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❖ A ❖ ROMANCE ❖ IN ❖ PURPLE ❖

BY LUCY SKEEL.

NOT a painter's nocturne in black and white, nor symphony in silver and gray, but a life's romance in purple. It began when Alice Morton, making a somewhat irrelevant reply to her cousin's regret that the present was his last party, as business would call him from Highport and from her, exclaimed: "I wish I were a man! Men's work, however distasteful, pays, and so amounts to more than a girl's drudgery ever can!"

"Does it! Men could tell you a different story," was Arthur Morton's answer to this statement, announced with the charming positiveness of a girl knowing but one side of the question. Made confidential by that dual isolation secured by a tête-à-tête at a crowded evening party, he added frankly,

"My work pays now, but in the beginning, my lunches alone cost more than I could earn working ten hours a day, week in and week out."

"They must have been costly lunches. Did you subsist exclusively upon nightingales' tongues?"

"Quite the reverse. Common cow's tongue was too great a luxury for my frugal habits. Did it never occur to you that in all crafts beginners are poorly paid, and that there are losses as well as profits in men's pursuits? As the profits are so often left out altogether, let us leave them out of the present discussion, and turning to the other point, do you suppose there is no drudgery in a man's work? Is adding up figures, buying and selling goods, or even literary labor, to be the chief end of man?"

"I should think literary labor, study, would satisfy anybody, if there were some definite aim and incentive to pursue it," the girl answered meditatively, and again rather irrelevantly. But Arthur, used to her way of jumping from subject to subject, and skilled in the mental gymnastics required to follow her flights of fancy, saw the obscure connection, and without discussing the problem went, with a man's directness, straight to the point, asking why she did not join the Hubtown Literary Society founded to give aid and incentive to home students. He described how its system of tuition consisted of correspondence between teachers and pupils. As he told how there were two societies having the same name and object, but in no way connected, one being for young women

and having a lady president and teachers, the other, to which he had belonged for two years, for young men, and having a gentleman president and teachers, Alice said she would like to join the Young Women's Society. So, explaining that he had not yet sent his name and fee for the present year, he wrote his and her notes, then and there; for the quiet library where they were sitting was undisturbed by the gay dances he had persuaded the belle of the ball to desert. Addressing an envelope to the President of the "Young Men's Hubtown Society to Assist Home Studies," another to the President of the "Young Women's Hubtown Society to Assist Home Studies," and saying that, as he supposed Alice did not keep initiation fees hidden amidst her cloud-like draperies, he would furnish the money, he folded a two-dollar bill in each note and handed her the one he had written for her, that she might sign her name.

"I hope you'll get as nice a correspondent as mine," he said, as he waited while she unbuttoned and took off her long gloves. "Although he is an invalid he's a splendid fellow—no end of pluck. He never lets himself be stopped by difficulties. He is unable to sit up long at a time, but manages to both read and write while lying flat on his back. When books are too heavy to hold in this way, he has them rebound, making several light volumes out of one heavy one. In writing he rests the paper against a light tablet which he holds up before him, and as ink will not flow from a pen held as he has to hold it, he uses a patent chemical pencil which unites the convenience of a lead-pencil and the indelibility of ink. For when the writing it makes is dampened its faint pencil marks are instantly converted into deep purple ink. He writes so well, and this pencil is so much used by all writers, that I never imagined he used it from necessity. In fact I never imagined he was an invalid. His letters gave me no hint of it. I did not discover it till we met. He asked me to visit him, and afterward we went together to the Isles of Shoals, the time you and your party were there. But he was in his room most of the time, so of course you did not meet him. Generally it is like drawing teeth to draw any remarks concerning his health from him, but then he showed me what he called his invalid 'make-shifts,' his purple pencil and the alcohol lamp and kettle

which he keeps in his study, and by which he gets steam to dampen his MSS. This method is his own contrivance for bringing out the pencil-marks. He invented it when he found the usual way of dampening by wet blotting paper made a blurred MS. Oh, he says, it is but little trouble," Arthur added hurriedly, seeing Alice's eyes full of tears. "He told me he could steam in three minutes what had taken him three hours to write. He is very happy, his disease, a spinal difficulty, was caused by his horse falling and throwing him, but he—the man, not the horse—is not deformed." Arthur seeing that this feeble attempt at pleasantry failed to cheer Alice, went on to enumerate the invalid's joys, saying, "He is tall and very handsome. Rich as *Cresus*, too, and descended from one of the old colonial governors. He told me he was so interested in his literary work that the days were not half long enough. And he does a noble work," the enthusiastic pupil said, feelingly. "You cannot know how his sympathy keeps up his pupils' interest in their work, you cannot realize how an intellectual taste protects a young man from the dangers that assail a lonely life spent in a crowded city's boarding-house."

Alice listened attentively to her cousin's description of his friend, and when he explained that the teachers in the organization gave their time gratuitously for love of the cause, she exclaimed impulsively,

"I'd rather help people, as you say he does, than be paid millions for my work."

"Unless you two are writing your wedding invitations, I must interrupt your work," said a gentleman, who coming from the parlor had caught the last word. "I'm principled against interfering in a tête-à-tête, but I've waited half an hour for the waltz Miss Norton promised me."

Alice laughed.

"As we are not, as we are only writing business letters, I suppose I must come," she said. "Can't you sign my note, Arthur? Please do. A. Morton is my signature as well as yours, and will do for my note as well as for yours," she explained hastily, as her impatient partner hurried her away.

Arthur, always puzzled by the rapidity with which she changed from seriousness to lightness, from tears to smiles, attributed her sudden desire to join the society to one of her impulsive whims, and as usual furthered her wishes without trying to understand them. Not realizing how she had been impressed by his account of his friend's broken life so profitably employed, he went into a reverie over the queerness of girls in general and in particular as he mechanically signed and sealed the notes and posted them on his way home from the party.

Business took Arthur away from Highport, and he heard nothing from Alice till many months later he received the following letter :

"HIGHPORT, June 1.

"MY DEAR COUSIN: I inclose the two dollars I borrowed of you last winter. I had forgotten all about it. Your Hubtown Society is the most charming thing in the world. I really feel that through it I am seeing a different life, higher, nobler, broader, and not only seeing but learning how to live it. How are you getting on in it—in the society not in life? By the way you never told me the name of your correspondent in it. Mine is the nicest girl in the world. Is it not a coincidence that she should use the purple pencil you told me about? It seems to be popular in literary circles. She and I have become most intimate friends just through our letters, for I do not even know her Christian name, as she always signs 'M. Winthrop,' as a revenge I sign only A. Morton. The society, on the principle that there should be no caste in our intellectual inter-

course, does not permit the use of titles. The "Miss" is omitted on both letters and envelopes. But I know M. Winthrop is lovely. I've sent her my photograph, and she promises me hers when she comes to visit me. She says she is tall and dark. She is going to Europe late in the summer, and I've asked her if I can't go with her. Papa says I can if, after her visit, she proves as nice as I now think her."

Arthur read no farther. He dropped the letter, and leaned back aghast.

"M. Winthrop! And the purple pencil! Why it's Marcus Winthrop my old correspondent, of course. What have I done? What shall I do?"

As he continued the letter, amazement succeeded despair, for Alice wrote on,

"Don't think me wild in getting on so fast with a person I've never seen. Her letters have shown me what she is, and then papa knows all about the Winthrops." "Does he?" was Arthur's mental comment. "He says he believes there is an invalid son. Miss Winthrop has not mentioned her invalid brother, but then on our elevated plane of correspondence we discourse more on minds than on bodies. She is coming to see me this week, so do come home to see her and

ALICE."

When the reader first finished this letter he had serious thoughts of disappearing to parts unknown, that he might avoid meeting Alice after she discovered, as she surely would, that "Miss M. Winthrop" was a *man*! His second thought was to write to his cousin, but he finally concluded that as his letters had made all the trouble, he would write no more. He immediately started for Highport, trusting he should see Alice and explain before her friend arrived. But when he arrived he found Alice confined to her room by a cold, while his aunt, Mrs. Morton, was lamenting that there was no one to meet "Alice's correspondent, Miss Winthrop, who is coming to-night."

The young man's heart sank, but rising manfully to the occasion he offered to get in the carriage and play escort to the young lady. "I'll warrant I'll know M. Winthrop better than any of them will," was his mental exultation. He was a minute late at the station, the passengers had alighted and he saw instead of the tall dark young lady his aunt had described, a tall fine looking young man, and heard him inquire for a hack and ask which was the best hotel.

"Hold on, Winthrop," he exclaimed. "Don't you know your old pupil. Here's my cousin's carriage sent to meet *Miss Winthrop*," he added meaningly.

Marcus Winthrop greeted him cordially, then said :

"Did not Miss Morton receive the telegram saying that Miss Winthrop could not come? It was sent this morning."

"Evidently not. We live out of town. Our telegrams are not delivered, they are put in the post-office, and we usually get them two or three days after they are sent." Arthur answered composedly, watching his friend with much interest, waiting to see how he would get out of the embarrassing situation.

The guest, however, was not at all disconcerted, not even when a post-office clerk bringing the telegram Arthur read aloud—"M. Winthrop to Miss A. Morton. Impossible to come. Sorry. Will explain later."

"I'm very sorry Miss Morton should have had the trouble of sending the carriage," the guest said courteously. "But this non-delivery of telegrams is a contingency I could not anticipate. If you will let the coachman take this one to her I shall be greatly obliged, and I will go at once to the hotel."

"Indeed you won't," Arthur answered. "You'll get in the carriage and come home with me. I live next door to

my cousin. And you need not keep up this little farce for my benefit," he added. "I'm perfectly aware that Miss M. Winthrope is a mythical character, who will certainly find it impossible to come. Both you and your little drama seem about played out," he said, looking anxiously at his friend's increasing pallor. "How much longer do you intend to keep it up?"

"Till I can get a sofa," the other said, wearily. And when he got one, at the hotel to which Arthur accompanied him, finding he could not dissuade him, he carried the war into the enemy's country by saying without prelude:

"Now, perhaps you'll condescend to explain your actions and the mystery of the letters."

"I made a stupid blunder," Arthur answered promptly. "I wrote both Alice's and my notes at the same time,—at a party where she was suddenly inspired to join the Society. The waltz music apparently affected my brain, for results prove that I unintentionally put the notes in the wrong envelopes, sending hers, signed 'A. Morton,' to the President of the Young Men's Society, mine, signed 'Arthur Morton,' to the President of the Young Women's, who it seems seeing that Arthur could not be a girl's name, sent my note to its intended destination. I only learned of the mistake two days ago. I suppose my note being thus delayed arrived after your classes were full, so the President had to give me a new teacher. And he is a man, so there is no complication about my correspondence. Now I'd like you to explain *your* actions. You evidently have no doubt about your pupil's sex, though you so skillfully mislead her about yours. I don't think you've done a square thing in leading a girl on to write, as she would not have written had she understood the state of affairs. Alice is like a sister to me, and I don't like the way you've treated her."

Marcus Winthrope sprang to his feet. His ancestor's hot blood flamed in his face, and the aristocratic old governor himself could not have more haughtily answered, "All the letters that have passed between Miss Morton and myself might be posted on the town fence. Do you mean to insult me by suggesting that I, a gentleman, could play the low part you suspect!"

