle, and when from every window there streams a light, filling with glory the woods around, it seems like an enchanted palace called into being by those mystical creatures, the dryads, who are supposed to live in the grand old oaks.

When we were still colonies of "perfidious Albion," my grandmother's mansion was built by her grandfather, Lord Beresford. It is like some of those old manor houses seen in England. The large hall that runs directly through it is paneled with oak, and has a curiously carved stairway leading to the rooms above. A bay-window lights it at one end, and shields, with heraldic devices, are on the panels, while over the door the coat-of-arms of the family is richly emblazoned. There seems no end to the rooms in this great, old house. They are large and small, and in every one there is a capacious chimney, window-seats, and tall mantel-pieces richly carved. All are paneled with oak, and the ceilings decorated with arabesque work in wood, in some cases richly touched with gilt. In several of the rooms the ceilings are of plaster decorations with square caissons and bosses at the intersections.

What strikes you most in this old mansion is its solidity, and the richness and abundance of the carvings. There is nothing delicate or flimsy in the whole place. The tables are in the Elizabethan style, heavy and solid. The chairs are richly carved, and have been handsomely upholstered; but Time, the spoiler, has been there, and robbed them of their brightness. The closets are rich in massive sterling plate and old china, that would fill with joy the heart of a modern collector. There are vases taller than some of the children that stand before them in wondering amazement; and a pair of huge silver-gilt candlesticks, representing a lion rampant holding in his uplifted paw a tulip, in which the candle is placed. There are old paintings and family portraits innumerable, and tapestry work, and even a hanging of curiously gilt Cordova leather hung against the walls of an unused room.

You find your way to the old mansion through an avenue of oaks, from which hangs in fantastic drapery the long, graceful moss. A porter's lodge stands on both sides of the iron fence, but the days when a porter lodged there have passed away. You walk through the pathway, hedged with evergreens and roses, and reach the piazza—a modern addition. Before you lies a green sward, at one side a terraced garden; the tall tower, built, it is said, for the first owner to use as an observatory from whence he could study the stars, looms up in the not far distance, and surrounding all, stretch miles away wooded slopes that gradually blend with the dim and silent forests beyond.

In this old mansion my grandmother's grand-children (all of her own children have passed away) collect every Christmas. We come as on a pious pilgrimage from our city homes, not only to keep the festivities of the season, but to celebrate the anniversary of my grandmother's wedding-day. We garland the walls with holly, and festoon the family portraits—those dignified ladies and gentlemen in their antique satins and pearls, and velvet knee-breeches and lace cravats. There is scarcely a nook unadorned, and from every niche and recess gleams the glistening holly and bright red berries. We drag forth the old silver candelabrums from the closet, brighten them up, and set them in the windows. We uncover the furniture in the unused parlor, and light up the room, for there it is we crown our grandmother with a wreath of the fairest roses that the hot-house can give us. She has won this crown legally, even as she wears it royally, and never sat on golden throne a fairer queen of love and beauty than this, our old grandmother.

There she sits, in her rich, black satin dress, which knows not flounce nor panier; her hair, gleaming in silvery beauty, put smoothly under the delicate and simple lace cap, which covers, but does not conceal its glistening; and the white lace kerchief folded smoothly over her bosom, and pinned with the large, old-fashioned brooch set with her husband's likeness. *That* she would not part with for the wealth of the Indies or the power of Victoria.

We seat her in the curiously carved old chair and place a crimson stool under her feet. The room, with its dark, antique furniture, is ablaze with the light of waxen tapers. The logs are piled high in the capacious chimney, the sides of which are of blue tiles, telling the story of Joseph and his cruel brothers. The ruddy blaze throws its light upon the large brass andirons, with lions' heads and claw feet, and the tall fender which looms up like a fence of perforated brass.

We cluster around her, her grandchildren and grandchildrens' children, and the old servants stand laughing in the doorway, as servants will laugh when anything amusing is going on. We do not intend, however, that this little ceremony shall amuse people. We are as solemnly in earnest in this our crowning as were those who crowned Corinne in the capitol at Rome. The five-year-old little girl stands by, holding a crimson velvet cushion, gay with golden cords and tassels on which lies the floral wreath. The eldest grandson takes it up and places it on the head bent to receive it. We sing a glad choral song, as one by one we slowly approach and kiss the white cheek of our grandmother, and we shout, "Long life to her, who sixty years ago took that fearful leap on Christmas eve, over a yawning chasm, and on Christmas day fled with the man she loved better than fortune or life and married him."

This, then, is why we crown her on Christmas eve, that we may bear in mind the story of her heroism and love, her fidelity, her disinterestedness, that would rather be poor with the man she loved than rich with the man for whom she had no affection. This story, handed down to us from our parents, has ever made us regard her as a heroine with the courage of a Joan of Arc and the love of a Lady Russell—a heroine worthy of honor from all who admire love without a taint of selfishness, and bravery that knows not a shadow of fear. You see her as she sits there with a smile on her face, and yet there are unshed tears in her eyes, the wreath resting lightly on her hair, which she removes when she rises from her chair to preside over the supper-table. Here is another picture of her, equally attractive, and this gives you my grandmother's story.

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There is the sound of a huntsman's horn, and a party of "gay cavaliers," followed by their hounds, gallop past. One stops and looks back, and touches his hat to the young lady from Beresford Hall, as she turns aside into the avenue of oaks which leads to her father's house. The young huntsman who bows and passes on is Ralph Percy, the son of an impoverished house, but handsome and as brave a youth as ever "won fair lady." He traces his descent to that Lord Percy of Alnwick, who shared in the triumphs of the victory at Dunbar, and also in the defeat of Bannockburn. Some of his descendants drifted to America; became poorer as the years rolled by, and now all that Ralph Percy possesses are a few thousand acres of worthless land.

Margaret Beresford, the heiress of Beresford Hall, stands a moment and looks after the retreating horseman. The color glows in her cheeks, her dark eyes are filled with a tender light, as she murmurs aloud: "Woe be to you,

Margaret Beresford, if you give thought longer than you see him to your neighbor Ralph Percy."

Margaret Beresford turns into the house with a sigh. She is learning her own heart, and the knowledge brings her misery. She will not marry the man who loves her, and she cannot marry the man that she loves. In this sad strait she finds herself as she walks into the piazza and encounters Mr. Stanhope and her parents. She salutes the visitor very coolly; she is thinking of the young huntsman galloping up the road; then it is so provoking for a man you do not love to urge and urge his suit, trying to break down your iron resolution. "It wearies you," she says; "it can do no good when no really means no." She tells him this in the evening when he renews his suit. She has told it to him three times before, but he will not take no for an answer. What can she do with a suitor so obstinate as this?

Mr. and Mrs. Beresford see in Mr. Stanhope a most acceptable son-in-law. He is wealthy, cannot be "slandered with low descent," and is settled quietly and respectably in the grooves of forty-one years. He has sown his wild oats long ago, and is just the husband to whom parents would like to entrust the happiness of an only daughter. Then their romance, if they ever had any, has died out long ago. Matrimony with them is not a matter of feeling. It means social position and enough wealth to keep up a certain degree of external show. The Beresfords never have been poor, are very careful to keep up all the advantages money bestows, and withal are proud, selfish, and narrow-minded. With such parents Margaret Beresford has to deal, and she knows that she stands no chance when she sets her will clashing with theirs.

"Mr. Stanhope is doubtless a very good match," she tells her parents, "but then I do not love him."

Her father looks at her grimly, and says: "Ridiculous! You are not expected to love any man until you are married to him."

"It would be the height of immodesty," adds the mother, "and I hope that no daughter of mine will be guilty of so great an impropriety."

She is a haughty, resolute-looking woman, Mrs. Beresford, and as she fixes her penetrating glances upon the fair face of her daughter, Margaret blushes up to her very temples.

The young people of the neighborhood make it very gay. There are riding-parties, and dancing-parties, and Ralph Percy and Margaret Beresford are frequently together. They are nearing a dangerous rock, on which the shallop of love will strike, and perhaps go down. Without a thought of the anger of her parents, Margaret accepts the love which she so freely returns. She is scarcely prepared for the scene that ensues. Fierce denunciations and stern commands meet her. She is to see him no more, and the doors of the house are to be closed on him forever.

Margaret weeps when she tells him this in the last meeting she says she is to have with him. He will not accept her decision; she must think it over and meet him once more. "Where?" Margaret asks. "In the old tower," he replies. "There! Suppose——." She checks herself.

The old tower is at one end of the house, but separated from it by a chasm covered with brushwood. A narrow stairway forms the means of ascent, and while the tower is in close proximity to the house, it is entirely disconnected with it, having no passages leading thither. There Margaret Beresford meets Ralph Percy a few stolen moments every night, and no one in the house misses her; then back into her room, to weep over the fact that she must lose either her parents or the man she loves. Which shall it be? She remains irresolute. She is a loving and obedient daughter, but then it seems to her a stronger love is calling her away.

The meetings in the old tower continue, but Margaret's whole nature revolts against anything clandestine. She is candid, open, and truthful, and takes no pleasure in deception. She has a contempt for herself for meeting any one, even the man she loves, privately when she dares not meet him openly. Margaret Beresford, high-minded and noble, feels degraded in her own eyes. What shall she do? Give him up?

It is Christmas eve. The air is cold and frosty when Margaret ascends for the last time the rickety stairway of the old tower. She has gone to bid good-bye, forever, to Ralph Percy. Her heart is breaking, but it must be done; the sooner they part the better for both of them.

He is there before her, and she meets him with tears. She has come to say farewell forever. He pleads with all the fervor of love, and she listens and says "no." But Margaret is young and loving; her resolution gives way, and before Ralph Percy has left the tower she has promised to celebrate Christmas day by becoming his wife. He has gone; and as she prepares to descend the stairway of the old tower she is startled by the sound of approaching footsteps and the tones of an angry voice. It is her father. She recognizes his tones, as he says angrily, "I'll lock her up. She shall suffer for her disobedience." How shall she escape? To descend the stairway is to meet an exasperated father, always unreasonable, but more so when angry. There is but one alternative—to leap the frightful chasm and hope to reach her room safely.

There it lies, yawning at her feet—dark, unfathomable, gloomy. Like Lord Ullin's daughter, she would rather face the dangers of the leap than "brave an angry father." The moon favors her, for by its light she is enabled to better estimate her danger, and provide if possible for an escape. There is no time to be lost; the angry voice is approaching nearer. With all her gentleness, Margaret Beresford is a brave woman. She does not fancy, either, being locked up when she expects to be married on Christmas day. She rushes out of the tower, and, making a desperate leap, clears the chasm. It will not do to stop now. She darts in and out of the trees, through the lanes and turnings, and, reaching the house, gains her room in safety, and is quietly in bed when her mother opens the door, sees her there, closes it and departs without a word.

Margaret Beresford thinks with a shudder of that fearful leap. "He was worth it," she argues, "but if my courage had failed me I could never be the wife of the only man I can ever love."

Christmas morning comes, and Margaret Beresford is standing in the little church of the adjoining village. She is taking a vow upon herself which will be for weal or woe. She has no fears; she enters upon the untried path with faith and hope and love. She has given up all for him, and she trusts implicitly. While the Christmas chimes are sending their music out on the frosty air, Ralph Percy is bearing his wife to his shabby home. There is no elegance there, but there is love and trust, and content will follow.

Years pass by, and the parents of the young wife refuse to forgive her, and it is only when the mother lies on a bed of death that she sends for her daughter to pardon her. Through all the long years of her married life Margaret Beresford never once regretted that she had sacrificed wealth for poverty, or taken that fearful leap to secure what proved better than silver and gold, the tender and true love of a heart as brave as it was loving, as faithful as it was gentle.

This is why we thus keep our grandmother's wedding anniversary in the old halls of her fathers, now hers. This is why we crown her with the chaplet of remembrance—the brave woman, loving wife, and tender mother. Eighty years have rolled, in shadow and sunshine, over her head. Shall we crown her another Christmas? Not we, perhaps, but the angels.

E. B. C.

Household.

ON VISITS AND MANNERS AT THE TABLE.

"I WISH I was in your place, Lizzie Lee," I overheard Miss Nolan say as I came into the room.

"And why do you wish that, my dear?" I ask her.

"Oh, because she is going to spend three months in New York. Just think, while we are struggling to keep alive in this dull, stupid, poky place, she will be reveling in all sorts of delights."

"Don't forget when you abuse this little village and call it hard names that you reflect on yourself; people are supposed to make their own moral atmosphere. When you call the place you live in stupid, you do not flatter yourself."

"Well," says Miss Nolan, "I am not sure but I am stupid, yet I can't help thinking I should be bright enough if I had the chance of spending three months in town. And would you believe it, Lizzie, who has this grand opportunity doesn't want to go!"

"Why is that, Miss Lee? I should think you would like to make the visit, if it only were for the novelty of seeing the difference between city and country living."

"If you won't laugh at me," says Miss Lee, a pretty, retiring little body, "I'll confess frankly that I am afraid."

"As you have told us that much, do tell us what are the lions in your path."

"I suppose you will all laugh at me," says Miss Lee, blushing very prettily, "but to tell the truth, I do not know how to behave properly among grand city people with all their style and ceremony."

"I, for one, don't blame you a bit," says Miss Bently. "It is quite an ordeal, as I know by experience, for a shy country girl to go off among strangers."

"And I am so afraid of getting myself laughed at for my awkwardness," says Miss Lee.

"You need not fear that among well-bred people," I say, "and for others you need not care. But you are foolish to feel so timid. I am quite sure that your every-day behavior will not disgrace you in any company. Your mother's children are too well trained at home to make mistakes abroad."

"You are very good to say so, but we live so plainly and the friends I am going to visit are very showy."

"A little tact and watchfulness will help you through little difficulties, and I cannot think you will find any serious ones. There are differences in the customs of different families, and as you will, of course, wish to make as little trouble as possible, you will try to find out and conform to the usages of the house where you are visiting. You will make yourself more agreeable as a guest if you pay scrupulous attention to the appointed hours for meals, and for rising and retiring. Politeness may teach your hostess to tell you to suit your own convenience in these matters, but you had much better not avail yourself of her permission. You had better show yourself capable of entertaining yourself by keeping some sewing or a book always at hand, for however good natured your friends may be, they cannot help regarding it as a bore if they have to be constantly looking out to see that you are amused. You must also show yourself helpful in whatever way it becomes possible. In such a house as you are to visit there are undoubtedly too many servants to make it probable that your aid will ever be required for actual labor, but there may be many little things occurring where you can show your obligingness, but be careful not to be too persistent in offering your services on occasions when they have been decidedly declined."

"It would be well," I continue, "for you to let your friends understand that you do not want them to give up any pleasures or engagements of their own out of consideration for you, but it is quite likely that they will wish to include you in most of their social plans; and if you find such to be the case, you should be careful not to interfere with their arrangements by making independent engagements without consulting them. You will find it to your own comfort, as well as to your friends' interest, if you show great kindness and consideration for their servants. Your presence in the house necessarily adds to their work, and you should study to make them no trouble that can be avoided; and all extra services that are rendered to you you should be careful to acknowledge with a pleasant word of thanks or appreciation. When you leave a house after a visit of some length it is quite proper and customary to make parting gifts to the servants. If your circumstances will not allow you to present money, you can give them useful articles of your own making, which will show your good will, and will probably be very acceptable, as that class of people have but little opportunity to sew for themselves. A trifling remembrance to your hostess, in token of your gratitude for her kindness is not obligatory, but will be a graceful attention, and undoubtedly give pleasure. Even if your friends are rich enough to supply themselves with all the luxuries that can be bought, they will still appreciate the sentiment that prompts you to make some pretty trifle for them, which need cost but little beyond the time and trouble of making it, and therefore can be accepted without fear that its presentation was any inconvenience to the giver."

"I am glad to hear you say that," says Miss Bently, "for I often feel like sending back a little present, when I have been visiting rich friends, but I am afraid always that my gifts will seem too small."

"Don't hesitate again," I say. "I have seen an immensely rich woman perfectly delighted with a pair of knitted wristlets a young friend had sent her, when, I know, she would have been unhappy and vexed, if a costly gift had been sent."

"I think," says Miss Lee, who has been listening attentively, "that I shall be more awkward at the table than anywhere else. I know all the manners and customs there will be very different from anything I have been used to."

"If you will preserve your self-possession and quietly use your eyes," I say, "you need not fear."

"Ah, but keeping my self-possession is just what I cannot do."

"Then it must be that you think too much about yourself. People generally will notice you much less than you think; and, if you can succeed in making yourself believe that your movements are not considered of consequence enough to be observed, you will soon acquire perfect com posure."

"But if I do anything awkward, people will surely observe me then."

"You will not do anything awkward. You are not boor enough to eat with your knife, to chew your food without closing your mouth, or to talk with your mouth full, or commit any such atrocities, so I think you may be trusted to acquit yourself properly."

"I shall use my eyes, as you suggest," says Miss Lee, "and watch what other people do."

"That is right, but be careful whom you take for your model. I have known some very pretentious people to be signally lacking in elegant table manners. Attention to trifles is more important at table than in most positions, and many highly educated persons show the want of early training in this particular. I wish I had with me an old-fashioned article on this very subject, that contains some excellent hints. It is the conversation of an old gentleman upon the want of attention to table etiquette. He complains that a young man he dined with helped him to potatoes so awkwardly, that it put him in a fidget."

"I don't see how there could be any opportunity to be graceful in merely helping any one to vegetables," says Miss Nolan.

"Perhaps not," I say, "but it would be well not to make one's self conspicuous by digging away at one particular potato on one side of the dish, regardless of pushing two or three over the other side on the cloth, when, by simply turning the spoon and taking up the potato on the other side, the thing could be accomplished without any fuss. That is the description the old gentleman gave of his young friend's manner of helping them. Then he goes on to object to the careless way he was helped to gravy, and says: 'A well regulated mind prompts to correctness even in trifles. If gravy is to be helped to ten persons, a man who aims to do every thing well will take hold of the ladle in the most convenient manner; he will gently stir the gravy till it is of an even consistency throughout, and then apportion it properly to the meat on each plate. Another person doing the same thing carelessly, will help the gravy so that those first served will have all the thin and the next all the thick, so that none will be pleased.'"

"The same fastidious gentleman," I continue, "finds fault with a pretty young lady at the dinner table who sits too far off, and often a little sideways, and who eats with an affectation of *nonchalance*, cutting awkward three-cornered mouthfuls, and putting in three or four pieces of meat, one after another, without any bread or vegetable, and leaving an untidy plate with the knife and fork thrown upon it so carelessly that the waiter has to put them in position, as he takes the plate from the table, lest they should fall upon the floor."

"I thought I was rather particular," says Miss Bently, "but I don't believe I ever thought of such trifles as those."

"They are small things," I say, "compared to the graver business of life, but they are worth attending to. There is a right and wrong way of doing everything; and, if you get yourself into the way of doing even little things correctly, it will soon become habitual and require no thought."

"Well," says Miss Lee, "I hope there will be no particular old gentleman to criticise my manners, for, if no one watches me, I shall do twice as well; and I am certain I shall not offend in any of the ways you have spoken of, for I have taken mental notes, and my memory is not bad."

M. C. HUNGERFORD.

The Sailing of the Weisland.

A TOUCH of lips at parting,
A pressure of the hand,
And, with her precious burden,
The good ship leaves the land.
I see the smiling faces,
The lashes wet with tears;
I hear the smothered sobbing,
The sound of sturdy cheers.

As some fair, nodding wild-flower,
On rampart dark with moss,
Leans to salute her sisters,
That fringe the ancient fosse,
Against the swarthy bulwarks,
A figure stands apart;
That face of girlish beauty
Is framed within my heart.

As when, in sudden silence,
The echo of some strain
Will still, with sweet insistance,
Sing on within the brain;
As when we hear the rustle
Of the dusky spirits of night,
With dreamy odors laden
From gardens out of sight,

So, in my life of shadow,
The silence of my hours
Is vocal with a sweet refrain,
Is fragrant as with flowers.
God bless the bonny maiden
With face like dawning day!
God keep her soul as frank and sweet
As when she sailed away!

FRANCES STOUGHTON BAILEY.

July 1st, 1882.

Home Art and Home Comfort

THE design in this number is suitable for a mantel scarf, a table scarf, a bureau cover, or a sofa tidy. The design can be repeated for any given length. It can be embroidered in stem-stitch outline on a soft India or Japanese silk. The silk is first lined with a thin, undressed muslin. The stem-stitch can be in various colors; pink, blue, and yellow silks for the flower forms, and greens for the stems and leaves. The background is then darned or cross-barred in any desirable colors so that the flowers and leaves remain in the color of the material on an embroidered background. If the background is darned, it may be either the alternate stitch with the lifted threads of the material under the middle of the long stitch above it, or it may be in the uniform stitch with the lifted threads of the material and the long stitches directly under each other, giving a ribbed look to the background. It is less trouble to use a single color for this darned background, but the effect will be much richer if the darning is done in varying colors that blend and shade into each other. The single color has more the effect of a woven material, while the varying colors are unmistakably hand work, and also art work, if the colors are well chosen. Any number of colors may be introduced into the background, as an artist may introduce a dozen colors in the background of a picture. The colors, besides being well chosen, should blend into each other in irregular shapes, with no sharp dividing line or shade anywhere, being when finished only a background of uncertain pale varying color. The stem-stitch outlines must be stronger than the background colors, while the background color must contrast pleasantly with the color of the material used. This darning may be done on sateen, though I think a more antique effect is produced with the soft India silk. The stronger material must be used for chair seats or for anything in constant wear. For bureau covers the same darned work can be done on linen, and little lines of color can be darned in at equal distances all through the middle space of the cover. If a cross-bar background is used, two shades of silk a little darker than the background material will be suitable. This design can also be embroidered on a sateen without background in solid work. The stems and leaf forms may be done in New England stitch, the flowers in various stitches, one petal worked solid in New England stitch, the next outlined with stem-stitch and scattered with French knot. A part of the flower could be darned solid with the alternate stitch, another part outlined and darned with the uniform stitch very open. Another flower could be cross-barred. This variety of stitch is very effective with this conventional pattern, and only adds to the antique look of the design.

HETTA L. H. WARD.

The Temptation of the Cat.

WHILE the instinct of the cat is not only to catch but to torture the mouse, the instinct of the latter teaches it to shun its natural enemy. A gentleman, on discovering a nest of young mice, placed it on a table to examine the contents. The mice evinced no fear while he handled them, but as soon as a young cat came near them they showed the greatest alarm, and even attempted to get out of the way. Some ladies show as much fear at the sight of a mouse, as a mouse does at the sight of a cat. Why, it is hard to tell, for as Buffon says of them, "By nature timid, by necessity familiar, its fears and its wants are the sole springs of its actions. It never leaves its hiding place but to seek for food ; nor does it, like the rat, go from one house to another, unless forced to it, nor does it by any means cause so much mischief. When viewed without the absurd disgust and apprehension which usually accompany or are excited by the sight of it, the mouse is a beautiful creature ; its skin is sleek and soft, its eyes bright and lively ; all its limbs are formed with exquisite delicacy, and its motions are smart and active.

While the naturalist sees much to admire in the mouse, the cat sees in it something to torment and destroy. The engraving, "The Temptation of the Cat," which is after a painting by the artist Rotta, shows this disposition of the cat, and the difficulty it has to resist the temptation of flying at the mouse even when the wires of the trap come between them. It takes all the strength of the little girl to hold it back, the cat evidently thinking the action an infringement on its rights. For was it not put here to torture the mouse? What "half so sweet in life" as to toss it playfully around, until life is extinct, and then leisurely crunch the delicate bones? While the countenance of the girl in the picture shows some sympathy with the prisoner in the trap, the boy, on the contrary, evinces great delight as he watches the ineffectual efforts of the little animal to escape. It does not speak very well for his tenderness of heart ; and we have no reason to predict, as we look at him, that he will earn an honorable record, some of these days, as president of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The original of the engraving is much admired for its naturalness and the expression the artist has thrown into the picture.

Child-Life in Paris.

TO all the world there is an air of mystery and romance attached to life in Paris, that a long residence in that gay city is powerless to dispel.

What with the overthrow of one dynasty after another, the terrors of the Commune succeeding the horrors of the memorable siege of 1870–71, and the final establishment of the present Republic, there is ample scope for the historian,

the moralist, and the novelist, and the curiosity of the journalist may well be excused if he seeks to penetrate the veil which separates the family from the State, and discover those influences which form the future citizens for their part in the common weal of the community.

The same problem which has vexed the wisest philosophers of all ages greets the modern theorist with its sphinx-like front, and defies solution now, as ever. How to assure the greatest good to the greatest number rests just as surely to-day, as ever, in the training of the susceptible faculties of infancy and childhood, and the observations of eighteen months do not demonstrate that the French are one whit in advance of Americans in this all-important work.

Frivolity is generally attributed to the French character, but it is not more fully developed than might be expected of a nation ambitious to excel in the attractive and showy rather than in the enduring and useful arts. Nowhere are children's clothing and toys so beautiful as in "la belle Paris," and in no large city is there such a vast field for the cultivation of a refined sensibility as in Paris; but the utter absence of that *home* feeling which pervades the English speaking race all over the world, educates the child to seek abroad, in the *cafés*, the parks, the boulevards, the theaters, the opera, the race course, and the club, for that enjoyment which ought to exist in the sacred precincts of the family circle.

Educated to look upon marriage as an emancipation from an unwelcome restraint, the bride exchanges the thraldom of secluded girlhood for the freedom of society; before its intoxications pall upon her taste the claims of infancy assert themselves, and the tender babe is relegated to the mercies of a *bonne*, who nourishes and attends to all the wants of the child either to the best, or to the worst, of her abilities.

As the child advances in age, and intelligence manifests itself, the parents devote some little time each day to admiring its physical progress and praising its mental development. Possibly before this interesting member of the family has reached its eighteenth month another tiny morsel of humanity appears upon the scene, followed by another *bonne*, who may, or may not, be an intensified duplicate of the first one. Both nurses must be dressed in the livery of the *nourrice*, which is more or less rich, according to the means or position of the employers, and is composed of a muslin cap decorated with loops of broad ribbon, which surround the brow and terminate in two ends that extend to the bottom of the dress. In summer the dress is of percale or cambric, with a large circular cloak of the same material garnished with lace, and a large white apron, lace trimmed or embroidered, with immense pockets, is always worn; but in winter some woolen fabric replaces the summer one, and velvet bands are substituted for the lace garniture.

At all hours of the day one may see these *bonnes* promenading the principal thoroughfares or lounging in the Champs Elysées and parks, even during the winter season, which is very mild, their charges either asleep in their arms, or, if old enough to walk, led by the hand or allowed to play in the sand heaps that always lie in such profusion along the Champs to refresh the drive when the least smoothness is apparent.

When the child is old enough to attend school, either at home or abroad, the *bonne* is often retained to wash and dress and take charge of it out of school hours.

In families of moderate means, after the children are old enough to dispense with milk diet they take their meals with their parents; but if a resident governess is employed she is expected to instruct the children in deportment, as well as in other departments of useful knowledge, and a separate table is provided at which she breakfasts and dines with the children.

Many of the wealthier families employ an *institutrice*, who ranks higher than a resident governess, instructs the children in the higher branches, and at the same time "forms their manners" at table. She lunches and drives with the children apart from the family, but does not always reside in the same house with them, and the resident governess assumes charge in the absence of the *institutrice*.

Should the parents wish their children to profit by the course of instruction offered in the educational institutions of Paris, the *institutrice* or governess assists the children in preparing their lessons and accompanies them to the school, calling for them at the close of recitation hours, and presiding at their meals the same as if conducting the whole of their education.

It is not always that gentle manners are allied with profound learning, and it sometimes happens that the instructress is not well fitted to assume the entire training of the pupil, and the consequence is anything but agreeable to those who are fated to spend an existence in close communion with the subject of improper cultivation.

The above is simply an outline of the general life of the mass of children whose existence begins and ends in a certain groove; there are exceptions to this as to every rule. Many of the women of all classes of society realize the responsibility of maternity, and devote themselves heart and soul to the mental, moral, and physical cultivation of their offspring.

Where mothers do undertake the supervision of their children, they are vigilant and diligent, and one may see them in the parks and public gardens, prettily dressed, surrounded by children and nurses, and devising every possible amusement and recreation for the little ones; or, perhaps, while the children trundle their hoops, play ball, dig in the sand, chase each other through the shady walks, and engage in the pastimes of their age under the immediate supervision of the nurse, they are never for one moment away from the protecting eye of the mother, whose nimble fingers ply some dainty task while her eyes follow the movements of her treasures.

Nowhere has the writer seen the dress of children so suitable to the elastic form of childhood as in Paris; but America is in advance as regards the adaptation of material and adornment to seasons and occasions.

In the schools, public and private, French children of both sexes are habited in long, black alpaca aprons, that have the effect of a "charity" school; but in the parks and gardens one sees such quantities of embroidery and lace, and such bright colors upon the little folks, that one is inclined to wonder where it all comes from, how it is all paid for, and who in the wide world keeps it in such good order.

Yet, withal, one never sees girls dressed as they are in New York. Gems and real laces are reserved for married women, and everything is avoided in the costume of a young girl that might be in the least significant of the matrimonial estate. Seal skin *manteaux*, shawls of any kind, very large feathers or flowers, rich velvets or silks, elaborate *passementeries*, veils over the hat or face, fur-lined garments for the promenade, never enter into the inventory of a French girl's wardrobe. Elegant simplicity can be, and is, attained by the employment of muslins, percales, and cambrics in summer, neatly adorned with hand or machine wrought embroideries, and some of the less expensive laces, such as *torchon*, Mechlin, or Russian. Soft, bright cashmeres, camel's hair and flannel, often self-trimmed, form the choicest attire for the winter, and a close-fitting jacket or redingote serves as a wrap for the demoiselle.

M. T. K.

How we Live in New York.

BY JENNY JUNE.

THERE is no one question that occupies the minds of New Yorkers more than the one of actual living. To the majority it is a perpetual problem; as far from solution at the end as at the beginning, for existence for the most part has been but a series of experiments, each of which has had its points of agreement with individual tastes and its points of divergence; and often the latter so outnumber the former that opportunities to live at all seem to offer but a choice of evils.

Doubtless, much of the difficulty that surrounds this question of living is self-created; that is, it comes from the growth in numerous instances of individual fortunes; the increase of expenditure and display with the increase of means; and the desire on the part of children to live as handsomely at their entrance into life as their parents at the close. But in New York there is superadded to this feature of our social system, which is felt more or less in all American cities, the peculiar formation of the island, which limits its residential area, and particularly that portion which is considered socially desirable. The question of locality is the actual point upon which the domestic problem turns. To thousands of persons resident in New York, Ethiopia or the North Pole would not seem more distant, nor farther from civilization, than the neighborhood east of the Bowery, or what is known up town as Third Avenue. Yet along the banks of the river, this side Harlem, in the region formerly known as the village of Yorkville, are fine residences, half a century old, standing in their own grounds, and overlooking as bright and charming a prospect as can be found in the immediate vicinity of any city in the world. But it is off the charmed line, it is away from the charmed circle, and is, in fact, unknown ground, and the unknown is usually distrusted, if it does not excite a more positive feeling of dislike or terror. Still there have been influences at work during the past ten years which have modified many of the then existing conditions—softened, if not wholly destroyed many prejudices, and greatly changed, while they have diversified, the aspect of our social and domestic life.

