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❖ JĚLITZA. ❖

A SERVIAN STORY.

Two verdant larches grew together,—
Between them rose a slender fir ;
And firm they stood in every weather,
She true to them, they kind to her.

No larches they, but something other—
No tall and slender fir between ;
They were two brothers of one mother,
A sister she, of brilliant mien.

One was named Radul, one was Paul,
JĚlitza was the sister fair,—
Love wove for them a silken thrall,
And marvelous was JĚlitza's share.

To her the brothers gave their hearts,
And many a token too was doled ;
At last a knife of wondrous parts
Was given her, wrought with gems and gold.

When Paul's young wife this favor knew
Fierce jealousy her heart inflamed—
Quickly to Radul's wife she flew,
And madly, bitterly exclaimed :

"O sister, know you not some flower,
Some plant whose burning juice expressed
Will end JĚlitza's triumph-hour?—
Find it and leave to me the rest."

"In God's name," answered Radul's wife,
"What mean you? if such fruit should grow,
I could not take a sister's life ;
My husband's fervent love I know."

Then Paul's young wife in fury fled,
And stabbed to death a favorite steed
Her master loved ; and to him said :
"See, Paul—your dear JĚlitza's deed."

So Paul unto JĚlitza went :
"Why use so cruelly your knife ?
What wrath has wakened discontent?"
JĚlitza answered : "On my life,

"It was not I, my brother dear ;
This deed by me came not about."
Then Paul dismissed his idle fear,
For how could he JĚlitza doubt ?

But Paul's wife, not at all dismayed,
Because her rage had worked awry,
On Paul's gray falcon next displayed
The fury of her jealousy.

Then, running to her husband, said :
"Your love your sister little heeds ;
I find your noble falcon dead—
One other of JĚlitza's deeds."

Now Paul went to her as before,
"Why, sister, tell me, did you this?"
But she averred still more and more
Her freedom from such wickedness.

And Paul was solaced, but his bride
Unbaffled still, at evening-time,
Ran with the darkness at her side,
To plot a ghastlier, baser crime.

For gliding through Jelitza's room,
Her golden knife she stole away,
And put to matricidal doom
The child that in its cradle lay.

Then when arose the earliest light
To bathe with joy the hill and vale ;
She screamed with horrified affright,
And told her lord this cruel tale—

Told it with choking sobs of grief :
"This is the love your sister gives—
How long will you withhold belief,
Now that our babe no longer lives ?

"For, she who takes your daily dole
Has taken now our infant's life ;
The deed lies heavy on her soul—
So swears the blood upon her knife."

And Paul arose, and maddened flew
To where Jelitza, sleeping, lay ;
While from its sheath the knife he drew—
Its sides were flecked with bloody spray !

Stunned by the sight, he seized her hand,
Her soft white hand which touched the floor,
And said with grief : "I understand—
God's curse be on you evermore.

"'Twas you who killed my favorite steed,
'Twas you who stopped my falcon's breath ;
How could you dare this latest deed,
And put my helpless babe to death ?"

Still louder rose Jelitza's voice :
"I swear, dear Paul, I did it not,
But, if my life your peace annoys,
I long to die and be forgot.

"Bear me upon the desert's sands,
On four wild horses lash me fast ;
Tie head and feet, and arms and hands,
And let me to the winds be cast."

And Paul, whose faith had fallen away,
Did all things as Jelitza said ;
And on the desert's awful, gray
Expanse, her limbs were scatter'd.

But lo ! there comes a portent rare—
Each drop of blood is armed with power,
For where they fall Paul looks, and there
In every spot blooms some sweet flower !

And where the body, mangled, fell,
A church in shining light arose ;
Paul's grief, what human heart could tell ?
For now her innocence he knows.

Not many days had run their round,
Before Paul's wife grew pale and ill,
And years of sickness held her bound,
And sorrow all her cup did fill.

Within her bower the dog-grass grew,
And serpents nestled in her hair ;
Her eye had lost its piercing blue,
Her form was wasted, once so fair.

Despair set up its shadow tall—
She said : "Joy never visits me ;
I know, whatever shall befall,
That I am marked for misery.

"O lord and spouse ! my days are few ;
So take me through the fields, away
To where Jelitza's chapel grew,
And in the church my body lay.

"Perchance from out her virtuous soul
On which I heaped so foul a wrong,
Some healing wave may kindly roll
In piteous force, to make me strong."

Then Paul, who heard this plaintive prayer,
Took her across the meadowy route
Unto the church ; but, coming there,
A most mysterious voice cried out :

"Bring her *not here*, NOT HERE, NOT HERE !
This church no healing balm bestows ;"
What bitter anguish struck her ear,
What grief immeasurable arose !

"Then in God's name," she choking sighed,
"Let me no more alive be known—
To four wild steeds I must be tied
Till limb from limb is widely strewn."

And this Paul did. And wide and far
Across the desert's sands they ran—
And of the fragments from torn her,
No part was seen by any man.

But where a patch of blood was spilled,
Rank thorns and thistles bristled keen,
While on the space her journey filled
Dark, slimy, stagnant pools were seen.

These formed a lake, where rose to view
The small black steed, which Paul could name ;
And after him (their forms he knew)
The falcon and the cradle came.

The babe upon the cradle stood—
The mother's hand clenched on its throat,
And that gold knife, which took its blood,
Lay on the curdling waves afloat !

THE † ADMIRAL'S † WARD. †

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

(Continued from page 218.)

CHAPTER XLI.

THE boating expedition was charming, perhaps not the less so because Mrs. Crewe declared her dread of the water would not permit her to enjoy it, and she therefore remained at home. Some rambles on the shore and along the cliffs, with a drive to a ruined castle at some miles' distance, made Denzil's visit pass but too quickly. Though he parted from his mother and Laura with cheerfulness, promising to secure a longer holiday next time, it was very lonely after his departure.

"It is not that he is a great talker," said his mother, as she and Laura sat together under the oak tree in the evening; "but he listens so well, and knows so much; he is so kind and well-tempered and considerate for a man! Ah! the woman he marries will be lucky."

"Yes; he is very, very kind and pleasant and well-informed," said Laura, heartily; but added, with a spice of mischief, "I have heard Mrs. Trent say that marriage is an extraordinary touchstone; that men who have been dutiful sons, kind brothers, pleasant friends, sometimes turn out disagreeable, tyrannical husbands."

"Then it must be their wives' fault. I am sure Mrs. Trent need not talk—she does as she likes with her stiff six-and-eight-pence of a husband! I do not think much of *that* Mrs. Trent. It is rather extraordinary, considering the terms you and I are on, that she never asked me to her house!—as if the widow of an officer in the Royal Navy was not more than the equal of the best professional man in London."

"Well, dear Mrs. Crewe, she never asked *me* to dinner save once, and that was with the Admiral; yet I know she likes me—she is always pleased to have me at luncheon, which seems to be the repast specially suited to the entertainment of poor relations, and I like best to go then. I have her to myself; she is always so bright and pleasant; and Mr. Trent, though far from uncivil, evidently considers it a hopeless loss of time to waste words upon so insignificant a personage; yet I am sure he would do me a service if he could."

"And pray why are you sure?" asked Mrs. Crewe with some severity, and Laura making no immediate answer, the conversation turned into other channels.

The Admiral arrived on the appointed day.

Both Mrs. Crewe and Laura were struck by the haggard, worn look of his handsome face. True he had had a long tiresome journey, having come across the country by many changes of trains from his brother's place in Worcestershire. He was evidently glad to rest in the cool quiet room prepared for him, and said little or nothing that evening. But he soon recovered, and seemed to enjoy his quiet room, the simple beauty of his surroundings, the soft fresh air. The Admiral was fond of an early walk with Laura to the beach, or the pier, to see the fishing-boats come in, or to watch the children hunting for periwinkles, while he talked gently and kindly to the fishermen, who soon recognized him to be at least "a noble captain;" and so they used to come back slowly, with leisurely enjoyment of the sights and sounds, the beauty and the freshness

around them, to the cottage, to Mrs. Crewe, and a neat tempting midday meal and their letters, which were not delivered at the Dingle till noon. So time went on so softly, so evenly, that the dwellers in this pleasant "sleepy hollow" could not feel the rapidity of its ceaseless flow, and were conscious of a vague surprise when Sunday came round.

One afternoon, on her return from an unusually long ramble with her guardian, Laura, to her great joy, found a letter awaiting her from Winifrid, dated from Dresden. They had, at the last moment, altered their route, as she had persuaded dear Reginald to let her revisit the scene of so much pleasure and sorrow, and to take a look at her father's grave. "I cannot tell you, dear Laura," the letter went on, "how present you are to me in our old haunts; I listen for your voice, and I think of all your goodness to me, and what a wayward imp I was! The dear father's grave is well cared for—our good old landlord has seen to it. All the people we know have been so pleased to see me, even the Hausfrau with whom, you remember, I used sometimes to quarrel."

Then followed a glowing account of how well Baby had borne the journey and behaved; of how she feared Reginald was a little bored, as he did not care much for picture-galleries and things of that kind; that they were going on the next day to visit Prague, and thence to Franzinsbad, where she begged her dearest Laura to address her reply. Finally, the words, "Be at rest about me; I think all is well, and I am happy!" filled the cup of Laura's content to the brim; she let herself taste to the full the quiet enjoyment of the hour, and left the future to take care of itself.

Denzil was not able to revisit the Dingle till the middle of the following week. Then he arrived, looking pale and tired enough, yet bright and animated.

His friend Captain Ritson was, he said, in great spirits; the operation on his little girl's eyes had been happily accomplished, and they hoped in another month to be able to bring her back to her sea-side home. They were quite satisfied with Collins.

"Then they are easily pleased," said Mrs. Crewe. "Does the house look clean? and have you any idea if she makes the dustmen call regularly?"

Denzil answered the first query in the affirmative, but acknowledged his ignorance as to the other.

"And my precious Topsy? I trust that dear cat is not neglected."

"Far from it; she is an immense favorite, and sits for hours in Mary Ritson's lap. I am afraid Topsy is faithless."

"That I am sure she is not," said Mrs. Crewe, stoutly; "some allowance must be made for peculiarities of nature."

Laura felt an unusual degree of pleasure in the return of her kind, sympathetic friend, and showed it with sisterly frankness. After the "high tea," which was their evening meal, the little party strolled out upon the lawn to watch the receding tide and the last gleams of a fine sunset. The Admiral fell into conversation with Mrs. Crewe on the subject of moon-blindness, which he had often seen among sailors—a *propos* of the operation which Denzil had mentioned.

The latter was walking apart, smoking his cigar, when

Laura came from the house with a shawl she had sought for Mrs. Crewe. After wrapping it round her she turned away, and said, with the familiarity that had grown greatly between them of late, "Denzil,"—he threw away his cigar and joined her at once—"I have ventured on a very audacious project since you were here. I was cogitating it then, but I have quite made up my mind since."

"And what may that be?"

"There's a lovely little nook round that spur of rock behind the Dingle, with a glimpse of blue sea to the right, and a tangled mass of brambles and wild leaves over the lower rocks, with just two larch trees, behind which at sunset the light comes in the most marvelous way. It has taken hold of my imagination. I feel as if I must and could paint it; and, do not laugh, but I think, if I can at all work it up to my idea, I shall try to get it into the Royal Academy."

"Laugh! I shall not laugh," said Denzil, directing his steps and hers to the low wall which formed a terrace over the beach. "Try, by all means; even if you do not succeed it will be an incentive to work, and no great harm done."

"Yes, but I want very much to succeed. You must come and see the place and my sketch, my idea of representing it, and help me with your advice."

"The best I can give is at your service, but I am afraid it will not be worth much."

"Oh, it is worth something. It would be such a grand thing for me to have a picture exhibited; fancy what importance it would give me in the eyes of that little Jewman who ordered the copy I am to finish when I go back. I do not think he would venture to call me 'my dear' any more!"

"The deuce he does!" cried Denzil. "The insolent beggar!"

"Oh, he does not mean to be insolent," said Laura. "It is a sort of official manner; the more he 'dears' you the more he beats you down."

"I don't like the notion of you selling things to these fellows. It is a shame you should be obliged to go to them."

"It is not like you to talk in that way; if you are to live by work, you cannot pick and choose your patrons and purchasers. Why I felt as if I loved that little Jew when he said, 'You do me a good faithful copy of Standfield's Brig in a Breeze, my dear, and I'll give you seven pounds.' You would have been edified to hear how I stood up for myself, and haggled and squabbled until I got an advance of ten shillings."

Denzil laughed. "I cannot fancy you haggling; that is more in my mother's line. She is the most generous soul in the world, and yet she dearly loves a bargain."

"Oh! I am growing quite hardened. I remember when it was agony to me to name a price, not so very long ago. But I am much stronger in every way than I was."

"I think you are—much stronger and better in every way," he returned, looking straight at her with kindly, thoughtful eyes, as if he rejoiced in the new life that was visible in her whole face and expression, in her color and carriage. Laura flushed with a sudden consciousness of the sorrow and mortification of which he was thinking—was it possible he had suspected her of still grieving over the wreck he had witnessed? She had more than once thought she perceived that he judged her harshly, imagining that she had not conquered her feelings for Reginald. How little he knew!—but while she thought thus, Denzil was speaking again, "We must have a consultation over the picture to-morrow," he said; "and when that is over, I—I want some advice from you, or rather your help in making a decision."

"I am sure I shall be very glad to talk over any of your affairs; but I am afraid I cannot be much help to you."

"Yes, you can," returned Denzil, decidedly; and there was

a long pause, during which they both gazed at the rippled stream of light stretching out across the bay, and listened to the soft murmur of the receding tide.

"Do you know anything of Mr. Piers' whereabouts at present?" said Denzil, suddenly speaking out his thoughts.

"I think they must be at Prague just now, but I am not sure. I am to write to Franzinsbad, on or after the fifteenth."

"Do they make a long stay?"

"Winnie mentions no plans."

The weather for the first two days after Denzil's arrival was raining and overcast, but a brief thunderstorm cleared the atmosphere, and the third morning was all a painter could desire. Laura therefore determined to begin her great undertaking, and made all due preparation in the forenoon, Denzil having undertaken to accompany the Admiral in his morning walk.

At dinner Mrs. Crewe announced that it was her intention to visit a deserving and bedridden old woman (under the Admiral's guidance) and take her some tea and sugar, as the want of those necessaries and inability to read the Bible were her two principal deprivations.

"The amount of spiritual light bestowed upon some of these poor ignorant souls is truly marvelous, and it would be a sin and a shame to let a woman of that kind faint for want of a cup of tea," observed Mrs. Crewe. "What are you going to do, Laura?"

"Oh, I shall spend the afternoon sketching in the cove. Perhaps you will look in there and see how I am getting on."

"With pleasure, my love. Denzil, what are your plans?"

"I shall be resolutely idle, and enjoy myself. I had a long swim this morning while you and Laura were gathering gooseberries, or cutting cabbages, and I feel I am entitled to rest."

"But are you going to advise me?" cried Laura. "I do not forget; it will not be fatiguing."

As soon as the sun had got round a little to the west, Laura gathered her materials together and started for her favorite spot. Denzil, who was lounging under a tree on the lawn, came forward directly she issued from the open door and relieved her of part of her load, walking beside her rather silently while she talked freely.

"One of the many advantages of my cove is that two paths lead to it, one over the hill at the back, as we are going now, and one along the beach when the tide is out; we can return that way."

"I know the place. I used to ramble all about here when I was staying with Ritson five or six years ago. It is a place to make one forget the hurry and fret of life. I should like such a haven when I am a little older."

"A little older, Denzil! When you are an old man of three-score years and ten, if you will; it would be shirking work to shrink from the burden and heat of the day before."

"But suppose I were a man of fortune?"

"Even so, I think you should work, and I am sure you would."

"I am not sure," said he, smiling; "I believe I am really a lazy fellow, only circumstances have been a powerful whip. By the way, I always fancied that cousin of yours, Reginald Piers, would have gone in for public life."

"I thought so too. I suppose he finds life too pleasant for such serious labor. You cannot think what a sweet lovely place Pierslynn is, large enough for dignity and beauty, but not too large for homeliness and comfort."

Denzil stole a sharp quick glance at her; as she spoke her countenance wore an expression of quiet restful content, not the slightest trace of what might be construed into envy or regret to be seen there, and Denzil's own brow cleared as he looked.

"I think," he resumed, "that young Piers had one ingredient that would push him into public life—that is vanity."

"You think Reginald vain? I never observed it."

"I confess I do not view him favorably; still he can be pleasant, and I dare say open-handed, though I believe self is his ruling motive—not a narrow ill-natured selfishness that worries over trifles, but a deep principle that never relinquishes a strong desire, cost what it may."

"You are a little harsh; but I begin to think I never quite knew Reginald, or rather that circumstances have greatly changed him," she sighed slightly, and they walked on in silence for some way. When Denzil spoke again it was on a fresh topic, and they proceeded, with occasional silences and pleasant desultory talk, till they reached the spot from which Laura had taken her sketch.

Then there was the business of opening the color-box and arranging the folding easel, the fixing of the artist so as to catch the exact points which she had sketched in previously.

"You see," said Laura, "if I can only get enough of the blue misty distance there to the left out to sea, then the brambles and heather and mossy rocks, and those two lovely larch trees with the light behind their upper branches, it would make a pretty picture. 'Oh, wad some power the giffie gie' me to make the dumb trees and sea and stones speak to the world as they speak to me, if I could put the pensive tenderness and repose they express on canvas, I would indeed be happy; but that requires genius, and I fear I have not enough for such a consummation."

"I do not know," returned Denzil, thoughtfully and candidly; "I am not sure that I have the power to recognize it if you had—at all events it is no common gift to understand what nature tells us, without speech or language. Still you have got in these tones the tint of the heather very well; your distance might be more distant—don't you think these rocks with a fringe of foam around them brought in the middle distance would make the background farther off?"

A long interesting discussion ensued, and then Laura set to work diligently, while Denzil lay down on the soft short mossy grass at a little distance and watched her in silence, just answering her occasional observations shortly, as if he was enjoying the *dolce far niente* too utterly to talk.

Some time passed, and then he rose, strolled slowly away to where the little wavelets came lapping the beach softly, caressingly, and stood there in thought for some minutes; then returning, stood near Laura for a while, making an occasional remark on her work.

"Don't you think you might rest now?" he said at length.

"But I am not tired."

"Have you forgotten that you are to give me—well to help me to decide a matter of importance, at least to myself. I waited patiently till you were free to hear me."

"Oh yes, I am quite ready," laying her palette carefully aside. "I think I have done pretty well this morning. In another half-hour the sky behind the trees will be much richer. Well?" looking up at Denzil, who had sat down on the piece of rock beside her, and leaning his elbow on his knee rested his cheek on his hand.

He did not speak for a moment, and then said rather slowly:

"You perhaps remember my telling you some weeks ago that I might possibly go to Japan? The mail is nearly due on the arrival of which I will have to decide."

"Yes, I remember," returned Laura, feeling suddenly chilled and shocked at being confronted with the painful possibility. "I am sure, both for your mother and myself, I hope you will not go."

Denzil plucked a handful of heather, pulled it to pieces hastily, and flung it from him; then turned to Laura, and looking straight and steadily at her said:

"That depends upon you."

"On me!" said Laura, genuinely surprised. "How so?"

"Are you then still so much engrossed by another that you

cannot understand why my future is at your disposal?" cried Denzil, impatiently. "How is it you do not understand, you do not feel that I love you! even though you may be indifferent to me! Tell me—how shall I decide respecting the appointment I expect? Will you be my wife—and give me an object to work for, even if I leave you for a while to make my position more worthy of you?—or will you take the hope from me? for, perhaps against probability, I have hoped."

Laura sat silent, bewildered, looking back with the swift glance of memory at many an incident which she now felt ought to have shown her that Denzil was more than a friend, yet half incredulous. "I do not seem able to believe it," she said slowly, and without embarrassment. "We have been so tranquilly happy together, you have done me so much good, is it not a pity to change such a friendship for—for a more unquiet feeling?"

"But," returned Denzil, his strong kindly face lighting up with an expression she had never seen in Reginald's, "suppose feeling gives you no choice? I did not choose to fall in love with you, but, living with you, knowing you in bitter trials, in the brave silent struggle against heavy odds, in the strength and tenderness of your everyday life, who could help loving you as I do, with my whole heart?" He took her hand as he spoke and bent his head till his brow rested upon it, a gesture so loving and reverent that Laura could scarce keep back her tears; while his words seemed to rend away some cloud or curtain that had hidden the depths of her own soul, and she perceived how necessary he had grown.

"But, Denzil," gently drawing away her hand, "Are you quite sure of yourself; quite certain that your friendly interest, the absence of other women (you go so little into society), have not misled you? I am half afraid of——" she paused.

He smiled. "I am very certain of myself; it is of *you* I want to make sure. Tell me how I stand with you, now that you know my true feelings. Can you love me? will you be my wife? I know I have little to offer of this world's goods now, but I have my foot on the ladder, and you are not the woman to shrink from beginning humbly with the man you love—if you love me Laura."

Laura covered up her face in her hands, unable to master the emotion which brought quick tears to her eyes.

"I am afraid to believe, afraid to trust. Ah Denzil! I have suffered so much, and I have passed through it all into such rest and contentment, that I fear to come out of the soft gray shadows of my life, even into sunshine."

"Dearest," said Denzil, drawing nearer to her, "there is very little brilliancy in the existence I want you to share; there is very little change in our relationship either, only we shall draw closer to one another, and I shall know that you are all my own; that which we have called friendship will but deepen into a more absorbing attachment. I am not often presumptuous, Laura, but I think, I believe, I could make you happy, in the quiet homelike way that suits you."

"Are you indeed so earnest?" said Laura, impressed by the depth and seriousness of his tone. "Is it possible that you imagine me really necessary to you?"

"You are! I do not say that if you reject me I should never strive or hope or recover myself again—I trust there is stuff enough in me to bear up even under so heavy a blow—but—" a short expressive pause—"my life would be better and happier with you than it ever can be without you. Listen to me, Laura. When all was going fair and well, when I first met you, I liked you; but, as I dare say you saw, I was tremendously taken with Winnie Fielden—Mrs. Piers. She was the loveliest girl I had ever met, and so bright and pleasant; however, I soon saw that although he kept it very quiet, Piers was as far, ay, farther gone than myself about her; I saw there were rocks ahead for all of you, and yet it was out of my power to prevent the mischief. The day that

Winifrid spoke to me about her wish to go to Germany, I was sure of what I suspected before—that she recognized your cousin's feeling for her, and feared for herself. Then, when the mysterious quarrel arose between you and your *fiancé*, I guessed you had come to a knowledge of the truth, and I felt for you heartily. I watched you with the deepest interest, and I understood the fortitude, the faithfulness of a nature that could keep so brave a front as you did. Then I went away; I was glad to go, glad not to be vexed with the presence of a girl I could have loved well had she cared for me; but in my lonely hours at sea I thought oftenest of you. Your cousin's marriage did not surprise me, I knew what the end would be. When I came back I was delighted to find you with my mother. You made her house a real home to me; you were the most interesting companion I had ever had. Your true unaltered affection for your cousin, your supplanter!—the quiet harmony of your life, all were unutterably restful to me; I felt soon that nothing the world could give me would be complete without you—and—speak to me, Laura? I have at times horrible pangs of jealousy when I think that Reginald Piers is still perhaps a rival, or rather the man you thought he was. It makes me savage to think you ever cared for him. If that is all past and gone, might I not be your faithful companion for the rest of our journey?"

"I am greatly startled," she said slowly; "I never dreamed that you cared for me in *this* way. It is sweet to be loved, and I scarce know how the knowledge of your affection will affect me; I confess I do not like to think of your going away, my life will be very dull without you—and if, indeed, I can make you happy, if you are sure you will be satisfied with so poor and insignificant a partner as myself—"

She stopped abruptly, her cheek growing pale, her heart beating painfully, overcome with the mixture of pain, pleasure, remembrance, fear—astonishment that she was on the point of accepting Denzil Crewe.

But he again caught her hand and tenderly kissed it.

"Do not hesitate," he said; "you see how dear you are to me. You have known me intimately, and surely know that I am at all events honest and true; and if hearty love and warmest sympathy can make a woman happy, you will have both. I have spoken abruptly, but it could not be otherwise, you could not understand that I loved you till I told you so; now let me feel that I have a sure anchor—that I may go away, with the blessed hope of finding you when I come home ready to share all the best I can gather together for you."

Laura did not speak for a moment, but she left her hand in his, and he watched her with earnest, eager eyes.

"I think," she said at length, with a sweet hesitation, "that, after all, we ought to make each other happy, for if sympathy and understanding cannot make us mutually helpful, I know not what can."

"You will then promise to be my wife when I return to England—that is, within a year from this day?" said Denzil, still holding her hand and looking at her with all his soul in his eyes.

Laura thought yet a moment; then, raising her eyes to his with a frankness too serious to be shy, said, softly but distinctly, "I will."

Denzil again kissed the hand he held, and pressed it to his heart. "Laura," he exclaimed, and there was a tone of deep controlled emotion in his voice that thrilled her strangely, "you give me new life, new energy."

Neither spoke for a few minutes, both hearts were full, the light of a new, a solemn happiness hushed them, as the stillness of earliest dawn is most profound just before the first songs of greeting burst forth from wood and field.

Then Laura rose, with soft downcast eyes and a changed

expression, as if the rising consciousness of secure happiness shone through the outer shell of her humanity, and imbued it with beauty "that was all from within."

"I cannot paint any more—to-day, at least," she said, and began to collect her painting materials together with trembling hands.

"No; but you can stay a while longer," said Denzil, coming to help her; "I have so much to say. I may find the expected letters which will oblige me to start for Yokohama within a fortnight, on my return. Accounts received, since I last spoke to you of this project, show the necessity of examining into the state of things."

And he proceeded to speak fully of his own plans and prospects; of his hope of an honorable and profitable career; of his regret at the necessity of leaving his now affianced wife for such a length of time (he could not hope to return before twelve months), but his determination to do so because of the advantages to be reaped from his expatriation. Laura felt almost dizzy with the sudden change that a few words had wrought in her life: almost unable to believe that she was calmly discussing a future to be passed with Denzil, who a few hours ago was but a new friend. How wonderfully at home with him she felt! how quietly happy! How every word of his displayed an honest, resolute, kindly nature!

"And how pleased my mother will be," were the concluding words of one sentence.

"Do you really think so?" said Laura, a little uneasily. "I know she is fond of me, and kind to me, but she scarcely thinks any one good enough to be your wife."

"If she be not pleased, she is not the woman I take her for."

"I hope I am not unworthy to be the wife of a good man," said Laura, with gentle dignity. "But your mother might well be excused if she objects to my want of all worldly recommendations."

"My mother knows too well what you can and will be to her son not to welcome you with open arms. *How* wide she will open them," added Denzil, a happy laugh flashing over his brown face, showing his strong white teeth, and sparkling in his large hazel eyes. "Must we go, Laura? It cannot be six o'clock yet!—yes, it is. Come then, before we leave this gate of heaven, give me one kiss, the seal of our betrothal!"

He drew her to him, holding her with a close embrace to his breast, pressing his lips to hers with clinging warmth; then Laura knew his was a lover's kiss, and that she had never felt one before.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE next day was still young, when Denzil broke the news of his engagement to his mother, without any preamble.

Laura had gone to look for a book that the Admiral wanted, and on her return to the sitting-room, where Mrs. Crewe was busy over the week's accounts, Denzil advanced, and taking her hand, exclaimed:

"Mother, Laura and I have a secret to tell you"

"I do not think you have," she returned, shutting her account book with a slap, and coming up to Laura she opened wide her arms. "I am far too experienced a woman of the world not to see how matters were tending. "My love," folding her in a huge embrace, "I receive you as a dear daughter, for I am sure you will make my precious boy happy, and that is more than rank or riches to me. I rejoice on your account too, dear Laura; for I *will* say you are a lucky girl to have won such a heart, such a disposition as my Denzil's."

"Mother!" he exclaimed in a tone of remonstrance.

"Do not interrupt, Denzil—I say no more than I have a right to; you might, I am sure, have chosen whom you liked; but I think you have chosen wisely. God bless you, my dear children; may you be happy in each other!"

And bending down her head on Laura's shoulder, Mrs. Crewe shed a few tears; finally she embraced her son, and sat down declaring that now she felt her task in life was done, as her dear boy had found a suitable partner.

"How will the Admiral take it?" were the next words, with a slight accent of doubt and a look toward her son.

"He has already taken it well and kindly," said Denzil. "I thought it right to ask his consent before speaking to Laura; I feared he might not think me a good enough match for his ward, but—"

"My dear Denzil! I consider you a match for any one," interrupted his mother.

"Others may not take quite your view of the matter," he said, with a smile. "However, I am happy to say he accepted me most kindly, provided I found favor in Laura's eyes; and even did me the honor to express his satisfaction in committing her to my care."

"So well he might," said Mrs. Crewe, emphatically.

All this time Laura had not spoken, and had contented herself with returning her intended mother-in-law's embrace warmly; she now said softly, "Dear Mrs. Crewe, I will try to be a good true daughter to you."

To which that lady replied, "I am quite sure you will, my dear. And now I shall go and talk to the Admiral. I dare say you two are wishing me farther."

"Indeed, indeed we do not!" from Laura.

Mrs. Crewe went on not heeding her, "As it is market day, I will take Mercy with me into the village, and get something nice for dinner, in honor of this joyful occasion. I believe there are pheasants to be had sometimes at the general shop—poached, no doubt, but we need know nothing of that; and perhaps a brill of the boats are in."

"But, my dear mother, I have something more to tell you," interrupted Denzil, "which may not please you so much, though it is good news too," and he proceeded to inform her of the proposal of his firm to dispatch him to Japan, to bring matters there into order, and examine into the suspected malpractices of their agent, and of the various advantages he anticipated would spring therefrom.

At first Mrs. Crewe was irreconcilable, and even shed a few tears; but she gradually came round to her son's representations that a year and three or six months would be the extreme limit of their separation, and then he would really settle down into a stay-at-home "land-lubber" for the rest of his life.

"So you said before, Denzil," she exclaimed, "so you said before, and now you are off again to the other side of the world. What does Laura say to your scheme?"

"That Denzil knows best," she said. "Yet I wish he had not to go."

"It is for the best," he said gravely, "and the sooner the better: for every hour of delay will make our parting more painful."

"When do you expect to know for certain the time you must leave?"

"My week's holiday will end on Monday; I expect to find the letters which will decide everything on Tuesday at the office. I must have a week to prepare, and hope to start with the mail after next—that is in about a fortnight."

"So soon?" cried his mother, while Laura silently pressed the hand that held hers, and the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the Admiral, who gave his cordial assent to the proceedings, and plans and prospects were discussed with friendly frankness.

The few days that intervened before Denzil left them made themselves wings, and fled away with surprising speed. There was an indescribable mellow sweetness in the sober joy that pervaded them: a certainty in the lasting happiness of love so tender and considerate, so gradually matured into

fullest development. In those days Denzil seemed to have suddenly grown one with her—to be friend, brother, lover, all, and more than all. How could she have ever even imagined happiness without him?

Then came a telegram from London, "Letters as expected. Must sail on 27th. Will be with you on Thursday."

This was followed all too quickly by a sudden hasty parting, which seemed to cost the mother more grief and tears than the *fiancée*, who was deeply touched and gratified by the strong feeling betrayed by Denzil in bidding her farewell.

The first few days after Denzil's departure seemed terribly desolate, dreary, and never ending; but the week over, both Mrs. Crewe and Laura felt that the first notch in the tally of coming time was surmounted, and though a trifle, was so much deducted from the total.

Finally the last letter sent ashore with the pilot reached them, and they felt really cut off from the wanderer.

Laura sought solace in earnest work. Mrs. Crewe was too used to these separations not to bear this one with resignation, while the bright future beyond supplied her with an endless source of conjecture and anticipatory arrangement.

She settled where Denzil was to live, the amount of rent he ought to pay, the servants they were to keep, and the parties they were to give. So the hours slipped by, and time, the healer, brought beauty and hope into their lives.

The time came quickly too when they must quit their sweet summer retreat.

Just before she was to leave the Dingle for Leamington Road, Laura had a long letter from Winifrid, dated a week previously from Franzinsbad.

It was written in high spirits. All was well with her and hers. Lady Jervois and Sir Gilbert were with them; "it was such a comfort to have dear Helen with her, particularly as Sir Gilbert was now obliged to have a proper attendant, and did not object to his wife joining in expeditions which cost him nothing. The walks and drives were levelly; the company most amusing; the band excellent; dear Baby blooming; and above all, Reginald was about to be rewarded for his goodness in giving up the partridges at Pierslynn, for a Graf, with many consonants in his name, had invited him to his place near Kaliez in Prussian Poland, where there were forests and game of every kind; so he (Reginald) would take advantage of the presence at Franzinsbad of his sister and her husband to leave Winnie in their care. On his return they would bend their steps homeward, traveling by easy stages, and probably would reach London toward the end of October."

This letter gave Laura sincere pleasure, and extracts from it formed a large item in the epistle she was compiling in time for the next mail, in order that Denzil should have home news as soon as possible after his arrival at his destination.

After all, it was cheerful, now that the gray autumnal days drew in so early, to return to the comfortable London home.

Mrs. Crewe was very busy indeed for some time, regulating and replacing everything in its original order.

"Do you know, Laura, I do not think Mrs. Ritson has been judicious in her treatment of Collins," she would say during her many pauses for rest and conversation, when she would enter and sit down in the dining-room, duster in hand. "I had to call her three times just now before she came, and then she said she did not hear because she had turned on the water tap, which is nonsense, and impertinent; I must really put her in her place again. I doubt, too, if she was as kind to Topsy as she pretends. Mrs. Ritson was greatly taken with the dear cat; but I suspect she did not owe much to Collins; I never saw anything like the delight of the darling beauty when she first saw me, the way she purred and rubbed her head against me was positively touching," etc.

So they settled down into their old system of life. Laura soon found plenty of work, and watched with pride and pleasure the growth of a certain little hoard kept with jealous care. Somehow or other, whether it was that an assured future gave cheerful firmness to her manners, or settled happiness a bolder turn to thought and touch, success seemed to come at her call; so she waited patiently, though not without a certain dread, for the return of Reginald and his wife to London.

The Admiral, for some unexplained reason, was less occupied with the Christian Brethren and Mount Moriah than formerly. Mrs. Crewe accounted for this by supposing that the dear Admiral's natural good sense and knowledge of the higher class of society had at length surmounted his acquired fanaticism. Laura expressed no opinion, but suspected that her guardian was in some mysterious way short of funds; she was therefore doubly grateful to the Providence that had so shaped her course that she was now very nearly, if not quite, self-sustaining.

Herbert Fielden, who was working, as arranged by his brother, in an office previous to going out to join him in Bombay, was a frequent visitor during the months he was in London, and Laura was surprised and pleased to find him companionable and not without observation.

They sometimes took a walk together of a fine Sunday, when he used to talk very confidentially. He had not forgotten his strong liking for Denzil, and their conversation often turned upon him; but, in accordance with her own and Denzil's wish, Mrs. Crewe had agreed to keep their engagement a secret until his return from Japan. Nevertheless the boy's *penchant* gave an interest to their intercourse and drew them together.

Herbert also in his confidential talk frequently let fall crumbs of information touching Madame Moseynski which surprised and disturbed his hearer. The fair Pole was a great favorite with the unsophisticated boy. "Doesn't she ride and play cards; I can tell you she is more than a match for any of the men at Pierslynn. She was awfully kind to me—indeed I think she took rather a fancy to me—and taught me no end of games. She is a tremendous politician too, always plotting against Russia. Mrs. Piers is very fond of her; she was in great hopes of converting her to Protestantism this summer, only she was obliged to go abroad so suddenly."

"Has she gone abroad?" cried Laura. "Where?"

"I don't know. There was some plot on foot in Germany. I think; so she went to help it. She is an extraordinary woman."

This conversation took place at the end of October, and about a fortnight after Herbert came in to tell his friends at Leamington Road that he had received an urgent summons from his brother, who had found a berth for him in the house of a friend, and to consult with the Admiral as to the preparations requisite for his start, money matters, etc.

Laura could see that the inability to contribute his share to Herbert's outfit was a keen mortification to the Admiral. "I feel most severely that I trusted too much to my own strength and rejected competent advice, when I embarked in that unfortunate Hungarian undertaking. Having assumed the place of guardian to you and your young cousins in a parental sense, I should have been more cautious; indeed mere mortal foresight is exceedingly imperfect, and the strange perversions of the human heart are not to be fathomed; still to live in a constant state of doubt and suspicion is to neutralize all power of doing good."

He sighed deeply, and gazed away toward the window with the painful perplexed look that always touched Laura.

"Dearest guardian, if you would only think more of your-

self, your own wants and rights, you would be better and happier; the only living thing you are hard to is yourself. As for us we are all well provided for now; do not trouble any more about us; it will now be our duty and happiness to take care of you."

"Ay! how differently matters are arranged for us, compared with our own designs. But I feel at rest as concerns you, dear Laura, and believe your lot, if humble, will be a happy one. Winnie's is a more brilliant and a more trying position. I trust she knows where to find strength. Have you heard from her lately?"

"Not for more than a month. I suppose she is on her way home. I expect her next letter will say when we may expect to see her."

The Admiral so far opened his heart to Laura after Herbert had left them, the evening that his immediate departure for India had been decided on.

As is sometimes the case, after speculating about a letter it arrives—the next morning brought a brief epistle from Winnie dated from Vienna.

From it Laura gathered that a previous letter must have gone astray, as, after some account of the baby whom she did not think quite so well as he had been at Franzinsbad, she went on—"I am weary waiting for a letter from you; you know there is no one on earth I rely on like yourself. If you cease to care for me, what is left? and you may judge from my last how happy I have been since poor Helen left!"

"Sir Gilbert is really wonderfully better—is it not strange how disagreeable, unnecessary people are spared, and sympathetic, kind ones, like the dear father, are swept away?"

"To think that it is little more than two years and a half since we were left desolate at Dresden! I seem to have lived through two lives!"

After a slight sketch of what she had seen in Vienna, she wrote, "I find my German very useful, some of the 'Grandes Dames' whose husbands Reginald met in his hunting expeditions at Kaliez have called. They are amiable and civil, and delighted that I can speak with them in their own tongue. But I do not interest myself much in anything. I long to be back in England, and shall not soon leave it again. Baby must be a true English boy. I have no idea when we shall start on our homeward way—not for a week or ten days. Reginald is well amused, and has many Austrian friends. He has asked half the 'curled darlings' of the turf set here to Pierslynn for Christmas."

"Imagine how surprised and pleased we were to meet Colonel Bligh the other day in the Prater. He seemed like an old friend; he has been with us every day since, and is really quite a comfort to me. Write to me at once, dearest Laura, that I may have your letter before I leave."

This communication made Laura profoundly uneasy. Something had gone wrong; and all she could hope was that she should soon see the writer and have the satisfaction of a thoroughly confidential talk.

Meantime, she was very busy helping Herbert with his outfit and preparations, in which she received much assistance from Mrs. Crewe. She felt deeply parting with the bright, good-humored boy, whose youthful selfishness at least never wounded. He was one more link severed of the chain which bound her to the past. In another month a change still greater would probably take place—when she had revealed her knowledge to Reginald, then, indeed, "all things would become new."

CHAPTER XLIII.

HERBERT had gone. The dull and shortening days of November were gliding fast away. Laura's working hours were unavoidably restricted; yet the number of her pupils increased, and, but for her uneasiness respecting Winnie and the dread

with which she anticipated her *dénouement* with Reginald, the somber season would have been very happy, with peace in the present and hope in the future.

As it was, nothing could long cloud the lasting joy with which she looked forward to her union with Denzil, and she proved a most willing and sympathetic listener to Mrs. Crewe's various and rambling recollections of her son's childhood, youth, and adolescence.

Meanwhile Winnie did not write, and the only news Laura received of her was from the dowager Mrs. Piers, who came up to town for a few days' shopping and called upon Laura. She said her son and his wife had left Vienna and intended to return by Munich and Nuremberg to Paris, where they would probably make a short stay; that Winnie was a very bad correspondent, and that she (Mrs. Piers) feared her daughter-in-law was subject to nervous attacks, similar to what had almost cost her her life last spring.

"I am sure there could not be a more amiable, easily pleased creature than young Mrs. Piers during the months she passed in my house," said Mrs. Crewe, who assisted in a stately manner at this interview. She had an unavowed antipathy to Mrs. Piers, and rather enjoyed contradicting her. "Perfectly reasonable and unselfish; and I must say it is not every man who has Mr. Piers' luck, and can pick up a pearl as soon as he throws away a diamond."

"Really, dear Mrs. Crewe, you are quite poetical," said Mrs. Piers, taking refuge in lofty coldness against this masked battery. "Pray, Laura, do you know if Mrs. Trent is in town?"

"She was not when I called there about ten days ago, but was expected this week, I think."

"I should like to have seen her before I leave. I am going to Westmoreland the day after to-morrow. Poor Sir Gilbert is far from well; he has fallen back a good deal since they left Franzinsbad. Helen is very anxious I should go to her."

"Very natural," said Mrs. Crewe, with an air of approbation that irritated Mrs. Piers. "There can be no comforter in trouble like a mother."

"Of course," returned Mrs. Piers. "Pray, Laura, how is your excellent guardian?"

Laura made a suitable reply, and then asked the date of Winnie's last letter to her mother-in-law.

"Oh, I have not heard from her since just after Helen left them; then she wrote a rather hasty, imprudent letter. But I am no mischief-maker, and I never intend to say a word about it to Reginald—poor fellow! he has his troubles, fair though his lot may seem. God forbid I should increase his irritation."

Laura's heart beat high at these words. She longed to ask Mrs. Piers boldly if the letter touched on Madame Moscyński; but the dread of Mrs. Crewe's eager curiosity and endless comments held her back. She could not expose this spot upon Winnie's bright seeming of prosperity and success to the uncompromising investigation of such eyes as her future mother-in-law's.

"You surprise me," she said quietly. "Winnie used to be the best-tempered and least exacting of mortals, and always seemed to appreciate you sincerely. At this distance one cannot understand how things really are, or what misunderstandings may exist. I cannot believe that she wrote hastily to you without at least thinking she had good cause."

"You are very loyal, Laura. I cannot enter into particulars now; but you would be surprised if I did; at any rate, I shall be as well pleased to be in the North when they pass through London. Indeed, I am very anxious about Sir Gilbert; and though his estate, being entailed, must go to that cousin of his, Captain Howard Jervois, there will be large savings for Sybil, and one never knows how so crotchety a man may dispose of them. He has made about four wills

already, and may make four more. The Jervois' jointure is miserably insufficient; but most men think women can live upon air."

"Exactly so," remarked Mrs. Crewe, who was burning to know what *embrouillement* lay hidden under Mrs. Piers' mysterious hint. "There is no better test of a man's principles and sense of justice than the way in which he disposes of his property."

"No doubt," returned Mrs. Piers, rising. "I really must go," as if they were making violent efforts to keep her. "I have a hundred and one things to do before dinner. And you do not think there is any use in my going to call on the Trents? Good-morning, Mrs. Crewe; good-morning, Laura; my best regards to the Admiral," etc., etc.

"Well, Laura, you may say what you like," said Mrs. Crewe, with much decision, as that young lady returned from seeing Mrs. Piers to the door: "but I consider it a downright misfortune to have such a mother-in-law. She is a disagreeable, conceited, cross-grained cat, and Winnie deserved a better fate than to fall into such hands. She will just make mischief between husband and wife. Tell me, my dear, what do you think she was driving at about the 'hasty letter'? I hope Winnie gave it to her properly, for she has a spirit of her own. And to hear her speculating on her son-in-law's will before the breath is out of his body—it is really shocking! What do you think she meant Laura—I mean about the letter?"

"I cannot imagine: some trifle, I dare say. But I really thought Winnie was on very good terms with Mrs. Piers; she always seemed very nice toward her. I do not suppose there is much the matter."

"I am not so sure," said Mrs. Crewe, with a profound air. "We all know that from small beginnings noble structures rise—I do not mean that exactly, but you know what I mean. Ah, my dear Laura, I am glad to think that you will have a very different mother-in-law and a very different husband, though he may not have a grand place and five thousand a year."

"So am I, dear Mrs. Crewe," said Laura, with a bright smile. "Not that I believe Reginald is a bad husband—I am sure he adores Winnie; but I *shall* be glad to have a good long talk with her when she comes."

"Ah, that shows me you do not think all is gold that glitters, in her case. I know life too well to be easily deceived. Well, well, time will show."

Laura's uneasiness took larger and more indefinite proportions after this conversation. She feared she knew not what, yet all her forebodings centered round the graceful image of Madame Moscyński. Where had she gone when she cut short her visit to Dairysford, and left her uncle's house without a mistress? What was the source of that mysterious allusion in Winnie's last letter, "You may judge how happy I have been?" It would soon be three weeks since she had written, and still no reply. Every morning she came down, hoping to find a foreign letter awaiting her on the breakfast table, and every morning she was disappointed. So she tried to persuade herself that no news was good news, and that if Winnie were in grief or difficulty she would infallibly turn to her early friend.

Thus a certain degree of assurance crept over her, and she waited with renewed patience the moment that was to explain all.