"Oh well, don't annihilate me," Arthur answered. "I see I'm wrong, for as Alice thought you were a girl, and you pretended to be one, you couldn't consistently make love to each other."

The guest smiled at this characteristic apology, and Arthur thus emboldened asked:

"But why did you complicate matters by accepting her invitation, and then telegraphing that you could not come? I should have thought it would have been simpler to refuse, and then if you were dying of curiosity call to see her as anybody else would. Alice has lots of admirers, but she says," and the speaker was evidently amused at the thought, "she says they 'don't appeal to her imagination.' I should say you'd appealed to it pretty effectually."

Mr. Winthrope waived the question regarding his method of meeting his pupil, saying stiffly that explanation was for her ears alone. He excused the first part of his conduct by telling that in the beginning, while the correspondence consisted of monthly reports of books read, he had believed Arthur to be his correspondent, that it was not till the letters showed real heart thoughts that he discovered his pupil's sex. That he had become interested in her intellectual development, and "loved her for her lovely mind" long before the photograph proved this winning pupil to be the beautiful girl he had seen walking with her cousin at the Isles of Shoals.

"Oh yes, I understand," Arthur replied, purposely perverting the explanation, "an intellectual embrace, a mental kiss."

Mr. Winthrope frowned, but said coolly, "If you were still my pupil I should not allow you to spend your time reading Hallock, nor in applying his remarks to your cousin."

The following morning a slight chilliness was all that remained of Alice's cold, so, throwing a crimson shawl over her thin white dress, she went out to the rustic summer-house. Her bright costume betrayed her retreat. Hearing footsteps she looked up and saw her father and mother standing at a little distance, pointing out her hiding place to Arthur and a young man whom she had never seen. Arthur coming forward, presented his friend.

"Mr. Marcus Winthrope, Alice, my society correspondent, of whom you have so often heard me speak."

She shook hands with the tall stranger, wondering if her cousin had been hoaxing her when he described him as "his invalid friend."

Mr. Winthrope seemed to guess her thoughts, for he hastened to assure her that it was not a case of mistaken identity, but that he was in a better physical condition than when he and Arthur had last met.

This led the conversation to his meeting with Arthur. They talked of the Shoals, and Mr. Winthrope told her how he used to lie in his reclining chair and watch her walking with her cousin on the rocks. Then, as in connection with the Society she spoke of her friend Miss Winthrope, and of her disappointment at the lady's non-arrival, she said laughing, "Your names being the same, and your occupation too, perhaps you're related."

Arthur had discreetly withdrawn. Perhaps this fact, or perhaps Mr. Winthrope's laughing eyes told her the truth, for she drew back exclaiming,

"You are the *same!* You wrote to me! I thought you were a girl—I sent you my photograph—and now you're a—*man!* Oh, what have I done—I asked—"

"Please listen to me, Miss Morton," Mr. Winthrope said reassuringly, "I owe you an apology. Let me explain my conduct."

"It can't be explained," she cried passionately. "You deceived me! You knew and I did not! I won't listen!"

"Hush," he said, his tone more authoritative than he knew or intended; he did not touch her, but something in his low commanding voice held her more firmly than the strongest manual grasp, "You must hear me. I did not know you were a girl for a long time, not until your letters showed that you viewed life from a woman's standpoint. You have not the slightest cause to regret a word you have written, but after our correspondence had become complicated by discussion of heart-thoughts, and after I received your photograph and kind invitation to visit you, I thought best not to tell you of our blunder. I honestly thought you would be more embarrassed if I undeceived you, than if I let the mistake go on, trusting you would forgive me when you knew all. And knowing I was misleading you I burned each of your letters as soon as I had read it."

"And I'll burn all yours, too," she cried, angrily, apparently most ungrateful for the delicacy which had prompted his conflagrations, and not knowing how hard it had been for him thus to sacrifice his treasures to his ideas of *noblesse oblige*.

"I never want to see you or your letters again," she went on, her voice quivering with excitement and pride. "You make me want to sink through the ground. You led me on by making me think you were a girl. You've forced your way here under a false name, and—and—" her voice broke, she fled from him into the house, up into her own room, where, locking the door, she threw herself on the bed in a passion of tears.

That evening a messenger brought her a note, written in the familiar purple hand-writing. It ran thus :

"You think you have reason to be angry with me, but I explained and apologized—what can a man do more? You accused me of forcing myself upon you under a false name. This accusation I cannot let pass. Before meeting you I saw your father and mother—presented letters of introduction from one of your father's oldest friends. I told your parents how I had been your correspondent in the Society, and how, when I discovered the blunder, I let it pass, intending to spare your embarrassment. For the sake of the friendship your father bears mine he urges me to be his guest, but your words have wounded a proud man, and I will not cross your father's threshold till you give me permission.

MARCUS WINTHROPE."

Alice wrote, "I am sorry," across her engraved card, inclosed it and sent it to him, leaving him to decide whether she was sorry for the mistake, for her unjust judgment, or for the whole affair. Whatever his conclusion, he made no more advances, unless his lingering in Highport might be one, as it seemed to show that he was not irreconcilably offended. Alice, however, did not see him till, two days after their first meeting, she met him at an evening party. She was sitting in a bay window when he approached. He bowed gravely as he stood between the curtains that draped the recess. The girl spoke hurriedly :

"I am sorry for what I said about the false name," she said, in a low tone, "please 'cross our threshold.'"

"Thanks, with pleasure," he said, pleasantly. "Shall we cry quits?"

"Oh yes, indeed ; and let that end it," she said, quickly.

He looked longingly at her.

"Let that *begin* it," he said, in a voice terse with feeling.

"Let the love I bear atone—"

He checked himself abruptly. The curtain which separated them from the lighted room fell, leaving them in total darkness. He instantly opened it again. The band began the march, and, as he offered her his arm and led her to supper, he was so calm that she believed her ears had deceived her, and not till long after did she know that it was design not accident that made the darkness so opportunely cover his confusion. At supper, Arthur, looking relieved at their evident friendliness, joined them.

"Has Winthrop forgiven you for not being a man—for joining his classes under false pretences? You know Alice wants to be a man," he added, turning to him.

"Arthur," Alice exclaimed, anxiously, "you should not repeat my confidential remarks to strangers." The deprecating way in which she turned to her new friend qualified the word, and he laughed as he said :

"What manly privilege do you covet? You surely have attention enough ; and your sex, really, if not nominally, 'choose your partners' both for the evening and for life."

"I should say so," Arthur replied, while Alice blushed and turned away, for something in his look and tone showed that he knew her to have exercised the woman's privilege of refusing both temporary and permanent partners. Trying to lead the conversation to some less dangerous topic, she said, excitedly :

"I don't mean that. I hope to dance and have plenty of partners, of course, but I do think it must be nice to be a man and have your work as well as your play of some consequence. Girls' work is only counted as amusement. I can be busy doing nothing. I'm not dying of *ennui*. I can take to morning calls, district visiting, or plain sewing and housework ; but still neither that social variety, that kind of philanthropy, nor domestic drudgery, meets my ideal of profitable occupation."

"Knowing of your Paris dresses, and my aunt's corps of well-trained servants, we are not overcome with surprise at being told that your domestic duties fail to exhaust your energies," Arthur dryly answered, while Mr. Winthrop was silent but watched with much amusement her varying color.

"You are such a tease, Arthur," she said ; "you know perfectly well what I mean. I mean that if girls have to make their own dresses and cook their own dinners their work is drudgery, and, if they don't, it is all for nothing, just for diversion."

"That is so evidently 'a false generalization drawn from a limited observation' that I'll leave your 'teacher' to combat it," Arthur replied as the quadrilles being formed he was called to fill a vacant place. "You see he won't echo your wish that you were a man, neither will he wish himself a girl, though either metamorphose would make his present position less dangerous, for your waiting partners look ready to devour him for monopolizing the queen of the evening," he added teasingly.

Mr. Winthrop spoke half apologetically. "Three can only talk nonsense," he said, in answer to the mute reproach her wistful eyes threw him for not helping her. "Does the problem of life still trouble you? Believe me, change of sex would not help it. We men, as well as you women, have grave doubts about our life work. Men's work does not always bring them money. Both mercantile and professional businesses often are carried on at a loss in hopes of a profit that possible may never come. Do you think men have no aspirations? Many a man longs for culture, and would give anything for the leisure and opportunities you despise. And it is foolish to speak of woman's work not amounting to anything when thousands of your sex support themselves and others by it."

"But," and the tremble in the speaker's voice showed how strongly she felt what she so falteringly expressed—"But if girls don't have to do anything—I for instance, and mental work more particularly than manual. I like to study, but I ask myself and others ask me what is gained by studying as girls do without any definite aim and purpose?"

"As some girls do, but as no girl need," he answered gravely. "It is not very novel or original to say that no one has a right to be idle, that no life is so isolated that it cannot do something worth the doing. Mental effort helps the person who makes it, making him or her more of a person for improving God-given talents. It is a suicidal sort of business to strangle one's aspirations. You cannot weigh knowledge in an exact scale saying, 'So much help by so much reading,' but if you seek the higher results of culture, look at our Society. It is the result of one woman's work. Founded in 1873 by an intelligent lady of Highbury, it has elevated mentally and morally the tone of whole States. By its aid, lives spent on the wilds of our Western frontiers, on lonely New England farms, in crowded cities and in stagnant villages all are brought into contact with the highest literary circles of the day.

"I do not intend this oration as a panegyric upon my own work," he added smiling. "I was a pupil in the Society before I was a teacher, and can never tell you how through the intercourse it gave with intellectual people I seemed to enter new worlds. How joining it when physically weak, it brightened and gladdened some most sorrowful hours."

"I wish I could tell you," the girl said softly, touched by his confidence, "how, in what your letters have done for me, you must have made them repay your obligations to the Society. And now your words are better than your letters in explaining away my perplexities," she added gently.

He regarded her intently, and said,

"Now I am truly compensated for my many lonely suffer-

ing hours, which made me consider these puzzling subjects. I know of a girl in the Society," he added, in a lighter tone, "not one of my pupils, however, for notwithstanding your and my experience, the organization was not designed for the purpose of bringing young girls into correspondence with young men—this girl by studying, reading and writing under her teacher's guidance, has become so famous a writer that her contributions are published by some of the leading periodicals. She gets paid for them too," he added, mischievously, "so her 'drudgery' amounts to something."

Alice glanced furtively at him, and saw that notwithstanding his jesting words he understood her and knew her to be animated by aspirations higher than the desire of either fame or money.

As the summer days passed by, Mr. W. not only crossed the Morton threshold, but became a frequent visitor. He had a pair of his horses sent up from Hubtown, and telling Alice, with a forlorn attempt to make light of his infirmities, that as his own two legs were not as serviceable as he wished, he trusted she would allow him to put these eight at her disposal. The companionship he and Alice had during his calls and during their drives in the June twilights and moonlights made them intimate friends. The keen mental sympathy between them doubtless was partly due to his having to a certain extent molded her mind, causing

"That trick of thought
That fell in well with his,
And certes brought a certain sense of ease."

But another more powerful factor augmented their sympathetic tastes.

"You are so nice to talk to," Alice said to him one day as they were sitting in the summer house, where he first met her. "If I express half of some vague thought you understand the other half. Most people are so different, they not only oblige one to clothe every idea in plain language, but perhaps to repeat it half a dozen times, and then get no response. You are," she added wistfully, "you are as David Copperfield's aunt would say—not as nice as your sister would have been, but next to her."