The results are not as yet by any means what they will become even in the near future; but they are gradually turning the stream of life into new channels, and creating typical and widely distinct modes of living that will re-act upon the future destinies of the metropolis, as well as upon the individuals which compose its population. It is these typical modes of living which I propose to present as truthfully as possible, in the series of papers which will be given under the above head, "How we live in New York;" and as individual methods in New York or elsewhere are always the outgrowth of circumstances and the general environment, fortified by habit and public opinion, the individual New Yorker is not to be held strictly responsible for them, or for what seems wrong in them to the judgment of a resident in Boston, Chicago, or a settlement in the far South or West.

Of course, figures and calculations will be based upon the high cost of provisions and every necessary of life in a city where space is often more costly than that which occupies it; and where, therefore, the majority must live "from hand to mouth," buying at the dearest rates, partly because they have no spare room or cellerage for stores, partly because in the heated atmosphere of most houses and apartments, perishable articles will not keep for any length of time. In no case will the deductions be made from guess-work, or from any theoretical ideas of what might be. How we live, will be a simple statement of what *is*, what really exists; the life actually led by the typical individual or section of the community represented.

An Æsthetic Home.

Some months ago, speaking with a friend about the increasing difficulty of living in New York, and the lowering tendencies of ordinary boarding-house and hotel life, he said: "You have never seen my home; come, and take a look at it; come and dine with us, and I will show you how a great deal of comfort, and even a little beauty, may be obtained in New York upon very small means."

Now my friend occupies a good position upon a leading periodical, and is not, therefore, a "poor" man in the popular acceptation of the term. He is, however, one of those men whose cultivated tastes and requirements find but small opportunity for gratification within the limits of a "working" salary, and whose life is based upon what can be dispensed with, rather than what can be procured outside of essentials. But in his special case there is less than the usual amount of responsibility; though a married man, he has no children, and this of course greatly simplifies the problem of living in these days of Malthusian pressure, and seems to render it less necessary that he should regard closely the economic aspect of the question.

Doubtless the look of inquiry suggested to him the thought that was passing through my mind, for he replied to it, by saying: "I could not live, and spend all that I earn in mere shelter, food, and clothes; I lived single many years because I thought I could not afford to marry; because I did not want to make a kitchen drudge of a woman sufficiently refined and intelligent to be my wife and daily companion, and because if I married I wanted a home, and within its narrow limits did not want the intrusion of an unsympathetic or inharmonious element, in the shape of the usual 'help.' Besides, as I remarked, I never had, and could not, live, and expend my life in a mere effort to live. I want books, social intercourse, summer rest, all of which cost money, and all of which my wife and I enjoy together; it is therefore an object with both of us to bring our actual living within a certain proportion of our means, and this we contrive to do, I think, without the sacrifice of anything that we deem essential. But come, and judge for yourself."

The next Monday I took the East Side Elevated at an earlier hour than usual, for I was going beyond my own locality, and had several blocks to walk toward the East River after leaving the cars, and was a little uncertain as to the neighborhood, and the extent and quality of its population. My destination was in the region of the Eighties, below First Avenue, and my impressions were obtained from a little knowledge gained upward of fifteen years ago. I had therefore no definite ideas of the changes which have occurred since that time, or of the absolute disappearance of the old lines of demarcation which formerly separated the outlying village from the city, and its solid growth through the later influence of rapid means of transit. Uninterrupted blocks of brown-stone, well-paved sidewalks, and large, completely provisioned stores and shops of every description had removed every trace of suburban isolation, and the only novel features were the trees, which are becoming scarce in the center of the city, and the fresh breeze and lovely view from the water, as innumerable craft, from the small tug and sail-boat to the splendid East River steamers, passed up and down, freighted with their precious cargoes of human hopes and fears. There were children upon the sidewalks, some of them engaged in picking up the brightest of the red and gold leaves that were scattered there; but there were no more evidences of disorder than on the best

part of Fifth or Madison Avenues, and every indication of a quiet, neat, industrious, and intelligent population.

It was a small "apartment" house to which I had been directed, divided up into eight "flats," two on each floor, and my friend, with his wife, occupied the one-half of the top floor. There was no elevator, of course. It was not a large or luxurious apartment house, but simply one devised for economy of space, and to supply small families with the conveniences of a home at small cost. Ten years ago there was not such a structure in all New York; now there are hundreds in east-side localities, which seem to be more available for the purpose than the west side. Halls and stairs are common-place enough, but clean, and with nothing of the tenement-house about them. The wainscoting was of solid black walnut, as were the balustrades; the stairs were covered with Brussels carpet, something the worse for wear, but in no instance ragged, and each apartment had its wide entrance doors of black walnut, which, if they did not give distinction, emphasized the undoubted respectability. Certainly they would not be supposed to lead to the homes of the wealthy, but just as certainly they could not be supposed to lead to the homes of the very poor or unthrifty. Clerks, book-keepers, small shop-keepers, and representatives of the minor professions, are, one might suppose, the class from which the occupants of such homes would be principally drafted.

A knock brought my friend himself to the door, and we (there were two of us) were ushered directly into the parlor, or pretty sitting-room, of the establishment. There is often complaint in regard to the size of the rooms which form "apartments," but this was comparatively spacious, about eighteen feet by twenty, and its furnishing not only utilized the space, but was so harmonious as to produce a most agreeable impression, which was greatly enhanced by the open fire of flaming coal in the grate, and the soft light of an argand burner upon the table. The middle of the floor was covered with carpet, to which a border had been applied in such a way as to lay flat, and the wide margin had received a double coat of walnut stain, shellacked, which produced the appearance of hard wood, saved the cost of half the quantity of carpet, in addition to that of putting down and taking up each season, aids cleanliness, and is a decided gain so far as artistic effect is concerned. There were no regularly upholstered chairs or other articles of furniture. The lounge was of rattan, cushioned with cretonne, and the wicker chairs, of various shapes and sizes, all "easy," were finished in the same way. The mantelpiece was covered with linen canvas, to which had been applied as a valance, selected Japanese pictures, and the walls exhibited several choice Japanese panels, besides etchings, original drawings, and a few artist's proofs, each of which had its association and its story. Upon the table were some fine illustrated books and nests of pictures, and in the corner nearest the light was an original book-case, home-made, and consisting of broad shelves, curtained, and the top one covered with a striped stuff in rich, warm colors, with intersecting gold lines. These curtained shelves were most convenient as receptacles for magazines and newspapers, as well as books; their depth being so much greater than ordinary book-case shelves. The curtains at the windows, and the portière which divided the sitting-room from the sleeping-room beyond, were of cretonne, in a small, brown leafy pattern, which entirely covered the creamy ground and disturbed nothing by its loudness and obtrusiveness of color and pattern, as cretonne is apt to do. On the contrary, it harmonized with the quiet tone and artistic character, and was altogether suggestive and pleasant.

It was curious that, simple as the furnishing actually was, every article had an individuality of its own, and could be examined in detail with the certainty of finding it sincere in character and interesting in motive. But there were two objects that were beautiful—one was a piece of Morris carpet, selected for its glow of deep old golden color, for the hearth in place of a rug, the other a Morris cover in crimson stamped velvet, for the square stand, upon which stood the lamp, with its etched ground-glass shade. These two articles would have been extravagant, only that a very small quantity of the costly stuffs were required, and their durability is such that they outwear a dozen cheaper fabrics; therefore it is economy after all to have the beauty and joy of color in a rich material, especially when only a small quantity is needed. The slight brass rods from which the draperies were hung completed the catalogue of belongings, which were so easily placed and accounted for, that half the usual burdens of housekeeping seemed lifted, and one felt that life, even in New York City, might be made worth the living if one did not burden it with too much work and trouble. The sleeping rooms beyond are small, but large enough for comfort; the sides are stained red, and they are covered with dark moss-green carpet. The small bedsteads are iron, the spring beds and hair mattresses best quality; and the long narrrow windows looking into a "well" of light and air, are covered with imitation stained glass in lovely patterns of home designing. A side wall is covered with a rare piece of Japanese embroidery, but this was a gift, and there are one or two decorative fans and panels.

Beyond the sleeping rooms is the dining-room, where dinner was served upon a pretty blue ware, a basket of different kinds of grapes occupying the center. The dinner was perfect in its way; it consisted of a cream tomato soup, stewed chicken, mealy mashed potatoes, green string beans and cranberry jelly. For dessert, a delicate soufflé pudding and jelly, followed by fruit and coffee. "But the real point of our housekeeping, and what we are proud of, is the kitchen. You must see the kitchen."

I have forgotten to say that the dining-room was differentiated from the other rooms by being stained upon all sides a dark myrtle-green, which looked well against the heavy edge of a deep crimson carpet. The kitchen was larger than is usual in flats, and looked very inviting. A dado had been made above the wainscoting of pictures cut and taken from newspapers and magazines, and the effect was wonderfully good. The usual kitchen range occupied the usual recess in the wall, but was not used. In place of it was a very singular looking "Reform" stove, which stood high and occupied about the space of a lady's work-table. This stove is very easy to manage and is capable of doing all that the best accredited family ranges and stoves can perform, with a quarter the fuel, and therefore much less work and trouble. Now, I am not trying under cover of a descriptive paper, to write an advertisement of a stove, for this one, which has received praise from more authoritative sources, is not manufactured, and is not, unfortunately, in the market; it was invented by a woman who has never been able to get them made with satisfaction to herself. This item of course supplies a point of vantage to my friends, both from the labor and money points of view. The bath-room formed the end of the suite of rooms, six in all, and outside, in the hall between the kitchen and dining-room, a refrigerator was built in the wall, which therefore occupied no space and furnished an excellent provision closet for winter and summer. There was also a dumb waiter connecting with the cellar and with a call-bell, by which whatever was needed could be brought or carried away.

The cost of this apartment, with its conveniences, but without its furniture, is eighteen dollars per month. The cost of living, including fuel, light, and all expenses, except clothes and non-essentials, eight dollars per week; and this

pays for many so-called luxuries—the open cannel fire, and a refined table, which is abundantly supplied with fruits and with delicate dishes, rather than with coarse and hearty food. This, as all housekeepers know, is a somewhat costly mode of living, and includes much that would be considered unnecessary by some, or to be replaced by less expensive substitutes. There is doubtless an economic advantage in a small family, but there is a much greater one in the methods adopted. Gas is dispensed with as pernicious as well as costly, vitiating the air and injuring the eyesight. Service is dispensed with, and with it the waste, the loss, the wear and tear, and the necessity for much that intelligence can get along very well without, but that ignorance insists upon having. Nothing is spent for the sake of appearance—everything for health and comfort, the whole guided by an intelligent knowledge of the latest and best scientific ways of doing things, and by a cultivated taste. The occupants of this "top floor" see much refined literary and artistic society—all their associations are of this sort; they have been twice to Europe, they spend at least two months away every summer in some pleasant locality (not a fashionable watering place hotel), and they take numberless short excursions, and buy tickets for lectures and concerts. The gentleman, though a literary man, is an amateur artist, and this enlarges his horizon and sympathies, while it makes demands upon his time and funds. He does not disdain, however, to get up every morning and make the fire for his wife—he likes it, he says he "enjoys" it, and I believe him, because he is the kind of man to whom it is a pleasure to do anything, from the smallest to the largest, in the best way, and making a fire and getting the best result out of the material used would be as interesting to him as an experiment in a laboratory.

His wife, too, is a trained worker, and her daily routine occupies but a part of her time, and is play to her. The only fault of her exquisitely clean and charming housekeeping is this, that she would spoil any other man than her husband by always consulting his tastes and wishes before her own—in fact making them her own. *Entre nous*, it may be said that she left a "career" to share this life, and considers herself the happiest woman in the world for having done it.

This simple statement of the strict facts of two lives as they exist to-day in New York shows that people can live here economically as well as elsewhere, if they choose to do so—if they discard the superfluous, and require only the essentials of true living. The results in the case cited are far beyond those usually obtained by a very much larger expenditure, and the methods are in the line of truth, gentleness, purity, honor, integrity, and all the virtues that make up character, and are the beauty and joy of the world.

There is no excuse now for the costly beginnings in life which might have been justifiable when household appliances were few and its labors arduous. Science and mechanical skill have reduced the hard work of housekeeping to a minimum, unless it is deliberately made laborious by unnecessary elaboration and expensive methods; and to the young women of our time, with their splendid health and bright intelligence, it offers only a pleasant field for the exercise of their faculties, particularly when it can be done in their own interest. The doing of their own work on scientific principles by young American women would solve the most difficult economic problem of the age.

A Public Nuisance.

AMONG the most encouraging signs of progress and development, such as will tend to raise the standard of public morality, is the prohibitory law, which has found such unexpected adherents in several of the great Western States, and the feeling which is gradually growing up strongly against the continued use of tobacco, at least in public, and where it can be an offense to others. It is strange, but it does not seem to have struck the generality of chewers, and especially smokers, that their acts are worse than rude and ungentlemanly, that they are a positive offense against decency. Civilization has placed a barrier against eating in public, even so much as an apple, or the most innocent and inviting kinds of food, except under the stress of necessity; yet a confirmed tobacco user, or cigar smoker, will smoke and chew the filthiest of weeds, stifling and annoying persons in his vicinity with fumes and disgusting *débris*, as if he was privileged to be a nuisance and had a right to taint the air and pollute his surroundings, which must not be interfered with. Now, where does any man get this right? It is his business in this world to improve upon himself, to make the world the happier and better and brighter and cleaner for his coming, to help others, and not put obstacles or hindrances in their way; and the smoker does this; he sets a bad example to boys, who take up smoking as a manly habit, because they see men indulge in it, and are thus led to drinking and every evil practice. There is a widespread feeling to which women largely subscribe, that men need a wide indulgence, that they cannot restrain their passions and appetites, that it is not to be expected of them that they should. But this ought not to be true, and is not true of men who have got beyond the savage, whose moral nature predominates, who have learned to exercise their better faculties, and whose strength has been tested and acquired, as much in resisting evil as in yielding to it. This so-called necessity for bolstering up and stimulating up, and strengthening up with vile decoctions and injurious narcotics is confession of weakness, not evidence of strength; it is a sign of inferiority and cowardice, not an evidence of courage and manliness. Women are subject to much heavier drafts upon their nerves than men, but this would not be considered as any valid excuse for adopting their vulgar and unclean methods of solace and consolation. Are men naturally so weak they cannot bear the ills of life without resort to such depraved helps to carry the burden? Are they so brutish as not to be able to sustain their place in the march of reason, intelligence, and progressive civilization? We do not believe it. There are men, and their numbers are constantly increasing, who lead true, steadfast, and pure lives, and they find it easier and better, and more agreeable in the long run, to lead such lives, than to indulge low desires and brutalizing appetites and passions. If the strength of men is worth having, it must be put to good use. It must bear along with it high hopes and noble ambitions, else it is more unprofitable and much worse for the community in which they live than weakness. Let them begin at once to exercise this manly strength and courage by getting rid of a habit which makes them a nuisance wherever cleanliness is considered a virtue.

The Fisher Boy and the Fisherman's Daughter.

(*See Oil Picture.*)

THIS charming picture brings before us in most attractive form the simple and unstudied grace of childhood. Reared beside the sea, the salty breezes have brought the roses to the cheeks of this brother and sister, and the blue of heaven smiles in their eyes. They know nothing of the great world that lies beyond the sea, whose waves roll up almost to their cottage door. They never even dreamed of the sights that other children see, nor the show and glitter of the great cities of the world. Yet

the sea has its beauties and pleasures as well as the land ; and the breezes that float out from the ocean's caves exhilarate the spirits. There are treasures, too, that it freely casts upon the white beach, where they can be gathered and used to decorate the little cottage. The shells and brightly colored sea-weed look as beautiful to the eyes of this guileless pair as do more costly articles to the children of fortune.

Happy beside the sea in their cottage home, when the night comes down and settles in darkness on the waves, they gather around the hearth, and the boy tells the stories he has heard from the older fishermen, of the perils and escapes of the fishing-boats ; while the girl listens with sympathetic heart, almost wishing that the young speaker had not adopted so perilous a profession. Then she asks herself the question, "Is not God upon the ocean just as well as on the land?" and trusting to His protection, she thinks no more of the dangers to which the young fisher-boy is exposed, and sees him go forth the next morning in certain expectation of his return in the evening.

The artist has selected a charming subject, one that, carried out as it is, cannot fail to find many admirers. The children are beautiful in their innocent simplicity, and their dress, picturesque and becoming, adds to the attractiveness of their appearance. It is an extremely pleasing picture, full of grace and sunny beauty, bringing us visions of the blue sea with its "flashing brine," and showing us what childish loveliness can dwell in and make glad even the lonely cottage of the fisherman, whose jewels are as bright as those of which the royal Cornelia boasted.

The Bravery of Women.

IT is generally supposed that to be a woman is to be a coward. Women themselves have done much to foster such an idea by screaming at the sight of some innocent insect, or equally innocent mouse. Some do this under the impression that it makes them interesting to the other sex, which is an error, as men admire a brave woman as much as they admire a brave man.

There is, undoubtedly, a vast amount of latent bravery in woman, which circumstances bring out. We have only to look into history to see the evidence of this. Could anything be more frightful, or more terrifying, than the "Reign of Terror" in France? Thousands of women of every degree, from the queen to the peasant. from the aged woman to the young girl, were dragged off to the guillotine, and but one, Madame du Barrie, evinced any fear. Every woman, every girl, met her fearful death with a courage that was sublime.

Not only these women of the French Revolution faced bravely the horrible death of decapitation, but other women met the same fate serenely—Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Gray and Mary, Queen of Scots.

This may be called by some a sort of despair, a passive yielding to an inevitable *must*. This cannot be said of those brave women who faced death on the battle-field, or who defended forts, or carried dispatches. The list of women soldiers is an exceedingly long one, and their record of bravery is without a stain.

There was Kenau Hasselaer, the widow of a nobleman, who, when Haarlem was besieged, put herself at the head of three hundred women, and they did good service on the field or in raising defenses.

Renée Bordereau was another brave soldier. Forty-two of her relatives, among them her father, having been massacred by the armies of the Republic at Vendee, she resolved to avenge them. Dressed in men's clothes, she enrolled herself in the army. During a war of six years she was in two hundred battles and skirmishes, most of which were fought on horseback. She always led the attack, taking the most dangerous posts. Napoleon, fearing so brave and resolute a woman, loaded her with irons and consigned her to a dungeon, where she remained five years, only regaining her liberty when the monarchy was restored.

Who will say that Mademoiselle de Fernig, that French girl of sixteen years, was not brave? In 1792, in the battles between the French and Austrians, in an encounter she fought with her bridle between her teeth, a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other.

Look at those brave Swiss women under Martha Glar, a grandmother. When the French marched against the Swiss, in 1798, Martha Glar urged the women to take up arms. At the battle of Frauenbrun she was killed in her sixty-fifth year, her two daughters, three granddaughters, her father, husband, brother, and two sons being all slain in the same battle.

Among the few women honored with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor was Annette Drevon, who was with the French zouaves during the campaigns of Africa and Italy, and during the war with Germany. She was decorated after the battle of Magenta for rescuing the regimental colors from two Austrian soldiers who had captured them.

We find women, too, showing great bravery and resolution on the ocean. In 1877, a vessel, the Moorburg, left China for Australia. While at sea the crew became sick, and most of them died. The captain became disabled, and had to retire. His wife, who had a small infant, not only took care of it, but did duty at the wheel and in the watches. When the boat reached Melbourne it was a woman who was at the helm.

Mrs. Wilson, the wife of a captain, is a similar instance of woman's bravery. In 1872, she assumed the command of the ship, her husband having been disabled. For twenty-one days she remained at her post, the sailors obeying her orders, and in perfect safety she carried the ship into the harbor of St. Thomas.

One of the very earliest climbers of the Alps was a woman, Mademoiselle D'Angeville, who made the ascent of twenty-five Swiss mountains. When sixty-nine years of age she climbed the Oldenhorn with one guide. Night overtaking them, she was left alone on the mountain while the guide went to the nearest *châlet* for a light.

Mrs. Phœbe Brown, of Derbyshire, England, showed her courage by breaking in horses. She rode without a saddle, and was also a "good shot."

Catharine Vasseur was only a servant girl, but she was wonderfully heroic. At Noyon, France, a deep sewer had been opened into which fell four workmen. No man present dared go into that foul place to rescue them. This girl of seventeen dared it however. She was let down into the dark, slimy depths, and succeeded in bringing up three men, and would have brought up the fourth, but she became insensible, and was dragged up in that condition, it being some time before she was restored.

These are but a few instances of woman's courage. The list might be considerably lengthened, but it is enough to show that though there is a Mars there is a Minerva too, each representing the heroic and the brave. The woman who cultivates her brave qualities does well ; for there is strength in bravery, and weakness in cowardice. It is true women are not called upon to fight battles, nor to command ships, but even in every-day life cases occur where bravery will be found a strong support, while cowardice would bring disaster and dismay.

What Women are Doing.

Mrs. Shearer has produced the finest specimens of "needle painting" yet seen in this country. They are on exhibition at her rooms, 16 East Twenty-third Street.

There have been 184 women students at Michigan University during 1882. Of this number 110 were in the literary department.

Mlle. Nicolette Isouard has lately founded a prize of one hundred pounds for the best and "most melodious" musical compositions, to be awarded every two years.

——**Miss Emma Worthington**, for many years a teacher in the public schools at El Paso, Ill., has just been appointed a notary public by Governor Cullom. She is an expert stenographer.

Miss Alcott has prepared two new books for the holiday season, "Proverb Stories," and "An Old Fashioned Thanksgiving."

Princess Christian has been engaged for some time upon a translation of Prof. Esmarchi's work, "First Help in Sudden Accidents."

Miss E. H. Watson of Boston has prepared a chart giving in parallel columns the principal events, with their dates, in the history of the thirteen original colonies.

The Ladies' Art Club of Auburn has just resumed its sessions for the winter, with the election of Mrs. W. W. Bolster, of Auburn, as president. Though organized only three years ago, the club has already acquired a prominent position.

In the latest volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica, the lives of Lagrange and Laplace have been entrusted to a lady, Miss A. M. Clerke, who seems desirous to emulate the acquirements of Mrs. Somerville.

In Marcourt, Belgium, is to be erected a statue to Théroigne de Méricourt, the heroine of the insurrection of women and leader of the Mænad march on Versailles of October 5, 1789, and who was called by the Revolutionists, "the First Amazon of Liberty."

The Evening high school of Boston has a remarkable attendance of 800 pupils: 40 per cent. of these are young women. A large proportion are studying phonography with the design of making it useful in commercial life and business correspondence.

A Course of Six Lectures has been given during the autumn by Miss Harkness at the British Museum, on "Assyrian Antiquities," and a second course by Miss Harrison upon "Greek Art."

The Princess Beatrice has become a member of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colors, following the example of her sister Louise, who is a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colors, and actually exhibited a portrait at the Grosvenor Gallery last season.

A Ladies' Theater.—A lyrical theater is about to be opened in London, at which (with the exception of authors and composers of pieces) all persons taking an artistic part in the performance will be women.

The Queen of Madagascar has ordered a prohibitory law to be framed, prohibiting the manufacture of brandy and its importation within her realm, under the penalty of the forfeiture of ten oxen and a fine of $10. Madagascar, it seems, has a government with a woman at its head and temperance at its heart.

The Eliza-Lemonnier technical schools for girls, of which there are four in Paris, commenced work on October 2d. These schools prepare girls for many employments, and their course of instruction lasts three years. They teach, besides a good general education, book-keeping and commercial knowledge, industrial design, wood-engraving, china-painting, painting on blinds, artificial flower-making, and the making of linen and millinery. They are the equivalent of Fraulein Calm's technical schools in Germany.

Miss Ormerod, the entomologist to the Royal Agricultural Society, is preparing her annual report, and solicits information from farmers and other observers upon the habits of injurious insects, and methods found serviceable in checking their ravages.—*Athenæum.*

Mrs. J. E. Foster, the Iowa lawyer, has written a Constitutional Amendment Manual, containing argument, appeal, directions, form of petition, constitution, a formula for amendment—all the information, in fact, which a woman temperance worker needs, including the methods in use in different States for reaching the Legislature.

Mrs. Meadows White, author of several fine musical compositions, has lately produced a fine original work in the form of a Cantata, based upon Collins' "Ode to the Passions." It consists of ten numbers, is arranged for five solo vocalists, with full chorus and orchestra. It was produced at a recent musical festival in England, and met a most cordial reception.

Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin has been principal editor of the "*Monitor*," St. Louis, for twenty years, and was for a large part of that time its publisher also. When she began its publication, it had twenty-five subscribers; six years afterward, it had upward of six thousand. The first year she set her own type, made and locked her own forms, took proofs, corrected them, and in short did the entire work of her office. She has now an able editorial assistant in Mrs. S. G. Smart, and there are are at least two other women editors in Missouri besides Miss Obsen, who was recently quoted as the only woman editor of that State.

The most learned woman in the world is said to be Miss Ramnabal, a young lady of twenty, who is now in Paris. She is a native of India, and can read and write and talk in twelve languages, besides being up in mathematics, astronomy and history. She is studying medicine, and will go to India to practice, where she says that thousands of her countrywomen die every year because they will not consult male physicians.

The following ladies have positions in the Oregon legislature: Miss Anna Fearnside, clerk of the Ways and Means Committee of the Senate; Miss Florence Warriner, engrossing clerk in the House; Miss Nora Simpson, enrolling clerk in the House; Miss Ella J. Scrafford, enrolling clerk in the Senate; Addie C. Jennings, enrolling clerk in the Senate; Miss Edith Nicholson, engrossing clerk in the Senate; Leona Burmeister, engrossing clerk in the Senate; Mrs. Belle W. Cooke, engrossing clerk in the Senate.

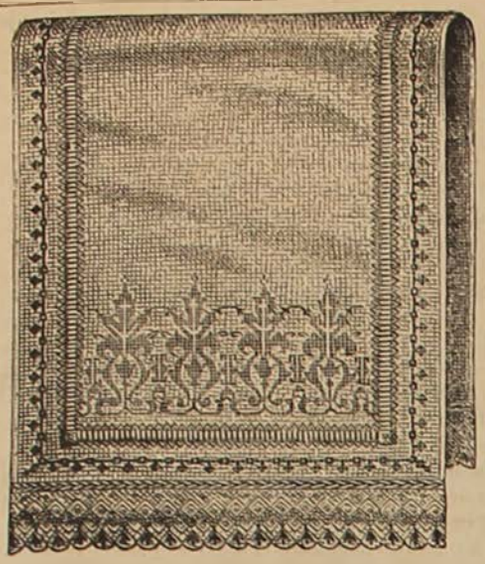
Rouen was treated to a fête on Oct. 1. The festivities were in celebration of the opening of the new Lycée for girls, nearly the first of its kind, and, therefore, no ordinary occurrence. Two ministers gave solemnity to the occasion by their presence. The Minister of Public Instruction remarked: "What we wish is that the girl should learn to think that her innate qualities of feeling, imagination, and tenderness should be coupled with more masculine habits of thought — preventing these qualities from being traded upon to the detriment of her rectitude and judgment."

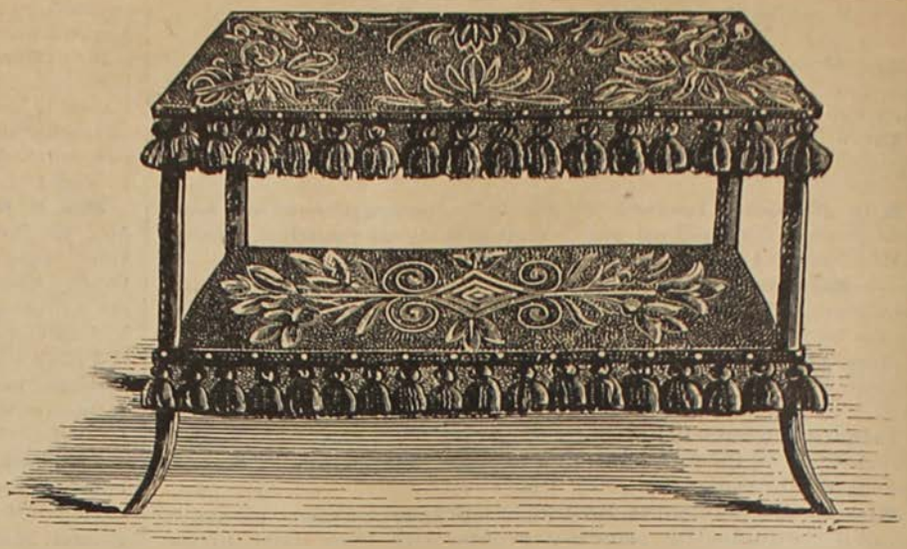
Miss Wang a Chinese woman lately deceased, is to be honored by a monument erected under imperial sanction for extraordinary filial devotion, the Chinese government making no more difference in sex when rewards are to be conferred, than when punishments are to be inflicted. Miss Wang, at the age of thirteen, on hearing that she was to be betrothed, wrote with blood taken from her arm by herself a sacred vow that she would never marry, but would devote her life to her parents. Three different times she cut flesh from her own person to combine with remedies to cure her mother of disease, according to the traditions of her race, and when she died refused sustenance, until the devoted daughter died also.

The Noble Women of Nebraska.—A correspondent of the Woman's *Journal*, says of a journey through this young and promising state:

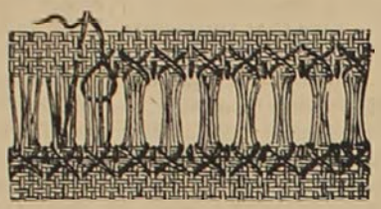
"At one place we found a young, comely woman, a college graduate, with two small children, cooking for eighteen men, besides those that came as transient travelers. She had but two rooms below and two above. She did the family sewing, was county superintendent of schools, and with brave courage looked for better times.

"Another young woman, also a college graduate, was established in a sod house, seven miles from any other dwelling. She lined the whole with white cotton cloth, put in her piano, and kept up her studies; and this year, seven years from the time she first took up her abode there, she attended the teachers' institute of her county, and was the soul of it. She presided at the organ, made speeches, and good ones, and kept her children with her, as she had no one with whom to leave them. Nebraska is dotted all over with such women. In spite of drawbacks which those in older States cannot comprehend, those women are planting the finest civilization in this far West."





Scarf for Stand.