One afternoon in the last week of November, Laura had reached home after a long morning's walk, having two classes in different schools to attend to on that day. It was dull and cold, and snow had begun to fall before she reached home. With a pleasant sense of labor accomplished and rest earned, Laura changed her dress and removed her damp

boots, intending to allow herself an hour's congenial reading of an article on Art in the *Fortnightly*, as soon as Mrs. Crewe would allow the lamp to be lit, until which time she had her knitting for which she required hardly any light.

The dining-room was unoccupied when she entered, save by Topsy, who was sleeping in a favorite arm-chair; a good fire glowed and gleamed in the grate, contrasting pleasantly with the gloom and slow-falling snowflakes outside. The room, though neither richly nor abundantly furnished, had an air of comfort and refinement.

"I wonder where Mrs. Crewe is," thought Laura, as she drew a low easy-chair near the fire, and looked round for her work-basket. She had come in with a latch-key, and had not seen any one; she had knocked at the Admiral's door, and receiving no answer concluded that he too was out. "I hope he has his umbrella and *cache-nez*," was her next reflection, as she walked to a table in the opposite corner where she described her basket. "He is not nearly so strong as he was last winter."

As she put out her hand to take her work she noticed that a small card lay beside it, and on it was printed the words "Colonel Courtney Bligh, Junior United Service Club."

Laura stood still for a moment or two gazing at this morsel of pasteboard lost in conjecture. What could have induced a man of his style, habits, ideas, to call upon her? She was utterly out of his line. Nothing short of a direct commission from Winnie could have sent him so far from his usual haunts as Leamington Road.

Still holding the card, Laura took her knitting and returned to her chair. How vexed she was to have missed him! She was inclined to write him a note, asking if he had any special commission from Winnie, and appointing a time to receive him if he had. While she mused, Mrs. Crewe came in—Mrs. Crewe in one of her best caps, a lace fichu, and her gold *châtelaine* was at her side, certain indications that some one or something unusual was expected.

"Oh! you have found the card, have you?" she exclaimed as she entered. "Who is he, my dear? I never heard of him before."

"He is a friend of Reginald and Winnie's, I have met him with them. I suppose he has some message for me."

"Collins says he is a 'grand gentleman,' and came up in a hansom. I had gone round to the butcher. I must really leave those people, Laura—the leg of mutton this morning was quite two ounces short weight. I just begged them to remember that I have scales in my kitchen—and don't you ever be without them, my dear, when you have one. What was I saying? Oh, yes, I had just gone round to the butcher's, and when I came in I found Collins open-mouthed about this 'grand gentleman,' as if she did not see the most perfect of gentlemen every day of her life. It must have been about one o'clock. He was dreadfully disappointed not to find you, and asked when you would be in, and when Collins said at three she thought, he said he would call about that time, as he wished particularly to see you. So I have put myself a little to rights, as I do not think it quite the thing for you to receive a man of that description by yourself."

"Thank you," said Laura, mechanically, while she ran over a wide range of possibilities in her mind as to the motive of this visit. She was startled and full of a fearful looking-for of evil, and while she pondered, and Mrs. Crewe swept to and fro, putting the chimney ornaments straight, brushing up the fireplace, etc., a loud ring set Laura's heart beating; the next moment Collins opened the dining-room door, saying in an audible voice, "The gentleman for Miss Piers, m'," calling forth an indignantly murmured "ill-mannered creature," from Mrs. Crewe; and Colonel Bligh entered with the indescribable ease and courteous bearing at

once simple and unassuming which mark a man of the world accustomed to associate on terms of equality with men of all grades.

A tall, well-set-up man, with a somewhat soldierly carriage, and aquiline nose, light brown short crisp hair, and long red mustache, light eyes of no special color, watchful and variable in expression, but looking you honestly in the face.

A rough warm morning suit of incomparable fit, faultless gloves and boots, completed the figure that stood bowing before Laura.

"I am very sorry I was not at home when you called this morning, to save you the trouble of coming again," said Laura, smiling and coloring slightly.

"It is no trouble to me," returned Colonel Bligh, in a wonderfully soft voice for so big a man. "I have stayed in town to-day expressly to see you."

"Indeed! Let me introduce you to Mrs. Crewe."

Another deep bow, and then Colonel Bligh took the seat indicated to him, and, glancing quickly at Mrs. Crewe, said in his usual quiet tone, "I saw our friends in Paris yesterday, and I promised Mrs. Piers to see you."

"Ah! how is she?" cried Laura, her eyes lighting up. "She has not written for such a long time!"

"Why, that is her complaint against you! I told her I thought there was a mistake somewhere."

"She has not written to me since they left Vienna."

"That's strange," said Colonel Bligh, looking straight into the fire. "Then you do not know that the little fellow, the baby, is ill."

"I had no idea of it."

"How extraordinary," exclaimed Mrs. Crewe, who had arranged herself imposingly in an arm-chair. "I assure you, Colonel Bligh, young Mrs. Piers and Laura were always like sisters. Indeed, so long as she was in my house we were like one family, and a very happy family—though I say it."

"No doubt," said he, politely. "I have often heard Mrs. Piers speak of her stay with you; and as to Miss Piers, it is a regular case of Orestes and Pylades, by Jove! Well, I am sorry to say the little fellow is *very* ill; I had not seen Mrs. Piers for two or three days, so yesterday I called to say good-bye. She came down and asked me to see you, and say she had written to beg you to come to her if you could, as she was so alone. You see a man is of little or no use in such a case. I do not think Mrs. Piers has any intimates in Paris—except, of course, Madame Moscynski."

"Madame Moscynski!" repeated Laura, feeling stupefied with sudden sense of evil.

"Ah! Princess Moscynski," said Mrs. Crewe, with an ineffable air. "A very charming person."

"Exceedingly charming," returned Colonel Bligh, slightly elevating his eyebrows, "but not exactly—a—sick nurse."

"What!" cried Laura. "Did Winnie want me to help her with the baby?"

"So I understood; and I think she was considerably cut up that you neither wrote nor came."

"Come! Oh, I am ready to start now! Do tell me the truth—is Winnie very, very unhappy?"

"She is of course anxious and uneasy," returned Colonel Bligh, with another glance at Mrs. Crewe, who had risen to ring the bell. Laura was silent, thinking "He has more to tell me—but does not like to speak out."

"Really, the negligence of servants is intolerable," cried Mrs. Crewe; "I must call to Collins to bring the lamp," and she moved towards the door. Colonel Bligh started to his feet first to open and then to close it carefully after her; returning to the fireplace, he stood looking down into Laura's face with a keener look than she thought his face could assume, and pulling his long mustache.

"I scarcely know the exact scope of my instructions," he said after an instant's pause, "but I think I may venture to say that if you really care about your cousin, now is the time to be with her—no one ever wanted help and sympathy more! Go to her at once, if you possibly can. When you reach Paris you will see how matters are, and your sense and tact—you see I have heard a good deal of you—may put them straight, if it is still to be done."

"I will go at once," said Laura, pressing her hand on her heart, yet speaking with grave composure. "But, Colonel Bligh—ask me—suggest it before Mrs. Crewe solely on account of the baby."

He bent his head, and before he could speak again Mrs. Crewe re-entered, "We shall have light in a moment," she said. "Pray sit down, Colonel Bligh; do not run away so soon, you have not told us half the news."

"Thank you, I have just ventured to urge Miss Piers to start as soon as possible. Mrs. Piers wrote last Friday, nearly a week ago, and is almost stupefied by disappointment at receiving no answer. The child is in a very critical state, and she is alone."

"Certainly, I am sure dear Laura will go. The Admiral can have no objection. It is shocking weather for traveling. When the dear infant is better, it will be interesting to see Paris."

"When can you start?" asked Colonel Bligh, who seemed restless, earnest, and altogether unlike the careless, jovial man-about-town Laura took him for."

"It is nearly four o'clock," she said, rising to look at the pendule as Collins entered with the lamp. "There is an evening train, is there not, by Folkestone and Boulogne?"

"The tidal train leaves Charing Cross at eight-thirty this evening," returned Colonel Bligh, with suspicious readiness, "and allowing for stoppages you will reach Paris about nine to-morrow morning."

"This evening!" almost screamed Mrs. Crewe. "It is impossible. You cannot pack up in the time; and that tiresome woman has not sent home your new winter dress; and no one to see you off, or to escort you. Excuse me, Colonel Bligh—but this dear girl is *especially* under my care. I could not let her travel alone."

"Dear Mrs. Crewe, there is no help for it. I must go—I will start by the tidal train this evening, Colonel Bligh."

"If you will allow me, I will be at the station to see you off, and put you in charge of the guard. There is really nothing to fear from such a journey, Mrs. Crewe. Ladies' cabins and compartments, all the way through. Examination of baggage a mere farce, especially at this season. Here is the address. Piers has put up at a private hotel not known to the general horde of English travelers—Hotel St. R—, Rue de Pyramides; but I will give you full directions when we meet this evening."

"Thank you very much."

"But Laura, my dear, I cannot—"

"I will leave this house at seven to insure being in good time," continued Laura, laying her hand kindly, but imperatively, on Mrs. Crewe's.

"You really are a trump," cried Colonel Bligh. "I told her you would come, though I felt by no means sure."

"How could she doubt me?" said Laura.

"Your silence," began the Colonel; then interrupting himself, "but I will not stay to prevent your preparations. You will find me waiting you at Charing Cross somewhere about eight to eight-fifteen."

"Will you telegraph to Winnie that I am coming?" asked Laura.

"Telegraph?"—a moment's hesitation—"yes, yes, of course I'll telegraph. And now I will wish you good evening. Do not be uneasy, Mrs. Crewe; I assure you there is

no difficulty whatever on so much traveled a route. I would offer to escort Miss Piers myself if I thought there was."

"I have not the slightest hesitation about traveling alone."

"We must abide by what the Admiral says," added Mrs. Crewe.

"Good-bye then for the present."

"Good-evening, Colonel Bligh."

"Gracious goodness, Laura!" exclaimed Mrs. Crewe, the instant they were alone. "This is really a wild-goose chase. I am sure no one feels more for poor dear Winnie than I do, for I well know what it is to lose a precious infant, though I am thankful now to think they are safe from the miseries of this wicked world. But she has her husband, and a first-rate nurse, and everything money can buy. Why she wants to race you off in the snow and cold and wretchedness of a bad November I cannot understand—just the selfishness of prosperity. She never sends for you except when she is in trouble, never for pleasure or company."

"Dearest Mrs. Crewe," interrupted Laura, who had seated herself at that lady's devonport and was scribbling rapidly, "what money have you in the house—can you spare me three pounds?"

"Yes. I can do that much. But how do you think Denzil would like your gallivanting off in this, this wild manner? Really, Laura, you ought to consider—"

"I have no fear of Denzil's disapprobation. He would be the first to start me off. Will you kindly see to these notes being posted, and—"

"Oh yes, of course. Really, the headstrong self-will of young people is amazing—you do not pay the smallest attention to my remonstrances; you have just lost your head, Laura. And what will you travel in? Your waterproof is quite shabby, and your winter jacket a last year's concern, and to go among these grand high flying people in your old things, shows, I think, a little want of proper spirit."

"Dear kind friend," cried Laura, starting up and throwing her arms round her, "do not contradict me; my whole heart is bent on this journey, and when I return I shall have so much to tell you."

"Well, well," returned Mrs. Crewe, always mollified by a hug and a kiss, "I am a fool about you, Laura, you do what you like with me. Be sure you wrap up well. To think of your being out on the stormy sea all alone in the dark; and as ill luck will have it I have not a morsel of anything in the house to make sandwiches of. I will send Collins out for half a pound of ham this moment."

Mrs. Crewe hastened in search of Collins, and thenceforward became most active in furthering Laura's preparations, albeit complaining all the time.

About five the Admiral came in, and Laura ran up to his room to explain matters. He was a good deal exercised by this sudden change of front, and, like Mrs. Crewe, raised many objections to Laura's traveling alone. But something in her ardent resolution, the controlled eagerness, the tender haste which pervaded her manner, carried him away also; and a little past seven o'clock, she found herself ready for the road, her portmanteau packed, her traveling-bag replenished, and her purse sufficiently fortified, while Collins stood in her bonnet and shawl, as she had come from fetching a cab, at the front door.

The Admiral had almost put on his coat to accompany his ward to the station, but she dissuaded him eagerly. Reginald's friend, Colonel Bligh, had promised to meet her and do all that was needful; the Admiral need not run the risk of taking cold while waiting for an omnibus, nor the expense of a cab to return.

She was feverishly anxious to have a few uninterrupted words with Colonel Bligh, who impressed her as knowing

more than he liked to say. But at last she was off, escaped from the Admiral's last injunctions, from Mrs. Crewe's voluminous embrace.

She was not nervous or cast down, rather strung to courage and composure; she felt in some impressive unreasoning way that the moment of action was close at hand, and that all uncertainty would soon be at an end. If only she could spare Winnie some suffering, if she could save Reginald's reputation.

Lost in active thought, the long drive from Westbourne Park to Charing Cross seemed quickly accomplished, and it was with a sense of comfort and protection she recognized Colonel Bligh standing among the porters at the entrance of the station.

"You are quite up to time, Miss Piers," he exclaimed, as he handed her out and gave her luggage to an already subsidised porter. "We will get your ticket and see the luggage weighed, then I shall have a few minutes to speak to you."

This accomplished, he led Laura to a remote sofa in the general waiting-room. "I am greatly relieved to see you fairly on your way to Mrs. Piers," he said; "she wants you terribly. By the way, I did *not* telegraph."

"Why?" asked Laura, with an odd feeling that she knew he would not.

"Oh, well, I had my reasons. It would not hasten your arrival, and she will perhaps be less disturbed. But tell me, do you *know* Madame Moscynski?"

"Very little."

"Do you admire her?"

"No. I have a curious feeling of unreasonable repugnance to her."

"Ha! Then I suppose she will not bamboozle you, and I need not be afraid to say that she is the devil's own *intrigante*. In short, I do not understand her myself. I am not strait-laced, but there are certain things I cannot swallow. You will judge for yourself, however; and—and—I say—Miss Piers, would you mind writing me a line?—to the club, you know—just to say how you find Mrs. Piers is going on. I saw a good deal of her at Vienna, and, by Jove! she is an angel! I never met a woman like her. You will not mind sending me word if the little fellow pulled through?"

"I will write to you if you wish," returned Laura, unhesitatingly; "but I hope you will see us all soon in London."

"So do I. I wish Piers had some friend who could just put him straight, or say a 'word in season,' as the parsons call it."

"Could you not offer him the advice you think he needs?" said Laura, looking curiously at him.

"Who? Me? No, by Jove! I am the last person he would listen to, but—"

"Now then for the Folkestone train!" cried a porter, putting his head into the waiting-room.

"Give me your bag, Miss Piers; will you not have a glass of sherry? Get you one in a moment, lots of time."

Laura declined. So Colonel Bligh placed her carefully in the carriage, seeing that the foot warmer *was* warm, that her shawls and wraps were comfortably arranged, and then held a private conference with the guard, who came to the carriage and promised most emphatically to "look after the young lady." Then the whistle sounded, Colonel Bligh shook Laura's hand cordially and said, "You will be sure to write," stepped back and raised his hat, as the train moved out of the station at rapidly increasing speed, dashing away into darkness and the unknown future.

Busy thought and the patience of a strong spirit rendered the journey less tedious and fatiguing than she expected; the diminished number of passengers at that untoward season made the few difficulties of the well-worn route less difficult.

A last, in the dim cold light of a drizzling morning, Laura found herself at the "Gare du Nord," somewhat puzzled and stunned by the vociferations of guards, douaniers, porters and cochers, in a tongue which, however well known grammatically was orally unfamiliar.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LONDON is not so much spoiled by gloom, damp, and drizzle as Paris. To the beautiful *riant* capital of "la belle France" sunshine is essential, and bad weather mars her loveliness, as a fit of the sulks or a burst of shrewish temper spoils the fair face of a pretty woman; whereas London, throbbing with the strong pulse of business life, sombre, mighty, loses little of its characteristics in an "even downpour," a shroud of fog, or a shower of sleet.

Paris had been to Laura, as it is to most vivid imaginations, the object of many a day-dream. To see that queen of cities, to wander through her galleries and museums, to visit the various scenes of the mighty drama enacted there nearly a hundred years ago, when the new era then inaugurated was brought forth in the desperate throes of more than one generation and baptized with fire and blood, had long been a cherished desire; and here she was driving over the wet, slippery asphalt pavement, scarcely conscious that she was in the famous city, so absorbed was she by the idea that in a few minutes more she would see Winifrid, her pupil of early days, her *protégée*, her friend, her rival, her always earnestly loved Winnie. In what plight should she find her? and how should she be received by Reginald?

The way seemed endless, and she felt faint with apprehension and excitement when the *fiacre* drew up at the entrance of a hotel near the Tuileries Gardens.

The establishment was *en papillotes* at that early hour; two *garçons* in their shirt-sleeves were sweeping the entrance hall and stairs, a lady in a dressing-gown was looking through a huge account-book in the bureau, and a newsboy, with a huge bundle of papers under his arm, was talking to a stout man of imposing appearance who had not yet found time to shave. This last personage approached the *fiacre* as it stopped opposite the entrance, and in answer to Laura's questions replied, "Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Piers and suite were in the house; but they were not yet visible: indeed he feared Mrs. Piers could not see any one. A great misfortune had just happened, the poor little baby died the night before last, and madame was inconsolable."

"The baby dead!" cried Laura, overpowered by this news. "This is terrible! Tell Farrar, tell Mrs. Piers' maid that I am here, and let me have a room as near Mrs. Piers as possible." She gave the head-waiter, as this personage proved to be, a card with which she had provided herself.

"Ah! *Mees* Piers," said the man, reading her name. "Oh! pardon, mademoiselle, *par ici*, this way, mademoiselle," and he led up more than one flight of stairs to a rather dingy, but well furnished bedroom. "I will call the *femme de chambre*, and have a fire lit. What will mademoiselle take for breakfast?"

"Thank you. I must see Farrar before anything."

"I will send for her at once: she is not yet up."

While he went away Laura removed her hat and cloak, and gazed with tear dimmed eyes at the *femme de chambre*, lighting up the fire.

The poor dear little baby dead! The tender life but scarce begun so soon cut short. What a blow to Winifrid! Surely such a grief would draw Reginald closer to the bereaved young mother! She waited with infinite impatience until the lady's maid should make her appearance, and noted in a vague, half unconscious way the foreign look of the room and its furniture, the heavy velvet-covered sofa and fauteuils, the lace

curtains hung close against the glass of the windows, the tall vases and pendule on the mantel-shelf which almost obscured the looking-glass, the stiff, uninhabited aspect of the apartment. All sense of personal strangeness and isolation were swallowed up in her profound compassion for Winnie.

At last the door opened to admit the maid. "Oh, Farrar!" cried Laura, running to her, and taking her hand. Then she stopped and could not bring out another word.

"Indeed, Miss Piers. I am glad you have come; my poor dear mistress did so watch for you. Ah, she is quite broken-hearted! She just sat like a statue all yesterday; we could hardly get the dead baby out of her arms. I persuaded her to go to bed last night after Mr. Piers left her. Now she is sleeping at last, and I must not wake her; but it will be a comfort to her to find you here."

"Oh, no, do not disturb her. I am so terribly grieved for her and the poor dear little baby."

"And he had grown such a fine fellow—such a beauty! Ah, Miss Piers, it is not for me to speak, but we have been all wrong since that—that Madame Moszynski turned up at Franzinsbad. I never could abide her, and Nurse, she thinks no one ever was so grand and good, and what not; but she is rather an ignorant woman is Nurse. You must have some breakfast, ma'am. I ought to have thought of it before, after such a journey too."

"I do not feel as if I could eat, but get me a cup of coffee and a morsel of bread while I wait."

"Yes, ma'am, I will see to it. Oh, how I wish you had been with my poor mistress when baby began to get bad!"

"There was some mistake about the letter," began Laura, but a sudden fit of caution seized her and she stopped, some unaccountable divination suggested silence as to Colonel Bligh's intervention.

"Then you did not get it in time?" said Farrar, pausing at the door, with a somewhat anxious look in her face.

"No, or I should have been here before."

"That is odd," said Farrar, and left the room.

While making a hasty toilet, drinking her coffee, and striving to swallow a mouthful or two, Laura thought intensely. She felt instinctively there was a delicate and difficult task before her; that she must be firm and cautious, but fearless. Farrar's words suggested mischief, all the more threatening for its vagueness.

But Farrar soon returned. "Yes, 'm," she cried, "Mrs. Piers is awake, and is just all of a tremble with pleasure at hearing you have arrived; do come, 'm!"

Laura started up, and the next moment crossed the threshold of her cousin's room.

Winnie stood in the middle of it, wrapped in a long dressing-gown of white cashmere and lace, her abundant nut-brown hair all disordered and hanging loose, deadly pale, her large blue eyes dilated with a strange, strained, almost stern look, inexpressibly painful to Laura, who, by one of those curious fantasies of memory, was carried back by Winnie's dress and attitude to a morning years past, when she was the sunny darling, the spoilt pet of the house, the willful, generous, whimsical, tender dictator of the family. She had come to show her first dressing-gown to her mother, and, to prove that it was not too long, had drawn herself up with dramatic dignity. The contrast of the "now" and "then" was too painful, Laura's heart swelled with unspeakable compassion. "Winnie, dear, dear Winnie!" was all she could say, as she threw her arms round her.

Winifrid was very still; she slowly raised her hands and clasped them round Laura's neck, resting her head on her shoulder. "You could not come before?" she said with a deep sigh.

Glancing round to assure herself that they were alone, Laura exclaimed, "I never had your letter, Winnie—never

knew anything of your sore trouble till yesterday, when Colonel Bligh called. I came as quickly as I could."

"I knew he would not fail me, nor you either," she paused, and Laura felt her clasp tighten and her heart beat vehemently. "What shall I do, Laura? What shall I do? I have nothing left."

"How do you mean, dearest? Yes, of course, you feel desolate now; but in time you will gather strength. Time will bring consolation."

"You do not know—you cannot know," resumed the poor young mother. "Ah, Laura, he was so sweet! he began to know me so well; and he had Reginald's eyes—the Reginald I used to love and that loved me!"

"And does love you," said Laura, looking down anxiously into the poor dry strained eyes, feeling alarmed by her feverishness. "Lie down again, dear Winnie, and I will watch by you. You are worn out, you scarce know what you are saying; a few hours' sleep would do you so much good."

"Sleep! I never thought I should sleep again, but I did; I have only just woke up, and everything seems worse. I do not want to sleep, or rather, I wish I might never wake. But come and see the last of my poor little baby," and letting Laura go she opened a door which led into the child's room.

He lay so softly fair, in the satin-lined coffin, that but for the pallor of the still rounded cheek, he might have been in the profound sleep of infancy.

Laura's eyes welled over as she gazed at the little marble face so happy in its expression of intense repose. "It is my last look," said the mother, still tearless, with a strange composed voice. "The people will soon be here to take him away—away forever! they take away the dead so soon here."

"Oh, Winnie, dear Winnie," cried Laura again, clasping her in her arms, "it is terrible to see you like this! If our good kind mother could look upon you now, how heart-broken she would be! she loved you so much."

Something in the allusion touched a tenderer chord than had yet been struck. Winifrid shivered all through her frame, her bosom heaved with a mighty sob, and then the blessed tears forced their way in a thunder shower as she burst into an agony of weeping, trembling so violently that Laura was frightened, and half led, half supported her into her own room. Then when the first force of this torrent of grief passed over, she persuaded her to lie down again, promising to watch over her while she slept, and rang for Farrar to assist her mistress.

When the long agony of weeping had subsided, and Laura thought the mourner had dropped off to sleep, she said softly to Farrar, "Where is Mr. Piers?" Winifrid turned immediately.

"He is not up yet, I think," she said; "he has not been well;" then she closed her eyes, and lay quite motionless, and to all appearance sleeping, but from time to time a quivering sigh heaved her bosom; at last that too ceased, her features relaxed, and real sleep stole over her.

Laura still kept watch, very weary, and feeling sure there was much more to hear. The sort of speechless despair in Winifrid's face when she first saw her made a profound impression on her loving friend. And where was Reginald? surely it must be a very serious illness that could keep him from his wife's side at such a time! True, there was the funeral of his little son—that must have taken him away.

How would he greet her? she had an instinctive presentiment he would not be pleased at her coming. But that was nothing to her, she knew; she felt her mission was to protect Winnie, to bind up whatever link was broken between the husband and wife. Thinking thus, round and round the same circle, Laura leaned back in the deep low chair by Winnie's bed and for a time lost consciousness.

She was roused by Winnie turning restlessly and murmuring in her sleep; then she called "Laura" sharply, and woke up suddenly completely. "What o'clock is it, dear Laura?"

"A few minutes past eleven."

"Ah! then he is quite gone! If I had not slept I might have had one more look at that sweet little face. But he was to have been taken away at half-past nine; do ring for Farrar, she will tell;" a fresh burst of tears, this time gentler and quieter, interrupted her.

"Ah, Farrar!" she exclaimed, as her maid came in, "have they taken him away?"

"Yes, ma'am, nearly an hour ago," replied Farrar, soothingly.

"Then it is indeed all over!" cried Winifrid, burying her face in the pillow, while convulsive sobs shook her frame. Farrar brought eau de cologne and water and bathed her temples, and tried to administer consolation of the ordinary kind. At last her mistress said hastily, "Thank you, Farrar, you are very kind, you may go now;" then as she left the room she again stretched out her hand for Laura's, "you will stay with me," she whispered, "until we go back to England, at all events; you are my only friend—I lost everything when I lost my boy."

"Your husband, dearest, is still left to you, and you must comfort him."

"My husband—oh yes, my husband! I do not forget him," she returned with a deep sigh, and remained long silent and motionless: then again rousing herself she suddenly began on a subject so far removed from the present that Laura was startled. "Do you remember my birthday, my last birthday at the dear old Rectory? How we had luncheon in the woods, and my mother gave all the school-children tea in the servants' hall? Poor mother, it was the last birthday she was with me! Herbert slipped into the mere, and Reginald pulled him out. I do not seem to have any clear recollection of Reginald before that day, although I know he used to be with us every summer. But *that* day I thought him so disagreeable; he teased so much about my importance, and seemed to mock at our little *fête*, and twice he sent me off, as I considered rudely, because he was talking gravely to *you*. Do you remember it all, Laura?"

"Yes, how well I remember it," said Laura, her eyes filling with tears.

"And now," began Winifrid, then paused expressively, resuming in a strange rumbling way her reminiscences of her girlish days, every now and then breaking off to describe the charm and promise of her poor lost baby, Laura answering in monosyllables, or by a silent caress, and beginning to feel faint and weary. At length Farrar made her appearance, bearing a tray with some food and wine for her mistress.

"Mrs. Piers has not tasted anything since early yesterday morning, when Mr. Piers insisted on her swallowing some wine and biscuit. Do try and persuade her to eat a bit, ma'am; and you must be quite exhausted yourself. Luncheon, breakfast as they call it here, is quite ready. Miss Piers must have some refreshment, musn't she, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes, yes; I am so selfish in my grief, I did not think of you, and the long journey you have taken for me dear, dear Laura. Go and eat; if you will, I will try too."

"Very well, then, I agree to go on that condition."

"Farrar, show Miss Piers the *salle à manger*."

"I was thankful to see my poor lady shedding tears at last," said Farrar, who was a somewhat old-fashioned type of Abigail, simple and kindly; "she has had enough to break her heart," she added in a significant tone, which Laura perceived, but would not notice, as she followed Farrar into a small dining-room at the further end of a long corridor. "Yes, they have laid for two," said Farrar, as she opened

the door. "Now do, miss, eat something and take a glass of wine; the bell is here by the big chair, if you want anything; for I must go back to my poor mistress, and stay by her; she is not fit to be left alone."

"Do so, Farrar. When will Mr. Piers be back?"

"He will not be long now, ma'am."

As soon as she was gone, Laura sat down and tried to eat; she had scarcely made her way through the wing of a chicken and a glass of Macon, always listening for Reginald, when a door which led into the *salon* opened very gently, and Madame Moscynski, in outdoor dress, walked quietly into the room with the air of being at home.

The door was opposite Laura as she sat at table, and before the Polish princess could veil her countenance in polite blankness, Laura caught a quickly controlled flash of utter angry surprise in her pale face and peculiar eyes.

Madame Moscynski was the first to speak, as she advanced to the table and rested her hand on the back of a chair.

"Miss Piers! I had no idea you had arrived! How glad I am to see you; what a comfort you will be to that sweet suffering bereaved young mother. She had almost despaired of you."

"I fear she had," said Laura, rising courteously, but feeling on guard at all points.

"Do not let me disturb you," said Madame Moscynski, softly. "Indeed, I will join you; I promised to be with Mrs. Piers during the last agony when the poor little baby was taken away, and to receive the sorrowing father when he returned from the funeral, so he will expect to find me. Mrs. Piers was sleeping when I came, and continues to sleep I am glad to hear. I suppose the letter to you was delayed or went astray?" and Madame Moscynski drew over a mayonnaise and helped herself.

"I suppose so," returned Laura, guardedly; "but the moment I knew my cousin wished for me, I set out."

"I always said you would," said Madame Moscynski, with a soft approving smile, "only the delay puzzled us;" she paused, and her lips parted again as if to speak, but she closed them resolutely, it would not do to ask point blank how the intelligence reached her interlocutor. "Poor dear Mrs. Piers—the dowager I mean—she will be dreadfully grieved when she gets my letter—I wrote yesterday at Mr. Piers' request; she was quite wrapped up in her little grandson. You must be very tired after your rapid journey, at night too."

Laura said she did begin to feel a little weary, looking while she spoke with a dim wondering sense of distrust yet of admiration at the elegant figure and interesting though rather inscrutable face opposite to her, comparing her own ordinary traveling dress and almost homely aspect to the *recherche* elegance of Madame Moscynski's winter costume, and wondering if this gentle courteous woman could be the unprincipled *intrigante* Winnie believed. But as she looked and thought, the doubt resolved itself into certainty—yes, there was a something undefinable and repellant in the covert watchfulness of those sleepy eyes, in the hardness of the well-cut mouth, when not curved into the sweetness of her conventional smile. Was it possible that she was taking advantage of this terrible time, when Winnie, prostrated with grief, was incapable of resistance, to force herself into an appearance of intimacy? "I must be cautious," thought Laura, "and not commit myself on either hand. Winifrid will speak to me ere long."

"I must see if Mrs. Piers still sleeps," she said at length, taking advantage of a pause in the easy flow of Madame Moscynski's talk, as she gave a sketch of the baby's illness and death, in which, without asserting anything, she conveyed the idea of having been the stay and comforter of both

parents, "and if she does, I must take that opportunity to make my toilet, a matter of necessity after a night journey. Shall I tell Mrs. Piers you are here?"

"No, thank you, I spoke to nurse, who had just come down stairs from having a little sleep. She was greatly exhausted by the long watch, poor woman; she loved her little nurseling so much. She will let Mrs. Piers know."

Before she could finish her sentence the door by which Laura had entered the *salle à manger* opened hastily, noisily, and Reginald stood in the doorway, looking from one to the other with an air half surprised, half amused.

At sight of him Laura's heart beat, and her color rose; she went forward to greet him, and he met her half way.

"Ah, Laura! What a good soul you are to come all this way just to please Winnie! I always said you were a I—didn't I?" with a little familiar nod to the Princess. "This is a melancholy ending to the poor little boy," he went on. "Winnie is awfully cut up; still she need not have imposed such a journey upon you! She will be going back to London in a few days, and you could have seen as much as you like of each other."

"But you know I do not count the cost when I can do anything for Winnie," said Laura; "she has no friend so near as myself. I only wish her letter had reached me in time."

"Well, you have done her good already," said Reginald, as he threw aside a loose overcoat, and, sitting down, poured himself out a large glass of sherry. "I have just been in to see her, and tell her that everything had been as well done as we could manage. She had a good cry, and, with all Madame Moscovski's kind care, we could never strike the source of her tears before. I do not know what we should have done without Madame la Princesse!"

"You make too much of my poor efforts," she returned, with a curious upward look at him. "Would it not be well to warn Miss Piers that your poor dear wife's nerves have received such a shock, she sometimes shows symptoms of mental alienation!—very slight, and no doubt temporary, but the usual marks of 'reason tottering on her throne,' distrust of and aversion to her best friends, those whose society was previously most acceptable, myself for instance—you would scarcely believe it, she has suddenly evinced the strongest aversion to me."

"This is terrible!" exclaimed Laura, with unmistakable alarm, and looking very straight at Reginald.

"Oh, you need not take fright," he returned, in an odd indifferent sort of manner; "she will come round and be herself again; but in the mean time she will no doubt tell you awful tales, though you are such a rock of sense, Laura, you will understand how to deal with her."

"There can be little difficulty in doing so, we both know every light and shade in her character," said Laura, who was greatly impressed by the change in Reginald. He was looking ill, pale, languid, with haggard eyes, a tinge of something like mockery in his pleasant smile, and a carelessness in his manner widely different from his former genial alertness. There was more of an effort than usual in his politeness to herself, and she felt keenly that she was far from a welcome guest, that there was mischief below the surface to which she had as yet no clue. "Characters change a good deal with circumstances," Reginald was saying while these observations suggested themselves to Laura. "I assure you," he continued, addressing Madame Moscovski, "I consider Laura's friendship for my wife a sort of triumphant refutation of all that wiseacres have said about the fleeting nature of feminine attachments—they are quite devoted to each other. How much of it is due to a certain aptitude for dominating on one side, and accepting domination on the other, is beyond me to calculate."

"That must be the result of habit," said Madame Moscovski. "Mrs. Piers never gave me the idea of being ready to accept domination?"

"I am, then, the dominating power in our association?" said Laura, with a grave smile. "That is a new position for me."

"You are much stronger than Winnie, and 'behave as sich,'" said Reginald, carelessly, pushing away his plate and again filling his glass. "But now that you are here, Laura, it will be very nice for her to have your company on her journey back. She was quite wild to go to England before the poor baby was taken ill. It has been all deucedly unfortunate, the loss of the little fellow has half turned her head—indeed I am awfully cut up myself! Still it will not do for me to sit down and weep."

"I cannot stay long, as you know," said Laura, startled by the possibilities shadowed forth in this speech; "and when she has *you* she can hardly want me."

"I know, I know," said Reginald, impatiently. "But I have an engagement to visit a famous racing establishment near Presburg, where I have a chance of picking up some wonderful additions to the Pierslynn stud; so there is no use in my going over to England merely to come back again. I can do Winnie no good, and when we meet she will be better, and more inclined to attend to her husband than to nurse her grief."

Laura had opened her lips to make an indignant reply, feeling alarmed and hurt by the tone of this speech, when a glimpse of a curious look in Madame Moscovski's eyes, as though she was watching for what would come next, made her pause and say simply, "I am always glad to be of use to Winnie—or to you—and, as she is awake, I will go to her now."

She rose and left the room as she spoke, but closing the door hastily, caught her dress in it. Opening it to free herself, the words "surprised" from Madame Moscovski and "infernal nuisance" from Reginald caught her ear.

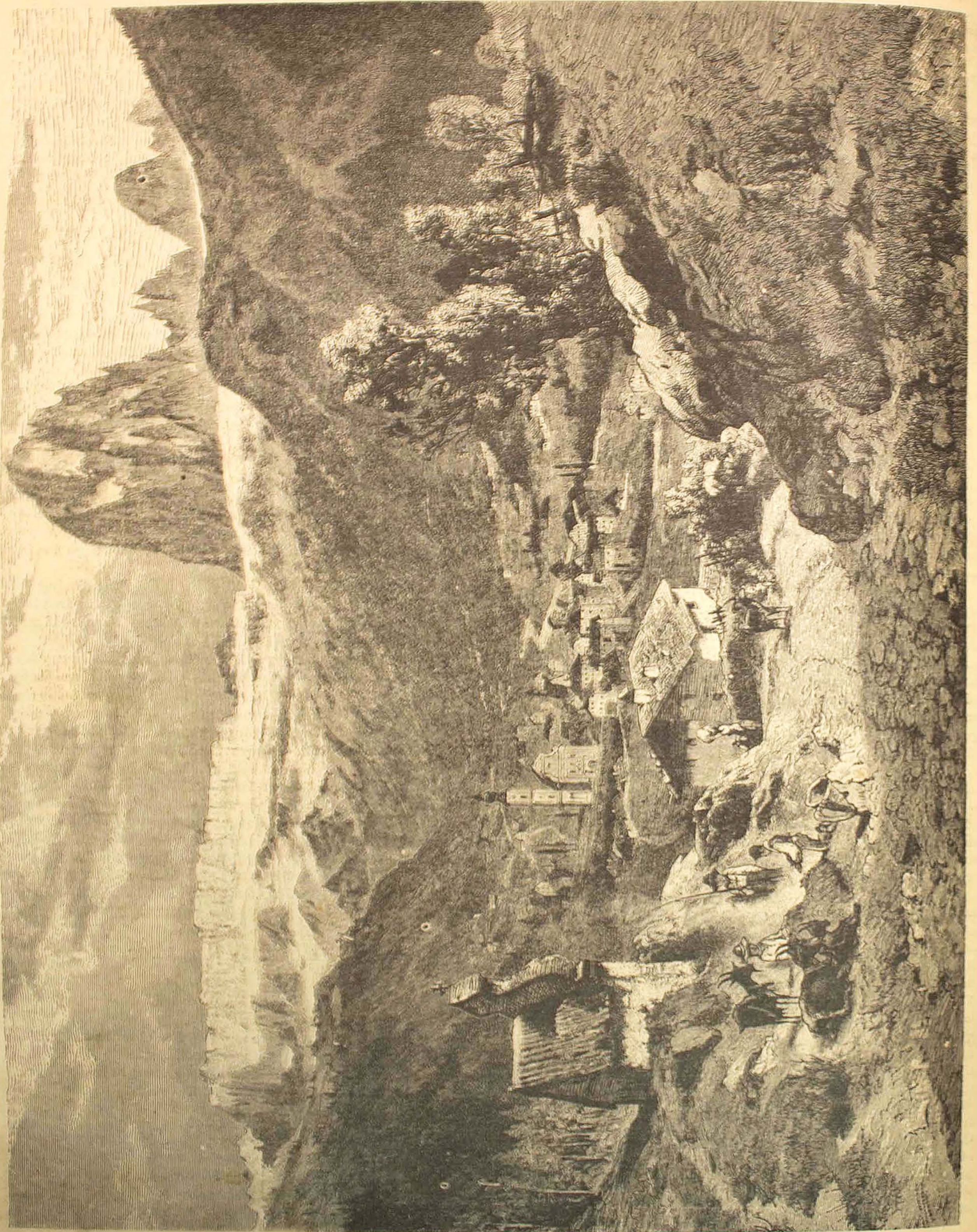
Was *she* the infernal nuisance? that was little matter; this intention to let Winnie return to England alone was a symptom of estrangement that thoroughly alarmed her; so did Madame Moscovski's subtle hint respecting temporary alienation of mind, one of those poison drops which might work incalculable evil. Laura thrilled for a moment with the idea that even she herself might have been put on a wrong scent had it not been for Winnie's revelations in London. Now she was forearmed, and resolved not to let Reginald leave his wife without some attempt to open his eyes to the selfish indifference of his conduct. "How changed he is! how ill he looks," she thought as she paused at Winifrid's door. "Things are not as they should be; but I must be cautious, and wait till Winnie speaks before I attempt to interfere."

To be continued.

A Song.

GOOD night, my love, good night.
The twinkling stars are peeping from the cloudless sky.
And on the dewy earth the silver moonbeams lie;
The sweet, sad time now comes when I must say good bye.
Good night, my love, good night.

Good night, my love, good night.
Oh! softly on thy pillow may thy pure cheek rest,
And angels grant no shadows cross thy sinless breast;
Thy sleep be sweet, thy dreams of him who loves thee best.
Good night, my love, good night.



ST. ULRICH.

The Grödner Valley.

HERE is no lovelier valley in the world than the far-famed Grödner Valley in Tyrol. All the way visions of beauty burst upon the traveler, each one lovelier than the last. Hemmed in by steep mountains, which in some places lean over, as if to kiss each other, the road is so narrow that a passage through it seems almost impossible. Through the gorges rush the waters, dashing their spray upon the rocks, sometimes lying in deep gloom, and then glittering beneath the sunlight. Suddenly a little village comes into view, surrounded by rocky heights, over which the goats are clambering. Then a neat farm, with its vine patches and barley fields, is seen, and then the wooded hills appear; and thus the scenes of this lovely panorama are changed "from beauty to beauty more intense."

Of all the high pastures of Tyrol, the Seisser Alp is the most picturesque. The cattle rove amid the flowery fields; hundreds of huts are scattered around, and on a sunny day the hay-makers can be seen busy with their work. During the time of hay-making, gay troops of young people throng the Seisser Alp, and pass away their leisure hours in singing and dancing. The higher you ascend, the broader grows the expanse of pasture, and height upon height, these charming green expanses are seen, until, at last, the summit, *Auf der Schneid*, is gained. From this point, the eye takes in the snowy peaks of the Oertler mountains, the yawning precipice of the Schlern, and the pine-clad height of the *Puflatsch*.

In this charming valley, there lives a peculiar people, a mixed race, descended from the Romans and Northmen, who poured themselves over the valley, to be driven back, only to return again. Their very language, which they call the "Ladin," is peculiar, and although some German and Italian words have crept in, the fundamental character of the language has not been changed.

While agriculture is by no means neglected in this lovely valley, the land being very productive, the principal industry of the people is toy-making. All along the road wagons are met, containing cases of toys. The farmer tills his land in the day and in the evening carves his toys, thus adding greatly to his income. These toys find their way all over the world, and few are the places where they are not found. Nearly the whole population are engaged in the work, and even the children, on coming home from school, devote themselves to carving. For generations families have had their special line of work, some carving cows, others cats, while some again carve soldiers.

Most of the toys are carried to *St. Ulrich* for sale. This is a pretty village, having for a background the majestic peak of the *Lang Kofel*. It is a thriving place, has a fine church, some large houses, and an inn four thousand

feet above the sea. From *St. Ulrich* can be seen the *Lang Kofel* mountains, the *Meisules*, the *Ratschötzberg*, and the *Pitschberg*. The principal toy-store is a large building, built of stone, five stories high, and every space is crowded with toys.

At first, the wood-carving in the Grödner Valley extended to frames only. The carvers trudged over the mountains, carrying their wares in baskets, and selling it by the way. This was found too wearisome, and stores were established at various points in the valley, and customers came to purchase. By degrees, the carving of toys was added, and a wide industrial field was thus opened.

High up above, on a mountain plateau, a white house is seen, gleaming in the sun, where lives one of the most celebrated carvers of the valley. Here can be found life like figures from the Scriptures, beautifully carved drinking-cups, hunting pieces, boxes, and frames, and toys. He has



PEASANTS OF THE GRÖDNER VALLEY.



THE SWISS ALPS.

many assistants, and also painters and decorators. He does not work for the merchants, but never lacks customers, who toil over the mountain steeps to purchase his carvings.

The costume of the peasants varies according to the locality. Sometimes you will meet a peasant wearing leather breeches, an embroidered belt, and a "Tyrolean hat," in which is stuck a flower or a feather. The women have short, full skirts, and very broad hats, or else the narrow, peaked caps. Some of the younger women wear broad silver necklaces, with very showy clasps.

The people of the Grödner Valley are very industrious, and extremely fond of their mountainous home. They are a brave and intelligent people, and though the women lead a toilsome life, they are always well treated by their husbands. Such a coward as a wife-beater, is unknown among the peasantry of this lovely valley, who thus set an example to countries priding themselves on a higher degree of civilization, than that of the peasants of the Grödner Valley.

Antique Gems.

ALTHOUGH we often hear precious stones spoken of as gems, it is an error to call them so, for, properly speaking, gems signify *only* carved or engraved stones—cameos or intaglios. We are told of an English lady, who, at the coronation of a Czar, eclipsed all about her by her magnificent ornaments, rich as are the great families of Russia in precious stones; for amid the blaze of their splendor, the eye of refined taste was at once attracted to this lady, whose

parure exhibited the triumph of art over material wealth. It was composed of eighty-eight gems, selected from the best specimens of Greek and Roman glyptic art, such as never could be reproduced, while the jewels of the other ladies were merely specimens of what the world of nature has furnished and can furnish again in case of loss. But mere decoration is the lowest use to which these exquisite productions of taste and skill can be put. Both historian and antiquarian are indebted to them for valuable information. They present indestructibly, although in miniature, copies of the works of celebrated sculptors, long since destroyed or lost. One little sard, for instance, hands down to us a faithful idea of a bronze group by the early sculptor Canachus, which, from its singularity, was accounted the chief ornament of the Didymaon at Athens. An Apollo, holding a stag, the hind feet of which were so ingeniously contrived by means of springs and hinges in the toes, that a thread could be passed between them—a bit of curious mechanism thought worthy by Pliny of special mention. The Apollo Delphinus, too, supporting his lyre upon the head of a muse by his side, a subject often reproduced without any variation, and usually in work of the greatest excellence, is incontestably the copy of some very famous and highly revered statue of this deity, then in existence.

Besides their artistic worth and beauty, gems also supply us with usages of domestic life in ancient times. The armor, piece by piece, of the ancient warrior is reproduced. Games, costumes, the stage and its accessories, and religious rites, are all carefully portrayed. They are of wondrous durability; no lapse of time produces any sensible effect on

an engraved gem. There are even seals of vitrified clay, it is said, which bear the name of Thothmes III., the contemporary of Moses; and it is not impossible, nay, we are even told that it is probable, that somewhere in the world yet exist the breastplates of the Jewish high priests, the earliest instances on record of the art of the gem engraver.

