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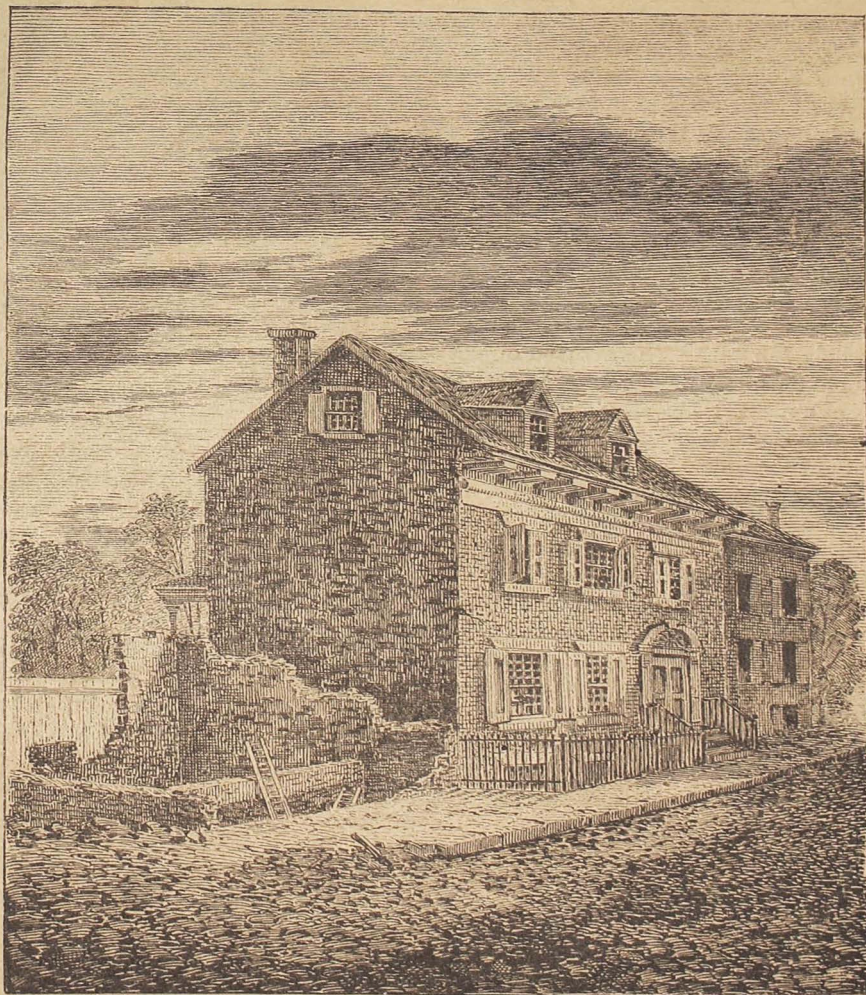
❖ HOME + SWEET + HOME, ❖

AND ITS AUTHOR.

THE world has not produced in modern times so great a man about whom so little is generally known as the author of "Home, Sweet Home," John Howard Payne. Even the meager accounts of him in the cyclopædias are incorrect; and the old adage that "tombstones lie" is verified in the chiseled marble placed by our Government above his remains at Tunis, which records the date of his death as the first of April, and his birthplace as Boston. Seven cities claimed the honor of having given birth to the greatest of Greek poets. Two cities have already appropriated the same honor in regard to the greatest of American dramatists. Homer, blind and poor, left no friend to cherish his memory or point out to the inquiring traveler his grave. For nearly four centuries after his death, he was unappreciated and comparatively unknown. But for Pisistratus the Athenian, who collected and preserved his scattered productions, those poems which have been the wonder and admiration of cultured men and women for ages, would have been lost to the world. No one would, for a moment, compare the genius of any modern poet to that of Homer; and yet, not only in our own country, but wherever the English tongue is spoken throughout the civilized world, thousands who never read or even heard of the Iliad and Odyssey have thrilled with delight at the sound of "Home, Sweet Home."

For much that is known of its author today, the world is indebted to the eminent teacher, author and artist, Gabriel Harrison. With untiring energy he has ransacked this country and Europe, giving the best years of his life to rescue from oblivion the name of his friend and countryman, John Howard Payne. His investigations have been so thorough and conscientious, his statements

so corroborated by undeniable evidence, that the world will ever consider him as the only authentic biographer of our greatest American dramatist. Only genius can fully ap-



THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, 33 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

preciate genius in its early development. But if the American people have been slow to recognize the later merits of Payne, it is either for want of access to his writings or for the reason that they have known nothing about him. No doubt many a poet and philosopher has gone to the grave unhonored and unknown for want of some great soul to find him out. Modest men and women of genius, like unknown countries, need a discoverer.

John Howard Payne was born in New York City, old number 33 Pearl street, near Broad street, on the 9th of June, 1791. The discrepancies in regard to the date and birthplace which were cut upon his tombstone, and which have found their way into the newspapers, will be fully explained by his biographer.

At a very early age, Payne evinced such a strong taste for the drama that his Christian friends determined to extinguish it. They deprived him of everything pertaining to the drama. Shakespeare suddenly disappeared from his room, and from their book-shelves. Even a picture of Kemble as Hamlet—that adorned his little apartment, mysteriously fell to the floor and was destroyed. The uninterrupted vigilance with which they kept watch over his actions, only served to intensify his boyish taste for the drama, while it rendered him the more hopeless of its gratification.

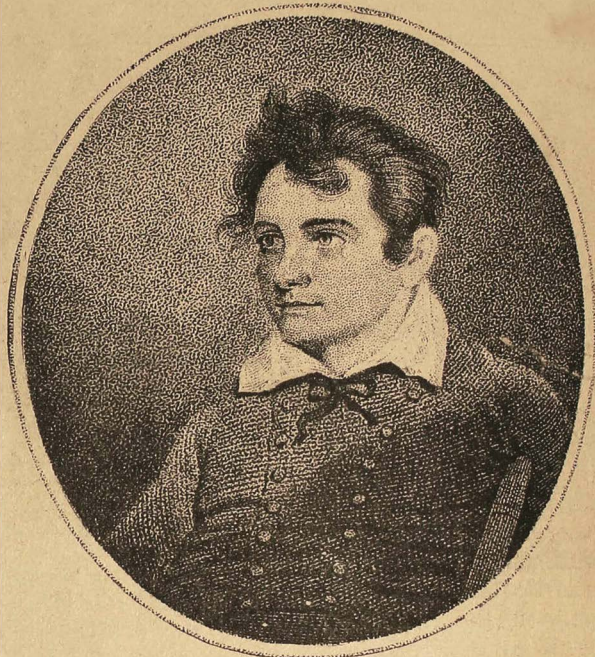
In this persecution of genius, which is the cruelest of all persecutions, the victim is not the only sufferer. The gloom of a hunted spirit must ever return upon its pursuer, the chase proving always a failure; for it is next to impossible to extinguish genius. Circumstances may bury it for a season, but, kept alive by its own internal fires, it will sooner or later break forth from some unexpected crevice and demand recognition. Not permitted to act, and forbidden to enter the theater, Payne became the actors' critic. He was placed by his parents in a mercantile house in the city. The only time he could call his own was before eight o'clock in the morning, and after eight in the evening; and yet he not only wrote, but, unassisted and alone, conceived a plan by which his writings might be published. The pecuniary supplies resulting from his position as clerk enabled him to carry out this project. Notwithstanding the limited time at his command, in three days from the moment he first entertained the plan he saw its completion, by himself becoming the editor of a little paper in New York City, entitled "The Thespian Mirror." The avowed object of this paper was to promote the interests of the American drama. In this little journal appeared his first dramatic criticisms. When told from whose pen these masterly productions came, men wondered and became incredulous. Payne espoused the cause of the stage, as the epitome of men and manners and the teacher of virtue and morality. In the first number of his paper, which was published December 28th, 1805, he says: "It cannot be denied that the stage is calculated for purposes at once the most laudable and useful. From its glowing and impressive representations the Tyrant is induced to relax his wonted severity; the hand of Avarice is opened to the generous influences of Benevolence; the wantonness of the profligate is succeeded by philosophic thoughtfulness; the asperity of misanthropy is softened into charity and cheerfulness; the conscience of the criminal is struck to repentance, and those absurdities and follies which pervade the

'Living manners as they rise,'

and are not immediately cognizable by the criminal or canon laws, are made to shrink and retire before the lash of dramatic satire." Thus he pictured the ideal stage; and it became the elysium of his poetic fancy.

The nature of his situation as critic rendered personal enemies unavoidable. But with a heart gentle as a child's,

and capable of intense feeling, he also won many friends. Among these was a gentleman of means, whose offer to assist him in obtaining an education was not to be resisted by the youthful aspirant to fame; and therefore, with the fourteenth number of "The Thespian Mirror," which was issued May 31st, 1806, Master Payne relinquished his editorial duties, and soon afterward entered college with the expectation of studying law. He was, however, interrupted in his collegiate course by his father's illness, and returned to New York; where, in order to render financial aid, he was allowed to make his debut as the young American Roscius, upon the stage of the old Park Theater, in the character of Young Norval. In the year 1813, finding himself still wedded to the drama, he went to Europe, where he soon appeared at Drury Lane Theater, in the tragedy of "Douglas," in which he met with unbounded success. "Master Payne from New



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

York," as he was called, carried off the laurels, much to the chagrin of older and more prominent actors. When about twenty-eight years of age, he began in earnest his dramatic writings. There have been many absurd stories in regard to the circumstances under which "Home, Sweet Home" was written. Some have said that the author was "eking out a miserable existence in London at the time, without a shilling in his pocket;" others have stated that "on one dark, stormy night, beneath the dim flickering of a London street lamp, gaunt and hungry, without a place in which to shelter his poor, shivering body, he wrote his inspired song upon a piece of ragged paper, picked from the sidewalk." A pitiful picture truly, but false. Although poor, and at times entirely deficient in resources, his poverty was that of a gentleman, and never savored of pauperism. The song of "Home, Sweet Home" was first given to the world in his opera of "Clari, the Maid of Milan," which was produced at the Covent Garden Theater, under the management of Mr. Charles Kemble. The whole opera is a beautiful tribute to Home.

While in Paris, composing this opera, Mr. Payne was in comfortable circumstances. In regard to the song, we cannot do better than to give Mr. Payne's own words concerning it. He says: "I first heard the air in Italy. One beautiful morning as I was strolling alone amid some delightful scenery, my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a peasant girl who was carrying a basket laden with fruit and vegetables. This plaintive air she trilled out with so much sweetness and simplicity that the melody at once caught



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME." FROM A DAGUERRETYPE TAKEN BEFORE HIS LAST DEPARTURE FOR TUNIS.

my fancy. I accosted her, and, after a few moments' conversation, I asked her the name of the song, which she could not give me; but, having a slight knowledge of music myself, barely enough for the purpose, I requested her to repeat the air, which she did, while I dotted down the notes as best I could. It was this air that suggested the words of "Home, Sweet Home," both of which I sent to Bishop after I had prepared the opera of "Clari" for Mr. Kemble. Bishop recognized the air as an old Sicilian Vesper, and adapted the music to the words." Although the song of "Home, Sweet Home" has been "quoted in sermons, and sung with slight alterations in places of divine worship, has been the favorite song of the exile, and not unfamiliar in the desert wilds of Africa," it was never more pathetic than when sung in the opera. Mr. Payne introduces it at the opportune moment when Clara begins fully to realize her situation. Although doubtful of her lover's honor, she is his prisoner. As she leaves her toilet chamber and enters the apartment prepared for her, the rich draperies, gilded moldings, and gorgeous furniture but make her desolation the more complete. She thinks of her father's anger, her mother's grief, her lost home, and breaks forth in the song:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

An exile from Home, splendor dazzles in vain!
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds, singing gaily, that came at my call—
Give me them! and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

The effect of the song was indescribable. It fell upon the audience like the passionate wail of a breaking heart. It electrified all London, and made the name of its author immortal. One hundred thousand copies of the song were sold the first season.

As far as the story of the opera is concerned, it is to be regretted that Mr. Bishop did not see fit to introduce the song as originally written, thus:—

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
(Like the love of a mother,
Surpassing all other),
Which, seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.
There's a spell in the shade
Where our infancy play'd
Even stronger than Time, and more deep than despair!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
Oh! give me my lowly, thatched cottage again!
The birds and the lambkins that came at my call,—
Those who named me with pride,—
Those who play'd by my side,—
Give me them! with the innocence dearer than all!
The joys of the palaces through which I roam,
Only swell my heart's anguish—there's no place like Home!

The song of "Home, Sweet Home" is seldom correctly printed. It is here given as originally written and sent to the printer, with the author's punctuation and capitals.

Years afterward, the author, on several occasions, wrote the song at the request of friends, which accounts for the many "original manuscript" copies of the song.

The following additional verses were written by Mr. Payne, for his wealthy relative, Mrs. Bates:

To us, in spite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of Home still appears;
From allurements abroad, which but flatter the eye,
The unsatisfied heart turns, and says with a sigh,
"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!"

Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow;
But mine has been checkered with many a woe!
Yet, tho' different our fortunes, our thoughts are the same,
And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim,
"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!"

Some cyclopædias make the statement that "Home, Sweet Home" will alone preserve the name of its author from oblivion. But John Howard Payne has written three plays that will never die: the tragedy of "Brutus; or, the Fall of Tarquin;" the comedy of "Charles II.," and "Thérèse; or, the Orphan of Geneva." The last of these he wrote in three days, while in a London prison for debt. In some of these plays, are to be found expressions of pathos,

compared to which "Home, Sweet Home" is but a passing sentiment. No less than seven authors failed in their attempt to make "Brutus" a success upon the stage. Payne's "Brutus," and other productions of his pen, controlled the English stage for fifty years. Mr. Harrison, himself an actor of the old school, as well as a dramatic writer, says: "However great Kean may have been in the part of Brutus, and however much his great acting may have helped the success of the tragedy, it was the masterly touches of Payne that gave the actor an opportunity to express himself."

It would be difficult in the whole range of English classic drama, to find a situation fraught with such exquisite touches of human nature as that of Brutus in his last interview with his son, Titus. When he not only consents to the death of his son, but with his own hand waves the signal for the execution, the intensity of human passion reaches the acme which annihilates criticism, and leaves the mind in a state of awe and wonder at its completeness.

After a varied, but on the whole brilliant career in Europe, Mr. Payne returned to America, and was twice appointed Consul to Tunis, Africa, where, for a period of nearly ten years, he did all within his power for the honor of the American Government. On the 9th of April, 1852, he died, and his body was laid to rest on the shores of the Mediterranean, overlooking the bay and the ancient ruins of Carthage.

He was soon forgotten. A marble slab was placed above his grave, and his bones were left to molder in a far distant country, only entitled, in this late day of Christianity and civilization, to be recognized as semi-barbarous. There they would probably have remained forever, but for the disinterested efforts of Gabriel Harrison to restore to his country the memory of her long-neglected poet, actor and dramatist. In 1872 that gentleman, while acting as chairman of the Art Committee of the Brooklyn "Faust Club," read one evening a paper before its members, entitled "The Author of 'Home, Sweet Home,' and the Greatest of American Dramatists." The majority of the gentlemen were surprised to learn that "Home, Sweet Home" was written by an American, and still more surprised that the author was the most prominent and successful dramatic writer of his own immediate time.

At the conclusion of his paper, Mr. Harrison made an earnest appeal to the members of the club to "do something for Payne's memory," and they responded nobly to his suggestion. Thirty-one hundred dollars was the result of the undertaking, and in a short time a magnificent bronze bust of Payne was unveiled in Prospect Park, in the presence of 25,000 people, who with 500 school children joined in the chorus of "Home, Sweet Home."

One year after this event Mr. Harrison published the "Life and Writings of John Howard Payne." Two volumes were sent to the Congressional Library, and through the civility of our late Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, another volume was sent to the consulate library at Tunis.

These efforts of Mr. Harrison so aroused public sentiment, both at home and abroad, in regard to Payne, that measures were at once taken by our Government to restore his neglected grave at Tunis. Still more recently the American Consul, Mr. Fish, and also the British Consul, raised subscriptions from their respective countrymen at Tunis and London, and have recently had completed the beautiful stained glass memorial window which adorns the new English chapel at Tunis. Every respect has been paid Mr. Payne's grave and memory abroad. Mr. Amos Perry, of Providence, R. I., who became the American Consul at Tunis shortly after the death of Mr. Payne, sent a letter to Wm. Cullen Bryant, asking him to use his influence with the Government to bring home the remains of Payne. Mr. Bryant published

that letter in the *Evening Post*, but unfortunately no steps were taken in the matter.

It seems unaccountable that the State Department should authorize a private citizen to remove the remains of one whose memory the nation delights to honor. And, considering what Brooklyn has done for Payne, the only fitting place for his dust is beneath his monument in Prospect Park, or in Greenwood Cemetery, in the soil of Long Island, where he, in his babyhood, first learned the vocalities that gave to the world his inspired song, and the place which, for the last twenty years of his life, he recognized as his home. Had the removal of his remains been prompted by true philanthropy, they would be placed unhesitatingly in the soil that gave him birth. The remains of John Howard Payne belong as truly to New York as do Longfellow's to Massachusetts, Jefferson's to Virginia, or Lincoln's to Illinois.

VIRGINIA CHANDLER TITCOMB.

Lucy Gray.

(See page Engraving.)



ALL who are familiar with Wordsworth's poems will remember the story of Lucy Gray, "the solitary child," who was

"The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door."

"It bids fair to be a stormy night," her father said, "and you must take the lantern and go to the town to light your mother home." Light of heart, and happy to go on her errand, Lucy took the lantern in her hand, and wended her solitary way over the dreary moor that lay between her cottage home and the town. It was still light when she started, and the storm seemed afar off.

Soon the skies darkened, and the snow came thickly down. Bewildered and frightened by the increasing darkness, the snow covering all the paths, the child, still holding her lantern, wandered hopelessly over the moors and hills, but never reached the town.

When the mother arrived at her home and found that her child had gone to seek her, she was filled with alarm. As night wore on and Lucy did not come, the wretched parents went forth to search for her. The poem tells us that "all that night they went shouting far and wide," but there was no trace of the child, and when morning dawned they spied the print of her feet in the snow near the bridge. Following this clue, they went on to "the middle of the plank, and farther there were no more footmarks." Thus ended the weary search; all the rest was mystery and sorrow, and a little girl absent forever.

"Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind."

Our picture is after an etching by Gravier, the original painting being by Herbert Sidney, and is a very striking production. The wild look of terror in the tearful eyes of the child; the wind blowing her shawl over her head; the snow whirling through the air and blinding her; and the open lantern, the light of which has evidently been extinguished, are details that go to make up a very striking picture, bringing before us very vividly the poet's story of Lucy Gray.

❖ OUT ❖ OF ❖ THE ❖ WORLD ❖

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ELIZABETH," "SEED-TIME AND HARVEST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

HERE is no denying the fact that the three strangers created a sensation in church that Sunday morning. It was a smothered and repressed sensation, of course, but a genuine one nevertheless, and, contrasting them with their surroundings, it was not to be wondered at. The men wore frock coats and beaver hats because it didn't occur to them to wear anything else in going to church; and if it had, the presence of their sister would have instantly prompted them to every appearance of outward propriety. Edith herself, though dressed in the plainest and deepest mourning looked sufficiently elegant and distinguished to attract attention anywhere, particularly in the midst of such inharmonious colors and provincial fashions as, for the most part, prevailed here.

When the service was over, they quietly withdrew, without speaking to anyone, until they reached the threshold of the building, when a young man advanced toward Frank, and said in a cordial tone:

"I am so sorry I did not see you in time, Mr. Royall, to put my pew at your disposal! There is plenty of room in it and it is always quite at your service."

He kept his head uncovered, while he spoke, and slightly bowed to Edith as she passed, without, however, looking directly at her.

When Frank had expressed his thanks and they were walking on, Edith said:

"What a pleasant face and manner! Who is he, Frank?"

"It's Doctor Gerald, one of the physicians of the village. You remember my telling you he made me an informal call at the mill, one day. He seems a very nice fellow indeed."

"He looks quite civilized," said Edith. "Was he born and reared here in Browton, do you suppose?"

"I fancy so, except, perhaps, when he was attending medical lectures somewhere. But I have begun to doubt, Edith, from various little indications, whether we are not putting too low an estimate on these people. As to dress and appearance they do look rather barbarous, most of them, but it is just possible that we may discover some traits that are conspicuously lacking in many of the superficially correct people we know. Don't let's call them names too soon."

"With all my heart," said Edith. "I am not so enamored of such civilization as has come under my observation as to pit it against that higher kind which has to do with the heart and the intelligence. This Doctor Gerald certainly looks as if he might be anything that's nice."

"I'll go to his office soon and return his call," said Frank, "and if he proves as satisfactory on closer inspection, I'll ask him to call at the house, shall I?"

"Certainly," said Edith, "I should be very glad indeed. I often dread the coming of the time when you will grow weary of the companionship of one dull woman."

"If you put it in that way," said Frank, "I shall positively forbid him the house."

"Don't you think it would be better to wait a little while, at any rate?" said Anthony. "It's so unfortunate to be premature about such things."

"Here comes in Anthony's precious caution," said Frank, "it really grows upon him. What harm would it do if the fellow did happen to be a little lavish with his negatives or forgetful of his p's and q's!"

"I was only thinking of Edith," said Anthony.

"Of course I'm not forgetting her," said Frank, "but as for little minor matters, I'm like Grandcourt. I never can see that they make any difference. 'A man's either a gentleman or he isn't,' and unless I'm very much mistaken, this young Doctor belongs to the first division."

Within the week that followed there were two visitors at the little house on the hill. The clergyman called, and to Anthony's pretended relief, proved to be a married man and announced himself as his wife's *avant-courrier*, saying, she would call very soon. Then Frank had been so pleased with his visit to Doctor Gerald that he unhesitatingly invited him to come to his house, and even suggested that the visit should be made in the evening, when they were all sure to be at home.

It was a cool, windy evening when he came, and an unusually bright fire was burning on the hearth. The piano stood open, with some music on it that Edith had been playing; Frank was reading aloud, in a book that evidently amused his hearers greatly, for Edith was smiling over her work, and Anthony, lazily reclining in a great chair, was looking equally interested.

They had not heard their visitor's tap at the front door, so it was a surprise to them when Hannah admitted him, without the slightest preliminary warning.

Frank laid down his book and came forward at once.

"How do you do, Dr. Gerald?" he said, extending his hand cordially. "Let me present you to my sister, Miss Royall. My brother you have met, I believe."

Frank's manner was the perfection of finished elegance, and though the visitor's, when he responded, was very unlike it, it indicated as true a politeness and was quite as self-possessed. When Anthony, and Edith had greeted him and he had joined the circle around the fire, he said, addressing Edith.

"I wish I could give you an idea, Miss Royall, of the metamorphosis you have wrought in this house. I had a patient here last winter, and used to come to it every day for awhile, and of course the recollection of the place as it was then was with me; and when I came in to-night and saw this charming room I was almost bewildered."

Of course this was very unconventional, but somehow it suited his honest voice and the candid look in his eyes, and Edith showed that it pleased her by the cordial way in which she answered:

"You are very kind to compliment our work, Doctor Gerald, as we all take in it an artist's pride in his own creation. We have each had a hand in the remodeling and decoration, and I think the result of our labors is really very satisfactory."

She was somewhat unconventional herself in these remarks, for it is probable that most young ladies, in her place, would have merely smiled coldly and said that the place was very forlorn and that the most that could be said was that it was a trifle less hideous than it had been.

"You deserve some reward, I think, Doctor Gerald," said Anthony, "for braving the wretchedness of our exterior. We have made no effort whatever to mend matters outside the house as yet, and can hardly do so until the spring advances a little."

"All that will come in time," said Frank, "and for the

present I find it rather interesting. The approach to our premises might be that of a wild animal's den, to go by appearances, and Miss Royall's fireside is so unlike that that I always enjoy the goal when reached, rather more on account of the preliminary steps."

Doctor Gerald changed the conversation here by expressing a regret that they had made the acquaintance of the neighborhood at such an unfavorable season.

"I dare say you find it hard to realize now," he said, addressing Edith; "but in a month or so this hillside down by the river will be covered with a perfect labyrinth of the most beautiful foliage. Yellow jasmine, ivy, white ash, laurel, all sorts of exquisite things are hid away in this barren-looking brush and undergrowth, and as for ferns, you can literally substitute a separate variety for every obnoxious weed that grows in your yard if you like. I hope all this will be a resource to you, as I don't doubt it must. I need not ask if you are fond of flowers."

All this and a great deal more their visitor related in a frank, off-hand, pleasant way that won for him the interest and regard of his hearers at once. When he had said good evening, after a somewhat longer call than a fashionable young gentleman would have made, the remarks made upon him by the trio that stood around the fire were all of the most appreciative and commendatory nature.

"He is extremely nice," said Edith, using one of the strongest terms of a woman's vocabulary. "I have really enjoyed his visit."

"Yes, he's a fine fellow," said Frank, warmly. "I liked him from the very first."

"When Edith has said 'extremely nice,' and Frank has said 'a fine fellow,' there is little else left to be said," said Anthony, who was always the last to express an opinion.

"Well, don't you think he deserves it?" Edith asked. "He seems to me something quite uncommon. I was obliged to interrupt when he got into the subject of geology, and give a different turn to the conversation, for I saw he was getting beyond our depth. Not that I minded for myself—men are always more than willing to allow a woman the privilege of being ignorant—but I felt for Frank, who knows about as much about strata as he does about medicine, in both of which branches of knowledge this young gentleman is proficient, I don't doubt."

"It's perfectly plain that he's an extremely well-educated and intelligent fellow," said Frank. "I couldn't help smiling to myself while he was talking at the remembrance of our fearing he might abound in superfluous negatives. He's got more brains than the whole of us, I shouldn't wonder."

"That may be," said Anthony, "but our apprehensions were not entirely unfounded. Did you hear him say 'those kind of people' and 'somewheres?'"

"Yes, I did," said Edith, "but I don't mind that a bit. One gets so wearied out with prigs!"

"A man may speak grammatically without being a prig," said Anthony, in his rather cold voice.

"Oh, Anthony, you are so severe!" said Edith half-reproachfully. "What would the world be if everything was as correct as you would have it."

"It would be the proper place for such as you to live in, my dear," he answered. "Now beat that in the way of a compliment if you can."

Edith smiled and bowed in acknowledgment of this, and then said, recurring to the late subject of discussion:

"Is Doctor Gerald married?"

"I really don't know," said Frank. "I fancy not, but I never thought of it before."

"I hope he isn't," said Edith, warmly.

"Edith, for shame!" said Frank in a voice of mock reproachfulness. "Why this solicitude?"

"Now don't be utterly silly, Frank," said Edith. "I was only thinking how probable it was, in case he is married, that his wife is a little nonentity. Clever men's wives are so apt to be. As to any reason personal to myself, you ought to know me better than that."

"One of your brothers does, at any rate," said Anthony. "You are capable of a perfectly rational friendship with a man, I know. That's what I like about you, Edith, your good comradeship."

"That's putting your regard on a sufficiently limited footing, I must say," said Edith. "I like many more things than that about you, and to punish you I think I will enumerate them. Your pink cheeks, your blue eyes, your golden hair, your delicate mustache——"

She would have continued, but Anthony stopped her by covering her mouth with his hand.

"You don't pretend that these constitute a greater claim on one's regard than the admirable quality I accredited you with?" he said.

"Aha!" said Edith, "I thought you held that it was of great importance to cultivate an admiration for color and form. Are you relinquishing those precious convictions?"

"By no means," said Anthony. "I do think it of great importance to love beauty wherever one meets with it——"

"Except in your own person," said Edith. "I really think that is your position."

"You are talking about things you don't understand, my dear," said Anthony. "You sometimes do, you know."

This disposed of the present topic under consideration, and the pause which followed was broken by Frank, who said, returning to the subject of their late guest:

"I made it my business to inquire the other day, when I went to see Gerald, whether he had always lived in this country, and I find he has, except for the brief period of his medical lectures, which he attended in New York. He regretted not having seen more of the world, and said even that brief experience of men and things had been of great use to him.

"You have no idea what insulated notions people get from living continuously in small communities all to themselves," he said to me. "I had to get out of a great many of mine when I went away from here, and I'm much afraid that there are others which remain; but if travel and real experience of that sort is not to be had, reading is the best substitute for it, and you will find in your intercourse with the people here that a good many of them are very well informed in that way," all of which leads me to hope," pursued Frank; "that there may be others of Doctor Gerald's stamp here."

"I very much doubt it," said Edith. "I don't think he can be a common type anywhere. I've never seen anyone like him before."

"That's very natural," replied Frank; "you've never been in the proper range of vision for such observation. I'll warrant his verdict would be that he has never seen anyone like Miss Royall before."

It was ascertained in time that Dr. Gerald was unmarried, living alone with his mother, who was an old lady and an invalid. Soon after that first visit of his, many of the village people called upon Miss Royall, and they proved, as she afterward said, agreeable or disagreeable in pretty much the same proportion as she had found people elsewhere. If they were unfashionable, they were, for the most part, charmingly unpretending, and Edith found herself situated socially in a much more pleasant atmosphere than she had ever had an idea of. All of her visitors, however, were upon the most formal basis, with one exception, and that one naturally was Doctor Gerald. He had manifested a great devotion to music, and had volunteered to bring his violin

up and play for them, and the result had so charmed his hearers that the violin was allowed to remain and the performer requested to come and do his practicing there in the evening. The invitation was gladly accepted, and was the promoter of many pleasant musical hours, which, interspersed with whist, whiled away very pleasantly the long evenings.

CHAPTER V.

APRIL with its promise, and May with its fulfillment, had both passed by, and the early days of June were come. The little house on the hillside had undergone a vast change, both as regarded its immediate surroundings and the more distant prospect of vine-covered bank that sloped toward the river. The promises made by Doctor Gerald had been more than realized in the exquisite display of foliage and flowers which the rains and sunshine of spring-time had brought to life.

The palings which surrounded Miss Royall's flower-garden had been renewed in better form and proportion, and painted a light gray color, which contrasted well with the vivid green of the velvety turf, which now replaced the weeds and bushes which had held possession so long. Neat beds of luxuriant flowers were dotted about here and there in the grass; trailing vines ran over the porches and around the low windows, and the shady corners near the house were filled with many beautiful varieties of ferns. Through the open windows fluttering curtains of muslin could be seen, and inside the air was redolent with the breath of flowers.

Edith was busily stepping about, touching up the flowers and straightening the folds of the curtains, with a quick impulsiveness in her movements that denoted expectancy. Evidently an event of some importance was looming up, for the little guest-chamber had been carefully prepared, and was lavishly supplied with the flowers that were so plentiful everywhere.

And now a sound of approaching wheels was heard, and Edith ran to the door just in time to see Anthony assist from the buggy an exquisite little creature in the most stylish and complete of traveling costumes, who flew across the gravelled path and up the steps and bounded into Edith's opened arms.

"You see I would come," she said, after she had given her friend a spasmodic hug, and kissed her on both cheeks. "You did your best to prevent it, but I would not be thwarted. All appeals to delicacy were in vain. I wanted to see you, and I was determined to come. Do say you're glad to see me, whether you are or not."

"There are no two opinions as to that, Linda," said Edith, as soon as she could speak. "I'm charmed, delighted, overjoyed. I always knew I wanted you, but I was unselfish enough to try and keep you from coming at first, because I did not see how you could stand it."

"Stand it, indeed!" said the new-comer—Miss Ethelinda Welsley by name. "You've imposed upon me basely. You've been trying to keep off intruders under false pretenses. Isn't that an indictable offense, Mr. Anthony? It sounds as if it ought to be. Fancy your telling me you lived in the midst of a howling wilderness, in a little plank house, and all that! Why, this country is enchanting, and as for your house, it's a gem, a beauty, a little darling!"

"Still, you must admit that it's plank," said Anthony. "I'm afraid even your enthusiasm can't alter that."

"This little room is simply charming," said Miss Welsley, inspecting the sitting-room in detail. "I recognize some of the dear old things," she added, softly, laying her little gloved hand affectionately upon the back of a great armchair.

"Frank wanted that put in your room," said Edith, "because, he said, you always liked to lounge in it; but I said you were to do your lounging down here, in full view of the family. You're too great a boon in our solitude to be tucked away up-stairs."

"I haven't seen Mr. Royall yet," said Miss Welsley, in a low tone, turning to look out of the window. "Where is he?"

"I fancy he's down at the mill," said Edith; "but you mustn't get frightened and imagine he's turning a grindstone, or doing whatever else may come up to your idea of the process. He has a miller employed for that, as the task is one his intellect refused to grapple all at once; but the boys find plenty to do in superintending things there and on the farm, and are the most hard-working couple conceivable. Frank will be sure to be up in a minute, as soon as he knows you've come."

Just at this moment the subject of their conversation came in view around the corner of the house. He had not expected to see the watchers at the window, and was rolling a wheelbarrow loaded with squares of sodding toward a point where a small negro was at work. He stopped in amazement at sight of the two figures at the window, dropped the handles of the wheelbarrow with a smile, took off his hat with a flourish, and quickly came into the house.

"Will you shake hands with a horny-handed son of toil, Miss Linda?" he said, extending his hand, into which she quickly placed her own. "I didn't know you had come. I had intended to make a toilet to receive you, and was coming up the path with that end in view, when I encountered that stranded wheelbarrow, which had proved too much for the small chap yonder, and brought it along with me. However, I must not make the impression that it was only a freak, for the truth is, rolling a wheelbarrow is an aristocratic pastime compared with some of the avocations I indulge in here. You promised not to be shocked, but I'm afraid it was a rash undertaking."

"Oh, Mr. Royall!" said Linda, in a low, uncertain voice, turning to look out of the window again. "Don't talk like that. It's too absurd and ridiculous for anything."

"Absurd, my dear young lady?" said Frank, smiling; "it's a portentous truth. You have become, by reason of this visit, relegated into an association with the working classes, a race you have possibly read of in the newspapers, just as you have of the Fiji Islanders. However that may be, they're heartily glad to see you, the working classes are. The Fiji Islanders would probably eat you up, but we won't do that, however great the temptation may be."

"Edith says you opposed my coming," said Linda, speaking softly still, so that Edith, who had gone into the hall to look after the bestowal of Miss Welsley's luggage, could not hear.

"I did," said Frank, speaking gravely for the first time, and also lowering his voice. "I did not think it was the proper place for you. We had nothing to offer you except our deep appreciation of your goodness in wishing to come, and the warmest, the heartiest of welcomes."

"It is the only thing I care for," answered Linda; "but I was forced to come and see by experiment whether I would have that. I could not be sure of that, even, as far as you were concerned."

"Good Heavens! Could you doubt it?" Frank burst forth eagerly; but he cut himself short and said, with a return to his former manner:

"Step out and let's have a look at your things—do. The costumes of the nobility and gentry are a source of intense interest to the working classes. I haven't seen a regularly swell turn-out like that this many a day. Came from France, and all that sort of thing, eh?"

"No; it was made in New York, and it's nothing to look at. Don't you make fun of me, Mr. Royall; if you do, I'll go home to-morrow."

"You can't," said Frank triumphantly. "You couldn't order out our carriage to take you to the station, because we haven't got one. That buggy was hired for the occasion, and the horse is not equal to a trip of three miles two days in succession. To-morrow he'll have to lay up and recuperate."

"Then I'll walk!" said Linda, smiling in spite of herself.

"On what, may I ask?" pursued Frank, in the same tone. "Not those two infinitesimal members with the tall French heels, that I can describe as well from recollection as if I beheld them before my eyes. Why, they wouldn't carry you over these rocks and briars—it's only called a road by courtesy. My dear child, you'd faint by the wayside, and I'd have to come along with my wheelbarrow and roll you back."

"Oh, Mr. Royall, why will you persist in being absurd when I want to talk seriously?" said Linda.

"For the reason that I *don't* want to talk seriously," he answered; and while she was trying to read his meaning from the inscrutable expression of his face, Edith's voice was heard calling to her to come, and she turned away.

"Oh, it's made with a *polonay*," said Frank, when her back was turned, "and it's just too lovely for anything."

"A *polonay*, indeed!" said Linda, as she vanished through the door. "That shows exactly how much you know about it."

As the last glimmer of her brown dress disappeared from view, an instantaneous change came over Frank Royall's face. The flippancy which had been there during this little interview gave place to a look of sudden depression, sadness and pain. He caught his lower lip between his teeth and bit it hard, and a frown contracted his features. They were gloomy thoughts and painful ones that crowded into his brain, but he gave them willing sway for only one brief moment. Then he forced his countenance to take on its habitually cheerful expression, and went up the steps to his room to prepare for dinner, whistling the tune of a waltz.

When he descended to the dining-room in answer to the summons of the bell, he found the others assembled and awaiting him. As he walked around to his place at the foot of the table, Miss Welsley looked at him searchingly. His dark short hair, parted straight in the middle, was brushed flat down on his head in the severe way that suited his simple, manly style so well; his close-fitting, tightly-buttoned morning suit enchanced admirably the straight lines of his compact figure. Even with Anthony close at hand, he was a fine-looking, striking fellow.

Perhaps he was looking unusually well to-day, for Edith's first remark, addressed to Miss Welsley as they sat down, was:

"Doesn't Frank look well, Linda?"

"Yes, I think he's looking very well, indeed," said Miss Welsley, with her eyes on her plate. "You all look well. The country air, or the quiet, or something else, has given you such a strong, cheerful look."

"Frank is dreadfully sun-burned now," Edith went on, "and it's not to be wondered at, for they live out of doors, both of them."

"Mr. Anthony doesn't seem to have suffered," said Linda.

"Oh, Anthony," said Edith, in a helpless sort of way. "I've long since ceased to expect anything of that sort from him. He exposes himself to the fullest glare of the sun, and it has not the least effect on him. He never pretends to wear a glove, and—here am I, swathed in veils continually and wearing perfect manacles of dog-skins whenever I work

in the garden, and I'm getting dreadfully tanned, beside having five freckles on one hand and two on the other. So you needn't wonder that the mere thought of Anthony is an aggravation to me."

"Mr. Royall is no browner than he was last year," said Linda, "when he used to take us out so often on that dear little yacht at Newport. By the way, I never knew until the other day that Howard Beaumont had bought it. He told me he would have it at Newport again this year, and actually invited me to go out in it. As if I would put foot on it again for any consideration!"

"If you've turned your back on it so entirely," said Frank, "it's perhaps just as well that I didn't call it the 'Ethelinda,' as I once proposed. You would have been in honor bound to stand by it then."

"Indeed the name should have been changed," replied Miss Welsley. "I would have insisted upon it."

"Perhaps Mr. Beaumont would have objected to the change," said Edith.

"I fancy Beaumont knows his place pretty well by this time," Anthony interposed. "Miss Linda was giving him lessons, with every indication of success, when I saw them last together."

"Oh, of course he would do what I told him," said Linda. "What else is he good for? and besides, he would have to yield if my own name was concerned."

"It's a very pretty name, by-the-way," said Anthony. "I wish you'd let me call you by it."

"Anthony!" exclaimed Frank, in a tone of horrified reproof. "This across a dinner-table, in the presence of two witnesses!"

"I did not propose to drop the prefix," said Anthony, "but I should like to have the privilege of saying Miss Ethelinda, though no one seems to call her by her name, which I think particularly quaint and sweet."

"It sounds æsthetic, I rather think—doesn't it?" said Edith. "I need to be told what's what in that line. We are poor benighted Philistines, Frank and I."

After the pleasant meal was over the little party repaired to the front porch, and Miss Welsley, wishing a little shawl which she had brought down and left in the dining-room, dispatched Anthony to bring it.

"Edith, what an exquisite creature Anthony is!" she said, as he disappeared. "I think he's handsomer than ever. The idea of my having the impertinence to order that piece of Dresden china to do chores for me, fills me with confusion when I think of it."

"Just wouldn't I like him to hear you say that!" exclaimed Frank, who was smoking his cigar on the grass-plot near by. "I don't believe he'd ever have an atom of respect for you again."

"I implore you not to tell it," said Linda, "for I know he would never forgive me. Is he as indifferent to his own beauty as ever?"

"Quite," said Edith. "Indifference doesn't describe it. I don't think he remembers it ordinarily, but when it is spoken of I'm certain that he positively dislikes it."

At this moment Anthony came back, bringing the shawl, which he handed to Miss Welsley, saying:

"You'll be amazed, I dare say, to know that there's every probability of your having a visitor to-night."

"A visitor—who is it? I don't want any visitor."

"He means Dr. Gerald," said Edith. "I wrote you about him, you know."

"Oh yes, the young physician who plays so well on the violin. I remember him. But I hope he won't come to-night. I don't feel in the humor for violin-music."

"Nor vocal either?" said Frank. "I was going to ask you to sing."

"Oh, yes, I'll sing, of course, and so will you," said Linda. "I've brought a lot of new songs for us to try together."

"That's very nice indeed," said Frank, stopping near her in his pacing up and down, "but I think I shall always like the old ones best."

CHAPTER VI.

As there was no secret communication by which Doctor Gerald could be informed that Miss Welsley desired him to absent himself that special evening, he called at the house on the hill. He had been informed that Miss Welsley was expected, but had not heard of her arrival, and so he was ushered into her presence unexpectedly.

Edith watched him closely as she presented him to her friend. She had accustomed herself, recently, to watching him under all aspects, which showed that he interested her. Miss Welsley rose and bowed as she would have done at a reception in New York, but her distant civility of aspect was disarmed by the outstretched hand and the cordial voice which said :

"I am delighted to find you here, Miss Welsley. Miss Royall announced your expected visit to me with such delight that I couldn't help sharing her pleasant anticipations."

He took a seat near her then, and Linda, who had inwardly resolved to observe this young rustic physician narrowly, before entering into any exchange of ideas and sentiments with him, found herself suddenly in the midst of a conversation which she not only tolerated but enjoyed. Later in the evening there was some music, and after Linda had sung to the great delight of all her hearers, Doctor Gerald played on the violin. She was an accomplished musician, and knew how to distinguish between false and true, and long before the plaintive notes of the violin which Edith softly accompanied with low, piano chords had died away, Linda had owned to herself what she had afterward laughingly confessed to Edith, that Doctor Gerald was "a man and a brother," as she gayly expressed it.

After Doctor Gerald had gone, though it was growing late, Linda turned to Frank and said, insistently :

"We haven't had a note from Mr. Royall this evening, and that I am not going to put up with. I've kept the best to the last, and I'll have it now, Mr. Royall, if you please."

"Excuse me to-night, Miss Linda," said Frank, "I'm not in voice, and I feel out of the humor for it. I've had sweet sounds enough to satisfy me, and I dread the effect of an experiment in another line."

"I refuse to go to bed until I have heard you," said Miss Welsley decidedly. "Do you suppose I undertook all this long journey without any expectation of reward? You overrate the unselfishness of my disposition if you do."

"I don't suppose you did it for the sake of my warblings, at all events," said Frank.

"Yes, I did, in part," said Linda ; "but enough of words. Sing."

Frank moved to the piano, and struck a few chords softly, and in a moment more his rich, sweet voice swelled out in the lovely notes of "It was a dream."

Miss Welsley turned away and sat gazing into the fire as she listened, her face partly screened from sight by the small hand which supported it. There was something thrillingly sweet in those slow, dying notes with which he repeated the refrain, "It was a dream, it was a dream." The voice ended, and at the same moment Linda walked over to the piano and met his eyes as he rose. There was a sort of eagerness in the gaze which sought his, but it met with no reflection in Frank Royall's face. He looked, as usual, calm, self-possessed, and cheerful, while Linda's sweet face was aglow with emotion.

"Oh, Mr. Royall," she said, "no one can sing as you do.

We've missed your voice so this winter ; there is positively no one to take your place. They wanted me to sing "I would that my love" at the *musicale* the other day ; but, though disposed to be amiable in general, at that I struck. The voices that they proposed would never have done to sing with me after having sung it with you. It is a thousand shames to bury such a voice in the country. You have no right to do it. You ought to consider yourself a trustee, like the man in 'Patience.'

"Stop, Linda," said Edith, laughingly putting in. "You don't know how you are mixing matters. It is Anthony whom we compare to that man. Frank and I both thought of it."

"Oh, do you know, so did I," said Linda, in a lowered tone. Anthony all this time was engrossed in a newspaper, and appeared not to hear what was being said.

"Watch him closely," whispered Edith to Linda, "and you'll see him blush. It puts him in a rage to be told that he blushes, but he cannot help it to save his life when people comment upon his looks. He pretends he heard nothing, but look at his face."