GROUND of white linen, eighteen inches by thirty-seven, hemmed round the edge, and trimmed across the ends with white pillow lace worked in feather and chain-stitch with blue thread. Then work round the edge, in cross-stitch with blue thread, a narrow border. For the open-worked border (detail of which is given), draw out every eight threads. On each side of the threads drawn out make a row of cross-stitch four threads high, and between each cross-stitch a horizontal stitch over two threads. Work any design across the ends that may please the fancy.

Window Decorations.

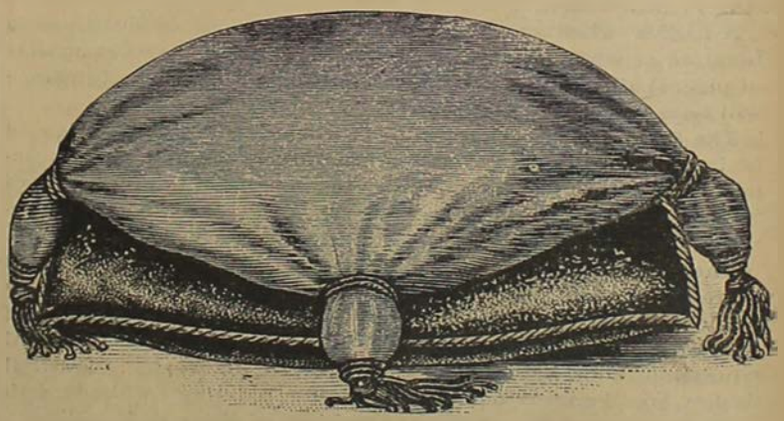
CUT out suitable designs from cretonne, and paste them on the panes, rubbing the glass well over with a ball of putty, which makes it opaque, like ground glass. Add an inch wide border of scarlet or yellow tissue paper, and then cover the whole with several coats of fine white varnish. Instead of using the putty, fine bobbinet may be stretched over the panels before varnishing.

Old Postage Stamps Utilized.

CUPS, saucers, and plates, are very novel decorated with old stamps. Lay the stamps on first, arranging them as effectively as possible, then gum them on the crockery, and then varnish, so that they can be washed without detriment (not in hot water of course). The patterns are mostly produced by the higher prized foreign stamps, while the background is composed of the common ones of our own country. Little stands and card-table tops can be ornamented in this way. First stain the top of the table with lampblack mixed with gum water, laid on evenly in four coats. The stamps should be fastened on with thick gum. Arrange them in a Greek key border with a double line at either edge, if the table is square or oblong; if round, a border of pyramids, using two less in each row, and the center may be a star of two interlaced triangles, one blue, the other red. Right in the center, gum an envelope stamped and directed to the owner. Cut the laps of the envelope away. Photographs cut oval or diamond shape and surrounded with stamps and placed at distances make an effective border to a table ornamented in this way, the legs of which are stained and varnished. This would be found a very amusing pastime for children during our cold winter evenings.

Embroidered Table-Covers.

THE old-fashioned tables, with under-shelf, can be made very ornamental in the following manner: First cover the standards with plush or velvet by cutting a strip just the width and catching it together on the inside of the legs. The feet will require more care. A pattern must be cut, then cut the plush, lay a thin coat of thick glue on the wood, and press the plush in place. The designs for the two covers can be embroidered in various styles and on various materials. Appliqué work on cloth looks well; figured plush or velvet, part embroidered, likewise. Althea and tulips form the motive of the top design; tulips alone the motif of the lower shelf. The flowers in both instances are conventionally arranged.



Turkish Cushion Seat.

THIS seat requires no frame. Two cushions are placed one above the other, and the corners of the top fixed to the lower cushion, as indicated in the illustration. The cushion which rests on the floor ought to be firmly stuffed with excelsior or any other suitable material—shavings with some curled hair on top does well, if filled full enough not to be easily compressed and flattened. For the covers of both cushions, materials with a Turkish or Persian pattern, and of contrasting colors, ought to be used.

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 Past Year.

The past year has been an eventful year. It has seen the beginning and end of a war in Egypt, and a consequent nearing of the solution of the great Eastern problem. It has witnessed the temporary overthrow of Gambetta in France, and the inauguration of a new electoral system in Italy. In our own country we have seen an overwhelming defeat of the once powerful Republican party. There have been vital changes also in business matters. For the first time in half a century the food and cotton crops have been abundant in every nation under the sun. The world to-day is more prosperous than at any previous period, and the toiling millions will, in consequence, be better fed and clothed than at any time in the annals of recorded history. But strangely enough, the first effect of this superabundance of food has been to cause a depression in business circles, the reason for which, it is explained, is because cheap food finally involves cheaper production. And hence those who carried stocks of goods manufactured in high-price times are forced to sell at a loss. But eventually the cheapness of products will increase the consumption, which fact will be a new stimulus to trade.

The New Year

Opens with the brightest auguries. The world is at peace. The great crops assure us an abundance of food and clothing until the new harvests are gathered. Our country is rapidly growing in wealth and population. Certain political changes are impending, and many years cannot pass without an improvement in our civil service, and a reform in our laws. In former generations the earth was cursed by frequent visitations of pestilence, but what with quarantines and health-boards there seems no longer any danger of the plagues which have so often devastated the Old World. Never was the race in happier circumstances than in this year of grace.

Free Italy.

At the last Italian elections, every man who could read and write was permitted to vote. Heretofore the suffrage has been very restricted, but under the new electoral law, the number of voters has been quadrupled. The result has been the return of a large number of radicals and republicans to the Italian Parliament, but, at the same time, the ministerial majority has been increased. It was feared that the priests and the clerical party would influence many of the more ignorant voters in their favor, but such has not proved to be the case. Candidates were chosen after the system proposed by Gambetta for France; that is, four, six, or eight delegates were elected upon a general ticket. The French Chambers, like our American House of Representatives, is composed of members elected from single districts. The Representative Chambers in France is a weak, capricious, and ungovernable body. Nor has the single system been altogether happy in its results in this country. Italy is growing in numbers, wealth, and national importance, and at the same time, is becoming trained in free institutions. In the twentieth century, it will be a shining member of the united free federated republic of Europe.

Newspapers and Telegraphs.

Thirty-five years ago the New York Associated Press was organized. It was composed of the seven principal morning journals, and its business was to collect the news of the world by telegraph to resell to the other papers throughout the country. This press monopoly made an alliance with the telegraph monopoly; but meanwhile the press of the West has been steadily increasing in wealth and power, and has organized a press service of its own. It now secures its European news, as well as the general news of this country and the world, through its own agents. It has broken loose from the New York city press monopoly, and hereafter we are to have free trade in news. The monopoly has checked the growth of newspapers in the Eastern States, and has injured the protected papers, for without the stimulus of competition newspaper enterprise is apt to lag. We have too many bad journals, and too few good ones. A newspaper should be the history of the world for one day, and the time is coming when our journals will be larger, better and abler. People are reading books less and newspapers more. Some day the morning papers will have illustrated supplements, giving pictures of current events, which will be printed in colors.

A Chance for Our Boys.

For some years past there has been a prejudice against teaching American boys any handicraft or trade. Our apprentice laws have fallen into disuse; then the trades-unions have discriminated against lads who wished to become mechanics. One valid reason against training a boy to a particular handicraft was the progress of invention, which steadily supplanted manual labor by ingenious machinery. Then, there are so many opportunities for making money in trade and speculation that ambitious young Americans are eager to enter the fields of commerce, to become politicians, and do anything, in fact, rather than confine themselves to the farm, the shop, or the manufactory. And so it comes about that when any work requiring technical skill is required, foreigners have to be employed. Such Americans as must work at the mechanic trades find themselves at a disadvantage when competing with trained foreigners. Americans lay the brick, but the stone-masons are from Europe. There are native plasterers, but the ornamental work is nearly always entrusted to a German. There are American and English carpenters, but the fine joiner-work in hard woods, and the carving and other decorations are necessarily entrusted to the French technically trained workman. Americans paint houses, but for the frescoing and decorative work the Italian, French, or German has the call. A change has occurred of which our people have not taken advantage. It is quite true that machinery has supplanted manual labor in the manufacture of clothing material, but no inventor can take the place of the artistic workman. We have too many traders and speculators. An advertisement for a book-keeper or a salesman is answered by a thousand persons, whilst skilled and artistic workmen are so scarce that we are forced to import them from Europe. What we need is such an extension of our public school system as will give to our boys and girls the same advantages of art education as those possessed by the young French, German, and Italian workmen. We want technical industrial schools. There are too many book-keepers, salesmen, merchants, and politicians in the United States. It is a mortifying fact that the most keen-witted, inventive, and intelligent people on earth allow themselves to be beaten in many of the industrial arts by foreigners who have not the same natural capacity, but who have the advantage of an excellent technical and artistic education. American fathers should see to it that their sons and daughters are taught occupations in which foreigners now excel, and in which there is no danger of competition in the way of improved machinery.

Gas and Electricity.

When electricity was first successfully used for illuminating purposes there was a great fall in the price of gas stocks in all the large cities of the civilized world. There has been a recovery since then, and it really seems that Dr. Siemens was right when he claimed that the use of gas would increase, notwithstanding the employment of the electric light. He expressed the opinion that the latter can never be used economically in the household. But gas, he said, would take the place of coal for heating and cooking purposes, and this prediction is being partially verified. We are now promised a revolution by the use of petroleum to produce a gas which gives out an intense heat. A patent has been taken out in every civilized country for the production of a gas by some combination of petroleum with lime. The companies have been formed, and it is said that within a short time, and by the pipes used for carrying ordinary gas, that burning material will be introduced into our households which will heat our rooms and cook our food at one-third of the cost now necessitated by the use of coal or wood. The recent speculative excitement in petroleum is said to be due to the practical application of this patent by some of our gas companies. Petroleum has never commanded a fair price in view of its production in excess of the demands of the consumers. Our wells have pumped out about 27,000,000 barrels per annum, but heretofore the world has been searched in vain for a market for this ocean of mineral oil. Should we make use of it, however, for a heat-producing and cooking gas, there will be an abundant demand for all the petroleum we could produce. It would add marvelously to human comfort if so bulky a product as coal could be dispensed with, and our dwellings were warmed by a cleanly and comparatively inexpensive gas.

A Free Waterway.

From this time forth the Erie Canal is an entirely free waterway. It can be used by any one without fee or charge, in the same manner as Lake Erie or the Hudson River, which it connects. The State of New York will, hereafter, pay for all of the repairs and will see that the canal is usable when not blockaded by ice. This canal was opened in 1825. The first boat carried ninety barrels of flour; the regular cargo of a barge at present is 900 barrels, This canal has made a mighty metrop-

olis of New York, for it has brought to that great seaport the productions of the fertile West. To complete our waterways, there should be a ship canal across the State of Michigan, and also one connecting the Mississippi with our lake system. The most potent influence to protect us from the exactions of railroad companies is our system of natural and artificial watercourses; and the surplus government funds could not be better employed than in making these great internal improvements. Unfortunately, the verdict of the people against the members of Congress who voted in favor of the River and Harbor Bill will make future representatives timid in voting for any improvement no matter how greatly it may be needed.

"A Mad World, my Masters."

A number of alleged lunatics have been brought before our courts recently, to have the question of their sanity legally tested. Quite a number of them have proved that they were not insane, and that they have been kept in durance vile by relatives who wish to get control of their property. This whole business of committing people to lunatic asylums needs revision. Under the present law in New York, any person can be consigned to an asylum upon the certificate of two physicians. Now, while the great body of the profession are honorable gentlemen, some, even those who are eminent, will do many things for a handsome fee; and it is intolerable that a sane person should be deprived of his or her liberty on the authority of a couple of irresponsible physicians. No person should be consigned to an asylum until his sanity should be considered by a competent medical commission which should not profit by a decision either way, and who are above suspicion of being tampered with privately. Society, however, should be protected from the violence of real lunatics. Indeed, there is scarcely a doubt but what several dangerous madmen have recently been discharged because of the incompetence of an ordinary law court to adjudicate such matters. A Frenchman, a discharged lunatic, recently stabbed a number of persons and killed one woman, in Fourteenth St., New York; and there are at all times thousands of lunatics, known to be such, afloat on the community. But their illusions are not of a dangerous kind, and they are never incarcerated. Indeed, it is more than possible that there are hundreds of thousands of persons who go through life without being suspected, who are really out of their heads on some subjects, which do not affect their lives and conduct.

A Sporting Duchess.

The dowager duchess of Montrose some time since married Mr. Crawford, a well-known English sporting man, and a great patron of the turf. Although the former wife of one duke and the mother of another, she has adopted all the tastes of her new husband, and is so extreme a patron of the turf as to create no little scandal in English society. She not only bets on the races, but appears on the field, and orders the jockeys about with even more authority than her husband. At Newmarket, lately, she was the occasion of one of the most extraordinary scenes ever witnessed on the turf. Before the race commenced she appeared on the field, and in the presence of the multitude ordered her husband's jockeys not to run. She stormed like a fury, but womanlike, ended by bursting into tears. Fortunately for the nobility of England, there are not many titled ladies who are patrons of the turf. This duchess, by the way, was a great admirer of Mrs. Langtry, as was her present husband, when the professional beauty was at the height of her popularity in English court circles.

Crime in a Great City.

New York has grown, of late years, in numbers and wealth. Indeed, its increase, in both respects, has been phenomenal. But it is to the credit of the metropolis that as the population increases crime decreases. The various agencies for fighting the criminal class have proved so effectual as to make life and property safer in New York to-day than they were twenty years since. In 1874 there were 84,821 persons arrested for criminal offenses in New York. In 1881, 67,135, a decrease of twenty per cent. although the population of the city had increased largely in the mean time. We might give a column of figures showing the falling off for offenses against personal property, but they would be out of place here. One particularly gratifying fact is the improvement in the condition of poor children, as shown by the falling off in the number of young criminals. Indeed, all the offenses included under the term "Juvenile delinquency," show a steady diminution, notwithstanding the increase of our population. This gratifying result is due to our industrial schools, the transportation of uncared-for children to the West, and the other benevolent agencies which were unknown twenty years ago. It is satisfactory to find that organized charitable effort is effective in dealing with the problems of poverty and crime. It should not be forgotten, however, that hard times, that is, want of remunerative employment for the people, has a great deal to do with offenses against property. Extreme poverty does tempt to crime. This is shown by the history of all periods of depression.

What Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt is Doing.

Some years since, the great millionaire, Wm. H. Vanderbilt, sold large blocks of stock, especially New York Central, and bought many millions of Government securities. The trade was a successful one, for the 4 per cents. which he bought at par he sold at 117. There were $10,000,000 of these Government's, and his profit on that transaction was $170,000, besides the interest he has been drawing. From the money thus obtained, Mr. Vanderbilt has been buying stocks; he probably argues that the result of the election will perhaps induce Congress to cut down the internal revenue, so that there will be no means of paying the public debt before it is due. The debt-paying policy has advanced in an unwholesome way the price of government securities, and has stimulated speculation. With the government out of the market, as a buyer of its own bonds, the price of securities will be restored to a normal figure. This is what Vanderbilt foresees, and, hence he is selling at the top of the market. The debt-paying policy has been very cruel to a great many very worthy people. Widows and orphans in receipt of interest on trust funds, have found their incomes reduced at a time when prices were rising; that is to say, those who expected to receive 6 or 7 per cent. on their investments, found themselves straitened because the government policy practically reduced the rate of interest to 3 per cent. When it was proposed, in France, to reduce the interest on the *rentes* from 5 to 3 per cent., great indignation was created, and the project had to be abandoned. This is because so many hundreds of thousands of provident Frenchmen and women depend on the small income they receive from their investment in government securities. In this country, the persons of the same class have been sacrificed of late years, but then our government is not paternal.

New Questions to the Front.

The result of the recent elections will have one good influence; it will break up old parties and necessitate new combinations. The old planks in the party platforms will be discarded, and new and better ones will take their place in future political contests. Reform will be the watchword. There must be a readjustment of the tariff; many, if not all, the internal imposts must be abolished, and our civil service reformed. Then the great monopoly and corporation question must be taken up. These great political cyclones are damaging to the party in power, but there is no danger that the country is going to suffer from a change of rulers.

What is Due our Children.

Herbert Spencer would have been much more wisely engaged, had he shown the American people the absurdity of heaping up gigantic fortunes for their children to quarrel over after their death. All that any parent owes to a child is a good education and a profession. Our offspring have a right to demand that they should be equipped for the battle of life, the only excuse for leaving superfluous wealth being in case any of the family are disqualified for work. The aged parents, the widow and the helpless child should have, at least, means enough to sustain them comfortably; but fortunes left to children have often wrought their ruin. The girl becomes the prey of the fortune-hunter, while the young man but too often spends his father's hard earnings in riotous living. What a vast social change it would make in the United States, if American parents generally realized, that they owed nothing to their children but the best possible education and a profession or trade, which is the due of the daughter as well as the son.

Relaxation.

Before leaving our shores Herbert Spencer was banqueted by his admirers at Delmonico's, where he delivered an address warning the American people not to work quite so hard. The philosopher himself is a broken down man, because of his self-abuse in this respect. He so overtaxed himself that he became restless and sleepless, whereupon he took drugs to obtain rest, and now he is a physical wreck. There is no need of telling our people not to work so hard. Our working population cannot help themselves, they must work, but our wealthy citizens have an abundance of leisure. Of late years Americans have been deliberately getting rid of hard labor. The women and children and the well-to-do go to the country in summer time. The heads of families take far more leisure than did their forefathers, while there are twenty persons who now-a-days indulge in outdoor sports to one who took that form of recreation thirty years ago. The swarms of American tourists in Europe tell the story of the average Yankee's anxiety to get away from hard work and see the world.

Two Tendencies.

Speculation, just now, is raging in the extreme North-west and the far South-west. The great Western tide of emigration forks at the Missouri River, the larger division surging up to Dakota and Manitoba, while the lesser stream is finding its way to the mining regions of New Mexico and Arizona. Our South-western population is not increasing as rapidly as is the North-western, but gold and silver mines are very attractive, and many covetous and ambitious Americans are looking with eager eyes to Northern Mexico, with a view to its ultimate absorption into the United States. It is, however, a wise instinct which impels the mass of our immigrants to seek the colder and more northern regions. It is the temperate zones which produce the best breed of men, the Southern skies being more enervating, and then

mining is not as wholesome an occupation as farming. In a hundred years the populations north of the thirty-fifth parallel will be found to be richer, stronger, and more influential than those south of that line. It would be very desirable for the United States to annex the dominion north of us, for the population there would assimilate with our own and add to the strength and vitality of the nation. But it was very wise on the part of the American people not to annex Mexico, after its conquest by General Scott. All who care for the future of their friends and relatives, would do well to impress upon them the desirability of emigrating to northern instead of southern regions.

What it Cost.

Fifteen millions of barrels of beer were consumed in this country last year, at the cost to the consumers of $480,000,000. There were seventeen million gallons of liquor consumed, which cost $313,000,000. Adding wines, the money spent in liquor every year makes up a total of $800,000,000. As all our taxes, national, State, city, county, and town are stated, on the authority of the Census Bureau, to be about $700,000,000, it follows that we spend more in liquor, by $100,000,000 yearly, than we do for the whole machinery of our national, State, and local governments. But even this does not tell the whole story, for there are statistics which show that 84 per cent. of all the crime in the country is due to the use of liquor. One in every twenty of the able-bodied men of this country is made a pauper, a loafer, or a criminal, by drink. If all these men were capable of constant work, they would make not less than $200,000,000 per annum. This makes the liquor tax fully $1,000,000,000 per annum, more than half our national debt, and $200,000,000 more than the total of all our exports. Is it any wonder that some people become fanatical, in contemplating the enormity of the liquor traffic?

Beautifying Our Homes.

During the last ten years there has been reform in the matter of household decoration. The heavy furniture, highly-colored carpets, heavy tapestries, and the gaudy wall-papering, have given place to household furnishing which is artistic and harmonious. This reform in the popular taste has affected both palace and cottage, and there is an eager desire in every quarter to conform to the best canons of taste in the adornment of our parlors, dining-rooms, and bed-chambers. One of the best features of this reform is its relative inexpensiveness. Of course, it costs a great deal to fit out a modern house in such a way as to please a cultivated taste. But on the whole, artistic furniture and ornamentation is cheaper than was the sombre and inelegant furniture of the past. For this reform we are, in a large measure, indebted to æstheticism, which has persistently taught the doctrine that the ordinary things used by mankind may as well be handsome as ugly. A picture or a cup, or any table utensil, costs no more if wrought artistically, than if made by the most clumsy workmanship. Of course there are some extravagances connected with æsthetic reformation, but these only help to attract attention to the general subject of art in connection with the decoration of our households. The æsthetes are now criticising the dress of man with a view to its reform. They say the "stove-pipe" hat is an abomination; that the "swallow-tail" coat is a reminiscence of the Darwinian theory of the origin of man; that trowsers should give way to Knickerbockers, and that the male leg should not disdain the light of open day. It is a notable circumstance, that in out-door sports, such as lawn-tennis, foot and baseball playing, bicycling, and so forth, our young men are adopting the suggestions of the æsthetic school.

Anarchists in France.

The stories that have reached our shores of socialistic disturbances in various parts of France have a very suspicious appearance. The present government is a very weak one, and the nation is respected neither at home or abroad, because of the absence of a strong man at its head. The single district system has handed over the destinies of that nation to a number of squabbling parliamentarians, and the *prestige* of the nation has consequently suffered. To rally the conservative and propertied classes to the support of the administration, the cry against Socialism is gotten up, and pretended discoveries are made of Nihilistic and anarchical plots. France has never been great unless she had a man at the head of her affairs who commanded the respect of Europe. The sooner the constitution of the French Government is changed so as to give more authority to the executive, the better it will be for the nation.

A Cruel, Cruel World.

John Stuart Mill wrote a book, charging nature with all manner of cruelties. Sentient life in every department was susceptible of exquisite suffering, the great bulk of human beings were murdered, that is, they were poisoned by malaria or fever, or some defective organ killed the whole organism; so that not five per cent. of the human race die what is called a natural death. Then there are earthquakes, storms at sea, cyclones, and other natural disasters which kill and maim their thousands every year. Nature is red in tooth and claw. Then, in the human world, see what tragedies take place; the wars and pestilences, and then the crimes which are committed. As an instance, take the cruel case of Mrs. Dr. Seguin, of New York. Her husband is a specialist in nervous disorders and insanity, with a high reputation, yet he never suspected that his wife, the mother of his children, was of unsound mind. The unfortunate woman was seized with madness, and killed her three children, after which she shot herself. The details are too harrowing for recital. The little ones were bound, and she shot one after the other to the death. Another very painful case was that of a young college student in Maine, who wandered into a wood, and had his two hands caught in a bear-trap. His skeleton was found some months afterward, and it is clear that the unfortunate man must have suffered fearfully while starving to death. How heart-breaking is the thought of his terrible pain and agony; how he must have shouted and struggled, and appealed to the universe, from which there came back no cheering response. Yes, yes, nature is very cruel, very, very cruel.

Women to the Front.

Oregon has passed a law which is to be submitted to the people, allowing women to vote for all offices in that State. The prejudice against women occupying offices and public positions is steadily decreasing as years roll by. This is especially noticeable in connection with educational matters. Women are now eligible as school officers in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Virginia, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New York, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Wyoming, and to any office in Wisconsin except that of State Superintendent. In Mississippi the law requires that at least one woman shall be a member of the State Board of Education. But conservative England is far ahead of this country, and women who have property have always voted for all municipal offices.

The Woman who Dared.

A Boston poet, named Sargent, some time since, wrote a volume of verse eulogizing a woman who dared to ask a man to marry her. Her example has not been generally followed by the sex, who, however, have ways of their own of letting men know when they like them, and would be willing to marry them. But there are cases, happily very rare, where women are forced to be more explicit in such matters. An officer of the 7th Cavalry Regiment at Fort Lincoln, Dakotah, received a letter from a woman who owned a ranch near Mandan, which, in substance, read as follows: "Dear Sir: My man, perhaps you know, is dead. I buried him Thursday. It is coming on spring now, and I am a lone woman with a big ranch and the Indians about. I don't mind the Indians, the red devils, but I have too much work for any woman to do. If you have any sergeant about to be mustered out, or a private if he is a good man, I would like to have you inform me about him. If he is a steady man, likes work, and wants a good home, I will marry him, if he thinks we can get along together. It's a good chance for any man. Please answer."

The Impending great War.

A war in Europe will probably break out in the early spring, the contestants being Russia on one side, and Austria, backed by Germany, on the other. The Austrian budget, this year, contains large appropriations for the military service, avowedly because of the probability of hostilities with Russia. The people of neither country desire war, but it seems the Czar would not be averse to a conflict which would save him from Nihilistic conspiracies which endanger his life. The would-be Czar-killers are nothing if not patriots, and they would never dream of removing the head of the nation in time of war. Austria and Germany think the time is propitious for dealing a heavy blow at Russia. Bismarck covets that portion of Russia which fronts on the Baltic Sea, because the bulk of its inhabitants are Germans or of German descent, while Austria aims to absorb the Danubian principalities, so that when the power of the Sultan disappears in Europe, what is left of the Turkish dominions north of the Hellespont, will become her inheritance. Should this war break out, Italy, Spain, and Great Britain would sympathize with, if not directly aid Germany and Austria, for Western Europe fears the mighty Colossus of the North. France is the only possible ally of Russia, but that once great nation seems to have lost its ancient warlike spirit, and is under the evil spell of a Chamber of Deputies without cohesion, policy, or public spirit. Should this war break out, it would be a mighty one, and literally millions of men would be brought into the field. Yet it might not be a long war, for railroads and telegraphs can now be used to mass vast bodies of men at strategic points, thus making modern contests quick, sharp and decisive. Austria and Germany would probably triumph, as the organization of their armies is better, and the rank and file is more intelligent and better educated than that of the Russian armies. In that case, the contest would result in Russia being shorn of her dominions to the north-west and south-west.

How a Foreign War Would Affect America.

A great foreign war would at first cause a disturbance, because European holders of American securities would sell them in our market, in order to have funds on hand to meet the demands of their respective governments for means to augment the armaments. But in time our manufactures and commerce would be benefited, because war would involve a waste which America would be called upon to make good. Our vast stores of grain and animal food would be called upon to help feed the contending armies, while our metals, such as copper, would be in demand for cartridges and fire-arms. A great European war would eventually lead to the purchase of American securities by conservative foreign capitalists, who know the dangers to the money markets of the Old World when a state of war exists. While humanity would suffer from a great international contest in Europe, the United States would be the pecuniary gainer for the time being.

The Future of Russia.

But while it is more than likely that Russia would be worsted by Germany and Austria in any great contest, while Von Moltke and Bismarck live, yet all the indications seems to point to the time when the Muscovite will be supreme in Europe. Napoleon the Great said that within fifty years "Europe would be Cossack or Republican." Students of history think it will be both. That is to say, eventually the Russian armies will overrun Europe, after which the civilization and liberal ideas of the West will subdue its conquerors. Rome overran Greece, but the superior culture of the Hellenic race tamed and ennobled its semi-barbaric masters. Russia undoubtedly has a mighty future, and it is no wonder all Western Europe dreads its growing power; but there is no reason why the United States should not be friendly with Russia. We have nothing to fear from the extension of the latter's power, and the time may come when we may divide the world between us.

European Unrest.

The working population of Europe is in a state of ferment. Socialistic outbreaks are reported in Lyons, Bordeaux, Vienna, and Florence. These are really protests by the working classes against the military incubus weighing down Europe. On the Continent, from the Mediterranean to the North Sea, and from the Atlantic to the Ural Mountains, every nation maintains a huge military establishment. The conscription takes the able-bodied young man from his home, and then the poor family is taxed at a ruinous rate to keep the unwilling recruit at non-productive labor. The manufactories are largely employed in turning out machinery for warlike purposes. This, in itself, is a serious impost on the labor of the several countries. It is this state of things which brings about socialistic outbreaks. The schoolmaster is abroad, in these days, and the sorely harassed laborer is intelligent enough to understand that his misery is due to human institutions, which could be modified or swept aside if the rulers of Europe so willed it. The great mass of emigrants who come here do so not only because our untaxed fields are attractive to them, but also because of the cruel burdens which heavy taxation in their own country imposes upon them. In this country we are fortunate in having no great military establishment. Our embarrassments are due to an overflowing treasury, which tempts our congressmen to make profligate expenditures. But, in the mean time, we can at least sympathize with the people of Europe, even if, as a nation, we cannot interfere on their behalf with the several governments.

The Secret of the Pyramids.

Up to this time the mystery of the preparation of the bodies of the Egyptian dead for embalming, has never been discovered; it is one of the standing marvels of the ages, how the Egyptians were enabled to preserve the bodies of their dead in such a way as to defy the "tooth of time;" but a patent has recently been taken out in Washington which the inventor claims is a real re-discovery of the Egyptian secret. But the process of embalming has no real utility. The ancient Egyptian believed in the immortality of the body, and he deemed it his religious duty to have his remains so prepared that when resuscitated, its old lineaments would reappear. The soil of Egypt to-day is packed with mummies, so much so as to seriously interfere with the labors of the agriculturist. After all, nature knows best. The perishable character of our frail bodies restores to the soil elements of fertility which it greatly needs. It is said that every atom of earth for many feet over the surface of all China must literally have passed through hundreds if not thousands of the bodies of Chinamen in the countless ages of the past. The whole earth would be a mausoleum of mummies had the process of embalming been common among all the races of men since the beginning of history.

Church Property.

During the last term of General Grant's administration as President, he sent a message to Congress protesting against the exemption of church property from taxation. He could not see why land owned by great church corporations should be exempted from the burdens which fell to other property. Courts, prisons, policemen and armies had to be paid to protect property that belonged to churches as well as private possessions. President Grant made certain statements about the value of church property in the United States, which were controverted at the time. But it has since been estimated that the following figures tell the story of the past and future valuation of the church property of the United States. From the nature of the figures given it will be seen that they are only approximately correct, and that the future is estimated by taking the past increase:

1850	$83,000,000
1860	166,000,000
1870	332,000,000
1880	664,000,000
1890	1,328,000,000
1900	2,656,000,000

These are vast figures, and the time may come when Congress will take up this matter. But religious people urge that the church should be considered an educational institution which dissipates ignorance, helps the poor, and thus, indirectly, if not directly, reduces pauperism and taxation. It seems that in New York City the value of church property in 1875 was about $39,000,000.

Woman's Suffrage.

In a poll of about 100,000 votes, there was a majority of 30,000 against women having the right of suffrage in Nebraska. But this should not discourage the women engaged in this agitation. The negroes were given the suffrage in our Northern States as one of the results of the civil war; but it is a fact worth noting, that whenever the question of negro suffrage was submitted to the popular vote in the Northern States it was always "voted down." And yet universal suffrage, without distinction of color, was eventually established in spite of the vast popular majority that would have gone against it if an appeal had been made at the ballot boxes. We would not like to predict that women will ever get the suffrage in all the United States, but it is quite clear that the agitation for equal rights has modified our laws so that women are not now as unfairly treated as they were in the past. In most of the States, apart from the suffrage, women have little to complain of.