Concerning the materials used in this art we find the following interesting particulars: The carnelian and its superior variety, the sard, has the first place as the stone most commonly used, and the best adapted to the work. The most ancient intaglios, such as the Etruscan and Egyptian, are cut on red carnelians. The sard is a finer variety, tougher and more easily worked, and susceptible of a higher and more enduring polish. Its name is derived from Sardis, whence they were first imported into Greece. One kind of chalcedony is called white carnelian. Next to the sard ranks the onyx. It is the material used for cameos, and is well adapted for this kind of miniature sculpture. The sardonyx is a white opaque layer, superimposed upon a red stratum of true red sard. Onyx is a kind of agate, having the colors arranged in flat, horizontal layers, brown and white, red and white, or green and white. In cameo carving the figure is cut upon one layer and stands out upon another. A noted ancient cameo is the Marathon vase at Brunswick. It was cut from a single stone, and has the form of a cream pot, about seven inches high and two and a half broad. On its outside, which is of a brown color, there are white and yellow groups of raised figures, representing Ceres and Triptolemus in search of Proserpine. Agate proper is of the same substance as onyx, but has wavy layers, often concentric. It also is one of the materials used by gem engravers. One other is mentioned—the nicolo—an abbreviation of onicolo, an Italian name for a little onyx. There is a curious freak of nature by which agates are sometimes marked, as by the hand of an engraver. There was one such recorded as belonging to King Pyrrhus, said to represent quite faithfully Apollo and the Nine Muses, and in modern times an agate was placed in the British Museum which bore upon it a strange resemblance to the head of Chaucer in a hood. It is merely an agate pebble broken in two, not even polished, but the likeness to the portrait is said to be very marked. Even the ruby and the emerald will yield to the skill of the engraver, though these gems are rare; but the diamond has never been engraved. We read of two celebrated emerald intaglios, one of which was the signet ring of Polycrates, of which the story is told by Herodotus. He was on terms of close friendship with Amasis, King of Egypt, who, becoming anxious lest his uninterrupted prosperity and success in all enterprises should provoke the jealousy of the gods, wrote to advise him to propitiate them by casting away the thing he was most loath to part with.

Polycrates having read the letter proceeded to act upon the advice of his friend. He took a fifty-oared galley, put out to sea and taking his signet ring from his hand he cast it into the deep. This done he went home, sadly grieved at his compulsory loss. But some six days afterward a fisherman having caught a fine fish carried it to the palace as a present to the king. When, behold! upon opening the fish the ring was found within, and was brought by his servants to the king. Highly pleased, Polycrates wrote at once of his good fortune to king Amasis, but, strange to say, that monarch received the news in a very unexpectedly unpleasant manner, for he sent at once a herald to say that he renounced all connection with Polycrates, because a man so *over-fortunate* must be reserved for some terrible calamity, and he was not willing to be obliged to grieve over him, as he should if he continued to be his friend!

The other celebrated emerald intaglio is said to have been

engraved with the head of Christ, by the command of the Emperor Tiberius, who desired to see the portrait of so famous a person.

The amethyst intaglio was usually set in a ring, because it was supposed to protect from drunkenness, and was therefore worn upon the hand at parties. The earliest way of wearing a ring was not upon the finger but upon the hand. It would seem to have been bound upon it by a twisted cord.

The Egyptian scarabei, or beetle stones, are the earliest specimens of the glyptic art. The beetles are cut out of basalt, carnelian, agate, lapis lazuli, and other hard stones, but we often find them made also of vitrified clay. They were used as signets, also strung as beads and worn as bracelets.

A curious kind of natural signet was in use among the Athenians, which cannot be said to speak very well for the trustworthiness of their women. It seems that they were in the habit of searching the private stores of their husbands by means of fac-similes of their signets, which were easily procured and could not render the user liable to detection. Finding that these had been tampered with, a certain "subtle genius" advised the Athenian men to close the doors of places where such stores were kept with bits of worm-eaten wood, the curious windings traced on the surface of the wood being quite beyond imitation and supplying a signet which could not be counterfeited.

The study of antique gems is not easily pursued, since really valuable and genuine specimens are so rare and costly, and it is extremely difficult to any one who has not given long attention to the subject to detect counterfeits, which are made with great care and skill; but it is very interesting to get a glimpse of a subject which, to those fortunate enough to possess the facilities for its study, is so full of charm and fascination.

Jaspers were the signet stones *par excellence* among the Romans, the finer kind having a purple tinge, the more common being emerald tinted. The spotted variety, called blood-stone, anciently bore the name of heliotrope, or sun turned—from the notion that, if immersed in water, it reflected an image of the sun as red as blood. The spots of red have some resemblance to drops of blood. There is a bust of Christ in the royal collection at Paris, cut in this stone, in which the red spots are so managed as to represent them.

Garnets were favorite stones with the Romans, and the Persians seem to have regarded them as a royal stone, judging from the frequency with which they were engraved with the portraits of their monarchs.

The subject of natal stones will be attractive to those interested in gems, and we therefore give an account of them. A natal stone is the stone appropriated by tradition to the month of one's birth, as follows: for January, it is the garnet or jacinth, signifying constancy, fidelity in all the engagements of life. For February, it is the amethyst. It preserves from strong passions and insures peace of mind. For March, blood-stone, signifying courage and success in dangerous and hazardous enterprises. April, sapphire and diamond—repentance and innocence. May, emerald, success in love. June, agate, long life and health. July, carnelian, ruby, forgetfulness or cure of evils springing from friendship and love. August, sardonyx, conjugal fidelity. September, crysolite, preserves from or cures folly. October, aqua marine opal, misfortune and hope. November, topaz, fidelity and friendship. December, turquoise and malachite, brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life. The turquoise was supposed to have the quality of securing friendly regard. There was an old saying that he who possessed a turquoise was always sure of friends.

Life in the Black Forest.

LIKE some splendid poem, in whose rhythm and coloring there is neither break nor stint, was our life in the Black Forest. Over the valleys of a region immortal in history, legend, and song lay such a spell as Beauty in her idlest moods might weave, and away off into the mysterious looking distances stretched the grand old mountains, their vast surfaces assuming now rich, now freakish aspects, according as light or shade gained or lost the ascendancy. Broad and firm enough to have belonged to a Roman civilization were the highways which led through the mazes of the forest out into the busy world beyond, and winding deep among the gloomy labyrinths were innumerable footpaths, white and solid, which tempted the wanderer on, even against his will, into the black and weird mountain depths. The fragrant, balsamic air gave a new zest to existence, and the blue, placid sky showed itself through the clusters of green foliage like some mute herald of peace. The silence of primeval days seemed to rest over the place, and one could wander for hours along the mountain ways and hear no sound save the *sausen* of the pines, the ripple of water, the chirping of insects, or the chatter of birds; but sometimes a yodel, clear and sweet, came ringing through the forest stillness, and the solitariness of a ramble was haply broken by a meeting with scattered groups of peasants coming from or returning to their homes on the mountain tops, for the peasants' huts are to be found on the highest peaks, as well as down in the valleys.

As we gathered the forget-me-nots, within hearing of the chatter of two peasant women planting young lettuce in a tiny garden patch, we felt that we had strayed into a little corner of paradise. It was the end of April, and the freshness of spring was over the hills and fields, and every-where save on the dark, unchanging pines. A trout stream glided along at our feet, and the air was soft enough to make one forget the existence of winter. Little *chalets* of a rich weather-painted brown dotted the hill sides, and the tinkling goat-bells broke the silence pleasantly. Beyond the *chalets* the soaring woods began, and ended at last in a dark fringe against the sky. From the top of any of those crests we could look over into another lovely valley, shut in by mountains, in their turn standing sentinel over more distant plains, until the boundary line of the wooded district of three hundred miles, belonging both to the kingdom of Württemberg and grand-duchy of Baden, was reached.

We were within easy walking distance of Rippoldsau, a resort which has sprung into notice comparatively lately; the guide books call it the highest point in the Black Forest where the traveling public can find comfortable habitation, combined with mineral baths. A few years ago a shabby little inn stood on the plateau called Rippold's Au, or Rippold's meadow, where wayfarers rested on their journey elsewhere; now the inn is replaced by a fine modern hotel of gigantic dimensions, surrounded by an outgrowth of smaller accommodations for guests, that gives the place the air of a compact little village. Thousands of guests flock here during the summer, from all corners of the earth, to breathe the pine-scented air, and be cured of their bodily ills by the mineral waters. There is a tiny little post-office adorned with the arms of Baden; from whence the post-wagon with its echoing horn departs at certain intervals, a telegraph, a chemist, gas works, every modern convenience except a railroad which has not yet crept so high, and all is owned and managed by two energetic brothers. A notice "The croquet-ground is at the disposal of guests for 50 *Pfennige* an hour," proves that the sovereigns of Rippoldsau understand the value of thrift in trifles.

We had, however, left all fashionable follies behind us, and taken rooms in a cottage at Klösterle, a suburb of Rippoldsau. From our windows we could look out on the trout stream, across the meadow and high up the blue green mountain side. There was a tiny grave-yard on the slope of the hill, full of crosses and quaint little images, and a scrap of ruined cloister from which the village takes its name, is left among the graves.

Our cottage was very unpretentious, and its mistress, Frau Schoch, was a hard working peasant. As usual in the Black Forest our rooms were the perfection of neatness; our beds were draped in homespun linen, coarse and firm, and white as snow, and we found the scarlet blankets and *duvets* of goose-down none too warm during the fresh, cool nights. The floors were adorned with a printed pattern to imitate mosaic—a palpable sham—and were waxed with true German disregard for life and limb of its tenants.

Experience had proved to us that in proportion as one descends from an apartment in a great European hotel, to a simple cottage, one finds a decrease in the size of the wash-stand crockery; at Rippoldsau we had water-jugs and basins of ponderous size and elaborate design, while Frau Schoch gave us what seemed but a cup and saucer of generous dimensions. As a compensation, we found the ubiquitous pictures of the *Kaiser* and *Kronprinz* profusely adorned with gilt and a lavish wealth of color.

Frau Schoch, as she brought us our goat's milk in the morning, with a cheery "Grüs Gott!" was a pleasant object to look upon, for eyes accustomed to the typical maid-of-all-work of the city. She was old and wrinkled like a winter apple, but thanks to her constant activity and life-long habit of carrying burdens on her head, she was slight and straight as a girl; her gray hair, fairly thick yet, was plaited ingeniously with black ribbon, and hung in tails down her back, her arms were bare to the elbows, and tanned a rich brown; she wore a homespun chemise, high in the neck, with puffed sleeves, over this a green bodice edged with red, and a woolen petticoat reaching to her ankles. Her feet were small for a peasant, and her low shoes and knitted stockings seemed to be proof against the wearing effects of time, like the charms of Cleopatra.

On Sundays and feast days, she appeared in similar garments, but of a better quality, and with the addition of a bright-colored neck handkerchief and a bewitching little bonnet. The latter was of black velvet, thickly embroidered with silver wire, and studded with imitations of different precious stones, in tiny upright settings of silver; it fitted close like a baby's cap, her head being smooth as an apple, with its hanging plaits, and had fine black lace flaring at each side like the gossamer wings of a huge fly. Such a bonnet is far from cheap, but is substantial enough to be an economy, and the Black Forest millinery is little affected by the mutability of fashion. Frau Schoch told us she wore her bonnet for the first time on her wedding day forty-five years previous. She had other less tasteful bonnets for feast days, embroidered with gold thread and colors, for Frau Schoch was reckoned among the rich of her class, owning three goats, a cow, a patch of land devoted to cabbage culture, and last but not least the cottage in which she lived.

As we watched from the window the people wending their way to the little church at Klösterle, we saw the costume of our old *chätelaine* repeated among the women. A wayward daughter was occasionally seen among them who discarded the time-honored dress of her ancestors, for the poor attempt at modern fashions she had seen on Rosa or Kätchen at the hotel, — losing all her winsomeness by the exchange, and in her sham flowers and cheap furbelows, looking absurdly out of place in the sweet, primitive simplicity of the little village among the hills. The dress of the married



VIEW OF HOHENFELS, NEAR ST. BLASIEN, ONE OF THE BLACK AND WEIRD MOUNTAIN DEPTHS IN THE BLACK FOREST.

peasant woman of the Black Forest is black, the unmarried women wear dresses of black or blue twilling, the skirts being shirred where they are joined to the waist in such a manner as to fall in heavy folds; the bodice is short, the sleeves are of white muslin, and puffed; white aprons, white stockings, stock shoes, and a little head dress ingeniously-fashioned out of broad, black ribbon, complete the attire. Sometimes a jaunty bow of red ribbon adorns the breast.

The men have their little vanities in dress, and take great

pride in their glittering metal buttons, their pipes, heavily ornamented with silver, and their massive silver watch chains. The peasant costume is gradually disappearing, but the cocked hat, the blue cloth coat, slashed, short-waisted, and elaborately trimmed with flat buttons of gold, brass, or silver; the knee breeches of black or yellow leather, the vest of Manchester cloth, profusely trimmed with flat metal buttons, are still to be seen. The shoes are ornamented with large, square brass buckles, and as a protection against

cold the mountaineers wear white woolen gaiters. There are a few minor differences between the dress of the married and the unmarried men; for instance, the former always wear black stockings, while the latter wear white. The costume of the unmarried men consists of fur-bordered cap, with gold tassel, sometimes the cocked hat with broad velvet band, large steel buckle and ribbon bow, and instead of the cloth coat they wear jackets usually made of velvet.

In the appearance of the peasants there is something almost always picturesque. The faces of the elder people are cheerful and genial, but bronzed and furrowed, and eloquent of hard labor and deprivation; the men are tall and slender, the women erect and supple; of the maidens some are wondrously beautiful, and their brilliant complexions might be envied by many a modern belle. All these people have a cordial greeting for the stranger, a "grüss gott" (God greet you!) a "guten abet" or "guten tag" (good evening or good day). They were always objects of interest to us, and we took pleasure in talking to them and learning their customs, some of which differ greatly from our own.

Weddings, among the peasants of the upper forests, are serious affairs. They are called "toll weddings," and, as the name indicates, each guest is expected to contribute something to the entertainment. "Toll-wedding" festivities continue two or three days. If the bride be a resident of the place, the "morning soup" is taken with the assembled guests in the bride's home. The meal consists of "carnival cakes," coffee, and schnapps. If the bride belongs elsewhere, she brings her housekeeping outfit two or three days before the wedding. On the wedding day she herself is brought in a carriage drawn by four handsome horses to the house in which the wedding is to be held. When the wedding meal is ended the bride is escorted by her companions and the young people of the place to the home of the groom. A procession is then formed with the unmarried men in front, and behind them the unmarried women; next comes the bride, accompanied by the bridesmaids, and two male acquaintances; then the groom, with the first and second groomsmen; next the father of the bride, and after him others in the order of rank or relationship. A band of musicians precedes the procession, and conducts the train into the church and out of it with music. The bride and groom approach the minister with the little fingers respectively of the right and left hand interlocked. After the wedding ceremony the school-master delivers a congratulatory address. The peasant youth always wait impatiently for the last of the wedding "preliminaries," and when this has come they rush toward the bride, snatch off her veil, and the most dexterous of the combatants bears off his blushing prize, and opens with her the bridal dance. During the whole day the bride and groom wear crowns of gold spangles. A large part of the wedding gifts consists of wearing apparel for the bride, and this is ostentatiously arranged on a fire-tree, and displayed by the bride to curious and admiring guests. In some villages it is the custom to display the gifts in a barn. When this is the case, the building is carefully cleansed and purified from every odor, and at an appointed time a policeman goes through the village streets ringing a huge bell, and calling to the citizens to repair to the barn with their presents. The latter are usually taken to the place in the morning; and while they are being set out, a fiddler plays, and the maidens, having deposited their gifts, are claimed as partners in a dance by the friends of the groom, no maiden being allowed to depart until she has served her turn as partner to one of the merry gallants. The following formula is occasionally uttered by a guest as he presents his gifts to the happy pair: "Herewith I also present to you a wedding gift; if it were to my advantage, as it is to my injury, I should give you more," from

which formula, it may be inferred, that even among peasants wedding gifts are not always spontaneous offerings.

In the forests there are usually four hay-crops and three planting seasons. In the late autumn the fields are cleared and then the bonfires begin. This is a sight long to be remembered. All along the hill-sides the bright flames flash up into the air, while a pretty, bronze-faced maiden rakes up the roots, weeds, and refuse potatoes, and pitches rakefuls of the rubbish into the hungry flames. Sometimes a bent, wrinkle-browed old woman performs the work; then the movement is slower, and while the good *frau* is toilsomely gathering up the supplies, the fire may die almost away, the smoke meanwhile rolling and curling about over the meadows, producing the strangest effects amid the glinting light of a late sun and the deepening shadows from the mountain-slopes. The autumn fair is a welcome event, quickening the slow-beating pulse of the townsman, and attracting peasants from all the surrounding forests. We witnessed one of these annual festivals. Early in the morning the procession organized and marched through the streets. First in rank were the various peasant leagues, their gay banners fluttering wantonly in the air; next, walking side by side, with slow and measured tread, came a division of elderly men and women, and behind these, ten couples of betrothed peasants—"brides and grooms," as they are called in Germany. These also walked side by side, a little finger of each groom being locked around a little finger of his bride. The young bridegrooms looked shy and self-conscious, but in the faces of the maidens there was a radiant, almost exultant expression, and each blooming girl walked with an air bordering upon *noucheance*, and each nodded and smiled at acquaintances on the sidewalks as unconcernedly as if marriage were the most commonplace event that could be imagined. Behind this group came another line of elderly men and women, also walking side by side. Once they had joyously walked together in procession with fingers locked, after the manner of the young people in front of them, but now their faces were stolid and unsympathetic, and hard work and biting care had tightened the lines about the eyes and lips, where once perhaps triumph or romance had lent a gleam or softening touch. In the rear of the procession were the cattle—sleek-looking horses, stately, lazily-stepping cows of wonderfully rich brown and creamy colors; huge, fat, sleepy-eyed hogs, and last of all, a line of frightened-looking, nimble-footed calves. In a great grove of splendid trees the cattle-prizes were awarded, and then, the victorious cattle, ornamented about the horns with gay ribbons, and wearing large floral wreaths about their necks, were paraded through the streets, many amiable "hims" and "ja wohl's," indicating meanwhile the satisfaction of interested burghers or peasants.

Our home amid the wild scenery of the Black Forest was very pleasant, and we were fortunate in having so kind a hostess as Frau Schoch, who was as honest a creature as could be met with.

One of our little party was ill for many days, and during that trying time the old woman was untiring in her attentions, brewing pleasant smelling, odious tasting herbs at any hour of the day or night, bringing fresh flowers every morning in a dazzling blue glass vase, and in every way interesting herself in the invalid as if she had been her own daughter. We asked her one day if by chance she could find any thing for us to read in the village, as we had exhausted our own literature.

"You need not send to the village, Fräulein, I have a book," replied Frau Schoch as complacently as if she had thrown open a choice library for our inspection. The book proved to be a bound volume of "Über Land und Meer" of 1860, and heavy enough to make the arms of a giant ache.

The doctor, at all times an important functionary at the

Rippoldsau water cure, invested himself with two-fold dignity in order to impress us with his importance. Frau Schoch considered him a demigod, and was horrified at our sending for him through a little girl from the cottage.

"The child has no idea of polite language," she said, shaking her head, "and will speak to the Herr Doctor as if he were a common fellow, like my Benjamin."

At our departure from Klösterle the Herr Doctor sent us a bill as overwhelming as his pomposity, but as a sop, a well turned sentence was written at the bottom, among the drugs and lotions, wishing for us a pleasant journey, and every future good—so we were forced to be content.

It was with great reluctance that we bade farewell to Frau Schoch and departed for Wildbad. Wildbad, after Baden-Baden, is the most frequented resort in the Black Forest, and is a place where one may rest in the fullest sense of the word. The names of the inns in the village have a refreshing, rural sound—the "Cool Brook," the "Linden," the "Grape-vine," the "Golden Lamm," etc., and the vehicles oftenest seen in the streets are hay carts, and loads of fagots drawn by solemn cows, varied by an occasional post-wagon or omnibus. There are two old churches and a crowd of shabby irregular houses along the banks of the fussy little river Enz, that would delight the soul of a painter. Here one finds the genuine cuckoo clock in abundance, and one is shown as Black Forest industry a kind of straw mosaic, whose name describes itself, used to adorn jewelry boxes and the like. Another extensive, and very ugly manufacture is turned white wood, very thin and perforated with holes in various patterns; these as work-boxes and other fancy articles, are adorned with colored ribbons, and find favor in the eyes of the Germans.

In the narrow streets one encounters at nearly every turn the mild eyes, or hind quarters of a cow, standing in her stall open to the highway; in this part of the world, the ground is too valuable for the cattle to roam it at will, and the poor creatures spend their lives in their dark stalls, and never know the luxury of mowing their own grass; some of them have hoofs curling up in two long points from disuse, but they give very good milk, notwithstanding their miserable existence. The owners of the cows say that they are more comfortable in the dark stalls, than they would be in the fields, a prey to a species of gray fly that torments the cattle and horses. The rearing of chickens is another thriving industry, and one is astonished at the high price of eggs.

This is old Wildbad that had its being before *Eberhard im Bart* came, in 1464, to bathe in its mineral waters. New Wildbad, whose existence numbers perhaps two-score years, has all the improvements that a railroad brings, and the Hotel Klumpp and Hotel Bellevue offer their guests every modern luxury—the fact that the French cook in the former receives 6000 marks wages for the three summer months, proving that the *cuisine* is well attended to. Opposite the "Klumpp" is the *Kursaal* where one finds the usual provision of daily papers from St. Petersburg, London, New York, and the German cities, ball rooms, concert halls, etc. The *Trinkhalle*, a handsome colonnade with a mineral spring at each end, leads into a row of bazaars where the unwary foreigner is beguiled into paying three times the value for any article he may fancy; thence one wanders through the shady *Aulagen*, long avenues of chestnut and beach leading beside the noisy river, with little rustic arbors and *chalets* of every odd shape, perched high on the rocks, or on the roadside, very attractive in appearance, but prone to shelter earwigs. A little English church peeps out from the trees, a theater which one might mistake for a comfortable farm-house, at a respectful distance from the church, and there are many little retreats furnished with rustic

tables and chairs, with thatched roofs, and one side open for the view, where one can while away a morning writing letters, or dreaming over a book—only disturbed by the chatter of the Enz, which becomes a soothing lullaby after a time.

The valley is very narrow, and there are no plains to weary the eye; the rocks and trees are all tossed together in delightful confusion on one side, and on the other the blue green pines shut out the horizon, and encroach into the gardens of some of the villas where the summer guests live. There is a plentiful mushroom growth of these villas along the road and hill side—they would be called simply houses in a place that was not a fashionable water-cure—with fanciful names, Concordia, Germania, Mathilde, and the like, and people whose pockets are not lined with gold, try to imagine that rooms in these villas are more to be desired for their privacy and quiet, than lodgings at the great hotels. Owing to the upward proclivity of the land, some of the villas are very deceptive; one enters what seems a modest dwelling of two floors, and on going in the rooms overlooking the valley finds the house an imposing structure of four or five stories. During the season, which is at its height in July and August, the stranger must pay dearly for his accommodations—a bedroom of ordinary size with the simplest furniture, not being attainable for less than four or five dollars a week in any of the villas; this is exclusive of board and service, and if there is a rush of people, the householders demand what they choose.

We found a disagreeable contrast to honest, old Frau Schoch, in the rapacious man of whom we hired our rooms; in every way he took advantage of us, and poor old Lady B—, a victim of rheumatism and slender means, told with tears in her eyes, how he had charged her for several weeks at the rate of twenty five cents a morning for a jug of hot water, on the plea that as she ordered no tea or coffee from the establishment, he must make a due profit on the water. A small glass of milk morning and evening, proved with this agreeable Boniface, a very expensive luxury, and this in a country place where a solemn-faced cow peers forth from every third house.

It is a cheerful sight when the people assemble in the afternoon for a concert under the trees, the fancifully dressed children playing together, watched by their *bonnes* in various costumes, the invalids in their wheeled chairs, forget their ills and chat with each other pleasantly—each feminine sufferer vying with her neighbor in the matter of toilet, and those who are not invalids, sit very contentedly over their coffee and *Kugelhopsf*, and listen to the music—everybody is delightfully idle, and each new comer takes to doing nothing as naturally as if it had been a lifelong habit.

A tipstaff in full regalia of dark green with silver buttons, cocked hat, shoulder scarf, and staff with nodding silver tassels, marches with stately step up and down through the audience, ordering chairs for unprotected females, chasing forth any stray dog that appears on the scene, and generally maintaining order. His commands are obeyed by half a dozen girls in blue cotton gowns, who are always in attendance at the concerts, and at the springs, and who take faithful care of the many lost articles picked up about the grounds. The band is far better than one usually hears at a bath, and the musicians know no rest during the season; two open air concerts are given each day, an extra one twice a week, and every night their services are required at the theater. In addition to this, they must celebrate with music all the arrivals, departures, and birthdays of the many celebrities who are *habitues* of the place. The musicians' salaries and the care and ornamentation of the *anlagen*, etc., is paid from a tax of two dollars levied upon every visitor who

remains longer than a week—five or six thousand people on an average come each summer, so a large sum is in this way collected.

Prince Gortschakoff came year after year to Wildbad—a bowed old man with snowy hair, and eyes bright as a child's, and always with a fresh rose in his buttonhole. Roses have a value of their own in Wildbad, and the grinning flower-girl who dispenses them has no conscience—but what is a paltry mark to a Russian prince in comparison with a pale-tinted *Gloire de Dijon*?

Many grand and noted people find their way to Wildbad, for rheumatism and weakness is no respecter of persons. Offenbach's name appears often in the strangers' list for past seasons; the summer of 1880 recording it for the last time.

Wandering high up in the woods, we found a charming nook dotted over with mossy rocks, where with the aid of a small boy acquaintance, we improvised a gypsy kitchen, in an adjoining cleft, and here sheltered by the thick trees, we had many a cozy picnic dinner. Once a sharp thunder-storm surprised us, but in spite of the heavy rain and wind that tossed the far off tops of the tree about, like the masts of the ship in a gale, our little kettle boiled merrily away on the spirit lamp, safe in the root of a hollow tree. The woods are very silent; a bird is rarely heard, and no beast crosses one's path; there are few wild flowers, and ferns and fungi are seldom seen, whortleberries and raspberries seem to thrive alone among the countless hosts of pines. One cannot lose one's way, for the smooth wide paths, neatly kept as a drawing-room floor, intersect the woods in all directions and are plentifully supplied with finger-posts.

From a village on the Enz higher up than Wildbad, an immense quantity of timber is sent down in many-jointed rafts, till it reaches the Rhine at Mannheim. Toward the end of the season a *Fest Flotte* is arranged for the amusement of the Wildbad guests, and profit of the raft builders. Half a dozen sections of the raft are piled high with boards to escape the wet, and hung with garlands and flags of all nations; the much-taxed musicians install themselves on one of these thrones with their brass instruments, and all the venturesome strangers of Wildbad on the others, and they go bumping along the swift sinuous Enz, amid a din of brazen trumpets, rushing water, grating rocks, and the vociferous cheers of the spectators on the banks. Two men guide the prow of the raft, but its endless writhing tail is left to take care of itself, and many a furious bump and overflow of angry water falls to its share. The passengers on this crazy craft pay a considerable sum for their questionable treat, and for a second outlay are escorted back to Wildbad by train when their perilous voyage is over.

Wildbad boasts of a very excellent charitable institution, the *Katherinenstift*, a hospital founded by the king and queen of Württemberg for the suffering poor; the poor, young and old, throughout Württemberg, who can benefit by the Wildbad cure, may come here free of expense, and find comfortable shelter, careful attendance, the treatment of the best physicians, mineral baths for their special use, and every aid for the restoration of health. There is an odd little conveyance, like an exaggerated baby wagon, with springs and a leather top, drawn by two men, in which a dozen or more crippled children are taken out every day for an airing. These poor creatures from the *Katherinenstift* hobble to the concerts on their crutches, and seem to enjoy the music thoroughly; they sit together on one side of the square, and in their plain homespun clothes offer an odd contrast to the fashionable throng around them.

Twice a day, dun-colored Swiss cows and goats are driven into a court behind the *Kursaal*, and people stray thither by dozens to drink the warm milk, handed about by a decent peasant woman. When asked some questions about the new


Trinkhalle, this woman replied that with taking care of her children, cows, and goats, she had not had time for the last seven years to walk through the *Anlagen*, and therefore, could not answer our question. Her cottage was within five minutes walk of the promenades, and if her story was true, she was one example of real industry in lazy Wildbad.

The drive from Wildbad to Baden-Baden is very beautiful; starting at nine o'clock in the morning, one of the heavy Black Forest vehicles with its sleepy steeds, reaches Herrenalb in time for one o'clock dinner—but one is never weary of the slow pace in the midst of such charming, ever-varying scenery. Herrenalb, a little cluster of hotels and cottages, nestles in another of the romantic valleys in which the country abounds, and is also a very favorite resort; leaving it at two, after a dinner served in the open air, one reaches Baden-Baden in time for a glimpse of the waterfall, and Allie (Lichtenthal) before dark. Every one knows Baden-Baden with its whirl of carriages, fashionable hotels, and hosts of resident foreigners. It is more like a little corner of Paris, with its bazaars blazing with jewels, opera, fashionably dressed pedestrians, and Imperial carriages with outriders tearing through the streets—only its beautiful situation reminds one that one is still in the Black Forest.

Instead of the modest milk-woman who served the thirsty stranger at Wildbad, a gorgeous young Hebe in Swiss peasant dress idealized, with netted silk mitts on her arms, and apron adorned with rich embroidery and real lace, distributes glasses of milk which are two-thirds foam, and alarmingly dear. The very donkeys which take people to the old Schloss, are hung with scarlet trappings worthy of an Arab steed, and only in Lichtenthal, and other suburbs of Baden-Baden, can one hope for the quiet simplicity so agreeable in summer.

Memory often carries us back to the wild scenery of those German mountains—to the quaint sights and events, in which there was almost a grotesque mingling of simplicity and shrewdness, rare and wonderful effects of color and gloom, of light and shadow, that filled the measure of the Black Forest days—regal days they seem to have been, as we recall them here in the center of a dusty, prosaic, bustling American city.

Tiger-hunt with Elephants.

HE tiger is one of the most savage of beasts, often depopulating entire districts. It is found in various parts of Central Asia, in some of the Asiatic islands, and in Sunatra. It is common in Hindoostan, where many devices have been employed to rid the country of them. Sometimes a spring-bow, with a poisoned arrow, was placed in the path, and when the animal came across a string in its way, it pulled at it, and the arrow was discharged. In Oude they have another way of destroying it. A parcel of leaves are smeared with a kind of bird-lime, and thrown into the jungles frequented by the tigers. When a leaf adheres to its paw, it tries to get rid of it by rubbing it against its face. Thus its eyes become glued up and it cannot see, and in its agony rolls over the leaves, which adhere to its body, and while in this condition, it is caught and killed.

These animals are often hunted with elephants in India, and it is quite an exciting sport. The jungles are desolate spots, generally surrounded by water, and in the thickets the animals hide. The natives go ahead of the cavalcade, and by literally beating about the bush, discover the tiger. Notice is given, and the party dash upon the jungles, the tiger sometimes rushing out and gaining another jungle. Frequently its pursuers are in pursuit for two miles. The



TIGER-HUNT WITH ELEPHANTS.

elephants sometimes become as excited as their riders, and darting upon the animal, pierce it with their tusks.

The Chinese emperors are famous for their tiger hunts, the hunt continuing several weeks. A circle is traced out thirty miles in circumference, and surrounded by soldiers. A troop then march to the sound of music, driving ahead the animals, which they have ferreted out of their hiding places. The noise of the cymbals, and the shouts of the soldiers alarm the hunted beasts, and, after they are driven into close quarters, they are set upon and killed.

Our illustration represents a tiger hunt with elephants in India. The tiger, on seeing its pursuers, has bounded forth and laid one of the attendants low, by knocking him over. In attempting to attack one of the men on the elephant, that sagacious beast seizes it between its tusks, and gives it a hearty squeeze. The hunter then raises his gun, and shoots it through the eyes. Sometimes the elephant gets badly wounded by the tiger, but it seems to forget this in its delight at seeing the animal lying dead at its feet, and will turn it over with its trunk with great exultation.

Henri Regnault.

(See page Etching.)

WAR has claimed some costly offerings, and youth, genius, and worth have been sacrificed to this terrible Moloch. When, fired with love for his native France, Henri Regnault left Tangiers, where he was painting, and threw himself into the midst of the fight, he signed his own death-warrant, and all his hopes of fame sank beneath the gory waves of war.

The great painter—for so the world agrees to call him—Henri Regnault, was born in 1843, and was the son of the director of the porcelain works at Sèvres. From his early childhood he displayed a passion for drawing, his sketches being mostly of animals, of which he was very fond.

His father did not discourage his artistic tastes, but insisted that his son should acquire a classical education before turning his attention to art. He was a diligent student, and won several prizes while at the Lycée Napoléon.

He studied art with Lamothe, and in 1866 carried off the Roman prize, which entitled him to study in Rome at the expense of the French Government. In 1867 he took up his residence in Rome, where, amid the glories of its art treasures, he lived a happy life.

While here he painted his celebrated picture, "Automedon, the charioteer of Achilles, yoking the horses Xanthus and Ballus." This splendid picture was painted when the artist was only twenty-five years old. The figures are life-size, and full of vigor and action. This painting belonged to the Hon. Levi Morton, and was exhibited at an art sale in this city, and was purchased for the Crow Art Gallery of St. Louis, the price paid for it being \$3,900.

In 1868, Regnault visited Spain, where he made the acquaintance of General Prim, who agreed to sit to him for his portrait. As this was to be an equestrian one, the painter was allowed the privilege of selecting the model for the horse in the royal stables. Passionately fond of these animals, he ever found delight in painting them, and his pictures of horses are among his most striking productions. General Prim was not pleased with the picture, and it was purchased by the French Government.

Returning to Rome, the young painter gathered up his artist's materials and left the "Eternal City" forever. Once more he found himself in Spain, where there was so much in the way of form and color to delight an artist's eye. He established himself in Granada, that he might be near the Alhambra. Here, for a while, he and his friend Clairin painted industriously, and in 1869 he wended his way to Tangiers, where he was soon joined by Clairin.

The two painters established themselves in an old Moorish house, which they adorned and beautified. They had their servants, their horses, and their dogs. They had their rich Moorish carpets and curtains, and various beautiful articles of Oriental manufacture. The air, the floods of sunshine, the flowers, the bright colors of the picturesque costumes of the people were so many sources of delight to the young painter, and he wrote to a friend, "My eyes at last see the Orient."

So charmed was he with his new home that he purchased some land and put up a studio, in which he intended always to paint his large pictures, even if he concluded to reside out of Tangiers. He planned a house in which he was to live when painting. Thus sped the time delightfully, and then came the breaking up of his hopes and his pleasant home, when he turned away from all its pleasures never to behold it again. He patted his dogs, grasped his faithful servants by the hand, locked his studio, and went forth—forth to die in the dark woods near the Park of Buzenval.

More than one bright hope was extinguished when this

promising young life was laid low. Loving and beloved, Henri Regnault promised himself many happy days with his betrothed, and what sadder than when they brought her back the little silver tear attached to a chain which she had given him, saying, "Take it now that I am happy, but you must give it back to me the first time you make me weep." By the returned token found upon his dead body, she knew that he was lost to her, and she wept, but blamed him not for her tears, for he had died the death of a patriot and in defense of their beloved France.

It was not compulsion that forced Henri Regnault into the National Guards. He had won the Roman prize, and this exempted him from military duty. He felt that France had a right to the services of all her sons, and he desired no exemption for himself. He made all his preparations for death. He attached to his clothing his name, "Henri Regnault, painter, son of M. Victor Regnault, of the Institute," bade a sad farewell to his betrothed, for whom he had put up some letters and pictures, and went forth with his friend Clairin by his side to meet the death of a patriot and a soldier.

The battle raged furiously in the woods, over which the twilight shades were fast falling, and the friends got separated. When the retreat was sounded, in vain did Clairin seek his friend, and was compelled to return to Paris without him. On a never-to-be-forgotten Sunday morning, two persons stood bereaved and sorrowing in Père-la-Chaise, looking down on the handsome young face that even in death seemed to smile upon them. These two persons were Clairin and the painter's betrothed, and the dead face was that of Henri Regnault. He had been moved with two hundred others from the battle-field to the cemetery, and there Love and Friendship followed and wept for him.


Who that was in Paris will ever forget that solemn Friday when the city capitulated and the sad requiem for Henri Regnault filled the aisles of the Church of St. Augustine. Gathered there were hundreds, and a throng outside who could not gain entrance. Statesmen and soldiers, poets and painters had come to pay their homage to this man of genius, and most touching of all was a bunch of white lilacs on the bier that told the story of a woman's love and devotion.

In looking at the paintings of this artist we are struck with wonder at the amount and quality of the work he accomplished in his brief life, for he was only twenty-eight when he died. He left sixty-five oil paintings, forty-five in water colors, and nearly two hundred sketches in crayon, etc.

Among his most renowned works is the "Execution without Trial," a very remarkable painting, which hangs in the Luxembourg, and excites terror in the beholder. It is composed of but two figures, and these tell the bloody story. A marble stairway is seen leading into a Moorish court, over which the sun pours a golden light. In the foreground stands the executioner, wiping his bloody cimeter on his tunic, while the mangled body of a man has fallen down the steps, and the head lies in a pool of blood. The blood covering the white marble of the steps has been pronounced "one of the finest bits of color in modern art." The picture is fearfully realistic, and thrills with horror all who see it.

The fine illustration, "Departure for the Fantasia," which is an Arab dance, will give some idea of the splendid powers of Henri Regnault. It is one of his Tangiers studies, and shows all the dash, vigor, and freedom of execution for which this artist was distinguished. It is a most effective and life-like representation of one of those scenes which greet the traveler in Tangiers. The fondness of the painter for horses, and his careful study of them, combined with his practical knowledge of good horsemanship, eminently fitted him for painting with success equestrian pictures. The illustration is from a superb etching by Lionel Le Coutoux, and is a fine specimen of this now popular art.

How I Found My Freedom.

 I was the day after the funeral, and Dr. Gray came in to see me. He had called at the house every day for six years, and habit was strong. But when after a little conversation upon the weather, a few inquiries about my health, and a bit of neighborhood news, he suddenly asked me to be his wife I was too surprised to answer. At last I managed to ask what in the world he wanted to marry me for.

"Chiefly, Margaret, because I love you, and because I have thought that if you do not already, you might love me; you are free now."

"That's it exactly. I am free, and for the first time in my life, and you want to put me in bonds again."

"No, I don't. I promise you that you should have all the freedom you want, and that I would take the tenderest care of you."

"I don't want to be taken care of. Aunt Jane said she had taken care of me all my life, and at the last moment she wondered what I would do when she was gone for some one to look after me. I've never had a moment of absolute and entire freedom in all my life. I don't want to complain, and probably I should do right over again what I have done, but because in the early years obedience to authority made it necessary, and in later years because of an undue sense of gratitude, and tender regard for a sick woman's feelings, I have been as much in bonds as the veriest slave. I've gone to bed when I wanted to sit up, and risen when I wanted to sleep, have eaten when I wasn't hungry the dishes that I didn't like, have dressed myself in colors I detested, read aloud till I was hoarse from Baxter's Call when a Dime Novel would have been a relief, sung when I wanted to cry, all for the sake of a woman who loved me, but whose love was tyranny."

"And you think I'd do the same!"

"I don't know, perhaps not. You're tender and kind, I know; but I want to be free; I want to do just as I please awhile. Now if I married you I should feel that some slight regard for your opinions and wishes would not unreasonably be expected of me, and I tell you that I am determined to consider myself, Margaret Sinclair, and her wishes and opinions first, for a while at least. In short, dear Dr. Gray, I am going to try and realize that I am free."

"And what, may I ask, do you propose to do with this freedom?"

"I don't just know myself. It is said, and truly, that a race enslaved has to learn to use its freedom; so with me. I have not decided, and in the very fact that I am free to decide as I wish lies a charm. Perhaps 'twould interest you to know that I took my breakfast in bed this morning, and that I ordered just what I wanted, and delighted Susan with the excellence of my appetite. Then I put on the dress I liked best, and even this evening have worn these red roses at my throat. Do you know, Dr. Gray, that I have not worn a rose for five long years? You smile, and I know it seems a little thing to you."

"You are wrong; it does not seem a little thing. I am glad to see you with the roses; they are made for you, Margaret; I understand and appreciate what your life has been; I know what demands have been made upon you, and how bravely you have met them."

"No, I have not met them bravely; I've secretly rebelled all the time; I'm ashamed to take praise that I don't deserve!"

"Never mind, it is over now, and I am glad; though, to tell you the truth, dear, I think that while you needed this discipline, it staid with you, and now it may be that you need something different, that too will come."

"I don't believe that exactly. It seems to me that the

things I've not had have been the very things I've needed most. Do you know that a great wonder comes over me sometimes as to what sort of a woman I would have been under different circumstances. I try to imagine myself how I would have looked and acted and felt."

"I know it's old-fashioned nowadays to talk of discipline, and to believe that we are led in ways we know not of, for a purpose, but I do believe it; and when I see you or any one set in places not of your own seeking, and from which you cannot in honor or reason get away, I think that there is a meaning in it beyond our reading. Time may make it clear; if not time, then eternity; I do not believe that it was solely to make your aunt comfortable and contented—though she was really neither—that you have been kept by her side for so long."

"Very well, there ought to be some compensation, and perhaps my discipline is what makes me so 'sweet.' Truly Dr. Gray, I heard Miss Smith say that she, meaning me, was 'just as sweet as she could be,' and I've had no ambition to be classed with the saccharine order of women. Do you withdraw your proposal, sir, upon hearing that?"

"No, my proposal remains; but can't you withdraw the 'No'?"

"I cannot. I've had discipline enough, you said; what should I marry you for?"

"May be I need discipline."

"Seek it elsewhere, then; I'm not to be inveigled out of my freedom yet."

"By and by, then?"

"Dr. Gray, you remember Lawrence Hurlburt?"

"Yes."

"I was engaged to him once, and I loved him, and I'm afraid I have not quite ceased to love him."

"If he comes back to you now that you are free?"

"Then I shall know."

"And you will tell me; no, you will not, for I shall not need telling; I shall know."

Then we walked down the long path to the gate. I gathered a handful of the choicest flowers for him, but as we parted he touched the rose at my throat and said "Give me this," and I did. We leaned on the gate in quite the fashion of young people, so I said to him, at which he laughed, then he asked, "How old are you?"

And I answered him as unhesitatingly and as frankly as if he had asked my Christian name, supposing he did not know it already. "I am thirty-one years old, Dr. Gray; too old, I know, to feel as absurdly young as I do. You see I don't feel as if I'd really *lived* any yet, and I want to live a full life."

"God grant you may," and then and there in the gathering twilight he leaned over and kissed me, and in a minute more had gone.

Then I went into the house and sat down and thought about it. It had never crossed my mind that Dr. Gray cared for me. He had been my aunt's physician for six years. His coming was part of the plan of every day. I had had no time in these last years to think of lovers. The one lover of my youth had left me because I would not leave the woman who had cared for me through the years when no one else cared for me, for him. That she was helpless and stricken was not to him a sufficient reason. So he went his way. And I kept him in my heart, and when after a long while the sharp pain left me, still the tenderness remained, and, without saying it to myself I looked and hoped that he would come back to me.

Probably had my life been different, I should long before have put him out of my thoughts.

As I said, I felt that my life lay yet before me. To the

young girls who knew me I suppose I was old, but in spite of the cares that I had known, in spite of the emptiness of the years, I could not rid myself of the feeling that I was young. Perhaps it was because of this very emptiness that I felt so; no one has a right to feel old who has not lived real true life, and I felt that I had not. The years alone do not count. It is what fills the years. I wondered as I sat thinking about it all if I were really heartless. I could not help knowing that the woman who was sleeping that night under the flowers that tender friendship had laid upon her grave, had really been often hard and unsympathetic and tyrannical. I could not help knowing that my life would be freer and gladder and better now that she was freed from her sufferings. But there was no touch of hardness in my thoughts of her. She was dead, passed beyond the ills and burdens of the body, and I was wise enough to know that many times these had made her spirit the weak unbeautiful thing it was.

I was glad and grateful for all that she had done for me; I forgave her what she had failed to do.

The old place was mine. A dear old place it was. An old brown house, with many porches and verandas, over which grape-vines and honey-suckles trailed their grace and glory. An old-fashioned flower-garden, where sweet-williams and marigolds and larkspur barely held their ground against heliotrope and pansy and dog-lilies. As I looked out upon it all the next morning, and saw the sweetness and beauty of it all, I was glad—just as glad as if it were all seen for the first time. I had truly in me the spirit of unwearied youth. The bees honey-laden hummed hither and thither, the butterfly, pontiff of the flowers, like a winged blossom of purple and gold, fluttered here and there. The mingled odor of roses and all sweet things came in at my window, and the song of the birds trilling their little hearts out for very joy came to my ears. Every sense was ministered to, and I was glad, and glad too that the sweetness and beauty could so thrill and delight me.