He looked ardently at her.

"Child," he said, "have you not forgiven me yet? You never mention that now. I hoped you cared for my friendship as I do for yours. I wish I could read your heart as I can read your mind. Do you not know why I understand your half-expressed thoughts? It is because —"

"I have forgiven you," she interrupted hastily; "but don't let's talk about it. I can't forget how our friendship began—the letters —"

"I will not deceive now as I did then," he said earnestly. "It is not your friendship that I crave, it is your love! Be my wife, let the love I have borne you from the beginning atone for the course that displeased you. I love you —"

"Oh, no!" she cried, "not that—be my best friend, let me be your best friend, but nothing more. It is my fault. I asked you to take —"

Her emotion checked her words, her tears fell, and again she fled from him.

No letter followed his explanation this time. Two days passed and Alice wondered if he had left Highport. Mail hour became the supreme hour of her day, and on the third morning, tired of waiting for she knew not what, she left the house, and going to the extreme of the place seated herself on a rock that hung over the lake round which the mail-road ran, and watched for the carrier's wagon. It came. She saw it pass the house without stopping, and knew there was no letter for her. As she dreamily gazed into the deep water, thinking remorsefully upon her childish manner of

rejecting Mr. Winthrope's offer, a real shadow appeared amidst the dream shadows she saw there reflected. For Mr. Winthrope coming from the top of the bank his shadow was cast in the water before he stood by her side.

"Do not be alarmed," he said quietly. "I shall not trouble you again. I have just returned from Hubtown, where I went preparatory to sailing for Europe. My train leaves in an hour, and I hoped you would be willing to bid your 'friend' good bye. To-morrow the ocean will roll between us."

As she rose, extending her hand, her sudden movement loosened the slippery stone upon which she stood, and it rolled downward. Mr. Winthrope sprang forward, caught her light form in his arms, and when he had placed her safely on the bank above and heard the sickening thud with which the rock sank into the deep water, he leaned back and gasped for breath.

"You are hurt," she cried in alarm; "hurt in saving me."

"Oh, no," he answered, sitting up and breathing more freely; "nothing so melodramatic. I am not hurt, and have not saved you. You would not have been killed nor much hurt. I have probably only saved you from knocking out a couple of teeth and scratching your face."

"And you would have tumbled after and scratched out your eyes," she answered, surprised at his indifference to her escape, but determined to appear as cool as he. She was more surprised when, his pallor turning to an angry flush, he said, bitterly,

"You are doubtless wise in treating my love for you as a laughing matter. When I see how slight an effort makes me gasp, I see what an apology for a man I am, and realize my presumption in expecting the girl I love to care enough for me to join her young life to my broken one."

"Marcus," she said eagerly, "you are not an apology for a man. It was no slight effort to lift me up that steep bank. I do care for you," she added, flushing but speaking bravely. "I said 'no' because I was afraid you asked me out of pity, from a sense of duty to spare my pride, for I had asked you to take me to Europe!"

He threw his arms around her and drew her to his proud true heart.

"Pity! A sense of duty!" he repeated in amazement. "A contemptuous pity may be given to me, a feeble man—a sense of duty has more than once kept me from urging you to yield your fresh girlhood to my care; but, Alice, I can make you happy. I have money to gratify your every wish —"

"Marcus," she interrupted, with passionate fervor, "I want nothing but *you*. Though," she continued, hiding her tearful eyes on his shoulder, "though you could never stir from your couch, I'd rather sit by your side than roam the world over with anybody else!"

He gently turned her face to his, and, as he kissed her, whispered, "But I shall take you to Europe with me after all, and our wedding-cards shall be addressed with the purple pencil that both assisted and betrayed me, in order that it may write the end as well as the beginning of our romance."

The mail wagon which was to have brought Alice's expected letter, and the train which was to have taken Mr. Winthrope away, both passed unnoticed by the happy lovers, who talked on until Arthur, who had approached unseen, exclaimed,

"Halloo! What's up! I was sent to summon you two to dinner, if your *intellectual pursuits* will allow of anything so material. I say, Alice," he called back, as, taking in the situation, he beat a hasty retreat, "it is a pity you are not a man, isn't it? You and Winthrope would make quite the ideal Damon and Pythias!"

THE ADMIRAL'S WARD.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOODING OT," "HER DEAREST FOE," ETC.

(Continued from page 281.)

CHAPTER XLV.

It was the third day after the poor little baby had been laid in its last resting-place, and the mother's first vehement grief had settled down into deep, silent madness. Laura had vainly attempted to interest her in various subjects, and urged her at least to write to her mother-in-law, from whom she had received a long, tearful letter, full of affectionate sympathy.

Winifrid rejected all suggestions, and entreated Laura to write to Mrs. Piers for her. "I cannot; yet I do not like her to be neglected, and I am sure Reginald will not write."

"Why?"

"Because he never does anything he can possibly help, except to amuse himself; and yet he is not happy; I am sometimes grieved for him. What has changed him, Laura? I often sit and wonder, when I am alone."

"But is he so changed, Winnie?"

"Can you not see that he is? He only dined with us once since you came; he cannot bear to be without company. To be sure, I am dull and wearisome, but that is not my fault. He used to be so full of kind consideration. I think at times that some spell has been laid upon him—that he is not quite responsible."

"That is nonsense, Winnie, dear; what do you mean?"

"I mean that I have quite given up the struggle I was so fierce and eager about when we parted, Laura. I cannot stand against that woman's influence. I suppose there is something wanting in myself—some power of sympathy, of companionship; I cannot find out what. Once I fancied I was everything to him; I end by being nothing."

"Are you not morbid and worn out with grief, dear Winnie, to fancy such things?"

"Yes, I daresay I am; but it is not just now these ideas have taken hold upon me. Only while I had my baby I had something to endure for, to keep up appearances for; I was determined to bear much, everything, save one."

"And what was that?"

"To have the society of a bad, treacherous, relentless woman forced upon me, to shelter her reputation. She has got fast hold of Reginald, at any rate, for the present. He may weary of her, or she of him, or some change may bring him back to me, and I do not say I should be hard or unfor- giving. Better and more charming women than I am, or ever will be, have been deserted before this; but we—I never can feel quite what I did—we shall never be quite the same to each other!" She stopped with a deep sigh.

"Winnie, dear, this is too dreadful. 'Never' is a terrible word, and you say it so quietly."

"The quiet of exhaustion," she returned, leaning back among the sofa cushions, with an air of unutterable weariness. "If you only knew the fiery battle I fought at Franzinsbad and Vienna! It is a relief to talk to you, Laura; you are so safe, and I do not want to abuse Reginald! He was so dear, so charming to me once! and I do not seem to have lost my affection for him, though lately it has been rudely shaken."

She paused, looking out of her large soft eyes as if at some distant object.

"Yes, open your heart to me," cried Laura, with a sob she could not suppress, so deeply was she touched by the helplessness of Winifrid's voice and attitude.

"You know," she resumed, in the same sad monotone, "we were all well and happy at Franzinsbad; that is scarcely three months ago, and it seems gone away back into by-gone ages. Helen was very kind and pleasant, and Reginald was a little cross sometimes, but nothing worth mentioning. Then he went away to a hunting-party at Graf Wielitzka's place; I was very glad he had some sport, after having lost the Piersdyn shooting on my account. He stayed longer than I expected, and only wrote twice. I did not mind that; he seemed to be enjoying himself, and I was happy with Helen."

"He did not return till two days after she left; then he looked ill, and was not quite like himself."

"The evening after he came back he was talking very pleasantly, describing the shooting and the dinners, where the men evidently drank too much, and played too high afterward, when he suddenly exclaimed: 'By the way, our friend Madame Moscynski turned up at Schloss Wielizka; the Graf is her cousin, and she was a host in herself.'

"I felt as if I had a sudden stab; I could not speak, and he went on: 'Madame Wielizka is in delicate health, so she begged me to find quarters for her here; she and a little boy of hers, and the Princess, with that singing fellow Bariatorski, are coming here on Thursday; we must see what we can find for them to-morrow.'

"Was Reginald not aware of your objection to Madame Moscynski?" asked Laura.

"He was; but I then opened my mind fully to him. I did not go wild as I did afterwards; I told him I could not and would not associate with this woman! I begged of him to leave the place; I promised that I would do nothing rude and create no *scandalre*, if on his part he would promise to come away within a week after she came."

"Did he promise?" asked Laura.

"He did, laughing as if it were a silly whim of mine; provided, he said, I was still in the same mind after the arrival of so pleasant a party."

"Well, they came. I fulfilled my part; though as stiff and distant as possible, I did not cut Madame Moscynski. Then a dreadful struggle began. I could not induce Reginald to leave; I had almost to stay in my own room to avoid that woman. I had scenes with my husband; I found he was losing heaps of money to those dreadful men who are about Madame Moscynski. I wrote you some account of all this, but you never had the letter, it seems."

"It was a dreadful time! I never knew if I were acting wisely or not. I felt I was right, and I was perpetually being put in the wrong. At last Reginald said one morning that we should start for Vienna; but I had lost hope, I did not seem to care. However she did not appear there, and I tried to be friendly with Reginald, and sometimes he would be nice and sometimes quite wildly gay; often I feared he drank too much, he had fallen among such dreadful people. After about three weeks we came on here, and found Madame Moscynski installed in the next street. Here her audacity knew no bounds. I implored Reginald to come home; then suddenly it came to me that I was losing myself in such a struggle, so I gave it up; only I would not see Madame Moscynski."

But when baby was ill, and I almost lost my head, she came in and out, I was vaguely conscious of her, and I am sure she gave the people in the hotel the idea of being my best friend. I wrote to you ; you did not come. One day—the last day—Farrar, who has been such a good kind help all through, rushed to me, and said : ‘ Colonel Bligh is in the *salon* alone ; beg of him to go and see Miss Piers in London ; I believe he is going to leave Paris.’ I ran to him and had just time to say I do not know what, when Reginald came in ; then I was back with baby, who soon ceased to cry or moan, and then there is a blank till I had the comfort of hearing your voice. Laura, you must stay with me !”

“ I will ! Winnie, dear Winnie, I think I shall be able to help you ; I will venture to speak to Reginald.”

“ You had better not !” said his wife despondingly ; “ nothing can do any good. The night my little darling died he was so kind and tender to me (I do not think he cared much about the baby), I hoped for a moment that he was going to be himself again ; but before he left me he asked me if Madame Moscynski, who had been so good and interested in me, should get me all that was necessary. I only said, ‘ I will not see her, do not let her come near me,’ and I have not seen her ; and though I, the mother of his boy, am bowed to the earth with grief for its death, he can resent that refusal. It is this that has suddenly chilled me, and makes me doubt if there is true love in his nature ; that woman has utterly mastered him. People laugh at jealousy ; they say it is mean, narrow. Perhaps it is ; a jealous wife excites a sort of contemptuous pity ; but is there a more desolate creature on earth than a wife left, as I am left, without hope, without redress ? For if another woman is more charming and suitable to my husband, can he help loving her better than he does me ? only he ought not, and he *shall* not, force her upon me ; that I will resist.”

She ceased to speak, and sat long in dead silence, her eyes closed, apparently asleep except for a tremor that occasionally passed over her eyelids or her lips.