And sure enough, a bright pink flush had mounted to his delicate cheeks, though his features and attitude remained unchanged by so much as a shade of movement.

"I never saw anything like it," said Linda, still whispering. "Isn't it charming? A blush like that would make the fortune of a girl. I've often longed to tell him how beautiful he is, but I have never dared."

"I advise you not," said Edith ; "you'd probably regret it if you did."

At this point Anthony rose and walked out of the room, following Frank, who had disappeared the moment Edith had engaged Linda in conversation.

"Does Anthony ever paint now?" asked Linda, when the two girls were left alone.

"Not at all," answered Edith, sadly. "It is a source of such regret to me. He never speaks of it ; but I know it was a great sacrifice to him to abandon that idea. You know he was thought to have a great talent for architecture, and he had intended to make that more particularly a study in the future. I sometimes see him drawing plans in a sort of surreptitious way, and he reads a great deal on that subject, but I never discuss it with him. You know how reserved he is, entirely unlike Frank."

"Is Frank always so confidential with you?" Linda asked. "I mean does he talk to you about all his hopes and plans?"

"I don't know that he does that literally," answered Edith "but he has always talked to me very freely, and I feel certain that he would tell me of anything which really concerned his career or touched his happiness. Now, with Anthony it is different."

There was a moment's silence, and then Linda spoke again, looking into the fire and not meeting Edith's eyes.

"You know people thought last winter that he was very attentive to Lydia Blair. There was nothing in that, I suppose?"

"Anthony attentive to Lydia Blair!" exclaimed Edith. "The idea of Anthony's being attentive to anyone is diverting in the extreme."

"I didn't mean Anthony," said Linda, with some embarrassment ; "I was speaking of Mr. Royall."

"Oh Frank! That's quite a different thing. I do remember his showing Miss Blair some attention, but he never cared for her in the least ; he thought her very handsome, and fancied she showed off his drag advantageously, I suppose. He used to drive her about a good deal."

"She is handsome," said Linda ; "handsomer than ever this winter, I think."

"Who's that?" asked Frank coming in at this juncture.

"Lydia Blair," said Linda; "she's been so much admired this past winter."

"Yes, she's uncommonly handsome, one of the very handsomest women I ever saw, I think; but she has a harsh, unpleasant voice, which always detracted from her charm, I thought."

He spoke with the calmest indifference, and the admission as to her voice was convincing to Miss Welsley that he had never cared for her in any special way. He was extremely fastidious about voices, which Linda knew well, as he had once complimented her, in the highest terms, on her own.

If Miss Royall had made the acquaintance of her new surroundings under discouraging circumstances, it was certainly Miss Welsley's lot to see them at their very best. The lovely walks down by the winding river-shore enchanted her, and she never wearied of the beautiful aspect presented by nature in this calm and solitary country. Edith and herself took frequent walks together; she chose to have her own flower-bed, which she tended herself, and she seemed as happy as Edith had ever seen her.

"You are a perfect puzzle to me, Linda," her friend said to her one morning when they were wandering along the river-path together.

"I would have said that this sort of life would bore you to extinction, and I cannot get accustomed to your being so satisfied with it."

"I assure you I never was happier. I have something to occupy me agreeably every hour of the day," returned Miss Welsley; "I begin to think I'm not such a butterfly, after all, as my friends had set me down. It would be very pleasant to find this true."

"I never thought you a butterfly, my dear," said Edith, "but I have thought you always suited to a life in the world, and I think so yet."

"Well, can't I be suited to that, and a life out of the world too?" said Linda.

"Oh yes," returned Edith, "I suppose a perfect woman ought to be suited to any life; could adorn any sphere, as the phrase is."

Their walk had brought them to the mill, by this time, and through the wide doors they could see Frank Royall reaching down what seemed to be large bags of grain, which a man was handing him from a sort of low loft. He had taken off his coat and was standing in a sturdy, firmly-posed attitude, waiting to receive the grain, and just as the two girls reached the door, the great bag was held down to him, which he took with the utmost ease and threw upon a large pile which lay beneath him. He was just reaching up for another, when Edith called his name.

When he turned and saw his sister and Miss Welsley standing just behind him, a smile of genuine merriment broke over his features, which was heightened by a closer view of Miss Welsley's expression.

"Don't be too much horrified, Miss Linda," he said, "I give you my word I don't often do it. The man whose business it is, is absent to-day, and there was a press of work, and so I had to lend a hand. It's fine exercise. It does me good."

As he spoke he moved toward a door on which he had hung his coat, and very deliberately, without haste or embarrassment, put it on.

"Oh, Mr. Royall, it's really too bad to see you doing such things as this," said Linda, with a suspicion in her voice of the tears she would not allow to come into her eyes. "It's perfectly ridiculous, and it ought not to be. You ought not to do such hard work. It will break you down."

"Break me down!" said Frank, with a laugh. "Well that is good! Why I've worked ten times as hard on my

yacht in a storm, and I must confess I never felt broken down yet."

"Ah! but that is different."

"Exactly," said Frank; "and as the difference lies in the fact that that was all for nothing, except a little idle amusement, and this is real useful labor, I think the comparison is still in my favor. But, to change the subject, if I wash my hands, and actually go the length of putting gloves on, and brush away the traces of my recent occupation, will you ladies walk into town with me to post some letters? We can get the mail at the same time, and the walk is just long enough to be pleasant."

They both agreed, with great willingness, but Linda asked:

"And in the meantime what becomes of your work?"

"It can wait an hour or so without damage," he answered; "at all events, with such an escort secured, I am certainly going."

As he vanished into the little office to equip himself for the walk, Linda said:

"Do you know, Edith, I never in my life saw Mr. Royall look so handsome as when he lifted down that bag? What a fine athletic figure he has!"

(To be continued.)

June Memories.

O, DAISIES fair, with hearts of gold,
Tossed by the winds in rhythmic tune,
Like magic wands, that fairies hold,
Ye bring to me a long-past June!
The vision of an open door—
The broad low step beneath the shade
Of maples tall, I see once more,
And seated there, a youth and maid;
Below, a field of daisies growing,
Swayed by breezes softly blowing!

Strange souls are ours, to live again
With ghosts of days that came and went
Full of a joy, so mixed with pain,
We question oft why they were sent!
O little flower, though pure white rays
Encircle all thy golden heart,
They cannot guard it in the days
The spoiler comes to take his part!
Sweet field of daisies blowing,
The day before the mowing!

When the day-god smiles above,
Can the flower its dew withhold?
Does it not lift its face in love,
And unto him its heart unfold?
O sun-like eyes of heaven's own blue,
E'en as the god the dewdrop drinks,
Ye drew a whole soul unto you,
To follow till thy last beam sinks!
The full heart, trembling, glowing,
Like daisies swaying, blowing!

'Tis said, One heeds the sparrow's fall,
And holds us all within His hand,
That He'll not fail us, when we call
In woe none else can understand.
But summers come and summers go,
With sunshine and with showers,
And breezes evermore will blow
The self-same dainty flowers.
For oh! those daisies blowing,
Have perished with the mowing!

HOW WE LIVE IN NEW YORK.

BY JENNY JUNE.

A WORKING-MAN'S HOME IN A MODEL TENEMENT HOUSE.

THERE are few persons who have not heard of the tenement-house system and its miseries; and the horror of being exposed to its dangers, its dirt, its association with all that is vilest and most loathsome, lends additional strength to the dread of poverty which is the nightmare of so many who live on meager wages, hardly earned. New York is naturally a center of the worst phases of tenement-house living. Not only is it the largest city on the continent, and the third in population in the world; it is also the receiving-house of all the emigrant poverty from the four quarters of the globe, and these constantly arriving and constantly increasing accessions must be treated and taken care of, and finally disposed of, as if they were its own, as indeed they soon become; for it is the thrifty farmer, the skilled mechanic with means, who casts the dust and turmoil and grind of crowded cities behind him, and goes straight to the West or the South, where larger opportunities await the coming of those who know how to put them to use. The poor and the unthrifty, the ignorant and the reckless, who are left behind, naturally herd; and wherever they are is dirt, squalor, and wretchedness, if not absolute vice and crime.

All the difficulties, too, are intensified in a city like New York, by its peculiar topography, and the impossibility of enlarging the area without crossing water, the East or North rivers, or the bay which forms the majestic entrance to the western metropolis, and divides Brooklyn from New York. In view of this peculiar formation, it has often been said that New York was made for the very rich, and very poor—that only these extremes would live comfortably and independently in it; the rich because they could choose their locality; the very poor because they had no choice, but must take what was nearest to their hand. The great problem remained to be solved by the masses lying between these two, the armies of clerks, salesmen, cashiers, small tradesmen, minor professional people, and skilled workmen, whose tastes and intelligence demand a certain amount of progressive cultivation, and individual opportunity in their surroundings, but who are always met by the four horns of a perpetual dilemma, isolation in a suburb, and time and money spent in making the daily journeys, or crowding into apartments at the extreme east, or extreme west, for the center of the city is now out of the question for families whose means are derived from daily labor.

But, as before remarked, the problem of living does not apply to the very poor in New York city in this shape; they cannot afford to cross ferries, or ride at a cost of fifty cents per day on a railroad, or even travel all the time by horse-cars; they must live as near as possible to their work, for every penny counts where means are narrowed down to a pittance, and children have to be clothed and fed. These necessities created the "tenement" house. This blot upon modern civilization has grown, it must be remembered, and grown rapidly with the fast increasing population to its present proportions. It was not born as evil, nor as colossal in size, as it has become. Its worst features have arisen from ignorance and irresponsibility. The worst characteristics of absenteeism were repeated in the tenement house. The owners never saw them; they were in the hands of agents whose business it was to get as much money as possible out of the tenants and give as little as possible. There was

no accountability and no security; a door with a broken lock, a dilapidated wall, a floor with holes in its thin planking, and dry, ill-made plaster was all the separation between decent, industrious poverty, and disorder, drunkenness, perhaps culminating in scenes of violence. I have written *was*, when it might just as truly be said *is*,—for the worst is as true to-day as it has been any time during the past twenty-five years, and must be, until an enlightened public opinion indicts owners of property for renting rooms full of traps and poisoned exhalations, and occupants are taught accountability, what is due to their neighbor, and where the limitations of their individual sovereignty begin.

Something, however, has been done. Stimulated by the example of Miss Octavia Hill, in London, efforts have been successfully made—notably by a Mrs. Miles—to get possession of the worst class of tenement houses, and produce a reform in the ways and methods of living, by simply establishing order and cleanliness, exacting regularity in the payment of rent, and enforcing certain sanitary rules and regulations. These partial efforts have been followed by excellent results so far as they have gone; but no organized effort on a large scale to erect buildings adapted to the actual needs of the laboring classes, and governed by a strict business system, was made until recently—that is, within the past three years; it being only a few months since the buildings were completed and ready for occupation. The enterprise was no charity; it was not intended to possess "philanthropic" features in the sense which is always offensive to self-respecting men and women. It was simply an organized effort on business principles, to find some solution to the problem of decent living for the working-man—the man who earns from ten to twenty-five dollars per week, and has to support a family upon such an income.

The result and outcome of this effort may be found in a group of somewhat imposing buildings situated on the block between First and Second avenues on the east side of the city, and running through from Seventy-first to Seventy-second street. This group is the only one of the kind that exists; it is the first one of the kind that has been built in New York; but it is sure to be followed by others. The houses are six stories in height, are of solid brick, with stone trimmings, and have numerous small ornamental iron balconies, which afford opportunities for the cultivation of plants and flowers, and relieve the bare, monotonous aspect of the exterior. The two principal entrances are, one on Seventy-first and one opposite on Seventy-second street, both of which are arched and lead into the court, which forms the hollow of the square, furnishes a playground for the children, a drying-ground for such of the tenants as do not use the roofs; gives the luxury of all light rooms—not a dark room having been permitted in the entire range of buildings, which contain two hundred and eighteen tenements, and which average a population of at least six hundred souls. The tenements are graded, and consist of apartments of four, three, and two rooms each. There are no elevators; no heat except that which is communicated to the washing and bath rooms, of which more will be said by-and-by. Wide doors open upon neat vestibules, and entrance halls on ground floors; but stairs and upper passages are narrow, as, of course, the utmost economy had to be used in regard to space; and a somber and dungeon-

like effect is produced by the slated stairs and halls; the overhanging arches, the thick walls, and the gleams of light through narrow windows set deep in the brick-work.

But this impression soon disappears, and is fully compensated for by the knowledge that the halls, stairways, and walls are absolutely fire-proof, and that fire can hardly extend beyond the limits of the apartment in which it originates, the giant walls of fire-proof brick inclosing everywhere the somewhat repelling, but *safe* passage-ways and stairs. These last are in very short flights and easy to mount, and of course render the upper stories less objectionable on this account. Paneled doors in the passage-ways on each floor admit the tenants to their private halls, which shut out all the world, and render each apartment, even one of two rooms, perfectly secluded and free from all danger of undesired or undesirable curiosity or intrusion. The range of rentals varies from something more than seven to something less than fifteen dollars. An apartment of four rooms on the fifth floor was thirteen dollars seventy-five cents per month; one of three rooms on a lower floor was twelve dollars fifty cents, and one of two, eight-thirty, or two dollars and six cents per week. Attached to each are private closets separated from the rooms, and having independent windows, which open out of doors, and do not communicate with halls or rooms. There is also an ash-shoot to each, which carries away dirt and ashes to the cellar, where they are taken care of by a janitor; but garbage of all kinds must be burned up in the kitchen stove, and disorder, or noise of any unusual kind, prolonged until it becomes a nuisance, is punished by expulsion.

There are no passenger elevators, but there are freight elevators that land at every floor, and bring up marketing, or coal or wood from the cellar, where each family has its separate receptacle for storage, which is under lock and key. There are three wash-houses lined with stationary tubs and furnished with other conveniences, including hot and cold water, so that the family washing need not be done in the apartment; the heating of water is saved and also the lifting and moving of tubs, the heat for this purpose being furnished by an engine in the cellar. The bathing-rooms are arranged upon the same principle, in groups, space and the sums charged for rental not admitting of bath-room for each tenement. Animals are expressly forbidden on or about the premises, but this rule does not seem to extend to dogs, for they are to be seen and heard in the rooms of the tenants, though only in rare instances. One rule is stringently enforced, and this is, that the number of children shall be limited by the number of rooms occupied. Not more than two children are allowed in tenements of two rooms, not more than three in corresponding apartments, though it was stated that five might possibly be allowed in four rooms, the family being otherwise desirable. This restriction is in itself educational; there is no idea more fixed in the minds of the ignorant poor than this one of individual right and necessity in the creation and existence of large families. No sense of responsibility has ever attached to it; on the contrary, it was not a matter within reason or control; the Lord sent children, the Lord would take care of them. The fact that they were *not* taken care of did not alter the case a particle, or serve to convince or even to suggest to dull, unenlightened minds that duties and obligations were involved in the formation of parental ties, and that children brought into the world have a right to look to their parents for such healthful and formative conditions as make the life imposed on them desirable. This is a point of view which many thousands have never contemplated. If children came, they were to be taken care of by somebody until they got old enough to work for their father, and relieve him from the burden of his own maintenance as well as theirs; this was

the old ignorant doctrine, the outgrowth of the feudal principle that the father owned the child as the master owned his serf or servant. The doctrine is still accepted, so far as they wish to accept it, by many of the ignorant poor, because it removes the weight of responsibility from their shoulders, or rather saves them from the trouble of assuming it, and from acting upon the same basis of reason and common sense in regard to this that they might be expected to do in other relations and affairs of life. But a regulation of this kind arrests attention; it makes a very large family a disability; it suggests the herding and crowding together of human beings like pigs, or cattle—a nuisance which is not to be endured if it can be avoided, and in time it must evoke a moral sentiment on the subject.

The recklessness as to multiplying life under wretched and undesirable conditions, engenders indifference as to its continuance, even a desire to get rid of it, if it prove an obstacle. This fact finds abundant proof in the annals of crime, in the treatment of the children that swarm the gutters, and in the scenes of violence which, beginning in a vulgar snapping and snarling quarrel, end in tragedy. An example of indifference in the mother, where there are so many children, that "one more or less hardly counts," occurred recently in the office of the T. D. A. A woman wanted three rooms. "How many children have you, Madam?" "Well, there's Pat, and Tommy, and Maggie, and Jim, and Kate, and the baby; how many is that?" "Six. Quite out of the question; we could not admit more than five, even if you should take a four-roomed tenement; our rules forbid it." "Well, there's Jim, he's sickly," remarked the woman, determined to carry her point if she could; "and the baby's got the whooping-cough, and Kate, she was down last week with diphtheria. One of them'll be pretty sure to go before long; we can't expect to keep 'em all." But the agent did not take this view of the case, and the application was dismissed.

A popular feature of this novel tenement system is a club-room for men. This is on the ground floor, and really attractive. It is a large room level with the street, and opening on an entry that leads to the court; the walls are wainscoted with oak, and above are painted a terra-cotta red. The floor is covered with a pretty oil-cloth, and the furniture consists of stationary oak desks and tables, furnished with games and writing implements, with arm-chairs and rockers, and other chairs in plenty, of oak, or ash, modern in shape and style, and with seats of garnet leather with gilt nails, or willow, or perforated seats. Very pretty and tasteful panel pictures adorned the walls, with birds and landscapes in cool, natural tints, set in flat ebony frames. The color in the room being drawn from the contrast between the oak furnishing and red walls, and the attractive look of neatness and cleanliness from the white muslin curtains, closely gathered and drawn back with broad red bands. The spacious book-shelves were, it was stated, at first well furnished and left open, but this was found impracticable, so many were taken out and lost, or never returned. Now, a wire net-work incloses them, and books can only be taken out by applying to the janitor in charge. Men can smoke in the club-room, but they cannot drink; they can bring a friend there to play a game, or they can write letters and read the daily papers, three of which are taken. All these privileges are free of charge to the male occupants of the tenements. There are no such provisions for women; the latter being supposed to be too much occupied with children, and too busy generally in the evenings, as indeed they usually are, to have time for club recreations; in fact, as the gentlemanly agent admitted, the question had never come up, and the women seemed quite satisfied, and only too happy to have a safe place for their husbands to meet in,

where they could smoke their pipes and chat free from the temptation of intoxicating liquors.

If a larger room were possible, however, in connection with the club-room, women might be recognized by being admitted to occasional lectures and entertainments, many of which would be volunteered to a large body of working-men and women, if there was a place for such purposes. This, however, touches a point outside the legitimate scope of the Association, and does not militate against its general completeness and the judgment with which this experimental enterprise has been carried out. A woman and child can live in these buildings comfortably and securely, and no poor woman and child have heretofore been secure from intrusion and attack in the common, unguarded, uncared-for tenement houses of New York.

"How much can a family live upon in these tenements?" That depends so much, almost altogether, upon the man's wife; that is, taking it for granted that he must be, if he lives here, industrious and sober. F. W. is a Pennsylvania American with a wife and three children; they occupy three rooms, and pay twelve dollars a month. His wages, as a machinist, average fifteen dollars per week; his wife earns a little—perhaps one dollar per week—by lace-making, her earnings provide her clothes, and some things for the children, but the father furnishes the money for shoes, best suits, perhaps, or some things of more than usual importance. The wife does the washing and the work, sewing included, and the weekly expenses "run about like this," to quote the good wife, who was sewing in her neat apartment, with pictures on the walls, books on the shelves, and a clock and vases on the mantel:

Rent.....	\$3.00.
Food, fuel and light.....	8.00.
Pocket-money for the good man.....	1.00.

Leaving \$3.00 or \$4.00 for clothing and all other expenses. But she seemed a good manager, and she said they lived very "comfortable." She made soup often, believing it to be "healthy," and "often got a bit of mutton for a stew," which she cooked "slow," and "seasoned with tomatoes;" and putting the potatoes to it after they were cooked, for she could not "abide the sloppy ways of some people cooking potatoes and meat together." She did not believe in trading with "books;" she bought and paid for everything week by week, and saved through the summer for money to lay in coal in the fall. She tried to make as much variety as possible, but it was about all she could do to get the necessities; they very seldom had fruit, never poultry, except once in a great while a chicken, left over and sold cheap, and then she cooked it with rice, or made a fricassee of it, so that it would "go farther." Her principal grievance was that her husband did not like oatmeal porridge, upon which the rest of the family made their breakfast, and "couldn't get along" without "a bit of pudding or pie." After his dinner—he had always had it at home, and couldn't feel that he had finished his dinner without some kind of dessert—so a rice pudding was frequently made with a little milk, an egg, and a few raisins; and when she had nothing else, she remarked, he was quite content to "finish up" with some bread and molasses.

This did not furnish a picture of luxurious living, but it was honest, independent, healthy, clean, and surrounded with a certain degree of comfort. The measure of this last for the poor working-man depends altogether upon the kind of wife he possesses; her habits, her knowledge of house-wifely ways, her thrift and power of putting the money he earns to its best use; and no form of help extended to the poor can be so fruitful of good results as the education of working-girls, and the wives and daughters of working-men in the arts and uses of a true household economy, and inspir-

ing them with the desire and ambition of knowing how to put everything they have to do with to its best office. The English and Scandinavians usually make their wives the disbursers of the family income (among the laboring classes), but this is not so common with the Irish, whose habits are, as a rule, less regular, and whose wives rarely know what they can have to depend upon, for a "bite and a sup," from day to day and week to week. This is the cause of much of the wretchedness among them. Woman are capital managers of small incomes, if they are good for anything at all, and the laboring-man who is wise, will make his wife the almoner of the household and the guardian of its interests.

A Summer Holiday.



HERE shall we go, and what shall we do this summer? becomes year by year a more perplexing question, because the "idyllic spots," the "lovely nooks," the "rural homesteads" which gladly received the weary occupants of "floors," or brown-stone fronts, and gave them milk, and fresh vegetables, at modest prices, have now learned their value, and with the increase in their own estimate of such possessions and surroundings as others are invited to share, they have lowered the standard of hospitable intent,—put on airs,—and imparted a mongrel character to what they have to offer—which is forcibly expressed by that famous old phrase, "neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring." This represents the average character of country accommodation as attainable by city residents; but there is worse. The rush of people from the cities and towns during the summer months has excited the cupidity of the countryman whose sterile soil, or shiftless methods, have rendered life a process of "hard scratching," and who exultantly places upon his wife's already burdened shoulders the responsibility of eking out a bare existence by taking "summer boarders." We recall vividly an experience of this kind. The "old man" had bought more land than he could afford to pay for. The house was a low, uninviting cottage, in which flies and mosquitoes swarmed, and which lacked every element of comfort. The wife, a gaunt woman, who always appeared in a sun-bonnet, as if she was about to go out of doors, or had just come in, and who did indeed divide her time between the "lean-to" and the back-yard, plumed herself upon the sourest and heaviest bread that ever rejoiced in the title of "home-made," and opined that her guests were used to city-made "alum" bread, as they could not seem to relish hers. Now, bread-making has been reduced to a science in cities—if nothing else has—and good bread, bread of a uniform character, and unsurpassed for lightness and sweetness, can be found on almost every block in every large city. If we could have our other articles of food supplied in as satisfactory a way as our bread, the difficulties of living in cities would indeed be reduced to a minimum. Still there is great satisfaction in eating good, home-made food—bread included—and when city people, who every morning have fine bread and rolls left at their doors, but who having grown tired of the monotony, go into raptures over the "gems," the biscuit, the steamed brown bread, and sweet "cottage" loaves which are produced fresh from the kitchen and pantry, their country entertainers are very apt to think that they never saw a respectable specimen of the staff of life before in their lives, and to entertain the pity that is somewhat mingled with contempt for them accordingly. The vision of sour bread and frightful meagerness of character and living which was referred to in the preceding paragraph is fairly balanced by a reminiscence of one of the most delightful


country homes it was ever the lot of a tired city worker to encounter. The house was a superior farm-house occupying a beautiful site on the left bank of the Hudson. It was old in its beginnings, but had been enlarged, and improved from time to time, but without destroying its characteristics.

It was occupied by the aged father, and aged though considerably younger mother, a married daughter, and her two children home for the summer, an unmarried daughter, and two "summer" boarders, one young and unmarried, the other a married lady, whose artist-husband bestowed himself upon his wife in the intervals of walking excursions in the Kaaterskills or up in the Adirondacks.

What a peaceful, lovely summer home it was! The founders of the family were among the original inhabitants of the region, and it had been settled in the same spot for two hundred years. Its name was a synonym for all that is best and truest in character and finest in growth and intelligence. It had stamped the neighborhood with its faith, and courage, and loyalty through all the chances and changes, all the reverses, all the struggles which try the souls of men and women, and the little graveyard on the hillside had gravestones, all bearing the same family name, and all standing as mute witnesses to unflinching devotion to the duty of the hour. There were representatives of literature, art and science who had gone out of this family—always glad, however, to return to it—always proud of the virtues enshrined in the old home upon the mountain, always ready to acknowledge that it was to these, and to their inheritance of these from a steadfast and a hard-working ancestry, that they owed honor and distinction. As a home it may be matched by others throughout the length and breadth of this broad land, but as a "summer" home, it was rare, and is growing rarer, for the representatives of the old-time, intelligent, loyal, hard-working, earnest race of men and women are dying out very fast; their sons and daughters occupy positions of honor and trust, and are scattered, and the new comers are filled with a spirit of greed, a great desire to make a display and cultivate discontent and dissatisfaction, as if they were profitable crops.

Thus a summer holiday amid quiet and peaceful influences, with sweet bread, and brown muffins, and cream, and berries in abundance, is a thing of the past. The city worker goes now into close quarters, into "farm"-houses where are crowded fifteen or twenty boarders; where the milk is sent away to the cheese factory; where fruit is unknown except as an occasional luxury, and in the smallest quantities; where the poultry is all saved for family consumption in winter, and the meat always happens to be cut from the toughest side; where space is as contracted as if "out-of-doors" was not lying about waiting to be taken in and made much of. There are city people who cannot understand or appreciate the necessities or the limitations of country life, and who do not even comprehend its best side. They carry with them their shallowness and their affectations, their fault-finding and their caprices, their vulgar airs and their ignorant assumption, and are doubtless thorns in the flesh to many good country housewives. But if there are any among the readers of these words who are contemplating an addition to the income by the advent of a boarder for the summer, a hard-worked man or woman, for example, who is looking forward to a summer holiday, as the opportunity to garner up strength for the succeeding ten or eleven months, give such, we beg of you, a little chance, give them a room whose windows or window can be opened, that looks out on the green grass and trees, a yielding mattress, an "extra" covering for cool nights, palatable and digestible food, and a sunshiny atmosphere, as far as those conditions will permit which govern us all, even those who furnish accommodations for summer holiday-takers.

The Furniture of an Old English House.

OOKED at from the distance which lends enchantment to the view, there is something wonderfully attractive and picturesque in the Gothic turrets and moated walls of a baronial castle. There is an association that clings to the "ivy-mantled towers," which imparts a certain romance and grandeur to those relics and ruins of departed greatness. In reality, however, the castellated mansion of our forefathers was little calculated to awaken romantic thought or refined feelings. Massive, spacious, and architecturally magnificent as they might have been, the interiors presented but few of the comforts and conveniences deemed essential to the happiness of a home in modern times. The furnishing of a feudal palace was limited in the extreme. Life in the old days, notwithstanding the outward show and splendor that characterized it, must have been hard and cheerless indeed.

The ancient baron and his lady, though they dressed sumptuously in costly armor of Milan make, glittering with gold and velvet, stiff with embroidery, and whose retainers, when mustered from all their grand domain, made a little army, did not fare hardly so well as the convicts of many of our reformatory institutions.

In their stately stone castles with their many arches, oriels, rich carvings and machicolated battlements, which wonderfully resembled a prison, there was much barbaric rudeness. The windows were narrow and unglazed, and at night were protected by wooden shutters. The fire was placed on a raised platform in the center of the room, and the smoke found its way through the windows. Hangings of coarse tapestry, ornamented with uncouth and hideous figures, screened the walls, if the naked masonry was hidden at all. The ordinary breakfast of my lord and lady was of two manchets, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish—herrings or sprats. At the other meals, capons, mutton, eels, pigs and pigeons predominated. The hounds crouched at their master's side, and the hawks perched above his head. It was considered the height of refinement for two guests to eat off the same plate. The only knife used was the clasp-knife, which the male guest took unsheathed from his girdle. Table-cloths, napkins and spoons were not used, and the company was divided by the salt-cellar. Only by degrees and after long ages did the progress toward a better state approach refinement.

In the middle ages the articles in a gentleman's house comprised but a few, and were summed up in the general name of "ostelment." The great nobles and knights did not have furniture enough to fit up more than one residence, and when they moved from one castle to another, were obliged to transport their effects over the miry roads to make habitable the home they were going to. Even kings in their "progresses" dared not trust to any of their great lords for accommodation, but were accompanied by a long train of carts laden with the "stuff" including bedding and tapestry, spits and kettles. No contrast could be more striking than what the same mansion presented during the residence and absence of its numerous family, when, stripped of all movable furniture, without plate or porcelain, dismantled of its arras, by men and animals alike deserted, it almost realized the images of desolation so beautifully portrayed by the Cid,—“When no hawks were seen on the perches; no cloaks lying on the benches; no voices heard in the hall, which had so lately echoed the sound of mirth and revelry; and now, like a city desolated by the plague, seemed but one vast sepulcher prepared to receive the dead.”

The noble ladies of England of the present day delight in their suites of retired and well-furnished apartments, adorned

with velvet carpets and silken curtains, and luxuriant beds of down, with sofas and couches adapted to every fancy which the caprice of fatigue or restlessness may assume, and cabinets stored with treasures and libraries of embellished books—the whole scene illuminated by the splendor of gas-lights, whose brilliancy is reflected by mirrors and candelabras, sparkling with a thousand hues. Their sisters of feudal days were content with mats of rushes or loose straw spread on the floor, and light from torches and mortars set in nooks in the wall. Books were few and costly, and only the wealthiest nobles could afford the luxury. In but few castles was there even a Bible, and the only book would be some quaint illuminated missal emblazoned with gold or silver, its crude pictures of warriors, saints and angels depicted in the most lively colors.

As for paintings, there were nothing worthy of the name until after the age of Elizabeth. James I. began to collect pictures, and much attention was then paid to the gilding and decoration of ceilings. Pepys, that racy old gossip, who lived in the reign of Charles II., writes in his diary of seeing "counterfeit windows in the form of doors with looking-glasses instead of doors, which made the room seem both bigger and lighter." In the same reign the queer Indian cabinets were introduced, and Persian rugs and carpets came in use, and it is spoken of as a great wonder that Queen Catherine had a clock in her room, in which a light was kept burning all night, so that she could tell the time at any hour.

Eleanor of Aquitaine, the queen of Henry II., A. D. 1160, introduced the use of tapestry, which was of great account to cover the cold walls, and to keep out the draughts of outer air. The poor queen, who must have often shivered in the cold climate of her adopted land, was in the habit, when journeying with her lord, of sending her tapestry on in advance to be put up on her chamber-walls. Another use of these "painted cloths" or hangings, was to make a "traverse" or kind of screen, by which a part of the room could be curtained off by itself, thus securing a little privacy in a house which was open to all comers at all hours.

In the sleeping-room there was ordinarily but three pieces of furniture. The first was the huge "set-work standing-bedstead," which was sometimes twelve feet square, with canopy, curtains and square pillows, and so high that trundle-beds were placed beneath them, on which the body servants slept. "Posted set-work bedsteads," and "hanged beds," are mentioned in not a few ancient wills, also "harden-sheets," which were made of coarse flax; "tear-sheets" of fine flax; "flock-bed coverlets" of wool; "pillow beers" and "counterpoints," from the squares being in contrasting colors.

A "perch," which was nothing more nor less than an old-fashioned clothes-horse, stood near the great bed, on which, according to an old writer, "you may hang your clothes, mantles, frocks, cloaks, coats, doublets, furs, winter clothes, and of summer." The third article was the "living cupboard," for the after-supper collation of bread, beer, and spirit-wine, which was served in the sleeping chamber.

The dining-table was literally a board of boards, laid on trestles, and was massive beyond comparison. Around it were oaken benches for the guests to sit upon. At the upper end was a dais where the lord and the principal persons sat under a canopy, in great carved chairs of state. The early chair was nothing more than a stool, or a box with a back. The straight, high-backed chair in which a person must sit as upright as the oaken plant itself, was mainly in use during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. A knight of that period bequeathed in his will, "my best tripod or three-footed stool but one, and my long chair."

Later on another gentleman speaks of "my joint chair, my little joint chair, and my other chair."

The cupboard or sideboard was a choice piece of furniture, being ponderous and richly carved. It held the flagons and tankards, the beakers and drinking-horns, basins and porringers, and all the family plate from the heavy silver salver to the powder-box for sprinkling green spices over the meats, and the few forks "for the green ginger."

In the old chronicles and wills there is a great deal said about presses, hutches, chests and coffers, by which were meant general places of deposit for the various household belongings. The press was the receptacle for bedding and heavy articles of clothing. In the coffer was kept money, jewels and other precious articles; it was of ivory, ebony or other costly materials. The hutch corresponded to the modern trunk, and was large or small, ornamented or plain. One ancient dame specified in her will, "our broad hutch that standeth in my chamber, and the great, broad hutch in the hall." Another well-to-do matron speaks of her "best spruce chest, her best coffer in the old chamber, her curiously carved chest of wainscot, and her cypress coffer for keeping linen clothing in," which reminds one of Gremio's statement in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," where he glibly runs over the furnishing of his house in Padua, in answer to Baptista's question when suing for Bianca.

"In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns;
In cypress chests, my arms, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions bossed with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold, the needle-work," etc.

A peculiarity about these chests was that they were not always intended to hold things, but were for show, made of valuable foreign wood, elaborately carved, banded and bossed with metal, set up on curious feet, and placed as ornamental pieces of furniture in a chamber or hall. Many of these articles, of Italian manufacture, are to be seen in our museums, and are interesting and valuable objects of vertu, as showing the way our ancestors lived in "Auld Lang Syne."
H. M. GEORGE.

Painting the Rose.

UPON a plaque of spotless white,
My lady's fingers deftly trace
Curved, dainty lines so full of grace
'Twere plain to e'en the dullest sight,
She stole them from her own fair face.

When o'er the outlined leaves she bends,
And in her sparkling eyes, I ween,
Find blue to blend with the golden sheen
Her sunny hair half shyly lends,
And lo, each leaf is vivid green.

So to the flower itself she turns,
And, kindled by some happy chance
Or memory of a shy, sweet glance,
A velvet fire in her soft cheek burns,
Till the rose glows red as wine of France.

O maiden, if the porcelain cold
Swift takes from thee its every hue,
Crimson and gold, and laughing blue,
Why needs it that thou should'st be told
My heart no painter knows save you!

B. K.



The Three Conspirators.

THIS scene represents three "feathered people" contemplating a strange object that is swinging in the air. As the sunlight falls upon the long web, it looks like a golden chain; and they conclude that it is a bell of an unusual shape which rivets their gaze. One, wiser than the rest, however, ventures to express the opinion that the object is not a bell, but lives and breathes, and is capable of forming a delicate and savory meal, if not for all of the party, for one at least. This is an agreeable and welcome suggestion, and the three conspirators discuss in low tones, such as conspirators always converse in, the best method of possessing themselves of the dainty morsel. They agree that a bold sortie is the best, under the circumstances, which will result in an easy capture of the object of attack. They make a united spring, with no other result than to cause the strange creature to swing away from them and then slowly return to its place again. They cannot account for the failure, and hold a solemn council as to the next step to be taken. They now advance singly to the attack, and always with the same result, the creature still swinging in dignified security aloft, far out of reach, like

"the bright particular star" that Helena "thought to wed." "So near and yet so far," they seem to say, as they gaze up in astonishment at the object that so successfully eludes their grasp.

At length, they become discouraged in their fruitless efforts, and conclude that they had better resort to the garden and scratch for a meal there; and thus ended a diabolical plot to endanger the life of a spider, who "laughed in his sleeve," so to speak, when he saw them walk off, a vanquished foe.

The artist of this pleasant little production is Gustave Süs, the German painter. The conception is exceedingly original and amusing, evincing considerable humor on the part of the artist. Each conspirator is a study in himself. The upturned faces are full of intelligent expression, and we can almost hear the conversation that is going on—the terrible plot that is brewing in that secluded spot.

Flowers Red, White and Blue.

LINES FOR DECORATION DAY.

LET the blue blossom lean its head
 Upon the sod where sleeps the brave,
 And lilies white and roses red
 Breathe balm upon the soldier's grave.
 Strew flowers upon the silent mound,
 Before the sun absorbs the dew;
 Let starry petals light the ground,
 And glow with flowers red, white and blue.

Our fathers saw in heaven on high
 The grand and beautiful design
 And copied from the radiant sky
 The stars that give a light divine
 To the dear flag our heroes bore
 In triumph many battles through;
 And we will honor evermore
 The braves of the red, white and blue.

Peace to the ashes of the brave!
 No battle shout disturbs their rest;
 They risked their lives that they might save
 The nation's life, and we are blest.
 With plenty smiling at the door,
 And bright prosperity in view,
 Can we forget those gone before—
 When flowers are red and white and blue?

The broad bright wing of heaven, unfurled,
 Bends o'er the sleeping sons of Mars,
 And He who molds and moves the world
 Has placed on watch the sentinel stars.
 The morning finds our fragrant bowers
 Wet with the clear and sparkling dew,
 That drops like tears from early flowers,
 We strew to-day red, white and blue.

By GEORGE W. BUNGAT.

Winter and Spring.

THE two figures in our illustration are emblematic of the two seasons, winter and spring! How wide the contrast here, even as in Nature's world. The winds of winter whistle over the bare branches of the trees and sweep across the mountain peaks; the snow whitens the ground, and the ice-king reigns over his bleak dominions. Spring comes, with her pleasant face, and, one by one, the flowers spring up to meet her. The sky takes on a bluer tint; the sun a more genial warmth; and Nature's bowers are full of buds and birds.

Thus wide is the contrast between infancy and old age. One is the season of hope, of looking forward, of untried paths, of glad and sunny hours. All things give pleasure to the young and happy heart; and the smooth, fair cheeks know no enduring tears, for

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

Old age is a season of retrospect. Hopes have come and passed away unfulfilled. The joys that promised much gave but little. Time has brought sorrows, and sorrow tears—tears sanctified and hallowed. The feet are set toward the eternal city, and the pilgrim sees in the land that's not afar off, peace and calm forever.

Even as the winter has its pleasures, so has old age its quiet hours of content. No feverish dreams disturb its slumbers, no delusive hopes disquiet, nor ambitious aspirations make restless the heart. The light of duties well performed sheds a mellow luster over the path; and content chants a sweet, low melody through all the passing hours.

In the illustration we see the two extremes of life—infancy and old age. The old face that is pressed so lovingly against the young one, even though wrinkled and aged, is full of benevolence and goodness, while that of the infant has all of the innocent beauty that belongs to life's earliest years. The little one has been gathering wild flowers, and she clasps them to her heart as if afraid to lose them, while the grandmother holds her securely on the seat she has taken on the garden wall. They make a very attractive picture, and show the beauty of old age, as well as the beauty of childhood, contrasting with and setting off each other.

June.

AH, June! my lovely lass,
Sweetheart, dost thou not see
I stay to watch thee pass?
What hast thou brought to me?
Thy mystic ministries
Of glorious far skies,
Thy wild-rose sermons, sweet,
Like dreams profound and fleet,
Thy woodland harmony,
Thou givest me.

ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON.

The Great Gulf.

CLOSE by her side for so many years,
So close I hear her beating heart,
And yet our souls as far apart
As though we dwelt in different spheres.

Were seas between and leagues of land,
I could bear this with better grace,
But thus to look upon her face,
And thus to clasp and claim her hand.

And know though I would die for her,
That this is all I have—that far
From me as any farthest star,
Her heart is still a wanderer.

This is death's pang. What though there rolls
Wide wastes between our paths! a thought
Can bridge that sea, but there is naught
Can span the sea between two souls!

CARLOTTA PERRY.



WINTER AND SPRING.

A Moi!

O COME to me my own! Return!
 Where wanderest thou afar from home?
 Thy home, my waiting heart, that still doth yearn
 While thou dost roam.
 Return! return!

My love has sat so patiently
 In its cold nest and striven to sing;
 Asked not the sun's warmth nor a flight more free.
 Desiring
 No joy but thee.

How shall it longer live alone?
 It can no more contain its cry,
 Its silent voice breaks forth in this wild moan,
 O lest I die
 Come back to me!

Nay, nay. Let the voice die away,
 Nor reach to thee. Is love become
 A beggar that it needs must pray
 Its hungry crumb
 From thee? Ah, nay!

Come not because I call to thee,
 But if thy sad and faithful heart
 Aches ever with this self-same misery
 Of being apart,
 Then come to me!

If not!—although these eyes discern
 No more the happy light of day,
 Although love lie as ashes in its urn,
 Forever stay!
 No more return!

Miss Higginson's Hanging-Basket.

MISS HIGGINSON had a great liking for flowers and plants. She was not, however, a lady of leisure; and she had very little time to cultivate them. Nearly every day she was out of the house by eight o'clock, and did not return until late.

"But I can have a hanging-basket, at least, with three or four pretty things in it, and that will be such a comfort. I like something cheerful to look at. I never expect to have a home of my own, but I want my one room to be a pleasant place," said Miss Higginson to her friend, Mrs. Jenkins, one day.

Mrs. Jenkins had a large window full of plants, and every one of them grew luxuriantly.

"I can give you a few young plants," said that lady, "and some good mould, too, if you can carry it home."

Miss Higginson was delighted, and thanked her friend cordially. "I would carry a pack of dirt willingly, if I can only make the things grow. What do you do to make yours flourish so?"

"Oh, I water 'em, keep the leaves clean, and sometimes enrich the mould a little. It's easy enough."

Late that afternoon the people with whom Miss Higginson boarded, were scandalized to see her enter with a large and awkward-looking parcel. People carrying parcels were their especial abomination. So Miss Higginson felt bound to explain.

"But you can't use all those things for one hanging-basket!" they exclaimed.

"No, but I was determined to have enough. And there'll be some left for next time."

Miss Higginson had seen pottery hanging-baskets of a very pretty pattern, and she resolved to have one. After trying at half a dozen stores without success, she finally found one. It was a longish, log-shaped one, and it cost fifty cents. She carried it home in triumph, and spent a good share of the evening in planting the different things her friend had given her.

"Why put in so much?" said Mrs. Broughton, one of the boarders, who was calling on her. For the basket was quite overflowing with the vines and plants.

"Oh, I hate a skimping one, and then probably half of 'em will die. I expect that."

So suspending it by a cord on a strong nail before the window, she drew back and gazed at it admiringly. "Isn't it lovely? I feel well repaid for all my trouble."

"Charming!" declared Mrs. Broughton, who had an eye for the beautiful, too, but who would never take the trouble to have a hanging-basket herself.

Oh, the love that was lavished on that basket of "queer things growing." Miss Higginson had faith, and she believed that some of them would live and thrive. And they did. Only one or two plants died. However hurried or tired, she never forgot to care for her new pets, and they rewarded her with ample freshness and fragrance.

About a month later, Miss Higginson was awakened about midnight by a loud, sudden noise in the room, a dull heavy thud, which fairly made her quake.

"That was enough to wake the Seven Sleepers!" thought she, lying half petrified for a moment or two. "What could it be?"

A dreadful presentiment shot through her mind. The moon was shining, and she glanced fearfully up at the window. Yes, it was gone, and in another instant Miss Higginson stood beside the mass of ruins. Pottery, mould and vines were an indistinguishable heap on the floor.

She lighted the gas, and stooped down to investigate. The cord had not broken, but one end had loosened and become untied.

"There's all my care and trouble gone in a flash! And the fifty cents besides," she reflected ruefully. "But I won't give up. I'll have another; though it is too provoking, just as everything was nicely growing," and, shaking with a mingling of her first fright and the cold, she lay down again and waited until morning to repair the damages.

It did seem as if there was a sudden scarcity in hanging-baskets, for wherever she went, Miss Higginson found that the dealers were just out of what she wanted, though every one assured her he would have a great supply of them in a week or two.

"And in the meantime my poor plants will die outright," reflected she.

A bright idea struck her. "I can use a cocoa-nut shell. I saw one last summer in the country, and it was as pretty as it could be. I'll buy a nut and saw it in two."

So she borrowed a saw, and succeeded in dividing the nut to her satisfaction, though why such a task was not included among the Twelve Labors of Hercules, she has never been able to understand.

Having been so thoroughly upset, the vines looked rather forlorn for a few days after their transplanting, and the favorite one died altogether. But whatever care and watching could do was poured out upon that unlucky hanging-basket.