I had gotten more out of my stunted life than many get from the world that lies at their feet.

I decided to go to California. I had never been anywhere, hardly out of my native State. I had money enough for my needs, enough to make it possible for me to gratify my reasonable tastes and inclinations, and not enough to fill me with business cares and anxieties.

I found that some acquaintances of mine from a neighboring town had some friends who were going, and after a small amount of inquiries and exchange of references, we decided that a journey together might be mutually pleasant. Mrs. Davidson promised to "see to me" as she expressed it, and her husband promised all sorts of kindnesses, and their daughter, Miss Bessie, who was ten years younger and twenty years wiser in all the ways of the world than I, professed herself delighted.

It seems to me that the chief disadvantage arising from having all one wishes—travel, books, friends, and the thousand and one things that we want or grow to want—is that the very abundance, the very gratification dulls the edge of our pleasure. It is in obedience to the great law. We cannot have the apple except the apple blossom perish, nor the rose save by the slaying of the bud, I don't suppose that ever again would it be possible for me to feel the keen delight that I felt in that first long journey. Everything, from my traveling suit to the august porter, brought me pleasure.

Miss Bessie read; what time she was not reading she criticised the passengers in a small, weak, indiscriminating fashion. Her father and mother, having taken the trip before, found nothing so entertaining as the lunch-basket, and napping.

In a most democratic and shocking fashion I made acquaintances and even friends.

The man or woman who fails to do this in traveling is thereby much the loser. There is happily no monopoly of information or wisdom in this world, and the veriest little child may have something that we have not, and who, from any fancied notion of dignity, fails to accept the good that comes, makes a mistake. And what a curious medley of people can be gathered in one first-class California-bound car.

I found the man who had traveled everywhere, and who was continually telling of what he saw in Paris or London, or on the Alps. The small souled American who secretly despised everything of America, and didn't quite dare to say so. And the statistical traveler who kept his guide-book in his hand, and who told the length and depth of every river, and the height of every mountain.

The woman who always collected specimens and relics, and that other who talked about "perspective" and "light and shade" and "effects of color" in a parrot-like fashion. It was when we were crossing the plains, the great, wide, weird plains, the dreary gray plains, that inspire one with a wonder as to what they have of or for the world—so ghost-like and anomalous are they in their separation from it—that the true character of the traveler comes to the surface.

Here the jolly pleasant ones feel it their duty to be their jolliest and pleasantest, the dull ones even, acknowledging the exigencies of the occasion, brighten a little, and make their trite commonplace remarks with an air a trifle less pompous and assured.

The dignified party who fears contamination is here fitly punished for his exclusiveness, and the unselfish man or woman, the real lady or gentleman, the one who is genuine all the way through, wherever he or she may be, is here thrice blessed.

We had these all on board, besides others not so easily classified.

The long, long journey was accomplished at last, and we found ourselves in that strange, fascinating city San Francisco. I enjoyed everything so much that to such traveled people as the Davidsons I was quite a marvel. Mr. Davidson, however, declared that it was a delightful thing to see a woman who had not exhausted all the pleasures of living, and he was a most patient and painstaking escort upon all occasions.

And right in the midst of our pleasuring Bessie Davidson was stricken with fever. She had never been seriously ill in her life; she had been everywhere, inhaled all sorts of evil odors and malaria, climbed mountains, ridden strange horses over distractingly precipitous paths, and no evil had befallen her, but right here, and for no good cause or provocation that we could see, she was sick.

Mrs. Davidson was an admirable woman, and in seasons of health a very excellent companion, but in a sick-room she was a failure. She was one of those women made for fair weather only, not to be called upon in case of storms. Nurses there were plenty to be hired, but Bessie in her own little mind had decided that she didn't like nurses of that order, and with a flattery which was intended to compensate for the selfishness, she elected me to take care of her.

No one else had so soft a hand or so magnetic a touch, no one else knew just how or when to give the medicines, no one else could keep still without making a noise about it, she said. The doctor said since she so much wished it, it would be best for her to have me with her.

It was the inherent contrariness of all things. I had resolutely set about being free, and I found stumbling blocks set in my way almost the first thing.

Of course I could have said that my own health, pleasure,

and all that would suffer by resigning my plans, but I didn't say it.

I established myself acting manager in the sick-room, and for six weeks watched and cared for the sick girl. Part of the time she was very sick, but finally she began to mend, and the great nameless dread gave place to joy at the prospect of her recovery.

When very ill she was quiet and amiable, when she was gaining, and had reached the "toast and tea" stage, she was as exacting and fretful as it was possible for woman to be.

Had I been a hired nurse I would have left her, but for love's sake I was with her, and for that I endured. And they had all been so good to me, and were so grateful to me now. And then Bessie would put her arms around my neck and kiss me and call me a darling, and beg me not to mind a word she said. I had done much serving without kiss or caress when I longed for both, and I enjoyed the petting she gave me, and forgot everything else.

She was a sweet, shallow woman, amiable and good in a negative sort of a fashion. Very correct and conventional, and it must be admitted a trifle tiresome at times.

I felt in looking at her that I could have been made into half a dozen such women as she, and had something left over besides. I wondered how anybody with the whole world to choose her own from did not find more wherewith to fill and glorify life, forgetting that a pint cup can only hold its measure full.

Then when she was sufficiently recovered we resumed our journeying, visiting the places of interest down on the books of all tourists. Of all who gaze on the wonders of cañon, of falls, of mountain, and sky, each one gathers into his life something different from the other, each after his kind.

Bessie tried to bring away the glories of Yosemite, its divine waterfall, its eternal rocks, its walls of granite, its oaks and pines, and shivering poplar trees, its domes and peaks and pinnacles on a little piece of canvas thirty inches square, and she was in her own mind persuaded that she had succeeded.

We went home by steamer. Then came my days of wretchedness. Not many of them it is true, but enough to make me say very fervently my prayer for those who go down to the sea in ships. Again, in perfect harmony with the inherent contrariness of all things in which I have a hand, Bessie was not sick. She was in passive enjoyment of the splendors of sea and sky, and in active enjoyment of a flirtation with one of the handsomest and most intellectual gentlemen she had ever met. If there was anything that would shake her soul to its foundations it was the prospect of an uninterrupted flirtation, and here it was. Her views of the subject of beauty and intellect differing somewhat from mine, I did not place great confidence in her statement. But the demon released me after we were a few days out, and I cared once more for the things of this life, a regard for which had been totally and entirely destroyed while in the grasp of the fiend of the sea. I had a little desire to look well in the eyes of this paragon of Bessie's, just why I could not say, but I made myself look as well as the rigors of a sea toilet will permit, and had the satisfaction of seeing that I really looked very little worse for my illness. I believe I have not stated that I was what people call almost beautiful. If it hadn't been for a nose of too aspiring tendencies I should have been decidedly so. But that member resolutely forbade my indulging in vanity, and in truth when I looked in the glass it was that unlucky feature that I saw, not the waving, glossy red-brown hair that was full of sunshine one minute, and dark with shadows the next, not the large hazel eyes nor the red mouth with the white teeth, nor the fair clear complexion, but always that pugnacious little nose.

Lately, however, that divided distinction with a few faint lines across the brow—O how plainly I saw those few faint lines.

I found them sitting side by side on deck. By reason of her semi-invalidism she was sheltered and wrapped and protected in the most careful and considerate manner. She was not easily moved emotionally, but she did give an unusual exclamation of surprise when before she could speak the words of introduction, her companion seized my hands and cried out "Margaret, Margaret!" and that was not all—right before her eyes he put his arms around me and kissed me tenderly, saying "At last I find you!"

I laughed a little and said, "No; to find implies searching, and you can hardly say that you were looking for me here on the Pacific! but it's very pleasant to see you again, Mr. Hurlburt, any way."

"Thank you for so much as that."

Meantime Bessie had looked from one to the other and back again, and on her transparent little face was plainly to be read, "What does it all mean, any way?"

I answered her unspoken question by, "We are old friends, Mr. Hurlburt and I."

"Why didn't you say so?" she asked.

"How could I when you never mentioned the name to me?"

"Indeed I did!"

"Maybe so; but my dear, if you had said that the angel Gabriel was your *compagnon de voyage* I should not have known it."

Women are sometimes just a little spiteful and rude; only sometimes and only a little, and this was one of the occasions.

It was easy enough to see that Bessie did not believe a word I said. She let me see that.

It was true, nevertheless, I had no recollection of hearing the name.

I was glad to see Lawrence Hurlburt. I said over and over to myself that I was glad, but somehow I kept wondering why it was that I did not find more that I could say to him; why I did not find more interest in what he said to me.

And I said to myself day after day, to-morrow or the next day this strange feeling of distance between us will wear away.

But it did not; and the days went by, and it dawned upon me that I had kept my heart true for five years to a man for whom after all I cared nothing.

He was slow to see this, but I made him understand.

He desired, so he said, to resume the old relations; indeed he said, "Whenever you will, Margaret, I will be glad with all my heart to make you my wife."

"Do you love me?"

He hesitated. It is curious how a woman feels, but though I did not want to marry him, though I did not love him at all in lover's fashion, I was sorry that he could hesitate, and was ashamed that I was sorry.

"Say 'no,' Lawrence, and be honest."

"I have thought of you all these years, Margaret——"

"And I've thought of you all these years, and thought I loved you, but I didn't, and you don't love me—not a bit; but I like you, and I shall like you all the better for being honest."

And it ended thus and there, my dream of so long a time.

And by the time the voyage was ended he and Bessie were engaged.

And I found out what I had nursed her back to life for.

She triumphed over me in her little fashion.

I had planned to remain in New York that winter, had found or been found by some relatives who were near enough

to have a more than stranger's interest in me, and yet not so near as to claim anything for "relation's sake." I took much delight in anticipating my coming pleasures.

But alas! I had but settled myself to the very delightful condition of things, when on returning from a ride one day I found a letter forwarded to me from my old home. It had been to San Francisco, and had followed me up.

It was from an old friend, the only girl-friend I had ever had. She wrote: "I am passing through deep waters. My husband died only last week, my children are ill, I am broken in spirit and in health—I want you. You are free, I know, or I would not ask, but will you come to me? We vowed an enduring friendship. I beg you to come."

The letter had been over two weeks on the way. My friend lived not more than fifty miles from my home, but strangely enough in her grief she had forgotten that I was not there.

I packed my trunk in the midst of many expostulations from my friends.

"It's sheer nonsense, Margaret," said Mrs. Bliss. "Your friend, it seems to me, can find some one nearer who will help her; the idea of your giving up your winter here, to nurse and comfort a woman who has lost her husband—as if it were so strange a thing to be a widow."

"It's strange to her anyway."

"She'll get used to it."

"I s'pose so; we do get used to hard things, but between this and the getting used to it are long dreary days of agony and loneliness. I must go to her—there is no other way. I loved her, and she needs me."

And I went. Went into a house where everything spoke of sorrow, where the bereaved wife kept herself in her darkened room—and the children almost held their breath for fear of disturbing poor mamma.

The "waves and the billows" had gone over them and they were overwhelmed.

It was real sorrow, such as darkens the whole world to those upon whom it falls.

It was a cruel change for me, but somehow I adjusted myself to it readily.

It was glorious October weather, and I opened the windows and lured my friend from her bed to look out upon the autumn glory.

I let her talk all she wanted of her loss and her grief, and let her cry in my arms.

I didn't tell her that her husband was better off and she ought to be reconciled, but I persuaded her out to ride, and after a while to walk through the woods glorious with their scarlet and brown and crimson.

And many and many a struggle did I have before I brought that about.

I looked over the children's clothes, took turns sleeping with them—for they conceived a mighty affection for me, read to them and told stories till I was tired, and alarmed about my mental and moral condition, and sang till my voice failed.

I superintended the domestic machinery, and kept the wheels from utterly clogging.

And I grew weary a good many times, but it had its agreeable side.

My friend was loving and appreciative, and the children grow into my heart wonderfully.

And the desolation lightened, my friend's health returned, and her wisdom rose above her grief and helped her to take up her burdens again.

And I was more glad than I could have been by the pleasures I had foregone.

Still the wonder grew in my mind, why it was laid down that the thing that I planned to do was always the thing that I was prevented from doing, and the thing unthought of and undesired was always the thing at my hand to do.

And I didn't like it any better than ever.

One bright day in November I went out to ride, taking with me the youngest and the wildest of the children. Tom was a terror. Helen's babies were not to be compared to him.

He was not only one of those children who wanted to see the wheels go round—he wanted to *make* them go.

And this special afternoon he was a trifle more persistent, more active, more pertinaciously, diabolically inventive than usual.

I had used all sorts of strategies to keep him within bounds, and had by dint of persuasions and cajolings kept him from pitching headlong out of the buggy, or from frightening the horse out of his staid senses, but alas, it was to come, and no foresight or planning was to stand in the way.

I don't to this day know just how it happened, but we were near the village where we were going for the daily mail, when by some means—I think the chief agency was a branch of sumac—he succeeded in laying the last straw on the back of our much enduring horse.

In an instant he began to run; the child began to scream, not with fear but actual delight, and I clung helplessly to the reins.

I turned to the screaming child beside me, and lifting him in one hand by his coat collar I set him through the open back of the buggy.

As we tore down the street I looked and saw that he sat despairingly but safely in the dust of the street.

I no longer tried to check the horse; I let him go.

As usual, men and women showed their imbecility by shouting and running at the frightened beast.

Probably if let alone he would have kept the road, but being denied that, and determined to go somewhere, he valiantly charged on a carriage hitched in front of the village drug store.

I saw what was coming—I saw my helplessness. Dim visions of a bruised and broken body flashed before me. I saw all the past in that half minute, and over the thought of all others rose the thought of one man. I saw one face. I seemed to hear the words, "Margaret, I love you!"

Then everything blended and crashed and blinded me.

When I came to myself in the little back-room of the drug store and saw Dr. Gray's face bending over me, it seemed quite the most natural thing in the world, and the most delightful.

Saying, "O I am so glad!" I closed my eyes in absolute indifference to all surrounding objects.

Broken buggies, broken bones even, were nothing—Dr. Gray was there.

I was fearfully bruised and shaken, and my right arm was broken.

Somehow they took me home. I never had a very distinct idea about it, and it was not until the next morning that they allowed me to talk.

I slept soundly, sweetly, with the feeling I was at perfect liberty to go to sleep, and with the further half-consciousness that my slumbers were being watched as I had others.

It was more a feeling than a thought, for the magic in the little white powder prevented *thought*.

When I awoke it was to meet Dr. Gray's eyes, and to feel his strong gentle touch on my hand.

"Well, Miss Margaret, I see you are enjoying your freedom in rather curious fashion; however, if anybody *wants* to get run away with and break their arms, and frighten their friends half to death, I suppose they ought to be indulged, particularly as they've always been denied such privileges."

"Sarcasm is a very weak weapon in *your* hands, Dr. Gray," I retorted; "besides when I'm helpless it is in *very* bad taste to attack me. How did you come to be on the spot, any way?"

"I had heard of your arrival here—thanks to the newspapers which chronicle the movements of every one—and I wanted to see you, just to see how a season of freedom had agreed with you; so I came, or was coming when you met me—not quite half way. Are you well, Margaret, aside from this little accident, and have you enjoyed your rest and recreation and liberty? Tell me all about it, Margaret."

And I began and told him all about it, with one exception—that of my meeting with Hurlburt—and ended in this wise:

"I've given it up. I've been across the continent in my search for liberty. I've tried city and country. I don't belong to anybody, but at every step there's something or somebody who stands and says, 'You have nothing to do, therefore please do this for me.' Fever attacks a woman who has no end of other friends, yet must needs want me; and widows and orphans send across the country for me to leave all the pleasures I've planned, and come to them. Children wear the life out of me with their demands. Servants want me to write their love letters, and yesterday came a letter from a lady whom I met in California but who lives in Chicago, saying that she is going abroad next month, and desires to find a boarding place in some quiet town for three of her family, an aged mother and two children from ten to sixteen years of age—they are not troublesome—and she remembered that I had spoken of a pleasant home, and that I was alone in life and accustomed to caring for the sick, etc., etc. Think of that, Dr. Gray. Now I want you to write to her and say that I'm *dead*, insane—anything you please. Do I look like a fool? Is there anything about my looks or manner that would lead one to think that I could be converted into nurse, landlady, governess—at the merest request—is there?"

"I see nothing in your looks to indicate such versatility; just now, barring the splintered arm, you look like a very pugnacious female—in fact almost dangerous—to what I want to say!"

"I'm going into a convent, or join the school of nurses, or something that will proclaim at least that I'm not open to all sorts of proposals."

"There's one position open to you, Margaret, which, if you accept will keep you from receiving offers of any other—you know dear—I love you—and—can't you love me a little? can't you be my wife, darling?" adding teasingly, "won't it be better to have your duties simple and specific, rather than indefinite and general?"

And I said: "If it needs be that I *must* wear bonds, I'll take those you offer, and it may be better than being at the mercy of the public, being made a slave of because I have the appearance of being free. I'll clank my chains and keep people off that way."

"Is that the best you can say to me, my Margaret? I have waited very patiently for some sweeter word;" and bending down low to me, he said, "I am listening, dear."

They were very simple words I spoke, but they sufficed to make his face radiant with joy, and cause him to say, "Thank God, my darling."

"And now," said he a little later, "by virtue of my authority I command you to order the wedding-gown and the bridal roses, and to cease your search for freedom; you have found it,—the freedom where with love makes free."

And I listened to his commands with a happy heart.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

A Roman Dinner.

(See page Etching)



OUR illustration, "A Roman Dinner," is from an etching after the painting by the celebrated artist, Lawrence Alma-Tadema, and shows the peculiar characteristics of this painter, who was born in 1836, in Dronryp, in the Netherlands. He was destined for a learned profession, and it is possible that his classical studies influenced him in the choice of his subjects as an artist.

When sixteen years of age he went to Antwerp to study painting, but did not throw aside his classical studies. The first picture he exhibited was "The School for Vengeance," now in possession of the King of the Belgians; and in 1865 he first exhibited in England, the subject of his picture being the "Egyptian Games." At first his pictures aroused but little interest, the popular taste not running, at that time, in the direction of ancient lore. Gradually his productions attracted notice, and he achieved universal renown, not only for his subjects, but for his beauty of coloring and wonderful finish. Honors began to pour in on him. He received the gold medal at the Paris salon, was made Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium, was decorated with the Legion of Honor (France), and made a member of the Royal Academies of Berlin, Munich, and England, in which latter country he resides, having married for his second wife an English lady artist.

Among his most celebrated pictures are "A Vintage Festival in Ancient Rome," "The Death of the First Born," considered one of the greatest of his works, "Agrippina with the Ashes of Germanicus," "Scenes in the Bath," and "Amote-Amame."

"A Roman Dinner" conveys a very good idea of the customs and dress of that period. The Romans had no special eating room, any of their large apartments being used for the purpose. The "lectus" on which they reclined at meals was neither a bed nor a sofa, but a frame with a ledge. It was sometimes of wood inlaid with ivory and tortoise-shell, or was of brass, and even of silver. On the "lectus" a mattress was thrown stuffed with wool or eider-down, the cushions being of the same. The coverlets were richly embroidered, and were often so large that nothing could be seen of the "lectus." They were generally purple. The wealthier classes had them of gold-embroidered silk.

The table was placed by the side of the "lectus." It was generally very elegant, and was made of a peculiar wood, the top being of marble or silver, and even gold, and the legs carved or inlaid with metals. No table-cloths were used. The vessels for holding liquids were generally from Greek designs. When of gold or silver they were richly chased or hammered out; they were also adorned with gems and cameos set in gold rims. Bronze vessels were used, and ivory and amber also. The Romans understood the art of making glass, and knew the secret of laying different colored glasses together, which they then cut like the onyx. The Barberini or Portland vase, found in the tomb of Severus Alexander, is of this description. They were very partial to drinking horns in the shape of animals. The dishes and plates were of glass, silver, and gold handsomely wrought.

The dinner consisted of three courses, and was taken about sunset. Fish was a favorite food, as was also the flesh of the boar, which was brought whole to the table. There was an abundance of vegetables at a Roman dinner, and always a dessert.

The pictures of Alma-Tadema are very popular with all who are interested in classical studies, as from them much may be learned of the early Romans, Greeks, and Egyptians. They show great accuracy, technical finish, and consummate skill. The coloring is harmonious, and, as has been said, so true to nature as to be scarcely a deception.

Regret.

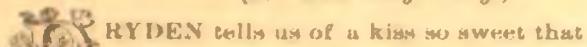
THE long and languid days of buried years
 Arise in spectral wise and haunt me every where ;
 They flaunt their phantasies of smiles and tears
 Across my weary eyes, and my defiance boldly dare ;
 What can exorcise ghosts of those fair days
 I lightly tossed away uncaring what might lie
 Within their pregnant hours ! What dolorous ways
 May make atonement for the duties I passed by !

Can I so softly shroud my wasted days
 In garments which my patient steadfastness shall weave
 That they will no more cast across my ways
 Their restless wraiths ? With willing toil may I retrieve
 My youth of ease wherein I would not know
 The passion of my kind ? Since I so late have learned
 How hard it is to bear life's weight of woe
 Will what I yet can do bring peace I shall have earned ?

ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.

"Willing."

(See Steel Engraving)

RYDEN tells us of a kiss so sweet that

When it was gone the sense of it did stay,
 The sweetness clung upon my lips all day,
 Like drops of honey loth to fall away."

Tennyson sings rapturously of the kiss that woke the sleeping princess from her slumber of a hundred years. "I'd sleep another hundred years," she said, "O love, for such a kiss." "O happy kiss," gallantly replies the prince, "that woke thy sleep ;" and what a charming answer the lover receives to this. "O love, thy kiss would wake the dead." After a dialogue like this what followed was to be expected.

"And o'er the hills and far away,
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
 Beyond the night, across the day,
 Through all the world she followed him."

The cavalier in the picture has loved the fair lady long and well. She is aware of it, and she knows that the feeling is mutual. He has often pleaded for a kiss, which she has refused, but now expresses her willingness to be kissed if he can accomplish the feat across the barrier that separates them. She believes that he cannot, but "love laughs at locks" and bars and every other obstacle, as asks Shakespeare,

"For valor, is not love a Hercules ?"

Nothing daunted, the venturesome lover, disdaining the abyss at his feet, and into which he may fall if he loses his balance, leans over and kisses the cheek turned willingly to receive the salutation. Leander crossing the Hellespont to meet his Hero was scarcely more loving and daring than is this lover who is willing to brave all danger for the happiness of bestowing a kiss on the beautiful cheek of the lady of his love. The peril incurred in giving this token of affection makes it all the more precious to the receiver, and doubtless, like the kiss of which Dryden wrote,

"When it was gone the sense of it did stay."

Perhaps unhappy circumstances cause a separation between them. Then, how often do they both look back to that kiss, given beneath the shadows of the trees, with hearts attuned to love, and hope's rosy hues bright around them. She was ready, like the princess, to follow him "through all the world," had fate so willed it. Now all she has is the memory of a love that was sealed with this kiss remembered forever.

The artist of this charming picture, Mr. E. Metzmacher, has given us a very graceful and expressive composition. The costume carries us back to the days of the past, when this style of dress was worn both in France and England. The richness of material, the beauty of the lady, the graceful foliage, and the sunlight streaming through the trees and falling in golden gleams upon the figures, all serve to make this a bright and beautiful picture, full of originality, poetic sentiment, and charming grace.

Bonnie Bessie of Hawleigh.

O MERRILY round the spinning-wheel flew,
 With a whirring, a whirring, a whirring it sped,
 And slimmer and slimmer the distaff it grew,
 As her small dainty fingers swift twisted the thread ;
 While her voice, as fresh as a lark's in June,
 To the wheel's low measure kept time and tune ;
 "O the morn is so fair, and my love cometh soon,"
 Bonnie Bessie of Hawleigh.

O, her eyes were as brown as the chestnuts that streak
 The winding wood-path when November winds blow,
 And the trailing arbutus vied with her soft cheek,
 Its blushes just dawning o'er petals of snow ;
 And her hair crept in tendrils that would not be bound
 By the gold-gleaming braids, all her forehead around ;
 While purity, modesty, meekness all crowned
 Bonnie Bessie of Hawleigh.

Adown the old elm-shadowed highway one rode,
 Booted and spurred like a good knight of yore,
 And he halted his steed where the maiden abode,
 And the wheel and the singer breathed music no more.
 Staunch little Puritan maiden was she,
 Staid little maiden of humble degree,
 And the stately old governor's proud heir—Ah me,
 How speedeth such wooing ?

Into his couch draped with crimson and gold,
 Softly the weary sun sank in the west ;
 The pale-hearted primrose its petals unrolled,
 O winged are the moments when love is a guest.
 In vain the wise house-mother shook her gray head,
 "Twixt low and high-born vows are better unsaid ;"—
 'Tis useless to warn when love's arrow has sped,
 But how endeth the wooing ?

The clanging church bells peal a glad joyous strain,
 The brown village urchins strew flowers o'er the green ;
 Here ride gallants and dames—such a brave wedding train,
 O, ne'er was a goodlier company seen.
 Ring out one bell, ring ! for true love has won !
 Here are haughty court ladies—"but fairer are none
 Than my bride," softly murmurs the governor's son,
 "Lady Bessie of Hawleigh !"

RUTH REVKEL

The Mandrake, or Plant of Magic.

EVERY nation has its superstitions, and almost every individual. Dr. Johnson could not be induced to walk under a ladder, and Luther believed in witches. In the will of Louis Napoleon is this declaration: "With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch." Even Charlemagne wore a trinket, supposed to bring good luck, and Cæsar felt safe in crossing the Rubicon because he saw a man on the opposite bank with a good figure. That "lesser folks" should be superstitious, is not to be wondered at, and that they should attach talismanic qualities to gems, animals, birds, insects and plants.

To the Mandrake, or Plant of Magic, in times past, the superstitious attached great importance. It was said to utter shrieks when the root was taken up; and frequently a dog was tied to it, and in his struggles to escape the root came up. The mandrake was supposed to owe its origin to some supernatural cause, and it was believed to possess the power of bestowing gold and a happy fate on the possessor. Especially fortunate was it to find one near a gallows, and in gathering it certain words had to be used, the omission of even one bringing great trouble, such as instant death, and if this was escaped a specter would haunt the person the rest of his days.

This curious-looking plant is known by several names, but is generally called May apple or mandrake, and sometimes the mandragora. It is found in various localities, and is mentioned in the Bible as growing in Palestine. It was common in the fields of Mesopotamia, and was gathered in the days of wheat harvest. The mandrake is also found in the Grecian islands, in various parts of Europe, and in America, especially in marshy grounds. The leaves are dark green, and are long, sharp, and pointed; the flowers are white tinged with purple; and the fruit is orange colored. Its peculiarity consists in the root, from which the leaves spring direct, and which bears a resemblance to the human form. It is used medicinally, but in very small quantities, as it proves more hurtful than beneficial when taken other-

Two Movements.

TWO very curious new departures have taken place recently, one in London and one in New York, which deserve the thoughtful consideration of every man and woman, as showing the tendencies of the times, and the retrograde efforts that are sometimes made in the midst of a free and enlightened community by a few bigots or fanatics, while the step in advance is taken where progress is less expected.

The first, and the most important of these movements is the passing of the Woman's Property Act in England, which equalizes woman's rights in property with those of men, to a degree which imagination could not have anticipated ten years ago, and places them on an even more independent and responsible footing than in this country. It makes women in all respects able to buy, hold, sell, acquire, inherit, and dispose of personal property or real estate the same as men, and married as single women, but it also makes them equally responsible for the maintenance of children and husband in case of the inability of the latter to provide for himself and family. There is an element of injustice in this last clause, because the positions of the man and woman in the case are not equal; the woman, by virtue of her maternal function and domestic and social relations, being often incapacitated for the work of earning a livelihood. Still, we are not disposed to object to or cavil at the legal acknowledg-

ment of the fact which so frequently exists of the woman's responsibility in the case, or at the formal assignment of obligations which many women are obliged to take whether they wish to do so or no, and which, being roundly and frankly stated, may render marriage a more serious business to the immense mass of poor, working English women than it has been, set them to thinking more seriously, and so that they will enter upon it less lightly.

In all respects however, it is an immense step in advance, and it will exercise an influence upon the character and destiny of women in the future, and upon the actual progress of the human race, which can now hardly be estimated, and which, in this country especially, we can form little conception of, because



THE MANDRAKE, OR PLANT OF MAGIC.

the position of women here, particularly during the past fifteen years, has been so entirely different in respect to their legal status, and property rights, as to have effaced old lines from the minds of the incoming generation, which had, moreover, no dark background in a long, sordid, brutal past, to deepen the impression, as in the case of England and English women.

There is something, too, both strengthening and inspiring in the very demand made upon the courage and faculties of women in the event of those of the husband not proving adequate; it pre-supposes ability, for which women have heretofore received little credit, and it will stimulate them to the cultivation of powers and the exercise of gifts for self-sustaining, rather than vain and frivolous reason, and with the stronger and more elevated motive, and its recognition will come stronger and better work.

But the greatest benefit will flow from the uplifting of thousands of poor women in the minds and to the consciousness of as many thousands ignorant and brutal men, whose traditional habit of looking upon women as a kind of animal made for their service, has heretofore been sanctioned by the infamous injustice of English common law, which has thus made itself responsible for the shocking atrocities committed by the lower class of Englishmen upon their wives, and the disposition for which grows with immunity from penalty, and the very light and lenient ways in which dispensers of English justice have been accustomed to regard their perpetration. But all this now in truth belongs to the past. It will take a long time, generations doubtless, to find the solid, practical results of the new order, but in a measure and various directions, the advantageous consequences will soon become apparent. It is a satisfaction too, that as in this country, the great work may be considered as having been executed by women themselves. It is true that even more than in this country, the legislative enactments which formulated and confirmed the progressive idea, were only carried through by the long, patient, persistent and determined efforts of the best and foremost of English male parliamentary representatives; and to these men, English women, and all other women, will forever owe a great debt of obligation; but their efforts were strengthened, suggested, made possible by the strong, wise, serious, determined endeavors of the thoughtful and cultivated among women themselves, to secure for their own sex the equal recognition in matters so vital to their interests and welfare.

The second movement to which we have referred is one which has occurred in our own midst, and affects our own condition more nearly and directly. It consists in the revival of the obsolete and outworn enactments of local legislation made a hundred years ago, under what was known as the Penal Code, and which the growth of populations and ideas, have forced in all great centers into disuse. This strange revival of the spirit of proscription and bigotry, of supervision of men's consciences and control of their mundane affairs, is as clearly a step backward, as the first movement in favor of women is a step forward; only in the one case it is a merely local affair, with local consequences, and in the other, the beneficent results will be felt more or less throughout the entire world. There are two aspects of the late enforcement of antiquated laws which are particularly mischievous and unjust. One is the hypocrisy and evasion to which it gives rise, and which tend to loosen the slight bonds of respect which hold reckless and ill-regulated persons in abeyance; and secondly, the special hardness with which it bears on the very poor, leaving the rich and well-to-do unscathed, and ignorant, if they do not choose to inquire, of the terrors which it has for the weaker and more needy part of the population. Shoe-blacks, news-boys, women who depend upon the results of these occupations, or upon the small and


irregular sums which they can succeed in obtaining from the remainder after a Saturday night's carousal, and which they can only render available by being able to put it immediately to use—these poor people, many of whom do not live in any proper sense of the term, are only able to tide over existence by what they can scrape together on Sunday morning; and the sudden stoppage of all their small industries, which harm no one, which on the contrary do an infinite deal of good by sustaining families and preserving self-respect, is freighted for them with the most serious and disastrous consequences.

Such enforcement, too, of an old Penal Code is contrary to the teaching of the Scriptures, and the spirit of the free institutions upon which the perpetuity of this nation is based. Our Saviour expressly forbade this idolatry of a day and rendering it superior to the deed, while the censorship which such enactments enforce would not now be tolerated in any capital in Europe, or any small town in Europe or America; and will inevitably provoke a rebound that will lead to a degree of license most hurtful and saddening to every intelligent man and woman. There is no city of its size in the world where the happy medium seemed to have been better reached between license and bigotry than in this rich and great city of New York, until the resurrection of these ghosts of a dead past excited bitter and resentful feeling. The calmness of peace on the Sabbath rested upon every street and by-way through which a stranger or resident would be likely to pass, and certainly no better opportunity could possibly have been afforded in these days of hurry and turmoil, for each one, man or woman, who wished it, to serve God after his or her own fashion. This perfect liberty being assured, it behooves every good citizen to see that every other person is protected in the liberty that he himself enjoys, not the liberty to worship alone, but the liberty to spend his day of rest or respite as he pleases, so long as he does not interfere with the rights of others. The spirit of dogmatism which prompts the recent action is confined to very few, but it threatens many and furnishes the pretext by which the few of an entirely opposite radical stripe may carry a nation to the verge of destruction. Modern life demands a freer code than that of Calvin and his successors, and the most serious evil the revival of old and distasteful enactments threaten, is a rebound which, in driving us from Scylla, will split us upon Charybdis. It is an enlightened wisdom, not a narrow and intolerant spirit of coercive bigotry, which should guide public affairs, at least in a republic.

How We Live in New York.

BY JERRY JUNE.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSE-KEEPING BY FOUR GIRLS.

 THE problem of living in New York is difficult enough to women who are married, but it has been even more perplexing to women single. Girls with "homes" are always considered exceptionally fortunate, but a home is not always the haven of rest and peace which she needs to the hard-working girl or woman. Very often "going home" is only exchanging one kind of drudgery for another, while, if the home is of a superior description, and the worker possessed of a circle of friends, it will be impossible to make them, or even the members of her own family, understand the necessity for entire release from the bondage of social routine, and the fatal effects of eternal interruption to serious work.

The alternative to the home, and the one resource of those

who have no home, is the boarding-house. This is considered wretched enough for a bachelor, but it is infinitely worse for the unmarried woman. She is looked at askance—her every motion is watched, her every look is criticised. If she is young and attractive she becomes an object of suspicion, and perhaps envy to the women, of vulgar effort to win her favor on the part of the men. If she is not young or specially pleasing to the consciousness of those about her, her life is dreary and monotonous in the extreme; she cannot go out alone after working hours, and she cannot go out in company without animadversion. She has the constant feeling also, that she is only tolerated; women boarders, even at ten or twelve dollars per week, are not considered at all as desirable as young men. Young men are always out of the house, they do not require lunch, or stay at home to eat it, and they do not waste the boarding-house gas in the evening. For these and other reasons the bachelor is at a premium, the woman boarder always at a discount; and so undesired, and generally undesirable as to be glad to take anything offered in the way of accommodation.

One of the results of the new independent movement among women is the making of homes of their own by the association of two or more women together. Up to a very few years since this simple method of solving the problem of a home-life for unmarried women was considered extraordinary. That women do make the homes for men is conceded, but the majority believed that no home could be made without a man to make it for, and to stand as its guardian and protector. Facts, however, are proverbially stubborn things, and facts have been accumulating. Women and girls, unbound by any ties of relationship, have lived together, have made happy homes for themselves, and though such cases are always spoken of as experimental, they are in reality so no longer, but are rapidly becoming a recognized factor, a distinctive feature of our social and domestic life.

Naturally it is in cities that the reasons for such community principally exist, and it is in cities also that the conditions are found under which women can organize independent homes with ease and in security. Modern inventions and appliances have simplified living to such an extent that "keeping house" may be made child's play where there are no children or servants to be cared for; and the daily necessities may be furnished without interfering in the least with the daily avocations by which a livelihood is obtained. But I will proceed to illustrate by a little sketch of the actual life of four young women in New York, two of whom are artists, one a writer for newspapers and magazines, the other a music teacher and vocalist.

"Where are you living now?" I asked of a young lady whom I met in the street some time since. "Still boarding at Mrs. M.'s?" "Oh, dear no," was the reply in such a very self-congratulatory tone that it moved my curiosity, and I said: "Well, evidently the change is for the better; you are not keeping house on a flat, are you?"

"Something very like it," was the reply; "four of us are keeping house together; it is just lovely; come, and see us at No. — Fifth avenue." The young lady was the "newspaper woman;" she was out "on business" and hurried away. No. — Fifth avenue; I thought, dear me, how can they afford that? and how can they keep house when they are all engaged in outside occupations; and how do they share the work, the expenses and the contingents which are so important an element in house-keeping? A few days afterward came a very welcome little note. "Come to lunch," it said, "on Friday, at one P. M., and see how four women live." "You may depend upon me, rain or shine," I wrote back, for I anticipated the little visit with more pleasure than if it had been a ball at the Academy of Music, and determined to go if it "rained cats" or "snowed dogs."

It did neither, however. It was a charming day, clear and bright, when a Fifth avenue stage left me in front of — Fifth avenue, and I could not help a mental ejaculation of "the extravagant girls!" when I ascended the broad steps of the elegant house in the most expensive part of the city, and entered a wide door, opened by a colored janitor. The man touched one of a system of electric bells, and communicated the fact of the arrival of a visitor to the occupants of an upper floor, and was ordered to "send her up stairs."

The apartment which is the scene of the co-operative house-keeping of the four modern young women, is on the third floor, to which there is no elevator, and which is reached by a series of short flights of carpeted stairs. How many of them it took to make three seemed a little problematical, and I was relieved after working my way up a comparatively short distance, to hear the voice of my friend from the recesses of a long passage-way, protesting against a farther climb. This entry composed the approach to their castle, which consisted in reality of two apartments of two rooms each, with bath-room, closets, and every convenience for living, but not all the luxuries, such as refrigerator built in the wall, elevator, and other late contrivances for saving trouble, such as are found in recent large houses that are rented out in apartments. This building had been a very fine private house, but business encroached upon the neighborhood, and the first floor was turned into offices, the second, third and fourth into studios or apartments. There are two large or four small apartments on each floor; by large I mean a double suite, like the one occupied by the heroines of this sketch.

In houses of this description, of which there are many in New York put to such uses, additions and modifications have been made for the comfort and convenience of each group of inhabitants; but they were not specially built for the purpose, and do not therefore possess some of the advantages of the modern "flat" house, the rooms, too, instead of being very nearly equal in size, and uniformly rather small, are some large and some small, and though the halls are well heated, and the smaller rooms sufficiently so for sleeping, the large rooms require grate fires, and would seem to involve a good deal of work. The room we entered was a large one on the left of the hall at the back of the house. It was the "living" room of the family, the room where they sit, and evidently where they eat, for a round table was set for lunch; the tea-pot stood inside the bright brass fender, and the warm rolls were covered up in front of the fire. It was a bright, pleasant, cosy-looking room, and one could imagine the anticipations in coming home to it every evening on the part of these busy girls, each absorbed in engrossing and fatiguing occupations, but each one bringing something from her own work and experience to interest the others, and diversify the currents of their united lives. The window blinds threw a roseate glow over the room, which was rather conglomerate in its furnishing, the items having been contributed from the possessions of the young ladies themselves, and by their relatives and friends. The carpet belonged to one of the "artists," and was very handsome, though unobtrusive. The walls were covered with Japanese hangings in old gold, a gift from an artist friend of the opposite sex, who hung the decorative covering upon the bare, unsightly walls himself. There was a "Boston" writing desk in black walnut, the lower part of which did duty for a china closet, a grand piano, low-cushioned and arm-chairs (rattan), stands and hanging cabinets filled with china and knick-knacks, a lounge, and the round table aforesaid. An elegant copper tea-kettle occupied a place of honor, having been among the recently received Christmas gifts, and a small japanned "refrigerator" or chest divided into compartments, was exhibited with great satisfaction as a welcome gift from Santa

Claus, and a decided improvement on the Babbitt's soap box which, placed upon a window ledge, had heretofore served for a larder. Apropos of the soap box the mischievous girls told a little story. The window outside which it stood was the principal object within range of some of the windows of a fashionable hotel and restaurant, and a bachelor occupant of a room in this establishment complained that the obtrusive name of a soap man, in huge black letters, stared at him every time he approached his window. Now, what do you suppose these young women did? talked back, in a word, gave him individually and collectively a piece of their minds? Not at all. They simply took the obnoxious soap box and painted all over its name side, sunflowers, hollyhocks, and buttercups and daisies in a carpet of grasses. Then they put it back, so that he has a whole country flower garden to look out upon at the back of a soap box, when he approaches the limited space which separates his domain from that of his neighbors.

But all this time the lunch has been waiting, and that is a pity, for it was a very nice lunch indeed. There was canned tongue, delightful home-made pickles (sent from the country), Scotch marmalade, snow-flake and Boston crackers, Swiss cheese, rolls, butter, tea, a Christmas plum cake that must have been home-made also, and a lovely dish of fruit, costly pears, white grapes, bananas and the like. There was chocolate also, which I had nearly forgotten. All this was very nice for a guest to enjoy, but breakfast had to come before lunch, and dinner afterward, and I could not help thinking there must be a great deal of exhausting work in connection with the open fires, and the meal-times which come round with such exasperating punctuality, when one is busily occupied with something else. Besides the whole thing seemed arranged on an expensive (uselessly so) scale, since the rental must be by far the heaviest item in their expenditure.

"Why," I began, but I was interrupted by the newspaper partner in the enterprise, "Excuse me, I know what you are going to say," she cried; "everybody asks us the same question; why we did not go far east or far west, and find a lower rent, and perhaps more modern improvements. The reason is simply that it is more convenient, and pays us better, to live here. From this point two of us can go to any concert, lecture, or place of amusement without escort or carriage; pupils will come here, and the fatigue is saved of going to their residences. My work takes me often out in the evening, and from this point I can go and come without difficulty, and send my work to the office by special messenger, so that I am not obliged to be out late at night. Then, so far as superior accommodations are concerned, we do not feel the need of them. We like the open fires, not only for their bright and cheerful aspect, but for their healthfulness, and because they are so useful, giving us the means, night and day, of getting a cup of bouillon, or tea, or gruel, or anything else that a little cold or a headache may require. Not that we have much demand for remedies for ailments of that kind," she continued, with a laugh in which all joined, "the excellence of our dinner is a much more important matter to us than the condition of the medicine chest."

"A point upon which I wish to be informed," I remark: "how do you get your dinners, and who does the work of this elaborate system of house-keeping? for, I beg your pardon, but I see no servant."

"No offense, I assure you," replied my friend, who being my friend, and the hostess on the occasion, constituted herself spokesman. "We have no residential servant, and our house-keeping is the simplest thing in the world. In the first place we only supply our own breakfast, a caterer brings us our dinner, waits upon us, and when we are

through, carries away the dishes. Instead of a servant, we employ a woman who comes in the morning at eight o'clock, makes our fires, brushes up the sitting-room, and makes our coffee. Our breakfast consists of fresh rolls, left every morning by the Vienna bakery, and sent up stairs by a dumb-waiter, a sealed bottle of milk, excellent coffee, eggs, and fruit, fresh or in the form of jam or marmalade. We have no meat in the morning, unless occasionally in some preserved form, and ordinarily get our lunches away from home wherever we happen to be. Our woman does up the rooms while we are having our breakfast, and comes once a week, on Friday morning, to give us a thorough cleaning; that accounts for the unusual and inartistic gloss on every thing this morning," she observed, with a merry look at her associates; "she had just left when you came."

"How do you buy it about fuel?" I asked.

"Oh! we buy it by the ton, and keep it in a locked bin in the cellar. You see that papered box—looks neat, doesn't it? well, that is our coal box, and it is filled three mornings in the week by the little son of the woman who does our 'chores.' If you have finished your lunch, I will show you the rest of the premises; and first comes the 'studio.'" This was a room larger, if anything, than the one we had left; it was occupied by easels, unfinished sketches, and the various paraphernalia of an artist's work-shop. Part of it was enclosed by crimson curtains, hung on bars, which partitioned off two single beds, and the requirements of a sleeping-room, for which purpose it was used by two of the young ladies, one of them employing the studio for her pupils and art work. The other two had small separate rooms, and all abundant closet room. A Japanese screen cut off the wash-stand which was a fixture in one of the sleeping-rooms, and which indeed bore no indication of its true character, for the bed by night was a cushioned lounge by day. All the floors were covered with dark walnut stain, the sitting-room also having a carpet, but there were several rugs. every member of the joint-stock company probably owning one. One of the bath-rooms—there was one to each apartment—had been turned into a bright little scullery, around which the few kitchen utensils hung, and shone. This concluded the survey, and we returned to the sitting-room.

"Now for the cost; please tell me what all this luxury represents to you in the shape of expenditure in dollars and cents?" I inquired.

"Do you wish to itemize it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, first comes rent, sixty-five dollars per month; caterer, sixteen dollars per week; woman, six dollars per month; coal boy, one dollar per month; breakfast (average) fifteen cents per head per day, and twenty dollars per month. one dollar twelve and a half cents per week each, will cover that, and leave enough for an occasional lunch of beef tea, or crackers and milk, if one of us wants to take it at home. Of fuel, we may perhaps burn four tons in the course of the year." To recapitulate from these figures, I will put it in the form of a table.

Rent (per month).....	\$65.00
Caterer (per week).....	16.00
Breakfasts (per month).....	20.00
Fuel (per month) say	2.00
Woman (per month)	6.00
Boy (per month).....	1.00

Reducing the rent for the month to weeks, and dividing it broadly by four, would make it sixteen dollars per week, or four per week for each occupant. Four more for the caterer brings it up to eight, and the division of the other expenses brings the weekly liability for each one up to within

a fraction of ten dollars per week, or about forty dollars per week for the four, exclusive of washing, and clothing.