Laura was deeply moved both by pity and indignation. She felt that she must do something, yet the interference of a third party is proverbially worse than useless ; but she held a power unknown to any one, and she would use it unflinchingly. She curbed the indignant words which rose to her lips ; it would do Winnie no good to denounce her husband. How could Reginald be so cruel, so faithless ? Was it that the first deliberate choice of evil so deteriorated his moral nature that he could no longer discern between right and wrong ? she could not look back upon all the sorrow that had followed on his connection with her and hers, without a stirring of the pulses. She rose and walked to and fro. Winnie slowly opened her eyes, roused by the unusual motion. “ Tell me,” said Laura, pausing opposite to her, “ what is Madame Moscynski’s object in risking her character as she does ? She does not give me the idea of a woman who would sacrifice much for any one.”

“ I think she likes him well enough—he is very nice, you know—and she hates *me* more than she cares for him ; but, above all, she likes his money. Little things have come to my notice, too many to tell now ; but I am sure he pays for quantities of things for her. She has no money, and is boundlessly extravagant. I believe if Reginald was poor she would leave him alone.”

“ Winnie, try and put this out of your head for a little while. We must endeavor to rescue Reginald if possible ; if we cannot, you must, as you say, be patient and endure. Let us get away from Paris as soon as possible.”

Winnifrid looked up with a dumb sort of surprise at the resolution and force which unconsciously expressed themselves in Laura’s tone. “ The sooner the better ; but I am afraid that Reginald has some scheme for returning to Austria. If

he lets me go back to England without him at such a time, it will be a slight I shall not forgive.”

“ He will not think of it,” said Laura, sitting down beside her on the sofa.

Winnie turned, and, laying her head on her shoulder, heaved a long, quivering sigh. “ Let me rest here, as I used to do when I had been in punishment at home, long ago, if I do not tire you. Yes, Laura, he undoubtedly *thinks* of it. But I trust he may be kept from leaving me, because—I cannot tell you how I dread it. It would be a kind of hopeless break. I scarcely know how it would affect me. Could the day ever come that I should not wish to see Reginald ; to have him to myself ? I am so young ; life is so long !”

“ Life will bring brighter days and happier anticipations,” returned Laura, with a quiet firmness of tone that gave momentary comfort to the sorrowing wife. “ There is really nothing to keep us in Paris. Come out for a drive with me to-day ; it is dry, and there is no wind ; you want all your strength and courage for Reginald’s sake. Ask him this evening to fix the day of our departure, and make all preparations. When he finds that things are in readiness he will renounce his project of going to Austria or Hungary, if he ever seriously entertained it.”

“ If,” repeated Winnie, and paused. “ At least,” she resumed, “ you will not forsake me, for you, you only, are left me ;” and she burst into a long but quiet fit of weeping, after which she seemed to rally something of the courage her cousin advised ; and, promising to be ready in half an hour for the proposed drive, went to her own room to bathe her aching head.

Laura had never felt before so heavy a sense of responsibility as now weighed upon her. The destinies of these friends for both of whom she felt the truest interest, for one the tenderest affection, seemed thrust into her hands.

Though not without a certain reliance upon herself, she trembled at the idea of acting on her own unassisted judgment in so delicate and difficult a matter. Yet the only chance of salvation for either Winnie or Reginald lay in secrecy and rapid action.

Winnie must never know that her husband was a felon ; Reginald must never be degraded in any other save her own eyes. If only she could be sure that Holden had kept his counsel ! that Reginald was safe from any detection except her own ! The one counselor for whom she longed unutterably was Denzil Crewe ; and even were he beside her, she could not, must not, betray Reginald to him. But it was a comfort even to think there was one in whose judgment, in whose sound, healthy, instinctive common sense she could have such strong reliance. When would she have the unspeakable joy of having him near her again ? to speak to, to be silent with, to listen to ! near him perfect sympathy made spoken communication by no means essential. When would the dreary days of separation be ended ? How sure she felt that no such cloud as darkened Winnie’s life could ever come between Denzil and herself ! Their affection had all the depth, fullness, and placidity which characterize a great river, the volume and force of which create a smooth flowing current not to be broken or rippled save by the mightiest obstacles. Looking back to her brief engagement with Reginald, she contrasted the strange unrest and excitement of that disturbed interval with the profound trust, the delicious tranquillity, of her present feelings, the delightful anticipation of real companionship and perfect understanding when at last Denzil and herself should share the same home, and help each other in every-day cares and duties.

To enjoy this highest type of love needs a certain degree of maturity. Youth is still in too sunny a ferment to allow of this clear, calm strength ; something of trial, something of ex-

perience, are requisites for the rich mellowness of a love that is but a deeper, fonder friendship, touched by imagination and warmed by an under-glow of passion.

"How would Denzil take her action in so important a crisis?" Laura continued to muse. Well, she was sure; at all events she must act on her own responsibility. He was too far away to be consulted, and all must be decided and arranged before his return.

Here she was broken in upon by Farrar, who announced that the carriage was at the door and her mistress ready.

The air and a change from her own rooms seemed to do Winifrid good, and Laura drew her into conversation on various subjects not connected with the absorbing topics of the present. She longed to tell her of her engagement—this was a matter that she knew would effectually draw Winnie out of herself—but she dared not. It would complicate everything and tend to alarm Reginald. He must not be frightened into recklessness. So she talked of the Admiral and Mrs. Crewe, of their delightful visit to the sea-side, of Dick's improving prospects, and Herbert's voyage. All went well till, turning into the Rue St. Honoré a few paces from the corner of their own street, Laura recognized Reginald entering the door of a small private hotel, which looked, nevertheless, very *cherché* and well kept.

"There is Reginald!" exclaimed Winifrid, her pale cheek flushing as she spoke. "Do you know where he is going?"

"Where?" asked Laura mechanically, though she guessed at once.

"He is going to call on Madame Moseynski," returned Winifrid. "That is her hotel."

Laura did not know how to answer. "Let us only get him away to England," she said at last. "Ask him to-night after dinner. I will slip away and you can coax him to fix the day. Believe me all will come right. Perhaps you may be mistaken. Are you sure Madame Moseynski really means to go with him? It seems too daring." Winifrid only shook her head, for Laura's question brought them to the door of their hotel.

There was a bright fire and some costly flowers in the *salon* which had evidently been arranged and put to rights in their absence, and Winifrid sat down at once in a low chair near the fire. "It is very doubtful if Reginald will come in to dinner. If he does, I will do my best to persuade him to come with me, and fix next Wednesday or Thursday for our start. But, Laura, I see you think I judge Madame Moseynski too hardly. Perhaps, were I in your place, I should think the same; but you do not, you cannot, conceive what she is."

"Bad enough, no doubt, yet——" And Laura paused, a sudden idea flashed upon her.

Winifrid rang the bell. "Do you know if Monsieur dines here to-day?" she asked, when the waiter appeared.

"I do not, Madame. Monsieur was here about an hour ago, with the commissionaire who brought these flowers, but he said nothing of dinner."

"Very well! They are lovely flowers," said Winnie, as the man left the room. "It was nice of Reggie to send them. Perhaps he will come back to dinner," she added wistfully.

Dinner hour approached, however, and he did not appear; so Laura and Winifrid sat down to table without him, and had proceeded as far as dessert and coffee, when he came in, still in morning dress.

"Do not disturb yourselves," he said pleasantly. "I have only looked in to ask how Winnie is after her drive. But I have promised to dine with Wielitzka and Latour, and one or two others, just to talk over our plans. We do not dine till eight. I think you seem the better of having gone out," he continued, drawing a chair to the table, and looking at his wife.

"Yes, thank you; I am better. What charming flowers Reggie! the room looked quite bright when we came in."

Reginald smiled, and poured himself out some wine. "Where did you go?" he asked languidly.

"Into the Bois. Do you know I feel so much stronger, that I am quite equal to start for England to-morrow! I wish, dear Reggie, you would fix the day to leave Paris."

"You had better settle it yourself with Laura," he returned indifferently.

"I confess I begin to be anxious to go back," said Laura. "You know I am not quite a free agent." So saying, she rose and left the husband and wife together.

There was a minute's awkward silence; and then Reginald rising, went to the fireplace, and, leaning against the mantel-piece, said, "Well, then, when do you propose to start?"

"I leave all arrangements to you!" returned Winifrid, with a slight quiver in her voice.

"Of course I will do whatever you want in the way of preparation," he rejoined, with careless good humor; "but I cannot return to England for a month or two."

"And you will let me return alone!" exclaimed Winnie with a burst of indignation, which shook her from head to foot, but which she mastered, while her husband answered, "Don't romance! You will have your favorite, Laura, to keep you company; Laura, whom you prefer to my friends." He spoke with cold composure as if the glimpse he had caught of her emotion had roused some inimical feeling.

Winnie, conscious that every moment, every word was of importance, rose, and, coming to her husband's side, passed her arm through his caressingly. "Reggie, dear," she said, with a pathetic quiver in her voice, "what is any company to me compared to yours? Do not let me go from you now! come with me! I fear I have been selfish in my great grief, but I will rouse myself to make your home pleasant and cheerful. Can I not be your companion, as I used to be? even though I am not a clever woman of the world."

Reginald looked down into the sweet sad eyes so tenderly and imploringly raised to his, and his own softened as he put his arm round her and drew her close to him.

"That you certainly are not," he said not unkindly. "But at least you must have learned that a man need not be the worse husband because he is not always tied to his wife's apron string! I will not stay long—I will join you, in a month or six weeks, at Pierslynn. Why should you grudge me a little pleasure? you know how readily I gave up the shooting, and all the fun we intended to have, to go with you to Franzinsbad. If, indeed, you would care to come with us, I am sure Madame Moseynski——"

"Can you seriously propose such a thing?" interrupted Winifrid, drawing away from him in indignant amazement. "Are you so blinded as not to see it is an insult?"

"Please yourself," returned her husband, shrugging his shoulders. "It is too bad to get so little out of life when—but there"—interrupting himself—"do not be a fool, Winnie; you will do yourself no good by making scenes. I do not want to be harsh or unkind if you let me go my own way; only I do not choose to be held up as a fellow his wife can twist round her finger."

"Are you influenced by so mean a motive?" exclaimed Winnie, yet struggling for self-control. "Suppose you were weak and heart-broken, what would you think of me if I left you to amuse myself?"

"It is quite different," he said impatiently. "Besides, it is business as well as amusement that takes me to Wielitzka's place. You know I have set my heart on making the Pierslynn stables renowned."

"And I have set my heart on your returning with me, dear Reginald; you will not regret it once you are away from Paris. Ah! my husband, if you send me from you now, it

will never be the same between us again!" and she caught his arm lovingly.

"Really, Winnie, this discussion has brought back your color, and made you look nearly as handsome as ever. But do not waste your energies, my dear girl! I shall see you off on Wednesday or Thursday if you like, and start on my own journey the day after."

"With Madame Moscynski?" asked Winnie in a low voice.

"Why not?" returned Reginald sharply, "if she happens to be traveling in the same direction?"

Winnie stood quite still and silent; her husband looked at his watch. "By Jove!" he said, "I shall be late for dinner;" and he walked out of the room without another word.

CHAPTER XLVI.

LAURA waited the result of Winifrid's interview with her husband in no small anxiety, although she did not greatly fear it.