Wild Speculation.

Political economists claim that speculating in the necessaries of life is not really injurious. Indeed, John Stuart Mill points out that the speculator fulfills a useful social function When food is scarce he buys it and makes it dear, and so saves the community from famine. When it is abundant, he purchases it, and carries it over to a period of scarcity. True, he makes money, but in the long run he saves food from being wasted, and helps to equalize prices. But of late years in this country the habit has grown up of speculating in food products, which contains many elements of mischief. For every bushel of common wheat which reaches the Chicago or New York market, there are a hundred bought or sold, being what are called "phantom" transactions. In this case, no corn or wheat changes hands, but the transaction is merely a bet between buyer and seller as to what the future price shall be. The giving out of some of the petroleum wells recently gave rise to a speculative move in that product, which assumed gigantic proportions. In New York City, Bradford, and Oil City, no less than 119,000,000 barrels of petroleum were sold within one week. Of course, only a few hundred thousand barrels really changed hands, as the total annual production for several years past has been but 27,000,000 barrels. Americans are of a speculative turn of mind, and are very daring in their ventures. Hence, when financial convulsions take place in this country they are very severe while they last.

Co-operative Collegians.

So far, the tendency among students in colleges has been to make living more expensive in all of them. The son of the rich man has set the fashion for his poorer fellow-students, and so the demands of the latter upon his parents are apt to increase from year to year. But Harvard has taken a step in the right direction. The students there have formed a co-operative society, and are buying the necessary articles of use at wholesale, which are distributed among the students at a very slight advance upon the original cost. The result is a saving of from 10 to 30 per cent. on clothing, books, stationery, sporting costumes and implements, as well as sundries. This is a movement in the right direction, and should be imitated in all the institutions of learning for young ladies as well as young gentlemen. American parents, even those well-to-do, should put their foot down against the extravagant expenses of their children at the great institutions of learning. There is nothing worse for the boys themselves, even if they can afford it, and it discourages the children of poorer parents, who are humiliated if they cannot spend as freely as any of their fellows.

New Year's Calls.—Refreshments.

HOT COFFEE—CHOCOLATE.

BROWN AND WHITE BREAD SANDWICHES.

PICKLED OYSTERS—CHICKEN SALAD.

JELLY—CAKE—FRUIT.

SARDINES—CRACKERS—OLIVES.

Coffee.—The best coffee will be found to be a mixture of two-thirds Java with one-third Mocha. Buy ready roasted unless you have a rotary roaster; keep in an air-tight jar and grind only as required. For a pint of black coffee, sufficient for six "after-dinner cups," allow two heaping tablespoonfuls of ground coffee to a pint of boiling water. Mix with a little egg and a spoonful of cold water, the best method for boiled coffee being to break an egg, shell and all, in a bowl; beat it with three spoonfuls of cold water, and use a third at once. Cover the coffee-pot tightly, boil three minutes, then pour out a spoonful or so to free the nose from grounds, and return it to the pot. Put it on the back of the stove, and let it settle for not less than five minutes.

Serve with boiled milk and cream, or cream only.

Sandwiches.—Chop the meat for sandwiches, whether it be tongue, ham, veal, chicken, or beef. Season with mustard, salt and pepper as required, and add a very little celery. The meat should be specially prepared by being *simmered* for a long time in just sufficient water to cover, and then set away to cool. Carefully remove the fat from the top, and any gristle or bones; but chop the remainder, jelly, fat of meat, or fowl, all together, and season as directed, before spreading upon thin buttered bread or biscuit.

Chicken Salad.—Pick a pound of meat quite free from bone, and thoroughly cleanse a good head of celery; chop both very fine, or, better still, pass through a mincing machine: put this in a large bowl. Beat the yolk of an egg until it is thick, mix with it a teaspoonful of made mustard, a pinch of salt, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper. Beat well into the mixture half a teacupful of thick cream, and add the juice of a small lemon drop by drop, beating the mixture with a fork all the time. Stir the dressing well among the minced chicken and celery. Mould with spoon into any shape you like, and serve on a dish with beetroot cut into fanciful shapes. Some prefer a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar instead of lemon juice, and salad oil can be used instead of the cream; but the cream makes it much whiter and daintier in appearance, and gives a better flavor. The proportions given can be increased of course to the quantity required.

Mayonnaise Sauce.—Carefully strain the yolks of four eggs into a bowl, place them in a cool place, or if necessary in water or on ice; then proceed to pour in, a few drops at a time, some very good salad oil, without ceasing to stir the mixture. When one tablespoonful of oil is well incorporated with the yolks of eggs, put in, in the same manner, one teaspoonful of French white vinegar; keep on adding oil and vinegar in these proportions until the sauce is of the consistency of very thick cream; add salt and white pepper to taste; mix well, and the sauce is made.

Pickled Oysters.—Rinse the oysters in their liquor, strain it upon them, and let them come to a boil; then take them out of the liquor to cool. Prepare pure cider vinegar by boiling it with peppers, a little salt, mace, cloves, and nutmeg, and when perfectly cold pour it over the oysters, and keep them in a covered stone jar.

Orange Jelly.—Take six large juicy oranges and one lemon, one pound of loaf sugar, and half an ounce of gelatine; dissolve the sugar in half a pint of water, pour half a pint of boiling water over the gelatine; when dissolved, strain it, put the sugar and water on the fire; when it boils, add the gelatine, the juice of the oranges and lemon, with a little of the peel, and let it boil up, and then strain it in molds to cool. To make lemon jelly, use lemons instead of oranges, and one orange in place of the one lemon.

Layer Fruit Cake.—One coffee cup of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of butter, two cups of flour, the whites of five eggs, three teaspoonfuls baking powder; flavor with vanilla. Take from this one large tablespoonful; bake the rest in two cakes as for jelly cake. To this tablespoonful add half a cup each of chopped raisins, chopped citron, of flour, and of molasses; two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves, and one wineglass of brandy. Bake this in one layer. Put the cake together with soft frosting, putting the fruit layer in the middle. The top may be frosted or not, as you please.

Icing for Chocolate Cake.—Take two ounces of baker's chocolate; do not grate it, but put it unbroken on a pie-plate or in a shallow basin, and set it on the back part of the stove, where it will melt slowly. Of course it must be watched carefully and kept from burning. When it is all melted add four tablespoonfuls of milk, two of water, and a teacupful of sugar; mix thoroughly, and let it boil for five minutes. Make the cake after any good layer cake recipe. When the cake is cold spread the chocolate on the layers and on the top of the cake, and set that in the oven to harden.

Chocolate Cake.—Take a half pound melted butter, and stir it until it froths. Take the yolks of twelve eggs, stir them into the butter, add half a pound of pounded sugar, the same of ground almonds, a quarter pound of chocolate, ground, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves, pounded. Stir all well together for a quarter of an hour. Then beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and add these to the above mixture. Butter the mold, and bake the above in a moderate oven for five quarters of an hour.

Jelly Cake.—Beat three eggs three minutes; add one teacupful of white sugar; butter the size of a small egg, warmed but not melted, and one small teaspoonful of lemon extract. Beat all together five minutes, and add one-third of a teacupful of sweet milk. Sift one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder into one teacupful of flour, and stir into the other ingredients. Spread thin on round tins, and bake in a quick oven. When partially cool, spread with currant jelly, and put the layers together.

Cocoanut Cake.—Take the whites of five eggs, one small cup of sweet milk, one cup and two-thirds of another of granulated sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, about three cups of sifted flour; flavor with almond extract; bake in layers. Beat the whites of two or three eggs to a froth, add pulverized sugar enough to make rather thin frosting, and put between the layers; on this scatter cocoanut; put on enough to make a nice layer; for the top and sides of the cake the frosting should be a little thicker.

Christmas Cake.—This cake is very dark and delicious. Dry slowly some flour, then brown it slowly, stirring all the time in a shallow pan on top of the stove. Let it cool, then sift it for use. It should be of an even tint, fawn-colored. Take of this flour 1½ lbs., and mix with it one tablespoonful of finely pulverized charcoal, and sift it twice. Take also 6 lbs. stoned raisins, 5 lbs. of washed, picked, and dried currants, six bitter almonds, pounded in a mortar, 2 lbs. blanched and chopped sweet almonds, 1½ lbs. brown sugar, 1½ lbs. butter, 2 lbs. citron, 8 oz. each candied orange and lemon peel, 2 oz. powdered cinnamon, one large nutmeg, ½ oz. powdered cloves, ½ oz. powdered mace, half a pint of sweet cider boiled with one pint of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, juice and grated peel of two oranges, and two lemons, nineteen eggs, 40 oz. grated chocolate; cream the butter: add the yolks of eggs, well beaten; also the spice; salt, juice, and grated lemon and orange peel. Mix the chocolate with the flour and stir it in, reserving one gill. Add the whites of eggs, beaten till stiff; also the soda dissolved in a little water. Lastly, add the fruit and almonds, mixed well with the gill of flour. Mix all thoroughly, which is best done with the hands. Put into a large tin pan well papered, and bake at least four or five hours. If possible, send it to a baker.

DINNER FOR EIGHT.

BLUE POINTS (on half shell).
CREAM TOMATO SOUP.
WHITE FISH (boiled), OYSTER SAUCE.
MUTTON CUTLETS, CURRANT JELLY.
ROAST DUCK, ASPARAGUS, with GREEN PEAS.
SALAD OF LETTUCE.
MINCE PIES, SNOW PUDDING.
FRUITS, NUTS.
COFFEE.

Cream Tomato Soup.—Use knuckle of veal and beef bone for soup. Boil slowly with celery, strain, and add part of can of tomatoes. Cook half an hour. Strain again. Mix one tablespoonful of cracker powder with a cup of cream in a bowl. Add to it some of the soup; mix thoroughly, and pour all back into the pot. Boil a few minutes gently, and serve.

Mutton Cutlets with French Beans.—Cut the cutlets out of a piece of the best end of a neck of mutton. They should be less than half an inch thick, and neatly trimmed, with not too much fat left on them. Give them a few blows with the bat, and grill them on or near the front of the fire, which should be clear and fierce, so that each cutlet be full of juice when cut. Sprinkle with salt, and arrange them in a circle on the dish, overlapping each other, round a heap of French beans prepared as follows: Boil them in plenty of salted water. When done drain them thoroughly, and toss them in a saucepan for a few minutes with a large piece of butter, add parsely finely minced, a sprinkling of pepper, and the juice of a lemon. Serve with currant jelly.

Roast Duck.—Make a light, savory dressing of a few bread crumbs, some butter, a little chopped onion, some thyme, sage, and a little parsley, well seasoned. Cover the breast with thin slices of bacon. One hour will roast a pair of good-sized ones. Remove the bacon fifteen minutes before taking from the oven.

Snow Pudding.—Soak half box of Cooper's gelatine in a pint of cold water in a deep pan, then let it stand fifteen minutes, then set on the range till it is hot without boiling, then take it off, let it cool a little and beat to a stiff froth, then the whites of three eggs, to be beaten to a stiff froth, with two and a half cups of pulverized sugar and the juice of four lemons. The whites of the eggs are to be mixed with the beaten gelatine, then all beaten together for half an hour and put in molds to harden. Take the three yolks of the eggs, and a quart of milk, to be made in a thin custard, and flavor with the grated peel of one lemon, to be used as a sauce for the pudding, or rich cream may be poured over instead.

Corn Starch Cream Pudding.—Three pints of milk, two large tablespoonfuls of corn starch, the yolks of three eggs, nearly a teacup of fine white sugar, a teaspoonful of vanilla, large pinch of salt. Separate the whites from the yolks, and keep in a cool place till the pudding is done. *Beat* the eggs and milk together, but don't let it boil until the corn starch and sugar have been put in, and be sure and let it be cooked enough, then make a stiff meringue and put over the top of the pudding, and set it in a *warm*, not *hot* oven, and let it slightly brown. *To be eaten cold.*—*Ellen's receipt.*

Plum Puddings.—One and a half pounds of suet, same quantity of raisins, same of currants, all chopped very fine; two pounds of stale bread crumbs, half pound of flour, half pound of sugar, a little finely chopped citron and some pounded cloves and ginger; mix them well together, then beat five eggs, add to them a pint of sweet cider boiled down with a part of the sugar to rather more than half a pint, which pour in and well mix. Do not put more liquid, though it may seem dry; press it firmly into the molds, tie over, and put into boiling water; keep them boiling five hours; they can then be hung up till required, but should be boiled another two hours the day they are served.

French Rice Pudding.—Pick and wash in two or three waters a couple of handfuls of rice, and put it to cook in rather less than a quart of milk, sweetened to taste, and with the addition of the thin rind of one lemon, cut in one piece, and a small stick of cinnamon. Let the rice simmer gently until it has absorbed all the milk. Turn it out into a bowl, and when cold remove the lemon rind and cinnamon. Then stir into it the yolks of four eggs and one whole egg beaten up, add a small quantity of candied citron cut into small pieces, and mix it well in. Butter and bread crumb a plain tin mold, put the mixture into it and bake in a quick oven for about half an hour. To ascertain when the pudding is done, insert a bright trussing needle into it; it will come out clean when the pudding is done.

Mince Pies.—Four pounds of raisins, stoned and cut fine, four pounds of currants, well washed, eight pounds of apples, peeled, core removed, and cut up fine, three pounds of moist sugar, one and one-half pound of candied peel cut fine, four pounds of suet, quite fresh, finely shredded, three pounds fillet of beef cooked and minced, quarter ounce of mixed spice, quarter ounce ground ginger: mix all well together and place in a large deep jar, then pour over hot sweet cider reduced to one quart by being boiled with a pint of maple syrup.

Mince Pies Without Meat.—Three pounds of apples, three pounds of raisins, three pounds of currants, one and a half pound of suet, one and a half pound of sugar, and a little mixed spice; each to be well chopped, and then mixed together with a little chopped candied peel, a few pounded almonds, and half a pint of cider boiled down with sugar, or liquid currant jelly.

Pumpkin Pie.—Cut the pumpkin in half, put it in a dripping-pan, skin side up (after seeds are removed), in a slow oven; bake until all the good can be easily scraped from the rind with a spoon; if it is as brown as nicely baked bread, all the better; mash finely, and to one quart add one quarter pound of butter while hot; when cool sweeten to taste; one pint of milk or cream (if cream be used three eggs are sufficient; if milk, four eggs will be better), beat them separately, stir in yolks, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one of nutmeg, add the whites of the eggs, stirring but little after they are added to the mixture; bake in a quick oven.

Fig Pudding.—Take half a pound of the best figs, wash them and chop them fine, two teacupfuls of grated bread (crusts for one may be used), half a cup of sweet cream, one cup of sweet milk, half a cup of sugar; mix the bread crumbs with the cream, then stir in the figs, then the sugar, and the last thing get in the milk; pour into a mold or pudding dish, and steam for three hours.

SUPPER FOR CHILDRENS' PARTY.

BEEF TEA.
BISCUIT, SANDWICHES, AND CHICKEN SALAD.
APPLE COMPOTE.
FRUIT TARTS, LEMON CHEESE-CAKES.
SMALL MINCE PIES.
ICE-CREAM, CHARLOTTE RUSSE.
CAKES, FRUITS.
JELLIES.
CHOCOLATE AND LEMONADE.

Beef Tea.—Cook the beef in a double saucepan or boiler, and strain and serve in cups; it is first prepared by any butcher, by being chopped to a pulp. Salt it a little; serve hot.

Tartlets.—Make some paste with one white and two yolks of eggs, four ounces of sugar, and six ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, a pound of flour, and a little water; work it lightly, roll it out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch, line some patty pans with it, fill them with uncooked rice, and bake them in a moderate oven till done. Use strawberries, cherries, raspberries, or any other small fruit, to fill, after removing the rice; add more sugar; put them in the oven to get quite hot, and serve; or they may be allowed to get quite cold, and so served.

Jumbles.—Half a pound of butter, half a pound of pounded sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, two eggs well beaten, five drops of essence of almonds, five drops of essence of nutmegs, well mixed. Break a piece size of a walnut, roll it in sugar, and make into rings. Lay them on tins to bake, an inch apart.

Rock Cakes.—One pound flour, a half pound of butter, a half pound powdered sugar, and a few currants. Mix these ingredients with two well-beaten eggs, and make into small cakes, which drop with roughened tops.

Lemon Cakes.—Three-fourth pounds flour, two ounces butter, rubbed together in a dry state; then add three-fourths pound of white sugar, the juice and rind of one lemon, and one egg. Bake in small cakes on a tin.

Cookies.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of extract of lemon ; dip the cookies in sugar before baking.

Lemon Cheese-cakes —Two lemons (grate the rind and strain the juice), one pound sugar broken into small lumps, six eggs (leaving out two whites), two finger biscuits grated, a quarter pound butter. Put these ingredients into a pan, over a slow fire, stir gently until the mixture looks like honey ; pour into jars, cover with paper and a lid, or with brandy paper, and keep it in a cool place. It will keep good more than twelve months. Make a paste as for tartlets, and use this mixture to fill the patty-pans.

Chocolate Cake.—Take two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, half a cup of butter, two and a half cups of flour, two eggs, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Dissolve one-third cake of chocolate, mix with one half cup of the cake, then marble through the whole.

Maccaroons.—One pound and a quarter of almonds blanched and pounded, with a little rose water added to moisten and flavor them. The whites of three eggs beaten very light, and the sugar stirred in gradually. Mix all thoroughly together, and drop on clean writing paper. Bake for about three minutes in a quick oven.

Cocoanut Biscuits.—Grate two ounces of cocoanut, mix with a quarter of a pound of powdered white sugar, and the whites of three eggs, previously beaten to a stiff froth. Drop small pieces of this mixture on paper, place in a baking tin, in a slow oven for about ten minutes.

Rice Cakes.—Two ounces ground rice, the yolks of three eggs, and the whites of one and a half, a quarter pound lump sugar sifted fine, one-quarter pound butter, which should be melted and poured into a basin, with the rice and sugar alone. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately for a few minutes ; then stir in the flour, and mix well all together.

Milk Biscuit.—One-fourth of a pound of butter, one quart of lukewarm milk, two wine-glasses of yeast, a half a teaspoonful of salt, with flour enough to make a good firm dough. Stir flour in the milk to make a stiff batter, then add the yeast. Do this at evening. In the morning, after melting the butter stir that in and knead in flour enough to make a stiff dough. Cover it over in a pan and let it rise till perfectly light. Cut out the biscuit, place them in shallow baking-tins, and set them in a warm place to rise. When light enough, pierce the top of each one with a fork ; rub the top with the white of an egg if you wish to have them glossy. Bake in a quick oven.

Strawberry Cream.—Take a pot of strawberry jelly, add to it one ounce of Cooper's gelatine dissolved in a little milk ; then one quart of cream, whipped to a froth ; put in a mold, and lay it on ice to set. When wanted, dip the mold in hot water, and turn out the cream.

Lemon Cream.—Take a pint of thick cream and put to it the yolks of two eggs well beaten, four ounces of fine sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon ; boil it up, then stir it till almost cold ; put the juice of a lemon in a dish or bowl, and pour the cream upon it, stirring it till quite cold.

Lemonade.—To one ounce of citric acid add the juice of six large lemons, two oranges, and one pound of loaf sugar. This can be put away to keep till wanted. When required, add two quarts of cold water and a cup of currant or raspberry jelly, and serve in thin glass cups with handles.

Preparing Currants.—To swell the currants for cakes, after they are picked, pour boiling water over them, and let them stand, covered over with a plate for two minutes, drain away the water, throw the currants on to a cloth to dry them, and do not use until they are cool. Or, after being picked and washed, put them on a dish in a cool oven with the door open ; turn about occasionally. Sultanas are to be prepared for cakes in the same way.

Celery Soup.—Boil a small cup of rice in three pints of milk until it will pass through a sieve. Grate the white part of three heads of celery on a bread-grater ; add this to the milk after it has been strained ; put to it a quart of strong veal stock ; let it boil until the celery is perfectly tender ; season with salt and cayenne pepper, and serve. If cream is obtainable, substitute one pint for the same quantity of milk.

Scientific.

Scatter red pepper in mice-holes, and fill up with salt cement.

A little sal-soda washed down with boiling water, will clean the dirtiest sink pipe.

To remove recent marble stains, wash the surface with a solution of oxalic acid, and polish with chalk wet with water.

Heat inherent, which does not come to the surface, and is not sensible to the thermometer, is termed latent heat.

The thinner and the more transparent the layers of which the pearl consists, the more beautiful is its luster ; in this respect the sea pearls excel river ones.

Those who object to the odors of many of the disinfectants used at the present day will find charcoal unobjectionable on this account, while it absorbes gases in a surprising way ; pieces can be laid on plates and put out of sight in a sick room.

When it is necessary to bring up a child on cows' or nurses' milk, it has been proved preferable to use the milk of a cow, unless the nurse is well fed and kept from doing hard work. Human milk is quickly impoverished by severe mental or physical labor.

To make indelible ink, take of iodide of potassium, one ounce ; iodine, six drachms ; water, four ounces. Dissolve. Make a solution of two ounces of ferrocyanide of potassium in water. Add the first solution to the second. A blue precipitate will fall, which, after filtering, may be dissolved in water, forming a blue ink. This blue added to the common ink renders it indelible.

Careful cooking of even the longest used and best known kinds of food, whether animal or vegetable, is the important rule to insure health and strength from the table. No matter what the quality of the food to begin with may be, a bad cook will invariably incur heavy doctors' bills and a not less inconsiderable "little account" at the druggist's.

The cactus maguar is a Florida plant, the fibers of whose long, thick leaves make the strongest cord and rope. Its juice furnishes a pleasant but not intoxicating beverage. After the plant blooms it dies, and the trunk can then be deprived of its heart or pith, and makes water buckets, pitchers, and other utensils.

The *Medical Weekly* says that the German preparation called oleoze, so great favorite in disguising unpleasant remedies and making most compounds pleasant to smell and taste, and one which might be useful to inspectors of sewers, has the following composition : One part each of the oil of lavender, cloves, cinnamon, thyme, citron, mace, and orange-flowers, three parts balsam of Peru, and two hundred forty parts of spirits.

To clean engravings, prints, or uncolored lithographs.—Free the paper from traces of dust, and float it, face downward, for half an hour or more on the surface of a clear solution of six ounces of fresh chloride of lime—calcium hypochlorite—in a pint of soft, cold water contained in a shallow porcelain dish. Float on the surface of water containing about three drachms of sulphuric acid to the pint. If not then white enough, repeat the operations, and finally rinse thoroughly in a spray of clear cold water, and dry between clean blotting-pads under pressure.

Feet and Shoes.—At a recent meeting of the Hygienic Congress at Geneva, Colonel Ziegler, who is Chief Surgeon of the Federal Army, read a paper on the evil effects of badly made shoes, with special reference to hygiene and the marching powers of soldiers. Colonel Ziegler mentioned that the Swiss examining surgeons are compelled to reject every year 800 recruits—the strength of a battalion—for malformation of the feet resulting from badly fitting shoes.

A sanitary steaming stove for destroying human parasites, with their eggs and larvæ, in clothing, and also to disinfect and destroy the germ spores of infectious diseases, has been patented by Mr. Henry Cartwright, of Portland, Or. Over a furnace is placed an evaporating pan, which in turn is covered with a steam-tight casement provided with doors. A rack lining made of wood laths is provided with hooks from which the clothing is suspended. Water is supplied to the pan, and a charge of clothing is steamed for ten or fifteen minutes.

In Paris electric clocks are set wherever four roads meet, blue enameled plates are painted with white letters on a uniform model to tell the names of the streets and numbers of the houses ; and the nomenclature of the streets is a most ingenious thing, grouping thoroughfares with the names of cities near the railway stations ; streets named after composers round the opera houses ; those after astronomers round the observatory, and so on.

Boric Acid as an antiseptic in skin affections.—Dr. George Thid emphasizes strongly the advantage of using some preparation of boric acid to overcome the offensive odor of the feet. In some cases he recommends the wearing of stockings and cork soles saturated with the acid. In others he prescribes an ointment, or rather a kind of glycerine cream, made as follows. A solution of boric acid is incorporated with a fatty basis of white wax and almond oil, which produce a soft homogeneous mixture, free from the irritating crystalline plates of the crystal that are apt to separate from vaseline. He finds that this is also a very useful remedial agent for inflamed feet, as after long walking tours, and in such eczemas as are produced by the irritation of dyed underclothing.

MRS. GREYGREEN PRESENTING HER GARDEN OF GIRLS TO AN ÆSTHETIC YOUNG CALLER ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

self with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and in this case will stick to you as long as you live."

At a recent fashionable wedding, after the departure of the happy pair, a dear little girl, whose papa and mamma were among the guests, asked, with a child's innocent inquisitiveness: "Why do they throw things at the pretty lady in the carriage?" "For luck, dear," replied one of the bridesmaids. "And why," again asked the child, "doesn't she throw them back?" "Oh," said the young lady, "that would be rude." "No, it wouldn't," persisted the dear little thing, to the delight of her doting parents who stood by; "ma does."

A SMALL COQUETTE.

WINSOME Ethel, three years old—
A dimpled little maiden,
With lips as red as cherries,
And blue eyes mischief laden,
Thus answers teasing uncle—
When he coaxes "Do say yes,
You'll let me kiss you Ethel,"—
"You might 'teal one, I dess!"

MRS. E. V. WILSON.

"**Johnny**," said the teacher, "a lie can be acted as well as told. Now, if your father were to put sand in his sugar and sell it, he would be acting a lie and doing very wrong." "That's what mother told him," said Johnny impetuously, "and he said he didn't care."

SPICE BOX

Why are troubles like babies?—Because they get bigger by nursing.

It is the little things that fret and worry us. A three-year old boy may keep a man in perfect misery, whereas the presence of his eighteen-year-old sister would be considered a boon.

Blotting paper was discovered in 1465, but from that year to this no man has ever been able to discover a piece in his own house when he wanted it.

Smith discovered, after marriage, that his wife wrote poetry; but he couldn't do anything about it then. He had taken her for better or verse.

"**Which** of the lines," asked a teacher, "of the 'Burial of Sir John Moore' do you like best?" The boy was thoughtful for a moment and then replied: "Few and short were the prayers we said."

"**I suppose** in the end you'll be marrying some idiot of a fellow?" said a wrathful rejected suitor. "Why," she replied, "I might do that now."

A Frenchman praising an old lady for her beauty, she said that beauty was incompatible with age, to which he artfully replied: "We say as beautiful as an angel, and yet the angels aravery antique."

A man can always write bette. than he can speak. This is a rule of universal application. Standing on the bank of a stream, he gets no fish by speaking, though he be ever so eloquent; but on the other hand, if he just "drops a line" to the finny tribe, they respond with alacrity.

"**See** here," said a fault-finding husband; "We must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know where everything is kept." "With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife; "and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should like very much to know where they are kept."

"**What** other business do you follow besides preaching?" was asked of an old colored man. "I speculates a little." "How speculate?" "Sells chickens." "Where do you get the chickens?" "My boys fetch 'em in." "Where do they get them?" "I doan know, sah. I'se allers so busy wid my preachin' dat I aint got time to ax I was a gwine ter inquire de udder day, but a 'vival come on an' tuck up all my time."

"**Really**, my dear," said a friend of ours to his better-half, "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman; but you've turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste." "Then, my love," was the reply, "console your-

A Tall Fowl—a shang-high. Small talk—a baby's prattle. A great ink-convenience—the printing press.

"**My** burden is light," remarked the little man carrying a big torch in the procession.

A Young lady sends us in a poem on decoration of the pottery. We can't publish it because it's too verse o' tile.

Charge of the Light Brigade—The gas company's bill.

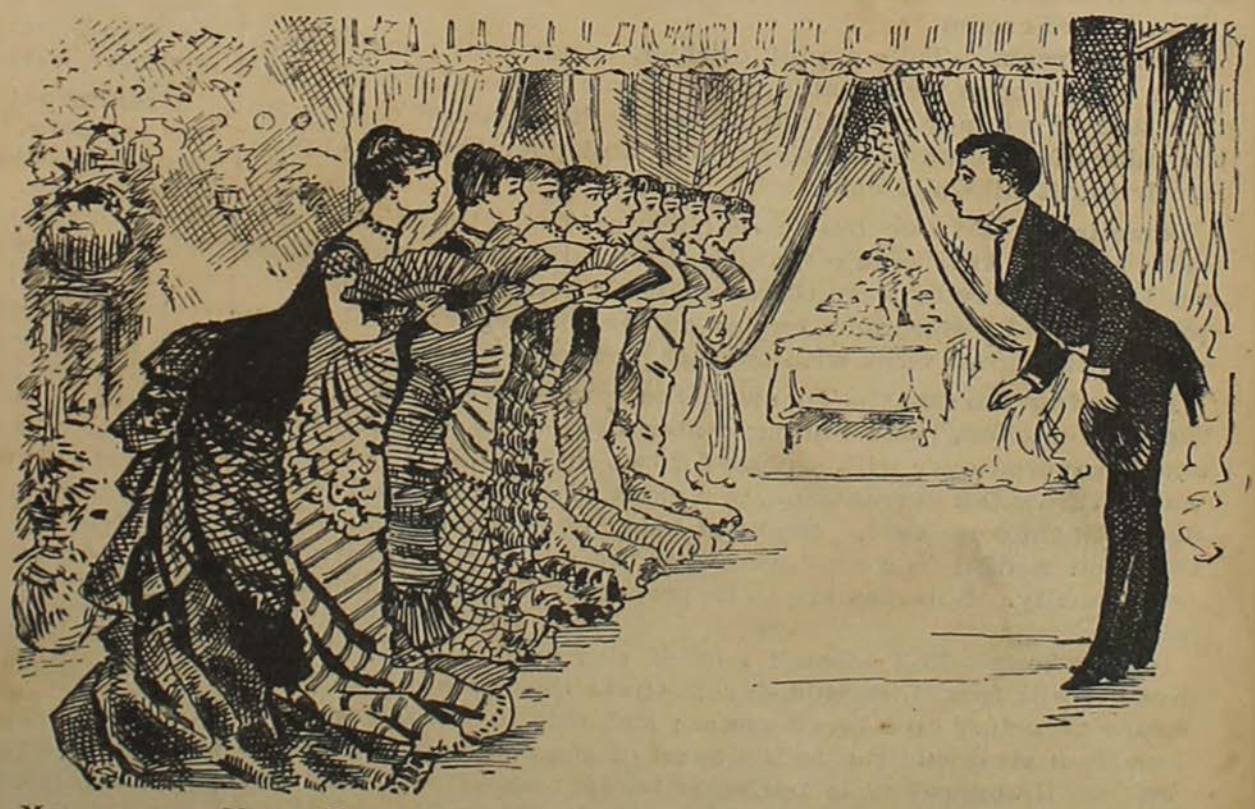
The fly that walks on the oleomargarine is not the butterfly.—*Picayune.*

When the Queen is angry, what order of merit does she represent?—A Victoria Cross.