"Now, we do not undertake to live 'cheap,'" remarked the "studio" artist; "the other, whose rooms are away from home, not being able to be present at this little mid-day gathering. We selected our rooms, and arranged them for convenience and comfort, in a costly, because central locality. We live so as to have our work done without trouble to ourselves, and our food is the best. Being served by a caterer, has its drawbacks—sometimes the dinner is not as hot as it should be, sometimes he does not come on time, when we are most anxious he should; and if we have company to dinner, that is the very day the dinner is the poorest, there is a fatality about it. But on the other hand, our living is always better than any boarding house I was ever in, and the cost is less. We have all had the same experience in looking for board, a cold, fireless hall bed-room on the third floor for ten or twelve dollars per month; they will charge a woman twelve, where they will give it for ten to a man. No possibility of having pupils, or doing work at home, nowhere to be, and no one generally, with whom you care to associate; it is an inexpressibly dreary life. Here we can not only do our work, but receive our friends, and we enjoy being together so much, though two of us were total strangers to the other two, when we came together, that we care much less than formerly for society outside of ourselves and the friends who drop in upon us. Doubtless we shall find drawbacks that we have not found yet, and circumstances may sometime break us up; but I am sure of one thing, wherever we may go, or whatever we may do, we shall look back upon our co-operative house-keeping as one of the brightest and pleasantest experiences of our lives.

"It is so curious," remarked the sweet-faced and gentle-voiced music teacher, "that mothers are not at all afraid of their daughters leaving them to live with a man they do not know, but they consider it a terrible risk to live with a woman whom they do not know. Each one of us received innumerable warnings in regard to the risk of incompatibility of temper or temperament, but we have not found any difficulty, nor during the six months of our close companionship has there been the slightest friction. Perhaps it would not have been so had we come straight from our homes, but an apprenticeship in a boarding-house makes one appreciate a home and companionship."

The foregoing is an exact statement of facts in regard to the mode of living adopted by four young women who are self-supporting, and not by any means alone in their methods of house-keeping, and home making. Of course they have established, more or less lucrative positions—probably not one earns less than twenty-five and some fifty dollars, perhaps more, per week. Laundry bills, their dress, and incidental personal expenses must double the cost of their "living," as they dress well, though not showily, and have little time for the making of clothing, which must therefore be purchased at high cost. But now that there are many women of various callings who earn fair wages for skillful work, and some of whom have won distinction, and can command their own prices for their labor, it is time that their claims upon life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness should be recognized, and the fact acknowledged that women can live their own lives, and make a sound, sweet, wholesome and happy domestic environment without help, and with a success that will in the near future revolutionize our boarding-house system. Working girls hold the remedy for their homeless condition in their own hands, and will some day organize, associate themselves together in somewhat larger numbers and lower scale of expenditure, but with equally happy and beneficent results to themselves and each other.

Traveling and other Matters.

"So you are to enjoy the rare treat of an overland journey to California?" I say, half interrogatively, after Miss Maltby had entered and given us her pleasant greeting.

"You may well say a rare treat," replies the young lady, "for I have hardly been out of sight of the smoke from my own chimneys before. Really, do you know I feel so ignorant and countrified that I know I shall seem awkward and quite out of place amongst all the fine people I shall meet in traveling. I suppose everybody but me will be elegant and easy, and laugh at my uncouth ways."

"There is much to contradict in your anticipation," I remark; "for one thing, I am quite sure you will be neither awkward nor uncouth in any surroundings, and it is equally sure that those who could be guilty of the rudeness of laughing at any other person's manners or peculiarities are anything but elegant themselves. People capable of such ill-breeding are not in the least worth minding."

"I am greatly flattered that you think I shall not appear noticeably awkward," says Miss Maltby; "your good opinion will help to give me ease and self-confidence."

"I think you will soon acquire both," I say. "It is really refreshing to see any one who is not over well supplied with them, for American girls are becoming unenviably celebrated for the extreme ease, not to say forwardness of their manners."

"I like to see a girl able to take care of herself," says Miss Nolan.

"So do I, but I don't like to see her with a bold, aggressive manner, and that is a sight to be met with sometimes in traveling. I feel ashamed of my sex and country when I see a young girl bounce into a car, take possession of several seats by distributing her bundles, satchels, etc., upon them, and make herself comfortable at the expense of later comers, who wander up and down the cars hopelessly looking for vacant seats."

"Why not ask for some of the young lady's supply?"

"Simply because she is apt to have an expression which makes strangers shy of addressing her for fear of drawing some unpleasant rejoinder upon themselves. She monopolizes the space which would accommodate two or three people, with defiant air of ownership, and makes herself comfortable without the slightest regard for others. She does not mind in the least if a poor, tired looking mother in her vicinity has to hold her heavy child in her lap or some feeble old gentleman has to sit, all through the trip, on the narrow, uncomfortable side seat at the end of the car; in fact she congratulates herself on her smartness in doing so well for herself."

"Such a girl is a pig," says Miss Nolan.

"Undoubtedly, yet I have seen girls in good society act just so, and I often wonder that people submit to their overbearing ways. Passengers should complain of such women, and public opinion would support any conductor in forgetting that such travelers were women, and treating them like men."

"American gentlemen," I continue, "are disposed to be very courteous to women, and very ready to concede their rights to them. Real ladies should therefore prove their good breeding by not imposing upon good nature, but try to show disinterested consideration in return. I do not know of any position where cultivation and refinement shows itself more than in traveling. I have very little appreciation of rough diamonds, as people of unpleasant manners, are sometimes called by courtesy, for I believe that a kind heart and unselfish disposition is very apt to be indicated by a person's bearing toward others."

"If it will not weary you, I should like to read you a paragraph on this subject from one of Mrs. Farrar's books, she says, 'In this privileged land, where we acknowledge no distinctions but what are founded on character and manners, she is a lady, who, to inbred modesty and refinement, adds a scrupulous attention to the rights and feelings of others. Let her worldly possessions be great or small, let her occupations be what they may, such a one is a lady, a gentle woman. Whilst the person who is bold, coarse, voracious, and inattentive to the rights and feelings of others, is a vulgar woman, let her possessions be ever so great, and her way of living ever so genteel. Thus we may see a lady sewing for her livelihood, and a vulgar woman presiding over a most expensive establishment!'"

"Hain't there been a little book written called *The Morals of Traveling*?" asks Miss Brett.

"I do not know, but I should think there might have been, and I should think mutual accommodation might have been the keynote of it, for I know of nothing more desirable for all travelers to cultivate, for consideration for others is never more needed than upon a journey. Of course a party who travel together will feel bound by every law of politeness to consult each other's good, and not seek for selfish comforts or pleasures that involve the exclusion of the rest."

"As you are so inexperienced, perhaps it will be well to tell you to provide yourself with such things as you will need on your journey, where you can get at them without expecting to unpack your trunk, till you reach the place of your destination. In short trips, hand baggage is to be condemned, but in such a long journey as yours will be, you must take a large bag for such changes of underclothing and other conveniences as you will need before you can go to your trunk, and a small hand satchel to contain such little things as you may need too often to go to the trouble of going to the larger bag, which you will probably only have to open at night."

"As to your traveling dress, the plainer it is, the longer it will keep fresh. Wearing a dress day after day, from morning till night, is a very severe test of its durability, and few materials will prove so well equal to the emergency as fine all-wool flannel, made as all fashionable traveling dresses are now, in a severely plain manner, the style being given by the beauty and accuracy of the fit. If you want a handsome walking dress to wear after you reach San Francisco, you can have it as elaborately made as you like, and carry it in your trunk, near the top, where you can get at it easily, but don't attempt to wear it on the car. If you ever hope to use it again."

"What a mass of new ideas you will bring home with you after your long trip," says Miss Brett, "I only hope you won't grow too stylish to be contented at home."

"No danger of my ever liking any place better than home," says Miss Maltby, with emphasis.

"I don't think," says Miss Brett, "that going about among fashionable people, at hotels and such places, makes any one discontented with home. The change is pleasant while it lasts, but I am generally glad to come home again."

"Well, I like a little more style than we have here and a little more flourish," says Miss Nolan; "but then I don't like quite so much fuss and ceremony as city people keep up. Now, for instance, don't you think it is folly to have so many courses every day for dinner, as people in private houses do now in New York, and I suppose, in most large cities?"

"That depends upon circumstances."

"But what circumstances can make it sensible to serve corn as one course and tomatoes as another, as they did at my uncle's, when I visited there last fall?"

"Were the tomatoes in the form of a salad?" asks Miss Maltby.

"Oh, yes, they were sliced with a lovely cream dressing poured over them."

"Any kind of salad is now served by itself," I say, "and eaten with crackers or bread and butter. I think people generally prefer to have it so. I think, too, that where corn is boiled on the cob, it is very appropriately served as a separate course. It can not be eaten with anything else, and every one likes a plate especially for it, as it is neither the shape nor size to put upon the plate from which the rest of the dinner is eaten."

"But what a dreadful bother so much changing of plates makes, and just think of the bushels of dishes to be washed," says Miss Bently.

"Yes," says Miss Nolan, "there would be soup plates, for all city people begin dinner with soup, then the regular dinner plates and dishes, and a dozen, more or less, of little plates for each person for their vegetables, then the corn plates, salad plates, pie plates, and very likely fruit plates."

"Well," says Miss Bently, "I should wish I had never been born if I had that awful array of dishes to wash day after day."

"But please remember," I say, "that the people who dine with so many courses, do not wash their own dishes. I think I am safe in saying that they would be content with fewer changes if they did. In town houses there are generally servants enough kept to attend to that, and to wait on table and changing the plates."

"I think myself, that jumping up every few minutes to clear off the table and put on fresh plates, would be worse than quietly washing the dishes when all was over," says Miss Brett. "I don't so very much mind dish-washing myself."

"Well, I do," says Miss Maltby, "and I hope it will never become customary for people here to use so many dishes."

"It never will," I say, "unless more servants are kept."

"Why are not more servants kept, I wonder," says Miss Nolan, discontentedly. "My father owns to me that he is worth nearly as much money as his brother, yet Uncle James, with a much smaller family, has three girls, while we have only one maid of all work."

"If you could experience the trials that come to the mistress of several servants, you would soon cease to pine for more of such domestics as modern times furnish for us. City houses are built in a way that demands the employment of more servants than are required in the out of town, and I think one of the charms of the country is the comfortable proximity of kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room and pantries. There are no long fatiguing flights of stairs to be climbed, and seldom vast apartments, like city parlors, to be kept in order."

"But there is really a great deal of work to do even in a small country house," remarks Miss Brett.

"That is true enough," I allow, "we are all undoubtedly happier for having something to do, for a thoroughly idle life is always a wretched one."

"I don't mind having something to do," says Miss Nolan, "but I should like to choose the something. My choice would not be house-work, if I could have the selection."

"It is very seldom possible for any one to select her own work: we are placed in certain positions, and the duties which belong to them fall to our lot, and all we have to do is to discharge them as conscientiously and gracefully as we can. Other people's lives often seem very enviable to us by comparison with our own, but if we could change places with them we might be glad to resume our old burdens again. Other folks' shoes are ill to wear, I heard a quaint old Scotchman say long ago, before I was old enough to appreciate the truth of his proverb."

Gastronomic Gossip.

TELL me what thou eatest, and I will tell thee who thou art," said a famous Frenchman. And many philosophers have held that the characteristics of races—if not also the idiosyncrasies of individuals—are largely modified by the nature of their diet. But to trace any connection between the notable achievements of some men of fame, and their whimsical dietetic preferences, would baffle even the proverbially astute Philadelphia lawyer. The wit and fancy that shed their ethereal glow over the immortal papers of Elia can hardly be accounted for by the author's inordinate fondness for porter and pig; and neither Goldsmith's nightly meal of boiled milk nor his morning decoction of sassafras was the sufficient source of his poetic ardors.

Saunders, the gifted custodian of the Astor library, has given, in that delectable book "Salad for the Solitary," a long list of the peculiar tastes of the earlier English *litterateurs*. Pope, who molded moral philosophy into faultless verse, combined laziness and gluttony to such a degree, that, after spending several days in bed, he could only be induced to rise when assured of a dinner of stewed lampreys. Quin, the celebrated actor, was equally devoted to exquisite living. When his body-servant appeared at his bedside to awaken him, he used to inquire, "John, is there any mullet in the market this morning?" "No, sir." "Then, John," Quin would reply, as he turned on his couch, "you may call me at nine to-morrow." The old tragedian is said to have prayed for "a swallow as long as from London to Botany Bay, and palate the whole way." Dryden was less of a gourmand; "having a very vulgar stomach," he preferred "a chine of honest bacon" to all the luscious indigestibilities of fashionable living. Dr. Johnson was a ravenous eater of boiled mutton. Dr. Parr reveled in epicurean delight over "hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce."

As a rule, men of letters have been fond of the sweets and delicacies of table fare, while great fighters have been "men of unbounded stomach." Alexander, Pompey, Cæsar, almost all the military champions of the classical world, ate and drank excessively; while the "spare Cassius" lost favor because of his "lean and hungry look." Charlemagne quaffed great flagons of ale, and devoured voraciously the game he had first hunted to the death, and then roasted with his own hands. The Danish and Saxon warriors were all drunkards and gluttons; and the Normans, though at first famous for their temperate habits, soon as far surpassed their rivals at the banqueting board as they had done in the field of carnage. Through the Middle Ages, moderation in eating and drinking was hardly known. With advancing civilization, however, the regular supply of food increased, and the tendency to sporadic over-eating was lessened.

Tea and coffee, the first apostles of temperance, were introduced to western Europe in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and soon from all directions was heard the praise of the "cups that cheer but not inebriate." Robert Hall, the pulpit orator, Leigh Hunt, Dr. Johnson, Cowper the poet, and many others, have left on record their predilection for tea. Milton's "cordial" consisted of "a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water," before retiring. Happy for the followers of the Muses, had they all been as abstemious! A long and sad catalogue might readily be made of the unfortunate sons of genius who crippled their energies and ruined their lives by too frequent recourse to the bottle. Some, however, have been paragons of moderation. Neither Shelley nor Newton, for example, could always tell with certainty whether they had as yet eaten dinner. Sir Isaac was for many years a strict vegetarian, dining often on bread and water. Benjamin Franklin, also, shrank from the turpitude of eating animal food. In his "Autobiography" he

tells us of his long hesitancy between principle and inclination, until, at last, finding some small fish in a cod which he opened, he said, "If you eat one another, I see no reason why we may not eat you;" he accordingly dined with relish on his cod, and "continued to eat like the rest of mankind."

We have not heard of any notabilities in science or literature who, like Dr. Tanner, sought to habituate their

"Poor hungry starving souls
To feed upon the wind;"

but perhaps the learned Dr. Fordyce approached him the nearest. He believed, with truth, that a large share of the ills that flesh is heir to, come from over-feeding. A lion lives on one meal a day, he argued: why not a man? Being notably consistent, the good doctor's only meal, for twenty years, was his four o'clock dinner. From all accounts, however, it was a prodigious one, an hour and a half being required to eat it. On leaving the chop-house he proceeded directly to deliver the lucid lectures on medical science which made him famous.

We, of the present cosmopolitan era, partake with equal relish of Irish stew and Bologna sausage, of the "chow-chow" of the Orient and the "pudding" of Yorkshire. As "the heirs of all the ages" we have adopted foreign viands, unknown to our homespun ancestry, as indispensable to the completeness of our daily repasts; and if all the exotics were excluded from an ordinary dinner, little would be left. But in primitive times a national dish was in its way as characteristic and distinctive as a language. And even yet in some quarters of the world some very queer food is eaten.

Large races of mankind might almost be said to be vegetarian. The Persians partake of but little animal diet: a majority of the Chinese never taste it, but subsist almost exclusively on rice; and many of the brawny husbandmen, who come to our shores from the great agricultural lands of Europe, taste meat for the first time after landing. The Irish, Scotch, and English peasantry thrive on grain food, potatoes and milk. In like manner, it is said, the early Romans "beat their enemies on gruel and a little vinegar;" while their degenerate descendants reached the farthest possible extreme of sumptuous extravagance. The modern Norwegians make bread from the bark of certain trees, carefully ground and sifted; and a "flour of wood" is made in some portions of Germany from the fibers of the poplar, elm, and fir.

It is an ancient custom in many regions to turn worn-out beasts of burden into food. The nomads of the Orient eat the flesh of the camel, and consider it equal to veal; the Laplanders drink the blood of the reindeer; and the Esquimaux cook and eat their old dogs (an act that is said to be occasionally reciprocated when the dogs catch a stray old Esquimaux). When the Kalmucks tire of riding their horses they roast them; and even in more civilized Europe the flesh of asses and horses is esteemed wholesome and savory diet. It has long been openly sold in the shambles of Scandinavia and France, and there have been made repeated efforts to introduce its use to England and the United States.

The inhabitants of "the realms of the boreal pole" consume immense quantities of fat to produce the necessary animal warmth. Even fastidious European and American travelers, when in the frigid regions, eat with relish huge slices of lard and drink train oil. Whale's tail, saturated with oil, and seal's flesh in a state of putrefaction, are esteemed desirable food by the denizens of Greenland. Dr. Hayes tells us of a charming little maiden of the Esquimaux race, who became a prime favorite with his sailors while they were in winter quarters, hopelessly imprisoned by the rigors of an Arctic night. Entering the cabin one evening, she expressed such artless admiration of all she saw, that the good-natured captain offered to present to her any article she

might select. After a moment's hesitation she chose an ornamental cake of Castile soap. When the doctor handed it to her she capered in an ecstasy of delight, then—*nourished it!*

Among the dainties that figure on the tables of wealthy Chinese are birds' nests, salted earth-worms, boiled Japan leather, maggots, pigeons' eggs, sharks' fins, and pounded shrimps. The famine-stricken millions of the southerly provinces of the Celestial Empire have been forced to subsist on food detestable to civilized appetites—cats, dogs, rats and frogs. Many nations, however, have relished the flesh of the dog. The common people of Greece and Rome ate it, and Hippocrates is quoted as commending it as light and wholesome. Hedgehogs and foxes and the odious polyphi of the seashore were accounted good diet in classic times. Martial, in describing the various dishes of a Roman banquet, refers to "almost every fruit and vegetable and meat that we now use," besides many dishes which to us seem grotesque and disgusting. "The chief ingredient in seasoning the food of the ancient Egyptians was assafoetida." The Niamene are fond of a preparation of putrid fish; and the nobility of Russia highly prize the raw roe of the sturgeon. Many of the tribes in Southern Africa feast on insects and reptiles—snakes, grasshoppers, ants, caterpillars and spiders. The Hottentots eat the elephant. Lions, tigers, and all the wild beasts of the jungle, are eaten in Central Africa; kangaroo, opossums, and the eggs of snakes, in Australia. The Arabs still partake largely of the old prophetic food—locusts and wild honey. Burckhardt tells us how the locusts are prepared: first, dried in the sun, their heads, wings, and legs are torn off, and then they are boiled in oil. Some of our American Indians regale themselves on stewed rattlesnakes. The Brazilian tribes of the Amazon eat flesh of alligators, armadillos, lizards, sloths, and tapirs. And large numbers of our Mexican neighbors vary their luscious fruit diet of bananas and plantains by frog fricassée and monkey steak. *Apropos* to the last is an anecdote of a venturesome German *savant* who without other companion than a savage-looking Moorish guide, struck southward through Tunis to the wild lands that border the Sahara. After many hardships, and a scant supply of food for several days, they were at last threatened with utter destitution. The guide proposed as their only recourse a forced march to a neighboring forest, where possibly they might find monkeys. "How does monkey flesh taste?" asked the squeamish Teuton. "Something like man," responded the Moor—"not quite so tough and a little more spicy." The horrified explorer exerted his small remaining strength in making straight tracks homeward, insisting that his guide should keep to the front, within easy range of his own rifle.

Sunken to nearly the lowest level of humanity are those wretched tribes that seek to derive nourishment from mud and clay. In Java, on the banks of the Orinoco, and in some other unfrequented corners of the earth, they huddle together. It is a sort of pipe-clay that they use, baking it slightly in loaves. More degraded still are the cannibals. No quarter of the globe but has been polluted by their horrid practices, but they have especially prevailed among the tawny tribes that inhabit the islands of the Pacific. In Fiji, the wretches doomed to death were compelled to dig a hole in the earth to serve as an oven, to cut fire-wood to roast their own bodies, and were actually invited to partake of the flesh of their fellows. No doubt this crime is traceable to the natural viciousness of the savage; but in its origin it was impelled by the scarcity of food, which makes life one long and almost hopeless struggle for existence. He is ready to devour anything that can be masticated. An amusing story is told by Dr. Gulleh of a company of missionaries on one of the Micronesian Islands, in the Pacific Ocean. After having

been left a year without tidings from home, they heard that a mail had arrived for them on one of the neighboring islands. They hastened to the place, and asked the chiefs whether a package had come for them. A big bundle of mail matter—letters and papers from American friends—was brought forward. According to Polynesian etiquette, presents were given to the chiefs, a long conversation followed, and elaborate ceremonies of politeness were performed. But unfortunately, the gifts were too valuable. "The chiefs, being unable to appreciate the worth of anything not good to eat, concluded that the missionaries had received some extra delicacies, and forthwith took the mail away from them. The missionaries explained and entreated, but in vain. The chiefs and their companions began to eat the supposed delicacies. First, they bit off tough mouthfuls of letters and papers, chewed and tried to swallow them, but none of them could make the thing go down. Then they put some of it into a pot and boiled it, but the taste remained unsatisfactory. Next they mixed some of it with herbs, and boiled it, fried it, roasted it, in short, prepared it in all the different ways known to them for preparing food, while the poor helpless missionaries stood by and saw their long-looked-for mail disappear piece by piece, until it was hopelessly lost."

It would be an interesting task for some epicurean Dryad to trace the historic development of the various dishes which have become the prime favorites of modern gourmands. The most ancient Orientals whose customs are familiar to us were fond of pastry. The Athenian cooks were famous for their skill in making delicious dumplings and cakes; and though forced to submit to the military prowess of Rome, Attica had the glory of "dictating the laws of cookery to her haughty enemy."

The same wonderful race, who fought at Marathon, and built the Parthenon, and originated philosophy, baked the first mince-pies. The Rhodians supplied the whole Roman world with ginger-bread. And so nearly every popular viand of the present day dates from a remote antiquity.

The hours for meals have varied as greatly as the fare. Until the luxurious days of the empire, the Greeks and Romans partook of but two meals each day. In the Middle Ages the nobility ate five times daily. Their chief meal was at ten in the morning; *decimer*, from the hour, and we have corrupted it to "dinner." In the fifteenth century eleven was the dinner hour, in the sixteenth twelve, and during the three succeeding centuries the fashion has grown later.

Some of the profoundest scholars, ancient as well as modern, have written learnedly on the mysteries of cookery, and been prouder of their culinary knowledge than of all the erudition of the schools. Even Cato, the wise philosopher, added to his laurels by handing to posterity at least one excellent recipe for baking cake; and La Place and Berthollet were informed on high authority that the discovery of a dish was a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star. Vatel, who catered to the palate of his majesty Louis XIV., was so heavily burdened by his responsibility that he actually killed himself in a fit of vexation about a slight blunder at the royal meal.

But the glory has departed from the gastronomic art! No more will the happy days return when the chief cooks were ennobled, and took their proud place among the lordliest aristocrats of the imperial realm! In this republican age we are all "free and equal," and every woman has the "inalienable right" to cook as she pleases. Nevertheless, the truth remains which the sapient Peter Pindar long ago embodied in mellifluous rhyme;

"The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
Lies through their mouths—or I mistake mankind."

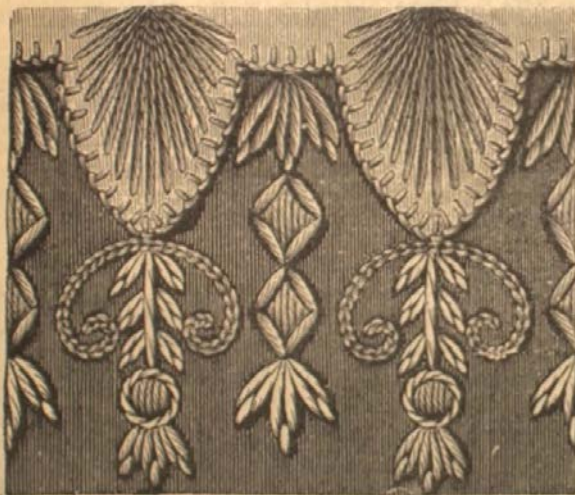
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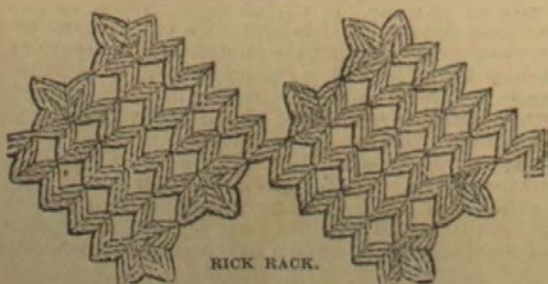
Neck Rest for Chair.

SATIN STITCH.

JUDGING from the length of the description, the work of this useful article will seem tedious, but upon examination of the stitches on the detail, it will be found that the stitches are easy, quickly done, and very fascinating. The cover for this cushion is cut out of a piece of black cloth, twenty by eighteen inches. A section of the embroidery is given, which is worked as follows: Cut out a band of old-gold satin three inches wide, vandyke it according to the design, and sew it to the cloth with button-hole stitches of silk of the same color. A band of red velvet one



inch wide is laid through the center of the satin and worked with gold brown silk wound with yellow silk. The velvet is then crossed with yellow silk, and the satin stripe is worked in satin-stitch with brown silk, point russe with red, chain-stitched with gold brown, and overcast stitch with yellow silk. The embroidery between the vandykes is worked in satin and overcast stitch with red and yellow silks. The long chain-stitches are of brown silk. At the lower edge of the cushion is a finish of antique lace worked over the heavy parts with old gold and red floss. Tassels of light blue and red complete the cushion decoration. Fill the cushion with curled hair. Draw up the ends and finish with heavy cord and tassels to correspond with embroidery, or wide satin ribbon and bows will answer as well.



RICK RACK.



Ottoman.

THIS useful article is made of a half-barrel sawed down to the desired height, or a water pail, with a cover made to fit, would answer. Slightly wad both inside and outside of stool and cover; then line the article with Canton flannel. The outside is covered with dark maroon plush, embroidered or braided in a large open design with old-gold, light blue, pink, and the olive shades and brown floss. Finish the edge of the cover with a very large cord, and on the bottom of the ottoman put the same. There are four castors at the bottom.

Purse for Counters. (Crochet.)

PURSE of cardinal-red purse silk in the shape of a long, pointed bag, fitted with metal bars, chain, and ring. Close 96 stitches into a circle, and crochet as follows the 1st round; 4 chain, the first 3 to form one treble, then alternately miss 1, 1 treble, 1 chain, close every round with a slip-stitch. 2d row: 1 slip-stitch, 4 chain, the first three to form 1 treble, then alternately 1 treble in next chain, 1 chain. Then follow 24 rounds like the preceding, but in the last 10 rounds decrease at intervals by missing 2 treble instead of one, so that there are only 8 trebles in the last round. The thread is then passed through this last round, drawn up tight and fastened with a silk dropper. Then the purse is continued in two halves, crocheting 3 rows in the same pattern along the upper part of the foundation stitches. The metal bars are then crocheted in as follows; * 7 chain, miss 2, lay the bar on the wrong side of the purse, pass the chain-stitches over it, 1 double in next chain, 7 chain, pass them over the bar towards the front, miss 2, 1 double in next chain. Repeat from *.



Rick Rack.

As the design is so very simple, a lengthy description is not necessary. In forming the points, run the thread through the braid from one point to the next. A few lace stitches added at the top between each square gives a more finished look when set on the article.

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 Great Gaul.

The history of France, indeed, of all nations, is a record of its great men. Apart from the revolution when ever France has attracted the attention of the world, it was when she was ruled by a Charlemagne, a Henri Quatre, a Richelieu, a Louis Quatorze, a Napoleon, or a Thiers. Gambetta, in recent years, was by all odds the foremost man in his country, yet he was not in office, but it was understood that whenever the effort was to be made to recover Alsace and Lorraine, he would be installed into power to lead France and her allies against the hated Germans. But he has passed away in the very prime of life, and for the moment the French people have no great leader whose flag they can follow. There is a mystery about the death of Gambetta. At any rate the affair is surrounded by a mystery which is unaccountable in view of the publicity which attends even the domestic doings of the foremost people of our times. The death of Gambetta would seem to insure the peace of Europe for this year at least. Russia would doubtless like to attack Austria and seize Constantinople if France were ready to co-operate with her, but the French people have shown themselves very prudent while Gambetta lived, and his death will induce even greater caution. There is no one now to commence a war, unless, indeed, Austria should take the initiative, backed by Germany. But Kaiser William is now very old, and Bismarck, the man of "blood and iron," feels the infirmities of age; and neither are likely to begin a war, standing as they do on the very verge of the grave. But the war must come. There seems to be no way of settling the Eastern question, and the relations of Russia, Germany, and France to the rest of Europe, without an appeal to the dread arbitrament of the sword. It will be a fearful and destructive conflict when it occurs, but its beginning may be postponed beyond the limits of the present year.

Adding to Arable Soil.

The welcome news has been published that an artesian well, not far from Denver, has succeeded in reaching water. Should this news be true, it is of immense moment to the people of the United States. For it renders it possible to make arable land of millions and millions of acres of soil which is now waterless, or which has but a small downfall of rain in a short period of the year. It is the peculiarity of our western deserts that a very little water makes them amazingly fruitful. It now seems as if the time is coming when all the deserts of the earth will be rendered useful to man. The French Engineers have for years past been steadily at work reclaiming the Desert of Sahara by means of artesian wells. A great number of these have been sunk along the western border, 150 of which are in the province of Constantine, and they are progressing steadily towards the interior of the desert. M. Jus, who has for twenty years superintended these magnificent works, has recently reported on this interesting topic, and among the curious phenomena he notices, is the finding of fishes and crabs in these waters at very great depths. He says the crabs, when cooked, have a delicious flavor. It is clear the world will not have to pay heed to the dreadful forebodings of Malthus for many years to come, for the reclaiming of deserts by artesian wells would furnish soil to supply food for hundreds of millions of people. Some day no doubt human ingenuity and industry will find some means of utilizing rocky soils. Perhaps stones and boulders may be crushed, and proper chemicals added to make new soil in stony places. And so in time it may come to pass that a mold may cover the granite hills of New England which will be as fertile as the rich river bottoms of the West. The earth is capable of supporting twenty times the number of its present inhabitants. It is said if Ireland were as populous relatively as the Island of Guernsey, it would contain 40,000,000 of people. That it is not equally fruitful and prosperous is because of perverse human institutions in the way of wicked laws.

A Great Canal.

The problem of poverty in Hindostan is a very serious one for the English Government. Before the British Conquest the population was kept down by wars, pestilences, famines and wild

beasts. It is said that twenty thousand persons were annually killed by serpents alone. But since the prevention of these destructive agencies, the population has thriven apace, and it now increases at the rate of one per cent. per annum. As a consequence, the population is overtaking production, and every few years, in some province of India, there is a destructive famine. As there is no peaceful way by which governments can check an increase of population, the rulers of India have to find means of increasing production, and this can be done only by the creation of great irrigating works to reclaim the waste spaces of the great peninsula. There has recently been opened in that country the Grand Sirhino Canal, constructed to utilize the waters of the Sutlej for irrigation purposes. It is described as one of the largest canals in the world, as it contains 2,500 miles of channel. It was designed to irrigate 753,000 acres of soil hitherto barren. This is only one of a series of works planned by the British Government to increase the cultivable soil of Hindostan. It is possible, also, that artesian wells will be brought into play to add to the fertility of the soil. There will some day be a great demand for similar wells for the vast plains which lie between the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains. In many parts of the East, in the Island of Ceylon and elsewhere, are found traces of a former civilization, in which irrigating works were constructed to support a teeming population. This world of ours is older than we give it credit for, and many of our modern improvements are but the repetition of great works undertaken before the dawn of history.

The Beggars of the Sea.

The discussion in Congress as to the causes of the decline in American shipping has brought out some curious facts. It seems that the carriage of freight from port to port is no longer a profitable business. Competition among commercial nations has become so severe, that on the capital invested it is believed there is a return of not more than two per cent. Such a state of things has led to abuses, such as Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, of England, so effectually exposed. Ships are insured with the deliberate intention on the part of the owners to have them wrecked. But one of the meanest of dodges is the sending of ships to sea insufficiently victualled. When provisions run out passing vessels are halled, and in accordance with the hospitable practice of the marines of the world, supplies are asked for and given without money or price. By this means economical shipowners support their crews by what is really a system of beggary. This class of vessels are now called the "beggars of the sea." The decreased value of shipping is due in great measure to the telegraph. Before there were sea cables and land line vessels would sail from port to port very often empty, but now the tonnage of the ocean can be utilized, for the owner can follow his vessel and order the captain to buy here and sell there, and so keep up his tonnage, and save all waste. Economically, this is beneficial to commerce, but the present effect is to render the competition very great, and reduce the profits of the shipowner.

Brown in the Sunshine, Golden in the Shade.

Red hair is coming into fashion in England. In other words the demand for more color in dress is now supplemented by a fashion of a good deal of color in the tresses of beautiful women. Poets sentimentalize over the auburn locks of fair maidens, but physiologists are cruel enough to point out the fact that the most civilized races have dark hair, and that red and auburn tresses are a sign of a descent from a savage ancestry. Cold weather and exposure results in a bleaching of the complexion and the hair; but when men and women are well clad and well warmed, the secretions of the body are so affected as to darken the hair and beard. When the time arrives, should it ever come, for mankind to live under cover, and never be exposed to the rude blasts of winter, then will dark hair be universal. In English society it is said that red haired girls are asserting themselves, and are no longer content with the blue garments and adornments which have been their heritage for so many generations. They now affect warm golden browns, orange-tinted yellows, ruddy cream colors, terracotta, and the whole range of such tints as are found in primroses, butternuts, chestnut-browns and dull gold color. One charming red-haired woman in English society wears a gold band on her hair, and dresses in gold-colored velvet. So costumed, or in a dress of chocolate, relieved with amber, or of a tawny red and gold, she is a striking picture on the *trouville*.

Killing made Easy.

In the time of Napoleon it was estimated that it took six hundred bullets to be fired in battle before a man was killed; in other words, every dead soldier represented his own weight in lead. But the recent improvement in firearms has added to the efficiency of the soldier. The greater range of the rifle, as well as the rapidity with which it can be fired, has made it thirty-two times more effective than the old smooth-bore. To put it more accurately, a military authority says that the modern rifle is superior to the old smooth-bore in the following particulars:—It is eight times more effective in accuracy, two-thirds greater in range and penetration, five times greater in rapidity of aimed fire, while the weight of the cartridges per man has diminished, yet the number that may be carried has been increased. The added efficiency of the heavy guns is no less surprising. The famous Krupp now makes a gun of nine inches calibre and eighteen tons weight which will send a ball through twenty inches of solid iron; and his field gun, with a range of more than a mile and a half, can be depended upon to

put every projectile into a space of less than two hundred square feet. Taking into consideration the breech-loading, rifling, better powder, improved projectiles, the lighter carriages of steel, the science of artillery has been revolutionized, and one battery to-day is more effective than twenty of those so skillfully handled by the Great Napoleon. In the next great battles some dreadful engines of destruction will be brought into play. The Hotchkiss revolving gun can fire bursting shells at the rate of eighty a minute. It can pour out a continuous and deadly fire of seventy-five pounds of metal, or 1,200 hits, every sixty seconds. It is fearful to think of the havoc which would be caused by the guns of the future.

“Those Who go Down to the Sea in Ships.”

Two hundred and ninety-seven steamships were lost during the year 1882. The loss at sea in the old sailing-vessels times was appalling, but reliable statistics were never kept until vessels became insured. The wrecking then was the result of storms and accidents along the seacoast, and was accompanied by great loss of life. Steam vessels are subject to different kinds of casualties—their loss is by collisions with other vessels, by explosions, but they rarely run on shore except when fogs prevail or captains lose their reckoning. Of this large number of steamships destroyed only sixteen were American, while 192 were British. This is because America has practically no steam navy, and its flag is now rarely seen upon the ocean. Congress has been trying to amend our laws, so as to encourage the building of ships which will float the American flag. But so long as labor is cheaper in the British Isles, and iron is more readily available for the manufacture of vessels, there does not seem much prospect of our having a naval marine. It is really a curious circumstance that the nation with the largest coast line and the most important ports in the world, and a greater quantity of goods to send abroad than any other country, should be so circumstanced as to have no shipping of its own.

Almost Buried.

A Mrs. Reagan came very near being buried alive at Washington recently. She fell into a trance and was supposed to be dead. A doctor and priest were sent for, and the latter—taking it for granted that she was deceased—gave directions for the funeral, and then had masses offered up for her soul. The poor woman was really alive and conscious of what the priest said, and made tremendous efforts of will to show some signs of life. But she could not move a muscle of body or face. Her first relief came when she found the doctor suspected her position, and when restoratives were applied she made a supreme effort, and succeeded in turning over on her side. At last accounts she was all right again. Cases such as this do sometimes happen, and undoubtedly, many persons have been buried who were not dead. So many well-authenticated cases of resuscitation are recorded after supposed death that it is no wonder many well-known people have made provision that they should not be buried until after the body begins to decay.

In the Heart of an Oak.

Longfellow, in one of his poems, speaks of an arrow shot into the air, which was afterwards found in the heart of an oak. A tree of this kind was recently cut down at Bucksport, Me., and in its eighteenth ring a point which was at the surface forty years ago, the wood-chopper found, to his amazement a diamond pin, with twenty-four brilliants and a silver setting. The other rings of the tree showed it was about 120 years old. All theories fail in accounting for the presence of the diamond pin buried in the recesses of an oak tree.

Why it Should Not be Free.

All Americans have a natural interest in Switzerland. The people of that country have a glorious history, and have maintained a free federated government for many centuries. It is therefore with real and peculiar regret that we hear of the spread of intemperance among that noble and free people. It seems that in 1874 an amendment to the Constitution was passed taking from the Cantons the right to regulate the liquor traffic; in other words, absolute freedom in the sale of intoxicating drinks took the place of the old restrictions. Under the old Cantonal requirements women were not allowed to sell liquor, and the tavern-keepers had to be men of fair character. Drunkenness has since become a national vice. There are ten glasses of liquor drank now where there was one before. As a consequence thrift is disappearing, the number of bankruptcies has quadrupled, and the price of land has fallen proportionately. So patent are the evils that the Mayors of the Cantons have united in demanding a change in the law. They show that while the population has increased six per cent. since 1874, the taverns have increased twenty-five per cent. There is now one tavern to every 130 people, and deducting women, children and the sick, there is a public-house for every thirty persons. The advocates of prohibition in this country should spread the news of what unrestricted liquor selling has done in Switzerland. An extravagant eulogist of personal liberty has said that it is better for all the world to be drunk than to deprive one man of his right to do as he pleases; but we live in a world where doctrines which are apparently sound in theory do not work well when put into practice, and the experience of all civilized peoples is that it is unwise and immoral to put no restrictions on the appetites and passions of the human race.

Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, has the courage to recommend the adoption of the Swedish local option law, which proved so effectual in putting a stop to drunkenness in Gothenburg and elsewhere. Under this law the localities have the right to prohibit all private selling of strong drink. The liquor can only be sold by a public official specially appointed, who has no interest in the trade beyond his salary, and who is under bonds not to furnish intoxicating beverages to women, children or men, who are known to be slaves of a depraved appetite. In Gothenburg and in the other places where this law has been tried it has worked admirably. Drunkenness is almost unknown under the operation of the law, and the crimes traceable to it have correspondingly diminished. In this country we have the Maine Law, which has stood the test of a generation in one State, with the most beneficial results. Other States have recently adopted it, and the child is living who will see some sort of prohibitory law in nearly all the States of the Union.

The Cost of Conflagration.

Ninety million dollars worth of property was destroyed by fire in the United States in 1882. Another estimate, an English one, puts the loss at one hundred and ten millions. Russia, with nearly double our population, comes next with \$100,000,000. The English losses were estimated at \$45,000,000, the German at \$30,000,000, the French at \$15,000,000. The great losses with us are due to the haste in constructing frame-houses in newly settled regions, and the necessary inadequacy of fire departments in localities which came into existence, as it were, yesterday. Hence this is a great country for Fire Insurance Companies. We pay nearly \$60,000,000 in premiums every year. All the rest of the civilized world pays something less than \$100,000,000 to insure against fires. It is no wonder so many foreign companies compete for the large fire insurance of this country. But this is a great tax upon our resources, for we have \$30,000,000 less to employ actively in general trade than we would have if there were no apprehension of fire. In our large cities we have very efficient fire departments, and the number of fire-proof dwellings are getting more numerous year by year. But the rapid increase of immigration, and the vast extension of our inhabited area, will long make this country a profitable field for fire insurance. Occurrences such as the destruction of the Hotel at Milwaukee, with a loss of over a hundred lives, could not occur in any civilized country but the United States. Our hotels, places of amusement, and churches ought to be protected against fire; but local government is so inefficient in the United States that nowhere is the traveler so unsafe as within our borders.

Changes in Foreign Trade.

In 1875 Congress passed a law permitting inland cities to import directly from Europe, and to have the duties paid at the centers of population, where the goods are distributed. This was a blow aimed at New York, Boston and the other Atlantic ports of entry, and it did affect and is affecting the foreign commerce of the Atlantic ports. New York has lost a good deal of its jobbing trade; the merchant of the far West no longer finds it necessary to visit the metropolis to purchase goods for his distant store. He now finds that he can be accommodated almost as well in St. Louis, Cincinnati or Chicago, where the merchant gets his goods direct from foreign countries. This is a convenience, and has a tendency to check the unwholesome accumulation of business in certain restricted localities. The time will come when tariffs and custom houses will be unknown, when all the world will enjoy all the benefits of trade as unrestricted as that which now obtains throughout the several States of the Union. None of us may live to see that time, but it is the aspiration of very many who uphold what is known as protectionist doctrines, but who do not see their way clear in the present condition of the country to abolish all import duties.

New Ways of Curing Consumption.

A good story is told of a well-known Boston physician who was much puzzled to know how to treat consumption. Learning that the disease was unknown among the lumbermen of Maine, he instituted an inquiry as to diet and habits of the woodchoppers. To his surprise he found that their chief diet was salt pork, and that their principal drink was whiskey, whereupon he prescribed pork and whiskey for his Boston consumptive patients, not, however with happy results. The real secret of the immunity of the lumberman was that he lived in the pine woods and had abundant exercise in the open air. Two Paris physicians, MM. de Bore and Beaumetz, have invented a system of treating consumption which is said to be quite successful. It consists in a practice styled superalimentation, which is not only over-feeding but forced feeding by means of pumps and other appliances. It is found that patients who cannot retain food in their stomachs in the ordinary way are not inconvenienced when literally immense quantities of food are introduced into the system by a pump. The diet is a composition of minced lean meat, which is dried and then pounded into a powder. It is then mixed with milk or bouillon, and sometimes raw eggs are added. This is found to be highly nutritious and easily digested, and has proved to be as efficacious in hysteria and other wasting diseases as in consumption, for which it was first devised. The first dose given is not more than twenty-five grammes per meal, but the quantity is gradually and rapidly increased until the large portion of 600 grammes is daily given, which is equivalent to about four pounds of lean meat. How large this quantity really is shown by the fact that

one pound of meat is quite sufficient for an ordinary working man, and two litres of milk and several eggs are required in the administration of the dose. The report is that the consumptives, if not too far gone, have rapidly gained in weight under this process, their daily average increase having ranged from 50 to 100 grammes. The cough is less frequent, and the lungs begin to heal under this forced feeding, which, it is added, works as well in dyspepsia as in phthisis, never producing nausea or vomiting, the food being passed down the throat without any objection on the part of even hysterical women. No doubt the experiments of these French physicians will soon be tested in this country.

The Czar's Reforms.

One hears so much of Nihilism in connection with the Russian Government that little account is taken of the vital reforms which the Czar is really trying to bring about. When serfdom was abolished the land was given to the freedman under a Government mortgage. They were charged six per cent. interest, and were expected to free their holdings within a certain number of years. Except in a few instances, the enfranchised landholders have not been able to meet their engagements, and have fallen into the hands of usurious money-lenders, who keep them in abject poverty. The intense hatred of the Jews by the Russian peasants is attributable in great part to the fact that so many Hebrews are among those who have profited by the misery of the Russian laborers. The three great reforms of the Czar are, first, the surrendering of the money payment of the Government for the use of the land. This went into effect the beginning of the present year; but, of course, it will take time for the good results of this measure to be experienced. The next reform is one in which equal difficulty will be experienced in carrying out. To save the people from the maulers the Government is about to organize banks to loan money to agriculturists at the lowest possible interest. It is this well-intended measure which has closed the money markets of Europe against Russia. In all human probability Alexander will fail in carrying on this well-meant measure. The third of his reforms is the rescinding of the poll tax, which pressed heavily upon the poor. In its place he substituted a graduated income tax, rising from five per cent. in the lowest taxable incomes to fifty per cent. on the highest; the object of the autocrat being to discourage accumulations of wealth in a few hands, and distribute it among the poorer population. The greatest Communist of the day is the Czar of all the Russias. This is why the Nihilists have the warm sympathies of the nobles and very wealthy. The outcome of all this will be watched with great interest by all who, while they distrust communistic legislation, would not object to see it tried in any country save their own.