Reginald might be weak, vain, inconsiderate; but it was impossible he could be really cruel to so fair and sweet a wife as Winnie! one who loved him so truly, so tenderly. Perhaps Winnie had somewhat exaggerated his misdoings and those of Madame Moscynski. Probably she was neither a good nor a prudent woman. She might have been a little spiteful and unkind towards Winifrid; but that a lady like herself, admitted into, nay, sought by what is termed "good society," could be absolutely, vulgarly bad in the full acceptance of the word, appeared impossible to her ordinary common sense. Moreover, Madame Moscynski seemed neither young nor impulsive enough to make the tremendous sacrifice that an overt *liaison* with a married man implies. No! if Winnie only had the courage and patience to speak frankly and lovingly to her husband all must come right.

But would she have it? she was so sore at heart, her stake in the game was so heavy, her all on a throw.

There was no use in thinking about it; thinking would do no good!

She stirred the fire and threw on another log of wood; then she drew the table nearer, and, taking out a letter received the day before from Mrs. Crewe, proceeded to answer it, hoping that, before she had finished, she would be able to name the date of her return. She was almost feverishly anxious to be back in London, to lay the train to the mine she longed, yet feared, to spring.

Her letter went on but slowly. She paused frequently to lean back in her chair, and to think over the plan she had carefully and painfully excogitated, and by which she hoped to avert scandal and detection from Reginald. Still Winifrid did not come; yet if their interview led to reconciliation and right understanding they would naturally take no heed of time. So Laura wrote on. It was more than an hour since she had left Reginald and his wife together, when the door opened to admit Winnie—Winnie looking unusually well, with color in her cheeks, and new brightness in her eyes. She closed the door after her and drew a chair to the fire.

"How nice and comfortable you look!" she said quietly. "To whom are you writing?"

"To Mrs. Crewe," returned Laura, feeling uneasy at this beginning.

"Poor dear Mrs. Crewe! Tell her, Laura, we shall be in London on Tuesday or Wednesday at furthest."

"I am truly glad to hear it," cried Laura, turning her chair so as to face the speaker.

"Are you? Well, under any circumstances I am glad to leave Paris, but Reginald does not come with us. I have played my last card, Laura."

"Do not say so. In such a game as yours there is no 'last' card!" exclaimed Laura, eagerly. "Do not fix any day. Wait; try again."

"It is useless; if I delay, he will leave me here. No, I have quite resolved to start either in the morning or evening of Wednesday. Had Reginald asked me to stay, I should have stayed, but he did not. I want to get away to London, and then I shall be able to think quietly, and decide what to do. Ah! what can I do?" this with a burst of irrepressible despair, immediately checked. "I suppose I shall find out in time. I shall grow stronger and wiser; and you, you will stay by me, dear!"—She stopped abruptly.

"Winifrid, dear Winnie, forgive me, but were you patient and tender?"

"I was, I think I was," said Winifrid, and proceeded to repeat the conversation she had had with her husband, in a strange, quiet, mechanical way. "Then he said he should be late for dinner, and walked out of the room without a look," she concluded.

"But is this so very final?"

"I think it is," returned Winnie, in the same quiet monotone. "He was not cross or unkind in manner. He does not seem to think the matter worth exciting himself about; but he will not give up Madame Moscynski, and—I can do no more."

"Let us see what to-morrow may bring forth," said Laura, dismayed, yet not liking to let Winnie give up hope. "As you parted without anger, at least open reproaches, I do not despair of the effect reflection may produce on Reginald."

"Reflection! when he is with M. Wielitzka and M. Latour; there is small room for reflection with such men. But there is no use in talking, and I want all my strength. Have you any book that would interest me? I do not want even to think, if I can help it."

"I have not, dearest Winnie. I came away too hastily to think of putting one in my bag."

"I wish it were not so wet and cold," said Winnie, rising and putting aside the curtains to look out, "so we might walk or drive somewhere. I feel as if I could do anything but sit still."

"It is nearly ten o'clock," said Laura infinitely distressed, yet not wishing to admit the fact of Winifrid's despair, "and you have had unusual fatigue to-day. Suppose you go to bed, and I will find something among the railway-books down stairs to read aloud to you, that may send you to sleep."

"Finish your letter," replied Winifrid; "tell Mrs. Crewe we shall leave Paris on Wednesday; and I will look for a book myself." She went to the door; then, turning abruptly, came to Laura, threw her arms round her and clasped her tightly. "How good and true you are to me! There is no one like you, no one."

Laura read long, in a carefully monotonous tone, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing Winifrid's dry, strained eyes close in sleep. She sat yet awhile in deep thought beside her; and at length, after carefully arranging a night-light and placing the bell where the sleeper could touch it on waking, she stole softly from the room, and calling Farrar, told her her mistress was asleep. But Laura's mental work was not yet over; while she slowly undressed she revolved a scheme which needed all her courage.

She saw that it was hopeless to attack Reginald directly, but how would it do to speak to Madame Moscynski? She might not quite know all the serious mischief she was working. Even if heartless and unprincipled she might have some regard for her reputation, and after hearing a calm friendly explanation of the true state of affairs, she might see the wisdom at least of declining Reginald's escort.

It was a difficult and odious undertaking, but worth trying.

She felt, rather than reasoned, that if the fascinating Princess withdrew from the intended expedition Reginald could be more successfully dealt with; but if he deserted his wife now, the breach would be hard to heal, while any estrangement between them would terribly aggravate the impending blow. Yes, she would risk the interview with Madame Moszynski. She might be laughed at for useless interference, she might fail; but, if she succeeded, that would repay all risks. Besides, Madame Moszynski was a woman of good standing; surely she would not peril her reputation in the teeth of a warning faithfully and temperately set before her under color of supposing that she was not aware of the view taken by Reginald's wife of the state of things.

Madame Moszynski was a formidable personage. It was no small undertaking to stand face to face with so consummate a woman of the world, and attack her with weapons from her own armory, to use which required trained skill, and this Laura knew she did not possess; but would not the cut and thrust of a brave and honest purpose do as well? Come what might, she would try, and that before the next day was past its prime.

The following morning was crisp and clear after the rain of the previous night. Winnie was calm and silent—still, as if the fever of hope was past. How to manage a couple of hours for herself alone, was Laura's first difficulty.

"Have you anything for me to do this morning?" she asked her cousin.

"No, dear, nothing. What do you wish yourself?"

"Well, I should not like to leave Paris without a peep at the Louvre."

"No; of course you ought to see the pictures, but I do not care to go; Farrar says there are some things we ought to get before we quit Paris. I will take her out with me, and perhaps take a little drive in the Bois; it did me good yesterday."

It was therefore arranged that Mrs. Piers should not wait luncheon for her cousin, and that Laura should linger as long as she liked in the galleries.

Laura never thought she could be among pictures and yet see so little of them as on that memorable morning; she thought over her intended visit and planned her opening speech. Once the subject was broached to Madame Moszynski her difficulties, at least of one description, would be over. Never was an hour and a half so long as that which distilled in leaden moments before she permitted herself to return to the hotel.

"Madame had just driven away," the waiter said, "and left word that she would probably not be back till late."

"Was Monsieur in the house?"

"No; Monsieur was not long gone out."

Suppose I find him with Madame Moszynski, what shall I do? thought Laura. "I shall not come in now," she said aloud to the observant waiter, "I can breakfast on my return;" and with a steady purpose and throbbing heart she passed on to the unobtrusive hotel which Winnie had pointed out to her as the residence of her foe.

A courtly personage in accurate costume, with the air of an aristocratic butler, answered her inquiries.

"Yes, Madame la Princesse was at home."

"And alone?"

"Alone? yes, quite alone."

Laura sent up her card, and was immediately admitted to a small but comfortably furnished room, sweet with the perfume of flowers which were tastefully and liberally distributed on mantelpiece and consoles.

Madam Moszynski herself, stood in the middle of the room with Laura's card in her hand, and an expression of slightly amused surprise on her countenance. She had apparently

just risen from a table strewn with letters and dainty costly appliances for writing.

Though quite aware of the unpleasantness of the task she had undertaken, its difficulties never seemed so formidable as now that she stood face to face with the little, delicate-looking, *spirituelle* woman who confronted her, in a picturesquely designed morning gown of dark green Indian cashmere, braided with gold, a scarf of white Brussels lace draped with careful carelessness over her head, and a red camelia thrust effectively between its folds at one side.

"Miss Piers," said the Princess, slowly, "this is a surprise, a very agreeable surprise; pray sit down, and tell me to what I owe this pleasure."

She drew forward a chair with a curious smile, partly polite, partly defiant, and took a seat herself at the opposite side of the fire with her back to the light.

"I have ventured to call upon you—" began Laura, feeling that she must collapse, and pass into the conventional nothing of an ordinary visit, under the tremendous ordeal of Madam Moszynski's peculiar searching eyes, and cool unflinching gaze, unless she mentally nailed her colors to the mast and opened fire directly.

"Pray do not talk about 'venturing,'" said Madame Moszynski blandly; "is it my fault that we are not on pleasant terms of everyday intercourse? How is poor Mrs. Piers today? I was glad to find you persuaded her to go out."

"I think the air and motion did her good."

"No doubt; and she thinks of leaving Paris next week?"

"Even sooner, if—but it is of this I have come to speak to you. Madame Moszynski," said Laura, gathering her forces. "I feel it is a bold step, you may resent it; yet if I could remove the—the sort of misunderstanding which seems to have sprung up between my cousin and yourself, I think you would forgive me."

"You are very good," said the fair Pole, politely and guardedly; "I am all attention."

"Mrs. Piers wishes to leave Paris," began Laura, her courage coming back gradually, "but she does not like the idea of returning without her husband. It would convey the idea—of negligence, of—in short, separation, if after her sad bereavement he let her go home without him."

"Ah!" said Madame Moszynski.

"She is under the impression," said Laura, hurrying on with the succeeding sentences while the color rose in her cheek, "perhaps an incorrect one, that as you are returning to Vienna, or some other place in Austria, Reginald intends to travel with you, and it is of this I have come to speak. I do not think you can be aware how deeply Mrs. Piers would resent such a step. Justly or unjustly, it would seem to her the most open neglect and defiance; *this* is the wife's opinion, you may be sure the world will see with her eyes, and judge both Mr. Piers and yourself severely; at any rate, the English world, which is still in a measure yours."

"What do you wish me to do?" asked Madame Moszynski coldly.

"Make Reginald understand that if he goes to Presburg he must go alone."

"So I am a bugbear to my sweet young friend," said Madame Moszynski with an amused smile, which yet gave Laura a sudden sense of having made a false move. "Really, Miss Piers, I must congratulate you on the pluck—that is the correct English term, is it not?—which emboldens you to come to a woman of my position, and say, 'You are taking my cousin's husband from her and endangering your own reputation.' You can know very little of the world."

"I daresay," returned Laura, with more decision than she had hitherto shown. "But I know you are doing mischief of which you are perhaps not aware, and I give you the benefit of the doubt by telling you the truth, and trusting to your

sense of right, to the womanliness of your nature, to put a stop to it."

The Princess looked at her for an instant, and Laura met her eyes with a glance as unflinching.

"What do you think Mr. Piers will say when I give him a report of this flattering visit?"

"I cannot guess."