"**What** age do you think I am?" asked a lady of Mirabeau. "I don't know, madam, but whatever it is, you don't look it," was the reply.

An Admiring Friend.—An Austin man started in the livery business lately, and the first thing he did was to have a big sign painted representing himself holding a mule by the bridle. "Is that a good likeness of me?" he asked of a friend. "Yes, it is a perfect picture of you; but who is the fellow holding you by the bridle?"

In a Picture Gallery.—They were looking at a painting. "It's perfectly lovely," said she; "but what makes the animals look so queer? They don't look a bit natural." "Oh," said he, "they look all right a little way off! They are foreshortened, you know." "Yes," she replied; "they do look short—that is perfectly correct; but there aren't four of them—at least, I can't see but three."



MRS. AND THE MISSES MOUNT MURRAY, AND THEIR FRIENDS, FRIGHTEN YOUNG MR. TOM NODDY ON THE OCCASION OF MAKING HIS FIRST ROUND OF NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

Review of Fashions.

IT is very curious that, in spite of the lessons of experience, there is a constant and persistent renewal, on the part of every new set of dress reformers, to impose upon all women their own special ideas in regard to costume ; in short, to revolutionize dress forthwith, and produce a new order, as men might change a parliament, or adopt a new form of government. The fact that this never has been accomplished, that all matters in which the individual is mainly concerned, are left by tacit modern consent to the control of the individual, and that no two think quite alike upon the subject of clothing, is of no account to these over zealous workers ; what they consider good for themselves must be good for others, and as for the natural law of growth and evolutionary progress ; they believe in accelerating both by pulling existing conditions up by the roots and planting their own, whether the soil is suitable and has been prepared for them or not.

Naturally, such methods do not succeed ; they never have, and they never will ; sense in dress keeps pace with sense in other things, and you cannot make every one think alike upon this subject, any more than upon politics or divinity. If reformers would examine what has been done, would see what is good in what already exists, and work in the line of effort which is steadily directed toward helping what is good and helpful, and discouraging what is hindering and pernicious, they would accomplish much more for themselves and women at large. An English Dress Reform Society has recently advertised for dress designs for women and girls, embodying certain indispensable conditions. Very many of them are already an integral part of the costumes of the majority of sensible women, but they would not have adopted them if they had been made a part of a uniform—the badge of a limited society. It is because they have been made universally applicable, and at the same time universally flexible, that they have been adopted, and that they will be retained. There is no one dress that can be made to suit all conditions or all circumstances, but there is still abundant room for improvement in every department of dress, both that worn by men and that by women ; and if each one would bring their good thought, their sensible suggestion, or original idea, and put it to the general fund of knowledge upon the subject, and let it stand for what it is worth, they would stand a better chance of receiving just and appreciative consideration. Dress takes its proper place in life when other and more important interests have theirs ; there was a time when men were more showily and extravagantly dressed than women, and if we develop a class of "leisure," as it is termed in this country, it will be so again. Already the cost of the dress and personal belongings of a man of fashion exceeds that of the average woman of fashion, except in the matter of jewels alone, which are usually the property of the husband, but men keep their luxuries and extravagancies more for use in private, while women display theirs in public, as part of the necessary state and charm of social life.

More and more, however, the dress of women is becoming distinct in its relation to certain ends and purposes. The most highly finished and strictly fashionable walking-dress is more severely destitute of color and glitter than that of a man ; it is simple, dark, unobtrusive, and derives all its beauty from the depth of tint, fineness, and softness of the material, and perfection of cut and fit. The dress of men is open to as much criticism as that of women, and is beginning to receive it from themselves ; the one advantage they possess is that of permanency, but it should be remembered that the minor changes of fashion are of little account to the majority of women, and that the essentials for dresses adapted to different purposes remain unchanged year after year, the variations being in matters of detail, suggested largely by trade competition, and finding more scope in the dress of women, because their more flexible life does not demand, from the majority, the same points of rigidity as that of men. Naturally, experiments and discoveries in the region of color and beautiful effects find much of their opportunity in the dress of women and art too ; what would art be restricted to the black trowsers and steeple hat? On the whole, the world has reason to be as thankful for the variety of dress among women as for anything else that exists, and the fault-finders could put themselves to better use by looking for that which is worthy of praise, rather than that only which is open to blame.

Illustrated Designs.

THE designs illustrated in the present number contain many new suggestions and ideas peculiar to the season, to which we call special attention. Among these will be found several features in the models for reception toilets, which differ from those of recent seasons, and a quite new departure, or rather revival in the form of cloaks

which adapts them to the present style of dress, and particularly to the small tournure which fits closely into the back, and over which the perfectly straight coat, or cloak, cannot hang gracefully.

The "Thora" toilet consists of a plain, full train, gathered to a pointed bodice. The front is covered with alternate plaitings and ruffles of lace, with side panels of rich flowered velvet, or brocade. The paniers are not separate, but are formed at the side by the fullness of the skirt, which is draped back, and held by clustering loops of satin ribbon. The lower sides of the train are disposed of, most happily, by being turned back and faced with the flowered material. The bodice is simply *marked out* in the pattern, not *cut out*, and therefore need not be made square unless preferred. It is trimmed with Irish point set upright on the bodice and sleeves, and finished with the fashionable standing collar of lace. A pointed plastron of the brocade forms the lower part of the square, and might be made to form a vest in a closed bodice. The finish of the train consists of three narrow plaitings, which may be replaced, if preferred, by a double ruche or box-plaiting like that upon the "Alisa" demi-train. This is a simple but very graceful design, and suited to a combination of rich material, Ottoman silk, or satin and velvet, or brocade, flowered in the large, rich patterns in use this season. The "Odille" basque would be a suitable one for wear with this skirt, the basque being perfectly plain, and made of the handsome figured material used in combination with the skirt. The ruche is composed of a plaiting arranged, in double shells, and surrounds the entire skirt, the front as well as the train. The "Odille" is a very stylish shape for a dressy basque; the slope upon the hips, and its strongly accentuated point, front and back, render it one of the most graceful designs of the season.

The two costume designs given represent the most distinctive styles of the season. The "Rodolpha" has been previously mentioned as one of the most useful and practical models for walking-dresses, and that won instant favor. It is a design also that, with more or less of variation to suit individual ideas, will be retained, for it is in the line of the best, and most practical modern ideas. The pattern consists of a skirt and open redingote, cut away from the draped front of the skirt, which is further finished with plaitings. The plaiting at the back might be of the same material as that used for the drapery and plaiting, Ottoman silk, or satin surah, and the plain part of the dress velvet; or the draped portions may be of fine wool, cashmere, or camels'-hair, and the coat part of plush; in short, there are endless ways in which a good effect may be produced. A contrast in materials, however, is much more desirable in a short costume than a contrast in color, as this tends to dwarf the already reduced outlines.

The "Valmont" costume almost requires a combination of plain and figured fabrics, but it may be used for the braided cloth suits which are furnished with designs that take the place of figures upon an untrimmed skirt, at least to the extent of giving pyramidal effect to the front. There are, however, an almost infinite variety of pressed plushes, figured velvets, silk and wool stuffs, with tapestried effects, and brocaded silks, all of which are used for combination costumes, specially for skirts and parts of skirts, the front breadths or "tabliers," side panels or trains.

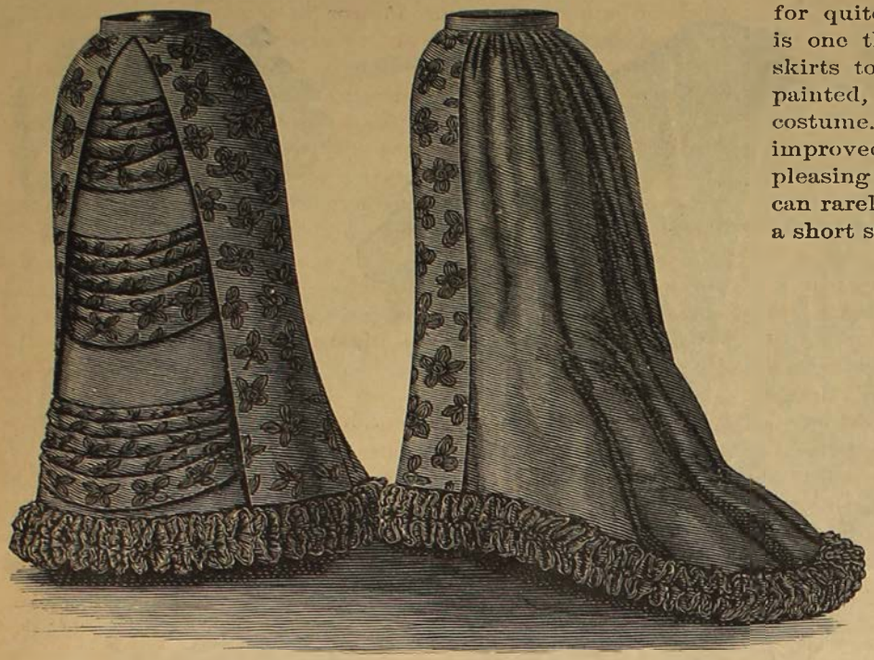
The "Valmont" would look well made up with short plush skirt and collar, a camels'-hair polonaise, arranged as basque, paniers, and back drapery, and ruching of the plush over a plaiting of the wool, which should show a narrow, double rim.

The "Dinorah" walking-skirt is suitable for flannel or any softly draping materials; and might be made with Garibaldi or sailor bodice. It should be trimmed with stitching or rows of braid in irregular, or graduated widths.

Of cloaks there are two—the "Molda" being the latest, and most novel in cut and design. It deserves special attention, for it is an effort to restore, in a graceful and excellent form, the cloth cloak of former years, a garment which can never be satisfactorily replaced by the silk cloak for those who require long and useful service in an outdoor garment. There is no waste in this design of the "Molda," the shoulder pieces form the sleeves, and give at once the cape and dolman effect, while the fitted back, held in above the plaiting of the skirt, and obtaining a curved effect from the slight draping of the sleeves, emphasizes its decidedly handsome and lady-like appearance. The braiding is in a simple, yet graceful pattern, easily executed, and the only other trimming required is the pendant combination of braiding with crochet balls which ornaments the back.

The "Micheline" cloak should be made in rich materials. There is nothing especially novel about its long, dolman form, but it is one that possesses so much distinction, united with grace and simplicity, that it can never be out of fashion, and always occupies the front rank as an elegant outdoor garment for ladies of mature years. The materials should be Ottoman silk, or sicillienne, satin Rhadames, or satin de Lyons; the lining crimson or amber plush, and the trimming either dark plush or broad bands of fur.

Valmont Costume. — Unique and elegant, this stylish costume, equally well suited for street or house wear, is arranged with a plain gored underskirt trimmed simply with a full plaited ruche above a narrow plaiting at the foot, and a polonaise with basque front lengthened by shirred panier draperies. The back is arranged in a very novel manner, the drapery being very slightly *bouffant* and fastened to the bottom of the skirt beneath the ruche, and having *revers* set on at the sides which extend into hollow plaits at the top adding to the effect of the drapery. The corsage is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side-gores under the arms, side-forms rounding to the arm-holes, and a seam down the middle of the back. This design is especially desirable for a combination of rich fabrics, and is illustrated on the plate of "Ladies' Street Costumes," trimmed with fur. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



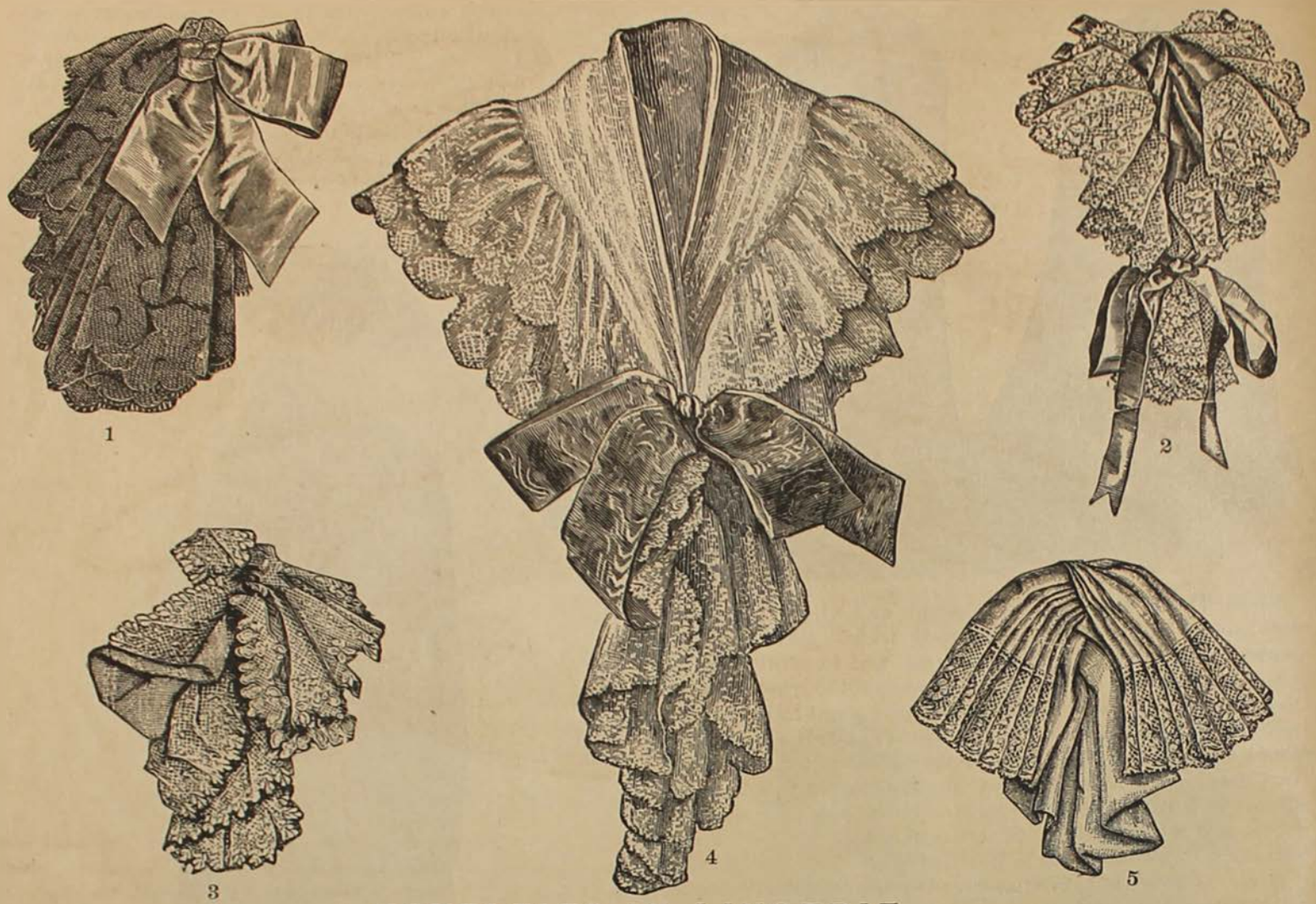
Alisa Demi-Train.—An elegant and simply arranged model, especially suitable for dressy wear. It is cut with an apron, a wide side-gore at each side and two full breadths in the back, and is short enough to escape the ground in the front and at the sides, with a moderate demi-train flowing perfectly straight and full at the back. A full *ruche* trims the foot of the skirt, and it is further ornamented with three scarf draperies across the front, and long, plain panels at the sides. This design is suitable for almost any class of dress goods, and is particularly effective in a combination of materials, as illustrated. It is illustrated on the plate of "Reception Toilets" in combination with the "Odille" basque. Skirt patterns, thirty cents.

Evening Waists.

THE fashion of wearing jackets and waists of different color from the skirts promises to retain its popularity. A lovely evening waist that can be worn with either dark or light skirts, is pretty enough to be duplicated by some of the readers of DEMOREST. The basque is of plain Jersey shape, and is trimmed with a very scant ruffle of white lace; this is set up on the silk, and above it is painted a pretty vine. This waist was of blue silk, the delicate evening shade, and the flowers were wild roses and marguerites; the effect was exquisite. A fan to match was trimmed with lace, and a bow of satin ribbon with long ends completed it. Another waist of écru silk, ornamented with violets and daisies, was also furnished with a fall of lace, and had a fan to match. These waists can be varied according to individual taste, and the skill to execute them need not be very great; painted with either water or oil color the effect is good. Some ladies prefer water colors. If you use oil colors, it is an excellent plan to squeeze them from the tubes upon blotting paper the night before using. This absorbs the oil, and there is less danger of the silk being spotted. Magnesia rubbed on the underside is also a preventative. A very pretty jacket might be made of salmon colored silk, having the skirt slashed to the waist line, and on each tab a scarlet poppy printed. Or a terra-cotta waist with tiny sunflowers. These waists would be found useful in utilizing white nun's veiling or dark silk skirts for small dancing parties, and would be dressy enough for quite large affairs. The fancy for painting on dresses is one that will increase. Bands of silk for ornamenting skirts to be worn with these waists could be very easily painted, and the effect would be that of an entirely new costume. Plastrons of silk and collars and cuffs would be improved with such simple ornamentation, and will be as pleasing as embroidery, and quite a saving in time, for one can rarely spend the time to embroider anything to last for a short season.

Molda Cloak.

A GRACEFUL wrap of dark brown pelisse cloth richly ornamented with *soutache* braiding down the front and around the sleeves and collar. The fronts are cut in sacque shape, and the sleeves are inserted in dolman style and draped in the back at the waist with a handsome ornament of silk and *passementerie*. The model illustrated is the "Molda" cloak. Brown velvet hat edged with a border of beaded work, and trimmed with a roll of velvet and a large band. Patterns of cloak in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



NOVELTIES IN LINGERIE.

No. 1.—A handsome *jabot* of black silk hand-run Chantilly lace, in a Spanish pattern, with a knot of cardinal red satin ribbon at the top, falling in two loops and ends. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, $2.50.

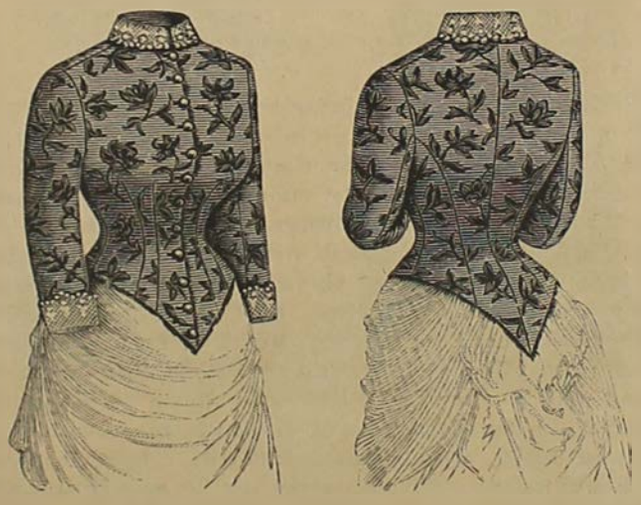
No. 2.—This beautiful *jabot* of white Alençon lace, ornamented with bows of pale blue satin ribbon, is extremely dressy. The lace is about four inches wide, and is arranged upon a foundation of wash net, for which silk to match the ribbon can be substituted if preferred. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, $2.85; or with silk, instead of net, $3.25.

No. 3.—*Jabot* of Oriental lace, and *ciel*-blue Surah. The *jabot* is beautifully arranged in fan shape, and is a most becoming addition to the toilet. Price, with Surah of any desired color, $2.

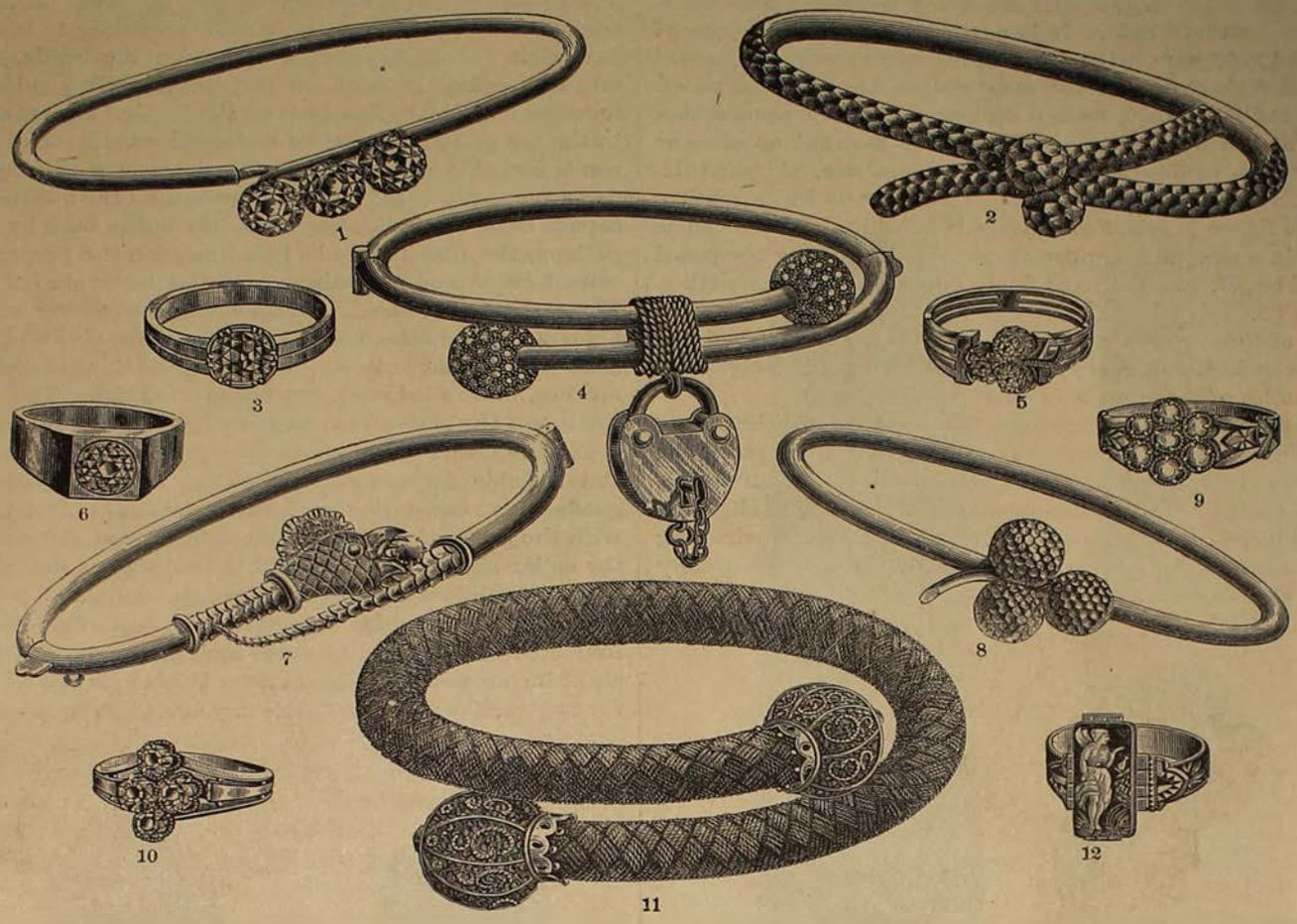
No. 4.—A lovely fichu of ivory-tinted silk India mull, bordered with gathered ruffles of white Oriental lace, and fastened with a large bow of eglantine pink *moiré* ribbon. The bow may be of any other color, or any other style of ribbon, to suit the taste. Price, $4.85.

No. 5.—A dainty *jabot*, or throat-knot of white silk India mull and wide Alençon lace, arranged in graceful folds. Price, $2.

FASHIONABLE corsage bouquets are formed of roses or chrysanthemums of different shades, no two in the bunch being of the same color. Roses used in this way are of the deepest shade of pink to the lightest tinge of yellow, but white ones are seldom used.



Odille Basque.—A simple model, although very well suited for rich fabrics, this basque, pointed front and back and curved over the hips, is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side-gores under the arms, side-forms rounding to the arm-holes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The coat sleeves are plain and the basque is without trimming of any kind, although trimming may be added to the bottom, if desired, or turned upward from the edge. This design is suitable for any class of dress goods, and, if desired, may be of a different material from the rest of the costume. It is illustrated on the plate of "Reception Toilets" in combination with the "Alisa" demi-train Basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



Bracelets and Rings.

No. 1.—A beautiful bracelet consisting of a simple circlet of highly polished "rolled" gold, very flexible, and finished at one end with one, and at the other end with two large white stones, which are set in patent foil back diamond mountings. The stem on which the single stone is set snaps around the other end to form the fastening, thus showing the three stones set in a row when the bracelet is clasped on the arm. The patent foil back greatly increases the natural brilliancy of the stones, and gives them all the fire and beauty of genuine diamonds. Price, $5.75, per pair.

No. 2.—Bracelets of hammered "rolled" gold. The design is singularly novel and chaste, consisting of a flexible arm-band, fastening with two balls that snap around each other on the outside of the arm, the ends of the bracelet overpassing each other and curving away to the center. The balls and outer surface present the uneven appearance of hammered gold, while the surface next the arm is highly polished. Price, $4.25 per pair.

No. 3.—This beautiful finger-ring is of solid gold, set with a large white stone in a low setting. The ring is a grooved circle with raised shank, and the stone is set with a patent foil back which gives it a much-increased brilliancy and the showy effect of a genuine diamond. Price, $5.75.

No. 4.—"Padlock" bracelet of "rolled" gold. The arm-band is of highly polished red gold wire, the two ends lapped about an inch and a half like a spiral, with balls of yellow gold in lace pattern filigree at each end. Twisted gold wires connect the lapped ends, and a small padlock with tiny steel key and gold chain, and set with two turquoises instead of screws, is suspended from the bracelet at this place. The bracelet fastens with a hinge and clasp, and has rings for guard chains. Price, $8.25 per pair.

No. 5.—A dainty finger-ring, representing a clover leaf of gold set with three stones, two pure white and brilliant, and one a garnet, contrasting beautifully with the others which are set with patent foil backs giving them all the light of genuine diamonds. The ring is of pure gold, divided into a triple band and prettily engraved around the setting. Price, $4.25.

No. 6.—Gentleman's ring of solid gold, set with a pure white stone sunk so as to show only the upper surface. The ring is a flat band raised at the top to form a square box where the stone is set with a patent foil back, greatly increasing the natural brilliancy, and giving it all the appearance of a fine, genuine diamond. Price, $5.25.

No. 7.—This handsome bracelet is a round circlet of highly polished red gold, with overpassing ends, one end finished with the head of a saurian, having ruby eyes and holding in its open jaws a real pearl, and the other end with the scaly tail of the same reptile. The bracelet opens at the side with a spring, and has rings for guard-chains. It is of the finest quality of "rolled" gold. Price, $6.50 per pair.

No. 8.—A pretty and neat bracelet with flexible armband of highly polished "rolled" gold, and clasp consisting of three balls of hammered gold with a polished stem like a clover leaf, one of which snaps around the other two and so closes the bracelet. Price, $5 per pair.

No. 9.—Pearl cluster finger-ring set in solid gold. The ring is a slender band, widening at the shank, where it is finely engraved and chased. Seven pearls compose the cluster, which is set in diamond mounting. Price, $6.50.

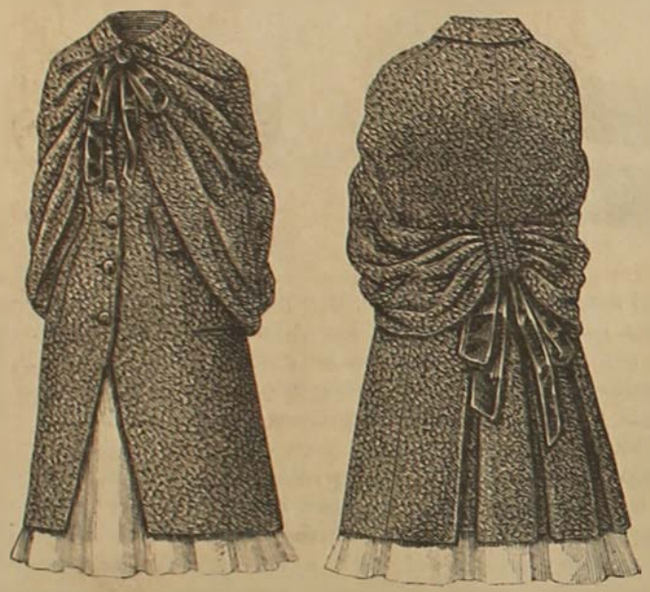
No. 10.—Solid gold finger-ring with beveled edges, and divided on the outer half of the circlet into three bands, slightly widening toward the setting, in which four brilliant white stones are mounted in the form of a Latin cross. The stones are set high in diamond knife-edge setting, with patent foil backs giving them all the beauty and fire of the purest genuine diamonds. Price, $5.

No. 11.—An elegant and especially becoming bracelet of yellow "rolled" gold. It is composed of a hollow rope of braided gold wire, with a concealed spring which causes it to coil tightly around the arm and to fit any sized wrist. Each end is finished with a sphere of filigree ornamented gold, and in wearing, the ends may be brought as close or as far apart as desired upon the arm. Price, $11 per pair.

No. 12.—Cameo finger-ring. The stone is black, with a female figure in relief cut out on it in white, and the cameo is set in a square marquise shape, the ring being composed of solid gold, in a flat band finely engraved near the setting. Price, $5.

All of these goods are of the best quality of material and workmanship, and many of the "rolled" gold designs are fac-similes of those made in solid gold.

When ordering finger-rings the measure of the finger should be sent. The best way to obtain it is to put a fine wire round the finger and twist the ends at the required size, being careful to leave room enough for the ring to slip over the joints of the finger easily. By sending us the wire ring thus procured, for a measure, a ring that will fit accurately can always be obtained.



Zampa Cloak.

BUST MEASURE, 28 INCHES.

USUAL SIZE FOR 10 YEARS OF AGE.

THIS stylish garment, *a pattern for which will be found in this Magazine*, is cut with sacque-shaped fronts fitted by a single dart in each side, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back which forms plaited extensions below the waist; and the cape is fitted by small gores on the shoulders, and draped in plaits in front and shirred in to the waist in the back. Any of the goods usually employed for misses' and children's out-door garments are suitable for this model, and the cape may be lined with silk or Surah of the same or a contrasting color, as desired.

Half of the pattern is given, consisting of seven pieces—front, side form, back, cape, collar, and two sides of the sleeve.