Central Europe Swarming.

From all accounts the emigration from Germany will continue to increase yearly unless a great change takes place in the Empire. The conditions of things in the Fatherland is deplorable. While the population increases the price of land is steadily falling. All the economic measures of Bismarck have been failures. His protectionist policy has ruined the seaports, while his military system has taxed all the resources of the State. The change from a silver to a gold basis brought woes innumerable upon the monetary system of the country; but the greatest disaster of all has been the recent floods, which have ruined the vineyards on the banks of the great rivers, submerged the finest farming land in the Empire, and destroyed untold quantities of property. German families in this country are in constant receipt of letters from relatives and friends calling for assistance to get away from their old homes. Meanwhile Socialism has become more rampant than ever. The system of blood and iron will die with Kaiser William and Bismarck, and the Great Empire which conquered Austria and France will fall apart because of internal weakness. In the mean time this country will profit by immigration, and because of the decay of agriculture in Central Europe.

An Underground City.

New York, as every one knows, is situated upon a narrow island. It cannot spread but in one direction because of the surrounding waters. As a consequence an enormous business is being done upon a small surface of land, to utilize which there have been built within the last twelve years immense office buildings and apartment houses, each of which accommodates as many people as live in an ordinary village. Under this narrow stretch of land are built sewers, basements and cellars. In addition to gas-pipes, water-mains, and other underground constructions, to relieve the surface of the streets of their enormous vehicular traffic, it is proposed to build underground streets and subways to accommodate the sewers, water, gas and steam pipes, and eventually telegraph and telephone wires. Nor is this all. Advantage will be taken of these subways to run cars, and open passages for vehicles. It is not improbable that by the twentieth century the principal thoroughfares will be underlaid by a second street, so as to expedite travel and traffic. New York has tried one experiment on a very great scale; no less than three companies are laying steam pipes all over the city, which can be used not only for power but for heating and cooking purposes. It is believed that the time will shortly come when furnaces, stoves, and other heating apparatuses will be dispensed with, and that heat will be supplied from the outside as water and gas now are. It is said that every process of cooking, including broiling, can be done by steam. How this can be accomplished is a mystery to the uninitiated.

American Shipping

Congress seems really in earnest in trying to solve the problem of how to restore our American merchant marine. The *Stean* and *Stripes* have almost disappeared from the ocean, and our foreign commerce, imports and exports, is transacted almost entirely in foreign bottoms. Before the Civil War we were second only to Great Britain in the number of our ships and the extent of our foreign trade, while to-day we lag in the rear of Spain, and even Austria. For this unhappy state of things we are indebted to the Confederate privateers and the high tariff, but principally to the ability of England to construct iron and steel ships on the Clyde and other rivers much cheaper than we can on this side the Atlantic. Because of cheaper labor and the nearness of the coal and iron beds to the ocean, a Glasgow-built ship can be produced for one half the price of a similar vessel constructed on the Delaware, the Schuylkill, or the Hudson. Great Britain is not content to rest on her natural advantages, but she stimulates her foreign trade by bounties in the shape of heavy subventions for the carrying of mails. France and Germany pursue the same policy, but the United States has, so far, rigidly refused to help commerce, while it lays heavy imposts to build up manufactures. Still something will probably be done by the present Congress to stimulate the building of American vessels, but it will very likely be inadequate to giving us so large a share of the world's commerce as we had before the war of the rebellion.

That Great Comet.

It seems, after all, that the great comet of 1882 is not going to return next year or the year after and fall into the sun, but will take some 785 years before it is again visible from this "dim speck called Earth." It has been found that this is the same comet which appeared 371 B. C. and 363 A. D. This last, it will be remembered, gave significance, in that superstitious period, to the death of Constantine the Great. All this is upon the authority of Prof. Frisby, of the Naval Observatory, but he does not explain why this Great Comet has failed to be recognized since the death of Constantine.

The so-called "Blue Laws."

The people of New York have been enjoying something of a local sensation by the recent enactment of a penal code. All codes, it should be remembered, are simply abstracts of laws already on the Statute-book. When codes are put in force, however, they excite some surprise, as laws in time become obsolete. There is nothing stationary in the universe we live in. The solid earth we stand on is whirling through space at a rate which expressed in figures seems incredible. Human institutions are in a constant state of flux, and the enactments, even, of the Medes and Persians, as the generations pass away, are as unstable as water. The laws which were wise and wholesome a century ago, seem preposterous if enforced to-day. The Penal Code of New York is an excellent one in its way, but some of its provisions will have to be altered to suit the convenience and change of feeling in part of the community as compared with half a century ago. The time can not be distant when it will be conceded that even the Constitution of the United States needs vital amendment, to put it into conformity with the needs of the American people of to-day.

Women Dentists.

Miss Jessie T. Detchon, after a full dental course in Philadelphia, has been licensed to practice as dentist in that city. Several young women are applicants to pursue a course of study in the dental college of New York. No doubt in time all our principal cities will have their quota of lady dentists. There is no reason why women should not follow this profession here. They are very common in Germany, and very successful. In all the large dental establishments in the cities where anesthetics are administered, women act as assistants, and even the severest operations do not require more physical strength than many women possess. Had they the requisite skill, lady patients would prefer to employ one of their own sex for obvious reasons. Even the making of plates and the manufacture of false teeth might be undertaken by women, as it requires no more manual skill than wood engraving or painting. By all means let us have women dentists.

The New French Leader.

Now that Gambetta has passed away, the hopes of the liberal wing of the French Republic center upon M. Clemenceau. He is a man of unquestionable power as a speaker, and of great executive ability. He has had the advantage of having lived several years in this country. His private life is irreproachable, which cannot be said of Gambetta. A lively lady correspondent of a New York paper says: He has a charming wife who married him for love, and whom he loves dearly. He is also the loving father of two beautiful little girls and of a boy who is his own image. His daughter, Madeline, aged twelve, is simply ideal. She is very intellectual, studious and learned for her age. Her features have the regularity of a Greek statue, and her eye a soft girlish eloquence which imparts to the head an essentially modern character. The second child, Therese, has a physiognomy essentially French, and very animated. When her father introduces her to his friends he calls her "the little monkey." She has his ambition, but softened and refined. Clemenceau's third child is a boy. His name is Michael. He is nine years old, and the replica of his father. The youngster is at school at the Collège Morge. He is lively and forward for his age. The boy has an air of American independence, which greatly amuses his father. He derives it from his mother's family. Madame Clemenceau is a

New-Englander, and has many of the virtues and the graces which the daughters of the Pilgrim Fathers inherited from their old England grandmothers.

An Ancient Red-Haired Darling.

Elsewhere will be found the story of a diamond pin found in the heart of an oak in Maine. But a still more curious story of the same kind comes from England. An oak near Bethel was recently cut down and sawn into planks. In one of these was found a hollow peg containing a lock of bright red hair. It seems that two hundred and fifty years ago, somewhere in the year 1600, some lover had enclosed a love knot, and boring a hole in the tree, deposited it therein. The sap covered the token, and there it lay concealed for two centuries and a half, as is shown by the rings in the oak. What wonders have occurred in England and the world, since this lover hid away this lock of his red-haired darling. In modern times it is the fashion, when the corner stone of some institution is laid, to place underneath coins, memoranda, newspapers, and other objects which it is supposed will interest future generations when the edifice is demolished. But a pretty romance might have been written on this lock of bright red hair, had the lover only left the date in the same hole with the memento.

Before the White Settlement.

Thousands of years before Columbus sighted Hispaniola, a dense population covered the country now known as Arizona and New Mexico. They were a semi-civilized people, far advanced beyond savage life, as is shown by the remains of their pottery, temples, and dwelling houses. They seem to have been conquered by warlike savages from more northern regions, probably the ancestors of the fierce Apaches and Comanches, who have caused our little army so much trouble in times past. Colonel Stephenson has just returned from exploring the homes of the Cliff dwellers. It seems that on precipices thousands of feet above the plains below have been found the remains of villages where generations must have lived and died under the most extraordinary circumstances. The houses could be reached only by the most expert gymnasts who were forced to climb over a thousand feet up the cliffs to reach their habitations. Some of these villages contained, evidently, thousands of people. How they procured food and sustained life in these inaccessible localities is a mystery. These Cliff dwellings were probably places of refuge for the people of the plains when defeated by their savage assailants. Major Powell, and the chiefs of the other bureaus of the scientific department of the government, deserve great credit for bringing to light the archaeological and ethnological marvels of our south-western territories. These ought to be as interesting to our people as are the sites of the ancient cities in Asia Minor to the antiquarians of Europe. Young men of means and in the pursuit of knowledge, would find many antiquities that would interest them greatly, in Arizona and New Mexico.

The Homes of the Rothschilds.

It is creditable to French institutions, that outside of the Rothschilds and a few of the leading bankers, wealth is more generally diffused than in other civilized nations. In Great Britain there is a far larger proportion of poor and a greater number of very rich. Our own republican institutions tend somewhat to concentrate wealth in a few hands. We have probably twenty millionaires in the United States to one in France or Switzerland. But the Rothschilds are very rich, and to-day own the most famous chateaus in that country. The list involves a catalogue of princely dwellings, formerly the abodes of royalty. The power of the banker in Europe is supreme. He has taken the place of kings not only in real power, but in all the symbols of wealth, such as palaces, castles, grounds, and fine equipages. In our principal cities, the great capitalists live in dwellings far more magnificent than those which housed kings and emperors in the past. Our people ought to learn the secret by which wealth is diffused in the French Republic; for, after all, the best interests of the state demand that the thousands should be kept in comfort rather than the units in needless luxury.

How to Get Rid of Rabbits.

In this country rabbits are the playthings of children, but in other parts of the world they are an actual plague, because of their rapid multiplication. In Austria, large sections of country have been deserted, as the planters could not contend against the multitude of crop-devouring rabbits. In Jamaica, also, there was actual danger that the Isle would be depopulated, because of the impossibility of saving the crops from the ravages of the rabbits. Various attempts have been made to get rid of these pests. The raffle ant (*formica omivora*) was tried and was effectual in some localities, but unfortunately they also killed birds, chickens, puppies and occasionally calves. The Aqua toads as a remedy proved as bad as the disease; that is, they destroyed all ground birds and chickens. Ferrets and fox terriers were also tried, but did not kill as many as were born of the rabbit tribe. In 1872, however, nine mongooses were introduced direct from India. In that country, the mongoose does a beneficent work in destroying poisonous snakes. In Jamaica the mongoose has proved a great success. It breeds rapidly, and it is now supposed that it is worth to the island, in the saving of crops, nearly \$1,000,000 per annum.

They have destroyed immense multitudes of rabbits and nearly exterminated a very destructive rat. They are also death on toads, snakes and landcrabs. They have recently been introduced into the Barbadoes, Porto Rico and the other West Indian Islands. The only objection to the mongoose is, that he interferes with birds which nest on the ground—such as quails. They are now beginning to export the mongoose to Australia, to try to rid that vast continent of the rabbit plague.

A Human Ostrich.

A patient in a hospital in Cremona, Italy, is astonishing the medical world by his feats in the way of eating. After an attack of pleurisy, he developed an abnormal taste for pebbles, iron nails and knobs of glass. This unnatural appetite has increased with years, and he now daily eats fifteen to twenty pebbles a day, each weighing over three ounces. He thinks nothing of taking a dozen or two of iron nails. His favorite diet, however, is glass-balls of convenient size, polished so as to admit of an easy passage down the throat. All this seems incredible, but the fact is vouched for by Dr. Cosoi and other noted Italian physicians.

A Giant Puzzle.

The doctors of Sorbonne, Paris, are puzzled over a seven foot ten giant, a poor fellow who thought he had stopped growing at nineteen, when he was six feet high. Indeed, for nearly a year he did not gain in stature, when he took a fresh start, and grew one foot ten inches more; nor did he stop till last June. But he suffered greatly from growing pains, and is so weak that he can not stretch himself to his full length. He will probably die of consumption. What puzzles the physicians is his rapid increase in height within a year after he had apparently ceased growing for nearly a twelvemonth.

Great Britain Still Growing.

Those who think that England's manufacturing greatness is on the decline, would do well to study some official figures which have been recently published. When Victoria commenced to reign, there were less than 500,000 horse-power in the stationary engines. In 1880, the estimate was 2,200,000. During the same forty-three years the production of pig iron had increased from 1,400,000 to 8,300,000 tons per annum, and the production of coals from 136,000,000 to 1,147,000,000. The annual consumption of cotton had increased from 437,000,000 to 1,404,000,000 pounds, while the value of the cotton manufactures had increased from \$130,000,000 to \$475,000,000, and the number of yards of linen manufactured had quadrupled. Indeed this last is the proportionate increase all round. Yet, in the meantime, the population has increased only thirty-three per cent.

Starting Boys in Life.

Clark Mills, the sculptor, recently deceased, had some peculiar ideas about the education of his children. He was fairly well-to-do, but he allowed his sons while they were being educated a pittance so small that his friends remonstrated with him. "But," said he, "I want them to learn economy. Young people should all be trained so as to be able to meet reverses in business. Simple tastes and frugal habits are a better inheritance than broad acres or government bonds. My boys go to Munich to pursue their art studies. Living is cheap in that city, while art is free. The money that an American College boy would waste in careless expenditure will suffice to maintain an art student in many parts of Germany very handsomely indeed." Mr. Mills was quite right. It is well to make an allowance to children for their clothing and current expenses, and confine them rigidly to the annual appropriation. Heads of families who encourage thriftless habits by paying all the bills without question, must not be astonished if daughters do not know the value of money, and sons become spendthrifts.

Pre-Historic Man.

In the skeletons found in caves and rocks belonging to races of men who must have lived thousands of years before history began, are found evidences that the same diseases flourished then that now afflict humanity. Wounds were found, of course, as was to have been expected; but it is also clear that the primitive man who lived in the stone age, before metals were used, and when perhaps even fire was not yet employed in cooking food, had diseases such as rheumatism, cancers, distortions of limb, and undoubtedly malarial troubles. This evidence is found in the remains. Poets have told us of the simple and happy life of the golden age in the past; but scientific investigation has dispelled these illusions, and establish the fact that the lot of men, in the past as in the present, was not a happy one. It is the modern civilized man who enjoys the best health, for even in our day the savage races are more prone to disease than those who lead what seems an artificial life in the best-circles of modern communities. Our savage ancestry must have led dismal lives. They were exposed to all the fury of the elements, to the attack of wild beasts, and worse than all, their untutored imaginations filled the universe with evil spirits, which demanded sacrifices, and filled their waking hours with fearful phantasms. Within a few hundred years, people in this country believed in witchcraft, then what must humanity have suffered in the ages long ago when the whole world was peopled with fetishes possessing the power to inflict physical harm.

What Women Are Doing.

Statistics show one immoral woman to every 108 immoral men.

Carmen Sylva (the Queen of Roumania) has published another work of her pen, "Jehovah," which is pronounced to be teeming with poetical beauties.

Miss Anna Dickenson has been reading her beautiful play of "Aurelian" with distinguished success, to large and intelligent audiences.

Miss Emily Benton is the editor of a woman's department in the *Toledo Blade*, which adds a new interest to that wonderfully bright and aptly journal.

Mrs. Kate Tannat Woods has written a play, "Roanoke," for an amateur club in Salem, which has been performed with great success. Mrs. Woods is the author of "Dan's Wife," and many other bright poems and stories.

Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer read a paper recently on "Moral Instruction in Public Schools," before the Institute at Germantown, Pennsylvania.

The course of lectures on literature, before the students of the College of Liberal Arts, in Boston, began in January, the lecturer being Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson.

Miss Edith Fuller, a niece of Margaret Fuller, read a paper on "The Education of Women in the Middle Ages," lately, before the society for promoting the University education of women.

Miss Morrison, of St. Louis, a young lady of large means and great liberality, has built a scientific observatory, and put a scientific young man in it, and supports both.

At the funeral of a woman the other day in St. John, N. B., the pall-bearers were six women wearing black dresses and white veils and gloves. They carried the coffin from the house to the hearse, into and out of the church and lowered it into the grave.

Last year the State Charities Aid Association organized classes to teach and to learn how to first give aid to injured persons before a physician can be obtained. The work has been successful and is being enlarged.

Mary Anderson has been photographed oftener than any other woman living, and dealers say her pictures are in greater demand than those of any other actress.

Miss Jennie Turner has been appointed Notary Public, in New York, by Governor Cornell. This is the first instance of the appointment of a woman in that State.

Florence Nightingale, who may be called the originator of trained nursing, says: "There is no such thing as amateur art; there is no such thing as amateur nursing."

Lady Brassey, whose yachting experiences have been told so charmingly, is to have a yacht built at Cowes, which will be modeled after a viking's ship now in the Christiania Museum.

Dr. Alice Bennett, of the Norristown Hospital for the Insane, was the first and is as yet the only young lady who has obtained the degree of Doctor in Philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania.

Madame Adellina Patti was invested with the Order of Kaploun on Tuesday, by the Chamberlain of King Kalakaua. The order is a star on a red and white striped ribbon, and was accompanied by a letter on parchment from His Majesty.

Queen Victoria does not think it too great a condescension to compete for prizes at fairs. She has recently won, at Birmingham Cattle and Agricultural Society's exhibition, a premium of £50 for a shorthorn Hereford from her Windsor farm. She will take the prize in the form of a cup of that value, and has asked to be allowed to select personally one from a number of designs of cups.

Dr. Jennie McCowen, of Davenport, Iowa, whose paper on the "Prevention of Insanity," attracted so much attention at the National Conference of Charities last summer, has been elected corresponding member for the State of Iowa, by the National Association for the Prevention of Insanity and the Protection of the Insane.

Mrs. Sarah Ray, a washerwoman of Leadville, who has made a fortune of \$1,000,000, has had an eventful life. She was the first white woman who ever dared set her foot in Leadville, and as such helped found the city. She dug in the mines, scoured the plains as a scout, and last, but not least, took in washing

from the Leadville miners, and to-day has a snug little fortune that pays her an income of \$30,000 a year.

At a medical college at Kingston, N. Y., six women students were treated with such indignity by a professor and some of the students, that they were obliged to enter a protest. This was supposed to establish the theory that co-education is impracticable, and no more women are to be admitted. The question is, who ought to be turned out, the women or the men? and another is, in what kind of families ought these ribald students to be admitted to practice after they have gained a physician's diploma?

A daughter of the illustrious house of Sobieski was recently married in Switzerland to a common mechanic. She is the granddaughter of that Count Jacob Sobieski, who, fifty years ago was exiled from Poland, and whose son accepted the fallen fortunes of the family by taking for his wife a girl of the Swiss peasantry.

The Princess of Wales has a large room in Marlborough House set apart at Christmas for the especial use of a number of her royal highness's tradesmen, and each one fits up a stand with his most attractive goods, including specimens of all his Christmas novelties. The Princess of Wales can thus make her purchases with comfort. Her royal highness invites a number of her friends to join in the inspection of this little fair.

The *Englishwoman's Review* gives an interesting account of a woman inventor, Madame Henriette Delong, who, according to the description in French official documents, is the "inventor of machines, tools, and processes for cutting all hard metals by means of saws, and is the originator of a new art industry." Madame Delong was born in 1843. She is the daughter of a man named Goulard, who was the first to substitute the white of zinc for the poisonous white of lead, and thus saved the lives of hundreds of workmen. His daughter was one of twelve children, and was apprenticed at 14 to a working woman jeweler. She made such progress that she was soon considered an artist. She worked by hand and with saws the thickness of a hair, and could get any price for her work. At eighteen Mdlle. Goulard married M. Delong and led a happy domestic life for two years, when her husband became ill, continued an invalid for three years, and then died. Her constant bodily exertion to support the family, coupled with extreme mental anxiety, during a weakened and exhausted condition, brought on paralysis of the right arm, and her inventive faculties were stimulated and set to work to supply the lost force of this right arm, which had been the main stay and support of the family, and was now the only dependence of her little son and herself. She undertook to reverse the principle by which precious metals are worked, that is the fixity of the object and the movement of the hand or instrument that performs the labor, and substitute a fixed instrument, while the object is moved in obedience to the will of the worker. The patience, perseverance, and skill required to construct and perfect implements, whose slightest stoppage or turn a hair's breadth too soon or too late, would be ruin, can hardly be imagined by those not conversant with the jeweler's art, and it must be sufficient to say that, after years of experimental labor, she succeeded, only to find that the difficulty, indeed impossibility of collecting the fine dust which flew from the working of the delicate machinery, and which must be taken to account even to the hundredth part of a grain, must prevent the application of her inventions to precious metals and gems. She went to work again, however, and adapted her ideas to coarser metals—nickel, brass, and alloyed silver. In this she has been wholly successful, and the beautiful new fretwork in metals, the frames for pictures and glasses, the lettering, the monograms, the ornaments, the clasps, the pins, and much of the beautiful finish applied to the interior decoration of houses, are the results of Madame Delong's inventive genius.

Queen Victoria recently forwarded to the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley, five large Berlin-wool quilts for the use of the military invalids at the hospital. One of the quilts had been entirely worked by the Queen herself, and a second by the Princess Beatrice. The former bears in one corner Her Majesty's cipher of a crown, V. R. I., and the date 1882. The latter bears the initial letter of Beatrice. The other quilts were worked by ladies of the Court, the Queen adding a border to each. The quilts were of the softest wool, of rich though plain patterns and colors, and perfect in all respects as warm bed-coverings. They were remarkably evenly and skillfully knitted.



HINTS FOR COOK AND HOUSE-WIFE.

Pickles.—Pickles ought to be kept in a dry place, and the vessels most approved of for keeping them, are wide-mouthed glass bottles or stone jars having corks or bungs, which must be fitted in with linen and covered with bladder or leather.

White wine vinegar is the best for pickles, and it is essential to the excellence and beauty of pickles that they always be completely covered with vinegar.

Preserves, Jams, and Jellies keep better if the pots into which they are put are sealed up while hot, because if exposed to the air until cool, little germs will fall upon them from the air and retain their vitality, and will soon fail to work decomposing the fruit. On the other hand, if the jars are sealed while hot, the germs are destroyed by scalding.

Celery salt is made by grating dried celery root mixed with one-fourth its quantity of salt.

Vegetables should be cooked, if possible, in water in which meats have been cooked.

Scalded skimmed milk will go nearly as far as fresh milk.

Slow and long cooking will make tough meat tender.

Your fat should be *boiling* when you put your meat into it to fry.

Salt meats should be simmered and not fiercely boiled.

A small spoonful of molasses added to buckwheat each morning, will make the cakes temptingly brown.

To Broil Chickens without Burning Them.—Remove occasionally from the fire and baste with a gravy prepared as follows: Simmer together one half cup of vinegar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and salt and pepper to the taste. Keep the gravy hot.

To Dress Poultry.—Take a knife and sever the artery or jugular vein in the neck, or take an axe and cut the head off; let it bleed so as to draw all fever from the fowl, in case it have any. Dip the body in boiling water, then pluck quickly. When through, dip the fowl in hot water again, then into a pail of cold water, let it remain three or four minutes; this will make it swell out plump, and it will keep twenty-four hours longer than if it was not thrown into the cold water.

In beating the whites of eggs in warm weather, choose a cool place, and a pinch of salt added greatly hastens in bringing them to "snow."

Wine stains of any kind can be removed effectually from linen, by holding them for a few minutes in boiling sweet milk. This must be done before the linen is washed, or it is of no use.

A pint of mustard seed put in a barrel of cider will keep it sweet for several months, and make it more wholesome.

Turpentine will remove ink from white woodwork.

To filter water quickly for immediate use, employ the following method: Put a quart of clean water over the fire and bring it to a boil; remove it and strain it two or three times through flannel; cool it and keep it for use in a covered jar or pitcher.

Ammonia (aqua) will restore colors in fabrics from which the color has been abstracted by acids.

A tablespoonful of ammonia in a gallon of warm water, will often restore the color in carpets; it will also remove whitewash from them, restoring color.

Ox-gall will not only remove grease from carpets but restore the colors. One pint of gall in three gallons of warm water will do a large carpet. Table and floor oil-cloths may be thus washed.

Gall Soap.—Cut finely three pounds of common brown soap; put it in an earthen pan with four beef galls, and place over a slow fire, stirring frequently with a stick until dissolved; then remove from the fire and put away to cool and harden. Take it out of the pan, cut it and allow it to dry on a board. This is excellent for removing grease and stains from carpets and similar

fabrics. The vessel in which it has been made cannot be used for any other purpose.

Edible and Poisonous Mushrooms.—The stem of a genuine mushroom is short, thick and white, marked under the head with a prominent ring. The head is white and regularly convex, the edges are bent inward, the flesh is white and firm, the under leaves are deep pink, and separated as they approach, but do not touch the stem. When the mushroom grows old the net-like shape changes, it becomes brown, flat and scaly. The under leaves also turn brown. It is better when eaten young. Spurious mushrooms have their heads covered with warts and other membranaceous substances, which adhere to the upper surface; they are heavy and spring from a species of bulb; they generally grow in bunches.

When the mushrooms are doubtful sprinkle a little salt on the under or spongy part; if it turns yellow they are poisonous, if black, they are good.

To have nice hard butter for the table in summer, without the use of ice, put a trivet, or any open flat thing with legs, in a saucer; put on this trivet the plate of butter, and fill the saucer with water; turn a common flower pot so that its edges shall be within the saucer and under the water. Plug the hole in the flower pot with a cork, then drench the flower pot with water, set in a cool place until morning, or if done at breakfast the butter will be hard at supper time.

A few drops of Oil of Lavender will save a library from mould. One drop will save a pint of ink.

A string wet in kerosene oil and tied around sugar barrels, lard cans, preserves, etc., is said to keep away ants. The string should be wet with the oil every few days.

Keeping Honey.—To keep honey the year round, let it run through a fine sieve, to separate it from the particles of wax, then boil it gently in an earthen vessel, skim off the foam which gathers on top, and cool it in jars. Cover tightly and set in a cool cellar.

A New Method of Preparing Chocolate.—Have a pound of chocolate pulverized, and put in a jar with the same quantity of rice flour and an ounce of arrowroot. Put a quart of milk to boil; dissolve a heaped teaspoonful of the above preparation in cold water and stir into the milk; keep stirring until it boils again, then pour it out and serve with sugar and cream to taste. This is very nice for delicate persons as well as those in health.

Cracks in Stoves.—The following, though not new, is a most valuable recipe for the house-keeper: Take good wood ashes and sift them through a fine sieve, adding an equal quantity of clay finely powdered, together with a little salt. Moisten this mixture with water sufficient to form a paste, and fill the crack of the stove with it. The cement never peels or breaks away, and becomes very hard after being heated. The stove must be cold when the cement is applied. It is very useful in setting the plates of a stove, or in fitting stove-pipes, as it seems to render all the joints air-tight.

To Whiten Flannels.—A solution of one and a half pounds of white soap and two-thirds of an ounce of spirits of ammonia, dissolved in twelve gallons of soft water, will impart a beautiful and lasting whiteness to any flannels dipped in it, no matter how yellow they may have been previous to their immersion.

After being well stirred round for a short time, the articles should be taken out and well washed in clean cold water.

For washing Black or Navy Blue Linens, Percalés, etc.—Take two potatoes grated into tepid soft water (first having peeled and washed them) into which put a teaspoonful of ammonia. Wash the goods in this and rinse in cold blue water. Starch will not be needed, and if at all practicable, they should be dried and ironed on the wrong side.

It is said that an infusion of hay will preserve the colors of buff linens; an infusion of bran will do the same for brown linens and prints.

To wash printed goods which have a black ground with a white pattern: Dissolve two ounces of red chromate of potash, three ounces of common salt, and two and a half ounces of sal-soda in a wash boiler of water heated to boiling point. Put the dress into this hot bath for five minutes, and frequently turn and stir it. Then wash it thoroughly in clean water. The black ground will not be dull and "foxy," and the white portion of the goods will appear perfectly bright and clear.

Scientific.

Florida fruit-growers have discovered that oranges packed in fine dry sand will keep for months.

The purest butter ever made may become tainted and poisoned in one short hour by objectionable surroundings.

Soapsuds may be used for nearly everything in the kitchen garden. It is also good for a lawn, and it may be used along with any manure.

Smoke-stains may be removed from ivory by immersing the pieces in benzine and going over them with a brush.

Soot is a good manure, especially for land infested with insects. Soot is good for nearly every kind of crop, and harmful to none.

Nail stains may be removed from oak by dissolving half a pint of oxalic acid in a quart of boiling water, and scrubbing the wood with it.

Blotting paper which not merely dries but removes a freshly-made ink-blot is prepared, according to the *Fed. Notizbl.*, by passing thick blotting-paper through a concentrated solution of oxalic acid, and then drying quickly.

Mirrors should be cleaned with soft paper, instead of cloth. This advice is not new, but may nevertheless prove useful, seeing that cloth is still often used, with its usual accompaniments of lint and trouble.

To Polish Mahogany, etc.—For polishing mahogany, walnut, &c., the following is recommended. Dissolve beeswax by heat in spirits of turpentine until the mixture becomes viscid; then apply with a clean cloth and rub thoroughly with a flannel or cloth.

To prevent grease collecting in sink-pipes, wash down the pipes every day with boiling hot water, which will melt the grease and carry it down in the sewer. If this does not entirely clear them, put some soda into the water, and pour it slowly into the pipe boiling hot.

Professor Ponick of Breslau finds that repeated washing with cold water removes most of the poison of mushrooms, and cooking, especially boiling, dissolves out the rest. The water in which mushrooms are boiled however is always poisonous, more so even than raw mushrooms.

Cream, if taken fresh in the morning, is an excellent tonic and restorative. It should be taken with freshly cooked granulated oatmeal breakfast; and the fresher it is, and the purer and better the milk from which it has been taken, the better will be the result.

Imitation ivory, of a pure white color and very durable, has been recently manufactured by the inventor of celluloid; it is prepared by dissolving shellac in ammonia, mixing the solution with oxide of zinc, driving off ammonia by heating, powdering, and strongly compressing in moulds.

Atropia for Ear-ache.—The most effectual treatment, and the one which has stood the test of years, says Dr. A. A. Williams, in the *American Chemist's and Druggist's Bulletin*, is the local application of a solution of the sulphate of atropia. Not a single case but has yielded at once.

A correspondent who has tried it, is authority for the following "sure cure" for corns. Take one-fourth of a cup of strong vinegar, crumble finely into it some bread; let it stand half an hour, or until it softens into a good poultice; then apply on retiring at night. In the morning the soreness will be gone, and the corn will be picked out. If the corn is a very obstinate one, it may require two or more applications to effect a cure.

Cotton Stems for Cattle Food.—A new element of value has been found in the cotton crop, one which promises to materially advance the prosperity of Southern farmers. It appears that for each bale of lint there are one thousand five hundred pounds of stems, which are very rich in phosphates of lime and potash. When ground and mixed with cottonseed meal—which is too rich for use as fodder in large quantities—the stem mixture makes a superior cattle food, rich in all the elements needed for the production of milk, meat, and bone. It is believed that this utilization of the cotton-stems, hitherto a nuisance, will prove to cotton-growers a new source of wealth, and in many parts greatly facilitate the raising of stock, by furnishing a substitute for grain, which now has to be brought from the West for stock-feeding.

Poultry Dressing.—Poultry should be plucked while still warm, when the feathers will be removed with much less difficulty. This method is called dry plucking. There is however one objection to the system—it does not improve the appearance, although it does the flavor; but, while cooking, the bird will "plump up," and come out of the oven looking much finer than when it went in. This method of preparing for family use is preferable to the usual mode of scalding the feathers before removing them; the fowls will also keep much longer. Another plan is, after the fowl is dry-plucked as above, to plunge the carcass into a vessel of boiling water for a few moments, which will plump it a great deal, and make the skin look bright and clean. This greatly improves the appearance for market. After scalding, turkeys and fowls should be hung by the legs and water-fowl by the neck, until thoroughly cooled. It may not be out of place to remark that, if, after drawing the fowl, the cavity be filled with charcoal broken in small pieces, it may be kept sweet for a considerable time. Old poultry will be much improved if left to hang for ten days, when the weather permits, drawn and filled with charcoal as above mentioned. If then half boiled, and the cooking finished by fire, they will be found much more tender than if the roasting process alone be employed.



To keep the linen from turning yellow—Wear it, and wash it.

To drive rats out of a house—Ask them for a loan.

What is the feminine of tailor? asked a teacher of a class in grammar. "Dressmaker," was the prompt reply of a bright-eyed little boy.

A Lesson with illustrations.—"What is meant by the pomps and vanities of this world?" asked a Sunday school teacher. "Feathers and flowers," replied a scholar looking hard at the bonnet of the teacher.

A person having asked how many "dog days" there were in a year, received for answer, that it was impossible to number them, "as every dog has his day."

"Well," remarked a young M. D. just "passed." "I suppose the next thing will be to hunt up a good locality, and then wait for something to do, like 'patience on a monument.'" "Yes," said a friend, "and it won't be long after you do begin before the monuments will be on the patients'."

A young lady, after six months of blissfully happy wedded life, inquired eagerly of a lady friend possessing ripe experience, how she should best retain the affections of her lord and master, so as to ensure a prolongation of the happy state of affairs. The friend's reply was, "Feed him and flatter him."

Looking from the window one autumn morning when everything was hidden by a thick fog, little Lulu exclaimed, "Oh mamma, God has forbid to untrove the chees" (trees).

Listening to a very dull sermon the other Sunday, a young lady whispered "If the consciousness of new bonnets and cloaks did not sustain us, this sermon would be unendurable."

Things one would rather have left unsaid. Hostess, "What must you go already, professor?" The professor—"My dear madam, there is a limit even to my capacity of inflicting myself on my friend!" Hostess—"Oh no, not at all, I assure you!"

A little boy showing great reluctance to go to school one morning was asked the reason. "Because," he answered "the teacher said he was going to try to put an idea into my head to-day, and I don't want him to be cutting into my head."



Not in receiving but in giving, is the soul filled with light, and lifted heavenward.—*Modern Hagar.*

Honor pledges us to morality, fame still more, and power most of all.—*A fair philosopher.*

The true skeptic doubts for the sake of doubting, and therefore ends as he began, with doubt.—*Dewar's.*

The old men are singing "We were once powerful youths," The men sing "But we are strong now," and the youths sing "But we will be stronger than you are."—*Plutarch's Lycurgus.*

Hatred and contempt are not good, for they injure the soul. The art of life is to acknowledge the base as base, but not to demean one's self by passionate feeling against commonality. You must remove hatred out of your heart and be at peace in your mind. Hatred destroys the soul.—*Awerbach.*

There are hours when I am the ideal of myself, and there are hours when I am the caricature of myself—how shall I conceive the real being? What am I?—*A fair philosopher.*

I have suffered much through others, but I still believe that there are no thoroughly bad men, but that there are thoroughly egotistical ones, and that the pushing of egotism beyond its true bounds is the source of all evil.

Behind every drunkard and every criminal there are women who suffer. Uplift the drunkard and the criminal, and you release these unfortunates. The wildest visionary cannot over-estimate the moral force the world would gain from this uplifting.—*Modern Hagar.*

My advice is never do to-morrow what you can do to-day. Procrastination is the thief of time, collar him.—*David Copperfield.*

The windows of the house of Memory and the windows of the house of Mercy are not so easily closed as windows of glass and wood. They fly open unexpectedly.—*Somebody's Luggage.*

A pearl becomes red by the nearness of a rose, but never a rose white by contact with a pearl. 'Tis not the lower, but the more noble, that readily recognize and take home for profit the high qualities of others.



MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE
THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

Review of Fashions.

AMERICANS are fond of figures, they are fond of saying they cannot lie—but some recent statistics look as if figures either falsified the facts, or else the facts themselves had been very much distorted by persons who have known nothing of either facts or figures.

That the dress of women costs more than that of men has been an accepted conclusion. The extravagance of women has been chimed into the public ear by the entire newspaper press—and echoed by men if their wives expended so much as a dollar upon a calico dress, until they believed themselves that some justification must exist for so much “sound and fury”—and women, whose own consciences were clear of the sin of extravagant expenditure, grieved over the error of their sex in general in this particular.

But the statistics recently published by the Tariff Commission, show that men in this country, spend, in the aggregate, six times as much for their clothing as women do, not counting the cost of their expensive personal indulgences in other ways, which add enormously to the revenue, and for which women have no corresponding field of outlay. But it is clothing alone with which we have to deal—and the figures as given by the Tariff Commission Report, most industriously and accurately collected, are surprising even to those who know how false the appearances are, which make the varied and generally cheap fabrics in which women are clothed seem wasteful beside the solid, uniform dress of men. The statement amounts to this, that there are six thousand establishments where men's clothing is made at an aggregate cost per annum of two hundred millions of dollars—while there are less than six hundred makers of women's garments—the aggregate value of which is only thirty millions of dollars. Of course it will be said that women buy much of their material, and make their clothing at home—but the importation of cloths, and the special fabrics devoted to men's wear, is also considerably more in value than the imported goods used by women—so that the totality in expenditures is rather increased than diminished.

The result is a reminder of a little story: A Western farmer had the habit of some New Yorkers, of paying his bills by the year—the dry-goods bill of the family with the rest. The total represented the purchases of his wife for herself and the household for twelve months—so far as sheets, towels, tablecloths, and such articles were concerned—and the amount for the year in question was thirty-six dollars. The “extrava-

gance” of this sum occasioned groans and bitter upbraidings on the part of the farmer, and tears on the part of the wife, who protested that she had purchased only one calico dress through the year, a bit of something for a sack, and so on. On an examination of the items, it was found that of the whole sum she was only responsible for seventeen dollars and sixty cents, and part of this was for supplies for the family linen closet, eighteen dollars and forty cents were put down to socks, shirting, flannel, underwear, and other articles for the farmer himself, who had in addition a tailor's bill of considerably greater magnitude.

There are not many women who live decently who limit themselves to so small a sum as this Western farmer's wife, and the grumbling of the husband only shows that complaints and assertions of extravagant expenditure are a mere matter of habit, and have not necessarily any basis of truth. The fact is, that women are treated too much as children, both in regard to the care and the spending of money, and wear out their lives in the practice of small economies, which narrow and degrade the souls of those “bound by them.” The number of women who have an ample income is very small, and so long accustomed have the majority of women been to having men disburse the funds, that, even when by legacy or inheritance they become possessed of abundant means, the first thing they do, very frequently, is to give some man unlimited control over their possessions.

It is, perhaps, too much to expect that women should act for themselves as yet in matters of which they are ignorant. But fathers who expect to provide for their daughters' future, who have their welfare at heart, and who wish them to be able to think and act for themselves, cannot work more practically toward the result than by giving them money to spend, furnishing them with an allowance, and permitting them to buy their experiences, or else equipping them for some field in which they can earn and pay for them. The hundreds of thousands of women who earn their own living, and support others, have demonstrated the ability of the sex to work and earn, as well as spend, and that responsibility only brings conscience to the aid of their natural genius for detail and care in preserving the even balance between the outgoes and incomes. At any rate, men can no longer plume themselves upon their own economy in dress, compared with the “extravagance” of women. Figures are facts, and if women will only acquire a little of the *esprit du corps* that makes men stick to each other “through thick and thin,” the facts will be known, and in time become history. If they

must get the credit of this marvelous expenditure, however, this exceeding love of dress, we do not know but what we should advise them to have something to show for it. Reverse the tables, and put the thousands and the millions on the other side; if women spend more, men will have to spend less, for there will be less to spend.

Illustrated Designs.

WHERE is much said about individuality in dress, and the desirability of adapting clothing to personal peculiarities. But there is, after all, much less in this than many suppose. Men do not "adapt" their clothing; they dress so nearly alike, that by their clothing alone it would be impossible to tell one man from another. Yet, when they are dressed in good regulation style, there is no complaint that they do not present a good average appearance, which is much more than can be said for women who undertake to work out original ideas, and only succeed in making themselves disagreeably conspicuous.

The truth is, that dress, like other things, requires thought and experience to arrive even at average sensible and practical results, and there was much truth in a remark made recently by a lady who was complimented on her dress, and on her "taste" and good ideas. "They are not my own ideas at all," she said, frankly. "I never do any thinking in regard to my dress, nor will I so long as it is so well done for me. When I want a costume I choose the shade from those that are recent, and have it made in the latest fashion. There are certain things, certain colors, and the like that I avoid, but that is the nearest that I come to choosing what I shall wear. I simply tell my dressmaker what use I intend to put the dress to, and she makes it accordingly, as a walking, dinner, morning or evening dress. If I could not afford to employ a dressmaker, I should select reliable paper patterns and make my clothing by these."

There was good sense and knowledge of the subject in the remark; for those who are acquainted with the conscientious pains, the anxious thought required to differentiate one style from another, to preserve a certain harmony and appropriateness, a certain reason and practicality, and still avoid the commonplace and obtain the requisite distinction, while gratifying the desire for novelty, will acknowledge that all this cannot be accomplished without pains and more thought than the majority of women have to bestow upon it.

The present month is not one that makes any great demand upon novelty in illustrated designs; nor is it possible to furnish it; as it would simply rob the seasons of their glories to robe March in the thin garments of June, and leave the proper function of the month unfulfilled. Our readers will, however, find some useful and seasonable suggestions in the designs which we submit for their approval. The "Mirielle" costume is graceful, and suitable for in or outdoor wear. It may be made in one or two materials, in all wool, or wool over silk, or wool over plain velvet or velveteen skirt. It does not demand a very large quantity of material. The exterior of the skirt is trimmed with box-plaits, and small side plaits upon a lining; the braided polonaise derives all its beauty and distinction from its graceful cut at the back, and the peculiar effectiveness of the braided designs. It is always one of the problems just how to finish a plain woollen bodice in such a way as to give character, yet preserve the solidity desirable in a serviceable street dress. The design upon the "Mirielle," or rather upon the polonaise which forms the upper part of the costume, makes a charming and very becoming finish, and quite obviates the necessity for cape or fichu.

An exceedingly good and serviceable traveling dress is furnished in the "Flamina" walking skirt and "Fernande"

basque. The material may be ladies' cloth or flannel; the ruffles at the bottom may be silk or wool. If wool, we should recommend one box-plait instead of the three very narrow gathered ruffles; but if the latter are silk, the series will look much better. Dark navy blue, olive or bronze green, dark wine color or dull terra-cotta, would be good colors, the latter for an ocean voyage, particularly, or preparation for a summer in the mountains, or any cool, gray locality, where warmth in the tints of the dress lends brightness even to the landscape.

Two designs for polonaises are given, the "Fenella" and the "Cephania." The "Cephania" is double-breasted, and has the finish and very much the effect of a redingote. It is useful for morning wear, as it could be worn with any skirt, and is suitable for walking either in city or country. It would be found most useful for hotel breakfasts, made in gray or bronze ladies' cloth, and worn over silk or trimmed skirt, black, or matching the wool. The "Fenella" is more simple: should be made in finer or thinner materials for house wear, and trimmed with a flat braid or passementerie. It is a good style for black cashmere with jetted passementerie trimming.

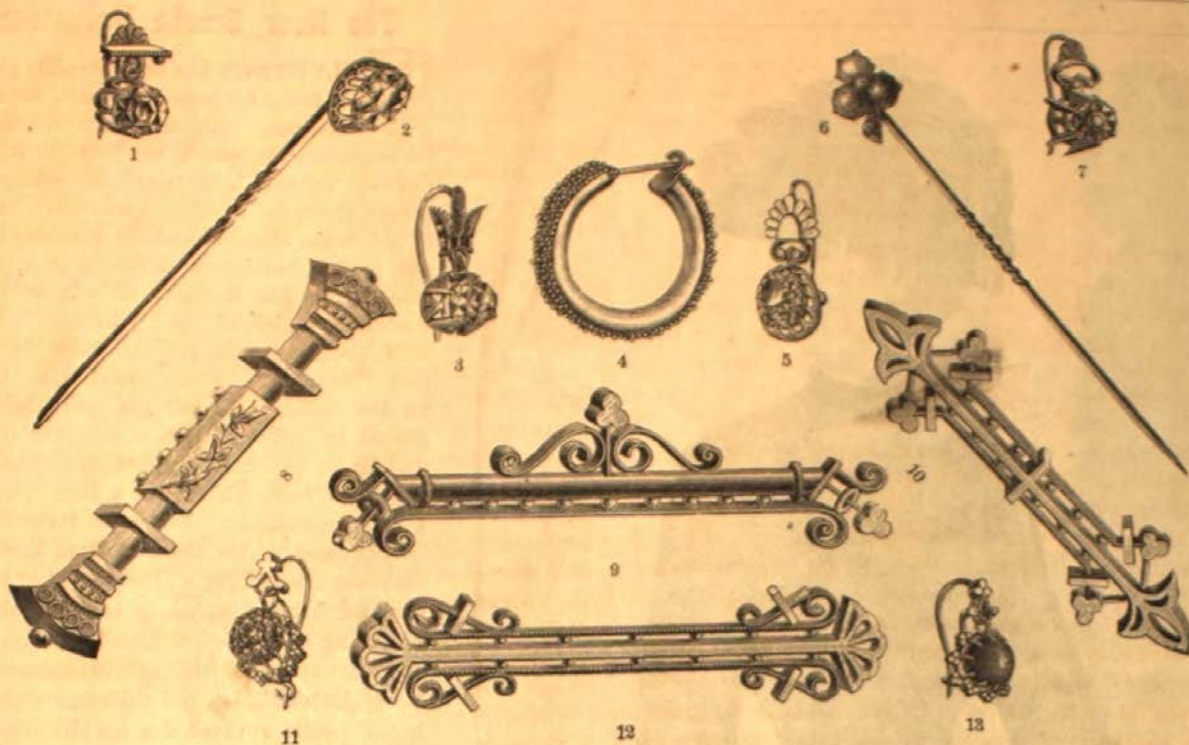
There are four different styles of garments given for early spring outdoor wear—the "Hamilton" redingote, no longer a novelty, but likely to remain in favor for years to come, the "Constantia" visite, the "Belgravia" casaque, and the "Hussar" jacket.