"Do you think it will make him more pliant, more inclined to endure the—let us say *tristesse* of a wife perpetually drowned in tears?"

"If you choose to tell him, why, I have made matters worse, and I shall understand the part you intend to play."

"You are wonderfully attached to Mrs. Piers, are you not? and yet whispers have reached me that she played a treacherous part toward you. I scarce understand such Christian charity."

"Mrs. Piers never was anything but true, and I would dare much to secure her peace and happiness."

Madame Moscyński looked at the carpet for a while musingly, while a curious subtle smile stole round her mouth.

"You attribute more influence to me than I possess," she said at length. "I confess Mrs. Piers has roused me, and annoyed her husband, by her insolent and persistent rejection of my acquaintance. I have not been accustomed to such treatment; and, as Mr. Piers possesses to the full the masculine horror of being bored and opposed, she drives him to seek amusement in more congenial society. However, I am not implacable, and, as she has wisely chosen so good an envoy as yourself, I am willing to make terms."

"I am no envoy," cried Laura; "I come here on my own responsibility—on my own unsuggested impulse."

"Be that as it may," resumed Madame Moscyński coolly, "I will tell you to what I can agree."

"I had been hesitating between a visit to my uncle at Dairysford, or a *séjour* with some friends who have famous sporting quarters near Presburg. When Mr. Piers kindly offered to escort me to Hungary—far too agreeable a proposition to be declined—and as Mrs. Piers' absurd conduct made Dairysford a less desirable abode than it otherwise would be, I decided not to go there. If, however, I can be sure of her treating me with civility and allowing the current of our lives to run smoothly and pleasantly, why, I have no objection to the neighborhood of Pierslynn for the winter, and I have no doubt I—we—can persuade Mr. Piers to burn his yule log and eat his Christmas pudding in the halls of his ancestors." She leant back in her chair as she finished speaking, playing with the ends of her lace scarf, and surveying her visitor with calm, deliberate contempt.

The audacity of this speech roused the hottest indignation in her hearer. Laura felt her cheeks glow with shame and anger—shame that she should sit there and dispute with a hardened woman—dispute what? Winnie's right to the companionship of her own husband—anger that she should dare to propose such a compact. She had indeed made a mistake in attempting to win over such a woman, and she greatly feared that when Winifrid came to know of her visit she would be terribly vexed and mortified. But at least Madame Moscyński's conduct and avowal would give her the right to back up Winnie in her resistance to the intimacy which her husband sought to force upon her; there was nothing left but to end the interview, and she rose with a confused throng of angry, bitter thoughts crowding her brain.

"I have wasted your time and my own," she said. "You know I can promise nothing for Mrs. Piers; your own proposition—your own words—justify her conduct. If you are not inclined frankly and voluntarily to repair the mischief you certainly have done, nothing I can say will make you."

She turned toward the door as she spoke. Madame Moscyński laughed a low pleasant laugh.

"But, my dear Miss Piers," she said, "is this not much ado about nothing?"

The door opening interrupted her, and Reginald Piers came in unannounced, and in a leisurely familiar way. At the sight of Laura he stood still, a look of the greatest surprise changing his usual indifferent expression to one more animated.

The Princess laughed again, this time with real merriment. "Your *entrée* is quite dramatic, *mon ami*. You little thought that I was to have the honor of a visit from your cousin when you left me this morning! Pray do not run away, Miss Piers, the moment the bone of contention appears. Let us have the murder out."

Laura hesitated an instant and then stood her ground. "Yes," she said, "Madame Moscyński, I am quite willing you should tell everything to Reginald before me."

"What the deuce is it all about?" cried Reginald, the color rising to his cheek. "What has brought you here?"

"A very serious mission," said Madame Moscyński with quiet sarcasm. "Miss Piers wishes to put us all right; she wishes to save you from the dangers and iniquity of a journey with so worthless a personage as myself. She wishes to enable your very charming wife to have her own way in rejecting the friendship of your friend, and yet to receive all the same devotion as though she yielded to your wishes; and as to myself, she wishes to see me penitent—converted from the error of my ways, and finally shut out from contact with such pure pearls as her cousin and herself."

"By heaven, Laura!" cried Reginald, walking quickly across the room, to the fireplace where he took his stand upon the rug, "you have made an awful fool of yourself! Pray, did Winifrid send you? or was it your own unassisted wisdom that planned this attack?"

"You are right, Reginald," said Laura, "I have indeed been foolish—foolish in disputing Winifrid's opinion—foolish in believing that such homely, narrow views as mine could influence so accomplished a woman of the world as your friend."

"I hope I deserve the epithet, dear Miss Piers," said Madame Moscyński, blandly. "At any rate I do not believe that in the eyes of my world a journey anywhere with Mr. Piers will injure my reputation. It is good for so much."

"And do not suppose that such ill-bred meddling will effect anything except to widen the breach you seek to heal!" cried Reginald. "Nothing shall make me forego my intention to show the slight civility of accompanying a lady whom I sincerely regard on a long tedious journey, and you may tell my wife so."

Madame Moscyński laughed a small triumphant laugh.

"Yet, Reginald," said Laura, turning very pale, but facing him with steadfast eyes, "there is something that may change your plans—your life. Before you outrage your wife's feelings and risk your own reputation, read some letters that were addressed to me from Australia by a man who knew you well, but is now no more; you will then perhaps admit my right to dictate your conduct in this matter."

As she spoke the light of anger died out of Reginald's face; he made a step forward and then stood absolutely still, a strange, dazed, startled look in his eyes. Laura kept the same position; and Madame Moscyński, raising herself from the attitude of repose which she had assumed, looked with no small curiosity from one to the other.

CHAPTER XLVII.

REGINALD, after an instant of stunned silence, laughed aloud—a harsh, wild laugh.

"Well done, Laura! when you uncart a bogie you are right to make it big and indefinite. What may be these mys-

terious letters be, and from whom? Do they exist in a day dream, or a nightmare?"

"I will tell you all when we are alone," said Laura in a low voice, for she was frightened at her own words; and with a slight bow to Madame Moszynski, who sat upright, holding the arms of her chair, as if roused or excited, she left the room.

It was done then! The irrevocable words, respecting which she had thought and planned so much, had burst from her without premeditation, almost involuntarily.

She walked on unconscious of the busy crowd around, the question perpetually beating as if with an iron hammer on her brain, "Have I done ill or well for Winifrid? Have I saved him—or driven him to recklessness? Have I in any way loosened or contracted the hold that woman has on him? When I see him again, how shall I bear to look on him in his shame and degradation? He who was so bright—so chivalrous once—my hero—my beloved!"

Laura was stirred to her innermost depths. But out of the truth and tenderness that lay at the root of her character she gathered the fruit of courage and resolution; she had begun and she must finish. If—if only the shameful reality could be kept from Winnie, if she could be left the comfort of loving her husband! If in the present stage, Reginald could be restored to her, she would and could forgive his passing infidelity; but such a stain as she (Laura) could reveal, would it not eat out the heart of love, and leave nothing but an outer discolored husk?

How should she so guide the complication placed in her hands as to save all concerned?

For the moment she utterly lost sight of Madame Moszynski. She felt instinctively that her words had raised a white terror in Reginald's heart that no witchery of woman could exorcise. Pondering these things she walked on, mechanically, avoiding collision with those she encountered, but deaf and blind to the present.

She was aware that she reached the hotel; but, with a half unconscious design to escape contact and conversation, she passed the door and paused at a crossing a little beyond it which led to a gate of the Tuileries Gardens. There was a throng of carriages, and she waited for an opportunity to traverse the street. At last she succeeded, and had descended the steps of the opposite terrace, still harassed by the agitated thoughts she could not bring into order or sequence, when a quick step gained upon her, and, looking up, she saw Reginald Piers beside her.

"Laura! I insist on your explaining the extraordinary speech you have just made. Madame Moszynski thinks you a lunatic."

He was deadly pale, and his eyes looked wild and eager.

"My explanation involves a long story, Reginald, and one that can be told to you alone. Where can I find an opportunity?"

"Here!" said he with fierce impatience. "We shall be safe from observation and listeners at the other side of the garden. Come; I am anxious to know what you allude to."

They walked in silence to the terrace that overlooks the Seine, which is generally almost deserted. "Now," exclaimed Reginald, "we are effectually alone—speak!"

Laura slowly raised her eyes to his. "Reginald," she said, "I have known for some time that my grandfather was married. I have seen and copied the entry of his marriage in the register of St. Olave's Church. My father was born in wedlock. I am therefore the rightful owner of Pierslynn, and I am determined to assert my right."

They had stopped beside the wall as if looking into the river beyond.

Reginald drew back a step. His lips opened, but no sound came from them; a wave of color rushed to cheek and brow,

and, clenching his hands on the light cane he carried, he exclaimed, "Great God! is this revenge?"

"No," returned Laura sadly; "it is justice."

"But how do you mean to prove that the entry in the register you have seen is that of your grandfather Geoffrey Piers' marriage? The name is not very uncommon," said Reginald, looking intently at her, and casting from him the fragments of his cane which he had unconsciously snapped in two.

"Because the fact of the marriage, with the place and date corresponding to the entry, is communicated to the woman in whose house Geoffrey Piers and his supposed mistress are known to have lodged, and where my father was afterward born, in a letter which is in my possession."

"It is a forgery—a falsehood!" exclaimed Reginald, hastily, scornfully. "No such document exists. How did it come into your hands?"

"I found it in the keeping of a man to whom I was directed by——" She paused, almost terrified at making the last avowal which would show Reginald that she knew all his treachery. "A letter written just before his death by a man whom you knew—James Holden. He told me, what I would rather forfeit many fortunes than know, that you and he together visited the church, and examined the register—so—so—Ah, heaven, Reginald! what tempted you?" She broke off almost choked with sob.

"Come on," said Reginald, hoarsely; "we shall be noticed standing here." They walked a few paces in silence, then Reginald said, in tones that made every syllable a separate curse, "The lying traitor! How can you believe a word such a fellow would write?"

"Reginald," said Laura, in a low earnest voice, "it is useless to argue. I know my rights and I will maintain them. God knows how bitter it is to me to know all this, but——"

"It is all over with me," interrupted Reginald, stopping suddenly and sitting down on a bench by which he paused. "I am at your mercy."

He leant his elbows on his knees, supporting his head on his hand, and gazing away into the blank disgraced future with a look of such gloom, such hopeless despair, that Laura's heart ached for him.

"You cannot doubt that I will never be merciless to Winnie or to you. Her lot is bound up with yours."

"My God, Laura!" cried Reginald, turning to her, "your obstinacy in refusing to marry me has ruined us both! You would have made me a most admirable wife; you would have kept me straight; you would not have worried my soul out with senseless jealousy. By heaven! I never intended to wrong you, Laura. I intended to give you Pierslynn and myself into the bargain, for you loved me in those days, only I was such a weak infernal idiot that I could not hold my tongue, and I lost you."

"Is it possible you can be such a traitor to the sweetest, fairest wife a man could have, as for an instant to wish me in her place? How can you be false to her, even in thought? How can you even temporarily prefer hackneyed wit and conventional elegance to her bright nature and fresh loveliness? No; I cannot express the pity and indignation I feel for you; your very senses seem blunted, and I loved you so much once, Reggie, that I believe it costs me more to tell you this terrible history, than you to hear it."