One evening in January, a warm rain was falling. It was just the time to put the plants out, and Miss Higginson carried the basket to a rear window above the extension, and carefully propping it, left it on the ledge.

"How they will enjoy it, poor things!" thought she, as she returned to her front room, a happy smile lighting up her sunny countenance.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Broughton were reading together in the back room of the floor below. The window was open, and every noise was audible. "What's that?" cried Mrs. Broughton, as quite a sharp thump came to their ears. "Is there anybody on the tin roof?"

Mr. B. put his head out of the window, and looked about inquiringly, but there was nothing to be seen.

Poor Miss Higginson! On going to the window an hour or two later, of course there was no basket. The blind had swung loose, and down it had dropped. She rushed below, and scaled the bath-room window.

"There! I told you there was somebody out there," exclaimed Mrs. Broughton, who heard the fumbling about. The head went out again.

"It's nobody but me!" explained Miss Higginson, laughing. "My hanging-basket tumbled out of the window, and isn't it a perfect wonder it wasn't broken! I expected nothing but that it was all smashed up," cried she, joyfully; holding it up to the light, and discovering nothing wrong about it.

But it felt very light somehow, as she carried it up-stairs. "Why, it must be broken, or bewitched!" for it grew lighter and lighter. She took it forward to the gas, and critically examined it. Yes, there was a hole in the bottom, a piece broken clean out.

"Ha! ha!" laughed she, in a dry, hard, sarcastic tone, "I thought 'twas too good to be true."

"But I'll mend it, see if I don't, that is, if I can find the piece, for I *will* have a hanging-basket."

It was too late, however, that night, and the basket was too drenched for anything to stick. But the next evening, having found the missing piece, she mended the break so skillfully, nobody would have discovered it. "And, by and by," thought she hopefully, "the whole basket will be a mass of lovely leaves, covering up all imperfections."

Oh, the faith of that woman was beautiful to see! To be sure, she had bright golden hair, which made it easy for her to be sanguine, but she deserved to be better rewarded. The poor vines grew more and more spindling as the days passed. The leaves became of a pale yellowish hue.

"Oh, you poor sick things!" she would say, hovering over them with a tender pathetic air, like a mother over an invalid or deformed child.

One evening as she sat lonesomely by the fire, Miss Higginson heard water dripping somewhere. Drop! drop!

"Ah, ha! and so it's leaking, is it?" said she, quite aloud, though there was nobody in. "That sticking stuff isn't good for anything, or else it won't bear being soaked, one of the two." And pretty soon, out fell the bottom of the hanging-basket.

The most hopeful of human beings must sometime experience a little depression of spirits, and Miss Higginson's moment of discouragement had arrived. "And it's too late to try again this season, anyhow. But the next time I see a real pretty hanging-basket, I'll buy it and have it ready for next fall," thought she, the sanguine in her getting uppermost after all.

So she bought, on a pleasant spring afternoon, a charming circular hanging-basket, with a triple chain to suspend it by, and laid it on a high shelf in the closet until she should return from the summer vacation.

"I'll succeed better next time," thought hopeful Miss Higginson, and in due time went to pass the summer with a married sister in the West.

Time went by like a dream. One day, not long before

she was to return, her brother-in-law, John Robinson, brought in to dinner, Mr. Hanlon, a florist from Oakland.

"Miss Higginson is interested in plants," said John, with a merry twinkle in his eye, which, however, she did not observe.

How could she converse on that subject, who knew so little about it? But she thought of her hanging-basket, and detailed her experiences. Mr. Hanlon was fond of a good story, and he found much amusement from her narrative. At the same time he was making a running commentary on her apparent qualities.

"She's good-looking, animated, ingenious, plucky, and loves flowers. Perhaps——"

"You must come out to Oakland sometime," said he, "and see my gardens and conservatory. Perhaps you will be able to find something there for your new hanging-basket."

A very becoming pink suffused Miss Higginson's face at this invitation, though I would willingly take my oath that she suspected nothing.

"I shall be pleased to come, much pleased," she replied, smiling quite radiantly, and thinking herself in great luck.

"Then I will drive out for you a week from to-day."

When the time came, Miss Higginson put on her best bonnet, of course, and her new grenadine, and really looked very fresh and pretty as she started off to Oakland.

John and his wife stood watching her as they drove away. "It's a perfect shame for that woman to live single all her days, isn't it, Matt? He's rich, handsome, just the right age for her, and has only one child."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, John?" exclaimed his wife, secretly entertaining her own notions on the subject.

Ten to one my reader has anticipated, and decided that Mr. Hanlon proposed to Miss Higginson in the gardens at Oakland, among heliotropes and tea-roses. In point of fact, he did nothing of the sort. She would have been frightened to death if he had, and my story would have ended in disappointment. To be sure she felt a strong suspicion on the way home that the plants and seeds the florist gave her would never grow in the receptacle which was waiting for them; but the real formalities of the affair took place some weeks later.

Miss Higginson was a very modest woman, and she never told just how it came about; but among all the plants and flowers that adorn her pleasant home at Oakland, a few choice ones in her own room are the favorites. These are suspended before the window in an elegant hanging-basket. She takes care of them herself, and they grow luxuriantly. So she succeeded at last.

JENNY BURR.

At a Palette Club Meeting.

HERE was a full meeting of the Palette Club that Wednesday afternoon. Cathie Cartwright's easel stood near the west window with one of Whit-tredege's charming bits of landscape thereon, and her own careful copy beside it. Kate Cameron, in whose studio the girls met, was painting faint and shadowy wild-roses upon a plaque. Polly Palmer sat at a little distance and devoted the shining hours to distracted-looking pencil sketches of the two workers, and to the admiring contemplation of Miss Chester's embroidery.

"That's not legitimate work for a Palette Club," protested Miss Cameron. "We meet"—grandiloquently—"for the purpose of advancing the cause of Art—(with a capital A!) in ourselves and our fellow-members!"

"Well, if this isn't art," interrupted Polly, "then I don't know what art is."

"Oh, you are an unprofitable member," Kate retorted, "and if we held strictly to the *Palette* Club idea, you and your pencil would be turned out."

"Exactly!" said Polly, making cross-hatched shadows with her No. 2 Faber, "and for that reason I am disposed to allow that liberty of conscience for which our Puritan ancestors were not famed."

"I am sorry my embroidery should be the cause of dissension in this amicably-disposed body," said Miss Chester, with a slow, half-amused smile, that had a hint of sadness under the mirth. "To whom shall I apologize?"

"There is neither head nor front to our offending," Cathie laughed, looking up from her work for the first time, "and that Virginia-creeper needs no apology. How do you manage to paint as well with your needle as you do with your brush?"

"Crewels and filoselle are almost as good artist materials as Windsor and Newton colors," answered Miss Chester, simply. "Have you ever tried them?"

"I never should have the patience!" This from Polly the irrepressible. "Imagine my embroidering yards upon yards of gray felt in high-art Kensington!"

"We can't," ejaculated Kate and Cathie with one impulse; Kate adding with the frankness of friendship, "You're entirely too lazy, my dear."

"I deny the allegation and defy the alligator!" Polly returned with an indolent drawl. "But really, Miss Chester, what is it meant for? And why is there such a quantity of it?"

Miss Chester hesitated for a moment. Perhaps it was the little feeling of loneliness—these other three girls, had known each other so long, and were on such familiar and friendly terms. She had often wished they would call her Eleanor as they called each other Kate and Polly, but she was far too shy to suggest it, and on their side was a sense of something lovely but unapproachable. Kate's frank unconventionality had brought her into the club, but plainly she was not of it.

She was a stranger in the city, and a new-comer at St. Mark's Church, but she had taken a class in the Sunday-school, and had joined the Guild. It was at one of the Guild meetings that Kate Cameron had drifted into conversation with her, and finding that Miss Chester had artistic leanings, gave an impulsive invitation.

"We have a *Palette* Club that meets at my house every Wednesday afternoon. We bring our painting, and sometimes we work and sometimes we play, but it's generally pleasant. I'll call upon you in a proper and orthodox manner, of course—if you'll let me—and I wish you *would* join. I think you'd like it."

And so she had become a member. Gladly enough, poor girl! for life was lonely and dreary in those days, and whatever promised a change, and a possibility of new friendships was welcome.

Miss Chester flushed nervously as she realized that a question had been waiting some time for her answer.

"It was meant for a sort of cornice or frieze for a room in which I used to spend a good deal of my time. We designed the decorations ourselves—but they never were really carried out."

"Yes?" said Cathie, ungrammatically, but with a sympathetic accent. The picture that grew beneath her fingers was to hang—some day!—in the house that she and Will Cameron were planning to fill with such "sweetness and light." There was no foundation for the thought, but some sudden intuition made her comprehend the painful hesitancy of Eleanor Chester's explanation.

"Why not?" asked Kate, bluntly.

"Because I came away."

"Then why—what are you going to do with this now?" Polly asked.

"I don't know," Miss Chester answered slowly. "I had said I would do it in a certain length of time, and I hate to fail in a piece of work. That's why I brought it this afternoon; my time is almost up."

"A sort of modern Penelope's web," said Polly, who was a little obtuse on occasion, and can never understand to this day the meaning of the warning flash in Cathie's eyes.

"With a difference," Miss Chester spoke lightly, but with a shade of *hautueur*, and then a momentary silence settled upon the four girls.

Kate Cameron broke it presently.

"Will is coming home early this afternoon—he had to go over to Jersey City to meet a friend. I shouldn't wonder if he found his way up to the sky-parlor, and brought his friend with him, if they get back in time. You don't object?"

The question was addressed to Cathie, who responded by a little flush that made her look sweeter and more lovable than ever.

"What manner of man may the friend be?" asked Polly, with unblushing desire for information, setting the fichu at her throat, and giving a furtive pat to her "bang" as she spoke.

"Grand, gloomy and peculiar, from all I can hear, so don't agitate yourself! He met with a disappointment in love a year or so ago, and has paid very little attention to woman-kind ever since, Will says."

"So much the better!" cried Polly, who was an arrant little flirt. "Kind Heaven, send him quickly!"

"Would that all prayers were answered as soon," said Kate, looking through the open door-way. "By the pricking of my thumbs, Richard Hildreth this way comes!"

Eleanor Chester's work dropped unheeded upon the floor, and for a moment she waited in blank dismay. Then came a sudden recollection of an adjoining room where the girls were wont to wash brushes and remove paint-stains, and with a half-intelligible murmur of excuse, she passed out of one door as Mr. Cameron and his friend came in at the other.

Such a tumult was stirred within her! It almost seemed as if they must hear her heart beat—those other people in the next room, who were smiling and bowing, and making pleasant, conventional talk.

"Who could have dreamed of his coming here?" was her silent moan. "Oh, my love, my love! I hoped never to see you again—never to hear your voice!"

It was not long that she stood there, but so much of a bitter past may be lived over again in a short time!

She saw—oh, so vividly!—the quaint, sunny octagon-room, and old Mrs. Hildreth's welcoming smile. She remembered those golden autumn days before Dick's ship sailed, when they went wandering hand in hand "through that new world which is the old." How they came home wreathed with trailing garlands of clematis and Virginia-creeper, and how the octagon-room blossomed like a rose. "When I come," Dick said, "it will be your room, you know, Nell," and Nell blushed and smiled for pure happiness. "I wish we could keep Virginia-creeper here all the time," he said with a look that recalled the kiss he had stolen under the shadow of the old stone wall where the vines clambered in riotous profusion. "We can," she said, shyly—"let's have embroidered hangings." And so the long strips were cut and measured, and the vines drawn in bold relief of scarlet and green upon the dull, gray background. "You will never finish it in time," Dick protested; but she registered a laugh-

ing vow that when his ship returned from its two years' cruise, her Penelope web—her Bayeux tapestry!—should be finished.

So he went away, and then came that dreadful time when she learned that Tom—her only and dearly-loved brother, had been arrested, tried, convicted, and sent to prison for forgery!

She did not trust him sufficiently, perhaps; but it was the one thought for herself and her mother to go away—far away from every one who had ever known them; never to see, or hear, or be known by any of the old familiar friends any more. That she could ever become Richard Hildreth's wife while this shame hung over her, seemed an impossibility, and so the prospect of meeting was intolerable.

"You look entirely too cosey and contented up here," Mr. Cameron was saying. "Can't you give us poor fellows a standing invitation, Kate?"

"I have no right," laughed his sister. "Put it to vote; we're all here."

"No, we're not," remarked Cathie. "What's become of Miss Chester?"

"I think she went to wash her hands," said Polly, "and here's her work lying upon the floor, actually! Kate, I hope you sweep often?"

"It is pretty, is it not, Mr. Hildreth?" Polly continued coquettishly, holding up the long strip of bright embroidery. She was not prepared for the sudden start with which that gentleman seized it, nor for the quick, eager ring of anxiety and expectation in his voice as he asked—"Miss Chester? Eleanor Chester—is she here?"

She heard him, and she came, impelled by the love that made resistance hopeless.

"I have found you at last!" he cried, heedless of the people who stood by, wondering. "Nell, why *did* you do so?"

"Hush!" she said, letting him take her outstretched hand. "I need not tell you, for you know."

Cathie and Will, Kate and Polly waited in awkward silence, each wishing it were possible to slip away quietly and leave these two to the explanation that seemed imminent. Miss Chester's usual quiet *aplomb* had deserted her, and it was Dick Hildreth who cut the Gordian knot of the difficulty with simple and manly directness.

"Miss Chester is my fiancée," he said; "when I tell you that we have not met for two years, you will not wonder at our lack of tact. Miss Cameron, will you pardon me if I break up this meeting of the Palette Club by taking Eleanor home?"

Kate gave him absolution with a comprehending and sympathetic smile; and Cathie left Will's side to go and help Miss Chester put up her work and find her wrappings. "May I come and see you, Eleanor?" she asked, shyly. "Don't make strangers of us any more."

They were alone in the little back room, and Eleanor, dropping hat and cloak, put out both arms and kissed this new-found friend before she and Dick walked away together.

"Well, old fellow?" said Will, interrogatively, when Mr. Hildreth made his appearance late that evening. "Oh! you needn't apologize—I know how it is myself!"

"All right then—I won't. You may congratulate me, though; for I've won at last."

"Poor little soul!" ejaculated Will, who evidently knew the whole story, "and to think I never dreamed that your 'Nell' was one of Kate's friends!"

"Blessings on the Palette Club!"

"Amen!" said Will, fervently.

DOROTHY HOLROYD.

Graduating Dresses.



LOUDS of lace and mull, sashes of moire and satin, white kid gloves and wreaths of fairy blossoms float before us, a beautiful vision. May every "sweet girl graduate" be just as fair and lovely on that day of days, Commencement, as she desires! Then, if ever wearing her well-earned honors, she deserves to be so.

But as rosy June brings the return of Commencement season, the air is again disturbed by the buzz of adverse criticisms, like so many angry wasps. The gist of them all is, our girls *shall not* dress nicely when they graduate.

Why? There are at least two occasions in the average young lady's life, upon which, say what you will, she wants to look her prettiest. Why should she not upon these momentous days, those of her Commencement and her wedding? Life has many dark seasons at best,—why should she not secure, at least, two bright ones, whose memories shall always remain green, like oases in the desert? It is only when a woman is very young that, as a general thing, she really cares for dress for its own sake.

The principal objection made to a graduating-dress is its cost. But to those who can afford expenses, such an objection means little. It is further urged that, in a class containing many members, some must necessarily have less means than others,—for their sakes, let the wealthier ones deny themselves. But do they think of such a thing as regards their every-day school-clothes, when the difference is felt much more? Why, then, make an exception upon this occasion alone? I don't say, let the rich girls graduate in point lace and diamonds,—but I do say, let all graduate in dainty robes.

As a matter of fact, however, the cost of a Commencement-dress does not bear so heavily upon persons in moderate circumstances as some, especially *men*, suppose. The appearance is everything,—the material, little, soft, white fabrics, such as Swiss, French muslin, mull and the like, are not expensive, and are capable of elegant effects; while for decorations, what is more appropriate than natural flowers which, in summer, may be had almost for the asking? With the minor accessories of white kid gloves and slippers, handkerchief, etc., the whole cost of a fairy toilette may not be greater than that of an ordinary street costume, or even as great. Besides, many a bright, ingenious girl is able to elaborate such a costume for herself as tastefully as a dressmaker could do it.

Furthermore, the poorest girls in a graduating-class are not always the ones who would most ardently desire to see the pretty custom of class-dressing abolished. The wealthier members can have finery all the year round,—but Commencement is *their* occasion; the day to which they can look forward, when their desires can be gratified, and for which their relatives, careless enough at other times, are abundantly willing to contribute. Besides, were you to hint that it was for *their* benefit that sumptuary laws should be enacted, none could be more insulted than they. Dress in calico, indeed! I guess we can have a decent dress for *once* in our lives! Would you have *our* Commencement a commonplace affair?

Another fault found, is, that once worn, a graduating-dress is useless. Not at all, good friends. A beautiful white dress is an admirable stand-by in case of an unforeseen party, or other occasion requiring special adornment. In spite of the many elaborate costumes of all fabrics and colors, brought forward by Worth and his compeers, it is still true that for a young girl nothing is so suitable, so becoming as pure white.

Yet people have complained that graduating-dresses showed so little color. But, I repeat, for all places and in-

stitutions, nothing is like white. Imagine a group of girls seated on a stage before you. Were they, as it were, enveloped in fleecy clouds, relieved only by a few flowers, you would soon see against a sunny background, a number of sweet, blooming faces. But take the same class, and swathe them in all the colors of the rainbow—what could you make out but a heterogeneous mass of dry-goods? No. Whoever ordained that white should be “*the thing*” for Commencements, “*builded better than she knew.*” You will soon see the difference if you attend the closing exercises of an institution at which the graduates wear white, and those of another at which they do not.

A very common objection declares that a girl's graduating in a special costume implies selfishness on her part towards her family. But wouldn't it be far more selfish in them to deny her the dress? What better could they do with their money than reward her for a long, arduous course of study, and so testify their appreciation of her worth? Why should she not desire a pleasant, satisfactory Commencement as well as any other good and lovely thing of like importance? Perhaps the very fact of her wearing a certain amount of finery upon that day, might imply that she had been exceedingly unselfish, instead of the contrary, and had made many sacrifices all along—now, she could afford to shine.

We read many pitiful tales, however, seeming to the casual observer to prove the other side of the question. One says that a young lady graduated in a new dress, and so prevented her brother from going to the country for a vacation; another, that the heroine was forced to wear a light, figured calico,—though daintily made and looped with tea-roses; another, that the maiden did without any finery and used the money that she might have spent on adornments, to present to her school a handsome portrait of the principal. But I for one, fail to be convinced. In the first place, how could any young man of chivalrous spirit have gone off and enjoyed himself, allowing his sister to wear an old dress? In the second, only a few more pennies per yard would have transformed the figured calico into a fairy muslin. And, in the third, why was any individual girl called upon to make such a gift, and how could the managers have accepted it of her, purchased at such a price?

Then there is another phase of the question to be taken into consideration. If any man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, may be called a benefactor of humanity, surely, he or she who brings about greater, better results than this may be much more appropriately called so. Commencement-season always increases custom for the dry-goods merchant, the dressmaker, the shoemaker, and the florist. Whatever rightly aids one human being in his endeavors to gain an honest living may be called a benefit to the race. Our benevolence is always better, for all concerned, when it takes the form of giving employment instead of alms. Wear your graduating-ropes, then, mademoiselle, with a clear conscience—you may have sent bread to the hungry far more effectually than if you had distributed a few pennies or dollars, and indulged in vague platitudes concerning “*the poor.*”

I never heard any one hesitate about providing a costly shroud for a daughter or sister who had been untimely called away. Any objection to such a garment founded upon the thought of expense, uselessness, or anything similar, would, under the circumstances, be indignantly resented. Then, why not bestow the graduating-dress just as freely—more so, inasmuch as, in one case the wearer would know nothing of her robes, in the other, she could see and appreciate them? But it seems a common practice to give to our dear ones the most and the best when our gifts can do them no good, and awake no answering smile.

I believe it has been abundantly demonstrated that, in the

great majority of cases, it is perfectly right and proper for a young lady receiving her diploma to be attired in a style suited to the dignity of the occasion. (Of course not adorned to excess.) But if, after all, there *are* exceptions,—if, perhaps, one girl out of several hundred cannot possibly appear in an appropriate dress,—what then? Why, I think if she had the right kind of feeling, she would much prefer to stay away from Commencement than compel a score or more of her friends to make themselves miserable upon her account. Why not say, as I asked in effect above, that no girl should dress well for any ordinary occasion, and that because one goes in rags, all ought? But, at the same time, I believe that here as everywhere, there's always a way opened—and that, because I never know of so extreme an instance, not many, comparatively speaking of the kind can exist. If a girl can manage to push her way up to the point of meriting a diploma, she can manage to have a costume in which to receive it. The last is the smallest part.

Long live graduating-dresses!

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

The Home of the Troubadours.

IT is wonderful what changes eight days can produce in plant life. When we left Macon a week since, the leaf buds on the trees were only just beginning to unfold; in the meantime it has rained every night, while the sun has done his best during the day, and so, when we reached the South, we found a spring world, of which a poet might dream.

We could have shouted aloud for very joy as we dashed through the entrancing landscape, and how gladly would we have left the stuffy railway carriage to stand still and gaze our fill on the almost overpowering beauty! The hillsides wore thick carpets of many-colored flowers; the lilac trees blazed in reddish-purple glory like Moses' thorn bush; the almond trees were avalanches of snowy bloom, and even the tall stiff poplars guarding the highroads were covered with tender cloud-like blossoms!

The world was full of fragrance and song, for the birds were home again from their African winter wanderings, and from between the blossoming twigs came the fresh, clear voice of that most delicious of songsters—the blackbird.

It was just the season in which to see Provence, the land of song and sunshine. We spent only a few hours in Avignon, glancing over the ancient papal palace and historical museum. What did it matter to us that it had been the seat of a papal court for seventy-five years! We had not gone South to search out dry dates and musty historical facts, but to drink of the fresh spring of living poetry.

Since those far-away days when minstrels wandered from castle to castle, and from court to court, singing the ever new songs of life's love and sadness, the gift of poetry has never quite died out in Provence.

Nor is it to be wondered at, in a country whose skies are ever blue and whose women have inherited the best features of the various races which have from time to time held sway here. From the Greeks they have received the slender build of the limbs and their magnificent busts; from the Romans, the proudly set eyebrows and blue-black hair; from the Gauls, their light blood and brilliant wit; from the Saracens, their gazelle-like eyes, their dignity and grace, added to a sonorousness of voice which makes their every word into a song.

Pity it is that this splendid race is not perfect in beauty! But the noble features of the Provençal women are much disfigured by an almost manly beard, which, showing in the

girl of ten as a delicate down, reaches in twenty years the dimensions of which a Hussar might be proud. It would seem as if nature, finding the charms of these Southern women too great, had added this defect to protect them from the evil eye of which their progenitors spoke so much.

In the stretch of country between the Alps and Pyrenees, between Lyons and the Mediterranean Sea, and especially along the shores of the Durance and the Rhone, the Provençal tongue still holds uninterrupted sway. In France alone eleven millions use this dialect, which, once so highly esteemed and so rich in literature, has been for centuries a despised peasant *patois*.

In the last two or three generations its very existence has been threatened. Since the building of railroads, the southern provinces have been flooded with Frenchmen from the North, and in the struggle which ensued in consequence between the Langue d'Oc and the Langue d'Ail, between the sharp, nasal accent of the Parisian boulevard, and the soft, full-toned, rhythmic accent of Provence, the first must of necessity conquer, because Church, schools, government, literature, and society was on its side, while the second was supported only by the peasantry, grandmother's tales and popular stories.

In the larger cities it has quite died out, though one can still go into country villages where no one except a school child or a *gend'arme* will be able to reply to a French question in French. In the past ten years societies have been organized for the protection of the national language and literature; publications appear regularly, prizes are offered for work in the home dialect, and a deep, wide-spread movement is on foot to cultivate national feeling and national literature.

The most important of these societies is the *Felibres* in Avignon, a name which signifies singer, or poet. They have a yearly festival, which lasts several days, when an almanac is issued, in which the best talent is employed, and of which thousands of copies are distributed among the peasantry.

The best testimony to the real worth of this publication is found in the fact that the poems which appear in it to-day are sung in cottage and on the road-side to-morrow. Perhaps in no country in the world has poetry such originality as in Provence, for here one writes to relieve the mind and heart, not for fame or for money.

One sings at home and in the woods, giving no more thought to the hearer than does the blackbird or nightingale. Poetry is the natural expression of one's mood, just as laughing or crying. Every one writes poetry, but no one dreams of making it the calling of his life.

Jasmine was a hair-dresser in Ogen, and kept shop till he died, even when his portrait hung in the cottages of the poor by the side of the *Virgin de la Garde*, and when people flocked from Paris to press his hand and say flattering words.

Rétroul, whose poems are ranked with Béranger, was baker in Nimes, and his bread was none the less white because his poetry was so good.

Mistral, the author of the simple and touching epic, "*Miseié*," is the son of a gardener, and works at the same modest calling; while Roumaine, the best known of living Provençal poets, is a bookseller in Avignon, and does not even keep a clerk to assist him in his shop.

The Provençal poetry of to-day is of peculiar growth; it has quite lost the sweet, dreamy, serious, melancholy tones of the ancient minstrels; and of the touching, pathetic love cries of the wandering troubadours there is not a trace to be found. While the world has been growing, year by year, graver, gloomier, and more pessimistic, Provençal poetry has become gayer, lighter, and sunnier. A few poets have striven to introduce a more serious tone of thought and

expression, but they have found no echo in castles or cottages, and so remain unread and unsung, while the lighter strains are constantly on the lips of the people. Nor can we wonder at it!

When one reads such poetry as falls from the pen of Swinburne or Lenace, and then turns to that of Roumaine, it is as if one had left a burial ground, with its gloomy associations and sorrowful emblems, and had entered the brilliantly lit hall where a marriage feast was being held, and all was gayety and mirth and good cheer.

LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

A Lesson.

FAIR is the wayside rose,
That all its beauty shows,
And all its fragrance throws
Freely to every one that passeth by;
But roses just as fair
Perfume the desert air,
With none to see or care,
Blossoming only for the sun and sky.

Sweet is the skylark's song,
As, swift of wing and strong,
He mounts above the throng,
And pours abroad his soul-entrancing tone.
But, all unseen, unheard,
In forest depth unstirred,
Full many a sweeter bird
Singeth to God and his own heart alone.

Mighty, and grand, and free,
The rivers seek the sea,
In pride and majesty—
Blessing mankind with beauty and with power.
A thousand tiny rills
Creep down their mossy hills,
And wind through valleys still,
Keeping their lowly way 'mid grass and flower.

Bloom on, fair rose, unknown!
Sing on, sweet bird, alone!
And brook o'er mossy stone
Still creep and murmur through the forest dim!
Fill thine allotted space!
God giveth each his place
Of grandeur or of grace,
And each alike is precious unto Him.

L. L.

Blight of Bloom.

BENEATH my eyes the garden smiled,
The sun shone fair above;
Beside the lily there knelt my child,
On my roof there rested a dove.

A cloud came frowning from the west,
The lily drooped and died;
No longer the dove of peace found rest,
And my baby trembled and sighed.

For her, to-day, in paradise
Again the lily blooms;
For me, no flower delights my eyes,
Nor decks my silent rooms.

Of bud and bloom and fragrance fine
My garden lies bereft;
Yet, in its midst, and sweetest shrine,
A pansied mound is left.

ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.



Peter Cooper.

IT is not often that a private individual meets with more honor in life, or is more deeply deplored in death, than the venerable Peter Cooper. He sought not fame, yet he found it; he coveted no honors, yet they were freely accorded him; and in the good he did, he met at once his present reward and his lasting glory.

Peter Cooper, a name known far and wide, was not a successful general, nor a renowned poet. He made no great scientific discovery, by which posterity would remember him, nor achieved any wonderful work of art. What, then, are the pillars that uphold the structure of his fame? Simply these—Love and Charity—a love that knew no bounds, a charity that embraced every nationality, creed, and condition in life.

Others have founded benevolent and educational institutions, but none cover so much ground, or meet so completely an urgent want as that founded by Mr. Cooper. With wonderful sagacity, he grappled with one of the most important questions of the day, and in the Cooper Union we have the beneficent results of a wisdom founded on experience, and a humanity as tender as it is comprehensive. Essentiality a charity, yet self-respect never suffers in receiving it, and while gratitude is active, no sense of humility nor of degradation is awakened.

Peter Cooper was born ninety-two years ago in the city of New York. His father was a hatter, and from him his son learned the trade. He did not remain at the business, however, and in his seventeenth year, he was apprenticed to a coachmaker. At this early period, the mechanical skill for which Mr. Cooper was subsequently distinguished, developed itself, and he invented a machine for mortising the hubs of wheels, the first of the kind known. When his apprenticeship was over, he entered into the business of making machines for shearing cloth; and having accumu-

lated \$500, he presented it to his father, and thus saved him from failing. Thus early did he exhibit his generous and self-sacrificing spirit, a disposition that never deserted him through all his long and useful life.

During nine years, Mr. Cooper changed his business repeatedly, and each time with improved results. Ultimately he established a glue factory, and in this business most of his fortune was accumulated. Although he was making money rapidly, Mr. Cooper observed the greatest economy, for even then he had resolved to found a great educational charity—a school “to be forever devoted to the union of Science and Art in its application to the useful purposes of life.” This work was not begun until Mr. Cooper was over sixty years of age, and has cost him over a million and a half of dollars. There are seven departments of instruction, and a reading-room and library numbering 18,200 volumes. A system of free lectures prevails, which are largely attended. For a full and interesting account of the Cooper Union, we refer our readers to DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for May, 1878.

During the years of his remarkably active life, Mr. Cooper produced many useful inventions. Among them is an invention for reducing iron ore; also a substitute for the crank motion, which he applied to the first locomotive used on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; a device for transporting coal, a torpedo boat, and a machine for rocking the cradle, playing a musical box, and keeping the flies off at the same time. He contributed largely to the development of the telegraph and Atlantic cable in the United States; and was ever ready to give his time, money, and counsel to any scheme for the ad-

vantage of his country and his fellow-men.

Mr. Cooper's private charities were unbounded. It was sufficient for him to know that others wanted and that he could give; and he measured not his benefactions by the worthiness of the recipient, but by his own tender humanity. He enjoyed “the luxury of doing good;” and had the recording angel visited him, he, like Abou Ben Adhem, would have asked to be written down as “one who loved his fellow-men.”

In 1876, Mr. Cooper became the candidate of the Greenback party for the presidency. His ideas on finance were made known through public lectures and in various publications. During the present year he published a volume entitled “Ideas for the Science of a Good Government,” and he says in the preface that he considers it his duty to transmit his ideas to posterity in book form.

But the busy hand and the busy brain, and the heart that beat so strongly and so warmly for humanity, have been stilled forever. A few days of illness, the result of a cold, and the life of the aged philanthropist was over; but the good he did will not be “interred with his bones;” it will live as a perpetual memorial of him.

As he lay in his coffin in the church, the flowers heaped up around him, the reverential manner of the throngs that surged past to take a last look of the well-known face of Peter Cooper, attested the honor and respect felt by all classes for this princely giver, this friend of the workingman and the workingwoman. His funeral was nothing less than a grand ovation to worth, a spontaneous tribute to goodness. Thousands were in the procession that wound its way to “the city of the dead;” showing that in public appreciation, the name of the man who loves his fellow-men “leads all the rest.”

Home Art and Home Comfort.



THE border design in this number can be used with the corner design given in the last number. The present size of the design is suitable for a small curtain for a book-shelf, or for a little table-cover of soft silk or pongee. It is very useful worked in satin stitch on a silk neckhandkerchief. It is exceedingly pretty when the material and silks are all in the same tones. The silks may be in lighter or darker shades than the material used. A bureau cover can be embroidered with this design enlarged.

Three of the flower forms will be enough for the end of a bureau cover. If the design is to be adapted for a bureau cover, and you are not accustomed to draw free

hand, it will be best to take a piece of paper the width of your materials, divide it in three parts, which will give you the spaces for your three curves.

These curves you can make true with a compass or even with a small saucer or box cover. The flowers must first be drawn in position as they are in the design, and then stems and leaves added. The stem line at the beginning should be curved up round the flower, and the design should end with the third flower without the continuing stem line.

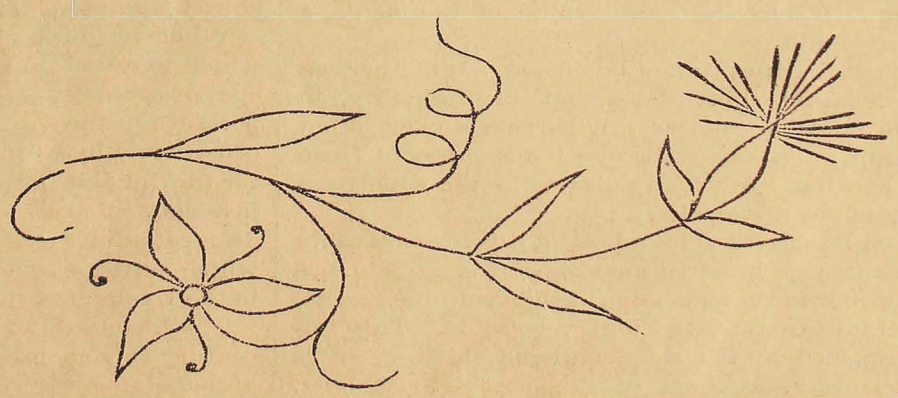
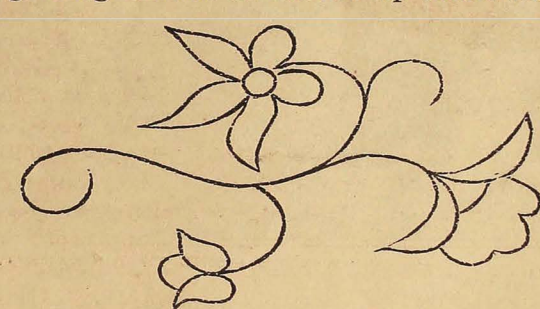
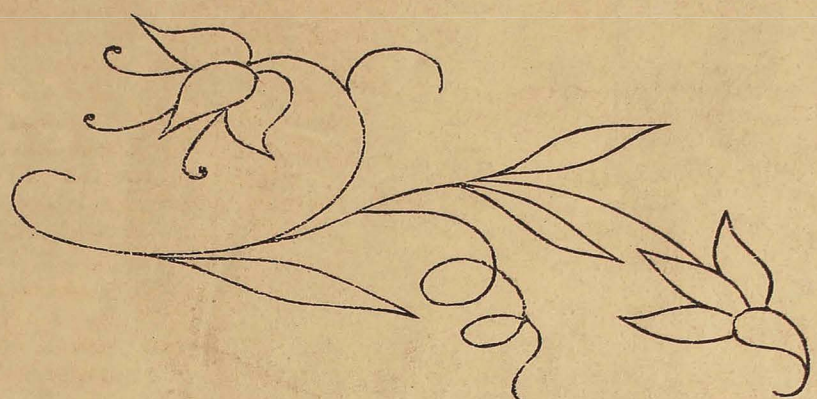
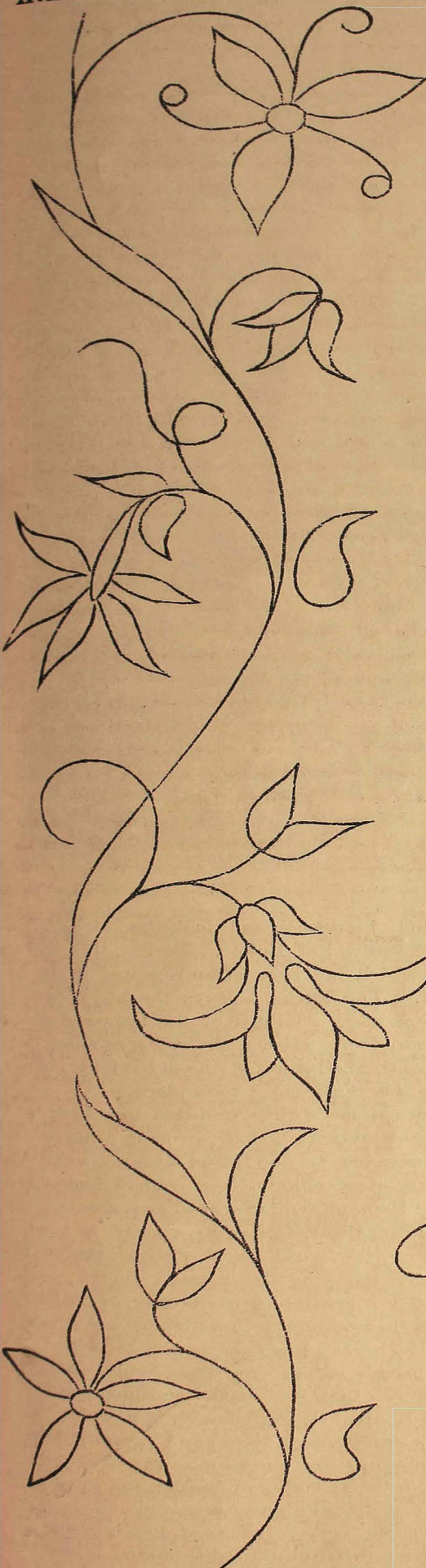
This design should be worked in flat color with no shading of leaves or flowers. Various colors can be used if the design is embroidered on a bureau or table-cover. It is necessary always to combine the colors carefully. When the design is with small leaves and flowers, the material used should

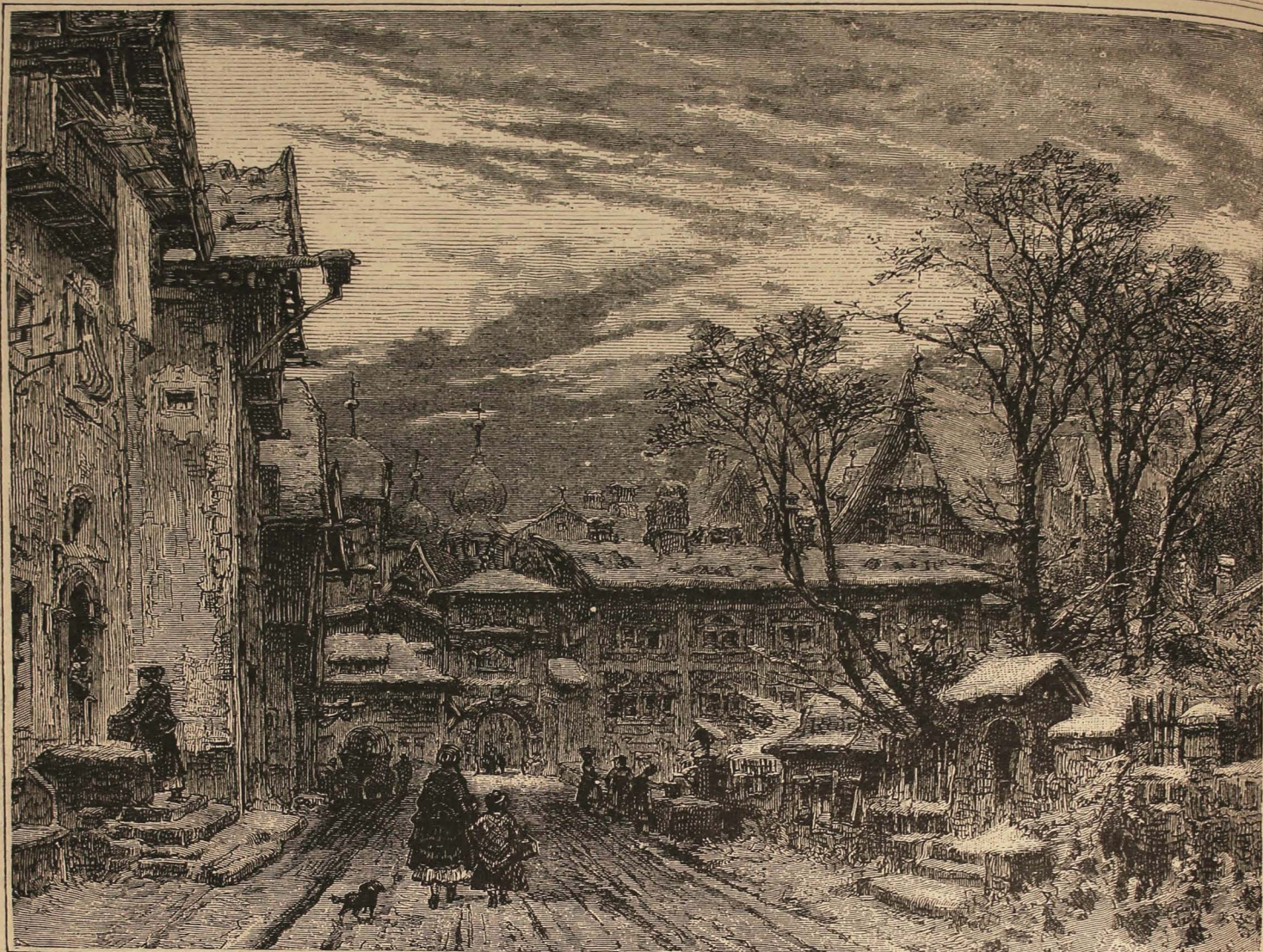
be delicate. Silk, pongee, or fine linen are suitable. If a heavy material is used the design should be enlarged. The small sprays given with the border design can be powdered at regular distances above the border. Of course, the distances must depend on the size of the cover or curtain. On a table-cover the corner design in the last number can be used, and the

powdering will not be needed. On a curtain or bureau cover the powdered sprays are a great addition. They give something of a brocade effect. Conventional

designs and conventional flower forms are much less wearisome in embroidery than a too painful following of nature. A suggestion of flowers and not a picture of them is all that can be demanded in embroidery. All our Eastern embroideries show this plainly. Nature cannot be studied too faithfully, but it is useless with silks to try to rival nature. The only thing possible is to follow after her respectfully and modestly at a reasonable distance.

HETTA L. H. WARD.





WINTER SCENE IN BUCHAREST.

Pictures From Roumania.

BUCHAREST.

IF we turn to our geographies for information concerning Bucharest, that source is speedily exhausted, for the subject is generally disposed of in some such words as these: "Bucharest, the capital of Roumania, a large, irregularly built, very dirty city."

These three peculiarities cannot be denied, but neither can even a superficial observer deny that in originality, in variety, and in startling contrasts, it surpasses every other capital in Europe. Every walk one takes presents fresh views of the peculiar life which pulsates in the widely extended arteries of the metropolis.

Looking upon Bucharest from a height, it is inconceivably beautiful, with its two hundred metallic domes and cupolas glistening like gold in the sunshine; its labyrinthine streets, its quaint architecture, and Oriental vegetation. This impression is deepened by the wonderful and shifting colors of the Southern sky, at times of the most intense blue, again with marvelous sunset tints, or flecked with gold-tipped clouds,—or perhaps even more lovely than all, when all sharp curves and outlines are toned into harmony by the soft light of the full moon.

The name Bukuresci means "City of joy," and there are two or three legends regarding its origin. One is that the shepherd Buker built the first hut, and his descendants continuing to

live there, the colony increased and took the name of Bukuresci, which is the plural of Buker. Besides this, there is another tradition which has been often repeated in the history of the world. The Turks, so says the story, invaded Wallachia and demanded a tribute of ten thousand ducats and five hundred children. Mircia, the ruler, repulsed them at Rovina, and in his gratitude for the deliverance, built a church and palace where the fight took place.

Whatever historical basis this tradition may have upon which to rest, it is quite certain that for many centuries this spot of country, encircled by woods and swamps, was of importance in the eyes of warlike tribes. Black houses were constructed by the Romans, which served as places of refuge for the inhabitants of the neighboring country in times of invasion. Later on, the woods were cleared, the swamps drained, and a city arose on the marshy slough—a city which unfortunately bears traces of its marshy foundation in the frequent fevers to which its inhabitants are subject.

The history of Bucharest, however, before the seventeenth century is very obscure. The few facts which have been gathered together are facts of shame and blood, as indeed the history of all Roumania, until lately, is a woful tale of struggles between ambitious Bojaren and tyrannic princes. The welfare or happiness of the people was never thought of, they being regarded as beasts of burden for those whom accident of birth had placed above them.

During the past ten years, Bucharest has improved rapidly. The city has now two hundred thousand inhabitants,

though there is space enough to accommodate a million. The houses are generally of one story, with flat zinc roofs, and are surrounded by gardens and open squares.