Join the parts according to the notches. Baste the darts in the front and fit them to the figure before they are cut off. The slit in the front is for the pocket, which is to be inserted underneath. The extension on the back edge of the side form and the one on the front edge of the back piece are to be joined in a seam, and then laid, according to the holes, in a box-plait on the under side. The extension on the back edge of the back piece is to be laid, according to the holes, in a plait turned toward the front on the inside, so that when the plait is laid on the corresponding piece they together will form a box-plait on the inside. The small gores in the top of the cape are to be basted and fitted to the figure before they are cut off. The holes near the front edge denote four plaits to be turned upward on the outside. The cape is to be shirred at the waist line in the back by rows of gathers, the first row to be in a line with the perpendicular row of holes and the others at equal intervals back of it. The gathers are to be drawn up to fit between the two single holes near the back edge of the back piece, above the extension. The collar is to be sewed to the neck according to the notches, and rolled over, but not pressed flat. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed at the shoulder seam.

Cut the fronts lengthwise of the goods on the front edges. Cut the side forms and back pieces with the grain of the goods in an exact line with the waist line. Cut the cape with the grain of the goods straight across the shoulders, the collar bias in the back, and the sleeves so that the parts above the elbows shall be the straight way of the goods.

This size will require five yards and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide, or two yards and three-quarters of forty-eight inches wide. The pattern is also furnished in sizes for twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Rodolpha Costume.—Entirely novel in design, this stylish costume is composed of a short, gored walking-skirt, trimmed around the bottom with a shirred and plaited flounce, which is easily arranged although quite elaborate in effect, and having a full apron draped across the front; and a long redingote, cut away in front and tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm and a seam down the middle of the back, which is cut short just below the waist and has a plaited skirt piece inserted. The side-forms are cut on the front pieces. This design is adapted to almost any of the heavier qualities of dress goods, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with *passementerie* ornaments on the redingote, or in any other style to correspond with the design and the material selected. One view of this model is illustrated on the plate of "Ladies' Street Costumes." Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Fashions in Furnishing.

THERE has been a decided revolution in household draperies in the last few years, and they are more artistic and graceful each season. The stiff, box-plaited upholsterer's lambrequins are rapidly disappearing, and a seeming *negligé*, the perfection of art, is superseding them. A new style of lambrequin is just a straight piece of plush, or satin, hung on the rings like the lace curtains beneath them, or thrown carelessly over the bar, and left to fall in graceful folds. Some of these lambrequins are marvels of elegant hand embroidery; less expensive, but very picturesque, are those painted. One set recently finished, were of old gold satin, on which were painted morning-glories of every color. Another set by the same artist were of black satin with sun-flowers, or "Oscar Wild's," as some people dub them. Lambrequins for the mantel matched those for the windows; these are finished with a band of plush on the satin, and the heavier materials are merely faced; the reign of fringe for home drapery seems to have become a thing of the past. When the upper panes of glass in a window are stained, and many people are adopting that pretty renaissance style, the curtain falls from a slender rod placed just beneath the stained glass, so that the tinted light falls into the room. These curtains are often of the softest kind of silk, embroidered in antique style with all kinds of flowers. Others are of soft linen, with the drawn work so very fashionable. There are few places where one sees more artistic draperies than in the houses of Newport summer residents, and certainly none where there is more variety.

An artistic home, an inexpensive cottage, recently built near one of our large cities, has some unique features. The exterior follows somewhat the Queen Anne style. The interior is finished throughout with hard woods, the lower story is quite low ceiled, so that a man standing upright can easily touch the old-fashioned beams that cross the ceiling. Box-plaited all around the parlor is a frieze of flowered chintz, and the furniture is upholstered with the same. An open, carved fire-place with the modern antique shelves for bric-a-brac, has two old time settles, one on either side, of the wood to match.

The sleeping apartments in the second story are much higher ceiled. The rooms are larger and are furnished in the quaintest style. Every bedstead is an imitation of the immense "four-posters" of our grandfathers' days; those have, some merely the frieze of chintz, and others the full curtains. Spindle-legged dressing-tables, with mirrors with carved frames and sconces, usurp the place of bureaus, and three-cornered washstands take the place of set marble basins, which are banished to the bath rooms.

Open fire-places with andirons are in each sleeping room, with cunning little shelves and cabinets, taking all the odd corners everywhere. The floors are highly polished, and Turkish rugs are used in every room. The house itself cost about three thousand dollars, and a cultivated taste has made it far more picturesque than many that cost fifty thousand.

Thora Toilet.—An elegant model, suitable for the most dressy occasions, this toilet is arranged with a long, flowing train, draped like paniers over a short underskirt with side panels, and mounted in shirrings upon a pointed basque which is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side-gores under the arms, side-forms rounding to the arm-holes, and a seam down the middle of the back. Elbow sleeves complete the design, and the neck is illustrated open square, *but the pattern is only marked, not cut out.* Any class of rich dress goods is suitable for this design, which is extremely effective in a combination of materials, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with lace and plaitings, or in any other style to suit the taste and material selected. This design is illustrated on the plate of "Reception Toilets." Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Micheline Cloak. — This elegant wrap is especially adapted for fabrics to be lined and trimmed with fur or plush. It is cut with sacque-shaped fronts, and back pieces forming the outer portions of the sleeves, and slightly fitted by a curved seam down the middle. A deep, round collar completes the model which is suitable for any class of material usually selected for winter wraps. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

THORA TOILET.

Evening, or Reception Toilets.

Evening or Reception Toilets.

FIG. 1.—Evening dress for a young girl of sixteen. The design illustrated is the "Peninah" costume, which is arranged with a short skirt of pink Ottoman silk, kilt-plaited with wide spaces between every two plaits, and trimmed with a wide border of white Spanish lace put on *en revers*, below which is a narrow knife-plaiting of satin. The polonaise, which is open in front and forms a sash drapery at the back, is of ruby plush, and is trimmed with white Spanish lace. The neck is cut out in square shape and filled in with a plaited *guimpe* of pink Ottoman silk. A bow of Ottoman ribbon is placed on the right shoulder, and the elbow sleeves are trimmed with a cuff of lace. Full *ruche* of lace around the throat, and a cluster of rose-buds, pink and white, at the right of the corsage. White undressed kid Mousquetaire gloves. The double illustration of this stylish costume will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—This elegant toilet is of sky-blue Ottoman *velours* combined with sapphire Watteau brocaded velvet. The design is the graceful "Thora" toilet, arranged with a long, flowing train of the Ottoman *velours*, mounted in shirrings upon a short pointed basque of the same, and draped away in paniers over a short underskirt with side panels of the Watteau velvet, and an apron trimmed with alternate knife-plaitings of Ottoman *velours*, and flounces of Malines lace. The train is ornamented with *revers* of the brocade velvet, and trimmed all around with narrow knife-plaitings of the Ottoman *velours*. The corsage is cut low and square in front, and has a simulated pointed vest of brocade. Lace laid on plainly outlines the vest, the basque and the elbow sleeves, and bouquets of pink roses loop back the train and ornament the corsage. Flesh-colored Mousquetaire gloves. This toilet is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of patterns thirty cents each size.

FIG. 3.—The "Odille" basque and "Alisa" demi-train are combined to produce this handsome evening dress of dark green *faille* and brocaded velvet. The basque is very simple. It is tight fitting and pointed back and front, rounding well over the hips, and is composed entirely of the brocaded velvet, with collar and cuffs of white Duchesse lace. The demi-train is of *faille*, trimmed at the foot with a full *ruche* of the same, and having three scarf draperies across the front, and long plain panels at the sides of the brocaded velvet. Tan-colored Mousquetaire gloves and gold bracelets. The basque and demi-train are illustrated separately among the double illustrations elsewhere. Price of basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern thirty cents.

The Best Black Silk.

THERE is strong evidence of a decided re-action in favor of the rich solid silks which have recently been displaced by figured materials. Already there is inquiry for the black silks which are known to combine the wearing qualities with the peculiar softness of texture, depth of tone, and beautiful lustre which have been achieved by a first-class manufacturer. These silks have been known by the name of *Cachemire Oriental*, because they possess the softness and durability of Indian cachemire with the depth and luster of richest silk, and this beauty of touch and appearance they retain till the last. They are what they seem; they do not crack or wear shiny; the strength of a thin silken fiber is not sacrificed to a surface gloss, nor are the threads charged with a starchy substance to make them thick and weighty. *Cachemire Oriental* is a soft, pure, rich silk, good through and through, one that will "turn" and make over. We recommend it specially now, because it can be obtained at lower prices than by and by when the demand becomes still heavier, and we recommend it particularly in any of its grades for handsome spring costumes. A. Person, Harriman & Co., are the wholesale agents for New York, but it can be obtained of any good drygoods house now throughout the country, as the breaking up of the house of A. T. Stewart & Co. has put a stop to the control and exclusive monopoly of this finest achievement in silk manufacture by any one establishment. This monopoly was held by A. T. Stewart & Co. for ten years and was another instance of the sagacity of the great merchant.

Micheline Cloak.

THIS elegant winter wrap is of black brocaded velvet lined with quilted satin and trimmed with broad bands and Russian collar of black fox fur. The model employed is the "Micheline" cloak, which is cut with sacque-shaped fronts, and back pieces forming the outer portions of the sleeves, and is slightly fitted by a curved seam down the middle of the back. Hat of black velvet, faced with velvet and trimmed with a roll of velvet and a long black ostrich plume. Patterns of cloak in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

LADIES' STREET COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—A unique and elegant street costume, having a polonaise of terra-cotta habit cloth with basque front lengthened by shirred panier draperies, over a short skirt of brocaded plush of the same color, edged with a narrow knife-plaiting of satin, above which is a broad border of Labrador fur. Russian collar, cuffs and muff of the same fur. Bonnet of shirred terra-cotta velvet of a darker shade than the costume, edged with fur and tied under the chin with terra-cotta ottoman silk ribbon. Terra-cotta gloves. The model illustrated is the "Valmont" costume; the double illustration of which will be found among the separate fashions elsewhere. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—Entirely novel in design, this stylish figure illustrates the "Rodolpha" costume, composed of a long redingote of plain black velvet, cut away in front and tight-fitting, with a plaited skirt piece inserted in the middle of the back; and a short walking skirt of black ottoman silk, trimmed around the bottom with a shirred and plaited flounce, and a full apron draped across the front. The redingote is handsomely ornamented with jet and chenille garnitures. Black velvet felt bonnet, trimmed with a large bird and a curled plume. The double illustration of this stylish costume will be found among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Cape Cloaks.

THE novelty of the present season in outdoor garments is a revival of the winter cloak of many years ago, shaped and modified in accordance with the better ideas of today. This cape cloak is useful and economical; the cape is not detached, but forms part of the cloak; it admits of a slight draping at the back, and constitutes the sleeves, which partake of the dolman or visite form. It is fitted in at the back, and therefore presents a neat and lady-like appearance, and may be serviceably made in cloth with a braided trimming for border, and also down the center of the back, if that is liked. It is a much more desirable form of cloak for the country, for church wear, and for riding than the circular, which exposes the arms and chest. It is beautifully made in dark shades of cloth, and also in cashmere cloth in small palm patterns, with olive shades in them. These should have a black velvet collar.

Another cloak, an imported design, is a straight sack with mandarin sleeves and dark velvet collar. It is made in striped Chinese silk and wool stuffs with gold and black in them, the stripes narrow and indistinct; the lining is quilted satin.

Brocaded velvets and pressed plush are used for the outside of the richest garments, excepting the few made in very rich plain velvet, lined with splendid furs, and clasped with precious metals. Naturally, of these there are few, but they must be said to occupy the first place, the cost being from five hundred to a thousand dollars.

Christmas and New Year's Cards.

ONE of the pretiest and most graceful of Christmas tokens, is the Christmas card; and not only is it pretty and graceful, it is, thanks to the enterprise of the publishers, often really artistic, and it is a most appropriate adjunct of the season, because it presents the religious side of the great Christmas festival, and presents it not in an obtrusive way, but in one that harmonizes with all our feelings and thoughts.

In short, we have all grown to feel that the Christmas card has become indispensable to us, and we look forward to the appearance of these dainty trophies, with feelings of pleasant and often eager expectation.

Remembering that the Christmas crush and crowd, though exhilarating to the feelings, is very hard upon one's clothes, and indeed upon one's precious time too, I went early this year to visit the stores of the principal dealers in these pretty and fragile wares, and I was rewarded for my pains by finding the delicate goods exhibited in all their freshness, while there were just enough people admiring them to make the stores seem cheerful. My spirits were dashed for a few minutes, by the charge of a small boy, who bore down upon me in a spirited and gallant manner, seized my best—indeed my only silk umbrella from my unresisting grasp, and handed me in its place an evidently worthless brass coin, all without a word of explanation!

However, I reflected that all is not gold that glitters, that I should be served just so at the Academy of Design, and, in short, that the umbrella was not strictly necessary inside the charming precincts, and that a check in the hand is really the equivalent of an umbrella in the bush, that is to say, the cane-stand. Thus consoled by the maxims of philosophy, I turned my attention to the stationery counter, where one of the most striking, though, perhaps, not the most artistic novelty, was the "Star of Bethlehem," made of one hundred pieces of rice paper which formed a number of small points arranged on the main points of the star, something like the petals of a flower, while in the center was a pretty design painted in a circle. Price, three dollars. George Washington's hatchet, either single or in pairs, made a striking contrast to the star; some people think that Washington and his goodness have been rather too much borne in upon us; but until this generation has learned to be a great deal better and more truthful than it is just now, I don't think we ought to grumble at this reminder that all men are NOT falsifiers, or were not in the days of '76. Right thoughtful was I to find that most of the cumbrous and common-place tokens that abounded so much at Easter, had now disappeared from the salesman's counter. A pincushion is no doubt a delightful thing, but combined with an Easter or Christmas card, it seems a little like putting postage stamps on your best bonnet, which, it is needless to say, no lady ever thinks of doing. A light blue plush palette, ornamented with a cross, and a Maltese cross in cardinal plush, were both pretty, and seemed to be survivals of the fittest. Photographs taken directly from the etchings of George Cruikshank, and printed upon white satin, were very artistic, and almost as good as real etchings. The burgomaster, a Stuart cavalier, and "our times," represented by a coaching party, were among the subjects of these, while on the reverse side, directions were given, with true British accuracy, for removing these panels from the surrounding mat, in case they were wanted for art neeedlework, etc. These were marked two dollars.

Little tambourines of card-board, with the bells gilt and projecting, I thought pretty and graceful, and the drums were realistic enough to delight even a small boy, while they are wisely made too fragile to greatly disturb a parent's peace of mind. I have often reflected, with deep thankfulness, what a wise provision of nature it is that the boy is sure to smash a drum soon after he receives it. If this were not so I think that the suicide of parents would become deplorably frequent. Saucers made of white enamelled card with pretty designs of birds were deftly imitated from the china shops, while the glaze on them recalled the days of my childhood when people used enamelled cards—how ugly they were! Cards in the form of circles with the centers cut out, the edges finished in silk fringe, were more curious than pretty, nor did I especially admire sickles finnished in the same way. Photographs of flowers made by the new process, which preserves their natural color, were an interesting study, and yet not wholly satisfactory nor truly artistic. The flower is of course reproduced with the minute accuracy of the sun-picture, but the effect of the colors is rather harsh, though a decided improvement upon the old colored photograph. The new process will very likely be improved upon and perfected until it gives us softer and more harmonious results, and it is quite a step forward to find a way to make the negative retain color. Is it not rather touching the natural love we all have, children of darkness that we are, for light and color? Beautiful and perfect as the photograph has now become, it does not satisfy us wholly while it is colorless. Some hand painted cards of rather fleshly cupids I thought not very good, especially for the price asked, $2.00. Cards in the form of baskets disclosing a pretty design of spring flowers on lifting the cover, are new and pleasing as are some in the shape of stars with many points. Lovely little cherubs' heads, new and yet old, are always a pleasure to look at, and I noted some very pretty designs showing fair young heads crowned with low waving blonde hair, and drooping broad hats. By this time I have sufficiently recovered from my admiration of all the pretty things before me to remember that I have an umbrella to which I owe duties, or *vice versa*, so I rescue it from the grasp of the small boy, and, with a last look at the pretty windows, wend my way to another emporium, where I find many pretty and artistic cards displayed. The new owl-shaped shades made of tissue paper, I notice in passing, as pretty oddities, while a screen of deep-red straw on which is designed two owls, one with a broad ruffle round its face like an Irishwoman's cap, and the other with a hat on in Hibernian style, strikes me as truly comic. Beneath is the legend "We're from the owl'd country!" A terra-cotta plaque displays a likeness of the all-pervading beauty, Mrs. Langtry—all this only *en passant* as I make my way to the Christmas card counter. A panel of old gold, on which is painted lilies of the valley, would be pretty were not the flower pot represented like a real live flower pot rising in high relief bodily out of the card. Now, this is too realistic, and why have the earthiest part, that which is most faithfully represented? Again, apple blossoms painted on rough paper would be very pretty, save that in the center of the card is a panel of pink satin on which is stitched in outline a child gathering flowers. The hand is ugly, like most outlines of human figures, and mars the harmony of the whole. Two cherubs (if one may correctly speak of a cherub with a body) supporting the Christ-child, is one of the loveliest designs, another of which is the infant Saviour supported by angels. But I must not leave the subject of Christmas cards without speaking of the prize ones, which are indeed beautiful and striking, but not so artistic as those of last year, which is not strange, as these last were especially fine. The design which took first prize, a forlorn woman with a child clinging to her skirts standing on the world, and straining her gaze to look upon the Virgin and child, is inharmonious, to my thinking, and while the attitude and expression of the woman are well portrayed,

the Madonna and child are stiff and unsatisfactory in coloring. The third artistic prize, an angel standing with downcast look on a crescent moon, is more conventional and less ambitious in design, but makes a more harmonious and beautiful whole. The little child gazing at the fire—the second prize—and wondering what Santa Claus will bring her, is novel, and well drawn, and colored ; while the fourth prize, the dear little child awakening with hands full of toys, pleases every one, although the design is so far from new. The calendars are so beautiful this year that they deserve more than a passing mention, which is all that I have time for to-day.

Costumes for Twelfth Night.

TWELFTH Night parties will be in high vogue this year, and will take the form largely of fancy dress entertainments, or private theatricals. Costumes are a matter of great concern, and a few hints for some that are pretty and not over costly, may not be out of place.

A pretty Pompadour dress is made in cream, and blue satteen, with straw hat, and pink roses for trimming, and corsage bouquet. Blue clocked stockings, high-heeled shoes. A charming costume is of sage green satteen ; straight gown, lace cap, muslin fichu, blue mitts.

A peasant's dress, old style, would consist of a full short skirt ; large white apron ; low bodice over white kerchief ; edge of bodice, coming to waist, cut in tabs ; elbow sleeves, with white below ; pointed felt hat or hood, and tippet.

A correct Swiss costume is a black velvet bodice with shoulder straps, a yoke piece cut out back and front, worn over a plaited chemisette of linen, set in a linen band, and cut round at the shoulders ; full sleeves of the same to elbow, the velvet bodice embroidered in silver, and having silver chains across the front ; short, closely-plaited skirt of some woolen stuff, red or green, large apron, and coquettish straw hat, with flower wreath round. The hat is better than a cap, because each Canton wears a different one.

The "Fish-wife" costume is very good, and may be made in dark blue, or green flannel, with red facings. It consists of a short skirt, plain in front ; sailor blouse ; red silk handkerchief, knotted low, and revolutionary cap, with tasseled top, turned down, and pendant at the side. Low thick shoes, red or clocked stockings. Hair in short curls round the edge of the cap, which is shaped very much like the old-fashioned pointed night-cap of a man.

"Grandmamma" would wear soft grey silk ; plain skirt, leg-of-mutton sleeves, large handkerchief, fichu of muslin, crossed on the breast, and lace cap with pink ribbons. The skirt of the dress should be gored plain in front, and gathered into a belt at the back.

A "Cook" is an easy and effective dress for a pretty young girl with plump arms. The costume is a short skirt with plain straight strapped bodice of any plain dark stuff—alpaca perhaps the best. Above this a chemisette and short plain sleeves of thick muslin. A figured neckerchief is knotted as a fichu over the breast, and a white apron, with ruffled bib, is tied in front. A cap is worn upon the head, with a bunch of small carrots at the side, and parsley, In a small basket upon her arm, the cook carries her marketing, consisting of bon-bon cases representing a chop, a roll, a bunch of onions, and the like.

A "Cook's Tourist" is new, and excites great merriment. The features of the dress are a very large round broad hat, (black) straight brim, a cape ulster belted in, with leather side pocket, eye-glasses or spectacles, an alpenstock, and a huge package of tickets, inside a green strapped portfolio, which are the constant subjects of the "Tourists'" scrutiny. Immense boots with flat heels.

The "Lady Physician" is equally new, and very good. For this a gray wig is necessary, the long curls of which fall upon the shoulders ; large blue, round, eye glasses, a peaked crowned hat like the the tall Welsh hats, with broad black band, and silver buckle ; long black cashmere gown, the sleeves reaching to the floor ; deep white collar of crimped muslin, and square bow of the same at the throat. broad belt with buckle at the waist, and close interior sleeves with deep crimped cuffs at the wrists. Low shoes with buckles, black silk stockings.

"Winter" wears a dress of white cashmere with fur, holly, and berries; the hair powdered, and a robin redbreast perched on the left shoulder ; the fan frosted or representing icicles.

An "Incroyable" costume is very fine with a blue satin coat and white satin waistcoat trimmed with gold braid ; the tunic flowered satin on white ground ; and the underskirt tricolored satin trimmed with gold bullion fringe. The cap of Liberty in red surah, and the white satin shoes are ornamented with tri-colored bows ; Incroyable eyeglass and stick complete the costume.

A "Marguerite" dress consists of a full skirt caught up on the side ; square bodice with linen chemisette to meet stomacher ; sleeves to wrist, puffed at shoulder and elbow. Any white woolen stuff would be suitable.

There are many pretty and well-known fancy costumes that might be given, but the object is to suggest simple ones that can be made at home, and of not expensive materials. The pleasure of an entertainment of this description is doubled when the ingenuity is exercised in regard to dresses, and the taste and resources of every one are called into requisition. A Christmas tree, or the arrival of a ship from sea, affords an opportunity for the distribution of German favors and bon-bons. The boys of the family can be pressed into the service for the building of the ship, which may be placed on rollers, and with a little bunting and red and white paint, be made to present a very gay appearance. If the gifts are light favors, and such like, it may be made of card-board with a bandbox for the "hold," out of which the dainty little packages are brought with small gilt ropes and pulleys.

AMONG the most fashionable rings for gentlemen, and the favorite for holiday gifts, are massive ones of gold, set with carved topazes in antique style. Another beautiful ring has set in it a clear aqua-marine, which resembles a drop of sea-water. This also is beautifully carved. A very handsome design for a breast-pin is a spray of wild roses in enamelled gold, in the leaves of which are diamonds representing drops of dew. The ear-rings to match this pin represent a wild rose, in the center of which a diamond sparkles.

OLIVE SHADES.—There are three shades of olive, which color, being set in the minor key, suits blondes equally with brunettes, transparent of complexion. It would be an error in art to set a pale face in a frame of saddest olive. On the other hand, cheeks under whose delicate skin the red blood comes and goes, each coming and going to be clearly marked, gain ineffably from the contrast. There is a "golden olive" which only brunettes may wear, and they must not by any means let disappointment, or anything else, feed on their damask cheek ; or if they do, they must wear peacock blue, or a warm seal brown, not golden olive.

PRETTY D'OYLIES or small napkins to pass with finger bowls, or to lay under the finger bowl on the table, are made of white or écru linen with the edges fringed, and odd designs worked on them in outline stitch. Use the soft, untwisted silk to embroider them with. They should be folded twice only, and the entire design should be on the upper side, and so arranged that when the napkin is folded every part of the picture will be in sight.

Woolen Costumes.

THE most fashionable cloths for woolen costumes are not shaggy, but smooth-finished, and very handsome; in short, a lady's broadcloth. They are made in coat suits, with real, or simulated vest; and also in closely trimmed skirts and basques, some double-breasted, some with, and some without vests. Some are frogged, or enriched with braiding in military style; but the finest forms prefer the plain, perfectly fitting coat, or basque, untrimmed save by the rich facing of satin which is occasionally visible; the stitching and the buttons, which latter are often as ornamental as jewels. One of the great reasons for the superiority of the plain costume is, that it is more capable of individualization than the machine trimmed ones. While machinery has brought the art of decoration in certain ways to great apparent perfection, it turns hundreds out all alike, and then no matter how handsome they may be, they soon become common, and lose their value. We see this constantly repeated in elegant fabrics, whose only fault is that the ornamentation is capable of being infinitely repeated. The embroidered cashmeres, and the later braided suits of cloth are cases in point.

Doubtless the prices at which they are introduced, and held, while still comparatively new, are very high; but the reduction of half, which has taken place in some instances, cannot be altogether due to the premium put upon novelty; but must owe its extent largely to the multiplication of models of the same design.

There is something, too, in the boldness, and striking character of the new braided designs which accounts for their occupation of a lower grade than that for which they were originally designed,—a *prononcé* character, which is distinctive when there is only one of it; but is considered to show lack of refinement when it is often repeated. We owe something to the new cloths, however, for their fine dark shades in color; and, whether plain or decorated, they are most useful, and valuable, from the serviceable and hygienic points of view; and it is to be hoped will be preserved to us with but little modification, so far as fabric is concerned. A pure wool dress is worth a dozen silk in cold weather, so far as practical and sanitary value is concerned.

Molda Cloak.—This graceful wrap is cut with loose sacque fronts, a back slightly fitted by a curved seam down the middle and laid in plaits below the waist, and sleeves inserted in dolman style and draped in the back. Any class of goods usually employed for outdoor garments is suitable for this design, and it may be trimmed as illustrated, with *soutache* embroidery and *passementerie* ornaments, or in any other appropriate style. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large, price, thirty cents each.

Kid Bonnets.

SOME recent hats and bonnets have been made in a thin, light kid, plain, embossed, and embroidered with gold thread. The latter designs are used for the crowns of capotes, the trimming being plumes of pale leather colored feathers; and ribbon fastened with gilt buckles. A large hat of light kid is faced with claret-colored velvet, and trimmed with claret velvet and feathers. A smaller kid hat has a soft, brown velvet crown, which droops to one side, and is trimmed with a plume of brown feathers. The Charlotte Corday bonnet is a novelty, and is made in myrtle green velvet, with a bird at the side in pale shades of yellow, and four small gold headed pins put through diagonally upon one side, one below another, as if fastening it.

Fashionable Fancies.

LILIES are out of favor. They are no longer in demand for the corsage, and are only used in large set pieces, set pieces especially ordered for entertainments.

VERY PRETTY whisk-broom baskets are made in fisher's twine, then gilded and trimmed with a ruching of colored ribbons

A MOST effective decoration is made by the use of scarlet japonica in combination with green moss.

PRETTY lambrequins are made of gray linen for dining-room mantels, and are decorated with devices suited to the room; for instance, a cup and saucer, knife and fork, antique bottles and pitchers put on in outline embroidery are much used.

A NEW stitch not unlike that so long known as darning stitch is used now for backgrounds. Designs are worked in long stitch upon Japanese silk canvas, and the filling in the new stitch gives an appearance of half relief to the work when finished.

THE prettiest designs for quaint d'oyleys are of German origin, and are much preferred now to those which were so long popular of Greenaway figures. Some of them are a little grotesque; for example, a small boy holds a dish which contains a fish as large as himself.

APPROPRIATE winter decorations take the form of receptacles for growing bulbs; hyacinths, crocuses, and snowdrops being planted in porcelain vessels of peculiar shape. Some are grotesque enough, a hedgehog, or a beehive being the most popular.

PILLOW shams are now made, if they are used at all, of squares of linen with lace insertions. The latest style is to make them of four hemstitched handkerchiefs, joining them together with lace insertion, and finishing them off with lace edging.

BEAUTIFUL effects are obtained by the use of colored ribbons upon a white satin ground. This is in reality the very newest form of art needlework, and gives scope for a great deal of individual taste. Cot quilts and cushion covers are decorated in this way with much effect.

SCRAP baskets are decorated with hangings of crimson or deep brown plush, which is inlaid with satin and vandyke. Each point is specially ornamented with a tassel of different colors, while the handles are covered with shaded ribbon.

MISSES' CLOAKS.

FIG. 1.—Cloak of mottled Cheviot cloth for a school-girl or young miss. The model illustrated is the "Zampa" cloak, which is cut with sacque-shaped fronts and the back with plaited extensions below the waist, and has a cape draped up to the throat in plaits in front and shirred in to the waist at the back, where it is ornamented with loops of Arabi red Ottoman ribbon, and a bow of the same is placed at the throat. The simple dress with which this cloak is worn is of garnet cashmere trimmed with rows of braid. Black felt hat with a band of black Ottoman ribbon, and trimmed with red ostrich feathers. Tan-colored mousquetaire kid gloves. The double illustration of the "Zampa" cloak will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—This pretty little coat is of bright red habit cloth, trimmed with rows of black Hercules braid and a narrow embroidery of *soutache*. The garment is in sacque shape, but the side forms and part of the front pieces are cut off and a box-plaiting inserted, over which falls a pointed basque skirt. The poke bonnet is of pale blue plush, trimmed with ostrich tips of the same color and faced in the brim with shirred *satin merveilleux* of *ciel*-blue. Blue plush ribbons tie it under the chin. Embroidered linen collar. The design employed for this garment is the "Laurent" coat, the double illustration of which will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty-five cents each size.

FIG. 3.—A simple yet stylish garment for misses' street wear is illustrated in this redingote, of *chaudron* colored

cloth. The design is the "Leighton" redingote, which is tight-fitting and open in the front and back from a little below the waist. The trimming consists of bands of box fur; the black, curled, Persian lamb-skin or other suitable fur, or plush may be substituted, if preferred. The front is closed by black *fourragères* of silk cord in wheels, and a similar one ornaments the back. Hat of black French felt, trimmed with a band of black velvet, and a tuft of strawberry-red ostrich tips. The double illustration of the "Leighton" redingote was given in the last number of the magazine. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Children's Fashions.