"You were always something different from other women, and I trust you, Laura; yet life is over for me. I wish to God I was out of it all, and lying at the bottom of the river there!" he said bitterly, as he rose, and went to lean over the parapet.

"I have never known an hour's real happiness from the day you broke with me; though I was wild with joy when I had really won Winnie."

"She is all you say—yet I always dreaded (half unconsciously) that you should find me out."

There was silence for a few minutes. Laura felt her tears welling over as she noticed the crushed, cowed look that his whole face and figure had assumed.

At length he aroused himself, and, turning round, exclaimed: "If, then, Laura, you are inclined to be friendly and forgiving, we may compromise matters; we might quietly share the property during our joint lives. I might relinquish a couple of thousand a year, and leave a declaration that would secure the inheritance to your children should you ever marry. We might live abroad a good deal and no one be any wiser."

Laura shook her head. "No, Reginald; you must leave the terms to *me*. I must have a far more equitable arrangement. But it is time we returned. I shall write out my plan and suggestions; in these you may help me. You must remember that I hold you and all you possess in my grasp; you have no alternative but to agree to what I propose, except so far as your legal knowledge may enable you to improve upon my ideas. Nothing can be done here. Return with us to London and try to soothe Winnie: she is your best friend—your best defense, and she loves you still—so much."

He did not answer until they had walked a few paces. "I am in your hands," he said; "but, tell me, are you absolutely certain you never let the smallest hint of this infernal affair ooze out?"

"Never!" exclaimed Laura; "your honor is as dear to me as my own. I will save it yet."

"My honor!" repeated Reginald with unutterable bitterness. "Look here, Laura; I owe Wielitzka some money, and—and—the Princess too—not much—some bets at cards you know."

"I trust not a great deal; but, for heaven's sake, get clear of them before we start."

"You must wait a day or two."

"Settle that with your wife."

Another pause. The gray mist of a November afternoon was rising softly among the dark brown trunks and bare twigs of the trees like a ghostly presence; a dull continuous roll from the streets pervaded the air, like an angry moan over the irrevocable past.

"I ought to thank you, Laura," said Reginald as they approached the exit from the gardens—he spoke in a constrained voice—"I see you are generous; but the bitterness, the disgrace of the whole thing, rage at my short-sighted folly, poisons my soul. I am incapable of gratitude, of anything but a blind fury against myself—against everything—even you."

Laura could not reply; how could she comfort him or reconcile him to himself? Yet her just anger was fading before the rising glow of pity for the criminal, little as she knew he deserved it.

"Let us try to wipe out the past," she said at length. "Of one thing be sure; I will guard you from suspicion; I think I can; but you must be guided by me."

Reginald bent his head sullenly.

"I shall see you this evening," he said. "We must keep everything dark to Winnie—poor dear Winnie! but I will leave you now, Laura; I—I must be alone."

He turned abruptly, and walked quickly away in the direction of the river.

Laura looked after him with a momentary uneasiness, but soon assured herself there was no need for anxiety. All Reginald's rage and regret was against his own failure and detection, not remorse for his robbery of herself.

Her chief sensation was relief that the dreaded avowal had been got through, and it had come about easily after all. Yet had she not felt the pangs of shame more keenly than the offender? Did he indeed realize that she was determined to

assert her rights? His rather audacious proposal to give her about a third of her own, and keep the affair to themselves, did not look like it.

These thoughts brought her to the door of their hotel. She felt faint and exhausted, and forced herself to swallow some food; then, as Winifrid had not yet returned, she took refuge in her own room. Little more than two hours ago she had left the Louvre nervous with a degree of uncertainty as to the wisdom of the bold step she contemplated; and now the Rubicon was passed, and she was fairly launched on a wave of circumstance which might lead her—where?

But she felt calmer and stronger; things looked more promising for Winnie. She might be happy after all.

"Laura, dear, you are not feeling unwell?" said Winnie's kindly voice at the door, after a space of quiet how long Laura did not know.

"Come in. I had a slight headache," she returned, opening to her friend; "a mere nothing."

"A picture gallery is always fatiguing," said Winifrid, walking to the fireplace, and putting her foot on the fender. She was very pale; her heavy eyes, the sad curve of the sweet mouth, all bespoke hopeless depression.

"You are tired too, are you not?" asked Laura.

"Yes, a little," with a sigh. "We did a good deal of business, Farrar and myself; we got sundry little presents. I need not forget my friends, even though I feel as if I had done with the world."

"You have not done with the world yet, dear Winnie," returned Laura, cheerfully. "I trust there are brighter days in store for you."

"You are looking brighter, at any rate, Laura," said Winifrid, gazing at her more attentively. "There is some sort of change in your face—dear old face, that I know so well. Have you heard anything new?"—this with a little eagerness.

"No, nothing whatever new. Let me see what you have been buying."

As on the previous day, Winnie and Laura sat down *à-tête-à-tête*, but they had scarce finished their soup when Reginald joined them.

"I did not intend to be so late," he said, placing himself at table; "or are you extra punctual?"

Winifrid was silent. Laura made some slight reply respecting the difference between watches, and dinner proceeded somewhat silently.

Reginald addressed himself principally to his wife; asked with languid but kindly interest where she had been; and, Laura could not help observing, avoided her eyes as much as possible, looking away even when he spoke to her.

When coffee had been served and the waiter departed, Reginald, whose composure and easy tone moved Laura to surprise and a certain degree of admiration, suddenly observed—playing with his spoon and looking rather steadily at the table-cloth—

"If you do not mind waiting till Thursday, Winifrid, I will go to London with you. I find the spring is a better time to visit the Taradoski stables than the present season, and I dare say there is lots to do at Pierslynn." He brought out this last word with an effort perceptible to Laura.

Winnie's eyes sparkled for a moment, but the light quickly faded as she replied, "Of course, Reggie, I will wait any time you wish, so long as you fix it."

"Very well; Thursday morning then; we can stay a few days in London, and see my mother."

"Certainly, that will be very nice; and Laura, dear, you must come on with us to Pierslynn," cried Winifrid, who could hardly believe her ears; "you do not know how charming Pierslynn is in winter. By the way"—for she had suffered

too much to believe readily that her troubles were over—"is Lord Dereham to have a large party this year?" Laura understood this leading question.

"I believe not. I did hear he was to winter at Nice." Another brief silence, then Reginald shivered visibly, and pressed his hand to his head.

"I think I have taken cold," he said; "I am burning, yet chilled, and my head aches. I think I will go and lie down. Should any one call, I do not wish to be disturbed; and, Winnie, would you mind presently coming to bathe my brow with eau-de-cologne and water? You remember at Florence nothing did me so much good as your application of cold water and eau-de-cologne."

"I will come in a few minutes. Reggie; I hope you are not suffering much."

"I dare say I shall be all right to-morrow," he returned, as he left the room.

As the door shut, Winifrid changed her seat to one next Laura, and laid her hand upon her cousin's. She was trembling all over.

"What can it mean, dearest Laura, this wonderful change? I dare not trust it."

"It only means that Reginald has taken time to reflect, and his better self has conquered. I would have hope now, were I you. Go to him, Winnie, and soothe him as much as you can. I think he is unwell and suffering."

Laura went slowly into the *salon*, and sat down by the fire, intending to wait a while in case Winnie returned, or sent for her, planning in her own mind the while how she should frame the scheme she had promised to write out for Reginald. Presently the waiter came in with the letters just arrived by the evening post.

Several for Reginald, one for Winnie, with a French stamp; and one addressed in Mrs. Crewe's writing to herself, containing an excellent report of the Admiral, and brimming over with curiosity as to the details of the illness of the poor, dear baby, who had been, Mrs. Crewe was always convinced, very much mismanaged. The letter concluded with some small details touching Topsy and Collins, which brought the quiet, cosy home in Leamington Road vividly before Laura, and she sat lost in thought, contrasting the moral cyclone which had suddenly wrapped her in its wild eddies, with the simple tranquillity of her past life—of the serene future, to which she looked with such sweet certainty; while, though keenly alive to the tragedy which Reginald had brought upon himself, she could not help smiling as imagination pictured the excitement, the curiosity, the exultation of Mrs. Crewe when the time came for the great revelation.

Here Winnie broke in upon her reflections. "Reginald wants to know if there are any letters for him," she said.

"There are several," said Laura, pointing to them; "the post has been in some time."

"I know most of these," said Winnie, looking over them. "There is one from his lawyer, and from Lord Dereham; and this is a circular, and this is from the steward at Pierslynn." She sighed as she said the name.

"Are you very fond of Pierslynn?" asked Laura, looking at her with a strange yearning pity.

"No, not particularly. At first I thought I was going to love the place, but I suffered so much there; it is so associated with those first agonizing doubts. But who can this be from? it is a foreign-looking hand."

She opened the letter addressed to herself, and looked at the contents, her countenance changing as she did so. "This is very extraordinary," she said. "Listen to this Laura: 'Madame, I think it right to inform you that your husband prefers to remain in Paris because he is in the toils of a fascinating woman, well known in certain circles both here and

in London, who resides not far from you; she intends to take him with her on a distant journey. I warn you that once away from such influence as home still exercises over him, the lady in question, and the staff of bloodsuckers connected with her by various ties, will never leave their hold till they have reduced your husband, and through him yourself, to beggary and worse. Madame — has but one object—to get and to spend money; and, as she cannot work altogether without help, she is obliged to share with the infernal crew to whom she is linked. You have hitherto resisted bravely the attempts made to draw you into the net. Make a strong effort now to rescue your infatuated husband, who is every day getting more and more involved in the meshes of a woman who never yet cared to have a poor lover. Do not quit Paris without him. All is arranged for the departure of Madame — and her victim on the 2d, and once gone, he will never return to you. Your sincere sympathizer, ———."

The cousins looked at each other in silence for a moment. Winnie was the first to speak.

"In one sense it is a false alarm," she said. "For some reason or other Reginald is determined to come with us on Saturday. Whether the Princess has made any new arrangement, I cannot tell, but there is a change for the better in Reggie's heart, and he is very unwell."

"Then you will take no notice of this? Anonymous productions seldom deserve any."

"I do not know," returned Winifrid thoughtfully; "I believe every word in this letter is true as far as that dreadful woman is concerned, and Reggie too," she added with a sigh. "Not that he deliberately intended to leave me forever; and, you see, he is really true at heart—at least I begin to hope so. I wish he could see the letter, it might be a warning. I think I will show it to him, and say, 'I know it is false, because you are not going to leave me.'"

It was late that night before Laura attempted to sleep. She wrote steadily for a considerable time, occasionally pausing to think, but making few corrections. At length she folded up and sealed a thick letter addressed to Reginald Piers, which she shut into her writing case, and then crept quietly to bed.

(To be continued.)

Lavender.

I.

THE STILL HOUSE AND THE ESSENTIAL OILS

"Oh! mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities,
For naught so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give."

Friar Lawrence, in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet"

SOMEWHERE, thought I, there must be great fields of roses and violets, lavender, heliotrope, and all their kind, that furnish the perfumer-chemist with his materials. There were none such here, where we grind the mills of necessity; and I had determined before leaving America, that in a tour for sight-seeing, I would include the plantations that supply the laboratories of luxury with flowers and scented herbs.

The foreman of an extensive perfume manufactory, which for the convenience of avoiding the tariff-tax is located among the wharves of the Thames river, told me that so near as a half hour from London, I could, in Mitcham, see the odorous fields of the perfume-plants.