The streets are so crooked that it is not easy to keep in one through its entire length, and only the principal one is paved. They are also very unequally graded, so that in stormy weather many of them are literally under water, making them almost impassable for foot passengers. Nor is it much better in carriages, for the wheels may be half submerged; and as the hired vehicles are always open, the occupant is frequently sprinkled from head to foot.

Bucharest may be said to really consist of a group of towns or villages. If we start at Theater Square and go right and left through the Pado Majochoi, we will find, with the exception of the irregularity of the street, a perfectly European city in appearance. There are elegant hotels, handsome shops, splendid dwellings, and a rush of carriages and pedestrians quite equal to that of Paris or Berlin. In this portion of the city are the banking houses, exchange, post-office, tax and telegraph offices, and other important public buildings.

The farther away one goes from this quarter the more one comes upon the curious and picturesque life of the East. One suburb named Mahales, is really a village which has strayed into the vicinity of the city. The houses are usually very tiny, consisting of one room, though each has its own garden; but lately some showy houses have sprung up which will by-and-by convert it into a fashionable quarter. Life here too is as quiet and retired as it is noisy and bustling in the heart of the city; the grass growing literally in the streets, and not a shop to be seen except the inevitable *Bakonieu*, or grocery store.

Another quarter which compares more than favorably with the cities of Western Europe is *Bateitea*. The streets are very nearly straight and are quite clean. Most of the houses stand in the midst of trim, well-kept gardens protected by iron railings. No two houses are alike, but the elegance of the façades are deceptive, the stucco decorations being very perishable and easily loosened by dampness, which gives them a sadly disreputable appearance.

The Armenian quarter is like a bit of the country with its greenness and freshness and solitude. The streets are very silent and empty, for the Armenian women, who are celebrated for their beauty, especially for their large and wondrous eyes, go out as rarely as the Turkish women.

In public edifices Bucharest is very poor, the king's palace being only an ordinary private dwelling without the slightest pretension to architecture, style, or ornamentation. It was built in 1813 by a son of Constantine Coleska, and the father, astounded at the size of the rooms, exclaimed: "But, my son, how can you ever light them?" to which the son replied: "I build not for the present but the future." Could the worthy old man arise from the grave and be present at one of the court balls which takes place frequently in the rooms, he would marvel not a little at the long rows of gas jets which convert night into day.

In consequence of the great distances and bad pavings, all well-to-do families keep their carriages; indeed in no European city have I seen so much driving as here. Most ladies drive for the shortest distances, so that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that many have almost forgotten how to walk, and would deprive themselves of every other comfort rather than give up their carriages. For those who cannot afford their own equipage there are more than nine hundred cabs ready to serve them. The safe, yet rapid driving of Roumanian coachmen, who are usually of Russian descent, is celebrated. It is really remarkable, the certainty, dexterity, and swiftness with which they drive over the worst and most uneven streets, and to observe that in spite

of the constant stream of vehicles an accident is something almost unknown. In winter, when the streets are, for weeks and months, covered with snow, carriages are exchanged for sleighs, and only those who have experienced the sensation can properly realize the weird charm of a sleigh-ride by moonlight through the picturesque streets of the Roumanian capital.

EPIPHANY IN BUCHAREST.

"Dimborita apă dulce,
Cine bea nee se mai duce."

says a Roumanian proverb, which being translated means, that he who has once tasted the waters of the *Dimborita* will never willingly leave its shores, and shows the pride which the Roumanians feel in the stream whose turbid, yellow waters flow through their metropolis.

The water is far from inviting in appearance, particularly if one happens to pass the butcher shops on Market Square when the slaughtering is being done, and observes how all the offal and rubbish from the slaughter houses is thrown into it. Notwithstanding this, however, the Roumanians are right in lauding the *Dimborita* water, for after it has been filtered it is brilliantly clear and has a remarkably delicious taste.

There being no water works in Bucharest and the water in the wells being undrinkable, the industry of the water carriers or *Seccaghen* is a flourishing one. These men are to be found every morning on the banks of the river filling their barrels, which they afterward carry about to their customers on hand-carts of most primitive construction.

On the Epiphany, or festival of the adoration of the magi, the river is solemnly consecrated according to the ritual of the Greek Church—a ceremony for which the people prepare by days of fasting. The 6th of January this year, according to our calendar, and the 18th by the Russian, was a magnificent winter's day. The trees were sparkling with rime, the copper roofs and cupolas glanced in the brilliant sunshine, the joyful peals of church bells answered each other from far and near, and the sky wore its deepest azure tint.

About 10 o'clock in the morning, I went to the *Slatari* Church, situated on the river's bank. Like the majority of Roumanian churches, it has little to attract either in works of art or in style of architecture. In all Greek churches there are two parts; one for the congregation—often not more commodious than a good sized drawing-room, furnished with carpets and paintings, and a few easy chairs against the wall, for the use of those worshipers who are not able to stand during the entire service. The other compartment, answering to the Holy of Holies in the Jewish Temple, is separated from the other by a rood of open work extending across the church, and contains the altar, relics, and, in many instances, the mummied body of a saint. This part of the church is very rarely entered by the laity, and under no circumstances by a woman.

The church, this Epiphany morning, was a blaze of light, no worshiper entering without his wax candle to place before his favorite picture. Shortly after ten the king entered, attended by his Adjutants, Ministers of State, and other high dignitaries. After he had taken his place under a canopy in the middle of the church, a psalm was sung by the invisible choir, and the priest recited some verses of Scripture in that peculiar nasal tone which belongs to the Greek ritual, and is a compromise between singing and speaking. To celebrate mass he went into the Holy of Holies, from which the prayers sounded as if a voice from another world.

This rite concluded, a procession was formed, consisting of gendarmes on foot, eight priests bearing banners and pictures, a number of clergymen in hierarchical order, and

clad in vestments superbly embroidered in gold and silver, court officers, the king and the metropolitan, foreign ministers, and other civil and military officials.

A handsome pavilion had been erected, overlooking the river, surmounted by a cross, and ornamented with the royal arms, and the red, blue, and yellow flags of the country. On a table in the pavilion stood a large silver bowl filled with water, which the metropolitan consecrated, and then offered the king and chief priests to drink.

He then took his place upon the lower steps of the pavilion, just upon the river's brink, before which the ice had been cleared away for a considerable space. Prayers were intoned, the river blessed, and then, amidst the thundering of cannons, a sacred cross was thrown in.

Several youths, in the national dress, stood waiting to spring into the river, to rescue the holy emblem, for on such an occasion neither the possibility of taking cold nor of drowning enters their minds, as they believe it impossible for evil consequences to follow upon such a meritorious act. Amid the jubilant shouts of the multitude, the fortunate finder laid the cross at the metropolitan's feet, receiving not only his benediction, but the more material and substantial gift of forty francs. This over, the river is thought to be ready for use during the following year.

Immediately after the king had left, the people pressed about the stream; mothers coming with tiny babes to wash their foreheads, old people and invalids struggling for the chance of dipping their hands in the water, which is believed to have on that day an almost miraculous healing power or preventive charm. The crowding, shrieking, and crushing

was dreadful. In vain did the police essay to preserve order. No one listened to their remonstrances, and no one would leave without jug, or jar, or bottle being filled with the icy cold, yellow fluid.

But the ceremonies of the day were not yet over; for in the houses of the better and middle class, private consecrations took place. My hostess had, as has every Roumanian, be she rich or poor, a private altar in her room. This looked not unlike a bric-a-brac closet fastened against the wall, the shelves being crowded with pictures, candles, relics, and flasks of holy water. Under it stood a small table on which is a lamp, that burns day and night, and before this was placed a costly vase containing water.

When the priest and his acolyte entered, those present knelt, crossed themselves, and kissed his hands and the cross which he carried. A long prayer was intoned, the water was carefully stirred with the holy-water brush, and each person present was offered a sip. What was left was then poured into a bottle in which was water consecrated four years previously, and which is still perfectly sweet and palatable, though I cannot agree with my Roumanian friends in thinking the priestly blessing has done aught to keep it so. The rooms were then all sprinkled with holy water to banish evil spirits and unwholesome air, and to draw down the blessing of heaven. This completed the religious ceremonies of the day, the remaining hours being devoted to social enjoyment.

NATIONAL DANCES.

As a word is the body of thought, and song the poetry of speech, so is dancing the poetry of motion, but not that



THE HORA DANCE.

alone, for it may also be the expression of national thought and feeling. The Roumanians, like other excitable and impetuous Southern peoples, have their gay and serious dances, which are closely interwoven with the fate and history of the nation.

That best known is the "Hora," answering to the "chorus" of the ancient Greeks, and in which a circle is formed by men and women joining hands, who move in slow and measured tread, their bodies inclining forward in a wearied, melancholy manner, accompanying this rhythmic motion with plaintive songs and heavy sighs. The "Hora" is the dance of an oppressed race, who not daring to speak aloud of the burdens which weigh them down, show, by their mournful glances and reluctant movements the bitterness which fills their lives.

An extremely symbolic dance is the "*bira grew*," or heavy taxes. For centuries the Roumanians groaned under the burden of intolerable taxation, and this period of slavery is brought to remembrance by the "*bira grew*." The dancers move in slowest tempo, bowing to the earth at regular intervals, as if vainly searching for some way of discovering a means by which they could fill the bottomless gulf which the greed of their oppressors have dug for them.

The "*brion*" or girdle dance is warlike. Moving very deliberately at first, and in narrow circles, they chant a verse of an old song which speaks of bondage and disgrace, growing louder and more vehement as they sing; the closing verse declares that to be a free people they must be a united people, and then the dancers seize each other by the waist and form a close and unbroken chain, as if thus to defy their tyrants and enemies.

Besides the grave dances, there is another of a different character, the "*ratza*," which recalls the "oats, peas, beans and barley" of our childhood. These national dances are, with one exception, accompanied by singing, but one must not always expect much sense in the rhymes, as they are generally doggerel of the thinnest type. We give one verse as a curiosity of the *ratza* :—

Ratza aei, ratza colea,
Ratza pasce papura,
Si ratzoiul,
Si ratzoiul.
Usturoiul.

This as far as it can be translated means—ducks here, ducks there, ducks live in ponds and meadows, etc., etc.

The "*Kuidia*" takes place during harvest time. The day's work is ended, the sheaves are bound, the setting sun tinges with gold the distant horizon, the evening breeze brings coolness and refreshment after the heat of the day, and before the reapers return to their wretched huts they unite in this thanksgiving dance.

Each placing a hand on the shoulder of his neighbor, they circle swiftly about, and then with one prolonged shout they greet the setting sun, and then, worn out with the labors of the day, they seek their lonely couches.

The "*Zoralia*" is noticeable chiefly for its extreme rapidity of movement. The "*Mocancantz*," or shepherd's dance is similar to the tarantella. But most remarkable of all is the "*Calusari*," which is always danced in Bucharest during a festival called *Mosi*, occurring the week before Whitsuntide.

This dates from the days of Numa Pompilius, who, tradition says, saw the sky open during the raging of a pestilence, and a shield fall therefrom, a gift from the goddess Egeria, and which, when borne through the streets caused the plague to cease. In gratitude the king caused eleven other similar shields to be made, and appointed twelve priests of

Mars to be the keepers. These men were called Solians, from a sort of hopping, springing step with which they bore the shields through the city during the first week of March.

The Roumanian name, "*Calusari*," according to some etymologists, is but a corruption of the term, *collis salii*, Salians of the hills, as the guardians of the shields were called, but without this similarity of name it is easy to recognize the "*Calusari*" of the Roumanians in the Salians of the Romans.

The members of the "*Calusari*" are twelve in number and form a close corporation, to enter which a novitiate of three years must be served, during which time the strictest attention is given to diet. They wear spurs on their boots, and bind their thighs with thick leathern cords. Their figures are grotesque in the extreme, and the peasant believes them to be in league with the devil. In dancing they are armed with short, thick sticks, and unlike other dancers they preserve strict silence during the performance, indicative probably of the mystery which shrouded the keepers of the sacred shields.

When dancing in villages a part of the performance consists in the abduction of a maiden, which is said to be in souvenir of the rape of the Sabine women. By the law of honor they are obliged to return to the village in nine years to dance with the same girl; and should they not do so, they are punished by the *yéletés*, a species of witch, who never meet a man without causing him to become incurably lame.

THE YEARLY MARKET—MOSI.

Once a year, the week before Whitsuntide, a fair or market is held outside the gates of Bucharest, which is known by the name of *Mosi*. This word means forefather or grandfather, and the festival is kept in remembrance of the dead. It was instituted long, long years since to commemorate a bloody battle fought on the spot more than two hundred years before, when, as tradition states, the inhabitants of the country from far and near brought food and gifts to the sick and wounded.

When first instituted it was especially for the benefit of the poorer classes when all sorts of useful articles were sold, particularly baskets, wooden pails, and housekeeping utensils, at a very nominal cost. Now it is simply a yearly market and a general jollification, bearing little or no trace of its original character, though extremely interesting to strangers because of its peculiarly primitive, national aspect, and because it displays distinctly all the lights and shadows of this Oriental life.

Molhilor, the street which leads to the large, open meadows appropriated for this fair, is as crooked as most of the other city streets, and the houses which line it on either side are very odd and quaint. It is ancient Bucharest, the city of the East in all its originality.

No two houses are alike. In style, color, size, and position they are different. Here stands a house close upon the street, fiery red in color, and consisting of one room. This one apartment serves many purposes. It is bed-room, parlor, dining-room, and kitchen in one, and not unfrequently a shop also. During the fierce heat of the summer the occupants of such a domicile sleep upon the street, and any one who takes an early morning walk in the summer may see all varieties of household duties in operation.

Right and left of the red house stands a yellow and a green one, and a few yards distant we come suddenly upon a splendid Bojaren palace. In honor of the *Mosi* all the houses are adorned with flags and wreaths and festoons, though the most beautiful ornaments are those living pictures which use the windows as frames for their lovely faces. It is a trifle difficult to decide whether these exquisitely beautiful

daughters of Eve are there to see or to be seen ; one thing, however, is certain, there are enough of them to enrich all the galleries of Europe.

An undulating crowd fills the street, extending farther than the eye can reach, of elegant carriages and modest cabs, stunted black buffaloes, and horses of purest English breed, magnificent Parisian toilets and country costumes.

The closer we approach the city gate the more difficult and slower our progress. But the patience and immobility displayed by the people, despite the crush and heat, is marvellous. There is not the least pushing, crowding, irritation, or complaining. The Oriental has leisure. No commodity is so cheap with him as time. He can always wait, and that, too, with patience, seeing he has nothing else to do.

Upon reaching the market the curious picture is heightened

looking band of gypsies whose services as musicians were formerly required at even the grand entertainments given by the Bojaren, but who are now banished from aristocratic salons, and only to be heard in country places or in the low coffee houses of the city.

They use three instruments, the violin, colza, and naioul. The violin, which was brought into Europe at the time of the Crusades, is of Eastern origin. An instrument of similar form may be seen in old Indian paintings. The colza is a species of mandolin which is used only for an accompaniment ; the naioul is a variety of flute whose shrill and piercing tones may not be inharmonious among the mountains or on a broad plain, but in a room are simply ear-splitting.

Another very curious instrument sometimes used by the Lantari is the canonu. In form it is four-cornered and has



SCENE AT THE MOSI, THE LANTARI NATIONAL DANCE.

in interest, for the difficulty of locomotion gives one sufficient leisure to look about and bring order out of the chaos.

Huge arbors made of boughs of trees invite us to rest and partake of the refreshments offered there—coffee, onions, cucumbers, and cheese.

Near by, in the densest of the throng, is a man carrying a pail of water and a jar of doulcace, a sort of sugared fruit without which the Roumanian cannot exist. If one is thirsty he takes a spoonful of doulcace and a glass of water, and the same spoon and glass serves for all who come after.

A few steps away some one calls out "ices"; yonder stands a girl preparing coffee, and urging the passers-by to taste the invigorating Mocha, while between press countless fruiterers with their great, round baskets filled with luscious fruits.

Of amusement there is no lack. At every corner may be heard the bizarre melodies of the Lantari, a black-eyed, wild-

many strings, and is very probably the psaltery of the ancient Hebrews. Is it not strange to find in the hands of this gypsy race the identical instrument to which David, over two thousand years ago, chanted his inspired hymns, and with which he charmed away the evil spirits which beset King Saul ?

The music of these instruments is greatly valued as accompaniments to the popular national songs, and groups of country people may be seen gathered about a band of Lantari singing ballads, which speak of the noble exploits of their princes and those patriotic robbers called Haiducken, who fought among the woods and mountains against the burdens laid upon their country by Turkish tyrants.

This latter ballad of seven verses, with its somewhat arbitrary rhyme, can take its place, as regards poetical grace, by the side of the finest popular ballads of the newest races.

The Doineu are passionate love songs whose words are

wedded to languishing melodies. They commence, as do the majority of Roumanian love songs, with the invocation of a plant, which is a proof of the love of nature existing in the breast of every Roumanian as well as of the symbolical language of the East. One begins for instance:—

“Trundza verde rosmarin”—“Oh, verdant leaf of rosemary,” because rosemary is a very favorite plant among the peasant class, and its leaves are much worn by the maidens. When the song is sad, it begins, “Trunda verde, lemne uscate”—“Green leaf, but dry wood.”

But the skill of the Lantari is not only called into service during the Mosi as accompaniments for songs, but also for the pleasure of the strong limbed, swarthy youths and the village belles with their dangling ornaments of real or false ducats who wish to trip on the “light fantastic toe.”

There is an infinite variety of other amusements, carondels with gigantic figures on their wooden horses, traveling circuses, menageries, snake charmers, and acrobats, while of course the number of tradespeople is very large, they coming from far and near. There are the Turkish traders, their scarlet fez surmounting their serious faces, sitting with crossed legs and stolid mien before their artistic carpets, their meerschaum pipes, and costly perfumes. They utter no word in commendation of their wares, the fatalism of their religion teaching them to feel that Allah's will must be done. “If I am to sell, I'll sell, if I am fated to keep my goods, no recommendation of mine can prevent it.” This is the cause of that restfulness and tranquillity pervading the Turkish nation, a little of which we are occasionally tempted to wish for ourselves.

A marked contrast is presented to these apathetic traders by the Armenians who are also called Eastern Jews, because of their spirit of trade. Crying, urging, importuning, bargaining, it is only a very determined person who can escape their clutches without leaving some of his money with them.

Besides the regular “buben” or shops there are numbers of petty peddlers who follow you persistently step by step, surrounding the carriages as swarms of flies a sugar barrel.

Some articles are so identified with the fair that they can scarcely be purchased at any other time, and people seem to consider it an almost religious duty to buy these—red balloons inscribed “Libera Roumania,” bracelets made of colored glass or pearls, and very beautiful hand embroidery.

There is another profession (I am certain it is in this case not amiss so to designate it) which is liberally represented in the Mosi—that of begging. Every five steps one is accosted with “*facetivâti, pomanâ, cocoanâ,*” “Charity, dear lady, dear sir,” and a distorted arm or leg is thrust forward to excite sympathy. In this way one is brought face to face with hideous sights, and the proprietor of such disfigurements may stand a chance of reaping a rich harvest, for the Roumanians are easily moved to pity, and are very generous.

The only class missing was one which with us would have been largely represented—that is, the police, unless, indeed, they were there *incognito*. But all went on quietly and agreeably, for the Roumanians are a thoroughly peaceable, good natured people who will disturb no one, provided they themselves are not interfered with.

The greatest festal day in Mosi week is Thursday, when, no matter what the state of the weather, all the aristocracy of Bucharest attend, headed by the king and queen. Until two years ago it was the custom to have a court ball that day in a pavilion erected specially for that purpose on the meadows, and where all the ladies appeared in peasant dress. For some reason this custom has been given up, but without affecting the number of persons who throng the Mosi on this favorite day.

Generally it is warm and dusty, but this year it rained in torrents, so that the poor market people sat literally in the water. But the unfavorable weather diminished neither the general jollity nor the briskness of trade, for high and low, rich and poor, would have felt something amiss in their lives had they not joined the crowd this festival day!

GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER DAY.

In the year 1868 the Mayor of Bucharest issued the following proclamation: “As very many of the business men of this city either forget or neglect to close their shops on Sundays and other holy days, we hereby give notice that henceforth all such delinquents will be dealt with as the law directs. All shops must be closed on all church festivals, only such as provide food being allowed to be open for a short time after mass. The following are the holy days referred to: January 1st, Epiphany, St. John the Baptist Day, Purification of the Virgin, Annunciation, Easter, three days, St. George's Day, May 10th, being the coronation day of King Charles I., Ascension, Whitsuntide, three days, St. Peter and St. Paul's Day, Transfiguration Day, Birthday of Virgin, Invention of Cross, St. Dumetri's Day, St. Nicolas Day, and Christmas, three days.”

From this official list our readers will perceive that there is no paucity of holidays in Bucharest, though these which have been enumerated are not the only church feasts in Roumania. There was formerly one a week. Add to these the fifty-two Sundays in the year, and we have over one hundred, making three months of idleness out of the twelve. Within the last six years some of these have been abolished, though even yet there are too many when we consider that the day before and the day following is observed as a half holiday.

Some of these festivals are invested with a peculiar charm, coming from the centuries of religious devotion, which have hung them about with blossoms of faith and love; but I fear civilization, advancing in this case from west to east will sully this charm, as it only too often destroys religious faith without being able to provide any satisfactory substitute.

In the Greek Church the fast days are rigidly observed, especially those of Advent and Lent. It also preserves many of the usages of early Christian times, when religion was the chief occupation of the people, and when the church festivals were in very truth national feasts.

During Holy Week the use of meat, milk, butter, eggs, or any kind of fat is rigidly forbidden. For several days the Holy Supper is spread, when every one communicates, even the smallest children. The manner of receiving the emblems differs from both the Protestant and Roman Catholic forms as the bread is dissolved in the wine, which is then drunk by the worshiper.

Good Friday Mass is said at noon, after which the officiating pope takes a cloth, upon which is a picture of the descent from the cross, carries it around the altar three times, and then solemnly places it upon a table in the center of the church. This picture is embroidered, with the exception of the Saviour's face, which according to a law of the Greek Church must be painted.

These embroideries, which are very costly, and are often elaborately trimmed with pearls and other precious stones, are usually prepared in cloisters, and are the gifts of friars and wealthy ladies. The table upon which the picture was deposited was loaded with flowers and surrounded by lighted tapers; a priest stood on the right side with two plates before him, one containing consecrated bread, the other for the offerings of the faithful.

In the afternoon of Good Friday I was invited by a lady, the

mother of two daughters, to drive with her to three different churches that the children might creep under the table upon which was the holy picture, for in this curious way do Roumanian children keep Good Friday. We took with us quantities of flowers and candles, besides giving the pope a generous donation, all of which made him very complacent.

After the customary crossings and kissings of the picture and the Book of Gospels, the children were told to go under the table. At first the youngest child, a girl of eleven, refused, saying: "It's too tiresome!" The pope laughed good naturedly, pointing out to her how very pretty the table was with its floral decorations, until she finally permitted herself to be coaxed into accompanying her elder sister, who was nineteen, when they repeated the performance three times—when I asked the meaning of this extraordinary custom, I was told that a portion of the strength which sustained our Lord in his sufferings was imparted to those who thus humbled themselves, and that the Holy Spirit visited them in a miraculous manner. From what I saw of the levity and frivolity of the many young people who went through with this ceremony, I not only have grave doubts as to any benefit accruing from it, but also believe it to be morally hurtful.

The great ceremony of the day began at eight o'clock in the evening. The people then go to church armed with wax tapers, two or three feet, often more, in height. These candles, made for this occasion, are really elegant in color and shape. The table was surrounded by popes, who chanted in monotonous tones the story of the Passion. When that was finished the people passed by, lighting their candles from those held by the priests. It was a pretty sight, the dimly illuminated church growing steadily brighter till it was all ablaze with light!

By either side of the table stood a priest, one of whom gave each of the taper-bearers a tiny nosegay, to signify the flower of redemption, which blossoms from the sufferings of the crucified; the other held a cross to be kissed and made the sign of salvation upon their foreheads with holy oil.

When all the candles were lighted, four popes lifted the picture from the table and held it aloft like a baldachino, that the people might pass under it as the children had done in the afternoon with the table. It was then carried to the door through the kneeling crowd while the church bells rang and the choir sang. A procession was formed outside the church, which passed around the building three times, each time going under the baldachino, after which, returning to the interior, the picture was rolled up and taken into the Holy of Holies, whereupon the congregation scattered and Good Friday was over.

The next day presented remarkable contradictions; while everybody observed the strictest fast, the shops were thronged with purchasers, as housekeepers must provide for

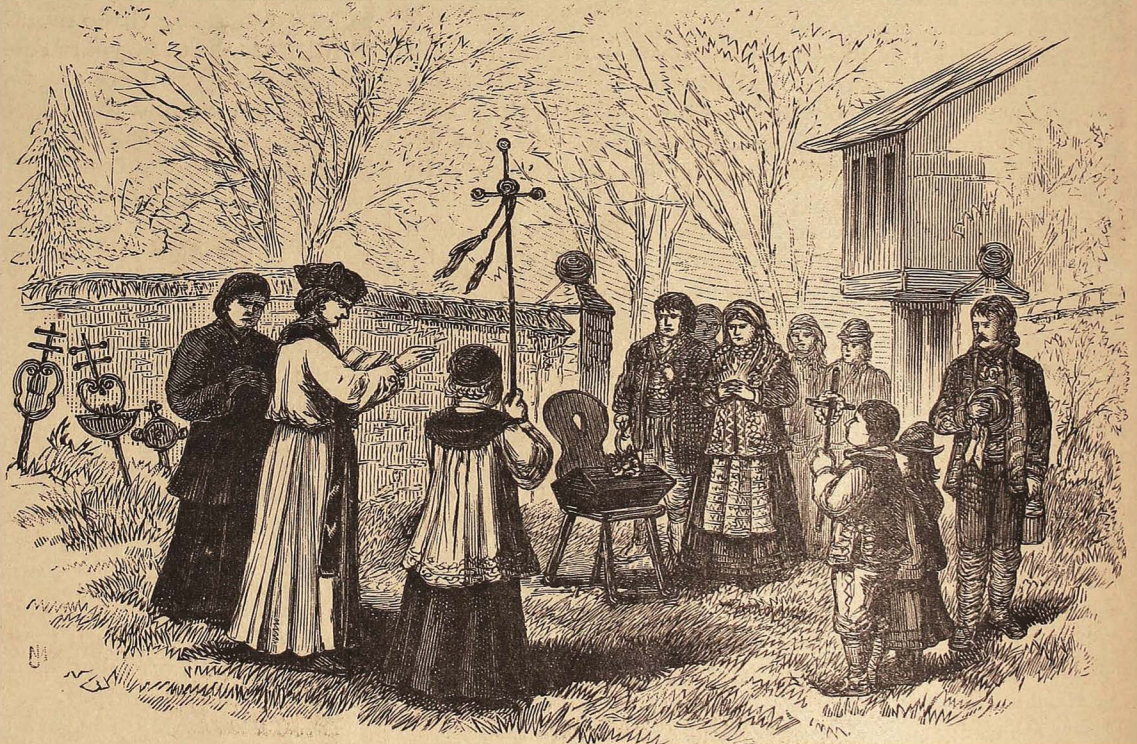
three days to come, no shop being allowed to be opened again until Wednesday morning.

Toward midnight, Saturday, everybody repaired to church in their best attire; the churches were brilliantly lit, and the bells pealed in the most joyful manner. This service was also begun by the lighting of candles. The pope came from the Holy of Holies, bearing an immense taper, and cried: "May the light which is come into the world illuminate you!"

From all sides the crowd thronged to light their tapers. The priest then went to the front door of the church, and read the Gospel for Easter-day to the multitude outside. Returning to the church, he sang three times, "The Lord is risen!" when the bells again struck up their joyful peals, and were answered by the thunder of cannons stationed on the surrounding hills.

The king attends service in the metropolitan church. There the Gospel is read *in* the church instead of *out* of it, and during the reading a stenographer takes it down in a book appointed for the purpose, which the king then signs, this being the way of acknowledging his entire allegiance to the faith of his subjects.

When, at two o'clock in the morning, the people return to their homes, it is to gather around well spread tables with appetites keenly sharpened by their long and rigid fast. On the morning of Easter-day, the city is as still as a churchyard. Every one is asleep. Not even the roll of a carriage wheel breaks the silence.



ROUMANIAN BURIAL OF A CHILD.

But about noon life commences afresh, and for three days nothing is thought of but mirth and feasting; by many, indeed, it is a succession of revels until the Sunday after Easter, which the Roumanians call Thomas Sunday.

SERVICE FOR THE DEAD.

In no country in the civilized world are the dead held in more reverence than in Roumania, a fact which has its origin in religious dogma, since the Eastern church teaches not only the immortality of the soul, but also that its blessedness depends greatly on the will and works of surviving friends.

Twice a year memorial services are held in honor of the

departed, in which all join, both rich and poor, aristocrats and plebians. Throngs of people assemble about ten o'clock in the morning, in St. George's Church, where, after a short service of prayer a procession is formed, consisting of mounted police, men in national costume carrying religious banners, divisions of soldiers, carriages with popes, the choristers of the various churches in Bucharest, and an immense throng of laymen and civilians in wagons and on foot, most of whom are laden with tapers, sacrificial cakes, and wine.

The contrast presented between this train of mourners, singing requiems as they slowly wended their way through the otherwise silent streets to the churchyard above the city, and the brilliant sky of May, the fresh green and glad life of newly-awakened nature, was almost painful in its vividness.

In the middle of the graveyard was a covered table, upon which was a huge round cake, surmounted by a cross of sugar; candles burned at either corner and a list of names of the dead to be called to remembrance laid conspicuously upon the prayer-book. The metropolitan stood before the table to receive the procession. He wore a velvet robe richly embroidered, had a crown studded with rubies and diamonds on his head, and a long silver staff, tipped with gold, in his right hand.

After the popes had respectfully kissed his hand, they formed a circle about the table, the metropolitan read the prayers, and one of the bishops the list of names. When a certain number of names had been read, an ancient Christian hymn, which, in the course of years, had become somewhat mixed with Turkish religious melodies, was sung with weird and touching effect.

This ended the general celebration, and the special services at the graves began. Mourners, accompanied by a pope, resorted to the different graves, upon each of which was placed a cake, holding a candle. This was lit by the pope, a bottle of wine was poured upon the grave, a prayer was quickly read or sung (it is really a nice matter to decide which it is), and the service was over for that time.

The ways the mourners expressed their grief were various and touching. Here, a woman had thrown herself upon the grave, calling in heart-rending tones the name of her beloved, tearing her hair, and beating her breasts; yonder was another embracing the cold stone or kissing passionately the portrait which hung above the grave; another stood with clasped hands gazing above, murmuring words which spoke not only of painful separation here, but of joyful reunion above; while still others knelt silently and motionless, their faces buried in their hands, and their heads bowed low, as if crushed by the blow which had taken from them their dearest and their best.

The graves in a Roumanian cemetery are not raised, mound shape, as with us, but are flat, and covered with a marble slab; before some stand angels with gilded wings, upon others mythological figures representing death, eternity, everlasting life, and upon others, busts of the sleepers below. Upon the grave of a wealthy and aristocratic lady, I noticed her life-size statue, sitting under a baldichino, dressed in the latest and most elegant mode, and carrying a fan in her hand.

A lamp is kept burning upon most graves by day and by night, and the photograph of the dead is generally affixed to it. Near this cemetery is one for children, where may be seen picture-books, dolls, horses, wagons—in short, all those adjuncts which made their short lives pleasant in this world.

Burials in Roumania still bear many traces of their Roman origin. As in ancient Rome, so here, is a barley cake borne before the coffin, which is afterward divided among the poor, who gather about the grave; they have women, too, whose

duty it is to weep and wail from time to time, during the way and at the open grave; and a piece of money is either placed in the mouth or laid in the coffin, which is not closed until it reaches the grave.

During its procession through the city, the coffin stands upon a wagon covered with a canopy and adorned with gilt figures, so that the corpse, dressed in the gayest attire, is exposed to public gaze. Many of the faces are tinted pink and white to make them more life-like, and the half-open mouth is closed with a flower.

While the cortege moves through the city, a primitive and most soul stirring funeral march is played, and at the grave, wine and oil is poured upon the body as the closing rite. The attendant priests are not clad in black, but wear their richest and most costly vestments, so that there is, to our tastes, but little accord in this gaudy and pompous parade, with the solemn majesty of death.

ROUMANIAN HOSPITALS.

Roumania may, in many ways, be far behind other European States, but, certainly, in works of benevolence, it offers us an example to be imitated. A number of magnificent institutions bear witness to the charitable and tolerant dispositions of the Roumanians, for these houses are for the benefit of humanity in general, regardless of position, nationality, or religious belief.

For centuries it was a pious and noble custom for the Bojars to devote a part or the whole of their possessions to works of benevolence. In this way a series of splendid charities have arisen, where the sick and suffering have only to present themselves to find aid and succor. No questions are asked, either as to birth, property, or creed, nor has the patient anything to pay, rich and poor are served alike: good medical attendance being given him until he is fully recovered.

* * * * *

More than one hundred and thirty years ago, the pious Princess Balasa, daughter of Prince Brankowani, lived in Bucharest, where she used the greater part of her large fortune in establishing convents through Roumania, whose chief object should be to afford shelter and hospitality to travelers, inns being then almost unknown. She also caused many small houses to be built in Bucharest, for the accommodation of widows without means.

When, after the lapse of years, these houses became unpractical, they were demolished and a large and splendid building was erected on their site. In the same grounds was built, fifty years ago, the Brankowan Hospital, partly from the surplus funds of the Widows' Asylum, and partly from gifts of the princely house of Brankowani.

The grounds which contain these two institutions are really superb; grottoes, shrubberies, fountains, tropical plants, and aviaries, make them fit to compare with any royal gardens in Western Europe. The Widows' Asylum is a massive two story edifice, in which are many small dwellings, consisting of tiny hall, kitchen, and sitting-room, with alcove bedroom. They open upon broad, light corridors, from whose window is a magnificent view. A commodious, prettily furnished drawing-room, with books and pictures, is free to all. The inmates of the house wear a uniform, which is renewed twice in the year, consisting of a gray alpaca dress, white apron, and white cap with a black veil falling back over the neck. They also receive fire-wood, bread, and ten francs a month; all their other requirements they must supply for themselves.

The hospital has large, lofty, airy wards, and broad, light corridors and stairs, which are covered with carpet. There are accommodations for two hundred and ten patients, ten

or fourteen beds being in each ward, though there are also private rooms for peculiar cases. The bedsteads are iron, with very comfortable mattresses, and though the statutes, which require that "the patient shall lie upon the finest linen and drink the costliest and best wine," may not be literally carried out, still nothing is left undone to insure the comfort and well-being of the invalid.

The only deficiency is one most difficult to supply, that is really good nurses. The faculty of sick-nursing does not seem to belong to the Roumanian women, as physicians often complain. It requires a steadiness, a forgetfulness of self, and an endurance in which these mercurial Southerners are wanting. The queen is doing all in her power to remedy this evil, by establishing training schools for nurses, and by importing Kaiserswerth deaconesses, but it is as yet an unsolved problem.

A ROUMANIAN PRISON.

The long looked for Easter-week had come and early one morning I repaired to the Trigowster station, to make a country excursion. There was such a dense crowd before me, that I feared I should not be able to get my ticket, fears which were entirely groundless. The ticket-seller was in no hurry, nor were the passengers, and leisurely enough we took our seats in the railway carriages, and the locomotive puffed and whistled as it dragged us away into the blue mountains north of the capital.

The farther we went the more splendid the scenery and the more poverty-stricken the appearance of the people. The houses were scarcely like human habitations, small, thatched, mud huts with tiny windows, in which oiled paper was substituted for glass. Quite consonant with the houses was the dress of the peasants, both being utterly ragged and wretched.

Once in a great while we came upon a pleasant-looking house, with its veranda overgrown with vines and a flower garden in front—like a flowering tree in a sandy desert. The poverty of the Roumanian peasantry is their own fault; it has its ground in their unconquerable laziness. They work only enough to keep starvation at arm's length, and that requires but little, *mame liga* (corn bread), onions, and cucumbers forming their principal diet.

Their position is truly pitiable, for what would not this fertile land produce under proper cultivation, and of what is not this naturally quick-witted and bright people capable, if physically and morally educated?

I halted at Kimpina to go to Talega to visit the salt mines

and the prison. The road to Talega was rough, indeed, and crossed many times a swift stream, through which we must drive, as there was no bridge, when the water came quite up into the carriage. The convicts work in the mines, into which we descended by means of a large basket lowered on ropes.

After descending about one hundred steps, we began to see the salt, which showed different colors—snow-white, grayish, black, and marbled. The interior of the mine is a vaulted room, about two hundred feet in height—the floor looking as if covered with very dirty snow. The convicts, two hundred and fifty in number, clad in gray linen pantaloons and blouse, and with a chain fastening their legs together, so that they can take only very short steps, work in rows. They are brought to the mines every morning by a guard of soldiers, and left to work without supervision; the fact that they are paid according to the quantity of work done, making this possible. A few years since they spent their nights as well as days in this underground prison, being brought above ground only once a week. If I, after an hour's darkness, was glad to see the rosy day-light, how must it have been with one who had been there seven days and nights!

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Having heard that the prison contained four hundred convicts, I expected to see a large and massive building, and what was my astonishment when the carriage stopped before a low house with one ordinary door and two grated windows! Before the door were two soldiers with loaded weapons who acted as guards.

The house or prison was built around three sides of a yard, whose fourth was the perpendicular rock of the mountain. The hall and court-yard was full of prisoners, some lounging against the wall, others washing at the well and others carrying water. All wore the chain between the legs.

In the small, shabby buildings about the court were the work, sleeping, and living-rooms of the convicts. The doors all open into the court and the prisoners can go out and in as they please, as they are locked only from six in the evening until six in the morning. About three feet from the floor, in the sleeping-rooms, are boards fastened against the walls upon which the prisoners sleep, and about four feet above these are other boards, making the impression of a very crowded ship's steerage.

These boards constitute the entire furniture of the prison. There are neither mattresses, nor covers, nor even straw. When the convict enters he is given a shirt and pantaloons,



ROUMANIAN TRANSPORTATION.

and these are renewed yearly. At twelve o'clock, noon, food is given them, all else either of food or clothing they must provide for themselves. By diligent work in the mines they can earn from sixty to seventy centimes a day, and when not in the mines they make mats, wooden utensils, and baskets, which they sell.

Peasants are allowed to enter the prison-yard every morning with milk, eggs, and bread, which afford the convicts also an opportunity of disposing of their wares. Visits from friends they may receive at any time, but notwithstanding this seeming freedom, their position is painful in the extreme. The worst class of criminals are allowed free intercourse with those less degraded; murderers sentenced to twenty or thirty years, or for life (for there is no death penalty in Roumania), associate freely with a lad put in for his first offense.

As may be supposed, those who go out are not improved; nothing is done for their moral improvement, they are taught nothing, they are never taken to church, they have never a kind word or a pitying glance. The physiognomies of the men made a frightful impression on me, showing various stages of hate, bitterness, roughness, and malevolence.

The prison staff consists of a Director, who, however, does not live in the prison, and the soldiers who form the guard. I left the prison with a heavy heart, thinking of the misery and crime crowded together in that small space; but let us hope that in this, as in other matters in Roumania, there may be improvement, now that the darkness of centuries is being swept away by the bright sunshine of liberty and public spirit, ushered in by the coronation of King Karl and his lovely and gifted Queen Elizabeth.*

A CHRISTENING.—CHRISTMAS.—A WEDDING.

These three inevitable events which form the background to every human life, baptisms, weddings, and funerals, have their peculiarities of observance in different countries—peculiarities which even the fickle spirit of these shifting times cannot readily alter.

The first time I had an opportunity of assisting at a Roumanian baptism, my sympathies were greatly aroused by the many annoyances to which the poor baby was subjected, and which she resented to the utmost of her powers of voice and limb.

The sacrament of baptism, in the Greek Church, is usually administered at home, only those who are too poor to incur the numerous and costly preparations necessary for its proper celebration taking their children to the church, though in many cases this is obviated by some wealthy and benevolent lady offering her house and purse for the occasion.

It was under such circumstances that I was invited to be present. Two rooms had been prepared, in the first of which the preliminary arrangements took place, and in the second, the baptism proper. The pope wore his ordinary street dress, consisting of a long black toga. A little girl of nine years was godmother, it frequently happening that children of three and four years are chosen for this important office.

Before the child was given into her

arms, she was required to answer several questions, similar in purport to those asked in the Church of England and the American Episcopal Church, after which she received the benediction and the babe was handed her. The pope then took his prayer-book and read the baptismal office with astonishing rapidity, stopping now and again to make the sign of the cross over sponsor and child.

The prayers being ended, he breathed upon the child, the godmother, and all present, that all evil spirits might be put to flight, and we passed into the adjoining room, in the middle of which was a table bearing a cross, two lighted candles, and a richly illuminated copy of the Holy Gospels. At the right of the table was a large copper kettle filled with warm water.

The priest now robed himself in his elegantly embroidered vestments, crossed himself and reverently kissed the Gospels, a nicely bound copy of which is to be found in every household of any respectability, and figures in every ceremony, though it is regarded, I fancy, more as a relic or talisman, than as a book for use and instruction, as I never remember having seen or heard it read.

Now began the real baptismal service. A tall wax-candle elaborately decorated with lace and ribbons was lighted, which was held during the whole of the ceremony at the babe's right hand. Several prayers and scriptural quotations were intoned by the pope and responded to by a choir stationed at one end of the room. The water was consecrated by holding the Gospels over it, the pouring-in of oil, and a three-fold sign of the cross.

The babe was then stripped and placed upon a rug on the floor, when the priest touched different parts of her body with a pencil dipped in holy oil, she, poor innocent, crying and resisting with all her tiny strength, after which she was dipped three times in the water, in the name of the Trinity and all the saints.

She was then given to the nurse, who wrapped her in a rug and returned her to the godmother, who commenced a sort of dance around the table, accompanied by the candle-bearer, and preceded by the pope carrying the baptismal font or kettle. Each time they passed the book of the Gospels, they stopped, crossed themselves and kissed it, the



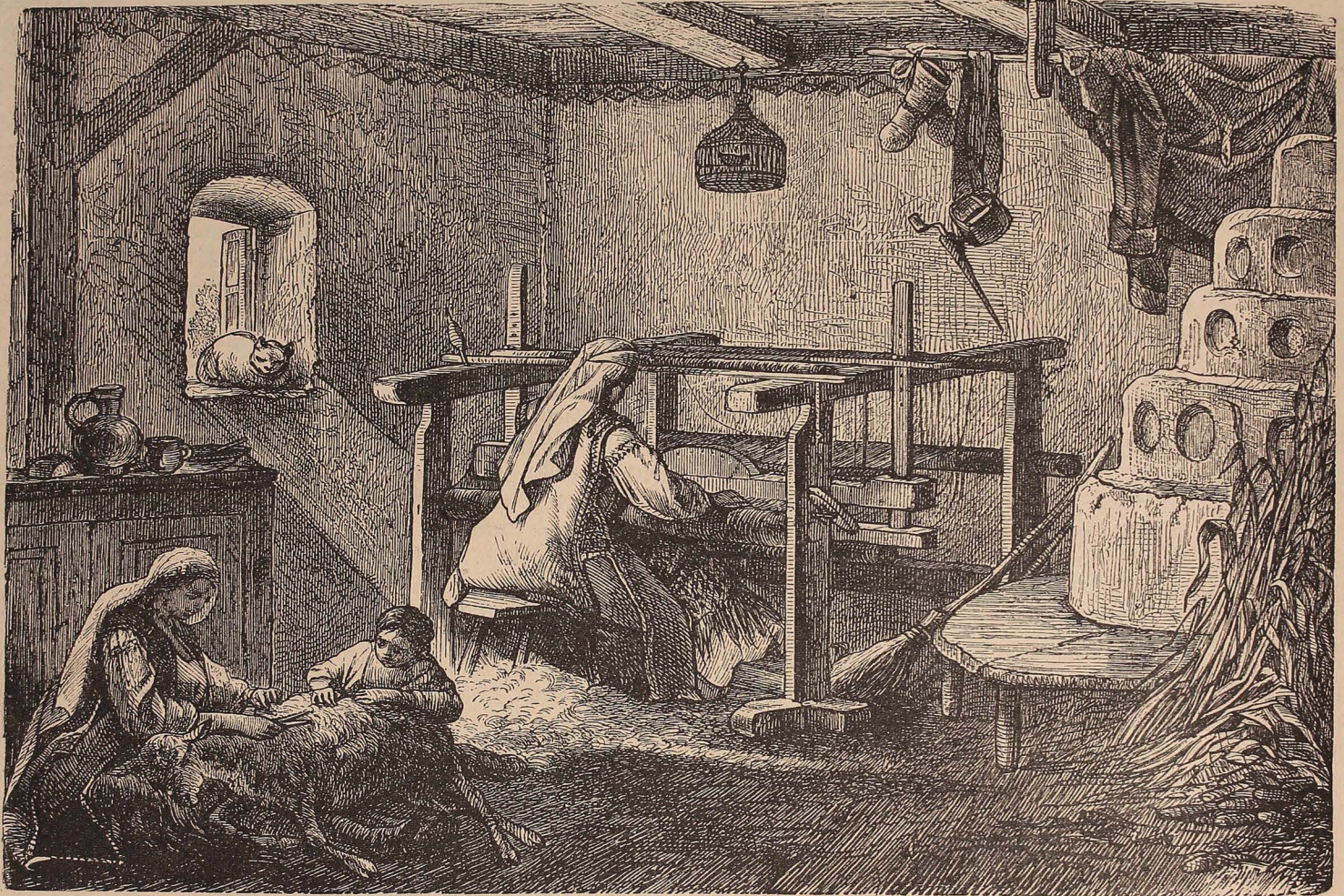
ROUMANIAN WEDDING PARTY.