THE variety in the dress of the children of to-day is limited only by the social habits and pecuniary resources of their parents. Even the boys who have arrived at the dignity of trousers, and are thereafter considered exempt from the disturbing influence of fashion's changes and frivolities, are indulged in multiform caps, the "Military," the "Sailor," and the "Derby," having successively given place to the "scull," the Scotch caps, Glengarry and Lowland, and now the "Tam O'Shanter," and Turkish Fez. The cap is a great feature of the dress of the season both for boys and girls. The latter wear a red Tam O'Shanter as a finish to costumes composed of red kilted skirt, short gray princesse dress and gathered red cape. The former display the Turkish Fez, with its gold tassels, with coats bordered with fur and finished with fur collars. A good deal of dark rich color, but not much contrasting color is used just now in the street dress of girls. The street dress forms a complete costume, which is often made to match throughout—bonnet, muff, coat, and dress. A very favorite winter outfit consists of dark myrtle green velveteen skirt, cloth or camel's hair over-dress, and fur cape. Large hat with feathers to match the skirt. This style of dress suits a girl just growing into womanhood—fourteen to sixteen, or thereabouts. Little girls wear bonnets more than hats, and are very charming in the quaint shapes, which recall to many old-time memories. With these the cape-cloak is popularly worn, but some mothers preserve the picturesque effect by making long straight sacque cloaks with small, round capes, and adding a narrow border of fur or gathering them in at the throat, in the style of the Mother Hubbard. The prettiest 'of the long, straight cloaks are made in terra-cotta red, and braided with black, or trimmed with rows of black braid in two widths, three rows of narrow enclosed in single rows of wide; but the effect of this is not so good as the narrow bordering of gray or black fur, the latter being especially good with long black hose, and black hat or beaver bonnet, with black and terra-cotta red feathers.

The æsthetic idea has not done better services than in providing pretty party dresses for children made of simple materials that are not so costly that anxiety is uppermost lest they be spoiled, and in their quaint designs are as becoming and far more healthful and sensible than the thin, low bodices and short sleeves in which they have frequently been permitted to shiver and stand exposed to a cruel change from their every-day woolens. Some little girls appear, it is true, in a revival of the simple white dress, straight skirt, "baby" waist, short puffed sleeves, and sash, but this is not only unsanitary in our climate, it is usually unbecoming. Growing American girls are too often lank and long; they lack the pretty, plump shoulders and milk-white skin of English girls, and are seen to better advantage in a rose-bud pattern polonaise, olive ground, over a peacock blue skirt, or a pretty square dress of sage green silk or soft woolen, with white muslin sleeves and tucker. A new party dress for a girl of sixteen is of delicate pink nun's veiling, the skirt covered with narrow flounces; bodice of black velvet, cut out in squares below the line of the waist, in what was formerly known as "polka" fashion, and cut square at the neck, where it is filled in with folds of India muslin. Very long mitts of pale pink silk, and silver Indian bracelets. A pretty little girl of nine or ten wore for a party dress recently a skirt of pink satteen trimmed with cream lace; watteau over-dress of cream satteen, cut square with elbow sleeves, also trimmed with lace, and at the left of the corsage a cluster of pink, and cream narrow satin ribbon loops; pink mitts, pink satin ribbon in a rosette at the side of the golden hair.

Sensible mothers are glad of a dress for parties, and festival occasions that does not require the taking off of the knitted merino underwear, or that will admit of girls wearing it. It seems incredible, but it is true that warm underclothing for children is a modern invention, and that even now there are mothers who take more pains to provide a gay outside, than warmth next the skin. In fact the old notion still prevails among some persons, that strength and hardihood are obtained by exposure, and that it does children good to be dressed lightly in cold weather. We do not intend to go into an argument on this point now; but one thing must be clear to all, and that is, if a method of this kind is pursued at all, it should be done systematically, or otherwise the child should be properly protected at all times as it is sometimes. It is advisable, therefore, and essential to its comfort that the difference between the temperature at different seasons be marked by a distinct change in its clothing, and that this change be as uniform throughout as possible. The very best winter garment for boys and girls is a combination vest and drawers of knitted merino, or cut and made from flannel in a good pattern. Over this a corded waist may be worn by girls to which the stocking suspenders can be attached; and over this a second combination of cotton. One warm knitted petticoat is sufficient with these; or there is a chance for a modification of Lady Harberton's "rational" idea, in a pair of loosely knitted drawers with lining waist or broad belt, of the same material as the dress over which a princess dress might be worn, and thus complete the clothing, which would be warm and uniform.

It is necessary to but briefly direct attention to the illustrated designs for children's clothing. The "Peninah" costume will commend itself for its graceful simplicity, and the "Zampa" cloak for its novelty and distinction, combined with warmth and serviceable qualities. The "Laurent" coat, for a small child, is stylishly made in seal-brown plush, or cream Angora cloths, and the little Clari dress in ruby or terra cotta red wool, with ash berry buttons. The boys' fez, or Turkish cap, is easily made from the pattern, and much more cheaply than it can be purchased; dark blue, or Turkey red cloth stitched with black, and with black cord and tassels, is the most aproved style.

Children's Toys.

DR. FELIX BRÉMOND, one of the highest authorities on hygiene in France, has contributed a paper on the sanitary aspect of toys, to a French journal, and from it the following paragraphs are extracted:

"Foremost," says Dr, Brémond, "among children's toys capable of being converted into dangerous instruments I take up those brilliant articles of ivory, bone, silver, or gold, popularly called 'corals,' and which many of us are accustomed to suspend from the necks of infants to assist them in teething. The poor babies raise the thing to their mouths

and press it between their gums; but instead of deriving comfort from its use, they lacerate or contuse the delicate mucous membrane of the mouth, and so add to their troubles. In lieu of these hard and injurious substances, mothers, I recommend you to give your babes a crust of very dry, very stale bread. At that they will mumble; it will soothe the irritation which accompanies early dentition; and it will avoid the risk of tearing the fleshy capsule in which the young tooth is in course of formation." But the mishaps resulting from the employment of the metallic or other "corals," although serious enough, are positively nothing in comparison to the dangers which certain toys destined for older children present.

Dolls, jumping-jacks, harlequins, buckets, mills, balls, wooden horses, pasteboard dogs, and a host more are the delight of little lads and lasses that we all know; but dolls, horses, dogs, &c., may cost many a sigh and many a tear from parents, if these toys have been purchased haphazard anywhere, and come from makers using poisonous materials for coloring them. Sad to say, but it is a fact, which must nevertheless be acknowledged, that most manufacturers connected with the toy trade consider but little, or not at all, the baneful action of the paints applied to their wares. They seek to give the playthings they offer for sale a gaudy taking aspect, and, minding not in the least degree, the grave accidents they may provoke, they dispose of the attractive trifles.

Children, every one is aware, have a kind of mania for putting into their mouths all things on which they may happen to lay their hands; it is literally from hand to mouth with them, and oftentimes this mania, or it may be natural instinct, has been, when common toys are operated upon, a source of most dire misfortune. Thus a little girl of six months old poisoned herself—not so long ago—by sucking the white lead paint with which the head of her doll was covered; and a small boy was within an ace of death from having licked a piece of stuff dyed green with an arsenical preparation."

Peninah Costume.—Composed of a short, gored skirt trimmed with a spaced kilt-plaiting, and a tight-fitting polonaise with sash drapery at the back, this stylish costume is at once practical and dressy. The polonaise is fitted with a single dart in each side in front, a deep dark dart taken out under each arm, side-forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. It is adapted to a wide variety of materials, and is illustrated with the plate of "Reception Toilets," made in handsome goods. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Laurent Coat.—A stylish coat for children under six years of age. It is cut with sacque-fronts, side-forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The side-forms and part of the front pieces are cut off and a box-plaiting inserted overwhich a pointed basque skirt falls. A small shoulder cape and deep cuffs on the sleeves, complete the design, which is adapted to any of the goods usually selected for outer garments for children, and it may be trimmed, as illustrated, with braid or any other style suitable for the material employed. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

VELVETEEN is gaining in prestige. A neat distinguished costume is composed of a walking skirt of nut-colored velveteen, princess over-dress of *noisette* cashmere fastened on the side; and cape of velveteen edged with fur. Fur cap. A double-breasted jacket of peacock blue velveteen is fastened with silver buttons; and has a ruff, and jabot of ficelle lace at the throat. The skirt may be black.

DEEP linen collars and cuffs are worn again, with indoor dresses of plain cashmere. Smaller linen collars are worked upon the edge, and the corners are turned down over a plain *red*, or amber silk tie.

THE "Jersey" gloves are still the favorites both for evening and day wear, and the dull tan shades are the ones preferred.

VELVET wraps are a luxury of the season—made in long visite or dolman shape, and lined with rich fur. The clasps are old silver, the colors rich, dark shades of green or wine, and the trimming wide bands of ostrich feathers.

EMBROIDERED gauzes and embroidered crêpes are used in conjunction with tinted satin for evening and ball dresses. When short, the satin skirt is usually finished with a full ruching, and the gauze arranged *en panier*, with very deep pointed satin bodice draped with Grecian folds of the gauze, and lace short sleeves, or none at all.

FLORAL DEVICES this season are very varied. Fans, parasols, watering pots, fish baskets, are all made in blossoms, and play their part in decoration. For luncheon tables, baskets of flowers have handles, while for dinners, they are invariably low and open, the flowers being banked up upon them. Roses, violets and ferns with smilax, are the combinations used. Muffs, decorated with a bouquet at each end, are a new and not particularly artistic style of decoration.

A LOVELY tidy, which will brighten up a dark chair, is made of two strips of shaded scarlet satin ribbon. Paint a little green vine and two or three daisies on the ribbon; between the two strips put an insertion made of hand-knit linen lace; on the edge put lace made in the same way, pulling it at the corners so that it will lie out flat. Of course torchon may be used for this, but the knit lace is a little later style.

"G. J."—You will not be likely to acquire the art of painting from any book, but you can obtain technical manuals from S. J. Tilton, of Boston, Mass., that will give you all the information you can make use of in this way, in very simple and practical style.

"M. H. S."—The most permanently useful dress for you would be one of the handsome winter cashmeres, embroidered on the material. They can be purchased now at a considerable reduction on their original cost, and in any dark cloth shade—garnet, black, navy blue, myrtle green, or invisible green, and brown. The embroidery makes a rich trimming, and being on the material, lasts as long, and saves the cost of independent decoration.

"Mrs. O. J. A."—It is difficult to convey the pronunciation of foreign names in English letters. The name of the Norwegian author Björnstjerne Björnson is pronounced Beyornstyerne Beyornson.

"L. H."—We can send the April No. for 1877; also the portraits you name for 10 cents each. $10 will get the ring; $50 or upward, a watch, according to weight of case; short chains, from $25 upward, also according to weight and workmanship; heavy necklace, $50; small ones, less; pearl cross, $30, more or less, according to size and number and quality of pearls.—The Duchess of Teck was the Princess Mary, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and is the cousin of Queen Victoria.—"Miss Grundy" is Miss Austine Snead, of Washington, formerly employed in one of the departments, now acting as correspondent for various papers.

"F. K. W."—The best way under the circumstances is to see what you can buy for the money already made. If you cannot suit yourself this way, buy ruby plush (fur plush) and line it with old-gold plush, working his monogram upon satin handsomely in the middle. Or, instead of old-gold, select tiger plush for lining, and brown for the outside; but, of course, the crocheted robes are a much more suitable present from a young lady to a gentleman.

"A Subscriber."—At any decorative art store, or warerooms, where they supply imported materials and designs. The best workers make their own designs, but the tapestry pictures being a novelty, or rather the revival of an old idea, you would need to see what they are like.

A contributor sends us the following questions, which were asked by one physician, and the answers confirmed by another:

"Why is it that if two persons eat of the same muscle-making food, the one will grow more fleshy, and the other more muscular?"

"Because the absorbents in the one person have a constitutional tendency to assimilate or take to themselves flesh-making particles, and just the contrary in the other."

"Is the popular idea that a diet of fish produces greater activity of brain, from the phosphorus it contains, correct?"

"No; for the quantity of phosphorus is too small."

"Why is a cup of tea so refreshing?"

"It stimulates nervous action, and excites the brain."

"Are onions antiseptic? Will they arrest disease?"

"Yes; raw onions placed about the room of a fever-patient will become saturated with the disease and turn black."

"Is the juice of beef the only nourishing part, and the fiber useless as nutriment?"

"Yes."

"Do you think celery possesses sedative properties?"

"Yes; as certainly as lettuce does opiate ones."

"Which is the more powerful sedative—scutularium (or skull-cap) or valerian?"

"Skull-cap."

"Is there any truth in the popular idea that drinking freely of cream-tartar water is a protection against small-pox?"

"Many physicians think so. I should not rely upon it."

"Beginner."—The dogwood design was for drapery, and should be hung, not framed. The daffodil cover would make a very good piano-cover, but the edges in this case should only be worked, not fringed. Tea-tray cloths are of different kinds, and may be laid both under and over the tray; or a cloth may be used instead of a tray. This is all a matter of choice, and also is dependent upon the extent of the resources. Covers worked in outline stitch upon linens, after the German fashion, are pretty and appropriate. But special napkins are now woven with ornamentation of Russian embroidery and fringe, which are very pretty, and answer every purpose. Table, stand, and bureau scarfs are made long, and the ends very much ornamented with embroidery and fringe. They hang down from the edges at the sides, or close in front, but not all round.—In "society" married ladies use their husband's name, as they have no existence of their own; in business and professional life they use their own.—Calls should be returned within ten days.—Our Purchasing Bureau supplies well-made dresses to order.—Mrs. Hungerford will doubtless comply with your wishes.

"Lena."—Perhaps you will consider it trite, but really and truly serenity of mind and sweetness of temper are the best preservatives of beauty and youth to old age. Women are worried by so many anxieties not of their own making, and which they cannot remedy; this is one cause of premature wrinkles; another is want of walking exercise, and variety in food and occupation. There is a certain loss to supply also as age approaches, which we do not yet know how best to meet, and which therefore, is partly neglected, partly perhaps wrongly dealt with, and thus made a means of mischief. When the natural forces weaken, they should be helped. If the roots of the hair were always kept clean and free from disease, an occasional application of some strengthening preparation would be of great benefit. So of the skin; taking good food, healthful action, and freedom from vicious and vitiating tendencies for granted, the occasional use of vaseline, cold cream, and a pure powder will be found most beneficial. The difficulty is that these aids are used by the young who do not need them; whose skin functions act infinitely better without them; and worse still are often used to conceal personal neglect, which is sure to lead to marks of premature age and to ugliness. Careful attention to personal appearance, that is to cleanliness, and to the brightness and beauty of a perfectly healthy and active mind and body, is necessary at all times and seasons, and ages; but all details of dress and personal appearance grow more and more important as we grow old, both for the sake of our personal comfort and enjoyment and the happiness of others. A serious source of misery in this world is the care and labor demanded by persons whose helplessness has principally arisen from their selfishness, their indulgence of appetite, and their want of attention to such personal details as are essential to healthy and happy life.

"Young House-keeper."—"Crackle" is pronounced as it is spelled.—After dinner, coffee is usually brought in, already poured into small cups; but some ladies prefer to have the dainty Japanese or Dresden service put before them, and pour the coffee themselves from a silvered pot. Finger bowls of colored glass are now preferred to the engraved white; though these latter, if thin and handsome, are always refined, and well used. They are brought in after the pudding, upon small doyleys, decorated with etching, or outline stitch, which cover the china plates used for fruit. The bowls each contain half a cup of tepid water, and a slice of lemon, and being removed from the plates, are placed by the side of them upon the doyleys, while the dessert is finished. Fingers are then lightly dipped in, any slight stain from fruit removed with the lemon, and the trifle of drying process required performed upon the fruit napkin. The bowls, it is needless to say, are prepared beforehand by the servant, and brought to each guest on a small salver, as required.

"W. J. M."—We should like to see the story of "Parais."

"Margaret."—Your ideas are very good in regard to your dresses and winter mantle. Cashmere can be lined so as to make it a sufficiently warm cloak for any season. Our Purchasing Bureau can supply any number of suits and cloaks. Prices depend upon styles and qualities.

"Mrs. C. D."—Use the ottoman satin for the skirt, which make demi-train, shirring the front between two deep sagging puffs, made rather scant, and paneling the sides with the figured velvet, which use also for a basque, which may be deepened front and back, and hollowed on the sides, or cut coat shape, and in any case finished with a *jabot* of cream lace.

"Mrs. E. L. W."—The thin curtains you require must either be made in drawn cheese-cloth trimmed with antique lace, or of Madras muslin. The former are expensive, unless you could take an opportunity of buying the lace at a bargain, and make them yourself. Madras are not cheap, but they are not very dear; and there is still another style, which in England can be bought at very low prices, but here are four times these prices. These are the Syrian curtains—pale yellow in color, with bands of terra-cotta, old blue, and chocolate or dark green. Lambrequins are now very little used. A valance forming a single festoon is sometimes thrown across one side of a curtain, and looks well in maroon or dark green velveteen over Madras muslin, which is much the prettier in light tones, with bands of deeper color across the bottom, on a border. Solid curtains are made in uncut velvet in art shades, with two bands forming a deep border at the bottom, containing rich colors which harmonize with the plain color of the field. These are also used for portieres. Tapestries, real and imitation, are much used for curtains, and portieres: and prices take in a wide range. If you could state your limits, with the full description you have given us, our Purchasing Bureau would probably be able to suit you.—Cornices are now dispensed with; if you do not wish the expense of brass rods, get slender black walnut, or ebonized poles and rings.

"Old Baby."—The only way you can "learn" ease of manner is by being sufficiently interested in something else to forget yourself. Make yourself acquainted as much as possible with objects outside of yourself; cultivate society, not by devoting your attention to your personal appearance in it, but by making yourself acquainted with the thoughts and feelings of those whom you meet. The mere surface in any field affords little reward to the cultivator. There is not an inch of ground anywhere that is not full of interest, if you only dig deep enough.

"Mrs. D. M. L."—The curtain would look best if it was hung from the top of the casing upon a brass rod, and surmounted by a frieze or a shelf for china jars or plates. The top of these should be on a line with the high windows, and the effect would be very good.

"Busy Bee."—With your clever fingers, and a little help from your brother, you can easily arrange a room to look like "home." Get a pale brown paper for the walls, with a little gold in it, and a small leafy pattern; you can procure i with a dado complete for a trifle, and it will be more cheerful, and give you more to look at than the plain cartridge paper, which is a good background for pictures but requires brightening. The ceiling may be marked in a pale cream on very dull buff tint, interlined with chocolate, gold, and blue. The hanging of the paper will cost very little, if you wish to get rid of the trouble. Next stain your floor with walnut (ready prepared), for a distance of three feet all around; put a Kensington rug (cost, six or seven dollars) in the middle of the floor. Buy a straight lounge frame and Boston rocker; cover and cushion them with cretonne in a small leafy, quiet figure, and make curtains for your doors and windows of the same to be hung from slender rods. Some corner shelves will serve for your books, and a bracket or two for your knick-knacks. A gypsy table with central drawer and rounded leaves is an immense comfort, because it takes so little room, and would answer all your purposes. Cover your mantel with linen crash, and the valance with Japanese pictures. Put a pretty lamp on a stand in the corner, and with your little grate, and your grandmother's "fire-irons," what more could you want?

"Mrs. G. H. R."—Your best plan would be to get a pretty silver-gray or Quaker drab silk, of soft, rich quality, and make it up with interior facings of pale pink. The pink would show very little, just enough to give it color, and the dress would be handsome in the spring, and very useful if it were made short or even demi-trained.

"Mrs. H. L. B."—Sleeves are made to fit close, but are set very high and rather full, or rounded, and some are filled out with padding at the top. The frogs are sewed tightly to the basque, and always arranged so that the loops which form the festoons (and when unfastened hang loose on one side) can be caught upon the frogs, which form buttons, or to which a center, which serves as a button, is attached, on the opposite side. The colors most in vogue for independent basques are different shades of ruby and terra-cotta red, and peacock blue. The Jersey is the most fashionable form.

"J. H."—There is no necessity for altering your dress at all; wear it as it is. Fur as a lining has been largely superseded by plush, and the pelisse or long dolman shapes are now much more fashionable, and also more convenient for regular wear than the round cloaks. We should prefer one of handsome Ottoman silk lined with ruby or amber silk plush, and made after some good pelisse pattern—the "Dauphine" or "Vladimir."

"New Subscriber" writes: "Give J. I. my method of crystallizing grasses, which is excellent. Dissolve one pound of alum in one gallon of water; separate grasses into small bunches, and let them hang over night in the alum water. In the morning remove and hang over the back of chair to dry slowly. If dried quickly over the stove will be like frosted snow. Pink or blue crystals may be made by adding aniline red or Prussian blue. They must be handled carefully in arranging."—Trim your cashmere dolman with black wool plush or black matelassé; shape it if required, but do not cut it down.

"M. F. F."—Add a little white of egg and molasses to your shoe polish.

"A Subscriber."—"Kith and Kin" was concluded, only by an accidental mistake, which was explained in the following number, inadvertently the formula, "To be Continued," was not taken out at the end of the final chapter.

"Salem Witch."—

Can any reader of Demorest's Monthly furnish the words of an old song beginning:

"*When stars are in the quiet skies,*
Then most I pine for thee,"

written by, I believe, Bulwer, Lord Lytton?

"Virginia."—

"*The splendor falls on castle walls,*
And moss-crowned turrets old in story,"

are the first lines from "The Bugle Song" in Tennyson's "Princess."

"Mrs. H."—Oriental embroidery on thin muslin is readily imitated at home by the use of pearl and iridescent beads and velvet and plush leaves. The raised appearance of the flowers, whether they are in beads or in embroidery, is gained by padding. Cotton wool is first sewn very firmly upon the outlined design, and then the beads are threaded in the numbers necessary and laid carefully over the padding, always being placed in one direction. Generally, in reproducing a flower in beads, the center will be a pearl or a cluster of smaller beads to represent the raised center of the natural flower.

"Boy Printer."—The following is said to be a very good formula: To make white ink, carefully wash some eggshells, remove the internal skin, and grind them on a piece of porphyry, then put the powder in a small vessel of pure water, and when settled at the bottom draw off the water and dry the powder in the sun. This powder must be preserved in a bottle. When you want to use it, put a small quantity of gum ammoniac into distilled water and let it dissolve during the night. Next morning the solution will appear white, and if you strain through a linen cloth and add to it the powder of eggshells, you will obtain a very white ink, which may be used for writing on black paper. It is chiefly used for show cards.

"S. J."—A good silk velvet will cost you from six to eight dollars per yard. Better buy a silk-faced velvet for a basque at about three dollars per yard. Three or four yards will be required, according to its depth; four if cut full "Jersey" length.

"Subscriber."—We do not know the London school by the name you give. There are many schools of needle-work, and if you are sure of the correctness of your title, a communication would be forwarded by addressing it prepaid to the office of the "Queen," 346, Strand, London, W. C.

"Cricket."—Follow these directions and you will obtain a very creditable Charlotte Russe: Take some Savoy biscuits, using half at a time, and keeping the rounded side next the mold; form a star at the bottom by cutting them to the shape you require to fit into each other; touch the edges of the biscuits lightly with white of egg to hold them together, but be very careful not to let the egg touch the mold, or it will stick and prevent it from turning out. Having made a star for the center, proceed in the same way to line the sides by placing the biscuits standing upright all round it, their edges slightly overlapping each other; these must also be fastened to each other, and to the center star by a slight application of white of egg, after which the tin must be placed in the oven for a few minutes to dry the egg. For a small mold, half a pint of double cream, three teaspoonfuls of pounded sugar, and rather more than a quarter ounce of gelatine would be sufficient. The cream must be whisked to a stiff froth with the previously melted gelatine, the sugar, and a few drops of vanilla flavoring; pour this mixture into the mold, covering it with a slice of sponge cake, the size of the mold, to form a foundation when it is turned out; the biscuits forming the sides must have been cut evenly with the top, and must be touched lightly with the white of egg to make them adhere to this foundation slice. Place the mold on ice until required, then turn it out on a dish and serve at once. Great care is required in the turning out, and a plain round tin is the easiest form to use.

"A Subscriber."—The only thing you can do is to press them, and remove the worm-like substance, then wash them with carbolised water, rub on vaseline and wipe it off carefully. Be careful of your diet; eat no pork or buckwheat; live simply but well, and upon nourishing food. Eat as much fresh fruit as possible, and bathe daily. The hair upon the body is a sign of physical strength, but not of refinement. You cannot remove it. Put a little ammonia or borax in the water in which you wash, and repeat the process morning and night. The Boston "Journal of Education" is what you want. Address, Boston, Mass.

"E. A. C."—You can buy lace collars for your little girl at almost any price, from fifty cents up to three dollars each. All-wool dresses, warm cloth jackets, felt hats with a fold of velvet, and a wing or a pompon, dark, warm hose, and neat-fitting, well-made boots are the principal things they will require for a school outfit, in addition to well-made combination underwear.

"Ada S."—Make your velvet suit with a walking skirt, upon which trim a box-plaited flounce, and to this add a redingote drawn back from the front; or you may use the "Rodolpha" as a model, and bead embroidery for trimming.

"Gypsy."—You must be patient and see if they will grow. It is very foolish to destroy what we cannot replace.

"M. H. S."—"Curfew shall not Ring To-night," was written by Rose Hartwick Thorpe, and the lines

"*Our love it was stronger by far than the love*
Of those who were older than we,"

are from a poem of Edgar Allan Poe, called "Annabel Lee," the succeeding lines of which are:

"*Of many far wiser than we;*
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

"Straws, Jr."—Miss Kate Field wrote at one time under the name of "Straws, Jr.," her father having contributed humorous poems to a New Orleans paper over the signature "Straws."

"Amita."—Have your invitations printed on cards grained to resemble wood, or made of a thin fibrous material, and there are such. You can have a stiff, mock ceremony, if you wish, the bridesmaids carrying feather dusters for bouquets, and the bride wearing a rolling-pin suspended from her side. Have a room ready for the display of wooden-wedding gifts and plenty of entertainment for the guests in the shape of supper; that is the principal point with the majority. For the East a wooden-wedding is conducted like any other evening party. The bride may wear wood-colored satin, white lace and natural roses.

"C. B. M."—The shade of your cashmere is black-blue, or "invisible" blue. Make it up as a walking-suit, and trim with band of feathers or plush. Turbans are worn, particularly turbans of small feathers laid one over another, and this would suit your dress, in very dark shades, or you might prefer a beaver or felt with fur edge, and feathers for trimming.

"BRUNETTE."—Braiding upon the material or the open embroidery, and braiding upon cloth which is cut away, leaving the pattern free, are the fashionable modes of trimming wool this season, if they are not accompanied by embroidery upon the material. Bend your beaver hat into shape, and do not cut it. You might make up your cashmere with a deep vest of terra-cotta, or amber brocade, or some Indian stuff in a mixture of silk and wool, and plait and drape the skirt with the material.

"MONTANA READER."—Flat, plain frames are more suitable and more fashionable than any others, and if of a pretty wood in the natural grain, so much the better. The modern methods really simplify furnishing very much. Floor-stain can be obtained ready prepared in walnut, red, dark green, and some other colors; the red that we have seen is too light and bright for our taste. But floor-coverings, wall-covering, and the like are much cheaper, and more artistic than formerly. They are only expensive when hand labor is added to the cost of material. Furniture is also much prettier than formerly, that is, better in form, and in the methods of ornamentation. Carving is done upon the wood, and is more true and simple than when machine-made ornaments were glued on. Some of the enameled sets are very good, and very cheap at their price, and there is less tendency to over-load than there has been. Draperies are less handsome, and more easily adjusted. Nothing can be simpler than the present method of hanging curtains by hooks and rings to slender rods, while the striped and tapestried coverings and curtains transform pine shelves into the most convenient of book-cases and cabinets. Rattan furniture is becoming fashionable for country houses, and also for certain kinds of city houses, as well as ladies' sitting-rooms. It is easily cushioned with pretty cretonne, and it does away with the stuffy upholstery which is all the worse for being durable, for it never gets changed.

"PEARLINE."—The lines:

> "If the man who turnips cries
> Cries not when his father dies,
> 'Tis a proof that he had rather
> Have a turnip than his father."

are from Boswell's Johnsoniana.

"MRS. M. T. G. B."—The lunch is usually fixed for one o'clock, unless the dinner hour is very late, and then it may be two o'clock; but one is more common, and the number invited should not exceed twelve.

"E. M."—The braided jackets are like any other street jackets, only braided instead of plain. A house basque may be braided also, if the wearer likes it so. It was a kind of ornamentation very commonly applied to garments both for the house and street forty years ago.

"HOPE."—Apply to the Training School itself, East Twenty-sixth Street, New York City.—We do not know.

"RURAL AUNTIE" expresses herself as greatly delighted with the "Admiral's Ward" and "Kith and Kin," and thanks us especially for the department of "Current Topics," which, while not expressing "her views" upon all subjects, "contains," she thinks, "a large amount of varied and suggestive information." She would like to hear again from the "Woman Farmer," M. F. H., and so would others of our readers, and of this, Mrs. Harrison is requested to make a note.—The "blue cashmere" dress has probably been made by this time, and half worn out; as your letter was accidentally mislaid. It cannot have suffered, however, as your own ideas in regard to it were excellent.

"IGNORANCE."—We should recommend No. 9 as being more refined and less pretentious in appearance. The extra cost for a pretty pendant would be $3 to $3.50.

"EILEEN."—If not too late, we should advise you make an independent basque of wine-color, ruby red, or terra-cotta, to wear with your black silk skirt. Trim with ruche and jabot of lace round the neck and at the throat. Buttons are all the trimming required.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—Bolster cases are cut half a yard longer than the bolster, with additional for the deep hem, which is ornamented with drawn stitches, forming a pretty open-work. The "soiling" you complain of is precisely what should not be found upon pillow-covers. If people make their pillow-covers dirty, shams are a necessity; but they only cover the soiled linen, they do not remove it; it is slept on, though not seen. Shams, however, are not wholly displaced; there is only a tendency among really refined women to get rid of them, since they have become so common, and are made the excuse for much real untidiness. The size of the pillows is very nearly square, the length having the advantage of an inch or so.

"VITA."—The author of "Oh Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" was William Knox. It was the favorite hymn of President Lincoln, and was published in beautifully illustrated form some years ago by Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass. Perhaps some one of our readers can inform you as to the authorship of the "Old Canoe."

Wit and Wisdom in Decorative Fancies.

IF it could once be plainly estimated in figures, so that all who run might read, the number of people engaged in decorative work without making an ostensible business of it, and yet receiving from it a comfortable support, it would occasion great surprise. The places devoted to the sale of such work are constantly increasing, while the most prominent are still those institutions organized for the purpose, and under the charge of a number of ladies of wealth and position. The good these places do, and the help they have proven to timid women unaccustomed to coping with the world in the great, and often unexpected, struggle for a livelihood, can never be known.