The "Belgravia" is a very handsome model, and very suitable for the spring costume of a young lady, who wants a garment for wear with a plain box-plaited skirt—such a skirt as is found in the "Mirielle" costume. The "Hussar" jacket is to accompany the braided cloth costumes, or may be used as an outside garment with any dress. It is tight fitting, and very stylish looking.

The "Constantia" visite may be strongly recommended as a suitable design for black cashmere, either as an independent garment or to complete a dress for out of doors. It should be trimmed with handsome jetted fringe and passementerie.



Fernande Basque.—This stylish and novel basque, with Breton vest, is tight-fitting, and has a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, which is cut with extensions that are laid in box-plaits below the waist. Close sleeves and a narrow, straight collar complete the design, which is adapted to any class of dress goods, and is especially effective with the vest made of a different material than the basque. Bands of *soutache* conceal the joining of the vest and basque, and also trim the sleeves. This basque is illustrated on the plate of "Ladies' Costumes," in combination with the "Flamina" walking skirt. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



Lace Pins and Ear-rings.

ACTUAL SIZES.

No. 1.—Solid gold ear-rings set with pure white stones. The setting is in the latest style of diamond mounting, and the stone has a patent foil back, which gives it the brilliancy and beauty of a genuine diamond of the purest water. The upper part of the ear-ring is daintily chased. Price, \$4.25.

No. 2.—Scarf pin of solid gold, with the pin twisted in the middle, and the head set with a pure white, pear-shaped stone, set high in diamond mounting with patent foil back, which increases the brilliancy of the stone exceedingly, and gives it the appearance of a genuine diamond. This pin is suitable for a gentleman's scarf or lady's fichu. Price, \$3.00.

No. 3.—Solitaire white stone ear-rings, set in solid gold, with patent foil back, which imparts to the natural brilliancy of the stone the luster of a genuine diamond. The upper part of the ear-ring represents a catkin and flags of green and copper-colored frosted gold. Price, \$6.00.

No. 4.—Hoop ear-rings of "rolled" gold. The inside of the hoop has a smooth satin finish, and the outer part is corrugated or roughened. The ear-rings have solid gold wires. Price, \$1.75. The same design in a smaller size can be furnished for \$1.50.

No. 5.—Pear-shaped solitaire ear-drops of pure white stones set in solid gold. The setting swings from a frosted gold ornament, with wedge-shaped medallion of polished gold forming the top of the ear-ring. The stone is set in the latest style of diamond mounting, with patent foil back, which greatly adds to its natural luster and makes it appear the fac-simile of a genuine diamond of finest water. Price, \$6.

No. 6.—Scarf-pin, adapted for the use of either gentlemen or ladies. The pin is solid gold, twisted near the center, and the head represents a clover-leaf composed of a ruby, pearl, and hematite, with a single small pearl set in the center and in the stem. Price, \$4.25.

No. 7.—A beautiful ear-ring of solid gold in knife-edge work, supporting on a high setting, with a light black enamel on the lower part, a pure white stone as brilliant and showy as a real diamond. It has a patent foil back which

materially adds to the luster of the stone. The upper part of the ear-ring is finely chased. Price, \$4.50.

No. 8.—Lace-pin of "rolled" gold. The design is a cylinder of yellow Etruscan gold, with Byzantine ornaments at either end, and set in the center with an oblong surface of highly-polished gold engraved in a leaf-pattern. Bars of highly-polished gold cross the lace-pin at intervals. All the polished gold that is seen on the surface is solid. Price, \$1.75.

No. 9.—This delicate lace-pin is of "rolled" gold, in a simple but pretty design. It is entirely of highly polished gold in knife-edge work, with the exception of the cylindrical bar, and is ornamented with tiny trefoils. Price, \$2.25.

No. 10.—This stylish lace-pin is of "rolled" gold, and is a very novel and elegant design in open pattern of highly polished knife-edge work. All the polished gold that is seen on the surface is solid. Price, \$1.50.

No. 11.—Solid gold ear-drops with solitaires, pure white stones set high in knife-edge diamond setting, a rim of polished gold trefoils surrounding them. The pendant setting swings from a trefoil ornament which composes the top of the ear-ring. The stones are set with the patent foil back, which increases their luster so as to render them undistinguishable from genuine diamonds. Price, \$4.50.

No. 12.—A simple and pretty lace-pin of "rolled" gold in diamond knife-edge work. The design is worked in polished gold and filigree, and although delicate is rather ornate. All the polished gold that is seen on the surface is solid. Price, \$1.75.

No. 13.—These beautiful ear-rings are hematites, which closely resemble black pearls, set in solid gold, in diamond mounting, the setting swinging from the ornament to which the ring is attached. Price, \$4.50.

All of these goods are of first-class material and workmanship, and many of the designs in "rolled" gold are fac-similes of those made in solid gold.

SILKS of an exquisite shade of apple-green, both plain and brocaded with gold or silver, are employed for evening wear. A very unique Parisian ball dress is made of this delicate color.

The New Broché Velveteens.

VELVETEEN has been steadily growing in favor for some time past, for several reasons. One is the improvement in its manufacture, which has brought it so near the best velvets, in appearance, while it surpasses them in wearing qualities. Another is the rapid changes and fluctuations in fashion, which render it difficult even for the wealthy to put the cost of silk velvet into costumes, which so quickly lose their fashionable prestige, and are so liable to "rub" and "flatten." Some years ago, ten and twelve dollar silk velvets were largely replaced by velvets with a mixture of cotton and linen in their composition, but with a thin silk face, which, for a time, gave them a fair appearance. But even these could not be obtained under three dollars per yard, in very narrow widths, and were out of the question for dresses, suits, or basques, the fabric not being calculated to stand any considerable wear or exposure. Still, velvet can never be entirely gotten rid of, and a decline is always followed by its revival, for its richness and elegance, its adaptability to varied purposes, and its becomingness are permanent arguments in its favor, and the same qualities in the same degree are possessed by no other fabric.

The production of velveteen, therefore, of such quality and finish as to compete in appearance, in softness, in depth, and precisely those qualities that render velvet unapproachable, at less than a quarter the cost, was a triumph of the manufacturer's art, and the fact is constantly becoming better known and appreciated. But a certain drawback has existed in the absence of a figured velveteen, especially since the brocaded materials have become so indispensable to the production of the finest designs in costume. This difficulty has now been happily obviated. The manufacturers of the "Nonpareil" velveteen have succeeded in producing a beautiful broché fabric, in the richest designs and in all the fine shades of myrtle, plum, claret, brown, ruby, black and others, which are so much admired in the plain "Nonpareil" velveteens. The cost is a mere trifle compared with the cost of fig-

ured velvet, and the effect is equally rich and fine. The enterprise and success of the manufacturers deserve recognition, all the more because velveteen is not a mixed or false fabric, but one that produces rich and artistic effects out of simple means. It makes no pretenses, but is the result of skill in the manipulation of natural fibers,—skill which is fast reducing some of the false values put upon products, valued chiefly because distance lends them its enchantment.

Some beautiful spring costumes have been made up of the broché velveteens in conjunction with satin surah, and also with ottoman silk and satin de Lyon, and their success can hardly fail to create a revolution in the use of broché velvets, which must yield largely to this formidable rival.

GRENADINES are beautiful. Spanish lace designs and large dots of plush or velvet, on thin armure grounds, take the lead, and, intermixed with plain surah or ottoman silk, will make up into dressy costumes.



Hussar Jacket.

MADE of black "Jersey" cloth, trimmed with a handsome quality of black braid, and finished with *brun-debourgs* in front, this makes one of the most stylish and becoming jackets for the early spring. It is tight-fitting and a graceful length, and is an equally good design for various dress goods. In the illustration it is shown completing a costume of very dark terra-cotta cashmere, braided with black. Hat of black English straw, trimmed with black velvet, terra-cotta tips, and a bird's head. Terra-cotta mousquetaire gloves. Pattern of jacket, twenty-five cents each size.

THE POLONAISE has increased in popularity, and is made of the richest fabrics, with but little drapery. Some of the new designs have vests shaped on them, and apron drapery with bouffant back; these garments must be close-fitting to be stylish.



Fiamina Walking Skirt.—This model, at once simple and stylish, consists of a short, gored walking skirt, and a long, full drapery open in front arranged over it. The front of the skirt is trimmed with perpendicular rows of braid and buttons down the middle, and on either side a wide fold or box-plait of the goods. The lower part of the side gores and back breadth is trimmed with narrow box-plaited ruffles, and the drapery is bordered all round with parallel rows of braid. This design is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, and is especially stylish for goods which drape gracefully. It may be trimmed with rows of braid as illustrated, or any other suitable garniture according to taste. This skirt is illustrated on the plate of "Ladies' Costumes," in combination with the "Fernande" basque. Price of patterns, thirty cents.

Hamilton Redingote.—Very stylish and elegant, this popular garment for street and traveling is nevertheless quite simple. It is a long, tight-fitting redingote, with two darts 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. Extensions laid in flat plaits on the inside at the side form and back seams impart sufficient fullness to the skirt portion. Large pockets, cuffs and collar add to the character of the garment, which is a design equally suitable either for light or heavy goods; cashmere, pongee or similar fabrics serving admirably for summer wear, and heavy cloths, etc., for *demi-saison* and winter. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Linen Collars.

THE pretty standing collars which make a rim of linen above the band at the throat of the dress are well-worn as ever, and are accompanied by narrow cuffs for the wrist, which are found convenient, even though they are covered by the long gloves.

"Hammered" Buttons.

THE new dress buttons are all of hammered metal, as the indented surface is called which has become so fashionable in silverware. Hammered silver are used on gray, and ecru, bronze on myrtle green and olive, gold on brown and claret; either may be employed for navy blue, but silver is prettiest on "art" blue, or blue gray.

The "Newport" Tie.

THE Newport tie is manufactured as a supplemental finish to the Newport scarf, in the same designs, the same colors, and of the same pure, soft texture. To a spring walking or indoor dress, for which the scarf is used as drapery, the tie adds the requisite touch of throat color and decoration, and preserves a harmony which it is almost impossible to obtain otherwise, and which adds the dignity of deliberate purpose to an artistic effect. One of the great merits of these pretty novelties is, that while they so charmingly complete a toilet, by being worn together, they can also be used separately, and thus their usefulness is very greatly augmented.

Outdoor Garments.

THE long redingotes reappear for early spring wear, but they are principally used to take the place of ulsters; with warmer weather, the pelerine will reappear, and the cape in different forms, but principally of the same material as the suit. The pelerine costume of dark myrtle green, terra-cotta, blue gray, bronze, olive, brown, stone color, gray, and ecru promises to be a feature of the season. It is principally made in fine wool and trimmed with silk ruchings to match. A turban of the wool, with puff and loop of silk often accompanies the suit.

Lace cloaks are to be a feature of the rich summer garments for outdoor wear, unlined, but ornamented with embroidered lace and wide satin ribbons.

Ladies who cut up their elegant shawls for outdoor wraps do a very foolish thing. Fashion or no fashion, there is nothing more elegant than a real cashmere shawl for wear between seasons, and it has a permanent value and beauty which the garment cut from it never possesses. Besides, there are now cashmere cloths which imitate India cashmere perfectly, that can be bought for three dollars per yard, and serve a much better purpose than the five hundred dollar shawl, more or less, which, once gone, can never be replaced, perhaps.

ALL HIGH DRESSES for indoor wear are now finished by a straight band at the neck, inside which a standing ruffle of lace is placed, which terminates in a jabot in front.

Early Spring Walking Costumes.



MONO the new spring costumes which, if they have not appeared, will shortly do so, are very pretty suits, consisting of fine wool and velveteen in dark myrtle

green or claret color. The skirt is of velvet, kilted at the sides, plain in front, box-plaited at the back. The overdress is a paniered bodice, princess in cut, draped closely over the hips, and with a short drapery at the back. Over the shoulders is a pelerine cape of the velvet, kilted back and front, but with ornaments set high up on the shoulders, from which are suspended small plush pompons. The ornaments are large, round, and made of twisted cord and chenille, in what is known as the "dahlia" pattern.

Plain and checked, or plaided tweeds, are as fashionable as ever, and much handsomer, because produced in shades of color so dark and fine. The bodice may be plain, and the draped and kilted skirt plaid, or vice versa, and a cape may or may not be added; but this season, instead of leaving them untrimmed or only finished with rows of stitching, bands and rows of ribbon velvet, are used with very good effect.

Of course, all walking dresses are still made short, that is, to clear the ground; but to make them even all round they should be cut two inches longer at the back than in front. Very pretty new dresses are made in all plaids, medium size, in dark shaded greens and browns, with deep kilted flounce, straight draped apron, leaf-shaped draperies at the back, and a large collar, square at the back, pointed in front.

The new broché velveteens make charming spring walking and visiting costumes in conjunction with skirts of plain silk or satin surah, and sometimes with collarette of the latter, brought down to a point in front of the paniered bodice. Fringed ruches of the silk, very thick and soft, are used upon the edge of the skirt, and also to form a border to the bodice, the soft trimmings often extending round the throat, and outlining the panier.

The polonaise is by no means discontinued; on the contrary, some very handsome specimens are made in the mixed tweeds, in the dark rich shades of myrtle and plum, and brown, finished with vests of velvet, and worn over velvet or velveteen skirts.

A good and simple style is made of plain and plaided tweed, with kilting of the plain, and an overskirt crossed in the center, and forming a full drapery at the back. The basque is of the plain material, and is the "Hungarian" style.

A pretty combination of dark wine-colored check with gold lines and plain material, is arranged with a paniered bodice draped over a skirt of the solid wine-color, which is castellated upon the edge above a kilting of the check. The bodice has a collar cut out to match, which is also of the plain fabric, faced under the edge with gold-colored satin.

Strapped bodices are very much in vogue, that is bodices which are strapped as a supplementary fastening over a vest of some plain or contrasting material. But walking dresses are usually dark, uniform in color, and simple in design and construction. The contrasts are of material, not much in color.

THE *porte bonheur* bangles so long in fashion are now replaced for full dress occasions by narrow bands of precious stones, small diamonds being in greatest favor. The owner's initials in diamonds, pearls, and rubies is a favorite and costly design.



Belgravie Basque.



QUALLY desirable as a design for an independent garment, or to complete a *costume en suite*, the "Belgravie" is tight-fitting, with a Jersey effect in front, but has plaits let in at the back, giving more spring over the *tournure*. It is illustrated as completing a costume of fine ladies' cloth, of a lovely bronze-green shade, with *revers*, rolling collar, cuffs, and plaits in the back of *Ottoman velours* of the same color, and *brandebourgs* on the front and pyramids of the sleeves of silk cord to match. The skirt is made of the cloth, with broad bands of the *velours* for trimming. Hat in English shape, of English straw, trimmed with *velours* like that in the costume, long ostrich plumes of the same color, and a bird's head, finished with cock's plumes, in dark green shades. Tan-colored *monaquaire* gloves. *Casaque* pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



Mirielle Costume.—Unique and elegant in design, this costume consists of a short, gored walking skirt trimmed with deep box-plaiting, and a polonaise open in front and falling in broad plaits at the back. The polonaise is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts 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. This design is suitable for any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed as illustrated, with *soutache* embroidery, or in any other style, according to taste and the material selected. This design is illustrated on the plate of "Ladies' Costumes." Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

New Designs in Tidies and Sofa-pillows.

APPLIQUE embroidery is again very fashionable, and handsome designs in plush can be purchased at prices varying from three to four dollars up. One may design something original, and quite as pretty as these, at less cost by exercising a little taste in selection. A few small pieces of the nicer kinds of cretonne, those having flowers, are best. Now if you wish to make a really elegant tidy, take a square of red satin of the size you wish, cut out some flowers from the cretonne, arrange them gracefully and easily, baste them on, and then hem the edges down with very fine thread. Then embroider them on with silk, matching all the shades as they appear in the flowers. Button-hole stitch is the most satisfactory for this work. Instead of using the stems, which are usually quite hard to do as they are so slender, make them wherever needed in the usual stem stitch. A tidy made on blue satin had a lovely cluster of tulips, and the colors were so nicely harmonized that the design was as handsome as a painting. Table-scarfs, sofa-pillows, and chair-seats may be made in this manner, and are very durable.

A very pretty way to finish a tidy is to run bright colored embroidery silk through the pattern of white lace edging. Applique work, when nicely done, is always handsome and showy; by a careful shading and blending of colors, the effect is quite as artistic as some of the art needlework.

Sofa-pillows are used everywhere, on all kinds of lounges and in many different styles of chairs. These vary as much as possible in appearance. One sofa has three pillows that

look very prettily, contrasted with each other—a blue satin one, a dark red plush, made in the novel bag shape, and a smaller one covered first with pink silk with an outer cover of Spanish lace, with a full ruffle of Spanish edging. A good sized square pillow is usually the best, and the most useful; some are even covered with miniature "log-cabin" patch work.
H. P. R.

Our "Portfolio of Fashions" for the Spring and Summer of 1886.

OUR "Portfolio of Fashions" will be ready on March 1st, and we call the attention of ladies to this most useful publication. Embracing, as it does, highly finished and correct illustrations of all the newest and most popular styles, together with clear descriptions of the same in English and French, it affords unusual facilities not only for the selection of a garment, but for the making up of the same. Every detail is given with accuracy, including the number of yards required for the garment and trimming.

The present issue of the "Portfolio" contains an unusually large number of beautiful and stylish illustrations, representing street and indoor dresses, wraps, underclothing, articles of gentleman's wear, and all that goes to make up the wardrobe of children of every age.

The immense sale of this publication is ample proof of its utility and popularity. No safer or more satisfactory guide in the selection of a suitable style can be found, and the low price of fifteen cents places it within the reach of all. Address, MME. DEMAREST, 17 E. 14th Street, New York, or any of the Agencies.



Fenella Polonaise.—A simple and graceful design, 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. The front, side gores and side form are cut short and a separate plain skirt piece added to complete the required length; while the back pieces are cut the entire length of the garment and are very gracefully draped. This design is suitable for any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed with *soutache* embroidery, as illustrated, or in any other style to suit the material selected. This design is illustrated *en costume* on the plate of "Ladies' Costumes." Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



Ladies' Costumes.

Ladies' Costumes.

FIG. 1.—A graceful home toilet of dark blue cashmere, with a short gored skirt trimmed with box-plaiting all round, and a polonaise open in front and fastened with silver buttons, and falling in broad plaits at the back. The point of the polonaise is richly embroidered with *appliqués* of velvet arabesques, outlined with *soutache*. Ruche of white lace at the throat, and bow of carnation satin ribbon at the right side. The design illustrated is the "Mirielle" costume, the double illustration of which is given among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—Morning costume of gray camel's hair cloth of the shade known as Night of France gray. The design illustrates a combination of the "Fernande" basque and "Fiamina" walking skirt, which has a long, full drapery open in front over a short skirt trimmed with upright rows of braid and pearl buttons down the middle, and on either side a wide box-plait. The drapery is edged with rows of braid, and the lower edge of the skirt is bordered with several narrow box-plaited ruffles. The basque is in Breton style, and is elaborately trimmed with bands of *soutache* braiding. "Curate" linen collar, and silver horseshoe brooch. The double illustrations of both the basque and walking skirt will be found among the separate fashions. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents; basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

FIG. 3.—Garnet ladies' cloth costume trimmed with velvet bands. The model illustrated is the "Fenella" polonaise, arranged on a short skirt trimmed with kilt-plaited flounces. The polonaise, which is tight-fitting and very gracefully draped with separate skirt pieces added to the basque fronts, is trimmed with velvet cuffs and collar, and a band of velvet all around. At regular intervals the velvet is embroidered with "moons" or "wheels" of heavy silk cord. The double illustration of this polonaise is given among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size; skirt pattern, thirty cents.

sleeves and a standing collar complete the garment, which is trimmed all round with a "*chicorie*" ruche of the same material. Any class of dress goods is suitable for this design, which is adapted for street wear without an extra wrap, or for a house dress if desired; and any other style of trimming can be substituted if preferred. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



The "Newport" Scarf and Tie.

THESE novelties appear to have struck a vein, as there is already a steady and increasing demand for them, which will become still larger as the warm weather advances, and they can be seen and worn to advantage upon walking, as well as house dresses. They consist, as we have before stated, of a scarf three yards long and fully half a yard wide, of soft, thick, pure silk, brocaded in the ground color, and surrounded with a fringe. The tie is precisely the same in style and color, only smaller, and is arranged in a knot for the left shoulder, the front of the dress, or it may be worn around the neck, and the sash may be used as a fichu and fastened in a knot at the waist. Scarf and tie together make a draped trimming, and a very rich and elegant finish for a plain silk or fine woolen dress, or may be worn separately. The price of the scarf is about \$5.00, the tie \$2.50 or \$3.00, and they may be obtained in all fashionable colors, ruby, brown, olive, myrtle green, peacock and navy blue, as well as lighter shades, pink and garnet.

Morning Wrappers.

MORNING robes are revived of flannel or cashmere, with trimmings of embroidery or shaded chenille or velvet. The style is simple, and the slight fullness is girded in about the waist with cords and tassels. Cambrics, prints, plaided gingham, and linen lawns may be made up in this way in warm climates where soft southern breezes blow, instead of our rough March winds; and instead of embroidery upon the material, needle-work insertions and narrow ruffles may be employed, extending down the entire length of the front.

Much richer morning robes for this climate than those of flannel or any plain wool are made of silk plush with deep wide sleeves, lined with old-gold satin quilted and opening over a front ruffled with masses of lace. The gown is made to close with buttons of old, hammered silver, if preferred, but many ladies like to show a full, lace-trimmed petticoat.



Cephanía Polonaise.—Elegant and simple in design, this polonaise, somewhat resembling a redingote in its effect as seen in front, is double-breasted and tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts 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. Draped extensions at the side forms and back seam give a *bouffant* effect to the back, and the drapery at the sides falls in large, hollow plaits. Coat



Constantia Visite.



GRACEFUL and becoming style of wrap for *demi-saison* wear, cut with *sacque* fronts and the upper back pieces forming the outer part of the sleeves, while the skirt part of the back is an extension of the front. A curved seam down the middle of the back fits the *visite* slightly to the figure, and a large bow is added just below the waist in the back. This design is adapted to cashmere, silk, *sicilienne*, *satin de Lyon*, *satin Rhadames*, *satin merveillex*, and many light qualities of woolen goods, and may be trimmed with fringe as illustrated, or in any other way to suit the taste and the material used. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Half Evening and Dinner Dresses.



JACKETS of figured or plain velvet plush, small figured brocade and other rich materials, are not likely to go out of fashion, because they are so convenient for evening and dinner wear, over half-worn skirts of thin materials. They are not, however, now confined to the coat or plain "Jersey" styles. The paniered bodice has largely superseded these for young girls, and is very stylishly made in the new broché velveteen, with *satin Rhadames* skirt, or skirt of which the foundation is lining and the mounting *satin de Lyon*, or *satin Rhadames*.

Very stylish jackets of plain claret, or myrtle green velvet are made with fluted basques, from which the drapery of the skirt springs over a very small *tourure*. The bodice is high, the sleeves half long and close, and, instead of a *fichu*, a collar and cuffs of antique lace, or ornamentation of Irish point is used.

Some beautiful dinner dresses are made of ruby satin, overlaid with Spanish thread lace, and trimmed with the new embroidered lace in shades of ruby, outlined with the finest cut steel. Spanish thread over white satin has a peculiarly beautiful effect, and the new trimming of small silk pompons, grouped in threes, and suspended from short silken cords, has the effect of tiny snowballs silvered by moonlight.

Black dresses are nearly all combinations of silk and velvet, satin, or *satin de Lyon*, and Spanish lace, with trimming of fine jet, or rich chenille leaves, or olives outlined with jet. Plain silk dresses, that is, costumes of handsome gros-grain or the less heavily corded silks, are always more or less employed for church and visiting during the spring months, and this year are trimmed with very elegant *passementeries*,

made of fine cords and jets in the shape of fern leaves, and with wide Spanish thread lace.

Embroidered jackets of plain velvet are very effective for dinner or theater wear, over silk skirts, the embroidery of roses or carnations showing above the cuffs of rare old lace, and outlining the neck, as well as forming a vest upon the front. Ladies may expend all the taste and skill at their command upon embroidery; it is bound to continue in fashion while it continues to produce such lovely effects.

Portfolio of Fashions.

LADIES who use paper patterns know how difficult it was at one time to form any correct idea of the way a design would appear when made up; and many a nice piece of silk or woolen goods has been spoiled, by being cut after a pattern which was found unsuited to its purpose, or the taste of the wearer.

This danger exists no longer; not only are paper patterns furnished with illustrations which reproduce them in facsimile, but our "Portfolio" enables every lady to choose for herself, from clear, enlarged figures just the model which will be likely to suit her style, height, figure, etc. It is a boon indeed which no lady who uses patterns should be without. Sent on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps. Address, Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th Street, New York, or any of Mme. Demorest's Agencies.

A GREAT point in a dinner dress is to make an effective bodice. A plain, trained skirt is better than any other, for it is graceful and easily disposed of, but the upper part of the dress should present an appearance at once modest and picturesque.



Hussar Jacket.—Cut-away below the waist in front, but otherwise keeping the straight contour of a "Jersey" basque although much longer than most garments of that class, this stylish jacket is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back which is cut with a slight extension, and is left open a little way below the waist. A straight, high collar, and close coat sleeves complete the design, which is essentially practical and very simple in arrangement. This model is suitable for any class of goods usually employed for ladies' outdoor garments, as well as many kinds of dress goods; and it may be trimmed as illustrated, with *soutache* braid, or in any style desired, according to the material selected. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Dress Bonnets.

THE small French bonnet has been decidedly the full dress bonnet of the season, although the modified poke has also been worn. But the latter has taken a secondary position; it has been employed for the street and by matrons; while the small, dainty French capotes and close fitting structures of gold-embroidered velvet, lace and feathers have been uniformly exhibited at the theater, receptions, and such semi-ceremonious occasions as permit the wearing of what is known as a "dress" bonnet.

This is fitting and appropriate. A large hat—one that obscures the view from others, is an impertinence in a room or an assemblage where equal rights must be observed to produce harmony and comfort. On the other hand, a large hat or bonnet is sometimes most useful for shade and protection out of doors, and makes a picturesque object in a landscape.

The "dress" bonnet has three features, a strikingly ornamental crown, a puffed or thickly beaded brim, which frames the face, and usually a cluster of feathers arranged at the side as a *pouf*. Strings have disappeared. Instead is a bias band of the velvet, or satin, or ottoman silk of which the bonnet is composed, lined and fastened to the left, under the chin, with a made bow of the same material. The lining matches the facing in the inside of the brim, Spanish lace being sometimes added in both cases to the finish.

The "Marie Stuart" form is much used for widows, and the edge is completed by three rows of dull beads, the size of peas, which are used to form a design for the crown, the foundation for the brim being dull ottoman silk, that of the crown a thinner fabric. These, of course, are after the first six months of widowhood has passed; during this period all crape bonnets are worn. It is too early as yet to forecast the bonnets for spring, but English straw, with somewhat high crowns and straight brims, are sure to reappear for girls, as they came so late and became such decided favorites last season, and the small poke, and indented gipsy, to be called the "Trianon," and the cottage shapes may be relied upon for early wear.

gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The skirt of the coat is quite long and has extensions laid in flat plaits on the under side at the side gore and side form seams to impart the requisite degree of fullness. The front is faced with contrasting material, and closed with frogs of braid. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond, and the rolling collar is also of contrasting material. This model is adapted to any class of goods suitable for outdoor garments, and many kinds of dress goods. It is most effective trimmed with a contrasting material as illustrated. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



Cynthia Basque.

PERFECTLY tight-fitting, with the vest inserted in Breton style, the basque illustrated is made of royal blue Jersey cloth, with vest, collar, cuffs and revers at the back of velvet of the same color, and embellished with braiding of fine silk cord, and gilt buttons. It is intended to complete a costume of any seasonable material, either of the same or a different color; but the design is equally desirable to be used for a *costume en suite*, and will be found most appropriate for all the spring and summer goods of medium weight. The pattern is in sizes for from eight to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

Belgravia Casaque.—An elegant and stylish model, tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side



Gabrielle Morning Dress.—This practical and simple model is extremely serviceable for morning wear in-doors, and is a plain princess dress, not quite 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. Additional fullness is imparted to the skirt by extensions laid in a box-plait at the seam in the back. A deep, round collar and large pockets complete the design, which is suitable for any class of dress goods, including materials that may be washed and ironed. It can be trimmed, as illustrated, with a box-plaited flounce and bands of contrasting material, or in any other style to suit the taste and material selected. Patterns in sizes from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Carlotta Skirt.—This pretty skirt is arranged with a short draped apron over a plaited flounce in front, and a full back drapery gathered in to fit the lower part of the short gored skirt upon which all these draperies are arranged. A full ruche trims the foot of the skirt. This design is adapted to any class of dress goods, especially those which drape gracefully, and may be trimmed as illustrated, with *soutache* braid, or in any other style, according to the taste and the material selected. This design is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Norie" basque. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Children's Fashions.

HERE is a great deal of taste, and much elegance displayed in the dress of children this season, especially at children's parties and entertainments. In the street they are quaintly and soberly dressed, though often richly, the little girls quite frequently wearing seal skin coats which have cost from a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars, and the boys velvet suits with large collars of Irish point, which seem to have been modeled from the "Young Princes in the Tower."

The majority, however, do not dress with so much cost or extravagance; but the little girls look wonderfully bright and charming in their cape cloaks of soft gray, brown, or *écru* cloth, lined with surah, their beaver bonnets tied down with huge bows at the side, and "Mother Hubbard" collars tied with bows of satin ribbon also. The brothers of these little women are little men in long, straight paletots of brown cloth, seal skin or beaver collars, and furred cuffs and capes.

The party dresses are much more fanciful. "Mother Hubbard" dresses are in great vogue, of topaz pink, or pale blue satin surah, trimmed with exquisite embroidery or white lace, or both, or, perhaps, with embroidered lace in shaded colors. More than the usual proportion of little ones now-a-days are very fair, and their wavy pale gold hair, their lovely eyes and delicate complexion, make a charming picture, where every grace and attraction is heightened by pretty and becoming dress.

The finest dress for boys between three and twelve is always of velvet, and this season the party costume is much enriched by beautiful lace. The blouse is slashed over the kilted skirt, or short trousers, and the notched edge falls over a puff of fine India lawn, and is filled in with a plaiting of rich tinted lace; the wrists are finished to match, and also the throat, where a standing collar, with inside ruffle of lace, terminates in a double square "Abbé" jabot.

Our illustrated designs for the present month include some very pretty basques for the spring dresses of girls from eight to twelve, and a morning dress which can easily be made, and will be delightful when school-days are over, and the weather grows warm enough to make tumbling about on the grass enjoyable. The "Norie" is suitable for pongee, or thin wool, and for a slender figure; the "Cynthia" for plain wool, or a combination of two materials; and the "Alexina" jacket is as dainty a little outside spring garment, in light cloth, with its pretty design in braiding and its interior facing of silk, as one could wish to see. The "Carlotta" skirt consists of a box-plaiting above a shell-like ruching, which borders the skirt, a draped apron and a very simple looped drapery at the back. The pattern, in braiding or embroidery, gives it character. The "Gabrielle" morning dress is perfectly plain, but well cut, and how convenient, with its pockets, for an aspiring girl of twelve. It may be made in wool, ruby, or garnet, or peacock blue, with box-plaited ruffles and braid, or velvet, or flat embroidered trimming; but it may also be made in cotton or linen, or linen lawn, with gathered ruffles, and narrow side ruffles down the front and round the collar; and this would cost so little that most mothers could afford to indulge their little daughters with a "Gabrielle" morning dress. For a four or six year-old boy, and a little girl, there is the "Hubert" suit and the pretty "Babette" dress. Both may be used with the greatest confidence for spring costumes, as both will be as fashionably worn this season as last. The "Babette" is suited for any plain material, either cotton or wool, and is adapted for in or out door wear. Imported dresses are made shorter for little children now than of late years; but we advise our readers, who are intelligent mothers, to resist this attempt to restore the indelicacy, and

risk to health, of a former generation, and preserve the medium, which is always better than an exaggeration either way. It is too early as yet to find any novelty in children's head gear. The moon-shapes, however, with fluted facing upon the brim, have appeared.

years. It is made of rosewood-colored camel's hair cloth braided with black silk *soutache* on the apron and flounce of the skirt, and the basque finished with collar, cuffs, and plaits in the back of black velvet. The designs are both simple and graceful, and will be found elsewhere among the separate fashions. The basque pattern is in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each. Skirt patterns in sizes for the same ages. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Spring Costumes.

FIG. 1.—The "Hubert" suit, made of iron gray cloth, with vest, cuffs and belt of black velvet, and trimmings of silk tubular braid. The suit comprises a blouse and knee-pants, and is completed by a deep linen collar, sailor knot of currant-colored surah silk, and a fez of red cloth. The pattern of the suit is in sizes for four and six years. Price, thirty cents each. Fez pattern in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, ten cents each.

Fig. 2.—The "Norie" basque and "Carlotta" skirt are combined to form this stylish costume for a miss of fourteen



Norie Basque.—A unique and stylish garment, having the effect of a shirred blouse waist in front and a postilion basque at the back. The shirred front is arranged over a tight-fitting basque front fitted with a single dart in each side, and the rest of the basque has side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back which is cut quite short and pointed and has a box-plaited piece set underneath. A round collar and pointed cuffs on the coat sleeves complete the model, which is adapted to almost any class of dress goods excepting the heaviest. The collar, plaiting and cuffs of contrasting material afford all the garniture required. This basque is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Carlotta" skirt. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each size.



Cynthia Basque.—A stylish design, although very simple and practical, consisting of a tight-fitting basque with vest front, a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of back. Coat sleeves with Mousquetaire cuffs, and a standing collar, complete the model, which is suitable for any class of dress goods and is especially adapted to a combination of materials, as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for from eight to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each size.



Alexina Jacket.—Practical and simple in design, and at the same time extremely stylish, this jacket, while preserving the straight outline of the "Jersey" basque, is slightly cut-away in front. The jacket is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back, which is left open a little below the waist line. A straight, high collar and coat sleeves complete the design, and openings are cut in each side of the front for the pockets. Any class of goods may be made up after this design, and it may be trimmed with *soutache* embroidery, as illustrated, or in any other style to suit the taste and material selected. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.



Habette Dress.—A pretty model for a child's dress, suitable for almost any class of goods. It is cut in sacque shape and falls perfectly loose from the shoulders, and is laid in plaits in the middle of the front and back. A plaited drapey crosses the front and disappears under the skirt pieces set on at the sides. A deep, round collar and wide cuffs ornament the dress, and it is finished with a plaiting around the bottom, for which embroidery may be substituted, if preferred, to match the rest of the dress. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.

THE PRETTIEST baby blankets are made now in fine Saxony flannel, embroidered in raised designs of flowers, birds, and insects poised on stems of flowers. The angels' heads, which were so fashionable last year, are scarcely seen; they are replaced by a double bordering of delicately tinted blossoms, one end being folded over and worked in such a way that it can be placed outside the coverlet. The latest style of all adds a monogram in the center.

Hints for Home Dressmaking.

DO not trim wool with silk, braided designs have superseded the use of piece silk for trimmings, and these are not only much more effective, but they wear better—as long as the material itself. All dresses that are used for outdoors are cut walking length, and girls do not wear trains under any circumstances before they have become a part and parcel of society life, and are "of age," that is, over eighteen. Even then they do not wear long dresses for dancing, or for any occasion, excepting formal dinners or grand receptions where there is no dancing.

Plain plaited (box plaited) skirts will be much worn this season, and may be either trimmed on to a lining or made entire of fine wool, with narrow side plaits under the box plaits. The edge is hemmed up and faced on the under side—braid for binding being but little used. If the skirt is draped, the drapery should be narrow at the back, and well held in above the flounced, or plaited edge. The short, rounded apron front is still fashionable; so are straight folds and shirring. In many instances the fullness does not descend upon the lower part of the skirt, and it is not noticeable that the drapery is cut up into as few parts and made as simple as possible.

Paniered basques are as fashionably worn as ever, but they are not very deep, and are rounded over the hips, where they often connect with the drapery at the back, the skirt being trimmed with ruffles, or plaitings, or alternate ruffles of lace or embroidery, and plaitings of the material. Sagging puffs are also employed, of graduated width, and with ruffles of embroidery between, or heading the puffs, or with insertion, or lines of shirring between, upon which the edges of the puffing fall, but only lightly, the fullness being somewhat straight and scant.

Basques and bodices are cut in a great variety of ways; the deep Jersey basque, close fitting and well shaped, is still worn, the coat basque is as fashionable as ever, neither having been quite superseded by the pointed basque, hollowed up on the hips and deepening to a point back and front. There is also the plaited blouse basque, which holds its own, and the shirred and belted waist, the double-breasted jacket basque, and the "French" waist, so called, which is belted in broadly, but is plain upon the shoulder, and open V-shaped at the neck, where it is finished with a ruffle of lace, which extends to the belt.

These belted, and shirred, and plaited styles are not new, but they will be worn this coming summer; and so also will the princess polonaise, very slightly and simply draped; for though fullness is more or less massed at the back and employed to enlarge the contour of the hips, the strictest outlines of form are still preserved, and the absence of drapery is much less remarkable than the presence of fullness in shapeless plaits and gathers. Slashing the edge of the basque is a revival of what was once known as the "Polka" bodice, and it affords an opportunity for pretty effects in plaited lace, silk, or satin, placed under the cut-up portions of the basque. It is a convenient way to finish the edge of a bodice which is worn over a puffed skirt, the soft fold serving as a support to the interior plaiting, whether of lace or some other contrasting fabric; and the style may, therefore, be recommended for pongees, India silk, crepe de Chine, fine soft wools, foulards and the like. Pongee is a most useful material in a warm climate, and we advise one dress of this description in every wardrobe, now that they can be obtained so easily.

Another style makes up very handsomely in soft silk and velveteen: Make a walking skirt of claret-colored velveteen, perfectly plain, except a thick ruche of silk round the bottom. Drape over this a "Newport" scarf of soft silk, which is

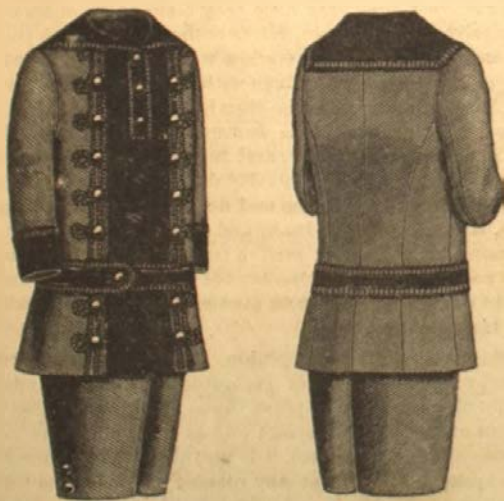
bowed at the back. Make a basque of velveteen to match the skirt, with the fullness behind, or a silk drapery may be arranged instead of the scarf.

Young ladies who want directions in regard to a summer waist, are referred to the "Junia." Nothing could be prettier, more effective, more useful, or more becoming than this simple bodice to a slender young girl. It may be made in linen, in foulard, in plain wool, in soft silk, or in cambric, and either as an independent waist or as part of a dress. It is particularly good in hair-striped flannels or cottons, and in dotted foulard; and is a good style also for flannel, but not for a stout person. The "Marana" costume may be used with confidence for flannel or linen, and the "Arrietta" for a combination of wool with a richer fabric. The "Ronnie" and the "Fantine" are good as ever for the thin dresses of young girls from twelve to sixteen, and the "Reata" is one of the most fashionable designs for a lady's polonaise.

Sleeves of walking dresses are finished narrow at the wrist, and without cuffs or other trimmings, so that the gloves may be drawn over the edge without difficulty. They are faced inside with silk, as is also the standing collar, which is almost straight, and has an upright ruffle of lace which terminates in a jabot in front.

It is well to remember that cottons and other simple materials, such as flannel, should be made up in simple designs, and usually such as show only straight lines. No design can be a mixture of curves, squares and diagonal lines, without defying every principle of art and architecture, and common sense should teach to select the simple forms and the straight lines for simple, and especially for washing materials. The "Gratia" blouse is a charming design for thin white morning dresses, or indoor dresses of thin muslin or linen lawn, with single skirt, which should be trimmed with three or five ruffles.

Hubert Suit.—This stylish suit is for a small boy, it consists of a half-fitting blouse and knee-pants. The blouse has a vest in Breton style, and is cut with side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. A sailor collar and belt complete the design, which is suitable for any of the materials usually selected for boys' suits. It may be trimmed as illustrated, with military braid, or in any other suitable style, and while very effective with collar, cuffs and vest of contrasting material, it is quite as stylish made entirely of the same goods. Patterns in sizes for four and six years. Price, thirty cents each.



Patterns in sizes for four and six years. Price, thirty cents each.

THE LADIES of the Palace Hotel, of San Francisco, were amazed at the simplicity of the Princess Louise's dress, on her visit to San Francisco. Royalty, in a tailor-made suit of rough, dark-blue tweed was a mystery and affront to hotel women in gold-blended cashmeres, violet velvets, and dinner gowns with point lace flounces. It was an unconscious rebuke to the vice of over-dressing, in the eyes of lookers on.



GOOD SOCIETY.—There are many ways of giving dinners in New York. The finest is, of course, confined to persons who possess an elegant and extensive establishment, a professional cook, and the habit of having every day's dinner served in an elaborate style. For it must be obvious that in dinner giving, "style" cannot be altogether put on for the occasion, without betraying its strange and unaccustomed companionship.

There are ladies, however, who possess very fine houses, who still do not feel equal to the exigencies of a really elegant dinner. Some of these engage a "professed" cook to come for one day in a week into their kitchens and prepare a dinner out of materials furnished them. Guests are invited for that day, but never for any other, and the invitation being often informal, the individual invited gets the impression that this is the regular way of doing things. Another way is to order the dinner from a caterer for a certain number of persons, and have two men sent, one of whom waits upon the door, and the other sets the table, and attends to the passing and removal of the viands. This last method relieves the lady of all care, and is not very much more expensive than having a dinner cooked in one's own kitchen. There are dinners that cost many thousands of dollars, including flowers and music, but these do not enter into our category. The very nicest way in which you could entertain your husband's legal friends would be in a series of "little" dinners. Do not try to have too much, or make them too elaborate, but make them rather notable for the excellence of a few dishes, and be sure to make some favorite dish for each dinner yourself.

"MOREVENNA."—The difficulty in buying the embroidery separate from the cashmere would be the risk of not matching the shade; the cost, too, would perhaps be as great, or greater, than if the material had been bought by the pattern. We should advise you to trim with the cut-out work, or plaiting of the material, stitching and Spanish needle-point lace. The "oil boiled" silk would only be suitable as a foundation for grenadine. You can get the "Life of the Prince Consort," by Martin, it is quite likely, at any publisher's in this country. The German Confederation was sunk in the German Empire with Kaiser Wilhelm at its head. The Empire consists of the former small principalities, royal duchies, independent towns, and includes Prussia and Alsace-Lorraine. The "little" kings have no more royal prerogatives or power. They have been swallowed up by a consolidation which has raised Germany to the rank of a first-rate Power, and improved the condition of the whole people.

"PETRONILLE."—Plush cloaks are very fashionable, especially in seal brown. Lace-making is one way to make money at home, but success depends on skill and taste.

"W. L. M. E."—"Solon Shingle" is a character in a drama, which John E. Owens made famous.

"C. WINKLER."—You can obtain these from S. W. Tilton & Co., Boston, Mass.

"MRS. F. P. M."—Prices depend upon length, and value of names, and articles; we expect contributors to put their own price upon work. Pencil sketches would require to be accurate and spirited for copying. Pen and ink is much better.

"E. B."—Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, published "Heartsease," the author of which is "L. Clarkson," and J. R. Osgood & Co., "Grandma's Garden." We do not know the price of the former; the latter is \$1.25, or was.

"MARGARET."—Miss A. E. Ticknor is the secretary of the Home Study office, Boston, Mass.; the address is 7 Park street; the fee is \$3 per year in advance. The Chautauqua Circle, or "C. T. S. C." only charge fifty cents per annum, but the students find their own books, whereas the Home Study Society of Boston loans them through the mails, and the student is under no religious restrictions.