* See page 709 of Demarest's Magazine for September, 1882.

choristers meanwhile chanting, "Isaiah danced! Isaiah danced!" The babe's head was then anointed with holy oil, a tiny lock of hair was cut off, and the eucharist was administered to it, by pouring three tea-spoonfuls of wine in which a consecrated wafer had been dissolved, into the shrieking child's mouth.

At each baptism medals in commemoration of the event are distributed to those present. They are specially made for the occasion; for better class families, of silver; for those in humble circumstances, of baser metal. Upon the upper side is a representation of the sacrament, upon the reverse, the child's name, with the dates of birth and baptism, while around the rim is engraved the sponsor's name. Cake

years. They are instructed carefully and thoroughly in the elementary branches, in general knowledge, and in all sorts of womanly work. If any show any peculiar gifts, these gifts are specially cultivated, particularly music, painting, and foreign languages. Pictures from pupils of the asylum have been shown in several exhibitions of art. Many of the Roumanian schools have been supplied with teachers from here, while many others have entered the training school for sick nurses, established by the queen, and under the management of the Kaiserswerth deaconesses. Others marry, and man, a Roumanian farmer or tradesman has cause to feel grateful to that good Providence which made him think of looking for a wife at the Elena.



INTERIOR OF A PEASANT'S COTTAGE.

and wine is then served, when the guests retire, each one being presented as he leaves the house with a bon bonniere, more or less elegant, according to the circumstances of the donor.

THE ELENA ASYLUM.—CHRISTMAS AND A WEDDING.

Among the numerous benevolent institutions of which Roumania may be justly proud, the Asylum Elena takes the foremost place. It is in Kotrozeni, about three miles from Bucharest, where the Roumanian rulers have for many years had their summer residence. Quite in the near neighborhood of the royal palace is a stately and magnificent edifice, consisting of a main building, two wings, and a simple, but beautiful chapel, whose interior is arranged with exquisite taste and elegance.

The house is surrounded with large and handsome gardens; the rooms are spacious and lofty, and fitted up with every convenience. There are about three hundred girls in the institution, ranging in age from three to eighteen

The history of the institution may be briefly summed up thus: Toward the close of the eighteenth century, a pious Metropolitan named Philaret, who had the proper education of foundlings and orphans very much at heart, left in his will a considerable sum to be expended for the benefit of these unfortunates.

Sad to relate, years were allowed to slip by without any permanent or efficient plan being devised for the expenditure of the property in question, and when finally those left in charge were required to give an account of their trust, the will was nowhere to be found, and but little of the money.

In 1864, Dr. Davilla and his wife, urged by purest philanthropy, took the orphans into their own house, providing for their necessities with their own means. At about that time the Princess Elena, wife of Prince Kusa, went to Bucharest to live. The sorrowful state of the orphan children went to her heart, and she took a motherly interest in their welfare. She gave a thousand ducats from her own private purse to

ward the erection of a fitting house, and caused collections to be made in her name through the entire Principality.

These were so successful that not only the main buildings, but both wings were erected the same year. When Prince Kusa abdicated and left the country, it was a painful loss, but Queen Elizabeth has amply made up since she became Protectress, and to her constant and unflinching interest it is indebted for much, the chapel having been erected at her cost, beside the addition of many modern conveniences and improvements.

That my readers may form some conception of the inner life of the Asylum, I will describe briefly two festivities at which I had the good fortune to be present. The first was a Christmas celebration, which, according to the Greek calendar, falls on the 29th of December, instead of the 25th.

Going through several handsome corridors softly carpeted, we were ushered into a large hall, whose rear end was hung with heavy curtains. On the left of the entrance door a band of Lantari were stationed, who, during the evening, played their weird and melancholy melodies, interspersed with occasional gay and jovial ones.

When the curtains were drawn, a beautiful Roumanian girl, dressed in a white blouse, a black skirt shot with gold threads, and embroidered in the national colors of red, yellow, and blue, her hair falling in long and heavy braids, tied also with tri-colored ribbons, declaimed a poem in Roumanian dialect, accompanied with the peculiar and impassioned gestures natural to the people. The other grown-up pupils, wearing the uniform of the institution, green woolen dresses, white collars and cuffs, and black aprons, were ranged on either side of the stage. Most of them are handsome (a plain girl in Roumania is indeed a rarity); their hair is black and thick, their eyes are large and dark and full of expression, and overshadowed with long eye-lashes, while the expression of the faces generally is bright and intelligent.

When the recitation was ended, the pupils sang several quaint, primitive, and thoroughly Eastern melodies with an indescribable charm and pathos, and a comedy in Roumanian and another in French was acted, the time between the acts being filled up with choruses from the Lantari.

Then followed the distribution of gifts, which took place in a class-room. In the middle of the room stood a small and not attractive Christmas tree, so few years having passed since their introduction that they are still rather apologies for the tree rather than the tree itself. The presents were on tables ranged against the walls, and consisted of books, toys, bon-bons, and articles of dress.

Each teacher conducted the pupils of her class to their appointed table, singing as they went a Roumanian translation of the well known Christmas hymn "Oh! thou holy! Oh! thou happy Christmas tide." After the rejoicings and congratulations had quieted a little, all went into another large hall where the remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing.

* * * * *

A few weeks later I was invited to attend the wedding of one of the girls. A wealthy young farmer had gone to the Asylum with an urgent request for a wife, and a handsome girl of eighteen had expressed her readiness to meet his request.

In the hall, leading to the chapel, the pupils formed in line, the Lantari, of course, being present to play the wedding march. They were a handsome and picturesque pair. He, a tall, well formed young man, wearing a snow white shirt with large, wide sleeves, a black vest, and white pants: she,

richly dressed in gold embroidered costume, with head-dress of orange blossoms and long threads of gold.

The procession entered the church, where they waited till a burst of music announced the arrival of the queen, with her mother-in-law, the Princess Josephine, of Hohenzollern, and the ladies of the court, one of whom was to be the bridesmaid. As such, her chief duty seemed to be to stand near the bride and hold an immense lighted taper, Dr. Darilla, the superintendent of the asylum doing the same for the groom.

Two crowns lay upon the altar. The pope took one, touched it three times with the Gospels, made the sign of the cross with it and placed it on the groom's head, going through the same ceremony for the bride. He then took up the basin of holy water and went three times around the altar, followed by the bridal pair and their attendants, hand in hand, while the choir sang, "Isaiah danced!"

While this dance was in progress showers of flowers fell from the galleries, which were eagerly gathered up by those present, as they are supposed to bring good luck to the fortunate finder. The forehead and breast were then crossed with holy oil, and a glass of wine and piece of bread were offered the newly married couple, each of whom drank three swallows of the wine and eat three morsels of bread in token of the community of interests which should henceforth govern their lives.

The crowns were then taken from their heads and deposited upon the Gospels, which were reverently kissed. The queen advanced and kissed the bride, giving her a valuable bracelet, the princess mother giving her a pair of ear-rings and a brooch. Led by the royal party they passed into the library where the health of the youthful pair was drunk in champagne. At six o'clock the queen left the asylum amid loud and repeated cries of "Long live our Queen! Long live our royal Mother!" while the young farmer and his wife went to the theater to enjoy for an hour the play of life before entering on its sober realities.

INTERIOR OF A PEASANT'S COTTAGE.

Since the accession of King Charles and Queen Elizabeth, the condition of the peasantry has greatly improved, though it is far from comfortable. Their cottages are mere huts, with mud floors, sometimes covered with mats, the roofs being thatched with straw. The furniture is scanty and plain, and frequently the animals are housed with their masters.

The costume of the Roumanian peasant is perhaps the most artistic in the world, and consists of muslin chemise, lavishly embroidered with gold and silver threads, and a dark skirt of some thinly woven woolen material richly trimmed with gold and silver lace and exquisitely embroidered with colored threads of silk and wool. At least one such dress is owned by every Roumanian peasant, both in city and country. As a rule, they are made in the country, brought in to the city and sold by the peasants to the merchants for a mere song, who then resell them for a three-fold price. The skillful fingers of these country women also weave and embroider rugs, table and bed-covers which find a ready sale. They are also very expert in plaiting wicker and straw, which they fashion into pretty and durable articles.

In former times the Roumanian peasants were mere serfs to the nobility and clergy. They had a small piece of land given to them and were compelled to work it and pay tithes. They were ignorant and degraded, but the present sovereign has done much to enlighten and uplift the unhappy peasants of Roumania.

❧ THE ❧ SNAKE ❧ IN ❧ THE ❧ GRASS. ❧

It was an old-fashioned house, nestling among the hills. The piazza was broad and shaded by vines. The garden that surrounded it was charmingly old-fashioned, like the house, and had the dear old-fashioned flowers in it which modern culture affects to despise. Then, under the trees were the bee-hives, and these bees made honey as sweet as that of Attica. The fruit trees, the flowers, the vegetables, the berry bushes, and the herbs and the bees were all in juxtaposition in the spacious garden. Yet it was all very pleasant, for the old-fashioned is sometimes as pleasant as the new.

The Misses Jutton lived in this old-fashioned place, and had consented to take me as a boarder for the summer months.

"You'll die of *ennui* the first week, Margaret," said my brother, who had escorted me to the place. "I expect nothing less than to be sent for to take your remains back to the city."

"No danger of *ennui*. The novelty will keep me alive. I can look at them feeding the poultry and milking the cows, and I can gather the flowers and watch the bees."

"Yes, and get stung too. It's all very rural, no doubt, and as for the two old ladies—well, the least said about them the better."

"They *are* queer looking," I reluctantly admitted, "but they seem to be very nice. It is very wrong to judge people by their clothes, you know."

"Men never do that, Margaret; it is only women."

"Well, these old ladies must not be judged by their dress. It looks very odd, I know, to see these long white aprons and white muslin neckerchiefs crossed over the bosom, and Miss Ruth's white lace cap, trimmed with yellow gauze ribbon bows, is obsolete, and those gray spiral ringlets of Miss Hannah's are not the mode, yet I have seen much more fashionable women that I did not like half so well."

"Yes, there's no room for envy here, like there is at Saratoga, where diamondless girls die daily when Mrs. de Beaufort, flashing like that wondrous necklace of Marie Antoinette fame, swoops down on them in the parlor," said my brother.

Yes, there was no room for envy, nor hatred, nor malice, nor any uncharitableness. There was only room for peace, for repose, for rest. There was nothing in the quiet surroundings to call out a single bad feeling; no inharmonious contrasts, no clashing interests.

"Well, good-by, Margaret, 'rare, pale Margaret,'" said my brother, the next day, as he stood on the piazza bidding me farewell. "In case the bees sting you, have you anything to mollify the wounds with?"

"I am in no danger."

"Shall I order your coffin, Margaret?"

"You are extra kind, but I'll not trouble you just yet."

"I, too, dwelt in Arcadia," he responded, going off laughing. Then he halted at the garden gate and shouted out, "Poor Margaret!"

But I was not a proper object of sympathy. It is true my summer pilgrimages had generally been to Saratoga, and to Newport, and to Long Branch. I was weary of all that—of the dressing, the show, the ostentatious display. I had seen my face distorted in crooked looking-glasses, and been smothered in cells called sleeping-rooms. I had wearied of senseless talk, of the effort to seem gay, of dancing, and of the vapid amusements which go to make up life at these places.

Here, amid the hills, how different! I could wear my

calico dress all the day, and wander in the garden, and out into the shady lanes, and I could sit in my room, which was so neatly draped in snowy white, and look at the birds, flitting in and out of the branches of the tree by my window. Sometimes I sewed, sometimes I read, sometimes I painted, and sometimes I played on that queer old upright piano, with the fluted silk in front that had once been red, but was now a dingy brown. It is true the piano was terribly out of tune; "but it was once a lovely instrument, my dear," said Miss Hannah, shaking her spiral curls, "but we must grow old." Yes, I thought, but we need not grow out of tune, too, like the piano.

Then, how pleasant were the cool evenings spent on the piazza with the two old ladies. Miss Ruth believed in the maxim, "early to bed and early to rise." At half-past eight she left us, but Miss Hannah and I remained until ten. She lived in the past, and her old heart was full of the dead and the living who had brightened or saddened her life. She was all sunshine; she never complained; her heart was courageous, her talk was soothing. She had had her troubles, but she never allowed the shadow of the past to darken the present.

Yes, it was a restful thing that I, Margaret Harrison, restless with a great disappointment, bitter in feeling, weary in heart, was in this calm retreat. There was nothing to irritate the wound; nothing to remind me that I had staked my all on love and had lost—nothing to remind me of a woman's treachery and a man's faithlessness.

Sometimes I startled Miss Hannah by a bitter remark when the memories of the past surged over me. I can feel her hand laid impressively on my arm, and hear that earnest, "Oh, my child, my child! our ways are appointed unto us."

"But why?" I would reply passionately. Why is the gall placed to my lips and honey to my neighbor's? Why do I only lose and others only gain? Why am I manacled and others free?"

"Dare not, Margaret," she would say sternly, "to confront your Maker with a 'why.'"

One morning, as I was painting in my room, Miss Hannah entered. She watched me in silence some time, then she said:—

"I was considerable of a painter myself when I was young."

"Were you? Can you show me any of your paintings?"

She hesitated a moment, then she said:—

"There are three hanging in my room."

"Can I see them?"

"Certainly, my dear, you can; follow me."

I followed her into her room. Two of the pictures were landscapes, well executed and beautifully colored. The third was a woman, young, not more than twenty, seated in the grass under a tree, and a young man seated beside her looking at her with a half-admiring, half-frightened gaze, while a small snake was making its way to them in the grass. The expression of the woman's face was hideous, a half leer, a deceitful smile, a bold gaze of triumph.

"This repels and attracts me," I said. "What a hideous expression this woman's face shows. What does it mean, Miss Hannah?"

"A snake in the grass," she replied, with some agitation in her voice.

"It looks as if it had a story."

"It has," she replied. "Come, let us go."

And I followed her out of the room.

For days, for weeks, I waited to learn the story of the picture, but Miss Hannah vouchsafed no explanation. At length one morning she came into my room. Taking her seat she said,

"Margaret, child, you understand that there is a page in the history of most lives that we rarely read ourselves and do not care to have others read."

"Yes, Miss Hannah, I understand, pages written with the heart's blood and blotted with tears."

She looked at me sadly, half inquiringly.

"You are young, Margaret, to have that experience."

"We are never too young, Miss Hannah, to have sorrowful experiences."

"No; I was young myself when sorrow overtook me."

I remained silent. I would not court her confidence. I would not forcibly penetrate behind the veil that concealed her life's sad story. She seemed to wait for encouragement to proceed; I gave her none, for anxious as I was to learn the history of the picture "The Snake in the Grass," I wished to spare her feelings by a recital. She turned the subject and began to talk of other matters. The story was evidently too painful to be recited just then.

That evening, as we sat on the piazza, the moon flooding the earth with light, and the fragrance of the flowers floating in to us, Miss Hannah told me the story of the picture. We had the piazza to ourselves, for Miss Ruth had left us to "recruit my strength in sleep," as she always remarked when she bade us good-night.

"Well, Margaret, you wish to know how I came to paint that hideous picture, do you not?"

"If agreeable to you, certainly, Miss Hannah."

"I would not experience the feelings again on any account with which I painted that picture. Rage, jealousy, revenge, gave power to my brush. I was in a demoniac humor, Margaret, a demoniac humor."

"You?"

I laughed at the idea of Miss Hannah, so cheerful, so calm, so inclined to take things amiably, being in "a demoniac humor."

"I will not go into the details, Margaret, but I'll give you the one event which led me to paint that picture. I was engaged to be married to Esten Hay when Blanche Coleman came to spend a few weeks with me. She was the friend of my schooldays, trusted, and, as I thought, true. She had not been with me long when my suspicions became aroused. She was trying to win from me the affections of the one I loved and had promised to marry. One afternoon I missed her from the house, and going in search of her, found her sitting under a tree and Esten Hay beside her. As I looked at them with feelings not to be described, I saw a snake coiled up near them, and involuntarily exclaimed,

"'There's a snake in the grass!'"

"Blanche jumped up angrily.

"'Do you mean me?'"

"Then the flood-gates of my wrath were opened, and I said,

"'Yes, I mean you, you, Blanche Coleman, the false friend, the hypocrite.' I called her all the dreadful names I could think of, and I spared not her companion, either. The wrath of jealousy is a terrible thing, Margaret; it takes away our reason and makes us mad. I said to her the next day, 'Of course you will not insult me with your presence, Blanche Coleman; you will leave here to-morrow.' 'To-day, Hannah Jutton, to-day,' she replied proudly, 'the snake in the grass leaves, and never, never to return.' 'I hope so, indeed,' I answered warmly.

"And with her went Esten Hay. I would listen to no explanations from him. 'They are all false,' I said, 'and I

will not listen to you. Go with the woman who has made you perjure yourself, go!'"

"After they were gone, the demon of rage prompted me to paint the picture you saw. It was a safety-valve to my feelings to sit there, day by day, and put all my revenge and my bitterness into the face of Blanche Coleman. 'She shall have it for a bridal present,' I thought. A friend wrote me from the city, 'Blanche Coleman is to be married on the 20th.' 'She shall have it in time,' I said, and I packed it off. In a few days it came back with a note from Blanche:—

"'Keep your picture, Hannah Jutton,' she wrote, 'and hang it in your room as a reminder of your jealous wrath, your insane folly. I am married, but not to Esten Hay. There were good reasons why my engagement had to remain secret awhile, but I intended to tell you on that very day you poured out the vials of your wrath upon me. The ugly mood in which you painted is admirably reflected in the picture I now return.'"

"This was signed 'Blanche Carroll.' How did I feel, my dear? Terribly, as I deserved. We make our own fate sometimes, and I had made mine. I think we suffer more when we bring our misery on ourselves than when others bring it on us, for we have the keenness of self-reproach to endure. It was a severe lesson, Margaret, but it did me good. I learned not to jump to conclusions—a great deal of injustice is done to others by jumping to conclusions."

"I cannot but think you were justified, Miss Hannah. It looked very suspicious, to say the least of it."

"It was wrong in me, Margaret, oh, so very wrong. I never judge from appearances now."

"Sometimes that is all we have to judge from," I replied, feeling every disposition to excuse Miss Hannah; for indeed it is a very aggravating thing to see the man we love paying attention to another. As the poet says,

"It is a thorn that goads unto madness."

"And Esten Hay, did he marry?"

"Oh, yes, and I hope he forgave me, even as he forgot me. Some years ago I visited the seaside for a few weeks. Sitting one day on the piazza, was a fat, red-faced man, to whom I overheard a gentleman say,

"Hay, there's the lady you were engaged to forty years ago, when she was a pretty girl of twenty."

"Oh! what a romance!" I exclaimed. "Did he seem agitated? What did he say?"

"He turned his eyes upon me, and I assure you, my dear, there was not the faintest expression of love in them. 'That!' he exclaimed, 'why she looks like the last rose of summer,' and he laughed heartily. Truly, I thought the chains of the past sit lightly upon him."

"The wretch!" I exclaimed with indignation. "Men have no depth of feeling where women are concerned."

"Well, dear, I suppose that I do look like the last rose of summer."

"It was not for him to say it, if you do. No, no, Miss Hannah, I think that we should reverence our early love even if it has been unfortunate. It may have proved 'all but a dream at the best,' but it was a dream that brought a joy too sweet to be forgotten, a bliss too pure to be trampled on and despised."

She looked at me with a quiet smile, and her only answer was,

"Come, dear, it is time for us to retire."

The summer faded and the flowers began to die. I returned to the city, but every summer I pay the two old ladies a visit, and wander among the flowers and in the shady lanes, for the nearer we get to nature, the nearer we get to restful happiness in this feverish, unquiet world of ours.

E. B. CHEESBOROUGH.

Camping Out in California.

CHAPTER I.

IN the early days of California, the entire peninsula of San Francisco abounded in small game. But the encroachments of the ever-growing city have driven away such neighbors, and the gentleman amateur and the pot-hunter are alike forced to seek their sport at some distance from San Francisco. A paper of recent date says: "There are few cities in America, and certainly none in Europe, where anglers and hunters have so large a proportion to the population as they do in California. Pieces of ground with their adjacent bodies of water are leased as exclusive game preserves, and protected by a notice, warning all to 'beware of trespassing on these grounds.'"

Young men, therefore, who desire a few weeks' sport, go in camping-parties to regions free from such restrictions.

Now, when I was invited to join two friends, in "a run up through Lake county," on the inexpensive plan, I jumped at the chance.

In less than three days afterward we were on our way. The preliminaries did not take long to arrange, for we voted to carry just as little as possible. Our outfits were all similar, mine embraced an old suit of clothes, a blue flannel shirt, a coarse, broad-brimmed straw hat, handkerchiefs, socks, and two pairs of shoes. These I had heavily resoled for the occasion, and studded underneath with iron pegs, for I knew something of California hills. Besides this, we took fifty cents' worth of crackers, several boxes of sardines, and some reading matter. So three o'clock one August afternoon saw us with our scanty luggage on board the steamer "J. M. Donahue." There were but three of us, the eldest, Frank Rae, a veteran sportsman, fifty years old, of short wiry frame, gray hair, and kindly face. He brought his Winchester rifle, and Dash, a fine setter dog. Next John Holt, a law student of twenty-five, tall and genial, and myself, Will Galt, not long from school. John and I intended to hire guns at Cloverdale.

When we left San Francisco it was not very pleasant, and it was not until we had passed through the ocean breeze blowing through the Golden Gate that we went out on deck. Then the air grew warmer with every breath; and at five o'clock we were sorry to leave our pleasant seats and enter the cars at Donahue's landing for Cloverdale, fifty miles distant. How we went spinning over the broad gauge road, stopping at the stations on our track. Suddenly the grand and stately peak of rugged Mount St. Helena loomed into view, softened and glorified by the last rays of the sun.

"Ah," said John Holt, "I cannot look without emotion upon that sentinel of the Coast Range."

"Why not?" asked Frank Rae. "Didn't know before that you were sentimental, John."

"Now spout 'Coleridge's Hymn to Mount Blanc,'" said I, in a bantering tone; "come, begin, 'Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale.'"

"Yes, let's hear it," chimed in Rae.

"I'm not sentimental," replied Holt, ignoring my allusion to his fancy for quotations, "but," shading his eyes as he spoke, "it was just at the base of St. Helena that my old schoolmate, Harvey Clarke, was killed this summer. Don't you remember? his rifle went off while he was in the saddle, and wounded him so that he died in less than an hour. Alone—away from home. Poor fellow!"

We were all very quiet after that, and John himself was the first to break the oppressive silence.

"See," said he, "we are coming to Healdsburg, one of the prettiest little towns in the state."

The train slowed up a little. "That's for the bridge," said Rae, "we've to cross Russian River now."

"Yes, how delightful the air is," said I.

"I'd like to see the river in winter," said Holt; "it must be fine when its broad surface surges along by the bordering willows on the banks; I would like to see it swell!"

"No doubt," rejoined Rae, "but the people here don't care for the sight. A year ago, it overflowed its banks, tore away the bridges, and swept away the newly planted crops."

We were now rushing through the city of Healdsburg, and it was rapidly growing dark. About nine o'clock, we reached Cloverdale, the terminus of the road, and went to a boarding-house selected by Rae. We were now ninety miles from San Francisco; here our tramp was to begin.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning, after a hasty breakfast at five o'clock, we started; for Rae, who had been up much earlier, had hired cooking utensils, three pairs of blankets, two breech-loaders, ammunition, and best of all, a horse to pack everything while we were to trudge along on foot; the horse could feed on the pasture. At last we were off for Clear Lake. A dull, uninteresting route was before us; along the dusty road, up the steep, bald hills—in the face of a parching north wind, we labored in the sun. The chapparal, a growth of low, scrubby brush on each side of us, was an effectual barrier to progress out of the beaten track.

"Getting tired, Will?" asked Rae, but I would not admit it, though my feet felt blistered, and I began to long for rest.

"Well, it is hard work," said Holt; "suppose we have lunch now." So, finding a comfortable spot by the brush, we sat down to a repast of crackers, sardines, and water which Rae had taken the precaution to bring. The horse and Dash both had something to refresh them, and we went on our way.

"You youngsters don't know what tramping is," said Rae, as we plodded through the dust; "just wait till you've been out a week. By six o'clock we'll be over the worst of this, though not as near Clear Lake as we are to go."

At last we mounted the last hill between us and the object of our desire. There was Clear Lake in the distance, its twenty miles of sparkling water lying calm and placid, while the shadows lengthened on its bosom.

"Now, boys!" said Rae, his eyes lighting up with pleasure as he gazed on the scene, "prepare to have a good time. Before us is a well watered and wooded region full of game."

"We can go swimming in Clear Lake, too, can we not?" asked Holt.

"Of course," assented Rae.

"Are we to go much farther to-night?" said I, foot-sore and weary.

"No, my boy," responded Frank Rae; "on the other side of that hill is a cañon where we'll camp to-night. You, Will, can bathe your feet in the creek; that'll take the stiffness out of them."

I know I blushed, for it mortified me that the old hunter should so easily have discerned my weakness. "Let's go on," said I, anxious to divert attention from myself. The road now wound around the steep mountain side, high above the ravine. We had to descend by the road and enter the cañon from below, as it was impossible for our horse to make a short cut across the steep sides. How beautiful it was, as we slowly descended. The cañon lay between two mountains of precipitous height. The one over which we traveled was bare

of tree or shrub, but the other bore a dense forest of tall pines, ragged redwoods, graceful bay trees, the manzanita with its astringent berries, the fragrant flowering buckeyes, and large madroñas, whose blood-red trunks and shining green foliage, interspersed with brilliant autumn leaves, glistened in the light. The wild grape vine laden with fruit hastening to ripeness, garlanded the trees, interlacing their foliage and hanging in airy festoons.

In and out the dense tangle, and pecking at the luscious fruit, there darted the yellow-breasted oriole, the red-crested woodpecker, quails, doves, and the thieving blue jays.

Notwithstanding the time of year, the creek was running a full, clear stream. It was delicious—man and beast bent down and slaked their thirst.

"Clear out a space under those bay trees," said Rae. Holt and I sprang to obey, and in a few minutes we had cut down some brush, gathered dry branches and leaves, and our camp fire was going.

"Let's wade in the creek," said Holt to me, "my feet ache too." So off came shoes and socks, and in we stepped. How refreshing it was! I remember how cool the water was. Suddenly the crack of a rifle made us both start.

"Here's our dinner," said Rae, as Dash came back with a rabbit in his mouth.

"Good boy, Dash," said Rae, patting him as he took the rabbit, "you shall have the bones, and what we can't eat. Is the fire ready?"

Need I tell you how we enjoyed our roast rabbit, crackers and cheese? Hardly.

The light of day soon faded from our sheltered place in the cañon. Seated at the camp-fire our faces grew weird and strange in its blaze, while shadows fell ominously among the surrounding trees.

"Let's get ready for the night," said Holt, after we had watered Major, the horse, after his dinner of dried grass. "I believe I'm more tired than either of you."

"I doubt that," replied I, but Rae only smiled.

"I'm glad we didn't have to pack all this stuff," said Holt, as we unstrapped the blankets. "Why, what's this?" as a long, black coil fell from their folds. I thought it was a snake.

Rae laughed at our surprise and answered, "That? why, that's our horse-hair ropes."

"What for?" asked Holt, "you've got a halter for Major."

"Havn't you boys ever heard of these ropes? They'll keep away bugs and snakes, so every one that sleeps on the ground should lay it round his bed."

John Holt looked incredulous. "How's that?" said I.

"Well, look at it," was his answer, "it's all bristly with horse-hair ends, and neither bug nor snake can stand the prickle. You may sleep soundly to-night. Each of us has a piece."

So after throwing more wood on the fire, and seeing that Major was securely tied, we rolled ourselves in our blankets. The others were soon asleep, but I, who had never slept outdoors before, was kept awake by the novelty of my situation. I heard the cheerful chirp of a cricket not far off, and I could see just one star in the little piece of sky visible through the foliage overhead. How that one little star did twinkle! At last I slept. It must have been several hours before I was awakened by an indistinct noise. Dash gave a low bark, and Major broke into a frightened neigh. Raising myself on my elbow, I saw that the fire was almost out, while just beyond gleamed a pair of eyes, fiery and menacing.

"Holt!" said I, stretching out my hand for his head.

"Holt! wake Rae; there is danger!"

"Wha-a-at?" sleepily drawled he, turning over.

"Rae!" called I. "Rae!" and the fierce eyes gleamed

nearer, and I heard a growl of angry delight. "O, Rae!" for I had no gun.

"All right, my boy," was the low reply, and then—out rang his rifle loud and clear, awaking the echoes. It was answered by a deep growl of rage and pain. Again spoke the rifle, and a roar of agony, a sudden rush, the rustling of dry leaves, and the snapping of twigs, told that our midnight visitor, wounded and terrified, was beating a retreat.

"What's the matter?" inquired Holt, at last thoroughly awake.

"O, nothing," answered Rae, jocularly, "only a friend of ours came to see us, and you were too sleepy to receive him. Boys," said he more seriously, "that was a panther. I wish I'd killed him. He won't come back here again, though, so go to sleep. But first throw more wood on the fire, Will."

Does it surprise you? I did sleep, and soundly, too, until Rae called me the next morning. "Get up, boys," said he, "breakfast is ready. And taking the pot off the chain hanging from the apex of three sticks over the fire, we partook of a savory stew, besides our crackers and cheese. Rae had trapped the birds before we were up.

"Now," said he, as we washed our tin dishes in the creek, "shall we proceed, or stay a day in the cañon?"

"Let's go on," said Holt, "if you would like to, Will."

"Of course," responded I, "let's press on." So in a short time we were again on the march.

As we filed out of the cañon Rae said, "See that stain on the dry leaves," pointing to a dark, clotted line from the camp-fire to the bushes, "that's the panther's blood. How I wish I'd killed him." But he hadn't, so that was all about it.

Toward nightfall, after a pleasant, easy tramp, we neared the place which Rae had in his mind for the camp. But before we turned from the road we came upon a neat little farm-house. Asking for a drink of milk, we were pressed by the hospitable hostess to partake of country fare. We accepted her cordial invitation and feasted like lords. Indignantly rejecting our proffered payment, our hostess urged us to take with us a small sack of potatoes. "You'd better carry 'em along," said she, "the hoss won't mind it, and they're mighty good roasted in ashes; my boys allers takes 'em."

Who could resist her motherly kindness? and thanking her warmly, we departed, soon arriving at the appointed place.

It was a natural clearing in a pine grove, half way up a hill. Its surface was covered with soft leaves and pine cones, round its margin gigantic redwoods shot up straight and towering. And on a stump in the center, sat a gray tree squirrel, nibbling a cone and scattering the chaff right and left. Catching sight of us, he dropped all and scampered away. Mechanically Rae raised his rifle, but dropped it again, saying, "What's the use? His time is not yet come."

We reached this spot by a steep trail near which trickled a clear stream from a spring on the hill. "This," said Rae, "is to be our headquarters. You see it's not very far from Clear Lake; while in the other direction are fine hunting grounds. We'll have to follow this trail when we go deer-hunting."

"Will that be soon?" asked Holt, eagerly.

"Can't tell," said Rae, "but stir around now, youngsters, and get a fire going while I unpack the things."

"What's the need?" replied Holt. "We can eat nothing to-night after our farm-house dinner, and it's a warm evening."

"That may be," replied Rae, "but it grows chilly toward midnight. Besides, a camp-fire will scare off wild beasts."

"The panther, for instance," said I.

"Yes, the panther; if the fire had not burned out last night, he would have stayed away."

So the fire was made at once.

"It's well he didn't get you in his jaws, Will, for you're young and tender."

Now I did wish Rae'd stop making fun of me, but I just poked the fire and said nothing. Rae then broke the earth round the heap to circle the fire and keep it from spreading. He also arranged the logs so that one would fall into the fire as the other burned. Then we rolled up in the blankets, I between my companions.

"To-morrow let's go to Clear Lake for a swim," said Holt, just before we went to sleep.

"Yes," sleepily assented I, and Rae also agreed.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning, as we were rolling up our own blankets, I said to Rae: "What made this groove through our camp? I mean that smooth wavy line that comes down the slope and goes beyond us."

"That," answered Rae, "is a snake track. They always come out at night to drink. Probably the old reptile has his hole above us. He went to the creek below."

"Ugh!" said I, with a shudder.

"You may well say 'ugh,' my boy," continued Rae, "for he came pretty close to you. Thanks to the horse-hair rope that he came no closer."

"'Poor race of men,' said the pitying spirit,
'Dearly ye pay for your primal fall,
Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all,'"

declaimed John Holt in a dramatic manner.

"Dash," said Rae, "don't you leave until we come back. Take good care of Major and the luggage." The dog barked assent, but whined as he saw us go off without him.

We reached the lake after an easy walk of an hour, and rested a while on its shady bank before we plunged in. How we enjoyed that frolic in the water! We had a swimming match; we doused each other; we turned somersets from the bough of an elderberry bush into deep water; we floated; we walked the water—but why describe it? Every boy that has ever gone bathing knows its delights.

We were loath indeed to fly from the lake's warm embrace, but we promised ourselves another swim soon. It was long past noon when we regained our camp, and the cool shade of the tall trees and the sweet, piny, atmosphere were a grateful change from the heat of the road.

Dash, during our absence, had caught a small jack-rabbit, of which exploit he seemed quite proud. Later in the afternoon we all went gunning, and bagged considerable game.

So passed several days, in gunning, rambling over hills, and in the cañons, I secretly hoping to shoot a wild cat, swimming in Clear Lake, lying around camp, and lazily reading what we brought, and feasting on game and potatoes.

At last, Holt could not wait any longer for the deer hunt. So one night about dusk, he and Rae started off leaving me at camp with Dash and Major. I'll acknowledge that I felt slightly nervous at being left alone, though of course nothing could have made me admit it then. I slept near the fire, Dash at my side, and my gun within reach. Nothing occurred in the night, and the next morning, I shot a pair of doves for breakfast. Later, I killed a long ribbon snake on the margin of our camp. Then I wrote a long letter to mother, in hopes of meeting the stage at some point on the road. I read long in the afternoon, cut wood for the fire, and just as I had concluded I was to be alone another night, a joyful bark from Dash announced the return of the hunters.

"Got a deer?" asked I, for I could not pierce the dusk.

"Didn't even see one," answered Rae, "though we've tramped miles on their track. I was sorry to give up the chase, but I did not like to desert you, Will."

"Nonsense," said I, with apparent indifference. "You need not have given me a single thought. I was all right." I was glad, though, that they'd returned. And they brought plenty of game, too—all they could carry.

"The truth is," said Holt, as we sat at supper around the blaze, "the pleasures of deer-hunting are greatly exaggerated."

"Sour grapes," suggested Rae, "we killed no deer."

"Aside from that," Holt went on, "it's hard work, tramp-ing night and day over hills and through brush, every step on tip-toe."

"Deer-hunters all have to do that," interrupted Rae, "for the deer are so wary, they hear even the rustle of dry leaves; and how they can run!"

"That may be," rejoined Holt, "but the ball of my foot is stiff and sore, and I can hardly get my heel down to the ground."

Then I spoke. "If that's the case, I hardly care to go deer-hunting."

"Now I think it's very fine sport," stoutly maintained Frank Rae, who did not relish John Holt's remarks. "I'll tell you another thing," continued he, "we must move along to-morrow, for if we stay here all the time, we shall see nothing of the country."

"That's so," exclaimed we, and then got out the blankets; we went to sleep early then.

Holt, as soon as Rae's breathing indicated his unconsciousness, whispered,

"Will, you see if Rae's not on the watch for deer. He was glum enough because of our bad luck. That's one reason he wants to start on."

"Shouldn't wonder," was my drowsy reply, and we too slept.

On the morrow we arose with the sun, and packed up blankets and cooking utensils, and bade farewell to our camp. I felt sorry to go.

Part of the way we trod the road, but following Rae's guidance, left it often, keeping, however, near water. That day was the first of many similar ones. We tramped all day, and camped in a different place each night. How we enjoyed the freedom of our out-door life! The pure air, the limpid streams, the patches of green by the waters, the well-wooded region afforded us rare delight. But we began to grow tired of our exclusive diet of wild game. "I wish I had a good roast leg of mutton for dinner," said Rae on one of our hunting tours. "I'm sick of these everlasting birds and rabbits."

"So am I," said Holt. "Why didn't we bring more crackers and sardines?"

"Well, we're in for it now," chimed in I; "but let's rest over there by that millstream; my game bag is full."

My proposition was accepted, and throwing aside our bags, we cast ourselves down in the shade by the millstream.

"How clear the water is," said Holt as we gazed into its depths. "I can see the very bottom."

"So can I," said Rae, "but just look over there by the mill-dam!"

"O, what lots of fishes!" exclaimed we. "Now, if we only had some instead of all this game."

"Boys, I think I can catch some of those fish," said Rae at last with great deliberation. "They're shiners, and they'd taste mighty nice."

"But you've got no line," objected Holt.

"I know that," returned he, "but I'll wade in after them," and off came shoes and socks. He rolled up his pants and waded in. The fish, seeing him approach, swam away to deep water, but Rae recklessly followed them.

"Take care, Rae," shouted Holt from the bank. "You will get beyond your depth, you're in above the waist."

"I know what I'm about," gruffly responded the fisher-

man. "I mean to have those fish." As he spoke, he sprang forward, and making a clutch at a big fellow who slipped through his grasp, Rae lost his balance, and splashed in after the fish! Oh! how we laughed as he came up, spluttering and blowing the water from his mouth. Even Dash barked.

"Stop your noise," angrily roared Rae, attempting to make his way back. "What are you laughing at?" and in he fell again, unable to stand erect on the slippery rocks.

We rolled on the ground in our merriment; we really could not contain ourselves.

Too mad to speak, our old friend at last got upon the bank, and of course we laughed, for he was a sight, dripping water at every step. Then throwing himself down in the sun he said: "You're ready enough to laugh, you youngsters, but let's see you go in."

"All right," said I. "Come, John."

"Of course," answered Holt, "we're not afraid." So making rather more extensive preparations than did Rae, in we waded hand in hand, saying: "The first one who backs out is a coward." There being two of us, we corraled the fish against the wall of rocks on one side the creek. Some escaped, but I had my eye on a big, fat fellow weighing at least five pounds. He strove to hide under the rocks, but only succeeded in thrusting his head into a crevice. Ostrich-fashion he felt secure, waving his body as if defying the danger. Grasping his tail, I pulled him out, but he slipped away from me. He thrust himself again under a rock, and this time I caught him with both hands, near his head. With a strong, upward pull, I sent him flying upon the bank. "Hyah!" shouted Holt as he followed my example.

In this way we caught more fish than we could carry. This restored Rae to his good humor.

"Throw away the game," advised he, "and take back only the fish."

"By the way," said I, as we began to retrace our steps, "have an idea."

"Have one often?" asked Holt.

"Not very," replied I, "so let me follow it out. You wait here." I then gathered up the best of the game, and ran to a farm-house in the bend of the road. There I exchanged the game for some green corn, sweet potatoes, a loaf of fresh bread, and a few eggs. Then I returned with my booty.

"Ah!" said Rae, "the idea was a good one, Billy my boy."

We made quick time back to camp that day, hung Rae's clothes on sticks near our blazing camp-fire, and rolled him in the blankets. That dinner of fish and vegetables was the best one I ever ate in all my life.

"We've now been out three weeks," remarked Rae, between two mouthfuls, "and we must think of returning."

"I shall hate to go back to the office," said Holt ruefully.

"I never had a better time," observed I.

"Well, it must end some time, you know," went on Rae.

"Now, what do you say to going back to Cloverdale by way of the Geysers? It—"

"Glorious!" interrupted John Holt.

"It's not much out of our way; we can make a detour, and perhaps we may run upon a deer, though it's very late in season."

"By all means," said I, "for the 'great Geysers of California' are world-renowned."

"Then we'll start to-morrow," said Rae. "That is, if my clothes are dry," glancing at his "wash" as we called it. But we heaped up the fire before we went to sleep, and in the morning Rae donned his suit, we packed up all our traps, and in less than an hour were on our road to Cloverdale by way of the Geysers.

ERLE DOUGLAS.

The Palm Offering.

(See Steel Engraving.)

THIS is one of those Oriental scenes for which the English artist Frederick Goodall is celebrated. The picture was suggested by a custom known in the East for a sheikh's widow to carry to the grave of her husband a palm branch and lay it there. The fine painting from which our engraving was taken was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1863, and elicited universal admiration. The majestic figure of the Egyptian woman is almost life-size; and she carries her child on her shoulder after the fashion of that country. The last gleams of the sun are throwing a subdued glory over the long stretch of hills in the background, and amid the dying light the widow pursues her lonely walk to the grave of her husband to weep there.

Hers is no ordinary grief, as will be seen by the tears coursing down her cheeks, and the swollen eyelids that tell of long weeping. A terrible blow has fallen upon her heart, and crushed its brightest hopes. Bereaved and desolate, she clings to her child as her only earthly solace, giving him all the love and devotion that she once shared with another. Too young to fully comprehend his own great loss, he is not too young to understand why his mother goes to that lonely grave to weep there.

This charming picture, full of dignity, simplicity and pathos, tells a touching story with exquisite beauty. The statuesque pose of the figure, the look of intense grief on the face of the woman, and the clinging affection displayed by the child, are admirably rendered. The original shows the skillful coloring for which the artist is celebrated.

The painter of "The Palm Offering," Frederick Goodall, was born in London, in 1822. He was early distinguished for his artistic ability, and at the age of fourteen received a prize for one of his drawings. Subsequently he gained renown for his oil paintings, and received for the first he exhibited, when but sixteen, a medal. In 1852 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and an academician in 1864. Among his best pictures are, "Rachel," "Spring," "Afterglow," "Head of the Family at Prayer," and "The Time of Roses," which was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition in 1878.

Pictorial Illustrations of Demorest's Monthly Magazine.

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE.

IT is almost impossible to overestimate the refining and elevating influence that the illustrated magazine exercises in the family circle. To persons who have no opportunities of familiarizing themselves with the works of great artists, either through foreign travel or art galleries at home, it is indeed an invaluable teacher.

Through its medium we are made acquainted with the customs, dress and appearance of the inhabitants of other countries. We walk, as it were, through the streets of a foreign city, see its architectural display, and note its public monuments. We become familiarized with the appearance of illustrious personages, of rare exotics, of the wonders of natural history, and the developments of modern and antique skill. In fact, the illustrated magazine is a museum, a storehouse of precious things, as well as an art gallery, whose value as an educator and refiner is incalculable.

Not only does it show the picturesque and historical

places and famous buildings of to-day, but the vast panorama of by gone ages moves before us, and the dead things of the past become the living things of the present. We see the old Romans at their feasts, the Greeks at their games, and the Assyrians going to battle. Every detail, however minute, is placed before us, and we are made as familiar with the scenes of past ages as we are with those of the present day.

The illustrated magazine is doubtless an inexpensive educator to its readers, but publishers, in their desire to aid in developing the growing taste for a more extended knowledge of art, have found that it takes a great deal of money to publish an illustrated magazine. The good accomplished, however, is commensurate with the outlay, and we now find not only a greater demand for works of art in this country, but for art schools also. That the illustrated magazine has had a great deal to do with creating and fostering this taste is unquestioned.