There is in this much that is pathetic and much that is interesting. It is curious to observe how those who want and those who can supply the wants are thus unconsciously brought together. And a glance at the heterogeneous collections in such places gives a very forcible idea of feminine ingenuity. In this work it is certain that some women succeed very much better than others. This is not because they are better workwomen, nor because they are more ingenious, but from a really higher quality of mind which they know how to put into the minor affairs of life. There is something timely in their work, it hits the moment, and supplies an anticipated need, or catches the passing fancy. The fancy of the moment in a great city filled with rich and idle people, spending money freely to gratify any present desire is in fact of great consideration to this class of bread-winners. It is indeed the person who possesses the tact to meet this that is the successful workwoman. To do this requires intelligence and a daily knowledge of passing events. But this may be better illustrated by noticing the reflection in decorative work of such a far-away event as the war in Egypt. Among the novelties of the season is a sort of catch-all made out of three swords or metal sticks of similar aspect, caught together just as bamboo sticks are for the little five o'clock tea tables. Resting on the upper part, in one case, is a red Arab fez, large, of course, and open to receive in it whatever may be dropped. In another is a wire face shield, a very pretty ornament. A third has for its legs long wooden pipes, the bowls resting on the floor, while the top is a similar fez. These are, of course, a little more than woman's work, although nothing more than an ingenious and energetic woman might do or has done, inasmuch as it is the idea that counts. This, however, illustrates what is meant by timely. The sale for such articles after the novelty has worn off, stops, but by that time the harvest is reaped, and this has been so swift that no person has had time to copy or otherwise benefit by other people's brains.

The Egyptian war is over, but this busy world does not long leave the gap unstopped. Every morning paper is filled with suggestions for work of this sort to the woman who knows how to read it aright. The secret of the sales of such work lies partly, strange to say, in the decline of conversational powers. There are numbers of rich and fashionable women who will have a lunch party of their own sex on the strength of some such purchase, particularly if each is the first of her kind to possess it. It is not necessary to enter into the little feminine rivalries born of such trifles, as it is only their commercial aspect which interests us. On the other hand, when a hospitality is to be exercised, the hostess, who wants to stimulate conversation, not unfrequently makes a point of hunting for some matters of this sort to surprise and amuse her guests. This is only an older method differently applied. Was it not Mrs. Leo Hunter who instituted the black-board with its startling pregnant sentence in white chalk to set her guests talking, and carried it to such successful end? If it was not she, it was at least one of her kind.

Many of the most successful sales at the Woman's Exchange and such places, have arisen in this way. As it happens, the most of the articles sold are of the simplest and most inexpensive materials. For example, the painted candles, the palm-leaf fans, the baskets made of Japanese hats ornamented with ribbons, and the straw catch-alls for the wall, trimmed with ribbon, straw and flowers. Only recently some one happened to make some work-bags out of different silk handkerchiefs, gathered up and trimmed with cheap lace, and every woman has found them to be the need of the moment. The profit on such articles is really greater than on more expensive and even more artistic work.

The seasons suggest in turn a hundred novelties to the active mind. The New Year, for example, demands almanacs, and already they are to hand. These are simply twelve sheets a foot long and six inches wide, of Whatman water-color paper. In one corner is a space devoted to each month's calendar; above and at the sides are groups of the flowers which the month suggests, and a suitable legend against a bit of sky. The fancy in these is delightful, and imagine the pleasant search after the appropriate line from the poets. These are simply hung together from the top with a silk cord and tassel, and the year's record is made. Now to further illustrate what is meant by the profit made on such articles, the price of these almanacs is fifteen dollars. It seems a great deal, but nothing is surer than that they will be bought, because everything is bought in a great city that meets the passing caprice.

The season of hospitality is already anticipated by dinner cards, which stretch the elastic term to its utmost. Tiny satin muffs, little straw baskets with silken pouches, miniature linen parasols lightly painted; silken crackers, round and square, imitating even the variable heat of the oven.

The seasons' extremes bring out a new disposition of the thermometer as regularly as the inclement periods come themselves. What could be prettier than such a setting as this for the ivory and crystal—a satin-covered frame of dark green, the thermometer hung among yellow roses and their foliage, and below this verse :

Lo, a silver pulse in a crystal vein,
And it silently ebbs and flows,
To mark the strength of the north wind's will
And times the breath of the rose.

Others are luxuriously set on painted plush, and again on wooden panels with Kate Greenaway figures painted in flat color.

It is pleasant to see how a woman's fingers can transform homely materials into luxurious stuffs. Nothing could be more uncompromisingly ugly than bed-ticking, but with bits of gold braid, black velvet, and a few fancy silk threads, some ingenious woman with gorgeous fancy supplies the trade with hand-bags in which the original coat is entirely lost sight of. Blue jean, or denim, as it is known, is not a beautiful or costly material, yet a woman who saw the possibilities of its blue in an artistic sense, makes it into curtains, paints on it apple blossoms, dogwood and other flowers which are recognized as specially decorative and has them ready for the time when they will be needed for country houses. They are merely hints, but they indicate the lines which women who are attempting to earn money without directly entering the world of business, may well consider. In all this promptness and nimble wit play a large part, nor must be left out of consideration general intelligence and the value of passing events in suggesting motives for work.

M. G. H.

New Art Effects in Portieres.

The rooms of the Decorative Art Society have recently received a valuable accession of works in embroidery, which, on being arranged for public view, have met with general commendation. The collection is made up of work accomplished by the Society, after designs by Mr. William Norris, Mr. Samuel Colman, and other artists, united with contributions of persons working individually. A specially admired specimen is a Colman portiere with a hazel-nut design embroidered in crewels and gold, on old-gold colored pattern combined with plush of harmonizing hue. All the tints which enter into the composition of this fine work were carefully selected by the artist, and with the result of an almost perfect symphony in golden brown and embrowned gold. The dim outline of a vase form appears in the middle of the dado border, the surface close up to it on either side being covered with clustering foliage. This is divided by a band of plush from the central design, which is a continuation of that below, as with the stems of the foliage covered for a little space by the applied band and reappearing above, and which derives a distinguished effect from parts being wrought in old Roman laid work, couched down with gold. A border above is in plush appliqué, and the upper division has the effect of a frieze. A beautiful portiere, designed and contributed by Miss Caroline Townsend, is embroidered on silk tapestry cloth. This consists of three pieces of different shades, graduated with the lightest forming the upper part, and joined invisibly beneath rows of darned work. The general tone is like mingled old gold, pale terra-cotta and chocolate, the hues being indescribable, such as Ruskin declares every scheme of color must contain in order to be beautiful. The piece is for a single door, or else to hang next a wall like tapestry decoration. It is bordered at bottom and sides by plush of a flushed olive shade ; the design commencing at the second division of the cloth and reaching nearly to the top, while the lower portion is plain. A crown of white and golden lilies adorns the central part, of which a part are brought forward boldly in long stem-stitch, while others are thrown into the background in a faint uncertain darning-stitch, revealing a few outlines.

The Morris designs include that of a table scarf with embroidery of the peony conventionalized, the work being in a twisted chain-stitch. Very pretty are the white linen tea cloths, designed by this artist, with golden green shaded embroidery, and which are finished with drawn work and a full torchon lace border. Surpassing all shown here in ethereal fancy is a panel from the West, designed to represent Spring. It contains the most airy arrangement of small dogwood blossoms and violets, embroidered on the beautiful silk gauze which is used for bolting flour in the mills, and is flashed diagonally with golden threads in the lower right hand portion. The piece is attached to a frame covered with white silk or linen, and between which and the transparent panel is a space of an inch in depth except at the molding where they are united.

Our New Illustrations.

We are preparing a series of illustrations from celebrated etchings by distinguished artists, which cannot fail to give pleasure to our readers. It is well known that for a long time this admirable art fell, if not into disrepute, at all events into disuse, notwithstanding the example of Rembrandt himself, the greatest etcher the world has ever known. A sudden revival of this art took place, and London, Paris, New York, and other cities established etching clubs.

There is no doubt that the visit of Francis Seymour Haden to this country will greatly tend to develop the growing taste for etching. This artist is the greatest etcher of modern times, and it has been said that in his style he approaches nearer Rembrandt than any other etcher. There will be an exhibition of his etchings, amounting to one hundred and seven in number, which will give an idea of what "the point" can do in the hands of a born etcher, for it has been said that the etcher, like the poet, must be born.

Etching is a difficult art, and while many attempt it, few really entirely master the difficulties of what has been termed the greatest of the linear arts. An etched line is produced with a point, generally of steel, on a varnished plate of copper, brass, zinc, or steel, the point removing the varnish where it passes, the line being afterward bitten in with aqua-fortis. Hammerton, an authority, says that the strong points of etching, in comparison with other arts, are its great freedom, precision, and power, and that the higher our cultivation in art, the more etching will be appreciated.

Our illustrations will be a correct and careful rendering of the originals, reproducing them in all their spirit, beauty, and attractiveness. They cannot fail to prove a valuable and important addition to our art department, and one that will please our readers generally.

Swindlers.

The season is approaching when you should be on the lookout for all kinds of traveling swindlers, prominent among whom are the *bogus* book peddler and subscription agent. The latter is, probably, the meanest of the tribe, his victims being generally needy persons who desire to enrich their homes with a magazine or family paper. This impostor avers that Shark & Grabem are the authorized agents for a particular territory, and have contracted with the publisher for ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand copies each month, and are thus enabled to take subscriptions at half price, and give one or more chromos, of large dimensions, in addition. He is generally supplied with current copies of the leading publications, which he has purchased from some newsdealer, and will leave one number on payment of the reduced price, or one half, the other half to be paid on delivery of the second number ; and that is the last seen of the self-styled "subscription agent," the magazine, or the money.

Subscription swindling was common in years past, but direct communication with the publishers, through the facilities offered by the modern postal system is so easy that these swindlers meet with but little success, unless some special inducement can be offered to the expected victim, who parts with a dollar, often more, sometimes less, because the opportunity is at his door of obtaining, as he thinks, a two or four dollar magazine for half the publisher's price. This inducement and the oily, lying tongue of the applicant, blinds them to the fact that if the publisher could afford to sell his magazine for less money, he would immediately put it on his publication that all the world should know it, and not send out a special fraud to undersell him in his own market.

Good Words.

A correspondent from Texas writes : "Your Magazine has come to be one of the actual necessities with me, always counted in in the enumeration of such things that *must* be had to allow of comfortable existence. Consequently, I am your warm friend and supporter."

An Elegant Coiffure.

While every lady prefers her own hair to any that she can buy, at the same time there are many who are compelled to resort to art to furnish that which Nature has niggardly bestowed, or of which Time has bereft them. Ladies thus situated, will find in Mrs. C. Thompson's Celebrated Waves a thoroughly desirable article. This lady has succeeded in perfecting a very natural and beautiful coiffure, the waving lines of which are exceedingly becoming to most faces. These "waves" have acquired a well-earned popularity, and ladies desiring something of the kind will do well to give Mrs. C. Thompson's Celebrated Waves a trial, the effect of which will not disappoint them.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

"**The Duties of Women.**"—It is most gratifying to find that it is the *Seventh* American edition of this valuable work which the publisher, Mr. George H. Ellis, of Boston, has recently placed before the public. It consists, as our readers are probably aware, of a course of lectures delivered to a class of ladies originally, by Frances Power Cobbe, and the series includes so complete and comprehensive a resumé of a woman's life and duty, from the most elevating point of view, that it deserves to occupy an almost sacred place in every woman's heart, and to be made the inspiration of her daily life, her standard of excellence. The lectures are six in number, and include the duties of women to themselves, as wives, mothers, and daughters, as members of society, as citizens, as friends, and as mistresses of households. The book is one which every woman ought not only to read, but study and remember. Its wisdom is neither judicial, nor faultfinding; it is written by a woman, who knows what she is talking about, and whom she is talking to; and truth and justice, as well as sympathy, breathe in every word.

It is so rarely that women have been talked to about their duties from any but some man's very vague, yet dominative stand-point, that this bright, able, convincing, scholarly, and charming book comes like a new gospel, a sort of revelation of themselves, of their capacities, as well as the demands which these make upon them. Clubs and Societies of women should order them by the hundreds, and see that every member possesses one; that every one has a copy to lend. Mr. Ellis has issued a cheap edition to meet the want of a wide circulation among those who cannot afford to buy books, or can only pay a small sum; but to put this work into paper covers seems like sacrilege; the neat style in which it is issued, and the low price of one dollar which it costs, seems little honor enough for the noble work it contains. It is no rehash of old time platitudes: its eloquent sentences ring out like clarion notes; it addresses women as women, from the modern stand-point of their individuality and responsibility, and it does literally put a new song into their mouths; while it shows what the age has a right to expect of them, what it must receive from them, if expectations are to be fulfilled, and if women are really to take their place as "Human Beings o fthe Mother Sex." No intelligent woman can read this book without thanking Miss Cobbe most devoutly for the grand platform she has erected, and upon which she invites her sex to stand. The whole tone and spirit of the book is so free, yet so reverent, so lofty, yet so simple; so free from dogmatic assertion, yet so commanding, in the inherent strength of a true and noble purpose. We commend it to our readers as the best book for women of the century, as the sum of all that is most valuable upon which to base the regulation of life and conduct. It is the gift of all others of woman friend to woman friend.

"**That Glorious Song of Old.**"—Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have done a favor to all lovers of the beautiful in sacred song, by bringing out in exquisite illustrated form that charming and celebrated hymn of Edmund Hamilton Sears, which has been known and loved under the above title. It is uniform with their series of remarkable hymns and songs, which have won such wide popularity; but the pictures for this special volume have been drawn by Alfred Fredericks, and are characterized by a union of strength, with delicacy of imagination, with technical accuracy, that inspires the words with new meaning to the ordinary reader, as the words themselves may have inspired the mind and hand of the artist. It is altogether a lovely form in which to preserve the beautiful thoughts which found such rapt expression in this

* * "*Glorious song of old*
That came upon the midnight clear:
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold,"

and it embodies the hopes of all good men, and women, who grieve for the continued strifes, but look forward to the coming age—

"*When peace shall over all the earth its fullest splendors fling,*
And the whole world give back the notes which now the angels sing."

"**Ring Out, Wild Bells.**"—The stirring tones of Tennyson's Christmas hymn can never be unwelcome to English speaking ears, and the beautiful dress it has received at the hands of Messrs. Lee & Shepard, and the imaginative illustrations supplied by Miss L. B. Humphrey, render it a most fitting souvenir and tribute to the holiday season. The cover is elegantly and appropriately decorated, and the style is uniform with their enlarged series of illustrated hymns, to which they have added also this season, "That Glorious Song of Old," and "Curfew Must not Ring Tonight," thus affording an opportunity for the gratification of all tastes. The care bestowed on the illustrations, which are always original, and the beauty of the typography and general get-up, render these fine holiday issues very desirable at the low price at which they are uniformly sold, $1.50 per volume.

"**Sunshine Calendar.**"—Miss Kate Sanborn's Sunshine Calendar is the best thing of the kind that has ever been issued. It brings Hope, Consolation, Contentment, Good-cheer, and that rarest of qualities, Commonsense. The quoted authors for every day in the year take in a wide range, and the selections are marked by the bright intelligence and the appreciation of a good thing, which are among Miss Sanborn's marked characteristics. Every one should get a Sunshine Calendar, and send one as a Christmas card to some friend. James R. Osgood & Co. are the publishers, Boston, Mass.

"**Our Little Ones.**"—The bound copy of this entertaining little periodical makes a splendid volume for the little ones of the family. Issued by the publishing house of Lee & Shepard. Edited by "Oliver Optic," that favorite author of all the boys, and many of the girls, and filled with pictures of interesting scenes and objects, it is in a collective form, a perfect mine from which to draw for every rainy day in the year. No other book quite fills the place for a little girl who has once enjoyed "Our Little Folks," as we have found by experience; and so we can recommend it most heartily as an excellent holiday gift book.

"**The Old Masters of Belgium and Holland.**"—The art-loving reader, who has perhaps paid a flying visit to the Louvre in Paris, to the Museum at Brussels, and to the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Antwerp, which is glorified by the presence of Rubens' masterpieces, and who has only caught glimpses of the clearness, precision, and skillful technique of the Dutch painters, and wished most of all for time and the presence of an intelligent and critical companion to throw light upon different methods, and reveal with a word the purpose of master minds, will find what he seeks, as nearly as it is possible, in one of the most delightfully written books that have ever been published upon the art of the old masters. The style is easy and free from affectation, it is the familiar talk of a cultivated man, fresh from a close and critical survey of certain famous art centers, and who gives the results of his thoughtful survey of the whole subject, of the lives and times, the social and domestic influences which swayed or grew out of the potent forces that found embodiment in those strong individualities that have come down to us unshorn of their elements of power, mighty as a race of giants, and as yet unrivaled in grandeur, partly because unapproached in the conscience and devotion which they put into their work.

The author of the "Old Masters of Belgium and Holland," Eugene Fromentin, takes us to the Museums but he does not catalogue them; he treats us as we would be treated by an intelligent friend, who should show us that which was most worthy to be seen and remembered, and make us know it in such a way that we can carry away clear conceptions and memories to be agreeably recalled, instead of a hurried and confused mass of facts, and images that neutralize each other. The volume is beautifully illustrated and printed in large clear type. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, publishers. It is most worthy of being a Christmas gift, and is a boon, because its moderate price of three dollars brings it within the means of modest persons, who yet would not be discredited by its presentation to friends whose libraries are made up at much greater cost. The engraved copies of the celebrated "Descent from the Cross," "Elevation of the Cross," "Ascent of Calvary," the "Adoration of the Magi," and others of Rubens, and also of some famous works of Paul Potter and Rembrandt, are carefully and accurately done, and enable one to recall vividly the impression made by the great originals. It is not a book so much for the student, though the student may be helped by the honesty and insight; but for the popular reader and sight-seer, who will find as we have said, all the delight of brilliant and truly critical, yet appreciative companionship in this visit to the renowned Museums of Belgium and Holland.

"**Home Life in the Bible.**"—Those who love the teachings of the Bible, who regret that it is less read and thought of now than formerly, and who would gladly bring it closer to the hearts and homes of the people, will find a powerful adjunct in a large handsome volume recently published by J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, and illustrated by two hundred and twenty pictures of places, forms of architecture, of parts of dwellings, of interiors of famous and sacred places, of persons, of domestic habits, of manners, of social customs, and other details: all of which have the charm of the most sacred romance, while they preserve and present to us the interesting minutiæ of that ancient life with a vivid sense of reality, and the strictest regard to truth and the spirit of the age in which they existed. The frontispiece is a page picture, illustrating with religious feeling and fidelity the Scriptural line, "He standeth at the door and knocketh." The invitation "Come in" is on the next page, with ornamental scroll-work above and below, enclosing the following lines:

"Come in, O gracious form! I say—
O Workman, share my house of clay!
Then I, at bench, or desk, or oar,
With last, or needle, net, or pen,
As thou in Nazareth of yore,
Shall do the Father's will again."

As a prelude—there is no preface, nor is one needed—is Robert Herrick's well known Thanksgiving for his home, which, however, cannot be too often repeated, and is so characterized by a single-minded and sim-

ple devotional spirit, that is not out of place in closest contact with Bible personages and Bible homes.

"Lord! thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof,
Under the span of which I lie
Both soft and dry,
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate:
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words or meat."—

We would gladly transcribe the whole, as we would gladly also show to each one of our readers the interior of this beautiful volume, that they might see the clear basis it affords for home lessons and Sunday evening Bible talks, with mother and father to read and elucidate and point out the valuable information it conveys—geographical, topographical, and others, which we have not time or space to indicate. To many old people who are familiar with the Bible, it would be a mine of wealth, bringing the distant place home to them, and acting as a sort of mental telegraph in bridging the time and space that lie between them and their Bible home. The book, with its full contents, its liberal illustrations, and beautiful typography, is placed at the low price of three dollars and a half, and is sold in New York by Chas. Scribner's Sons, who are also the agents for the "Old Masters of Belgium and Holland."

The Magazine of Art for December fulfills the promise of the year, and is beautiful at the close as at the beginning. An illustrated article on the development of Japanese from Corean Art, is one of the features, and the reproduction of engraved copies of fine paintings, more than pays the cost.

"**Picturesque Journeys in America**"—Is the title of a pretty quarto in the holiday list of R. Worthington. It is, however, as instructive as pretty, and will be preserved to instruct and entertain long after the holidays are over. The most beautiful and picturesque scenery in this country, from the shores of Maine to the wonderful mountains and valleys of California, are pictured in the fine engravings, and it is all described in the text in a manner most likely to hold the attention of young readers.

"**All Adrift.**"—This is the first volume of a series to be called the "Boat-Builder's" series, and this all the boys and girls should look out for who have a love for boats and water. The series is to be written, as this first volume is, by "Oliver Optic"—Mr. William T. Adams—and it will include in successive volumes the whole art of boat-building, boat-rigging, boat-managing, and probably how to make the ownership of a boat pay. A great deal of useful information will be given in this Boat-Building series, and in each book a very interesting story is sure to be interwoven with the information. Every reader will be interested at once in "Dory," the hero of "All Adrift," and it is to be presumed one of the characters to be retained in the future volumes of the series; at least there are already several of his recently made friends who do not want to lose sight of him, and this will be the case of pretty much every boy who makes his acquaintance in "All Adrift."

"**That Wonderful City of Tokio.**"—The children who had the pleasure of becoming acquainted last year with "Young Americans in Japan" have another treat in store for them in "That Wonderful City of Tokio," by the same author; in fact the present volume possesses a fascination superior perhaps, to that of the preceding one, for instead of describing the sights of Japan, it takes us right into the heart of their every-day life, and makes us as much at home in their houses, in their shops, in their restaurants, upon their excursions, as if we had really lived among them. It is so difficult to feel really at home among a people so extraordinary, that even in reading this book one seems to be moving about amid the animated contents of a tea-box, or a Japanese store on Broadway. Seeing these odd people, and their odd ways in pictures, and in their wares, which have of late been so largely imported into this country, is a very different thing from seeing them in flesh, and it is hard to realize that they are as singular as they look; but Mr. Grey brings them palpably before us; and makes the inner and outer life as real as that which we live. No more acceptable present could be imagined for a boy who loves travel and pictures than this beautiful "Wonderful City of Tokio," which has a hundred and sixty-nine illustrations, many of them by native artists, and an artistic cover designed by the author. The price, $1.75, is marvelously small for the size of the book and the contents. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, are the publishers, and C. J. Dillingham the agent for New York.

"**Heroes of History.**"—The boys of America, and it might be said the parents of America, quite as truly owe a debt to the Boston publishers, Lee & Shepard, which either would find, difficult to repay, for the insight and judgment they have displayed for years in catering to the love of adventure and enterprise in every boy's mind, and associating it with a noble purpose, or with useful experiences. This famous series, the "Heroes of History" by G. M. Towle, is a whole library of splendid romance, and marvelous exploits, not imagined, but belonging to the lives of men whom all know by reputation, and whose achievements are part of the world's history. The latest of the series is "Drake, the Sea-lion of Devon," and his adventurous career will send a thrill through the heart of many a bold boy reader, who would fain emulate the achievements of this greatest sea captain of his age. It is finely illustrated, and concludes the series of six, which form a box set, and include "Pizarro," "Vasco de Gama," "Raleigh," "Marco Polo," and "Magellan."

"**New Studies for Art Beginners.**"—S. W. Tilton & Co., of Boston, have added to their series of outline works a very attractive book of flower designs, with full directions for coloring by hand, and also for mixing and using the colors. The designs consist of eighteen full-page outline pictures, including pussy-willow, pink, clover, apple blossom, wild rose, narcissus, columbine, and other favorite flowers. The cover has a design also, in which a little marine view is included, affording a young artist an excellent opportunity for trying his hand at a water-color. Another of the series consists of outlines for illustrating Jean Ingelow's charming poem, "Seven Times One are Seven." S. W. Tilton & Co. send a decorative color-box for fifty cents, that contains everything necessary for making up these outline pictures; and the series, or any one of the books with the color-box would form a welcome gift to any little amateurs. They are also included in our list of premiums.

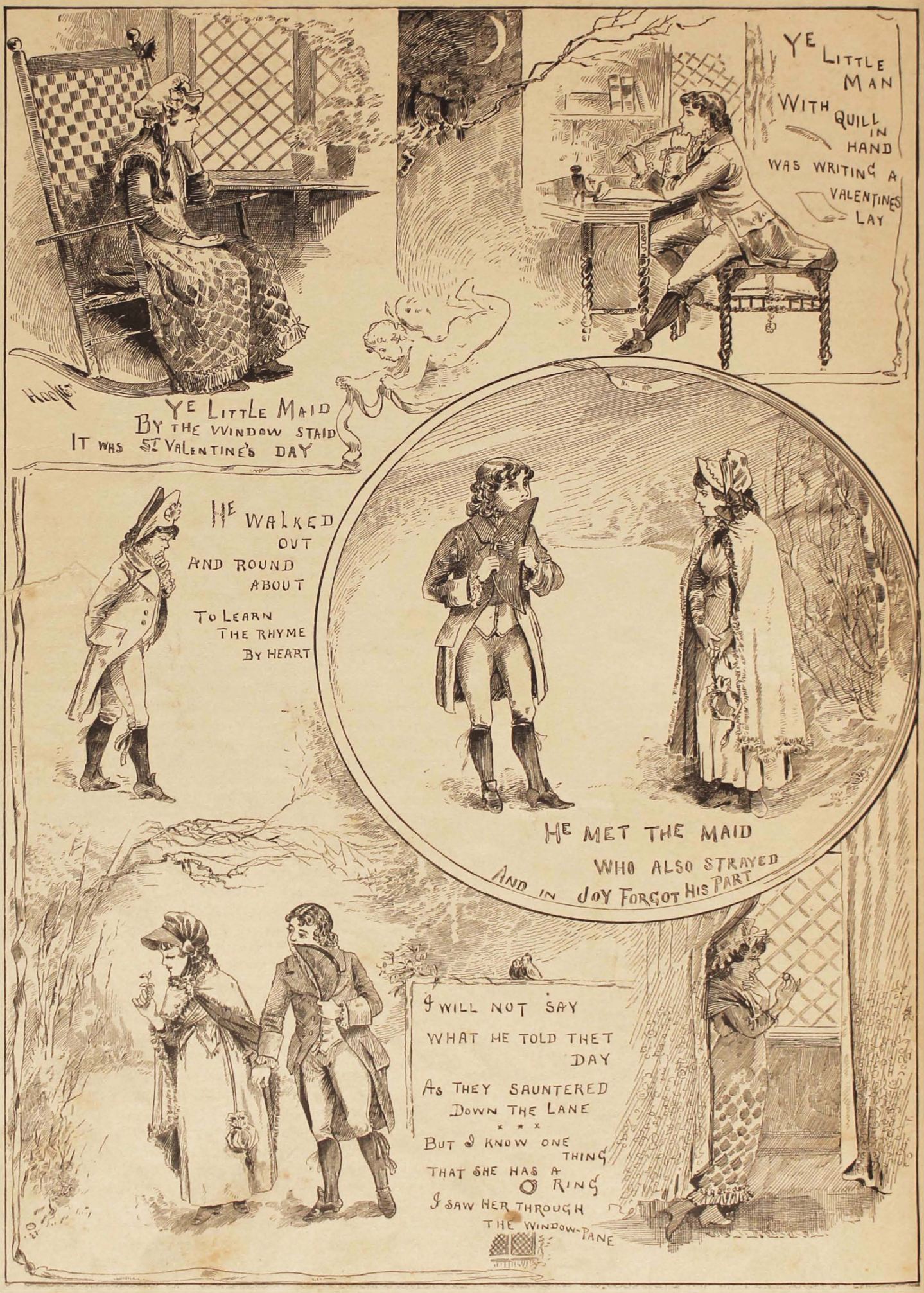
"**Snow and Sunshine**"—is a story for boys and girls, by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, author of "The History of the City of New York," and "The Homes of America." It is interesting to see how naturally and easily the grave historian puts herself in sympathy with the sayings and doings of the bright children whose chronicler she is. The work is the outcome of summer rest, and is so full of jest and fancy as to furnish all the evidence needed of the author's ability to change at will from grave to gay, and severe to light and lively. White & Stokes are the publishers, and they have done their part in putting the book in a very pretty and appropriate dress.

"**Swabian Stories.**"—In this volume are fourteen legendary stories, simply told in rhyme, by Mr. Theodore Tilton. It has been said that they might as well have been written in prose; but this criticism fails to understand the chief charm of the style which the author has assumed, that of perfect simplicity and natural language unadorned by flowers of rhetoric or fancy. The style belongs to the stories, and to the people of whom the stories are told, and to the student of primitive folk-lore possesses a wonderful charm. In this work will be found the story of the Maids and Wives of Weinsberg, which has been credited to so many old towns and devoted wives and maidens, that it has been difficult to fix its locality. The story is told also of "The Silver Bell of Stuttgart," and "The Ragged Bard of Rambin." There are other quaint curious legends that will amply repay the trouble of finding. R. Worthington is the publisher.

"**Year Book of Flowers.**"—This is another effort in the direction of illustrated authorship originally suggested by the author of "Heart's-ease" and other flowers of pen and pencil. In this case, however, the flowers represent the months, and their language is put into the verse which accompanies the page illustrations. The author and artist is Miss Florence Bailey of Baltimore, and the publishers, Porter & Coates of Philadelphia, have put the flower groups into a beautiful lithograph dress, with a cover that worthily incloses so much taste and delicate perception.

"**Live-Oak Boys**" is the story of a boy who, when he was young, was always getting into trouble, and was generally considered the "worst" boy in town. If there are any such boys in our circle of readers, it may be as well to tell them that they will get lots of comfort from reading this work; for Richard Constable outlives his pranks, and becomes a prosperous and exemplary person, when he once finds his vocation. "Live-Oak Boys" is one of the very best books for boys, or about boys, which its author, Rev. Elijah Kellogg, has written, and the boys will like it. Lee & Shepard are the publishers.

"**Traits of Representative Men,**"—by George W. Bungay. This is not a book of dry, brief biographies, compiled in the usual manner, containing only dates and facts, but it is by one of the best sketch writers living, and is written in his usual clear, racy and attractive style. The author's Traits are supplemented by fine life-like engraved Portraits. The following subjects are sketched: James Russell Lowell, Theodore Thomas, Wendell Phillips, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Dr. John Hall, Henry W. Longfellow, Thurlow Weed, William M. Evarts, Cyrus W. Field, Thaddeus Stevens, Thomas C. Acton, Edwin Booth, Elihu Burritt, R. H. Stoddard, Eastman Johnson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles J. Folger, Frederick Douglas, Henry Bergh, Samuel R. Wells, Rev. Dr. Elbert S. Porter, Charles Force Deems, Rufus Choate, Sir John A. Macdonald, Rev. David Swing, Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, Rev. Dr. Edward Eggleston, Rev. Morgan Dix, S. T. D., F. E. Spinner, Jacob M. Howard, Rev. John A. M. Chapman, Rev. Robert Collyer, Rt. Rev. John Travers Lewis, General U. S. Grant, Paul H. Hayne. Fowler & Wells are the publishers.


Ye Little Man
With Quill in Hand
Was writing a
Valentines
Lay
Ye Little Maid
By the Window Staid
It was St Valentine's Day
He walked
out
And round
about
To Learn
The Rhyme
By heart
He met the Maid
Who also strayed
And in Joy Forgot his part
I will not say
What he told thet
day
As they sauntered
Down the Lane
× × ×
But I know one
thing
That she has a
Ring
I saw her through
the Window-Pane