"LOVE IN A COTTAGE."—Want of closet and shelf room is a serious drawback to comfort, but have you ever thought of utilizing your corner spaces. The available corners of a small dining and sleeping room may be converted into most useful closets by having three-cornered shelves fitted against the walls, and a door adjusted, which may be stained to look like black walnut. If you do not want to pay the price for the wood. Put on a good lock and key, and you have an invaluable receptacle for china or notions. You may also fit a series of wide shelves into a recess against a wall, say, by the side of the fire-place, and near a window, by screwing cleats into the wall, upon which the shelves can rest, and covering them with any dark stuff, or, if necessary for cleanliness, with oil-cloth, strips of which may be notched out and nailed across the front. Stretch a curtain across, upon a thick cord, and you have, at trifling expense, shelves for books, which may also be used for magazines and newspapers, and that always looks neat, with the aid of the simple portière.

"**Mrs.**"—Care of your personal appearance is not only justifiable, it is praiseworthy. It is not difficult to do the work of your new and pretty house, so long as there is only your husband and yourself, and he is "so kind and thoughtful." To save your hands keep an old pair of leather gloves (not woolen) for wear while doing rough work. Save work as much as possible, by forecast, and leave as little as possible for the evening, when your husband is at home, and you can enjoy each other's society. Mix, as a wash, a gill of pure glycerine with a teaspoonful of powdered borax, and half a pint of good bay rum. This is good for the hair, and a few drops of it will soften and cleanse the skin after exposure to the sun or wind. For your hands, take half an ounce of borax, half an ounce of salts of lemon, the white of an egg, and oatmeal flour to make a smooth paste. Rub well into the hands before retiring.

"**DIANA.**"—The raffan lounges are not cheap, but they are the most durable for the sitting room, and can be made the most comfortable of any by a lengthwise cushion, thick and soft, a second one tied to the back and plenty of pillows. Make cushions and pillows of unbleached muslin, and cover with a pretty cretonne.

"**SOUTHERN MAJIE.**"—The most useful dress for you would be a pongee, with embroidered trimming. Make it short, trim the front with alternate narrow platings of the pongee, and embroidered ruffles gathered. Drape the back over a killed or box-plated founce. Make the basque deep at the back, and hollow on the hips, filling in with paniers of the embroidery in its greatest depth. Simulated vest of the embroidery, outlined with flat, graduated ruffles of the embroidery. This style of making would be good for any light material, for black silk with Spanish thread lace ruffles, and paniers, or fine black cashmere, with embroidery on the material. Another style of making cashmere consists of plain plaited skirt, or deep founce mounted on a lining, draped back, and draped apron front, round, and bordered with deep lace or embroidery. Bodice cut deep back and front, the hips filled in with a puffed panier, strapped with bands of velvet, puffs on the sleeves down to the elbows, strapped with velvet also, or the panier may be softened by being cut deeper and more scant, the straps omitted, and the sleeves cut plain, half long and close, but high on the shoulder. A style for home embroidery is very pretty. This consists of an apron embroidered in borders of different tones upon dark bronze green in long stalky, leaf, and fibrous designs, with a certain distinctness of purpose, but without any formality. This is draped above a killed founce, and is united to the draped back without paniers or revers. The basque is plain, and forms a jacket without pockets, the embroidery reappearing on the wrists of the sleeves, which have no cuffs; upon the hips in upright lines of irregular size, and around the neck, deepening front and back, below the narrow standing collar, which is plain.

"**FIFTEEN.**"—Pretty collarettes for girls are made of lace, Oriental, or Italian Valenciennes, gathered upon a double band of stiff net, and trimmed in front with full square, or round ends of lace, forming a jabot, not large or heavy. Cover the band of net with a band of velvet, and fasten with a small buckle of brilliants or imitation stones. Braided jackets will be worn again this spring, and also braided and embroidered costumes. Terra-cotta in all its shades, but particularly in the lighter and softer, is very fashionably worn.

"**A MOTHERLESS YOUNG WIFE.**"—Your case is really a hard one, all the more because we fear your husband is really fickle, and lacking in principle, as well as vain and shallow. There are few married people who go through life without experiences, and there are husbands who, though really good and loyal at heart, may be for a time betrayed into folly, and seeming want of faith, by a lingering desire to recall the past pleasure of a little flirtation. A trifling lapse like this the sensible young wife will take in good part, and not allow it to disturb—for an instant—at least to any outward appearance, the clearness of her conjugal sky. While a man, under such circumstances, would not admit any cause for anxiety on his wife's part, he would feel both gratitude and a little alarm if she did not betray any, and return all the sooner to his open allegiance. But your husband would seem to have passed that stage, and we can only counsel you to preserve your dignity. Do not be forced by any false feeling of pride to renounce your place, your position, or your duty. Let his alone be the sin. This would be the wisest course even if you had no child, but with a little daughter whose future requires a father, as well as a mother, it becomes an imperative necessity. Do nothing to deprive her of a father. If he neglect his duty, try to be to her father and mother both, till he return to it. At the same time make your husband clearly understand that this is no compromise with evil, only a fulfillment of duty, his failure not absolving you, but placing a double responsibility upon your shoulders. If his conscience can stand this, it will be because he has none that can be reached.

"**BLACK AND WHITE.**"—Some very handsome dresses are in preparation for Easter, and later wear, of plain but handsome black fallie, trimmed with black and white lace. The skirt of the costume is cut walking length, and trimmed with a box-plated founce with a shell trimming of the silk. The front is a draped apron bordered with Spanish thread-lace (white), and above this black thread lace, quite deep, not less than five inches. The bodice and sleeves are trimmed with the laces arranged the black above the white, like that upon the skirt. This is a good

style for an Easter dinner dress. The sleeves should be set high, and black and white lace, cut from the piece, may be used to form a full square at the neck of the bodice, outlined with the border laces.

"**HOMY BODY.**"—Some of the large figured prints upon dark grounds are very handsome, and look well made up in perfectly simple style, after the "house-keeping" pattern, for instance. Figured materials do not need trimming, or puffing, it only conceals the design to cover them up with over-laying of any kind. Whatever pattern is used for handsome printed cottons, it should be one that is practical when it gets into the hands of the laundress, and that displays the graceful flowering patterns which are so fashionable now, instead of concealing them.

"**TIRED TEACHER.**"—The "gospel of relaxation" of which Herbert Spencer speaks is one which has never yet been preached or understood. Thousands "go on," until they can do so no longer, and die unpitied, their best friends dismissing them with a remark upon their folly, and no one giving them the honor which belongs to their real martyrdom. It is perhaps too much to expect that other people will do for you what you cannot do for yourself; and the better way is to make a strenuous effort to do your duty to yourself, as well as to others. We should advise you to take yourself right out of your surroundings and get an entire change. Go where you have an attraction, where you want to go, do something you want to do. Join an excursion party, taking nothing but a satchel, take notes as you go, and buy nothing but pictures as souvenirs—a flannel dress, an ulster, a felt hat, a gauze veil, and a pair of easy boots are all you really need in addition to a complete change.

"**A LOVER OF GEMS.**"—Dr. Egleston, in a lecture before the Academy of Science, recently, said the ruby is the most precious of all stones; double the value of the diamond when it is of a size not exceeding five carats in weight; and three times the value of the diamond, when each are double that size. The ruby used to be considered a charm against poison and evil thoughts. It is imitated in less costly stones but the perfect color makes it easily distinguishable. The sapphire is the ruby excepting the color, which is an exquisite blue.

"**Mrs. A. M. R.**"—It is too late to answer your inquiry.

"**M. A. C.**"—If you can only get one silk it would pay you to make an effort, and get a good black one. Have it made with a fichu, or small dolman visite, and you have a handsome dress for all occasions, and more than one season. If you can manage this, and a light bonnet to wear with it, a fine, dark wool for a wedding dress, with a felt hat trimmed with velvet, and feather to match, you would have two useful and ladylike dresses, which would answer every purpose of church, walking, and visiting. Your woolen dress should have a long outside jacket, or pelérine for the street. Line it with farmer's satin; you will not then need a fur-lined circular, for you can use this dress for church, until the spring weather permits you to wear your black silk.

"**GRADUATE.**"—It is astonishing how little attention has been paid by the medical schools to the peculiar class of mental disorders which are prevalent just now; or at least, how very little they seem to know about them. What is technically called *aphasia*, refers to the loss of which you speak; inability, momentarily, to recall certain words when you want them, or even the names of persons and things with which you are perfectly familiar. This is neither more nor less than loss of nervous power; and it undoubtedly precedes more serious nervous prostration, which sometimes manifests itself by loss of voice, and incapacity to collect, or express coherent thought. Rest is imperatively demanded when this is the case; and, indeed, one may wisely stop and do nothing audaciously, with excellent results, before taxing the brain and strength unduly. Take a walk; go to the theatre, or a concert; read a few pages of a weak and unexciting novel—do anything which distracts your mind and does not require thinking, and in the meantime live on gentle, warm, sedative food; nothing stimulating, taxing or exciting.

"**WANDERER.**"—Thanks for your good opinion. The nicest cashmeres just now are imported with a braided or embroidered trimming upon the material. The difficulty in regard to plush upon cashmere is that it looks, and is, heavy out of the winter season; and as black cashmere can be worn upon occasions all the year round, it is useful to make it in such a way that it will not look out of place at any season. The basque "Senona" would be very suitable for black cashmere; and we should certainly advise a trimming of cashmere embroidery and plaiting of soft, thick satinde Lyon down the front, and for the facing and plaiting of the basque at the back. Make the case of canvas lined with mola, and bind with satin: seal-brown, with brown grasses and flies, and tiny butterfly embroidered on one side; monogram enclosed in narrow wreath, and narrow, conventionalized border on the other. It would be perfectly right and proper for the gentleman to accept an invitation to stay awhile at the early hour mentioned, nine o'clock, on returning from evening meeting, or lecture. He should not, however, prolong his stay beyond ten o'clock; for if he is an engaged man he will have time enough when the young lady is his wife; and if he is not, it places her in a false position. Your sample of material is chaste; it is dear at the price mentioned, as it is so thin and plain, though fine; and it would require much trimming to make it look well. You write a very fair letter. Keep right on; do your best; be your best, and do not marry to rid yourself of yourself.

"IGNORANCE."—Bolsters and pillows are used of course. The covers must have some relation to the size of the articles themselves, and these to the bed they are used upon. Mottoes are not used in city parlors or sitting rooms; but they are sometimes put up in the nurseries and play-rooms of children.

"SADIE."—"Buena noches, Quardita mio," means "Good-night, my beloved," though the word "Quardita" should properly be written "Queridita." "Quardita" is a proper name, and if there is no mistake the sentence should be translated, "Good-night, my Quardita."

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—The shade of your empress cloth is entirely out of date; have it dyed black, and use a figured woolen material or pressed plush for trimming.

"NETTIE."—Your sample is satin rhadames; it is not as thick as it might be; but it is fine, soft, pure silk, and would make a pretty suit, which will not wear "shiny."

"A SUBSCRIBER."—The red plush would not be a suitable combination if the dress is for the street; bronze plush, or violet would be better. Make with paniered basque over velvet front. Long velvet collar brought down to the waist.

"WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES."—We have received many answers to the query in regard to this song. The following gives the facts and words as far as they have been known. The song was a favorite, and very much the fashion forty years ago:

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

SONG.—From *Pilgrims on the Rhine*.—BY E. L. BULWER.

When stars are in the quiet skies, Then most I pine for thee; Bend on me then thy tender eyes, As stars look on the sea— For thoughts, like waves that glide By night, Are stillest when they shine; Mine earthly love lies hushed in light, Beneath the heaven of thine.	There is an hour when holy dreams, Through slumber, fairest glide, And in that mystic hour it seems Thou should'st be by my side.
There is an hour when angels keep Familiar watch o'er men; When coarser souls are wrap'd in sleep— Sweet spirit meet me then.	The thoughts of thee too sacred are For daylight's common dream; I can but know thee as my star, My angel, and my dream. When stars are in the quiet skies, Then most I pine for thee; Bend on me then thy tender eyes, As stars look on the sea.

Published with the piano accompaniment, in 1833, by Geo P. Reed, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston. Mrs. S. A. R.

"DAUGHTER OF AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—Lunches are often served upon small tables and suppers also; but where only simple refreshments are provided, this is not necessary; and they are often handed round upon japanned waiters covered with embroidered cloths (linen), or silver salvers. Bouillon (beef tea) and biscuits, and ice cream and cake, are all that is necessary. The bouillon is served in cups and saucers; the ice cream in plates with a shell-like attachment for the cake. Make a jacket of ruby or peacock blue velvet, and trim with cream-colored lace, laid flat upon the material, and upright. You can wear this with a black or light skirt, and it will look well and cost very little.

"MRS. J. C. G."—We have no specific for such cases: it must be the result of your experience and judgment, aided by the common sense and forbearance of your husband. It is a question of life and death with you; and every effort should be made to save your life, and restore your health. We should advise you to leave home and travel for a year, if possible.

"MRS. C. D. MAC L."—We shall be glad to see the MS. and decide upon its suitability. Send it whenever you please.

"TEXAS."—"Tristram Shandy" is one of the heroes of Lawrence Sterne, the sentimental author of the last century; and his story, while pure fiction, is related as if the adventures had really happened. Lawrence Sterne was born in 1713, and died in 1768. He wrote "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," in his "Sentimental Journey." Though so strongly emotional that he wept on finding a dead bird, Sterne was cruel, and cold-hearted, and treated his wife and children so brutally as to bring disgrace on the entire race of sentimentalists who grieve over imaginary woes, while ignoring those that are created by their own selfishness or misconduct.

"H. P. M."—You are right in recalling ex-Senator Teller as a member of President Arthur's Cabinet. A steel engraving of Mme. Demorest will be given as soon as possible; it takes time to produce a fine one, and there are other things on hand.

"MISS A. M. C."—"Maria" is the one of the two which would be most likely to prove acceptable; the other would be too historical and lengthy for us.

"M. B."—It would be impossible to convey to you the intricate art of making hair jewelry, on paper. Trim your cashmere with embroidery, or with folds and plaitings of the material, and Spanish thread lace; or it may be finished with folds and plaitings, and cords; or with cords and plaitings.

"MRS. C. S."—Your embroidery on black satin would look well upon black Spanish lace, over black silk, satin, or upon very fine black cashmere—the kind that French ladies prefer to black silk; and would assist in making a very striking and beautiful toilet.

"ETTA."—Duty may well take the place of a love that would be criminal, if indulged in the way you seem to think is necessary to your happiness, if not your life. All that is nonsense. What would you have? Sacrifice your husband, your children, yourself, and another woman, and her children, to your infatuation! Shame! There is no true love in that; it is blind, wicked selfishness; the man is better than you, for he at least makes a manly effort to be honest and true. Lock this love up, and throw away the key. Consider the happiness of those about you; and devote yourself to it; be thankful for the good qualities of your husband, and that he is a good father. Interest yourself in the events of the society about you, and live in the varied work of wife, mother, neighbor, friend and member of a community. Stop watching the comings and goings of one individual, and don't be sick; if you are sent for some other physician.

"OLIVE."—Hair guards, and hair chains and hair charms are all out of date; would not advise you to use up your hair, or money in such fashion, nor bestow such excessively sentimental gifts on gentlemen while you are still a school-girl. You can cultivate your handwriting with care and pains, better with, probably, than without the "compendium."

"MISS B. E. R."—The lace insertion would be more suitable than the plush, and wide lace for border on one side and across the foot. What is called "antique" lace, a coarse linen trimming lace, is most used, and the only kind appropriate for your material.

"SUBSCRIBER."—The "Beresford" cloak made of the goods, and after the manner described, would cost you \$90.00.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—An Ottoman or gros-grain sash, three and one-half yards in length, and of handsome quality, to match your ecrú crape, would cost you \$6.00. Make your French nainsook with a pretty paniered bodice and skirt cut walking length, trimmed with killing, and upon the front with alternate plaitings of the nainsook, and ruffles of needlework. Pantiers made entirely of very deep needlework, matching in pattern, would look well. The pantiers should not be full, or long, and the bodice should be trimmed lengthwise, with narrow upright ruffles of the needlework. Short draped back.

Nainsook and other thin materials will also be made with gathered waists belted in to skirts made in a series of straight, graduated puffs, terminating in a single founce and draped at the back. Simple, and especially washing materials, should not be made after intricate or curved patterns, but in straight lines, and with as little overlaying as possible.

"L. P."—We should advise you to read Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley," and "Jane Eyre," and "Villette," George Elliot's "Romola," and "Adam Bede," Harriet Martineau's Autobiography, and make a study of Tennyson's "Princess," and Mrs. Browning's poems. Hamerton's "Intellectual Life" is an intellectual treat, and Herbert Spencer will teach you how to live, how to take care of your body so as to give your mind its best opportunity for exercise and development. But it is impossible here to give even the outline of books suitable for a course of reading. We shall shortly publish an article specially on reading for young girls.

A new subscriber writes:—

"DEAR MME. DEMOREST:—We have received four Nos. of your very entertaining MONTHLY, and, as my husband says, 'It is well worth the money, and we made a good hit when we subscribed for it.'"

In reply to questions, we should advise a plain black silk, a French "Bellon," or a John I. Cutter faille, if you care to pay the price for a really good quality, and which will be handsome for ten years; but if you want one at less price, say \$1.50 per yard, we should recommend a Satin de Lyon, which shows more surface quality at a low price than plain silk. A rich faille will cost you \$2.50 or \$3.00 per yard, twenty-two or twenty-four inches wide. The velvet basque would make you a richer and more effective costume.

"NIRO."—If we have any of the pictures left over, we would sell them for ten cents each.

A Wonderful Luminary.

PROFESSOR C. A. YOUNG, of Princeton College, formerly of Dartmouth, has been delivering, in this city, a course of very interesting lectures on astronomical subjects. Professor Young, it will be remembered, invented a method of ascertaining the sun's rotation, thus "effecting," as Mr. Proctor says, "the most delicate piece of spectroscopic observation yet achieved by man."

Professor Young's lecture on "the glorious king of day," as Milton calls the sun, is of deep interest, and replete with valuable information.

The sun, he said, is the most important of the astronomical bodies to the inhabitants of the earth, being the main-spring of all activity. It moves the water-wheel, and causes the spindles to run. The water runs down the channel of the river, because it has been pumped by the action of the sun, and dropped upon the hill tops, and then finds its way up to the sea again, and is pumped up again, and dropped again, and again runs to the sea, and the power that drives it is the power that works those pumps. Let the sun stop its radiation for a few days, and the waters of the hills would run into the ocean, and the ocean would be filled; and that would be the end of things. The currents of the air, too, are produced in that way, only in a more roundabout manner; and we

can trace the power of the steam engine, where we get our energy from the burning of fuel, to the sun also. When we burn a tree built by caloric heat we are merely recovering again the bottled sunshine that was stored away in that tree years ago. Coal is the sunshine of the ages long past, probably. Even animal power can be traced to the same source. The energy that enables us to speak or move the hand was stored away in the body by the taking of food, and that food builds us up in the same way as plants are made. It is nothing but the action of solar heat, so to speak, that enables the voice to reach the hearer. There is hardly any work in the world that we cannot trace to the power of the sun, and, if that luminary should stop shining to-day, within a month all activity on this planet would practically cease, and it would not only be uninhabitable, but there would be complete stagnation throughout the whole universe that composes the sun's system.

The magnitude of the sun is immense. Its diameter is 880,000 miles, which is 110 times the diameter of the earth. Its circumference is in proportion. (Professor Young stated on another occasion that the traveler who could make the circuit of the world in eighty days would require twenty-four years for his journey around the sun, which demonstrates the difference between the size of the earth and that of the sun.) Suppose the sun was hollowed out, and the earth placed in the center of the shell thus formed, it would be like a sky to us; there would be scope for the moon to circulate with perfect freedom, and there would also be room for another satellite. The distance of the sun from the earth is about 93,000,000 miles, and it would take about a million and a quarter of the earth to make such a magnitude as that of the sun.

The weight of the sun is about 330,000 times that of the earth, and exceeds more than 900 times all the planetary system put together (and Jupiter alone is more than 300 times as massive as the earth). Its attraction on the earth controls it, although the earth is moving more than fifty times as rapidly as a cannon ball and makes nearly twenty miles a second. In going that distance the sun's attraction bends it out of its straight course about, or perhaps a little less than, one-eighth of an inch. The sun revolves upon its axis in the same way as the earth, yet with some differences. If we watch the spots upon its surface, they cross from the east to the west, thus showing the revolution of the sun upon its axis. It takes about twenty-five days for the equator of the sun to make its revolution.

The power of the light and heat of this wonderful luminary is immense. Its light is equal to sixty-three hundred billions of billions of standard candles. The electric light when compared with it is like a black spot on the sun's surface; and it is one hundred and fifty times as bright as the calcium light. Interesting experiments have been made showing its heat. Herschel took a little water, about a pint, and placed it in a small vessel with an open top, letting a sunlight beam fall on the water a certain length of time, and then cut it off, and found it had raised the temperature of the water a certain number of degrees. At the Cape of Good Hope, with the sun nearly overhead, an inch of ice was melted in about two hours and fifteen minutes. Every square foot of the sun's surface gives out energy enough to run one of the immense engines used at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia—that is, one square foot of the solar surface. Where does this heat come from? The sun has been shining for two thousand years, and sending out practically as much heat to the earth as it does to-day. Although there have been slight local changes, here and there, there has been no such great change on the surface of the earth as to show any great alteration in the degree of heat bestowed upon the earth. Various opinions have been advanced as to the way in which the sun's heat has been kept up, and the one now generally accepted is the theory of contraction. Yet even this opinion must be modified, for if the sun goes on shrinking it is ultimately doomed.

The sun is partly a gaseous ball, and the luminous surface we see that gives us light is cloud, the particles of which are cast iron and other molten metals, heated to more than white heat, and deposited there condensed in the gases that constitute the sun. The photosphere, or light sphere, of the sun, is not perfectly smooth, and the surface of the sun presents a mottled appearance. The solar spots are numerous, and it is a question whether they are produced by gases blowing up from underneath, or by something coming down from above; but the general impression now is that the motion in the center of a sun spot is downward toward the center of the sun, and not upward from it. The darkness of the spot is only relative, for the blackest part of it is brighter than our calcium light. These spots take different shapes, with a spiral motion, sometimes turning one way and then another. Some years these spots are more plentiful than at others, and are supposed to have a close connection with the magnetic variations on the earth's surface. There is a large school who believe that the sun's spots influence the weather. This is probably not so, but, in illustration of the relations between magnetic disturbances on earth and disturbances in the sun, Professor Young explained that at one time, when making observations, for several days the atmosphere near the sun spot had showed great disturbance. At the same time the magnetic observer reported that he could do nothing with his needle. Sending to Greenwich, England, for copies of the magnetic record, he received a diagram showing that, at the same hour that he had observed the singular phenomenon in the spectrum, the magnetic needle had been strangely disturbed.

Professor Young exhibited a set of pictures showing a variety of prominences on the edge of the sun. The spiral-shaped prominences were the eddies in the upper air of the sun. One prominence was like a flame bursting from an orifice, and some were sheet-shaped. These prominences were masses of matter heaved up from the atmosphere of the sun, and were what produced the irregular rim of colored light seen about the rim of the moon in a total eclipse of the sun, and called the "corona."

Herr Max Brusch.

This distinguished composer and artist will shortly begin an American tour under the management of Wolfsohn and Lavine, is a comparatively young man, who has already won a great reputation as a leader of choral societies, and as a composer of orchestral and operatic music in Germany, where the standard is well known to be the highest. The great artist was born in Cologne. His mother detected and encouraged his genius, which produced seventy important compositions before he was fourteen.

It was as a writer of chamber music that Max Brusch first began to show the tendency of his genius, but he also wrote pieces for the piano, songs for one and two voices, and two short pieces, "Birches and Alders," and "Jubilate, Amen," the latter showing him to be a composer of more than ordinary merit. The chorus portion of the latter, op. 3, is full of dazzling effects, indicating his versatility.

The first work of real importance that Max Brusch offered for public appreciation was his opera "Loreley." The text-book from which he gained his inspiration was originally written by Emanuel Geibel for Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who composed the fragment that is now frequently heard in concerts. Geibel describes in the poem how a young and charming child, named Leouore, becomes the wicked witch of the Rhine, "Loreley." Thwarted love is the motive that drives the previously good-hearted country girl, in a moment of despair, into the arms of the evil spirits of the stream, and causes her to league with them. As might have been expected from so fine a poet, Geibel devoted himself principally to the metamorphosis which occurred in the soul of the heroine, while he invested the action with such external descriptive appearances as he deemed desirable. For this part of the work Brusch's talent stands proof in a splendid manner. Where the spirits triumph or lament, where the people celebrate a wine festival, or where the floods of the Rhine are rushing by, the composer brings all the influence of his descriptive power to bear in forcible and impressive tones. "Loreley" was first produced in Mannheim, in 1863, and from there it found its way upon many other operatic stages, notably that of Leipzig, where it was repeatedly performed with great success.

The subject of the opera, the "Loreley," was subsequently put into marble in a most exquisite manner by Mrs. Emma Phinney, of Rome, and was brought to this country, where it was exhibited in an art form, attracting the attention and admiration of critics on account of the poetic beauty of the conception no less than the admirable technique in the moulding of the figure, and was finally purchased by Mr. W. Jennings Demorest, of whose residence it forms one of the most beautiful ornaments.

Mr. Max Brusch afterwards wrote "Fritzhof," the work by which he is perhaps best known in this country. But he has done nothing to surpass the dramatic beauty of his "Loreley," whose story is so well calculated to inspire an artist soul. Mr. Brusch has already made many engagements, and will be heard in all the principal cities while in this country.

The Children's Aid Society.

THERE is no charitable work in this great city of New York that better deserves the consideration of the benevolent and thoughtful than that of this far-reaching and helpful institution, under its wise and devoted management. Grown people can rarely be helped to advantage, but children can be taken out of darkness into light, and the whole country is the gainer for the brave, faithful work done for so many years by this society. The following is the record of the year, from the annual report for 1893. In the six lodging houses, to 14,123 different boys and girls, 305,344 meals and 230,908 lodgings were supplied. In the twenty-one day and thirteen evening schools were 13,968 children, who were taught, and partly fed and clothed; 2,967 were sent to homes, mainly in the West, 2,340 were aided with food, medicine, etc., through the "Sick Children's Mission;" 4,063 children enjoyed the benefits of the "Summer Home" (averaging about 300 per week); 484 girls have been instructed in the use of the sewing machine in the Girls' Lodging House, and in the Industrial Schools. There have been 7,613 orphans in the Lodging Houses; \$10,390.84 have been deposited in the Penny Savings Banks. Total number under charge of the Society during the year, 36,971.

The Superintendent's report says: "Since the commencement of our work, twenty-eight years ago, we have furnished 1,343,166 lodgings, and 1,359,726 meals; 14,822 wandering boys have been returned by us to their relatives and friends. The total expense of this work has been \$216,125.69, and the receipts \$115,523.24. During this period we have had with us 179,962 different boys; 30,730 boys saved \$65,567.38 in our savings bank."



Dr. Grimshawe's Secret.—One of the most remarkable literary productions of this century has appeared from the press of J. R. Osgood & Co., with the above title. It bears the great name of Nathaniel Hawthorne as its author; but having been left unfinished at his death, and, therefore, subject to the opinions and wishes of his heirs in regard to the desirability, and even possibility of its publication, it has naturally taken time to bring about the conditions and circumstances favorable to its production. Fortunately, it finally fell into the hands of Mr. Julian Hawthorne, himself a novelist of repute, who, undecided as to its disposition, and about to travel for an indefinite length of time, left it packed with the bulk of his library in London, and only recently subjected it to the thorough examination which resulted in the determination to present it to the world in as nearly as possible the form in which it was left by the master mind that conceived it.

Practically the story is complete; it needed only the revision, the emendations, the finish that every author whose work is to live must give, perhaps over and over, before it is ready for life and immortality. In "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret" more than the last finishing touches were needed—the machinery, the frame-work by which the structure was erected, are still there, and exposed to view. There is still something of the débris lying about, which should have been cleared away; and there are wonderfully suggestive possibilities in it, which show that the subject grew in the author's mind, after the romance had been undertaken, and bear out the editor's declaration, in his preface to the work, that Mr. N. Hawthorne undoubtedly intended re-writing the entire book and enlarging its scope and purpose.

Under these circumstances it becomes a pertinent question why Mr. Julian Hawthorne decided on its publication, and how far some critics have been justified in condemning his act, and charging him with a violation of the proprieties, in bringing to light what its author had left in darkness, and in further implying dishonesty in a possible patching up of his uncle's fragmentary remains.

This last intimation is, of course, utterly gratuitous, and seems to us most unworthy and uncalled for. "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret" bears upon its face and in every line the unmistakable seal of its authorship, and of the subtle working of that rich, yet purely intellectual imagination which found and tested the secret springs of the human heart and mind, and set them at work until the subterranean recesses were lit up with the gold he discovered, and which the light of his genius irradiated. It is perhaps a pity that "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret" did not become, under its author's hand the monument to his fine literary art which it might have been made; but it would have been a thousand pities to have suppressed it because it was not all its author could have made it. There are some men whose fragment is worth much more than the whole of others, and Nathaniel Hawthorne was one of these. The world cannot afford to lose what he had spent time, labor and thought upon. Nor, indeed, can the present work be deemed, or properly spoken of, as fragmentary in any sense. It is, in a sense, as Mr. Julian Hawthorne says, a complete work, long as the "Scarlet Letter" while the notes, which are interlarded, and given as suggestive addenda, not only furnish the reader with the scope of future intended alterations and additions, but serve as curious evidence of the author's methods in his literary work, and render the book valuable as a literary curiosity, as well as a skillful and charming romance.

Dr. Grimshawe is a quaint and wonderful study, which seems to belong to the Manzonian age, and the working out of the plot weaves in so much that is interesting in ancient and modern life, that it forms a link whose temper and truthfulness would render its absence a serious loss. No one who possesses the smallest claim to the possession of literary taste, or knowledge, can afford to be without this work, which, from its origin, inherent and structural qualities, is certainly one of the most interesting, as well as remarkable productions of the century; the central figure alone standing as a wonderful monument to the creative genius of its author, and his psychological depth and insight.

"The Golden Lotus,"—Mr. Edward Greedy has made himself well known by his works for boys upon Japan, and his translations of Japanese historical and other romances. In the volume before us, which has received a most attractive setting from the publishers, Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Mr. Greedy becomes a legendary story-teller, and translates in his own easy, agreeable, and felicitous manner, the most famous traditional stories of Japan—the legend of the Golden Lotus, by Lu-wen; the Woodcutter, and others; adding to these interesting descriptions of some modern scenes and sights in Japan, such as a visit to a Japanese theater, an account of "No-Gaku" (ancient opera of Japan), street scenes, and other peculiar features which individualize this singular country and people, and seem to render them incapable of amalgamation with the modern European idea. "The Golden Lotus" is a charming series of pen-photographs, presented in beautiful form, the type large and clear, and the cover charming and artistic. It is a very suitable gift to the admirers of Japanese art and genius.

"Ruth Elliott's Dream,"—Books for girls of fifteen and sixteen years have, until recently, been scarce and hard to find. Lee & Shepard, the Boston publishers, have realized the want, and endeavored to supply it. But indeed it has been difficult to find the writers who were not too far removed from sympathy with the interests and feelings of young girls, and who yet had acquired the experience necessary to give character and usefulness to their efforts.

"Ruth Elliott's Dream" is emphatically a girl's book. It is written from the girl's standpoint, without any great strength or originality, but naturally, truly, and sincerely; and embodies the enthusiasm and aspirations which enter so largely into the interior life of the typical American girl. It describes scenes and circumstances without exaggeration, and with only the roseate glow common to youth; and it also depicts the shadows which enter into so many lives, and carries the heroine forward courageously and without bitterness, using these somber tints, as they should be used, for the strengthening of the picture. The author, Mary Lakeman, dedicates her little work to the cherished memory of an only sister, so it may be presumed to be, as it seems, the product of a fresh young mind whose experiences have been sad as well as joyous. The book has been very prettily bound in floral green and brown.

"Janet,"—The imprint of "Sophie May" upon the title page of this story of a girl will be sufficient to interest thousands who have been enchanted with Sophie May's wonderful books for little girls. Sophie May grows up with her readers, and writes now for the "big" girls, as she formerly wrote for the little ones, and apparently they are the same rather willful, generous, and sympathetic, hasty, loving, outspoken, honest, courageous, no-nonsense sort of girls that she revealed in the "Prudy," and "Doty Dimple" stories. Not faultless, not made up of little wickednesses, but the natural outgrowth of good, average households and circumstances, presented in a singularly vivid and happy manner. "Janet" is the story of an adopted child, and deals with exceptional conditions, so it must not be considered as embodying an example for other girls to follow, who have not her difficulties to contend against. Janet's courage and perseverance, her loyalty and devotion, all may copy. Lee & Shepard are the publishers.

The Annual Report of the Rev. Anna Oliver's Willoughby Street Church, Brooklyn, is very encouraging, and gives evidence of a true and happy growth in all the relations between pastor and people and church and outside world. A good deal of what may be called heroism has been developed on both sides, but it is of no superficial order, and time and more of the same work and spirit on both sides are alone required to build up a strong and permanent organization. It is unutterably disgraceful to the Methodist Episcopal Church Conference, however, that it has not yet recognized the faithful religious work of this devoted young woman preacher, who, without help or sympathy from those who ought to have aided her, has accomplished a most difficult task—that of founding and establishing a self-supporting and simply conscientious Christian church. It is gratifying to see by the report that Miss Oliver is soon to have a parsonage. The property upon which the church stands is in the market for \$13,000, and is said to be worth much more than double that amount. Pity some rich women will not wipe the debt out, and present it to the grand little church and its pastor free.

"Artistic Singing,"—There is so little real knowledge on the subject of vocal culture, and so much that is misleading in the various theories and practices which are enjoined, that it is of the greatest importance to the student of vocal art to obtain truthful ideas and common-sense methods in regard to the development and use of the voice, its possibilities, and its limitations. The author of the little work with the above title, which Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have issued in very neat and attractive form, is a vocal teacher of high reputation, and her modesty in deprecating claims to originality, and her clearness in the statement of her methods and the results of her experiences, inspire at once the strongest confidence in her honesty and ability to guide the learner through the bewildering labyrinths of artistic study, and suggest the best methods of avoiding the dangerous paths in which many are insensibly led to wander. The writer shows a cultivated perception of the importance of a good education in other ways and other departments of musical art than singing in order to give expression as well as clearness and volume to the notes and tones of the voice, and pays a deserved tribute to the high attainments of those who were eminent in vocalism when it was a true art, and occupied a high place accorded to a great gift greatly cultivated and grandly used. Singers, or those who wish to become such, will find a fund of information happily and clearly yet very modestly conveyed in Mrs. Dow's work, and even those who possess no such hopes or aspirations, will be interested in her sensible exposition of tested ideas.

The Royal Anthem Book.—We have received from the publisher, F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, a new anthem book, which seems well adapted to meet a popular want. The compiler is Mrs. Clara H. Scott, and the contributions are from some of the best anthem writers of America, such as Dr. H. R. Palmer, Dr. Geo. F. Root, Dr. W. O. Perkins, L. O. Emerson, T. P. Ryder, C. C. Case, W. F. Sherwin, James McGranahan, C. C. Williams, M. M. Jones, Dr. J. B. Herbert, Thos. P. Magoun, Sophie C. Hall, Mrs. Kate J. Brainard, F. H. Magoun, Walter H. Jones; and there are some short selections from the unpublished manuscripts of the late Rev. Dr. Darius E. Jones. Also, many lovely arrangements and adaptations from the

best of foreign authors, such as Canthal, Guglielmo, Gluck, Abt, Lichner-Lange, Kucken, Weber, Hoffman, Lambillotte, and other distinguished European composers. Especial attention has been paid to arrangements for extra occasions, such as Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, mission and baptismal services; and a variety of selections have been made suitable for Decoration Day, praise offerings, festival and funeral occasions. No such combination of American and European authors has ever been presented in any one book of its kind. This collection of anthems has been prepared expressly to meet the demands of the masses of church singers throughout the country. The wants of city quartette choirs have been taken into consideration, and they will find many gems in it which they will certainly enjoy; while the needs of the smaller choirs of our towns and villages have not been forgotten. The authoress of the "Royal Anthem Book" is experienced, being herself a leader of a church choir, and a contributor to many of the anthem books written up to the present time. The book is published in good style, and costs only one dollar.

A Dictionary of Electricity, by Henry Greer, has been published by the College of Electrical Engineering, New York. Professors Edison, Brush, Weston and Pope thoroughly approve of this work. Prof. Weston says of it, "it is exceedingly valuable to all interested in electrical science. Leaving out the old glass machine, sealing wax, amber experiments, etc., etc., and inserting cuts and descriptions of the recent wonderful inventions, makes it exceptionally interesting to electricians and telegraphers. Nearly every electrical inventor and manufacturer in the world will find a description of their invention or apparatus in it."

John W. Lovell Co., have arranged with the Rev. R. Heber Newton to publish in their popular "Lovell's Library," the sermons now in the course of delivery, on "The Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible." The whole series of sermons, seven in all, will be issued in one volume, printed from large type in neat 12mo form, paper covers, for 20 cents.

"Life."—Is a new weekly periodical after the manner of "Punch," but lighter, more graceful, more vivacious and dainty. We wish it a long life, but fear it is too fine to suit the popular taste, and that there is not a sufficiently large public to appreciate its dainty art and humor without vulgarity.

Mrs. Emily E. Ford's fine and scholarly paper on "The Affinity and Divergence of Verse and Music," published in the June number of the *International Review*, has been reprinted in pamphlet form, and is well worthy the compliment of reproduction in a shape which lends itself more readily to extended preservation and distribution. Mrs. Ford is the wife of the former publisher of the *New York Tribune*, and her published poems, which the public sees too rarely, are marked by true poetic feeling and insight united to great delicacy of thought and felicity of expression—natural qualities which are heightened and ennobled by thorough cultivation.

We have received from Saalfeld's music store, 12 Bible House, New York, and 16 Jackson Street, Chicago, "Richard's New Method for the Pianoforte," and the publishers claim that anybody can learn to play the piano without a teacher by buying a copy of the same. Be this as it may, the work comes in a very nice, compact shape, and contains just enough rudimentary instruction for the average beginner. It has no tedious unnecessary repetitions, and in point of contents its merits are exceptional. As specimens of what the whole book contains we mention pieces such as "In the Gloaming," "Baby's Empty Cradle," "Blue Alsacian Mountains," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Old Oaken Bucket," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," selections from operas such as "Carmen," "Patience," "Olivette," "Billie Taylor," "Mascotte," etc.; waltzes such as "Racquet," "You and I," "Charming," etc., and to sum up, we know of no better book of its kind that has lately been published. All the music in it is good and taking. Sent postpaid by the publishers on receipt of seventy-five cents.

A Romance of Perfume Lands is the pleasant story of a voyage undertaken in search of a father and in the society of agreeable friends, who not only furnish exciting incidents but the materials for the love part of the romance. Under the guise of romantic incident and story, perfumed lands are described and an immense amount of interesting information conveyed in regard to the properties and virtues of all known odors and perfumes, their methods of making, and their capacity for producing important physical changes and phenomena in men and animals. The tone of the work is good and

healthful, and we recommend it to those who would like to know where their fragrant waters come from, and who do not object to combining amusement with instruction. The author is F. S. Clifford, and it is sold by A. Williams & Co., corner of School and Washington Streets, Boston, and all booksellers. The remarks on pages 49 and 50 in regard to the hair and the reason of baldness, will pay for the cost.

The Winter Water Color Exhibition, which opened at the Academy of Design, on Monday, January 29th, is one of the best and most interesting ever held by the society. The work is varied and highly interesting in its character. The best in point of harmony, finish, and attention to detail are perhaps the works by Henry Farner, whose "Now Came Still Evening On" is the gem of the collection. Thirteen lady artists are represented among the contributors, including the Misses Eleanor and Kate Greatorex, who send some lovely landscape and flower pictures. But the most striking pictures contributed by a woman are sent from Florence, and are the work of M. Spartali Spillman, whose "Under the Willows in Tuscany" is very effective, and who treats admirably a characteristic subject.

Our Volume.

An examination of our subscription list discloses the fact that a large number of our new subscribers have commenced their term with January, 1883, and we call their attention to the fact that the volumes of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE commence with November and end with October, for which a Title Page and Index to correspond are annually given. In the past, so many in this situation have called for the first two numbers of the volume (November and December) at the end of the term, that we have had to make reprints to supply the demand. We anticipate this condition again, and call your attention to the same. Should you desire to have the November and December numbers of 1882, to make your volume complete, we will forward them and change the date on our books; or we will send the two numbers additional on the receipt of twenty-five cents in postage stamps.

Swindlers.

The season is approaching when you should be on the lookout for all kinds of traveling swindlers, prominent among who are the *bogus* book peddler and subscription agent. The latter is, probably, the meanest of the tribe, his victims being generally needy persons who desire to enrich their homes with a magazine or family paper. This impostor avers that Shark & Grabem are the authorized agents for a particular territory, and have contracted with the publisher for ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand copies each month, and are thus enabled to take subscriptions at half price, and give one or more chromos, of large dimensions, in addition. He is generally supplied with current copies of the leading publications, which he has purchased from some newsdealer, and will leave one number on payment of the reduced price, or one half, the other half to be paid on delivery of the second number; and that is the last seen of the self-styled "subscription agent," the magazine, or the money.

Subscription swindling was common in years past, but direct communication with the publishers, through the facilities offered by the modern postal system is so easy that these swindlers meet with but little success, unless some special inducement can be offered to the expected victim, who parts with a dollar, often more, sometimes less, because the opportunity is at his door of obtaining, as he thinks, a two or four dollar magazine for half the publisher's price. This inducement and the oily, lying tongue of the applicant, blind them to the fact that if the publisher could afford to sell his magazine for less money, he would immediately put it on his publication, that all the world should know it, and not send out a special fraud to undersell him in his own market.

The Admiral's Ward.

MRS. ALEXANDER'S very interesting story, "The Admiral's Ward," commenced in the January issue of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE for 1882, will be concluded in our May issue. We can assure our readers that the concluding chapters are of absorbing interest, even more so than those which preceded them.

Back Numbers of Demorest's.

HAVING reprinted October, 1882, we can supply all the numbers of volume eighteen, from November, 1881.

—Demorest's Monthly,—

A MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISERS.

THE BEST IN FORM AND THE LARGEST IN CIRCULATION.

The advertising columns of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY furnish the most reliable, cheapest and best advertising medium in the world. Goes everywhere. Read by everybody. A book of reference for the family, sometimes the whole neighborhood; especially for the enterprising, and for all those who can afford to purchase. For advertising purposes, no other one medium covers so much ground, or is so universally read and sought for as DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.

Please remember that for a card of 6 lines, costing \$3, is at the rate of only 25 cents for 10,000 cards, the most efficiently distributed to the best families.

We aim to make our advertising columns the vehicle only of what is best calculated to promote the interests of our readers—to exclude whatever is pernicious, or whatever sacrifice—and render them so absolutely reliable, that they may be consulted with a certainty that everything therein stated will be found precisely represented.

ADVERTISING RATES, EACH INSERTION.

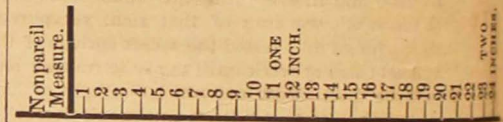
ORDINARY PAGES.....	\$0.50	PER LINE NONPAID MEASURE 12 LINES 1 LINE
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BUSINESS NOTICES, NEXT READING.....	.75	

FIVE LINES OR LESS WILL BE CHARGED ONE LINE ADDITIONAL, OR THE SPACE FROM RULE TO RULE.

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR CUTS OR DISPLAY.

Remember that Advertising at the above rates cost only one cent a line per 1,000 copies.

Advertisements for insertion should be forwarded no later than the 28th, for the next issue. No medical, questionable, or ambiguous advertisements will be admitted on any terms.



A Knabe in the White House.

(From the Baltimore American.)

There was seen yesterday at Messrs. Knabe & Co. factory a magnificent concert grand, just finished by them for the presidential mansion. President Arthur who is a thorough connoisseur of music, in selecting a piano for the White House decided in favor of the Knabe Piano as his preference, and ordered accordingly the instrument referred to. It is a concert grand of beautiful finish in a richly carved rosewood case, and of superb tone and action—an instrument worthy in every respect of the place it is to occupy. It was shipped to its destination yesterday.

We refer those of our readers who wish to obtain a description of hair goods, such as switches, curls, wigs, fronts, and the like, to the advertisement of H. Julian, of No. 317 Canal Street, New York City. Mr. Julian is an old and well-known house—established over twenty-five years—and thoroughly reliable. If ladies desire a sample of hair, the proper color, they can rely on having their orders conscientiously attended to. Mr. Julian's facilities for procuring the best qualities of human hair are unequalled; and, for the price, the purchaser will find a superior quality to be obtained of the same elsewhere.

The work of the laundry has been made easy by the introduction of that incomparable washing compound *James Pyle's Pearline*. It cleanses the dirtiest fabric without injury. Sold by grocers generally.

Pressed Ferns.—I have constantly on hand a variety of ferns at 30c. per doz. fronds: 8 doz. fronds, postpaid, \$2. Also brilliant Autumn leaves at 15 cts. per doz. FLOSSIE CURTIS, Nelson, N. H.