With a knowledge of these facts, and a desire to comply with the demands of the age, the publisher of DEMAREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE has, at great expense, presented its readers with some of the most valuable artistic productions ever given by any magazine. Selected with great care by an acknowledged judge of art, the pictures we have given are after those of the most renowned masters of ancient and modern schools of art. Many of the originals, being in the private galleries of Europe, are not accessible to the public, even if on the spot.

Among English painters represented in our collection are Leslie, Landseer, Wilkie, Gavin, Mann, Lewis, Solomon, Phillip, Wyllie, Alma-Tadema,* Watts, and many others. Of German, French, and other nationalities are Wappers, Kaulbach, Munkacsy, Hennings, Schutze, Gussow, Knaus, Bouguereau, Dieffenbach, Regnault, Cabanel, Fromentin, Marie Weigmann, and other celebrated foreign artists. We have reproduced the etchings of Rembrandt, Rajon, and Lionel Le Coteaux; and have given engravings of the works of such sculptors as Thorwaldsen, Marshall Wood, and Spence. Our oil paintings are reproductions of celebrated paintings—such, for instance, as Millais' "Princes in the Tower." Nor have we excluded the old masters from our gallery; for, from time to time, Rubens, Raphael and others have been represented by their world-renowned productions. Among the fine steel engravings we have given are likenesses of Rubens, Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, Tenyson and Longfellow. Of our illustrated articles, we need not speak; it is sufficient to say that we have placed before our readers much that is interesting and valuable in the realms of nature and of art, thus opening to them a page from which a vast amount of information can be gathered.

It will thus be seen that as an art educator DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE has played no insignificant part. We have been rewarded for our efforts by the grateful appreciation of our readers, and the knowledge that we have opened the door through which they have passed into an extensive gallery of ancient and modern art. We do not intend to relax our efforts. On the contrary, as the realms of art are limitless, we purpose drawing from thence, from time to time, such productions as have made their creators famous; thus giving our readers further opportunities of becoming acquainted with the works of ancient and modern masters, and enabling them to keep pace with those who have personal access to the art galleries of Europe and America. The same high standard of merit will be sustained, and the same artistic judgment will preside over our Art department in the future as has distinguished it in the past.

* We place Alma-Tadema among English painters, as he has his home in London. His nationality, however, is Dutch.

The Mourner's Comforters.

A LILY that mourned for her sister went
To her pitying friends with sore lament,
Weeping for one who fell at her side,
Stately and fair in her beauty and pride.

"Tell me, sweet Rose, on thy scented track,
Canst thou search and bring me my sister back?"
Said the Rose: "I've no power to find or to save;
Naught can I do but bloom on her grave."

"Tree, thou canst look o'er the valley and plain,
Say, canst thou bring me my sister again?"
But the leaves, with a quiver, this low answer made:
"The spot where she rests we only can shade."

"Sun, thou hast compassed the earth around,
Know'st thou the place where my loved may be found?"
But the sun, in his glittering splendor, said:
"I shine for the living, and not for the dead."

"Wind, none can tell whence thou comest or goest,
Is there no path of return that thou knowest?"
"Nay," moaned the Wind, "but softly I sigh,
As I sweep o'er the place where the loved ones lie."

"Time, who so much from our treasures hast borne,
Canst thou never the lost to our bosoms return?"
And Time, with a smile, as onward he pass'd,
Said "Wait, and I'll bear thee to her at last."

FANNIE H. MARR.

To Poverty.

OH, thou hast been a mistress stern indeed,
Hard-featured Poverty!
Oft hast thou made my weary heart to bleed,
Almost to die.
Yet have I somewhat still to thank thee for,
My Mistress Poverty.
When the strange chances of unsparing war
Brought me to thee
Thou madest me to know the false from true,
Clear-sighted Poverty.
My blinded eyes, in ways both strange and new,
Thou mad'st to see.
From thee I learned how few hearts stand thy test,
Soul-searching Poverty;
But Oh, I also learned how truly blest
Such hearts can be!
Unflinchingly did'st thou sift gold from dross,
Sure-testing Poverty;
Thou mad'st me see the Crown above the Cross
That weighed on me.
All pleasure died beneath thy iron rod,
Pitiless Poverty;
Bereft, thou brought'st me face to face with God
On bended knee.
And then I lost all sense of self or time,
Nor wept for Poverty.
In the vast presence of the Three sublime,
God, Truth, Eternity!
And so, tho' thou hast been a teacher stern,
Relentless Poverty,
For these, the lessons thou hast made me learn,
I would thank thee.

ELIZA P. MATHEWES.

What Women are Doing.

Madame Madeline Bres, M.D., has been nominated honorary member of the Société Française d'Hygiène.

The Gazette des Femmes announces that from 1866 to 1882 104 women have received diplomas in France. Sixteen of these are medical.

The Ladies' Art Association has won unqualified praise for its admirable series of Saturday afternoon lectures given by experts during the past season.

Dr. Mary Safford has taken 200 acres of land near Tarpew, Florida, where she intends to start a colony.

Miss A. May F. Robinson's study of rural life in England will fill two volumes, and will soon be published under the title of "Arden."

Miss Kate Sanborn, of the senior class of the Boston University School of Medicine, succeeds Maria M. Dean as resident physician in the Massachusetts Homœopathic Hospital.

Mrs. Alexander Carlyle has bought the birthplace of her uncle, Thomas Carlyle, at Ecclefechan, to insure its better preservation. It will probably now become an established show-place.

The Cincinnati Pottery Club, composed principally of ladies, will send to London twenty-two magnificent specimens of their work, to be displayed at the Art Pottery Exhibition, which will open in London on May 1.

An English translation of the Dutch novel, "De Geschiedenis van Helena," by Miss A. S. C. Wallis, has been made. This book has been very widely read in Holland. Miss Wallis is scarcely twenty years old.

Miss Helen Mercier, a Dutch lady, is passing through the press at Amsterdam a prose translation into Dutch of Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh." The Englishwoman's verse did not lend itself readily to Dutch rhythm.

Mrs. M. A. Butler's co-operative store and women's labor exchange is at 516 Eleventh street, N. W., Washington. Her modest little announcement says that it "is organized for the benefit of working-women in Washington City."

Mrs. Oliphant is the author of more than one novel now appearing in the magazines; and of still another running in several provincial newspapers. This is a sequel to her well-known book "The Greatest Heiress in England," and is entitled "Sir Tom."

Dona Concepcion Arenal, an earnest champion of the rights of her sex, in her "Instruccion del Pueblo," a remarkable pamphlet, which obtained one of the prizes at a late contest (certaman) before the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences—has pointed out in a clear manner the advantages to be derived from a well-directed and liberal system of education.

Mrs. E. A. Smith, the well-known scientist and investigator of Indian languages, has been made a member of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia—the second woman upon whom this honor has been conferred, the first having been elected in 1858; this being also the first learned society in America to elect a woman member.

Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania (Carmen Sylvia), recently addressed an autograph letter to "Auber Forestier" thanking her for the biographical sketch of herself recently published in this Magazine, and with which she expressed herself delighted; as also a letter received at the same time from the author in which she, "a free American woman" addressed her as the "woman and sister author, and not as the queen."

"**Auber Forestier**" (Miss A. A. Woodward), in addition to her labors as the colleague of Prof. Anderson in the work of translating the gems of Scandinavian literature, is building up a musical and literary society in connection with the Unitarian Church of Madison, and has recently given a series of admirable musical papers, one of which was upon the "Sonata," another upon the "Genius of Beethoven," and a third upon "Wagner," this last the feature of a memorial service at Madison, Wis. Her latest effort was a paper upon "Viktor Rydberg," the representative of progressive thought in Sweden, given before the Women's Western Conference in Chicago, in May, 1883.

The Countess of Breadalbane is making a singularly well-conceived and well-carried-out effort in the way of practical benevolence. According to *The Whitehall Review*, she has fitted up a house near the gates of Lord Breadalbane's Taymouth Castle park, in Perthshire, for the reception and residence of orphan boys who have been rescued from the slums of London and elsewhere. Here they are fitly educated, well cared for, and taught trades, or prepared for whatever they may seem best fitted to earn an honest living by.

Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania, wrote her book "From Carmen Sylva's Realm" in a little lodge-house near the Kloster Sinaia, at the junction of the Pelesch and the Prahova, at the request of eminent publishers who desired a book for children that should become national, and that every child should be glad to receive as a reward. In her favorite home in the forest, Carmen Sylva wrote for her Roumanian children the pretty stories which have now been published, and every day, when the queen goes to her study, the children of the work-people run toward her and kiss her hand in greeting.

Miss Houghton read a paper recently in Amsterdam, before the society called "Daybreak." This was the first occasion that a lady had spoken in that society. Her subject was *Homes in Holland*. She declared with great earnestness that women themselves and no one else are at fault that they are not yet legally considered the equals of men.

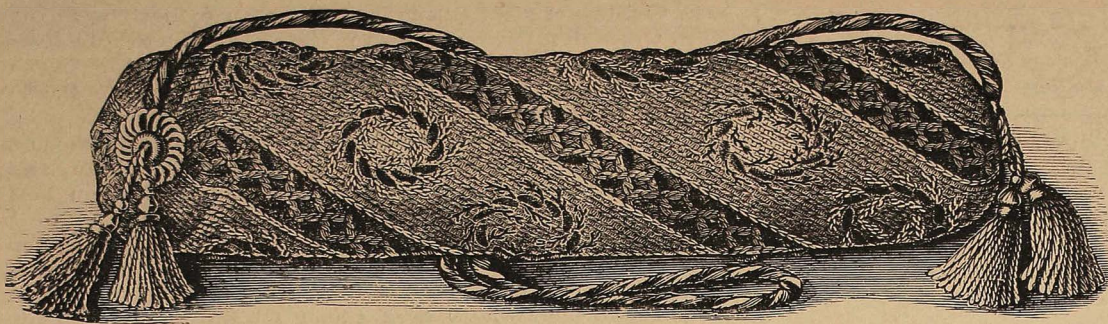
An Organized Committee of ladies, of which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is president, is industriously working, upon the invitation of the government of the New England Mechanical Institute, to secure an exhibit of the industries of women at the coming fair of the Institute in September.

The National Women's Christian Temperance Union, of which Miss Frances E. Willard is the able and gifted president, has organized the most complete scheme of temperance work that probably exists anywhere. It is broadly divided into six departments—preventive, educational, evangelistic, social, legal, and formative—and these are sub-divided into different bureaus, each one having its head.

The New W(omen's) Victoria Club in Nottingham, England, has a club-house which was put up by the People's Hall trustees. In the dining-hall dinners are furnished from twopence to fourpence each every day. For twopence the meat is cold; for fourpence hot with vegetables. Soups are furnished at a penny per plate; pudding or cup of tea the same. The food is said to be excellent and well cooked. There is a pretty drawing-room for members which is open from nine in the morning till ten in the evening, supplied with books, newspapers, and a piano, to which members, who are elected by ballot, and who are all working-girls, alone are admissible.—Condensed from *English-women's Review*.

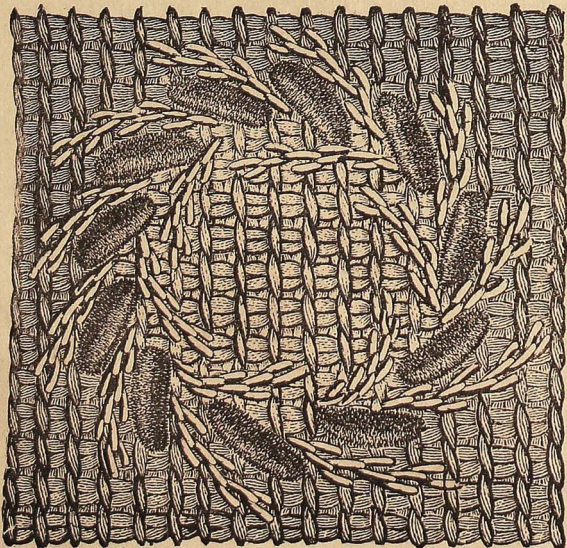
A Recent Report of the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, which covers till December, 1882, says: During the past year \$20,526.18 has been paid to consignors, exclusive of the lunch-room department, which has paid to its consignors \$8,482.95, making a total of \$29,009.13 paid to gentlewomen during the past twelve months. The total amount paid to them since the organization of the society, May 10th, 1878, is \$85,581.61. The number of articles for sale at that time was thirty pieces; on the 1st of November there were in the rooms 59,000 things, valued at a low estimate at \$70,000—ranging in price from 5 cents to \$500.00. These facts proved that the society was needed, and that the good accomplished has been worth the time and money which have been expended to make the exchange a depot and a school for the benefit of gentlewomen obliged to help themselves.

The Experiments which are now being made upon a large scale in Scotland to smooth waters by oiling them, dates, as an invention, as far back as 1834, and is due to a French lady, the wife of an English banker named Power. She is recognized as a naturalist of great genius; was the inventor of the aquarium, and the restorer of the theory of Aristotle with respect to the vital renovation of fishes. It was in pursuing her study of the nautilus that she was caught in a storm at Messina, and her small vessel having capsized, she clung to a barrel, which had been pitched overboard and shattered; it had held oil, and Mrs. Power observed that the oil, in escaping, instantly calmed the waves. She afterward experimented with sand and oil, fully establishing her theory.



Head Rest.

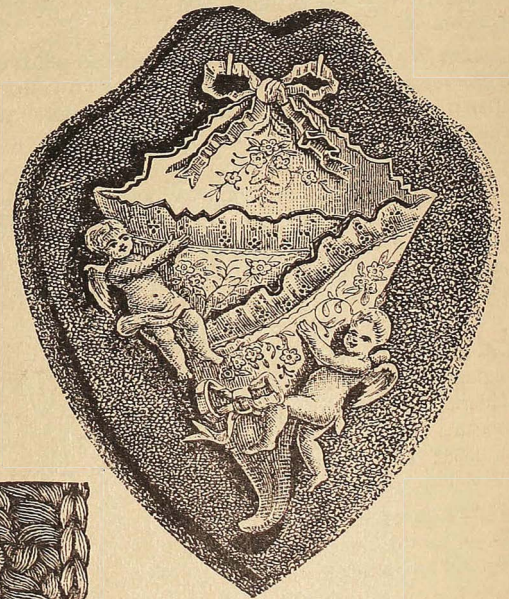
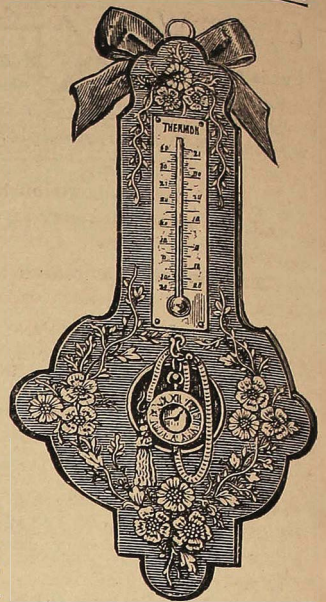
THE cushion is covered with 2 broad and 2 narrow stripes arranged alternately. The broad stripes are crocheted with blue and dark gray wool in Victoria stitch, and the narrow ones with brown wool in double crochet with raised bars; they are also embroidered in point russe with blue and yellow filoselle in point russe, and with brown and blue chenille. For the broad stripes make a chain of 20 stitches and crochet in Victoria stitch 1 to 12 pattern rows with blue wool. 13th pattern row: 8 blue, 4 gray, 8 blue. 14th pattern row: 7 blue, 6 gray, 7 blue. 15th pattern row: 6 blue, 8 gray, 6 blue. 16th to 19th pattern rows: 5 blue, 10 gray, 5 blue. 20th to 22d pattern rows: Like 15th to 13th, but in reverse position. Repeat 5 times 3d to 22d pattern rows, and then once the 1st to 12th rows. Then consult illustration and work the chenille and point russe stitches as follows: Alternately brown chenille and yellow filoselle and blue chenille and blue filoselle. For the narrow stripes (illustration) make a chain of 8 stitches and keep turning the work. 1st row: Miss 1, 7 double. 2d row: 1 chain, 7 double in both parts of stitch. 3d row: (right side) 1 chain, twice alternately 2 double, 1 triple in lower part of center stitch of first row, but before drawing this stitch up take up 1 stitch out of the next stitch, and draw both up together, then 1 double. 4th row: Like the 2d. 5th row: 1 chain, 3 double, 1 triple in upper part of next triple of 3d row, not yet drawn up, take up 1 stitch out of the next stitch, and with the loops still on the needle, 1 triple in upper part of 2d triple of 3d row, draw up all together, 3 double; repeat 2d to 5th row. Then consult illustration and put in the chenille stitches. The stripes are then crocheted together with blue filoselle, which must be continued at each end, so that they are long enough to meet under the rosette and tassels of blue silk cord which hide the sewing together. The thicker cord, which suspends the cushion to the chair, is twisted with all the colors used in the work.



Thermometer and Watch Rack.

THE thermometer is attached to a piece of stiff card cut in the shape of illustration, and covered with peacock blue velvet embroidered with split filoselle. The flowers are worked with white and heliotrope silk, the leaves with olive; the stitches used are satin, knotted overcast stitch and point russe. A hook is added to suspend the watch, and a bow of ribbon is sewn to the top of the thermometer. At the back is a sheet of stamped paper, gummed on.

The thermometer face can be detached from any of the ordinary ones and fastened to the velvet at each end by having tiny holes drilled or bands of velvet or ribbons drawn across to keep it in place. The flowers would also look lovely if painted on the velvet instead of the embroidery.



Wall Decorations.

A PRETTY and attractive way of hanging ornaments: Have a board cut the desired shape and size, beveled on the edge; cover it with plush or velvet, or even canton flannel will answer. Brass screws are used for suspending the ornament. To hang the board, be sure that you do not tip it too far forward at the top, as the article attached will not remain in position.



SUMMER DISHES.

Boil six peach kernels in a quart of milk to improve boiled custard.

Currant jelly is much improved by a flavor of raspberries, and *vice versa*.

The best "strawberry shortcake" is made after the formula for delicate soda biscuit, not sweet cake.

A fine summer salad is made of mixed fruits—white and red currants, red and white raspberries, with the juice from a couple of oranges squeezed over them, and a thick layer of powdered sugar.

Salad of lettuce should be simply dressed for use in warm weather—merely oil, mustard, pepper, salt, and vinegar. Eggs are too heating, and a Mayonnaise out of the question for a summer salad.

To make a delicious orange ice, take six oranges, use the juice of all and the grated peel of three, two lemons (the juice only), one pint of sugar dissolved in one pint of water; freeze as you do ice-cream.

Connecticut salad.—Place a little heap of mixed lettuce, chives, water-cress, etc., in the dish, sprinkle a little powdered sugar over it, a little pepper and salt, a little vinegar and olive oil, garnish with beetroot.

Souffle of strawberries.—Press the fruit through a sieve; put what you have thus obtained in a bowl, adding one-half a pound of powdered sugar and the whites of three eggs; beat well, and add any flavoring preferred. Then take the whites of six eggs and beat them into a stiff froth. Mix well together, put this on a dish in a well-heated oven for five or six minutes before serving. Sprinkle powdered sugar on top.

Strawberry blanc-mange.—Press the strawberries, strain off the juice and sweeten it well; place over the fire, and when it boils stir in corn-starch wet in cold water, allowing one tablespoonful of corn-starch and one egg for each pint of juice; continue stirring until sufficiently cooked, pour into molds wet in cold water, and set away to cool; serve with cream and sugar, and fresh strawberries if desired.

Tutti frutti.—One quart of rich cream, one and a half ounces of sweet almonds chopped fine, one-half pound of sugar; freeze, and when sufficiently congealed add one-half pound of preserved fruit, with a few white raisins chopped, and finely-sliced citron; cut the fruit small and mix well with the cream. Freeze like ice-cream; keep on ice until required.

Cherry pudding.—Mix three tablespoonfuls of flour to a smooth paste with part of a pint of milk; then add the remainder. Warm one ounce of butter, and stir it in, or add a cup of cream; three eggs well beaten and a pinch of salt. Stone one pound of cherries, and stir them into the batter. Tie up in a pudding-cloth, or put into a shape, and boil two hours. Serve with sweet liquid sauce.

Small new potatoes require care in cooking, and sometimes special methods. *Scrape* them to remove the skin—it comes off very easily—and have hot dripping unsalted in the kettle in which you fry cakes. Wash the potatoes, wipe them dry, then drop them into the hot lard. They will require from twenty to twenty-five minutes to cook, and should be of a delicate brown. Turn them often.

Peas cooked in English style.—Boil the peas in plenty of water, and as fast as possible, with salt to taste, and a small bunch of mint. Do not cover the saucepan. When done, remove the mint, strain the peas, give them one toss in a saucepan with a piece of butter the size of an egg; add pepper, salt, and serve.

Peas in American style.—Only enough water is used to boil them tender. When dry, add rich milk and plenty of butter, set them on the back of the stove to simmer ten or fifteen minutes, which brings this dressing to a creamy consistency. Season with salt and pepper.

Eggs and Beet-Root.—Take some slices of dressed beet-root; toss them in fresh olive oil made perfectly hot; arrange them in a dish; place some poached and trimmed eggs in a circle round the beet-root; add pepper; squeeze lemon juice over, and serve directly.

Green Pea Soup.—Cut up a small chicken, or take a few slices of ham, and boil until the meat is entirely done. Remove the chicken or meat, and throw into the liquor a quart of shelled peas, some pepper and salt. Boil until entirely done, and then thicken the soup, when you may add another pint of peas boiled in a different vessel, and lump of butter the size of a goose egg.

Conserve of Strawberries.—Prepare the fruit as for preserving, allowing half a pound of loaf sugar to one pound of fruit. Sprinkle the sugar over the fruit at night; in the morning put on the fire in a kettle, and boil until the berries are clear. Spread on dishes, and put in the sun until dry; after which roll in sugar and pack in jars.

Raspberry Jam.—To every quart of ripe raspberries allow a pound of best loaf sugar; put sugar and berries into a pan, and let them stand two or three hours; then boil them in a porcelain kettle, taking off the scum carefully; when no more scum rises mash them and boil them to a smooth marmalade; when cold put in tumblers. Blackberry and strawberry jam can be made in the same way.

Preserved Cherries.—Pick and stone the cherries; put them in layers with powdered sugar, in a deep earthen dish, allowing half a pound of sugar to each pound of cherries; let them stand in a cool place three days; then boil all together in a copper preserving kettle, drawing the kettle from the fire, or stirring it down, every time it boils, until it has boiled up six times; then pour all into an earthen dish and let them cool; when cool take up the cherries from the syrup; drain them; lay them in thin layers, on hair sieves in a warm oven, to dry; turn them out on clean sieves every six hours until they are quite dry; they may then be packed in boxes between layers of paper.

Beef Tongue Salad.—Boil one smoked beef tongue until thoroughly done, when cold grate it very fine. Then take the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, mashed fine, add two tablespoonfuls of fine olive oil to the eggs, beat in well; then a desertspoonful of fine made mustard mixed, half a teaspoonful of salt; pepper to taste, and about a quarter of a pint of good vinegar; beat the dressing well; when the salad is wanted, mix the dressing with the beef tongue. This makes a nice sandwich. Chicken salad and oyster salad may be made the same way, adding celery to the former.

Potato Salad.—Cut ten or twelve boiled potatoes into slices from a quarter to half an inch thick, put into a salad bowl with four tablespoonfuls of tarragon or plain vinegar, six tablespoonfuls of best salad oil, one teaspoonful of minced parsley, and pepper and salt to taste; stir well, that all be thoroughly mixed. It should be made two or three hours before needed on the table. Anchovies, olives, or any pickles may be added to this salad, as also bits of cold beef, chicken or turkey if desired. But it is excellent without these.

Mushroom Catsup.—Cut off the stubs from the broad flat mushrooms; peel and break them into small bits; strew salt equally over them, allowing a large tablespoonful to every quart of the pulp. Let them stand twenty-four hours; put all into a saucepan and let it boil gently for three-quarters of an hour; strain and let it stand to settle over night. Next day pour off the clear part, and to every pint of the liquor add a few blades of mace, twelve black pepper-corns, and the same of allspice, a piece of bruised ginger and eight cloves. Simmer it twenty minutes, and when cold bottle it, with the spices equally divided.

Pickled Beet Root.—Wash the beet perfectly, not cutting any of the fibrous roots, lest the juice escape; put in sufficient water to boil it, and when the skin will come off easily it is sufficiently cooked, and may be taken out and laid upon a cloth to cool. Having rubbed off the peel, cut the beet into thick slices, pour over it cold vinegar prepared as follows: Boil a quart of vinegar with an ounce of whole black pepper, and an equal weight of dry ginger, and let it stand until quite cold. Keep closely corked.

Scientific.

A Weak Solution of coffee is used to give the present fashionable yellow tint to lace and lace curtains.

Luminous Paint, as hitherto made, has a yellowish-white appearance in daylight. A Dresden firm now produces various paints, pure white, blue, red, green, violet and gray, so that the objects which become luminous at night may have a pleasing appearance by day.

Dr. Miguel Fargas ascribes the aroma of roasted coffee to a peculiar principle, cafeone, which is developed in the act of roasting. Its action upon the heart is opposed to that of caffeine, as it increases the force and frequency of its pulsations.

A Useful Invention.—Mr. Joseph Waller, of Plattsburg, N. Y., has invented an oven thermometer to be attached to stoves, ranges and bakers' ovens. A clock is attached to the end of a thermometer casing, and the lower end of the latter is so arranged that it projects into the oven. The clock shows how long the article has been in the oven, and the thermometer indicates the degree of heat there. A "Scientific Cooking Instructor and Key" is furnished with the above.

To Color Straw with Aniline Dyes.—Steep the straw for several hours in hot water containing about half an ounce of tannin to the gallon, then pass it through hot water containing about an ounce of white glue to the gallon and dry in the air slowly, then dye, using weak baths. Straw may also be colored by passing it through a bath of any thin, pale spirit varnish holding the desired color in solution.

The Effects of Woods Upon Each Other.—It is stated that some kinds of woods, although of great durability in themselves, act upon each other to their mutual destruction. Experiments with cypress and walnut and cypress and cedar, prove that they will rot each other when joined together, but, on separation, the decay will cease, and the timbers remain perfectly sound for a long period.

Immediate Cure for Neuralgia.—Dr. McColgan extols the value of the ether or rhigolene spray for the instantaneous relief principally of facial neuralgia. He first had occasion to observe its good effects upon his own person, having suffered greatly from facial neuralgia. Since curing himself he has had occasion to test its efficacy in about twenty cases. The result was invariably a most gratifying success. In many instances a permanent cure was established.

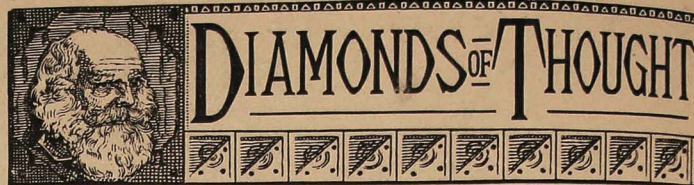
Blood Diet for Animals.—A French savant, M. Regnard, has been lately trying the effect of a "blood diet" on lambs. Three lambs, which for some unexplained cause had been abandoned by their mothers, were fed on "powdered blood" with the most gratifying results. The lambs increased in size in the most marvelous fashion, and attained unusual proportions for their age. The coats of wool also became double in thickness. Encouraged by his success with the lambs, M. Regnard is now feeding some calves on blood.

Cement for Putting Gum Soles on Shoes.—Dissolve ten parts of caoutchouc in small pieces, in 280 parts of chloroform by maceration; melt ten parts more of finely cut caoutchouc with four parts of resin; add one part turpentine, and dissolve the whole in forty parts of oil of turpentine. Then mix the solutions. For use, dip a piece of linen in the cement and apply it to the article, which should also receive a layer of the cement before and after the application of the linen.

How Flour and Bread are Adulterated.—Chalk, limestone, white clay, gypsum, spar and infusorial earth are all used to adulterate flour. Barties, a heavy spar, is shipped in great quantities from North Carolina and Tennessee for the purpose of mixing in with flour. The process of adulteration does not stop here, for the baker carries it on by the use of potato-starch, indian-meal, rice-flour, alum and sulphate of copper. By employing a strong magnifying glass, or a microscope, indian-meal, rice-flour and potato-starch may be detected in the flour, and plaster of Paris, limestone, etc., can be detected from a heavy residue at the bottom of the glass if flour containing them is stirred up with water.

Sulphurous Acid in Consumption.—The owner of a chemical factory in Brooklyn testifies to many cures of consumption effected by the visits to his factory of persons thus affected. In the early stages of the malady a cure is effected in a few weeks, simply by inhaling the sulphurous acid. Persons affected with bronchial catarrh are rapidly cured. The *Scientific American* says that phthisical patients should live in rooms where hourly one to two drachms of sulphur are evaporated on a warm stove. First eight or ten days there is increased irritation of cough and expectoration; then these cease, and the individual rapidly improves. Convalescents should live for a time in rooms filled with aromatic watery vapors.

Prints and Poisonous Colors on Them.—The *Rassegna del Commercio e delle Industrie*, of Turin, speaks of the criminal proceeding of some cotton printers in Europe, who, without regard for the consequences, use in printing, instead of albumina, other cheaper substances; for example, arseniate of glycerine and of argil, and other arsenious acid preparations. As the poison contained in these tissues is not in the shape of an insoluble combination, it may be fancied what the consequences are, when the people, mostly the poorer classes, wear these common prints. This poison is found particularly on prints on which on a violet ground white designs are printed, as well as on brown, yellow and red designs hitherto considered harmless.



A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—*Johnson*.

The little bird has chosen its shelter, and is about to go to sleep in tranquillity; it has no disquietude, neither does it consider where it shall rest to-morrow night; but it sits in peace on that slender branch, leaving it to God to provide for it.—*Luther*.

True politeness consists in being easy one's self, and in making everybody about one as easy as one can.—*Pope*.

There are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money.—*Johnson*.

Never speak of a man in his own presence. It is always indelicate, and may be offensive.—*Ibid*.

Some cunning men choose fools for their wives, thinking to manage them, but they always fail. There is a spaniel fool and a mule fool. The spaniel fool may be made to do by beating. The mule fool will neither do by words or blows; and the spaniel fool often turns mule at last; and suppose a fool to be made to do pretty well, you must have the continual trouble of making her do. Depend upon it, no woman is the worse for sense and knowledge.—*Johnson*.

Whenever you are angry with one you love, think that that dear one might die that moment. Your anger will vanish at once.—*Rogers*.

Nothing is more tragical than a victory, except a defeat.—*Wellington*.

Did you ever hear my definition of marriage? It is that it resembles a pair of shears so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.—*Sydney Smith*.

You pity a man who is lame or blind, but you never pity him for being a fool, which is oftener a much greater misfortune.—*Ibid*.

We are all inclined to think more about our rights (and our wrongs too) than about our duties.—*Mrs. Jameson*.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.—*George Eliot*.



Men like to see themselves in print. Women, in silks and satins.

It is spring-time with the frog when the small boy is around with a stone.

Dolls for little girls, but dol-mans for their big sisters.

The agnostic is one who knows nothing for certain, and doesn't care whether anybody else does or not.

A new English book is called "People I Have Met." A new American book might be called "People I Haven't Met, and Don't Want to."

"What is the meaning of the word tantalizing?" asked a teacher. "Please, marm," spoke up a little fellow, "it means seeing a circus procession and not being able to go to the circus."

"They say Smith and his wife do not get along well together. Is that true?" asked Brown. "Not a bit of it," replied Fogg. "They never try it."

Why He Fell.—"Can any of you children tell me why Adam fell?" Only one raised his hand. "Well, now, Johnny, what was the cause of Adam's fall?" "A banana peel," guessed Johnny.

"Boy, can I go through this gate to the road?" asked a fashionably-dressed lady in the country. "Yes'm; a load of hay passed through there this morning," was the urchin's reply, as he stuck his hands in the holes in his trousers that passed for pockets.

Harmony Brown—"I heard it was all 'off' between you and Miss Rowshall." Wobbinson (aesthetic)—"Yes; incompatibility of complexion! She didn't suit my furnichar!"

"What shall we do with our daughters?" began the lecturer, a charming lady, by the way. "Judging from what I see before me," said a modest-appearing middle-aged gentleman in the audience, "I should not suppose there need be any trouble about that question. A question more to the point would be, 'Have you enough of them to supply the demand?'"

"I should so like a coin dated the year of my birth," said a maiden lady of uncertain age to a male acquaintance. Do you think you could get one for me?" "I am afraid not," he replied. "These very old coins are only to be found in collections." And yet he cannot see why, when he met the lady the next day, she didn't speak to him.

The World's Progress.

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 New Historians.

John C. Green, who died recently in England, has the merit of having founded what is practically a new school in history. He has little or nothing to say about kings or queens, battles, or court intrigues. His "History of the English People" is the model for all annalists. He confines himself to the growth of the nation in wealth, population, and industry. He tells of the difference in manners, the influence of foreign customs, and the changes effected by commerce and time. The biographies of monarchs and their quarrels are but mere side-incidents in the lives of nations. Mr. Green died prematurely, but he left a noble work which will have many imitators. Prof. McMasters, an American, has already issued one volume of the history of the American people, written upon the same basis; and it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when our students will not have to commit to memory the dates of the birth of kings and queens, and when battles were fought. Their attention should be directed to the victories of peace, to the great discoveries of ages, and to the influence of literature and science upon the progress of mankind. It is not the great battles of history which determine the destinies of the human race. It is such facts as the discovery of America, the invention of the printing press, the introduction of steam, and the finding out of the wondrous potencies and human uses of electricity. In time all the old historians will become obsolete, and the annalist will confine himself to those discoveries and events which affect the lives of nations.

The Southern Exposition.

On the first of August next the great Southern exhibition is to be opened at Louisville, Ky. Judged by the size of the proposed buildings, it will be surpassed by only three previous events—the London Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, and the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. The buildings will occupy 677,400 square feet. In the Atlanta exhibition of 1881 the buildings occupied only 107,520 square feet. This Southern exhibition will show that that section of the country is now on the high road to prosperity. Free labor has revived the old slave States. The cotton crop of last year was the greatest ever known, fully 7,000,000 bales, nearly double the number produced when that flocculent fibre was raised by slave labor. The South now manufactures its own cotton yarns, and is opening some of the largest iron foundries in the world. Its industries are becoming yearly more diversified, while its railway system has been reorganized so as to utilize all the wealth-producing districts south of the Potomac and Ohio. Already colonies of Englishmen are being organized to take up large tracts of land in Virginia, Tennessee, and Texas. The coming exposition at Louisville will mark the wonderful progress made by the Southern States since the overthrow of slavery.

To Europe in Five Days.

Mr. James R. Thompson, who built the "Aurania," of the Cunard line, and who is a very conservative shipwright, has been making forecasts touching the ocean steamships of the future. He predicts they will have two screws instead of one, but instead of seventeen knots an hour they will go at the rate of twenty knots. But they will be constructed for passengers only. Freight will be carried by steamers specially designed for that work. The passenger steamers will really be ferry boats, and will probably leave the day after they arrive, and, as there will be no freight to discharge, they would only be detained long enough to take on provisions, fuel, and the mail. Hence the passenger steamer of the future will make fifty per cent. more trips than at present. The "Alaska" made twelve round voyages last year, which is little over seven days between New York and Queens-town, and once she arrived from abroad in 6 days, 13 hours, and 37 minutes. The best time made by any steamer is that of the "Stirling Castle," in the China tea trade, which has made 18.4 knots an hour. The "Oregon," of the Guion line, is expected to make even better time than that. In other words, before the year 1900 a trip to Europe will only take a little over five days.

Electricity as a Motor.

Edison, the famous American inventor, says we are only in the beginning of electricity as applied to travel and the other purposes of life. He compares it to a great inclosed farm into which we have looked through the cracks in a fence. It is proposed to start a great electrical school Menlo Park, N. J. So far there has been no special study of electricity, while it has been found that there is urgent need of artisans and others practically acquainted with the working and application of electrical machines. We know of electricity by its use in telegraphy, telephony, and electric lighting. It is now, however, beginning to be used as a motor. There is an elevated railway in Berlin run by electricity, and shrewd inventors in every part of the civilized world are hard at work on the problem of replacing steam by electricity. The storage of electrical energy, by which it is, as it were, put into a reservoir to be drawn from at will, has been a great step in advance, and the possibilities of what may be accomplished are so startling as to be scarcely credible. Electricity will yet heat as well as light our houses. It will supply power which will propel us over streets and highways at a rapid pace, thus dispensing with steam and horse flesh. Applied to agriculture it will augment our crops amazingly, and in other ways it will change the face of the industrial world. It may supply the motive power needed for navigating the air, and in combination with the new and terrible explosives recently discovered by chemical science it will render the work of tunneling inexpensive, and reduce to a level the mountains that at present divide nations. In short, it will hasten the time when man shall become master of the planet on which he lives.

A Great University.

The demand upon Columbia College for facilities to educate women has led the trustees of that institution to make an appeal to the public for a large endowment, so as to make it a great university. It is proposed to have departments of archæology, ethnology, anthropology, comparative philology, Oriental literature, political science, botany, zoology, physiology, astronomy, biology, sanitary engineering, electrical engineering, and the fine arts. Columbia has already a very fine school of mines, and also a good law school. It should also aim at giving practical instruction in departments of the arts available in every-day life. Sanitary and electrical engineering are of far more practical value than archæology or Oriental literature. There has sprung up quite a demand for electricians, due principally to the requirements of the various electrical illuminating companies. Edison says we are only in the A B C of electricity, that it will be applied in the next twenty years to uses we do not dream of now. There is some talk of an especial school of electrical science at Menlo Park, N. J., under the supervision of ex-Governor Frank Fuller. Five to ten million dollars could now be very wisely expended in endowing a great industrial university. There are at least two men in New York who could give the larger sum for this purpose, without inconveniencing themselves.

Another Ship Canal.

The peculiar success of the Suez Canal has started similar enterprises all over the globe. De Lesseps' great canal across the Isthmus of Panama is now well under way. The project for another canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans across Nicaragua, has all been mapped out and has earnest believers, among whom is General Grant. The money has been raised for connecting the Atlantic with the Gulf of Mexico, across the upper part of the peninsula of Florida. A French company have raised \$8,000,000 to complete the old scheme to construct a ship canal to connect Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. This canal is to be twenty-seven feet deep and one hundred and seventy-one feet wide at low tide. When this canal is finished Baltimore will become a great commercial city. This is a work, by the way, which should have been undertaken by the United States. But the American people seem determined not to let their Government make the necessary river and harbor improvements. It is political death to any Congressman who votes for an appropriation of this kind, however needful it may be. Very important and necessary works, which were under way, are now going to ruin, because Congress at its last session did not dare to appropriate \$7,000,000 to keep up the work already begun.

Cheap Telegraphy.

In Great Britain a telegram of twenty words, with the address, can be sent to any part of the kingdom for one shilling, about twenty-five cents of our money. On the Continent, where the Governments have control of the telegraph, the rates are much cheaper. In Belgium and Switzerland, for instance, there are half-franc telegrams—that is, something less than ten cents of our money—while in Paris the telegraph system is supplemented by pneumatic tubes carrying post-cards for half a franc. The English Government paid ten million pounds for what was worth commercially not much more than seven millions, yet so great has been the increase of business, due to government control, that the shilling rate is soon to be reduced. The address will, as heretofore, be free, twelve cents will be charged for six

words, eighteen cents for twelve words, and twenty-five cents, as now, for twenty words. Telegraphing in this country is under corporate control, and we are charged more than any other country on earth. All our family and business secrets are confided to the employés of Mr. Jay Gould, who, through his control of the telegraph, has the press at his mercy, and has the privilege of taxing the American people without any limitation of his power by the Government.

Exit the Bravery of War.

The scarlet coat of the English army will in a few years be a tradition. One by one the leading nations have abolished the gay colors with which they have been wont to deck their soldiers on the battle field. The sharpshooter, with his deadly weapon which kills at so wide a range, has forced the military authorities to change the uniforms so that they will not be a mark for the repeating rifle. After careful tests, it has been found that a certain shade of gray, a bluish gray, in fact, is almost indistinguishable at a distance, when worn by masses of men. Should the great war so often predicted break out in Europe, it will puzzle the commanding generals to distinguish their own soldiers from those of the enemy, for all the nations have adopted what is practically the same uniform. In France they have also abolished the drum corps, and all that was attractive about war is fast disappearing. Fighting has become a matter of machinery and engineering. Before the invention of firearms the contests were hand to hand, the weapons were swords and spears. Hence the passions of men were roused when they came in sight of each other. But in modern warfare the soldier fights with a distant, and often an unseen enemy, and it is not a matter of passion, but rather of endurance. Charles Fourier, who lived in the beginning of this century, predicted that the time would come when industry would be made as attractive as war was in his day—that the laborer would go to the field and the workman to his shop preceded by musical processions, and that the various industrial groups would wear gay attire. In other words, the same devices which made war so attractive would be made use of to take away the weariness of toil, and make work as pleasing as is marching to the sound of martial music. There may be something in this theory, and if all the color and music are left out of fighting, perhaps they may be introduced into our industrial life.

The Keely Motor.

A good deal of ridicule has been lavished on Mr. Keely, of Philadelphia, who claims to have discovered a new motor of marvelous power, and who has been for years engaged in constructing a generator that would utilize his invention. His claim is that with a mere thimbleful of water he can develop a power that will tear down mountains. Extravagant as his claims seem to be, he has succeeded in raising a great deal of money for his experiments, and he is backed by some very shrewd and intelligent capitalists. He now alleges that his generator has been perfected, and that the time has come for him to take out his patent. The days of steam, he says, are numbered, for a motor can now be made use of, so inexpensive and so mighty that it will do the work of the world at a thousandth part of the cost of steam or electrical appliances. In science, molecules are a combination of atoms. When water is heated these atoms are driven apart, but they still cohere in the form of steam. Mr. Keely claims that should they become disintegrated, then would this giant power become developed which he utilizes in his generator. All combinations of matter—wood, metal, air, water, and earth—are simply groups or clusters of molecules. Should the minute atoms composing the latter be set free, by what Mr. Keely calls vibratory motion, there will be found the secret of his great invention and the marvelous uses to which it may be applied. It is not to be disguised that the scientific world regards Mr. Keely as a humbug, but his generator is actually on exhibition at Philadelphia, and within the coming year it will be proved whether it has any practical value. It should be borne in mind that we are on the eve of most marvelous developments in chemical science. Experts in various scientific specialties are now reconstituting the atoms discovered by chemistry with the most surprising results. Wild as Mr. Keely's claims may be, scientists who discredit him believe that even more wonderful discoveries will yet be made than this is said to be. The distinguishing feature and glory of our age is its scientific discoveries and their application to our industrial progress.

The Vagaries of Hysteria.

Lady Florence Dixie comes of a very eccentric family. Lady Florence is both a journalist and a traveler. She has a nitch for notoriety. Some time since she startled England by a statement that an assault had been committed upon her by two men disguised as women. Her mouth, she said, had been filled with mud: her life was saved by a corset, which stopped the murderous knife from entering her body, and her assailants, she averred, were finally beaten off by the devotion of a St. Bernard dog which was her companion. The atrocity was set down by the press to the Irish malcontents, whom Lady Florence Dixie had attacked in the newspapers. An investigation by the police, however, settled the question that no such assault had been committed. It was a pure invention on the part of her ladyship. She wished to bring odium on the Irish cause. In this she succeeded for a few days, until her

story was exposed. The most charitable excuse for her is that she was suffering from a fit of hysteria, and laboring under a self-delusion. Dr. Legrande du Saule, physician to the Salpêtrière, Paris, describes in his standard work, "Les Hystériques," some remarkable cases of hallucination, where females labored under the belief that they have been struck or stabbed by others, even after having inflicted blows or wounds upon themselves. In one instance a young woman was found by her husband lying on the floor of her room in a fainting fit, her face covered with blood. On reviving from her swoon she stated that she had been attacked by armed men; the Paris newspapers related the case, and within three weeks three similar cases occurred in the French metropolis. All these cases proved to be fabricated by the supposed victims. A young girl wounded herself slightly with a pistol. She gave the police authorities the most minute details about an imaginary assassin, who, according to her account, fired the weapon, but she was found to be highly hysterical, and it was proved that she had willfully wounded herself. In a third case in Dr. du Saule's experience, a young woman was found in a railway carriage, stabbed in the left side. The incident caused great excitement, but it was proved, contrary to her assertions, that she had inflicted the wound herself, and was a hysterical subject. Perhaps the strangest case of all occurred in M. Tardieu's practice. A young lady living at Courbevoie wished to make herself an object of public interest by passing as a victim of a political conspiracy, which she pretended to have discovered. One night she was found in a state of the greatest mental perturbation at the door of her apartment. She could not talk, but stated in writing that she had been attacked outside her own house by a man, who had attempted to garrote her, at the same time striking her twice with a dagger. Only the lady's clothing was injured, and the body of her dress and her corset were found to be cut through, but at different levels. She tried to make out that the attempt at strangulation had caused dumbness. M. Tardieu remarked in her hearing that this infirmity rapidly disappeared when produced under circumstances of this kind. She soon managed to regain her speech, and in a short time admitted that the whole narrative had been developed out of her inner consciousness.

Speculating on One's Life.

The Chicagoian is nothing if not a speculator. He bets not only on grain and stocks, but on his very life. There are over twenty individuals in the chief city of Illinois whose lives are insured for \$100,000 and over. John V. Farewell of that city has written to his credit \$223,000 when he dies. Two hundred others in Chicago are insured for \$50,000 and over, and over one thousand for \$20,000 and upward. Among the prominent men of Eastern cities who carry large amounts of insurance we will name Cyrus W. Field, of New York, who has \$250,000; F. B. Roberts, New York, \$200,000; Charles Pratt, Brooklyn, \$200,000; Alexander Barrett, New York, \$200,000; F. W. de Voe, New York, \$245,000; Pierre Lorillard, New York, \$255,000; James Park, Jr., Pittsburgh, \$300,000; W. H. Langly, Gallipolis, O., \$300,000; Charles M. Runk, Allentown, Pa., \$200,000; G. K. Anderson, Titusville, Pa., \$315,000.

A Baby Dromedary.

Wild animals in captivity do not often increase naturally. It is very rare, for instance, for elephants in our menageries to breed, yet there is a baby elephant in one of our great shows. A little dromedary was born not long since in the Central Park. Its first experiences could not have been pleasant, for instead of finding itself on the hot sands of a desert, its first contact with earth was on a snow bank. This new-born babe was about the size of a colt, and so extraordinarily ugly, that the newspaper reporters declare that if it ever caught sight of itself, it would go off into a dark corner and die. It consisted principally of legs, which were long and lumbering, and very much in their owner's way. The neck of the young dromedary is singularly short and the animal when born had no trunk. Camels and dromedaries are of very little use in this country, except in menageries. Once it was thought they might be utilized on the hot plains of the Southwest, but railroads have rendered beasts of burden unnecessary in this country. It is believed, when railroads are relatively as much used in Asia and Africa as they are in Europe and North America, that the camel will find his occupation gone and will in time become only a memory.

John Brown.

Oscar Wilde when in this country was at a dinner party where Queen Victoria was toasted. To every one's surprise he declined to drink her health, for the aesthetic reason that she was the most untidy woman in the United Kingdom. But whatever her lapses may be in the matter of dress, her appreciation of her body servant, John Brown, shows her to have been a kind-hearted mistress. This Highland servant was the one person she trusted outside the members of her own family. Of course, censorious persons leveled ungenerous insinuations against the Queen because of the strong attachment between her and her humble follower. But it is very certain that there was nothing in the relation excepting such as was obvious to the whole world. John Brown was always in attendance on the Queen, in public

as well as in her household. He carried her umbrella in the rain, waited on her at the table, attended her in her walks, and was the recipient of her confidence, it was believed, in grave affairs of state. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" and this recognition of human qualities between a nominal ruler of three hundred millions of human beings and her servitor shows that after all men and women everywhere partake of the same nature, no matter what their station in life. John Brown is dead and the Queen herself wrote his obituary, which was published in the *Court Journal*. Her favorite minister of late years was Lord Beaconsfield, to whose memory she also paid a tribute with her own hand. But it has been remarked, with much surprise, that her written appreciation of John Brown was couched in far more complimentary terms than those she employed in testifying her respect for the services of her great Conservative Premier. It should be remembered in this connection that the motto of the Prince of Wales is "*Ich dien*," ("I serve.")

Should they be Exterminated?

General Crook, an officer in the American army, and a famous Indian fighter, announces himself as in favor of exterminating the Apache Indians. He writes officially to Secretary Teller that the Chiricahua band of Apaches, now on the war-path, "are an incorrigible lot," and "the worst band of Indians in America;" and he adds that, "so far as the threats made by the people of Tombstone are concerned, I am in full sympathy with them, and should be glad to learn that the last of the Chiricahuas was under ground." The Secretary of the Interior agrees with Gen. Crook that "the renegade band must be subjugated or destroyed." This seems to exhibit a very unchristian temper on the part of officials in a civilized country, but the Indian problem in the Southwest is a very difficult one to solve. The Apaches are undoubtedly the most bloodthirsty of all known savages, and are irreclaimable. They cannot be touched on their reservations, from which they periodically sally forth on their murderous expeditions. The Government supplies them with food, clothing, and arms. In every part of Arizona and New Mexico are to be found traces of the massacres done in the past by these incorrigible savages. It is clear that the Government should not give them arms. For many years past the Mexican Government have adopted the plan of killing them on sight, and the few Apaches left have naturally inclined to American soil, where they have been better protected. But it would never do to let it go out to the world that the United States deliberately adopted an exterminating policy toward any tribe of even the lowest order of savages.

Our Mexican Neighbors.

The several railroad lines which are now being constructed in Mexico to connect with our Southwestern transportation system will effect great changes, not only in that country, but in its relations to the United States. Local rebellions and brigandage cannot exist in a country with a great railway system, and the backward civilization of Mexico in the past has been due to the insecurity of life and property, because of the impotence of the central government to suppress rebellions in the distant provinces, and put an end to the robbers and bandits who make travel unsafe. The accession of President Diaz to power marked the beginning of a new era in Mexico. True, he overthrew the previous government by force, but he governed well and wisely, and the executive who succeeded him wields authority with his support. Diaz, it is understood, will again be President when the executive now in power retires. For obvious reasons, the Mexicans have been suspicious of our Government, and have extended special trade favors to England, France, and Germany which they have heretofore withheld from us. Recently, however, a new treaty has been negotiated, but is not yet indorsed by our Senate. Before its ratification the real ruler of Mexico, ex-President Diaz, has paid us a visit. He has traveled through all parts of our country, and has been received with great consideration by our leading citizens. He evidently realizes that the time has come when a better feeling should exist between the two nations. While it is probably the destiny of Mexico eventually to fall into the possession of the United States, the thinking portion of our people do not care at present to extend our boundary much farther to the South. Sonora and Chihuahua, the northern States of Mexico, would doubtless be valuable acquisitions, as they comprise a mountainous region full of gold, silver, and copper mines of great potential value. But the mongrel race which inhabits the greater part of Mexico would not make desirable American citizens, nor have they yet proved themselves suited to a republican form of government. The only annexation that would be popular with all classes, and to which there will be no opposition, would be that of the Dominion of Canada, for the people are of our own race, and have been trained to forms of government similar to our own.

She Wouldn't be a Nun.

A young lady in Montreal entered a convent in that city, but she soon tired of the monotony and pettiness of the dull life she was leading. She now wishes to be released from her vows, but the Church refuses, and under convent laws she will be excommunicated if she enters the world again without a dispensation from the Pope. This is really a matter in which the civil law should interfere. In a period of despondency and physical weak-

ness, such as frequently occurs in the lives of young women, they are peculiarly susceptible to abnormal religious influences. At such times they enter convents, a step they soon after very bitterly regret. They then become, without any crime, prisoners for life. There should be a commission in every State to make annual visitations of all nunneries, so as to see that no woman is kept in bondage who desires to live in the world in which she was born. Nothing is so cruel as a life-long imprisonment in a cheerless nunnery, shut out from the love and sympathy of one's fellow-beings. No doubt many nuns find a relief from the monotony of their life in charitable and religious work; but all women shut out from ties of home, and doomed to live without husband or children must suffer from their unnatural isolation, and the community should see to it that if they should wish to unshackle their bonds they should be allowed to go free.

The Lesson of Peter Cooper's Life.

What a noble text the life of Peter Cooper will be for those who wish to teach men how to live so as to do the most good to their fellows! Mere giving of money is not the way to benefit mankind. The recipients of bounty are often injured by it, for they lose self-respect, and their whole moral fibre becomes impaired. Peter Cooper's idea was to give such an education to the young as would make them self-respecting and self-supporting. Americans are all too prone to suppose that their system of education for the common people is superior to that of any other nation. As a matter of fact in several very important matters, our working men and women are inferior to the French, Swiss, German, and English artisans. It is quite true that the American boy and girl learns how to read, write, and cypher, but neither their hands, eyes, nor tastes are trained for necessary, useful, or ornamental work. It is in this field that Peter Cooper distinguished himself. Fully 40,000 persons have been educated at the Cooper Union in occupations which will make them telegraphists, type-writers, engineers, modelers, designers, wood-engravers and artists. The course of instruction is such as would fit a man to become a master mechanic in every sense, for he could do the choicest and most difficult work in any shop in which he might be employed. Technical schools are very common in Europe, where they are often founded and encouraged by the different Governments; and this accounts for the fact, so mortifying to us Americans, that in our great factories and shops it is the foreign workmen who fill the highest positions and get the best pay, for they have been especially trained in those departments which call for manual dexterity and artistic cultivation. It is the German and French decorators, cabinet-makers and workers in wood and metal of all kinds who occupy the superior positions. The American employé has to be content with the lowest wages and the work which requires little or no skill. Mr. Cooper's idea was to marry art and science to industry. Cooper Unions should be multiplied; we want a thousand of them in this country and each with a thousand pupils. We are to become a great industrial nation; the concentration of business in great stores gives less and less chance every year for our young men becoming merchants on their own account. All departments of trade are overrun. We have too many clerks, salesmen and small traders and altogether too few trained and educated artisans. Peter Cooper got out of life probably as much as any man who ever lived; to him was given length of years, good health, contentment, the ability to benefit his fellow-men and yet have an ample fortune at the close of his life. He did not wait for others to administer his benefactions, but saw they were distributed himself.

The Biggest Nugget.

How gold came to be distributed over the surface of the earth is one of the unsolved problems of modern science. It has been found on the surface in nearly all portions of the globe. In the time of Julius Cæsar the savage inhabitants of the British Isles wore golden ornaments made of the precious metal found near the river beds. Columbus, it will be remembered, discovered great quantities of gold on the West Indian islands from sources which have long been exhausted. The day of placer diggings on the Pacific Coast is also over. Probably the only gold fields left to-day are in Africa. Undoubtedly this surface gold was washed out of the rocks from the mountainous country in which the streams took their rise. A record has been kept of the large masses of gold called "nuggets" found in the various streams in California. In 1860 a nugget weighing 1,596 ounces was taken from the Monumental Mine, Sierra Buttes, the value of which was estimated at from \$21,000 to \$30,000. Another great nugget, worth \$22,000, was taken from the Rainbow Mine, Chipp's Flats, in 1881; in 1858 a nugget was found in French Ravine, weighing 532 ounces, worth \$10,000. In the same ravine, in 1851, a nugget of 436 ounces was found, worth \$8,000. Many other nuggets have been found from time to time worth from one to five thousand dollars. Undoubtedly these great blocks of gold were washed down from formations similar to the famous Comstock, which, it may be interesting to note, has now yielded over \$300,000,000 in gold and silver. There are, no doubt, in the vast mineral regions of the West hundreds of Comstocks yet to be discovered. While there is little more surface gold, the sources from which it came in the Sierra and Rocky Mountains are as yet untouched. The United States has the greatest bullion mines in the world so far as known; indeed, we produce to-day more than half the precious metal found on the face of the globe.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE

THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—JUNE.

SEASONS are sometimes "velvet" seasons, or "cotton" seasons in fashionable parlance. According to the prevalence of certain styles and fabrics, and considering the beauty of the satteens, the gingham, the "foulards," and the dainty lawns, it would be pleasant to say that this was a cotton or a "linen" season, for it would in either case be at once suggestive of coolness and economy.

But we cannot ascribe these limitations to a season so full of variety as the present and so rich in splendid fabrics, which, inappropriate as they seem to hot weather and country wear, are displayed in profusion, and are as certainly sold and worn. Cottons, too, come in for their share of favor; but one of the revivals of the season is that of trimming cotton and linen with velvet, very much in the style of fifteen to twenty and twenty-five years ago. In fact, it is one of those fashions that periodically revive and disappear to be followed by something else. The velvet is not cut from the piece, but is in the "ribbon" form, is put on as a border, and also used for bows and ends as well as clusters of loops. Black velvet is used on gray, blue, and pink, with flounces of Irish point, the flounces often placed in a series at the back instead of upon the front, and the velvet tied between.

This is not economy, but it is very effective. It is a curious reversion of the recent fashion, and one that still holds indeed, of mounting ruffles upon the front. For, as remarked before, and many times in previous articles, "everything" is in fashion that can be pressed into service, and diversity in the application of modes and designs is only limited by the fancy, the caprice of the maker or the wearer. Any lady can also in this way become an originator, for she has only to take a certain design, turn the side to the front, the front to the back, or vice versa, and lo! she has a new fashion. But whatever the season may be from the point of view of fashion—strange, capricious, diversified, and full of startling contrasts and surprises—it certainly is not economical. There is a decided leaning toward the most expensive fabrics; nuns'-veiling is covered with embroidery, and partially superseded by delicate crêpe de Chine. Crêpe de Chine itself, lovely and graceful as it is, is considered "flat," and must be enriched with lace or embroidery, or both. Elegant brocades, in high colors and in strong contrasts, which are only suitable for receptions, and look out

of place except in a drawing-room and under the wax-lights, are used for parts of summer costumes in combination with plain colors, and are toned down by the skill and taste of good dress-makers until they are much less pronounced in appearance than might be supposed.

Patterns, too, are showy, not to say eccentric, and heighten the effect of color. The moons and globular designs have been followed by curious effects in fruit—apples, partly cut, pears with an incision made in them, pods bursting the outer shell—and other queer copies of Nature, as far removed as possible from what would seem to suggest suitable figures for dress fabrics. Of course the most extraordinary designs are in cottons, not in silk, and are to be noticed particularly in the most recent foulards and satteens.

Some of these show cherries, fruit and blossom, upon an écru ground; others, peaches upon a fawn-colored ground, and cranberries upon a gray ground. Perhaps the prettiest pattern of all is small peacock feathers on a ground of écru deepening to amber; but this is an "art" combination, and of course there was only one of it, and that was quickly disposed of. All the new patterns are costly—that is, more costly than the more ordinary ones, and there is very little chance of securing them, for they come in very small quantities, and are bought up, as the phrase goes, "quicker than lightning." It is a curious fact, but there never does seem to be more than one of a very good or very pretty thing. Probably the effort is too great, and the elements do not combine to produce the exceptionally fine only occasionally. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that we never find a duplicate of what seems to us to touch perfection. As an evidence of the way things "go," may be mentioned a very rich piece of brocade, recently made as an experiment by a New York silk manufacturing firm and sent to a large dry goods house to display. It was in shades of pink and lilacs, and very effective, but showy; before the first day was gone it was all sold—sold, before the wholesale price was known, at a retail price that left abundant margin. A novelty for traveling dresses this year is a beige in three styles—plain, striped, and checked. The colors are bronze green or blue, with the brown of the beige, the self-color being, of course, plain brown. Black and white are combined this season very frequently, and with very good effect. Some of the richest dresses are combinations

of beautiful brocaded grenadine with white satin, the satin covered with French lace. Black and white in plaids appear in silk, in silk muslin, and also in nuns'-veiling. A new nuns'-veiling, really nothing more than the soft, fine all-wool delaine of a quarter of a century ago, is called double nuns'-veiling, and is a useful material for cool climates, because it gives a touch of warmth with extreme lightness and wearing qualities. With the enormous demand for lace, there is evidence of the revival of guipure. Very wide, beautiful guipures are now made for flounces, these having been revived, and a very new lace is a fine guipure, combined with needle-point Spanish lace.

Illustrated Designs.

THE illustrated designs for the present month will be found most useful and interesting, as they embody all the latest ideas. There is, for example, the "Raymonde" overskirt, which may be used for cottons, gingham, or satine, and trimmed with flat ribbon velvet; the square poufs and simply-draped back of this design render it particularly desirable for washing fabrics. "The Box-plaited Skirt," on the contrary, is strictly adapted to flannel, beige, or wool, either checked, striped, or plain. It is used in the place of the kilted skirt, which has had a long run, and has not even yet outlived its popularity. It is trimmed with stitching only, or with five rows of narrow military braid; and the deep yoke at the top, which encircles and holds without compressing the hips, is far beyond shoulder-straps in the amount of support it gives, and in the relief afforded from the weight and fullness when the plaits are hung from the waist. The smoothness, of course, adapts it to the "glove-fitting" proportions of the "Jersey," or Jersey basque that accompanies; but this, though it aids the production of fine form outlines, is of less real importance than the advantage from a sanitary point of view; the shoulder-strap not having been found to meet the difficulty, and being an annoyance, not to say injurious, to many women.

The "Mariska" costume is one of those simple and useful designs which are adapted to many purposes. It is a pretty design for a mixture of wool, or beige for traveling, plain and checked. It is equally well adapted to satine, foulard, or spotted grenadine over plain silk, with simulated silk vest to match the skirt. It may be used for nuns'-veiling, plain, checked, or figured, and will look well either in a self-colored material or a combination of plain with figured.

The "Josefa" walking-skirt is a more specialized design. It also may be used for a variety of materials, but it is better adapted for such as are light of texture, soft and graceful in arrangement, and neither of wool nor washable except by the expert cleaner; such, for instance, as pongee, embroidered nuns'-veiling, brocaded grenadine, and the like. It is a good design also for a combination of plain with brocaded satin, the lace in this case being graduated in width, the lower ruffle replaced by a wide flounce and placed over plain satin. The style as illustrated, however, is most suitable for brocaded grenadine, embroidered nuns'-veiling and the lighter black or white laces, with which they are ornamented.

There are two basques, both very pretty and effective, one of which, the "Adrienne," is very suitable for making with the "Josefa" skirt (pronounced Yo-sef-ah). The passementerie trimmings are light, though rich, and the cords across the front form loops, which are caught to buttons in the center of the star-shaped ornaments. It is a very handsome design for brocade with plain satin, for brocaded grenadine

with plain Surah, or for terra-cotta, or electric blue velvet worn as an independent jacket.

The "Micaela" basque is open for the insertion of a tucker, and forms paniers; it may be used for thick or thin materials, or may accompany the "Raymonde," the velvet being repeated upon the flat collar, which should be put on with "long" stitches, so as to be easily removed when the dress needs washing. There are two out-door garments, which represent the styles most in demand—the "Hortense" mantelet and the "Chesterfield" raglan. The mantelet has the dolman sleeve, is fitted into the back, and has pointed tabs, which are cut away from the front. This mantelet is very handsome made of brocaded velvet or Ottoman satin, and trimmed with the new black guipure, combined with needle-point Spanish lace, put on with half the fullness of thinner lace, and in two rows, one above another. The "Chesterfield" raglan is a late style of dust-cloak, and may be made in checked *Cousine*, summer silk, twilled Surah, or checked (very small), or narrow-striped linen. It may also be made in wool, tweed, or *Vigogne*, if some warmth is desirable. It has the great advantage over the Ulster for summer purposes of being loose, easily put on or off, and not confining or crushing the dress sleeve. It requires no trimming, only a silk facing, if made of wool; a hem, or twilled silk lining, if made of silk or linen.



Mariska Costume.—Simple and practical in design, this costume is arranged with a box-plaited skirt mounted on a yoke, over which is a pointed apron front and a bouffant back drapery; and a Breton basque, tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back, which is cut with extensions laid in a fan plaiting. The pointed vest front of the basque is only simulated by a facing. Any class of dress goods is adapted to this design. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

SOME of the most elegant summer toilets are combinations of black with white, black brocaded, or embroidered gauze, or grenadine, with white satin covered with black lace, ruffled or plain. If ruffled, French lace is used; if plain needle-point Spanish lace, or a combination of Spanish, with guipure.

Paris Fashions.

PARIS, April 20th, 1883.

DEAR DEMOREST: The early Easter and the early advent of sunny days have combined to render the fashionable world at large chary of adopting the latest modes; in fact, it required an occasion of much moment to induce this element to emerge from its apathy and display a portion of that brilliancy for which the gay city is so famous.

The occasion to which I allude was the lyric, Thespian and Terpsichorean entertainment inaugurated by the Parisian press for the inundated districts of Alsace-Lorraine. The *fête* was held in the Grand Opera House, and presented such a scene as might have been witnessed very frequently during the Empire, but is now of such rare occurrence as to call forth the highest descriptive talent of Parisian journalists.

White toilets prevailed to such an extent that many of the journals described the appearance of the occupants of some of the most conspicuous *loges* as "a symphony in white." Every tone of white was visible, from the pearl strands that adorned the bodies of the Rothschild families to the crystal depths of the flashing diamonds (which excited the admiration of all beholders) in the ears, on the neck, and hair, and arms, and corsage, and robe of Mlle. Granier, transforming this lyric *artiste* into an animated "River of Light" capable of blinding an eagle.

There were robes of white satin that reflected the myriad gleams of electric lamps, whose luster lingered like the cold glitter of icy lakes; there were robes of creamy white velvet, where the yellow light of the gas-lamps flung faint shadows in each undulating fold, as if the spirit of Doré's pencil were lurking there; there were fleecy robes of tulle and lace, where all the lights seemed lost in snowdrifts; there were rich robes of white, embroidered with pearls and strewn with floral designs, among which the lights played such fantastic tricks that one might readily imagine the odors of Nile and pond lilies filled the air, and that the natural flowers had bedewed their artificial sisters with their tears, or had showered them with dew, in the hope of preserving them always in such beauty.

Golden hues prevailed also, and lent a mellow tinge to the white-toned toilets and artistic decorations of the opera. From the deep hue of the olive-brown beetle to the pale tint of the lemon, all tones of yellow were visible in satin and silk, and in plumes and flowers, in laces, and in fans and gloves. Other colors were also present—pink, in every hue, finding a goodly share of favor; pale rose, like the first flush of sunrise, finding itself touched to a warmer tone, or else turning to a paler shade beneath the glare of the manifold lamps. Some of the most notable ladies in the boxes were attired in black, and the wife of the Spanish Minister was resplendent in red.

Embroidered laces were one of the most striking features in the ornamentation of the costumes. A robe of white satin-finished gros-grain was completely covered with a square-meshed net, on which Nile lilies and lilies-of-the-valley were richly wrought with heavy silk floss; the front of the skirt was composed of a plain apron of silk, covered with another of the embroidered lace, which was wrought in alternate large and small foliated points at the bottom, falling over a knife-plaiting of the silk six inches deep; at the sides were panels of the silk about ten inches wide at the bottom and four inches wide at the top; panels of the embroidered lace represented Nile lilies on broken stems, with lilies-of-the-valley falling in graceful disorder from the cups of the larger flowers; the back of the skirt was laid in three deep box-plaits that terminated in a huge fan over six very full and narrow knife-plaited

ruffles of silk, and a butterfly drapery of the embroidered lace served as a finish at the back, the tips of the wings touching the lower edge of the box-plaits. The corsage was shaped in front with *revers* of the lace embroidered in smaller designs of the lilies, the edge finished in corresponding foliated points. The back of the pointed corsage was laced permanently with satin-finished ribbon an inch wide, which was tied in loops and ends half a yard long, which fell carelessly among the folds of the butterfly drapery; the front was closed with balls of pearl the size of a currant; the Greek sleeves had *revers* of the lace, and six "brides" of narrow ribbon extended from the shoulders, in the seams, along the outer side to the edge of the lace, where they terminated in a dozen or more short round loops of irregular length.

The gloves worn with this toilet were of dressed white kid, with a small Nile lily embroidered on the wrist, and the white kid slippers had the same device on the toe, while the fine thread hose had open clocks of the lily-of-the-valley. The monogram on the handkerchief was composed of minute lilies-of-the-valley, so intricately interlaced that only an expert could decipher the letters. The fan was of white marabout feathers, mounted on plain, pure white pearl sticks, the monogram of the owner being cut in the outer stick in lily-of-the-valley device. A plain white pearl opera-glass, rimmed in whitened silver, was brought into frequent requisition by the wearer of this white toilet.

A well-known countess was costumed in a toilet of silver-white lampas, covered with tulips wrought in white crewels, in Gobelin stitch, over which were strewn seed pearls.

A remarkable costume of white taffetas was garlanded with clusters of artificial dandelions, representing every stage of growth. The low-cut round corsage was bordered with dandelion down, interspersed with small yellow butterflies made of canary feathers. The ornaments for the hair were a cluster of feathery dandelions mounted on fine silver wires, the tendrils being secured by diamond sparks. Long yellow gloves, reaching nearly to the shoulders, were finished with white lace, in which the saucy yellow flowers were wrought with gold thread; yellow hose, with white satin slippers wrought with golden thread; fan of white ostrich feathers mounted on amber-shell sticks; and amber-shell crescents studded with diamonds in the hair. But as all of your readers are not addicted to dressing in festival attire, I must turn my pen to tones and tints of more utility.

Black is worn for all out-of-door occasions more than any of the deep dark shades of color, because it admits of almost any tinge of color being used to brighten the toilet. Black and gold are old artistic combinations, and just at this moment the marriage of the sister of the King of Spain has much to do with reviving golden shades for the toilet, while nature, also, participates in no small degree in dictating the momentary mode to Parisians.

The *coucou*, a pale yellow field flower, is plentiful in the markets, and, being gay and cheap withal, it is worn or carried by the purchasers to their homes, so, as night follows day, modistes follow popular taste, and yellow touches brighten the gravest colors.

With all their sensibilities tuned to the pitch of pleasure, Parisians remember the inevitable end of all flesh, and take time by the forelock in providing a costume that can readily be utilized for either a feast or a funeral; and hence it is that one may count the toilets one sees in colors, while those of black are innumerable.

With a population of over two millions, and a public promenade extending nearly two miles in length, there is ample opportunity to study fashion in every one of its moods and tenses, especially if the sun shine, and it be a Sunday

or a holiday ; then the scene is truly of a kaleidoscopic character, and one may improve each shining hour from midday to sunset in viewing the ever-changing throng.

There are "lovely" hats and bonnets crowning some very lovely as well as some very unlovely faces ; and there are exquisitely-made costumes covering some exquisitely-made forms—some of the latter nature's handiwork, but I regret to say more of them the work of art.

Parisian *modistes* have a passion for copying the modes prevalent in the plays and operas which strike the popular taste ; and nearly all of the costumes, wraps, bonnets, gloves, and fans seen in *Fédora* are to be met with in the work-rooms of the most fashionable caterers to the caprices of the season, and thence find their way to the promenade. *Fédora* wears a mantle of cream-white satin Surah, which is much in the style of the "Taya" pelisse worn in the winter of 1880-81, with the exception of the upper part being laid in side plaits about an inch deep from the neck to the bottom of the pelerine ; even the sleeves are laid in plaits over the shoulders and over the arms, and the lower part of the pelisse is laid in corresponding plaits, the entire garment being lined with cherry satin. Straightway all the shops produce a copy more or less exact, and one sees a garment originally intended for an eccentric princess to wear in her elegant carriage adopted as the choice for the promenade.

The *Fédora* glove is somewhat after the old mousquetaire model, but instead of an opening at the wrist the kid is shirred upon an elastic ribbon a fourth of an inch wide.

The *Fédora* wrapper is not unlike the "Doretta" morning dress bound with a girdle of the material of which the gown is made ; instead of bows along the front *Fédora* has a profusion of Russian lace added, and carelessly draws up the overlapping side so that it depends over the girdle in front like our sailor blouse for boys.

I might say the *blousy* idea seems to have struck the popular fancy, for one sees *blouse* wrappers, *blouse* redingotes, *blouse* jackets, and *blouse* manteaux for ladies, misses, girls, and boys.

The old-time flowing sleeve for all grades of dress is being revived with a vigor that leaves no doubt of its success. An elegant traveling coat for an American lady is made of *mat* black cashmere cloth laid in three-quarter inch side plaits at the back from the neck to the bottom of the garment ; the front is quite loose, and is confined by a girdle of cloth attached at the sides, and clasped with an ebony buckle about six inches below the line of the waist ; the sleeves are put in full and high on the shoulders, and are eight or ten inches wide at the wrist, turning back over themselves *à la religieuse*. A trousseau for a bride has many of the dressing-gowns and bedroom jackets made with the "Juliet" or "Angel" sleeves reaching very full and wide far below the waist and opening to the shoulder.

Sleeves for close-fitting walking costumes are quite close to the arm, and admit of the long *Fédora* glove being worn outside of the sleeve. Long gloves, reaching nearly to the elbow, are generally seen on all occasions, and lace, either plain or ruched, is added as a finish at the top. For traveling a full ruche of pinked-out Surah or of ribbon three inches wide is used on many of the Suède gloves.

Plain skirts, with several rows of velvet, of braid, or with tucks run in the material, are supplemented by a second skirt quite plain also that reaches half way between the knees and ankles ; a very short, square, or rounded apron finishes the top of the skirt in front, and forms plain *revers* at the back, while the skirt is laid in any number of box or side plaits at the back, or even gathered in the style of our grandmothers, no drapery whatever appearing at the back. A habit basque something like the "Fernande" or a blouse

like the "Ascot" or "Imogen" waist are the favorite models for young ladies.

For elderly ladies appliqué embroidery of cloth upon cloth, or velvet upon cloth, is considered quite exclusive for traveling ; the cloth skirt plainly laid over a silk one that has one or more rows of plaiting at the bottom, a short draped apron in front, and very simple drapery at the back solely to take away the unfinished appearance ; short, round basque garnished with appliqué of smaller pattern than that used on the skirt.

Pongee embroidered in cut-work in self-colors is quite high in favor, but the most exclusive costume of this material is garnished with borders of hand-painted morning-glories, even the parasol is made to match, the bamboo stick, stem, and handle mounted in old ivory of the same tint as the pongee ; Panama hat, brim lined with shirred pongee, garland of morning-glories drooping in the hair.

Pongee shades are much seen also in combination with crushed-strawberry tint in veiling goods and in a new rough finished quality called *gros-laine*, which is a trifle finer in texture than that of a few seasons past.

Broad-brimmed Leghorn and Manilla hats, are garnished with *écru* Tunisian scarfs, either plain or handsomely wrought in open hemstitch or solid tapestry work ; the hats droop front and back, and only want a "bridle" to present an exact counterpart of those worn twenty years ago.

M. T. K.

A Beautiful Toilet.

AMONG the beautiful dresses recently made is one with a train of exquisite brocade upon tinted satin, and a front embroidered with beads in all the lovely shades—ruby, bronze, olive, amber, electric blue, and opal—of the brocade, the pattern of which was exceedingly graceful, but not at all pronounced.



Micaela Basque.—An elegant and graceful model, with short *paniers* at the sides and deep postilion plaits at the back. The basque is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the arm-holes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A *guimpe* is placed on the basque in front, inclosed by a deep rolling collar coming to a point. Mousquetaire cuffs finish the close sleeves. This design is adapted to any class of dress goods, and the *guimpe* may be of a different material if desired. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



Commencement Dresses.

FIG. 1. A charming costume made after the designs of the "Adrienne" basque and "Josefa" walking-skirt, of cream-colored nuns'-veiling trimmed with Oriental lace. The basque is tight-fitting, slightly pointed in front, with narrow panier drapery across the front and sides, while the back is laid in postilion plaits. A shirred plastron of cream Surah ornaments the front of the basque, and the cuffs, collar, and trimming on the skirt are of creamy Oriental lace. The dainty effect of the costume is heightened by waist and throat bouquets of blue forget-me-nots and delicate pink rose-buds; kid gloves of a pale blue tint, and a cream satin fan tied with blue ribbons complete a stylish and girlish attire. The short, gored skirt is trimmed around the bottom with a narrow box-plaiting of Surah, above which are two deep flounces tucked lengthwise two-thirds of their depth to give the desired fullness, and are also tucked at the bottom. The drapery consists of a short apron arranged to give the effect of paniers, and a short, bouffant back drapery. Price of basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size; skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2. Another attractive costume for the purpose is the "Phyllis." Our design is made of ivory mull, trimmed with Pompadour lace. The short skirt is trimmed with narrow plaited flounces of the mull, and gathered ones of lace. The tight-fitting basque is given a polonaise effect by the draperies, which consist of a draped apron and long drapery in the back, which falls in a burnous plait on either side. The elbow sleeves are tied with garnet velvet ribbons, and finished with a ruffle of the lace, which also trims the draped apron. The square-cut neck has a full trimming of lace around it, which is continued down to the front drapery in *jabot* style and is laced across with narrow garnet velvet ribbon over pearl buttons. The corsage bows near the right shoulder and at the top of the lacing are made in the favorite "cockscomb" style, of garnet satin-faced velvet and pink satin ribbons. The rich deep garnet adds depth and tone to the otherwise pale costume. Long tan-colored gloves black silk stockings and black kid slippers complete the toilet. The patterns of the "Phyllis" costume can be obtained in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

New Parasols.

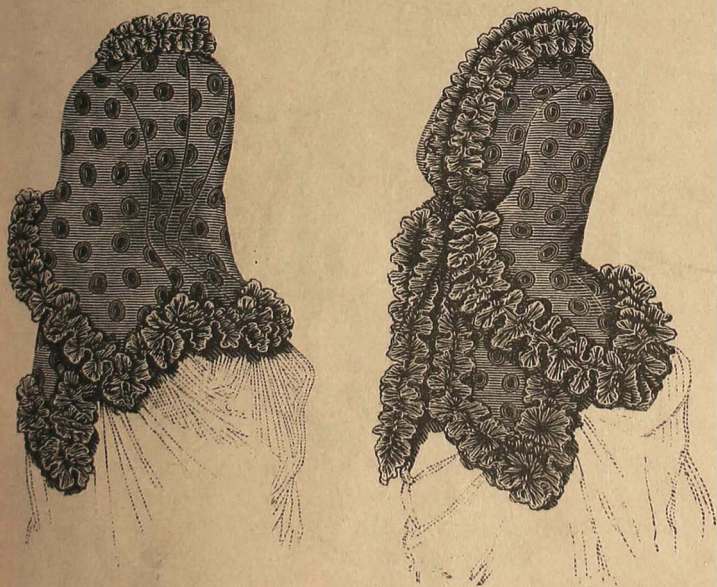
NEW PARASOLS are very showy, and, for the street, of large size. The more recent are striped in high colors, or of tinted silk with floral designs, which are usually detached, though their graceful forms and exquisite shading save them from being very conspicuous. The delicacy of the tinted flower patterns is heightened by linings very charming in tone—of faintest rose, shrimp pink, strawberry, ivory, and clear, pale yellow. There are wide-striped parasols, however, that are startling in color; others upon which figures are appliquéd in red upon blue, outlined with gold, and in brown upon cream, also with gold outlining. Painted parasols are more distinguished for carriage use than if embroidered, or even than those which are covered with real lace. They are small compared with those for the street, and the more elegant of pure satin, with delicate figures painted upon them in outline, and brilliant little butterflies or birds poised over their heads. Young ladies paint their own, and if they have facility in this pretty work, may decorate the delicate colors of satine for more frequent wear than would be desirable for pure ivory or shrimp-pink satin. Pongee has by

no means lost its prestige; but instead of the plain edge, there is now a scalloped border, to the extremity of which the electric blue, strawberry, or primrose lining extends, giving the touch of modern color which is necessary to popularity. The sticks are natural wood, or wood ebonyized, inlaid, or enriched with silver mountings. Ivory is less in vogue, carving upon and in the natural wood being really preferred to it. This is very fortunate, as ivory is becoming more and more scarce and costly.

Pretty Washing Dresses.

If young girls cannot afford silk, they need not grieve over it, or consider it a deprivation. The dainty cottons, the soft satines and "foulards," the gingham and Chambéry, are prettier than common silk, and much fresher for summer wear, as well as more becoming to girls. There are charming little pink and blue pin-checks or corded stripes that may be made up with ruffles and edging, so that their wearers will look like English daisies or bright forget-me-nots. There are Chambéry of a lovely shade, with embroidery upon the material, in which a young girl is charming as a wild rose, and lilacs that in the morning dew and freshness turn out young girls like animated violets.

These simple materials should not be made up with plain basques, but with full surplice or shirred waists, belted in broadly, and with little capes or fichus for a finish about the shoulder, or a muslin kerchief may be worn—a quaint and pretty fashion, which has many admirers, which suits the poke or Gypsy bonnet, and completes the morning walking costume.



Hortense Mantelet.—Extremely dressy, and at the same time simple in design, this mantelet is cut with long, pointed fronts, and the back considerably shorter and slightly fitted by a curved seam down the middle, while the shoulder pieces are inserted in dolman style. This model is appropriate for silk, satin, Surah, *Sicilienne*, cashmere, camel's hair cloth, etc., and also for many varieties of dress goods, to match the costume. It can be trimmed as illustrated, with ruchings of silk, or any other style of garniture may be selected, if preferred. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

THERE is no limit to combinations this season. Suits, laces, ribbons, trimmings of all kinds and even gloves partake of it.



Chesterfield Raglan.

An extremely becoming wrap, made after the design of the "Chesterfield" raglan. It is of plaid Cheviot, and is especially appropriate for traveling and everyday wear. The fronts are sacque-shaped and buttoned the entire length, while the sleeves are fitted somewhat closely to the wrists by gathers at the outer part. The necessary fullness is imparted to the back by side-form extensions, and a curved seam down the middle of the back fits the garment to the figure. A broad, turned-down collar of the same or a contrasting material completes the model, which is stylish and practical. The accompanying straw hat is of the popular strawberry tint, and has a broad brim slightly rolled on the left side. A loose scarf of Ottoman silk of the same hue is caught up on the right side with a buckle of oxidized silver, and a long feather similar in color curls gracefully around the front and left side of the crown. The brim is faced with velvet of the same tint. Patterns of the "Chesterfield" raglan can be obtained in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

Fans.

FANS are always a subject of interest to ladies, more especially to those who employ the little dainty arts of dress and ornament to increase their attractiveness. Collecting fans of all descriptions and nations is a perfect mania with some. We know of one young lady who added to the fan mania the fancy for collecting vinaigrettes. She said: "I spend all my money for fans and vinaigrettes. When I wish to reserve a sum for a certain purpose, I leave it where I cannot get it if my fancy is suddenly taken with a new specimen."

A pretty innovation was that of a graduating class of young girls from a fashionable school. Instead of the usual class ring, fans were selected as a pretty memento of the occasion, and each painted her own to suit her individual taste; the class motto being also originally treated, figures and flowers being used, and the lack of uniformity in the design made the souvenir much more attractive. A pretty little fan sent as a holiday gift, and made by a lady in Boston, was one of the Japanese fans, covered on one side with swan's-down and on the other with the feathers of the guinea hen, a bow of bright ribbon on the long bamboo handle. A novelty is to cover a fan of any shape with silk and then sew all over it tiny bows of narrow ribbon of every color; these, if artistically arranged, are very pretty. The imported fans of feathers and swan's-down have cunningly concealed pockets for the lace *mouchoir*. A fan of Impeyan feathers, with jeweled center is, of course, another importation. Fans are of great antiquity, and were in other times used for various purposes. A curious bit of information regarding the significance of these decorations is: "In Paris the fans for different countries are made in different workshops. The length of ribs for Algeria will not answer for Madagascar. Fans for Mohammedan nations must be made without representations of living objects; for Buenos Ayres, without either blue or green color; for Bulgaria and the East, feathers alone are used; for the South American States, paper." Perfumed leather fans and those decorated with painting, gold and precious stones, were popular in the reign of Louis XV., and received the name of "Pompadour." A court lady considered her toilet incomplete without one of these costly trifles. Madame Du Barri was the owner of one valued at 20,000 francs, and of another elegantly decorated and garnished with precious stones, one diamond alone costing £1,400. Queen Elizabeth is said to have possessed twenty-five very costly fans. The parlor entertainment has made many familiar with the "Fan Brigade" of Sir Roger de Coverley, and not a few belles have caught coquettish hints from it. Chinese fans are made of bamboo, paper, satin, straw and silk, the choicest and most expensive of carved ivory. The lacquered fans are from China and Japan. Fans made of the beautiful plumage of the Brazilian birds are brilliant and rare. The long, slender, folding fan seen in Spanish pictures is the most graceful in shape as in use. A round fan, or one of any other shape, cannot surpass this in the countless graceful and pretty movements that a thorough mistress of the art will disclose. There is a great deal of character displayed in a fan and the manner of using it. When a child, how sleepily have I watched, Sundays in summer, the stout lady in a neighboring pew, who wielded a large palm-leaf fan through all the long sermon, until the monotonous up and down, up and down, acted like a spell, and my eyelids absolutely refused to go "up" again, and stayed "down" for an indefinite time. Then there is the stout lady of another definition, who uses her fan with such vehemence that she is quite exhausted in her efforts to keep cool. But the most awkward of all people is the man who in his youth never learned to flirt a fan, or fan

a flirt, and in his mature years seeks this way of cooling off. I used to watch a Southern lady who boarded at the same place. It was early spring, but her fan was always in her hand or banging down from her waist. At dinner, between the courses, she sank languidly back in her chair and waved her large, black fan as if the very effort of dining was beyond her strength. A city girl is very quick to catch the latest mode of using the fan from observation, for fashion varies in this, as in everything else, and the very large fan must be managed quite differently from the small one.



Adrienne Basque.

VERY dressy basque made after the model of the "Adrienne." The design is of cream-colored foulard dotted with pale blue flowers. It is tight-fitting, with a pointed front, narrow panier drapery, and a postilion back. A shirred plastron of pale blue silk adds to the stylish appearance. *Fourragères* of blue silk cord are fastened across the plastron, the sleeves, and the back of the postilion. Close sleeves complete the basque, which is worn with the "Josefa" walking-skirt trimmed with Oriental lace, and together they form a very handsome costume. Price of basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



Toilet Accessories.

No. 1. This dainty collar is of blonde net shirred around the neck on three rows of very narrow red ribbon, and trimmed with a deep ruffle of white Mauresque lace. The ribbon forms tiny clusters of loops and ends at either end of the collar, and three long ends of ribbon at each side serve to tie the collar on. Price, with the ribbon of any color desired, \$3.90.

No. 2. *Jabot* of white silk mull and flat Valenciennes, with neck band and bow of wide satin ribbon: The *jabot* is a strip of mull, plaited and edged at the ends with a wide border of flat Valenciennes, and shirred over a band of cardinal-red satin ribbon, forming thus two long ends of unequal length. The band is fastened at the left side with a graceful bow of pale blue and red satin ribbons of the same width, with long loops and notched ends. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$2.75.

No. 3.—“Cockscomb” ribbon bow for the corsage or throat. It is arranged with three colors of satin ribbon—cardinal, pale blue and rose pink—with several loops of each color and notched ends of various lengths. Three shades of one color, or any three colors, as well as the bow in ribbon all of one color throughout, can be furnished at the same price, \$1.50.

No. 4.—A stylish collar and *jabot* combined, with a turned-down collar of Irish point embroidery over a deep ruffle of white Oriental lace which is sewed to the band under the collar. A turquoise-blue satin ribbon is placed under the

collar, the ends falling in front under a small square of Surah of the same shade, edged all around with a full-gathered ruffle of Oriental lace. This has a button-hole worked in the center and fastens on the collar button in front, forming a unique *jabot*. Price, with ribbon and Surah of any desired color, \$3.85.

Gloves and Mitts.

SILK gloves are quite a feature of the summer styles, and are so well made and in such variety of shades and colors as to be highly attractive. The length is extraordinary, ten buttons being now not considered at all adequate to meet the emergency, and the “twenty-button length” in silk and thread being oftenest called for. This shows how entire and complete is the revolution in the length of gloves; and the fact that silk and thread mitts, and the various kinds of kid and leather have all been adjusted to the new demand, is the proof that the fashion will not be temporary. A little effort has been made to get up a spurt in favor of “gauntlets,” which is as absurd as it is fruitless. The truth is, the short gloves have had cuffs attached to them to lengthen them, the manufacturers hoping in this way to get rid of them; but except for riding or driving, no one wants gauntlets; and for the present nothing can disturb the reign of the long, buttonless silk or kid glove, dressed and undressed, in the soft and innumerable tints that can be adapted to every shade of daintiest material or fabric.

Summer Hosiery.

AN enormous amount of bright-checked, striped, and figured hosiery has been thrown on the market at seemingly cheap rates, which many have purchased, although they considered the colors and patterns too pronounced, because the quality was good for the price, and they consoled themselves with thinking that showy hosiery was tolerated, and even fashionable. But alas! these cheap and durable styles have all light grounds, and are vulgarized by pinks, and reds, and blues, and olives in large checks, which would appear well enough if put on a ground of the same color but darker shade, but on a light, unbleached ground are simply unwearable, for the fancy styles and mixed colors are rapidly going out, and only the fine, plain shades are now used by people whose taste is authority, the very dark shades being used for day wear, the evening shades to match toilets only. Nothing can surpass for beauty the plain, best-quality silk hose, in the exquisite shades of dark raspberry red, garnet, wine-color, crushed strawberry, bronze, and the black which is so fashionable. The clock at the sides is the only ornament, and even in Paris they cost fifteen francs the pair (three dollars). The insertion of lace into silk stockings is of very questionable wisdom. If anything could add an additional charm, it is fine lines of embroidery lengthwise upon the front of the foot, and this often forms an exquisite ornamentation upon handsome silk hosiery. Above the ankle round lines are more becoming to the upper leg, but they should not amount to more than a border. As a rule, however, the fine dark, solid shades of color cannot be improved upon, and they are as desirable in French thread and cotton as in silk. For children they are indispensable, their stocking being so much exposed, and there is no better test of social position now-a-days than the color and quality of the hosiery of the children of a family.

The Cape and Fichu.

THE cape and fichu play a very important part in the out-door finish of summer costumes. The cape is used to complete suits, and is also made independently of lace, netted chenille and other materials. When made in chenille it terminates in a deep fringe, and many ladies net them for themselves, the work being rapid and easy of execution, and the cost of material a mere trifle compared with the cost of the completed garment, small though it is. The "fichu" is more varied than the cape, which latter does not depart from the coachman's or pelerine form. The former, however, now includes not only the little shoulder-shawls and mantles of lace, the made-up articles in silk muslin, lace, and crêpe de Chine, but many coquettish little garments which are something more than the fichu, but less formal than the visite or dolman. The finest out-door garments of the season are very small, but composed of very rich materials—heavy-ribbed Ottoman satin, lined with silk and trimmed with chenille, and even velvet is used, the strip of velvet forming the body-part of the fichu being very narrow, the lace or fringe trimming very deep, fully a quarter of a yard in depth.

Some of the imported lace fichus are very handsome, both in black and white, but the black are the most in demand, the lace being a beautiful quality of needle-point Spanish, or a very good French imitation of Chantilly. Shawls or round cloaks of lace are not now used at all, but the full or gathered lace cloak, or the full cloak of summer Surah, gathered or shirred at the neck, is a lovely garment for elderly ladies, one always useful, suitable, and protective.

Summer Gauze Underwear.

THERE have been great improvements made in the "whole" suits or combination underwear since their first introduction, and they are now so soft, so graded in texture, and smooth and delightful to the touch, as to be a positive luxury. In many parts of this country flannels ought never to be wholly removed at any part of the year; and this complete gauze underwear, distributing so evenly a touch of warmth over the entire surface of the body, yet being burdensome to none, is a great desideratum, and one of which the old especially, and those who are sensitive to cold, should take the fullest advantage. In our hot summer climate few can endure woolen undergarments during the heated term; but even here there are many days when the touch of soft, thin wool next the skin would save the wearer from an attack of summer disorder, and prove that valuable ounce of prevention that is worth a pound of cure. Very many ladies now go so far as to adopt a thin gauze vest for summer, more, however, as a foundation for the corset than anything else; but it would be really better to become accustomed to no flannels at all than to those which only cover the body half-way, leaving the limbs exposed to a damp and chilly atmosphere, unprotected by even so much as Lady Harberton's divided skirt. For chemises and drawers, over silk, or fine gauze underwear, twilled summer silk, made up into whole garments and trimmed with fine torchon, is the greatest of summer luxuries, but it is out of the reach of any but the wealthy.

But it is doubtful if it is as hygienically desirable as thin pure wool, which has the touch of warmth our changeable climate needs.



Raymonde Overskirt.—Adapted for all classes of dress materials, this very stylish overskirt is arranged with a deep apron, draped at the top and falling square below, while the back is rather bouffant, and looped in a novel manner with deep burnous plaits in the middle. It may be trimmed as illustrated, with a bias band four inches wide of a contrasting material, or any flat trimming may be selected that corresponds with the goods. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Box-Plaited Skirt.—This simple and practical model is suitable for the lower part of almost any style of costume for street or house wear, as it is adapted for use either with a polonaise or a basque, with or without an overskirt. It is suitable for any class of dress goods, including woollens and washable materials, and consists simply of a yoke with box-plaited skirt attached. Rows of braid, or machine stitching form the most suitable garniture. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

The Summer Bonnet.

THE prettiest bonnet of the season is a small poke, a quaint, impertinent-looking little affair, with a brim that flares up like a piquant rose but is not pointed. The shape appears in fancy Tuscan and in colored straws—raspberry, strawberry and terra-cotta red; also in gray blue, bronze green, brown, and black. The trimming is satin ribbon of the same shade and feathers exclusively, the strings fastened at the side by gold-headed pins, the plumes falling over the edge of the brim, which is faced interiorly with satin or velvet. These bonnets may be worn with black, white, gray, or figured costumes, as well as costumes to match, and are therefore as useful as black or white, the positive color controlling any neutral tint and harmonizing with mixtures into which a small quantity of the solid color of the bonnet enters.

Moreover, the reds we have mentioned, and the gray and electric blues, must not be confounded with the brick reds and the glaring blues of former times. These are tints rather than positive colors, they have depth and softness rather than the glaring quality we have been accustomed to attribute to them, and more readily fall into the atmosphere and into association with their surroundings.

A more delicate bonnet, and one peculiarly seasonable, is somewhat large, and of fancy "Neapolitan" braid (white). It is lined with ivory Surah and trimmed with ivory crêpe de Chine and strawberries, the branch containing blossoms, leaves, and fruit, ripe and unripe.

Black lace bonnets are very fashionably worn with black toilets, and are made of real thread, or what is known as "Chantilly" lace, in a handsome and effective but not very fine pattern. The pieces are imported in "squares," or what are called squares, though they are longer than they are wide, and are made up with lace-edged brim, in fulled rows, and trimmed with pink May blossom or branches of blackberries, the fruit and blossom in different stages of-growth. White straw bonnets are all white, and are much trimmed with silk muslin, or crêpe de Chine and feathers; the coarser straws for girls are garlanded with flowers, or trimmed with sprays of wild roses and plaited lace or India muslin.

Misses' Costumes.

FIG. 1.—A jaunty costume, the "Naomi," for misses of from twelve to sixteen years. The one illustrated is composed of blue plaid gingham, combined with solid blue. Over the kilt skirt is a drapery, also of the plaid, which is short in front and very bouffant in the back. The tight-fitting basque of plain blue has a pointed vest with jacket fronts opening over it, and a fan-plaited extension below the waist in the back adds the requisite fullness. The trimming is of embroidery, and finishes the graceful design. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—This represents the "Lucette" dress, which is charming for little ones of from four to eight years of age. The one shown is made of polka-dotted, strawberry-colored percale, combined with plain goods of the same hue. The half-fitting jacket of the figured material opens over a full blouse front of the solid color. The back is slashed at the seams, and the jacket is completed by a sailor collar and deep cuffs of the plain goods. The kilt skirt, made of the dotted goods, is mounted upon an underwaist. The hat, a sailor shape of strawberry red straw, has a broad flaring brim, and is neatly trimmed with a band of ribbon of the same tint, short ends in the back, and a large "cockscorn" bow placed on the left side near the front. The "Lucette" dress comes in sizes from four to eight years. Price, twenty cents each.



MISSSES' COSTUMES.

Children's Fashions.

CHILDREN, especially little girls, have become much more attractive in appearance since they possessed an individuality of their own, so far as their dress is concerned, which is not a reflex of that of their names. This we owe to the art idea which first found expression in what are known as "Kate Greenaway" styles, and have since found additional resources in the modern æsthetic and reactionary movements. The most fashionable dresses for summer wear for small girls are such styles as the "Flossie," the "Tina," the "Elfie," the "Gertrude," the "Joan," and the "Daisy" dress. The Joan is cut square, with an inserted "guimpe," or muslin waist with sleeves, and was introduced last year, but is so pretty that it is likely to be employed for years to come. The other styles are whole dresses, the body part cut deep and full and a shirring forming the flounce, below which may be a second flounce; but also often set in a band, the flounces, which are scarcely more than ruffles, forming the short skirt. These are simple as it is possible to make dresses, yet very pretty, and adapted to any material, flannel, cashmere, merino, gingham, muslin, or linen. It is always better to make the dresses of small children of cotton, wool, or linen; silk is not suitable, and because it is unsuitable does not look well upon them. Flannel dresses are all that are needed at the seaside or in the mountains, unless mothers are so silly as to permit their little daughters to stay up in the evening and take part in unhealthy dances. But even if they should, or wish to provide something pretty for afternoon "garden parties" or the like, they cannot find anything better than cream or strawberry wool, embroidered with carnations or daisies and trimmed with cream lace.

Even such ornamentation is not, however, necessary in these days of pretty forms and attractive colors. A strawberry wool is pretty enough of itself, and the electric blues are exquisitely lovely as an effect in color alone, without any reference to the cost of material.

Girls older than the three, four, and five years of the "babies" find nothing better than the Jersey dress for ordinary wear, and the guimpe or Joan dress for Sundays—and best. The latter is very dressy, yet can be made up to cost a mere nothing. The material for three white waists would cost not more than a dollar or a dollar and a half, while the pink, blue, and red gingham or flannel would cost but a trifle for the robes—which are nothing more than low square-cut aprons—yet with so little outlay and a very small amount of work, three summer dresses may be provided for any little girl under ten that will be sufficient for dressy wear during the summer.

For boys of a corresponding age the latest agony consists of knee-breeches fastened at the side with silvered or steel buckles, and worn with deep coat, cut straight, but "away" from a full shirt front. These suits are stylishly made of velveteen, but for the little boys of two, three, and four, who have not yet arrived at the dignity of pants, what can be prettier than the short blouse dress of brown holland, embroidered with red, with its frill below the knee also edged with embroidery; the cadet blue with white, the brown only with red.

Hats are in great variety, large and small, but these are mostly for school wear; for grand occasions—that is, visiting or church—very little girls wear either very large white poke bonnets, or small close baby caps, with finely-plaited ruffles of lace. With the knee-breeches a three-cornered "Continental" cap is worn.

Our illustrated designs give an excellent model of a "Jersey" redingote, which is most useful in dark wool for tourist purposes. Its fit is fine, close, and well adapted to

outlining a pretty figure. It is the most fashionable of traveling wraps, and looks well upon the street. It is pre-eminently suited to the needs of a girl at school.

The "Phyllis" costume furnishes a pretty and simple style by which to make up the dresses embroidered on the material, the cool ginghams, Chambéry's, and costlier pongees and nuns'-veilings. The "Naomi" is quite different. This consists of a vest and jacket combined with a plaid skirt. It is a good design for a girl, to be made up in the combination materials, consisting of small check, narrow stripe, and plain wool, the jacket being composed of the plain, the vest of the stripe, or *vice versa*. The trimming may be cross-cut folds of the stripe or the check stitched on. The "Elita" polonaise is very pretty, and suitable for any softly draping plain or woolen material; but it looks particularly well in satine, and the square-cut edges may be fixed interiorly with some lively color. It is a design that would be permanently useful for school or house wear in the fall, and not to be dismissed as having been used up in a season. There are two useful designs for children, one the "Carl" apron, the other the "Lucette" dress. The latter is complete and suitable for the street. It may be made up in plain and embroidered wool or plain and figured foulard, or in plain and small figured satine, the puffed skirt being made of the plain material.

High boots are not now the only wear for children. Shoes are prepared for summer with heels and ties. For boys the strap is ornamented with a buckle; for girls with rosettes of narrow ribbon. They are black, bronze and colors having been sent into merited obscurity.

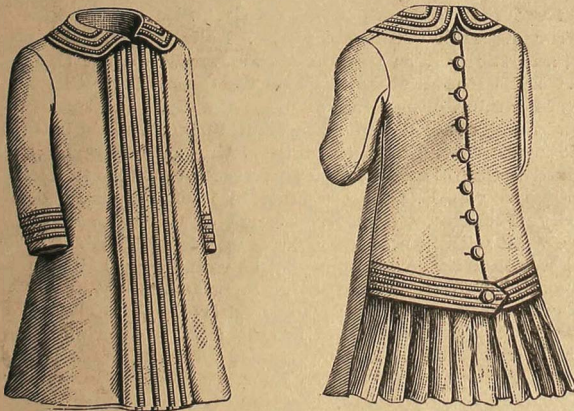


Elita Polonaise.—This simple and graceful model is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. The front is draped high at the sides to form an apron, and the lower edge is slashed at regular intervals; while the back is draped in a simple, but rather bouffant manner. A collar, crenellated to match the front of the polonaise, and cuffs to correspond, complete the design. This polonaise may be made up in any class of dress goods, being especially desirable for washable fabrics; and can be simply or elaborately trimmed, according to taste and the material selected. Patterns in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

PEKIN striped silks will be worn in every color. Plain and changeable silks of every tone are in vogue.



Jersey Redingote.—A simple and popular garment for misses' street wear. It extends almost to the bottom of the skirt and is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, which is left open from a little below the waist. Coat sleeves and a plain rolling collar complete this model, which is suitable for any class of goods intended for out-door garments or street costumes, especially cloth and woolen goods. No trimming except the rows of machine stitching near the edges, as illustrated, is required, but any style of garniture may be added to suit the taste and material employed. Patterns in sizes of from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Carl Apron.—A novel and stylish little apron, which can also be utilized as a dress for small children of either sex. The front is in sacque shape, with a wide box-plait in the middle, and the French back is cut off below the waist and has a kilt-plaited skirt added. The joining is concealed by a band buttoned in the back. Any class of goods employed for the dresses or aprons of small children will be suitable for this model. It may be trimmed as illustrated, with rows of braid, or in any other style to suit the taste. Patterns in sizes of from two to six years. Price, fifteen cents each.

FANCY TUSCAN STRAWS are in great vogue, and are very delicately lined and trimmed with twilled silk muslin, or crêpe de Chine and sprays of satin tulips, carnations, or drooping oats and corn-flowers.

VERY narrow ribbons are a great rage, and are used for clustering loops and ends as rosettes and ornaments for the corsage instead of bouquets.

Fashion Notes.

NEW lace mitts are ruched with silk as the top.

ORIENTAL colors in brocades are very fashionable.

SATIN foulards are matched in Surah satin in every shade.

GAUZE brocaded with velvet is very popular for over-dresses and long mantles.

FULL plastrons are in high favor, and are held in place by straps of velvet, at intervals from the neck to the bottom of the basque.

FOR children combination dresses will be unusually worn. Plaids of every pattern are imported with plain materials to correspond in color.

IN the matter of fancy jewelry, the palm may be awarded to spiders. Jet, cut silver, and jewelled spiders are seen in masses of lace, in bonnet strings, and in bows.

THE leading stores have on hand silks of the same dominant color by one maker, figured, changeable, or plaid for skirts, plain to correspond for waists, sacques, etc.

FOR rich silks the palm-leaf design is most popular, and is inwrought to imitate cashmere designs. Favorite shades are electric blue, garnet, crushed strawberry, and raspberry.

POLKA dots are now no longer of one color, but are variegated or iridescent, or if self-colored are placed alternately in contrasting tones, or in triplets as black, crimson, white, etc.

FRINGES are quite discarded as trimmings; embroideries and lace have taken their place. Embroideries in color matching the material are very much liked for dresses of medium quality.

PRETTY armlets of gathered silk or satin, sewn on to elastic, and edged with a frill of lace, are worn at the top of evening gloves. They are also to be seen in the day, when the glove is worn outside the sleeve.

A NOVELTY in silks is a deep blue, the design being an exact representation of soutache embroidery. This is principally intended for dolmans, but is also suitable for street suits, and is very handsome and effective.

THE newest ribbon is the so-called "Egyptian," a brocade of Egyptian design and coloring on a brownish ground, brown as sand of the desert; the satin and Ottoman ribbons of plain color have also Egyptian borders.

GOLD, silver, and bronze silver thistles are novel, and they are arranged for bonnet as well as for dress decoration; some have mauve floss silk inserted, resembling the natural thistle-down. On black bonnets and dresses they look remarkably well.

SILKS are works of art in the matter of weaving. A favorite design is the guelder rose, also the double rings in velvet on an Ottoman ground. For trains nothing can well be more magnificent than the gold and silver brocade on white or self-colored grounds.

RIBBONS are exceedingly wide, and the greatest novelty consists in floral designs of great size, full-blown tulips of every color, or large deeply-toned roses. Fruit is also represented in the same style; pears, oranges, and grapes constituting designs for sash ribbons.

BLACK lace hats, very large in size, and black lace bonnets are worn with brilliant flowers, mostly velvet or chenille, and always shaded. Dandelions are the newest flowers, the bloom and the seed. Wallflowers come next in favor, and then huge shaded golden-brown pansies.

IN buttons there is endless variety, and the sizes graduate from that of a threepenny to a five-shilling piece. There are mother of pearl for painting on, finely cut steel, radiating in size and in form like a scallop shell, palettes, with a figure or a sketch, resting on gilt circular plates, silver embossed buttons, surrounded by fancy gilt edges, old coins inserted into bronze medallions, delicately colored Watteau ones, and jeweled centers (imitation) set with cut steel.



"MOLLIE."—Miss Mulock, and Dinah Maria Mulock-Craik, are the same person. The last is the lady's married name. "Miss Mulock" married somewhat late in life, and was well known as an author before her marriage. Her first important works were "John Halifax Gentleman," and "A Woman's Thoughts about Women," but she has written many books since then, all distinguished by their reflective, and conscientious character. "A Brave Lady," "My Mother and I," and others. Her life has been happy, and therefore, comparatively uneventful, so far as the world is aware. Her works render her independent, and she is said to possess a charming home, in the vicinity of London. Miss M. E. Bradon's real name is Mrs. Murray. She is the present wife of the publisher of that name, whose separation from a former wife and subsequent marriage created a great deal of scandal at the time; but this has not interfered with the success of her numerous novels; nor has her marriage prevented the annual turning out of serial stories in book form, for she is a most prolific writer. She possesses a beautiful home near Hampton Court Palace, and receives and entertains largely. Florence Nightingale was a comparatively young Englishwoman of good birth and gentle breeding, when she entered upon her work as hospital nurse, and acquired her fame by her admirable courage, judgment, and genius for organization and nursing, during the Crimean war. Her efforts, however, and long-continued strain undermined her health, and the work proved to be the work of her life. Her home was originally in Derbyshire, in the beautiful district known as the "Switzerland" of England, and in the neighborhood of Matlock, Chatsworth, the Peacock Inn, and Haddon Hall.

"GERTRUDE H."—You are not badly off, if you have no one else to take care of but yourself. A summer outfit for the mountains is an easy matter. A dark blue flannel, well made, Jersey basque, plaited skirt, close paniered drapery; all-wool flannel, no trimming, but stitching, and small gilt buttons. You will want one print, perhaps, but it seems as if you might begin and end with flannel; it is the only wear in the mountains. For indoors a fine wool or cashmere, made plain, color claret or peacock blue, with sleeves full to below the elbow, and then set into a deep cuff, which should be edged with narrow lace ruffling. If you are slender, the bodice may be full also, and plaited lengthwise front and back, the skirt falling in straight folds. If this is too expensive, make an indoor dress of print, and have for dinner and Sunday wear a jacket of plain or figured velveteen, for wear over a half-worn skirt of silk or wool, or over a thin muslin. An ulster and jacket you probably have, but a useful addition to your outfit would consist of a waterproof cape, very protective from sudden showers, and mountain walks. Make sure of stout boots that are large enough, and well-made hose. The most economical gloves are undressed kid or dog-skin.

"AGNES CRAFT."—If the silk is for a young girl, we should advise a combination of plain velvet with it used as a jacket basque, but not upon the skirt, which should be made up handsomely, with soft puffings, plaited flounce, and pretty drapery, but with no mixture of velvet in the trimming. Buttons of carved pearl or cut steel should be placed at the back of the basque upon the waist line. If you wish for a more dressy design for indoors make the velvet bodice to fit smoothly over the hips, pointing it deeply back and front, and add a moderate outstanding collar to the neck, which should be cut a low, but not wide square. The skirt in this case should be a demi-train, plaited, and edged with a thick ruche. The front puffed, the sides paneled with closely kilted velvet, arranged as revers, or gores.

"MARGARET."—If you can obtain one in no other way, advertise for an associate in a European trip; or join one of the "tours," that are now made up at regular intervals during the season. The cost for three months need not amount to over eight hundred dollars, and may be done for less, provided you restrict yourself to necessary expenses, and avoid purchases. The first thing is to decide exactly where you want to go, and what you want to see. If your time is limited to three months, and this is your first trip, take your ticket for Liverpool, and after a look at the docks, take the train for Chester, the oldest and one of the most interesting towns in England; a day or two there, and the ride back through the heart of the lovely dairy county of Cheshire, is the best beginning for the enjoyment of England, and its charming rural scenery. Take Stratford-on-Avon, and the ride through the lovely county of Warwickshire,—visiting Kenilworth, and Warwick, on your way to London, and while in London, visit Windsor, Hampton Court Palace, Kew, Stoke Pogis, the new Law Courts in London, Kensington Museum, and the picture galleries, not forgetting one day for the British Museum, and another for the Tower, and Tussaud. Go to the Continent by way of Antwerp, and see Brussels, the Rhine, stopping at Bonn, Cologne, and Frankfort-on-the-Main. Darmstadt, Heidelberg, Strasbourg, Stuttgart, Zurich, Lucerne,

the Brunig Pass, Interlaken, Berne, Lausanne, Geneva, Lake Leman, Bouveret, Martigny. The Tête Noir, Chaucenne, Macon, Dijon, Paris; and leaving Paris, cross the Channel to Southampton, taking in the Isle of Wight, and the Derbyshire district, Chatsworth, and Haddon Hall, on the way back to London; and return to America by way of the English lake district, Scotland and Ireland, to Queenstown. All this could be done in three months, and for from eight hundred to one thousand dollars.

"MADEMOISELLE."—The most effective way of making over your *écru* cloth to differentiate it entirely is to make a polonoise of it over a plaited satin skirt, and embroider satin vest for the front of it in a daisy pattern. The satin could be trimmed or the vest simulated, so that not much of the expensive fabric would be required. Terra-cotta, or any shade of red, would look loud with it; excepting its own shade, there is no color you can put with it that will look as well as a soft shade of brown, a sort of amaranth, *not* seal brown; and the embroidery would light it up, and with small standing collar faced with satin, and finished with lace, would have a very good effect. Long undressed gloves are most suitable with a cloth costume. A pale, dull tan, Sarah Bernhardt style. "Music" should wear a classic dress of white cashmere. A trained skirt trimmed with gold braid in a Greek border, Greek tunic, plaited, bordered, and belted in with gold, no sleeves, or hanging sleeves, broad gold band between the shoulder and the elbow, a Greek coronet in gilt, and gilded lyre in the hand. Or you may make a short dress of white India muslin, and trim it with a border of musical bars, sheet music, with paper gilt lyres sewn on between. Hair braided, and gilt lyre set on a band or fillet of white satin ribbon, which is bound about the hair. Wide white satin sash, the ends painted, or etched to represent written music, a zither, or small banjo pendent at the side. Undine would wear a low dress of pale green tulle, one skirt over another, with the underskirt of silk of the same hue. From the overdress would hang seaweeds and water-lilies, a fringe of which would surround the neck. Hair loose and disheveled, with a little seaweed and a lily clinging to it, here and there, and ornaments of branching coral, or shells. Lalla Rookh's costume is half Greek, half Turkish. Full white-silk trousers, a thin white Algerian shawl to form the drapery, embroidered scarf, white silk shirt, and short cutaway jacket of wine-colored satin, embroidered with gold. An engraved carnelian should hang pendent from the throat, and a chain or light network of gold, with a golden amulet pendant between the eyes, forms a correct head-dress. One of the cheap necklaces with pendent coins attached would answer the purpose. The costume must be in brilliant colors, white, red, green, and gold. Avoid deep blue, it was the mourning color among the Persians. The silk hose should be embroidered, the slippers should be pointed, and of white satin embroidered with gold. The drapery should be tightly formed about the body, fastened with jewels and festooned with ropes of pearls. She should have a small jeweled mirror suspended from her girdle. Lalla Rookh was a princess of the Empire, and the eastern women make a small mirror their constant companion. Lalla Rookh's name is said to signify Tulip Cheek.

The depth of lambrequins depends upon the style and kind of curtain, the room, and many other things. The straight lambrequin is the simplest form, and is used for studios, and plain sitting or bedrooms; it may be but half a yard in depth, and it may form a sort of curtain in itself. Letitia Landon, known as "L. E. L.," was born in 1802, and married, in 1838, a Captain George McLean, Governor-General of Cape Coast Castle, West Africa. She went with him to his home, and died within a few months, poisoned, it was then believed, by a jealous woman with whom her husband previous to his marriage had intimate relations. Whether this was true or not will never be known, no positive proof existing, and the husband stating that she died of an overdose of a drug she was accustomed to take for hysteria. Hers was a sad life; her father died when she was fifteen, leaving his family poor. Miss Landon educated her brother, afterward the Rev. Mr. Landon, by her literary efforts, contributions to annuals, magazines, and various periodicals. In addition to these and her poems, of the sentimental order, by which she is best known, she published four novels.

"SUBSCRIBER."—Cover the floors of the two bedrooms which you desire to furnish expeditiously and inexpensively, with India matting, and make rugs and mats for sides of bed, fronts of bureaus and washstands of remnants of Brussels or Kidderminster carpet in small patterns. Buy two cottage sets, with springs and mattresses complete, and cover your stands, bureaus, and the like with pretty towels with embroidered ends. Put up two or three cheap brackets, and upon them place any ornamental bits of china. Put up also a book-shelf, and hang a chintz curtain before it. Curtains of dotted muslin, or small patterned chintz will complete a pretty outfit at small cost. Complete bills of fare for several days would occupy too much space. But we will furnish a few hints. Begin each dinner with a nice small clear soup; follow this with a dish of cream fricasseed chicken, vegetables, jelly, or roast beef, vegetables and grated horse-radish. With either of these you may have an entrée of croquettes, or cutlets, and wind up with salads; followed by the dessert of puddings, fruit, and coffee. Have stewed or fresh fruit for breakfast; oatmeal, or hominy; and beefsteak, chops, or veal cutlet with sweetbread. A warm dish of waffles, or rice griddle cakes with maple syrup, completes a good breakfast made up in this way, provided the coffee is good, and the bread or rolls all they should be.

"M. B. H."—Suitable curtains for a parlor in the country consist of scrim made up with antique insertion, and lace. For lambrequins, use a straight flounce of plush, garnet, or peacock blue, bordered with a broad band of gold, or tapestried brocade and heavily fringed. The curtains should be drawn back with bands of plush, or gold brocade. Choose carefully a few engraved or artistically photographed copies of well-known pictures, and have them framed in narrow, flat, dead gilt, or grained wood. It is best to make your own selection at some good shop.

"EVER-GREEN."—Infants' outfits can be furnished complete as described in detail in "What to Wear," from \$24.35 to \$84.79. The first gives twenty-five articles; the second quoted, forty-three, and of finer quality and finish. A medium outfit is furnished for \$43.00, which includes a baby basket trimmed and furnished. The flannels are embroidered by machine, and so beautifully that it is simple folly to waste time and eyesight in embroidering them by hand. Hand-knit shirts are best. The price of each garment is given separately, and therefore a selection can be made from the list and cost exactly ascertained. We cannot enumerate the entire list, and separate cost in this department.

"Miss A. T."—Princess styles, and those which produce long, straight lines are undoubtedly most becoming to stout figures. We should advise a princess polonaise, or deeply-cut basque, sloped well up on the hips; the skirt trimmed with a deep kilted flounce surmounted by a draped apron, and the back made in a succession of killings; very much as the fronts have been. Lace is much used for trimmings, and the beaded passamenteries are still in vogue. The corded trimmings you speak of are used in the way you describe, but are most suitable for cloth.

"M. H. S. A."—It is impossible to give directions, which involve the whole science of housekeeping, without knowing where, how, for whom, in what style, etc., your house-ordering is to be done. The catering will depend upon the habits of the family—its tastes. You should occupy the head of the table, if there was no mistress of the house and no daughter or relatives to take the place, unless the master of the house preferred otherwise, and then of course, you would abide by his instructions. Get peas with duck, peas and mint sauce with lamb, spinach with veal, and "lard," and dress it with mushrooms, horseradish with roast beef, caper sauce with mutton, current jelly with chicken as well as mutton, and barberry jelly with game. This is only a suggestion; you must study a reliable housekeeping guide.

"IGNORAMUS."—Black velvet skirts are not much worn but one would be very unsuitable in connection with your thin seal-brown silk, which is too flat and characterless for a polonaise. We should advise you to make it up as a skirt, in plaiting upon a lining. For example, make lengthwise box-plaits in front, with the sides low down; form paniers above, and arrange the back in a series of three kilted flounces, separated by bands of ribbon. With this skirt you can wear a waist of batiste or cream foulard with brown spots matching the skirt, and in the fall a brown velveteen basque will still render it useful.

"A. W."—To reply to your questions would be to fill a volume, yet we would gladly afford you any assistance in our power. Keep your little house very clean and neat, your table orderly and bright, very pretty dishes, and put flowers in the centre. Whatever dessert you have, always remove the dinner plates and dishes very quietly and without hurry, and have your dessert set out on a little side table ready to put on the instant the cloth is cleared and the crumbs taken away with the little brush and pan that are sold for this purpose. Meet your guests at the door, and take them to your room, which should always be neat, and which you can easily make attractive by putting pretty covers on dressing-bureau and stand; chintz cushions on the wicker rocking-chair, and dotted muslin curtains to the windows. Do not try to get up anything elaborate; be content to be neat and clean, and bright and cosey; and as you learn some new and nice way of doing things keeping it to your little home, so that your husband will find it constantly more pleasant, and his "little girl" the best wife in the world. A complete suit of summer silk, hat and gloves to match, would cost you \$100; an embroidered nun's-veiling or pongee, ready-made, \$75. The percales and prints you could make, or have made, by "Housekeeping Dress Pattern."

"MAGGIE C."—Gingham with open embroidery, and chamberys ruffled and embroidered, would cost you from \$15 to \$25 ready-made. Boys' suits range from \$7 to \$15, according to the style and material, that is for boys of five to twelve years. A full suit for your daughter could be made anywhere from \$25 to \$50, and for yourself for best from \$75 to \$100.

"M. F."—Wishes to know the author of a poem, "Life is a Masquerade," and where she can get it. We do not know what the initials mentioned stand for; disconnected from their surroundings, they have no social meaning that we are aware of.

"A. J. F."—The most suitable dress for traveling would be an embroidered pongee, or a dotted foulard; and in addition you should have a thin ulster for dust or rain; Surah for hotels, and Sundays; and a pretty percale, or gingham, or linen lawn, with embroidery as trimming, for a morning dress. The first will supply its own trimming; and may be accompanied by a little fichu to tie in front. The second may be of apricot, or crushed strawberry, trimmed with white lace, and accompanied by a straw bonnet, trimmed with lace, or cream silk muslin, and

a cluster of strawberries in their leaves, and at different stages of growth. With the third, you can wear a shade hat, which can be packed flat or your traveling hat or bonnet. Put ruffling in the neck and sleeves of all your dresses, and carry some along with you, it is more convenient than the collars and cuffs, and take a good supply of gloves.

"Mrs. J. H. S."—Get a thin wool, blue gray in color, for your trip, and provide an ulster of fine woolen tweed; you will need a touch of warmth on the journey and on reaching California. A black Surah would be the most useful for a costume, with black fine straw, or chip hat, and mantle or visite to match the dress. Get plain satine, or cashmere, or satin to embroider for an independent waist.

"HOUSEKEEPER."—Madras muslin would make the prettiest and most effective curtains for your windows; they do not need laundering. For your mantle and table the cheapest and most effective way would be to purchase plain cloth suiting in a garnet, or strawberry, or terra-cotta shade; and either embroider in old-gold upon plush or put on a flat border of brocade in old gold, and mixed reds, making the lambrequin for the mantle match the cover for the table. An embroidered vine would be the most effective, but this may not be practicable. You should put some deep color into your finishing and furnishing to relieve the coldness of white walls. If the room is very bright, perhaps rosy cretonne would be better than Madras muslin for your windows, but we do not advise too much red; a chair, a cover, a lambrequin, is better for color than a proportion that seems aggressive in tone and character. We should like to see your fine old "Pennsylvania Dutch" town very much, and may, perhaps, some of these days.

"MAGNOLIA."—Write only on one side of the sheet, and make your questions distinct, else we cannot answer them. You will see the cost of a nun's-veiling dress in answer to other correspondents. A "duchess" represents a high order of nobility, ranks next to a princess.

"YOURS TRULY."—It is a matter of taste; all curtains are now fashionably hung from poles, but some prefer the finish of a cornice to match the wood or brass work, or decoration in an elegant room."

"ANXIOUS ECONOMIST."—If you will have your gingham, prints and percales washed in properly prepared bran water, and ironed on the wrong side, except where a finish or pressure is needed, and then have it done with a cool iron, you will have no trouble with working your dresses; they will keep their color until the last. Prepare the water by boiling a quart of bran (which has been put in a thin bolting muslin bag) in a gallon of water until the strength is out of it. Then strain the boiling liquid with another gallon of water, leaving it lukewarm. Wash the dresses in this, if they are not dirty, and ladies' dresses usually are not once carefully washing will be sufficient. Dry in the shade with the skirts and sleeves extended, and iron as directed above, fluting the ruffles. The bran supplies the place of soap and starch, and stiffens just enough to make the goods seem new. You can very well replace your chenille fringe with French lace for summer wear; Spanish is too heavy, and the French imitation of thread lighter looking and more fashionable."

"A WORKING-WOMAN."—There is no more impropriety in conversing with a gentleman who sits next you than a lady, providing he is a gentleman, and the conversation is restricted to general subjects. If a man takes advantage of such a circumstance to be impertinent, and affect a degree of familiarity not warranted by the behavior of the lady, she should at once put on impenetrable reserve, and thus teach him a lesson; also change her seat as soon as practicable; and, if necessary, inform the conductor that she desires another seat. Neither American or any other "gentlemen" treat working-girls with less courtesy than they show any other women; but there are cowardly ruffians who insult girls and women who work, because their comings and goings give them an opportunity, and because they are less protected by powerful social surroundings. Women must be their own care-takers; that they must rely upon something else beside themselves for protection, is the reason why they are so often left helpless and forlorn. Let working-girls and working-women unite together in clubs and societies, take their own part independently, and they will enjoy life and compel all men to respect them.

"ESMERALDA."—There are the intelligence offices, and the newspapers. Women, as well as men who want to find situations, usually try through one or both of these mediums. Copyists are plentiful, but there are so few women who are thoroughly well-trained and competent, rapid, and experienced,—either as copyists, bookkeepers or in other positions, that one who is, may be pretty sure of finding a place. A teacher of instrumental music usually begins early, and practices almost continually for years. It is the most exacting, perhaps, of the professions that are wrought out on a single line.

"LIZZIE D."—Plush, or velvet of a dark shade of garnet, ruby, or terra-cotta, make handsome lambrequins for a black mantel, and can be trimmed with bullion fringe in two colors,—gold, and the ground shade, for example.

"ST. LOUIS."—For the somewhat public occasion, and your florid style and complexion, we should advise a trimmed skirt of black satin Surah, and an over-dress or polonaise of black brocaded grenadine, trimmed with jabot of black and white lace, and black Surah satin bows. Black lace bonnet trimmed with black lace, and white lilies of the valley.

"**BIRDIE.**"—There would not necessarily be any impropriety at all in an engaged young lady doing any, or all of the things you mention. If she is an honest and truthful girl, she should be trusted by the one to whom she is engaged. If she is not that, his objections to such simple acts as those you mention will not make or keep her so. Even engaged people must preserve a certain amount of individuality and independence, but the assertion of these will be modified and held in subjection by mutual concessions to the new relation they sustain toward each other. The engagement ring should be worn on the third finger of the left hand, the "wedding finger," and serve as a guard to the wedding ring after marriage. The word "Mizpah" is a favorite legend for an engagement ring, and there is no better. Everybody knows the signification. The garnet plush jacket is still fashionable with the garnet silk skirt.

"**MARGARET LEE.**"—You could send the whole six years' numbers on by express and get them bound for \$2 per volume, but can you not get them as well bound in your neighborhood? Gray hair is a constitutional tendency with some. It has nothing to do with the general health. It seems impossible to prevent it, nostrums to the contrary notwithstanding.

"**DELLA.**"—You cannot remove moles from the skin without making a scar worse than the mole. Pure rice powder is considered the most harmless.

"**SUBSCRIBER.**"—Make over your alpaca for wear upon the steamer, and use your black camel's hair for a traveling dress abroad. Your brown silk will, as you say, do for best, and you will need no more. In England and Scotland you can wear wool all the time—indeed, thin dresses are not comfortable wear—and if you should want a print, or gingham, or thin dress of any kind, you can get them better and cheaper abroad. Take nothing in the way of ruffles or neck wear that you will not need in traveling, because you can buy them for third price, and gloves also; and if you cannot spend much in purchases it will be a pleasure on your return to possess a few little things which have seemed to cost so little compared to their excellence and cost here. You will want a warm ulster and thick shawl (blanket), and a beaver bonnet that you can tie down over your face, a long gauze veil, cosy boots, warm woolen hose on board ship, and flannels as if for winter. This steamer outfit it is best to leave, packed in a steamer trunk and safely marked, at the company's office in Liverpool, and get on return. Have all your dresses strictly walking length, silk included, and no fringe nor hanging trimmings.

"**A PERPLEXED SUBSCRIBER.**"—The silk was a fraud. We should advise a new silk basque and the use of the jetted passementerie. See article on American silks in last month. The embroidered nuns' veiling makes lovely dresses for girls, also the plain embroidered gingham and the pretty embroidered nainsooks. For evening wear there is nothing more charming than the strawberry and apricot Surah trimmed with white lace, or the cream and shrimp pink, if the soft reds are not liked. Embroidery is upon everything.

"**IGNORANCE.**"—Mark your linen with your married monogram, the bed linen also; it is your personal property, not his. Wedding presents should be engraved in the same way. The groom gets the wedding invitations. Cards are not now used unless the bride's parents prefer to do so. Either the Japanese or "Crazy" pattern would look well, but the latter would suit a variety of pieces and be most effective. A suitable present would be a dozen fine pocket handkerchiefs with his monogram in long, slender design, worked by yourself in the corner, or your picture in a pocket case or in a ring.

"**M. H. N.**"—Peacock feathers have become a drug in the market in New York, and can be bought in bunches for from fifty to seventy-five cents upon the sidewalk. They are not exhibited very much as screens and fans at the stores, but the Japanese stores have them. A handsome jardinière with living plants is the prettiest ornament for a bay window. Shades, of course, are needed for the sashes, but the alcove should be draped with antique lace or Madrid muslin, and the sides furnished with pretty low or rattan chairs, and a small footstool before each.

"**Miss J. E. A.**"—Bronze satin Surah would make a very pretty and becoming complete costume, and embroidered pongee an admirable upper dress over a black velvet skirt.

"**CARO T.**"—The bridal party proceeds straight from the church to where the reception is held, and the bride and groom take up their position at the head of the room to receive the congratulations of their friends. If the host and hostess are parents of the bride, they stand at the left to receive congratulations and the regards of their friends. Two ushers are required to receive all guests and present them to the bride and groom, and also to the host and hostess. If the host and hostess are merely friends of the bride, they would receive the guests first, and the ushers would afterward present them to the bride and groom. Two dressing rooms would be needed, one for gentlemen and the other for ladies, and the supper room should be open from the first, so that guests could have refreshments and leave, making room for others. The bride and groom do not go to the supper room till the last of the guests have arrived, and the host and hostess not till they have all departed.

"**H. R.**"—The most useful waist you could make to wear over your hair-striped summer silk skirt would consist of black lace over black twilled foulard. You could wear this all summer, or in an evening. It would be cool and dressy, yet not showy. Finish with full black lace ruche at the neck, but make the waist a V-shape in front.



"**The Siege of London.**"—This is the title by which Mr. Henry James puts forth his latest work, which comprises three novelettes—the first holding the place of honor, and furnishing the name for the book; the second, called the "Pension Beaurepas," giving an amazingly clever and entertaining inside view of a boarding-house in Geneva; and the third consisting of a series of letters, which give the writer's "Point of View" of the international (social) situation. Mr. James's *Social Studies Abroad*, and his *American Women Abroad*, are so well known, that it is not necessary to enlarge upon them—but it may be said as studies they are singularly minute and interesting, and that, whether condemned for their cynicism or praised for their courage, they are always delightful reading, the style having that charm of cultivated languor, of polite indifference which seems so entirely devoid of effort, and which yet omits no detail necessary to the finish of the work within its limits. For Mr. James does not write stories, he only studies persons, and draws their portraits with freedom and skill, putting in just enough of their environment to serve as a frame, and to assist in developing their personality—no more. We must confess to not liking the "Siege of London," notwithstanding its cleverness, notwithstanding its possible truth, for almost every one can find in their list of odd people, sometime seen or known, the woman with a curiously delicate profile, an almost angelic innocence of countenance and expression, who seemed quite destitute of moral sense or fiber, and who believes herself virtuous so long as she is "married," no matter how often or under what circumstances that reconstructive ceremony has taken place. But the "Pension Beaurepas," M. Pigeonau, Mr. Ruck, and the rest are delicious—the American is sharply drawn—but he is inexpressibly pathetic, and it is the fault of his life and his devotion to his one idea that he lacks shading, certainly not the fault of the author. The "Point of View" is perhaps the best of all in a literary point of view, but it is the saddest of all, for it reveals how little satisfaction there is in exile, in choosing one's life from purely selfish motives, and in order to surround one's self with certain temporarily charming conditions, instead of heroically accepting the duties of a good citizen, and planting one's roots and one's affections deep in the soil of one's native land. J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, are the publishers of "The Siege of London," which is sold through Mr. C. T. Dillingham, in New York. It is a capital book to take for a companion on an ocean voyage.

"**On the Wing.**" is the reprint in pretty and tasteful book form of a series of letters which appeared (as stated in the preface) last year in the *Boston Journal*, and attracted attention and interest from their brightness and accuracy. The author, Mary E. Blake, only calls them rambling notes, but they are something more—they are fresh and truthful details of a trip to Colorado and California, described by an intelligent and conscientious observer, and a trained and practiced writer, who adds, moreover, thoughtful weight to her habit of careful observation. Rapid as were her movements, "On the Wing" would serve as a very excellent guide-book to any one taking the same trip; and we should certainly advise the reading of it to man or woman, for many useful suggestions are made, and many hints afforded which are of practical value, and add the satisfaction of dignity and usefulness to the charm of the author's style. "On the Wing" is from the press of Lee & Shepard, the well-known publishers of Boston, Mass. New York agent, C. T. Dillingham.

"**Brain Work and Over-work.**" This little manual is the latest of the useful series published by P. Blakiston & Sons, Philadelphia, and is certainly not less important, while the treatment of the subject has been equally sound and judicious. The causes of nervous trouble, work, rest in work, rest in recreation, rest in sleep, are among the topics into which the question is divided, and under which it is considered. We strongly recommend its attentive perusal by brain workers.

"**Tempest-Tossed.**"—A new edition of this novel, by Mr. Theodore Tilton, which created much comment on its first appearance, and displayed Mr. Tilton in quite a new character, as a writer of fiction, has been issued in good style by Mr. Worthington, and revived much of the interest which attached to its advent. The story is original in conception. It is that of a husband, wife, and child—the latter born on the ship just as it is deserted in a storm by the captain and crew. It is not destroyed, and it serves as a home for this tempest-tossed family for seventeen years, during which time the baby grows up to beautiful young womanhood, and is finally discovered after the ship has made land in the Caribbean Islands, by the son of her father's dearest friend, who has devoted his life to learning the secret of their fate. Mr. Tilton is a picturesque writer, and the best and most faithful part of the work is the description of the storm and its consequences, in the early part of the book; but the life on board the lonely vessel is strangely romantic, only so unlikely that one cannot make it real. The story comes to a happy conclusion.