It is among the gossipy traditions of Italian opera, I heard the story from musical operatives, that the celebrated Mme.

Frezzolini, among her other eccentric and often extravagant caprices, used to give her beautiful self a whole bath in lavender water. I wanted to see the open acres of lavender in the act of distilling a prima donna's bath from the morning dew.

"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
As hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest wet with morning dew,
As love is loveliest when embalmed in tears."
—*The Lady of the Lake.*

Not only the foreman perfumer of the great laboratory, also the voluminous encyclopedia made mention of the Mitcham lavender-growing. These acres of flowers, cultivated for utility, these acres of aromatic plants, gathered not to be threshed, but to be boiled and boxed for commerce, contrasted so with the grain-fields of America, the familiar and vast food-harvests of the Illinois prairies, that when the foreman went on to tell me about it, I began to think of the Garden of Eden, and was fascinatingly strengthened in my previous intention to see and breathe the plantations of flowers.

Mitcham is in the large county of Surrey, and is straight south of the beautiful parks in the Western part of London. Scarcely had the train left the busy immediate environs of the world's metropolis, when I landed, and asked the way to the estate where flowers were raised for perfumery. The way there proved to be just the walk to be enjoyed, for the answer was: "Pass two greens and then turn down." I went by small brick dwellings with flower-gardens in front.

These little abodes were distinguished, perhaps dignified, by a title on the gate, such as, "The Lorne Villa," "The Romeo Villas." I had passed the two plazas, types of "The Village Green," when a woman behind the counter in a provision store, answered me: "Is it the Lord o' the Manor you want? Mr. Bridger is his name. It is the next house beyond 'The Swan.'"

It was a comfortable and simple country house, an old homestead, inhabited in turn by the present lord-of-the-manor, his father and grandfather, who was the great-grandfather of the lord's now adult children. That ancestor "started the lavender growing in Surrey."

When I drew near and entered the gate, I found that three or four ladies were enjoying the summer morning in a cool green yard, with the books, chairs, and hammocks which are the rural luxuries of a June day. It was almost noon. From one of them I learned that the proprietor, her brother, not being very well, was not up yet. "But as our foreman has been with us about fifty years, he could tell you all about it;" and she seated me in the house to wait for him.

Instead of the foreman, the lord-of-the-manor himself came in.

"Won't you have a glass of wine and a biscuit?"

It was a hearty invitation and so appropriate, that I followed him out, and was immediately one of the family circle at an abundant repast of cold meats and other refreshing things; and everything so good. There were his two daughters, their guest, a pretty and bright English girl, and the pleasant woman who had first received me, and who had, in her time, traveled as far as New Zealand; so that the chat of the table went rambling to a distant hemisphere.

The lord did not otherwise show years which were indicated by the trembling hands of prosperity, peace, and good living. He was tall, strong, and well made. "Come with me," he said, as we left the hospitable table. He unlocked the iron door of a small room lined with shelves, on which stood treasures of undiluted perfume, in the condensed state of the essential oils.

Not the chemist nor apothecary had seen them yet; and here at the flower-farm, where these essences had drawn

sweetness from the air and the soil at once, had rooted, flowered, and grown to this richness, by merely growing! The little room took the character of a locked closet of sweets in the primeval garden, where the hands that plucked them were those of the first man and the first woman.

"Hast thou not leaved me how
To make perfumes, distil, preserve?"
—SHAKESPEARE.

"Is Mitcham the only place in England where nine-odored plants are cultivated for the chemical market?"

"No; in Beddington they raise, too," answered Mr. Bridger. "It is the next railroad station. There are farms of the fine herbs in about three towns, all in Surrey, and all neighboring. Lavender blooms in August. Then is the time to see it in its perfection as a harvest; and for our various crops, about the middle of August is the height of our gathering and distilling time, our liveliest season. At present our still is a still-house in a double sense. Come down and see it."

He courteously handed me a little dainty cut-glass phial, filled with the oil of lavender, locked the treasure-room of sweet scents, led the way out and down, and there unfastened a door that was draped with cobwebs. This let us into the now utterly still still. There were large round tanks for water. In them was coiled, irregularly, a long, slender tube. This was the notorious "worm of the still"; but a temperance lecturer, a total abstainer might have looked upon it with a benediction. It was the apparatus of distillation, but it distilled only the essences of the boudoir, or the healing balms of the invalid's chamber. And

"As odors crushed are sweeter still,
The good are better made by ill."

—ROGERS.

Mine host explained: "This slender tube, running around in the tank of cold water, cools the steam that has come into the tube, and brought with it the fragrant principle of the plant. The steam comes from a big pot, which is over such a fire as might heat an oven or drive an engine. This pot of herbs is thus kept boiling furiously."

"Thus this still, now so still, is never still, while the still is still distilling!"

"Far from still. There is a tempest in the pot; a separation and voluntary emigration, as you will see. Two or three times daily the still is "charged"—i. e., fresh herbs, blossoming herbs, are thrown into the boiling pot. Their essential oils volatilize in company with the hot escaping vapor at a far lower heat than the oils would alone. And within the tube, having entered into the tank of cold water, on issuing out of the tube, the fine essential oil, now cooled and condensed, floats on the top of the water. The great kettle is "charged"; the tank is "drawn off" through a cock below, in which the water flows out, and we have secured the oil."

There is an oil in all odorous plants. Through these oils we have the fragrance of vegetation. They are as fond of liquor as the worst toper of the slums, or the "booziest" lord in the kingdom. Yet, close and complete as is the affinity—a spirituous affinity—of the oil for the alcohol, and the alcohol for the oil, if now water is introduced, the union becomes turbid and roiled; for the water seizes the alcohol and disengages it from the oil, and the transferred spirit brings with it the odor which is the peculiar character of the plant. This character we discover when we scent its breath.

The so-styled "lavender water," "orange-flower water," "eau de jasmin," etc., would be more correctly termed odoriferous spirits. Lavender water, as sold at the perfumer's counter, is a composition, made from lavender oil, alcohol, ambergris, and perhaps one or two other ingredients. Each chemist has his own preferred recipe. The fancy-



THE CARGUÉRO.

made perfumes, "bouquets" and "nosegays," are ingeniously harmonized combinations of several primitive odors, such as vanilla, violet, rose, musk, sandal-wood, and cloves. To these add two or three more, and have each of all these duly proportioned, and you have the favorite compound known by the name of its inventor, Frangipanni.

We stood at the great tank, and I was looking down into the emptiness, now imagined to be fresh and fragrant fluidity. Essences, oils, aromas, alcoholic seizures, and absolved unions, oily water, clear water, a boiling pot, and a tank with a worm, were all jumbled together and hastily dumped into my muddy understanding; and over all there came an odoriferous and soothing vapor, and I clenched the idea that the sweet weeds stayed in the boiling pot, the boiled water finally gushed coolly out of the stop-cock below; and the essential oil, which, when closely, furiously mixed with steam, had been led down by a worm, now remained there before us, like the cream on the top of a milk-pan.

But the herb-distiller was explaining still the still still: "The lavender oil is, after this even, fined down, and then stands in open glass jars, as you saw it in the essence-room."

"Why are the essence-jars kept open?"

"Because air improves it, it being an essential but not a volatile oil. The lavender-plant requires a very rich soil. My lavender sells for immensely more than does the imported. The essential oils, although they care little about water, are sufficiently soluble with it to give it in agitation their characteristic smell and taste. The scented water which runs out of the tank, the true 'lavender-water,' our workmen have as a perquisite, and sell it out of vats at the door. The people come with their pitchers and pails, and buy a pint or a quart at a time."

Thought, which so quickly took me back over the Atlantic Ocean, darted then again, through time as well as space, to the ancient baths of the Roman matrons, in whose luxurious use of this perfumed plant it took the name we call it; and English, Italian, Spanish, and Frenchmen, all follow suit, calling it Lavender, from the old Latin verb, *lavo*, I lave.


"His once unkempt and barbarous locks behold,
'Stillling sweet oil.'"

—DRYDEN.

Now mine host called up the gardener, the trusty foreman of fifty years, and, recommending his guidance, turned me out into the fields, tilled to supply pure and simple luxury.

ANNA BALLARD.

The Carguéro.

HE Cordilleras of Central America are remarkable for their wild sublimity and picturesque beauty, the scenery being majestic and varied. The various mountain peaks are of stupendous height, some of the summits of which are crowned with perpetual snow. Through the deep crevices rush torrents of water, and in some places a bridge has been thrown by nature from rock to rock.

In rainy weather the tourist who travels over these mountains in the interest of science has to encounter many difficulties. He finds the way full of large stones, deep bogs, and an impeding vegetation. Under these circumstances, he is glad to make use of the back of a Carguéro to assist him in his ascent, especially as the mountains are frequently impassable on mules.

The Carguéroes are not always Indians, for there are many white men who choose this tiresome and hazardous occupation. The fatigue is great, the remuneration small, and they travel eight or nine hours a day, sometimes with raw and

bleeding backs. Painful as the business of a Carguéro is, it is eagerly embraced by the young men living at the foot of the mountains. On one occasion, when it was proposed to make the roads over the mountains more passable, the Carguéroes protested, as it would deprive them of their occupation.

To the tourist, traveling on the back of a Carguéro is very fatiguing. He must lean back motionless in his chair for several hours, for the least motion would carry his bearer down. Sometimes the traveler, alarmed at a false step of his bearer, leaps upon the ground, which is often a hazardous undertaking. The chair, which is made of cane or palm-wood, is fastened to the back of the Carguéro with a wide girth which passes around his forehead. He carries a stick something like an Alpenstock, while before him goes a comrade bearing the tent which is to be pitched on the most available spot.

When Humboldt traveled over these mountains, he tells us that the Carguéro was provided with the leaves of the vijao, under which the traveler slept. These leaves were oval, twenty inches long and fourteen inches in breadth. The lower part was covered with a scaly substance, resembling a thick varnish, which enabled them to resist the action of water for some time. The Carguéro cut down a few branches of the trees and made a rude tent, the top of which he covered with a net-work of twigs on which the large leaves were laid. Humboldt passed several days under one of these leafy tents, which was perfectly dry, although the rains were violent and incessant.

Our engraving shows a traveler going over the mountains in rainy weather, on the back of a Carguéro. The brawny bearer has taken off his shoes, and steps over the rocky way with his bare feet. The rain, pouring in torrents, drenches the party, and anything more uncomfortable than their situation cannot well be imagined. But for a few such venturesome travelers, who would know what wonders of vegetation are glorifying the fastnesses of the Cordilleras, and what sublime scenery stretches along the mountains vast?

A Song.

A MAIDEN, while spinning, was cheerfully singing;
Sweet were her accents, and clearly they rang.
Bright as the dawn was she, crowned with sweet purity.
This is the song that the fair maiden sang:

"What is time bringing, so rapidly winging?
Laughter and gladness, or sorrow and tears?
Shall I discover a true hearted lover?
Where has he tarried, then, all the long years?"

"He must be earnest for whom my heart yearneth,
He must be noble and manly and true,
Firm in upholding right, doing with all his might
Every good work that his hand finds to do.

"Virtue assisting, temptation resisting,
Steadfast in doing the best that he can;
Then, let his station be high or of low degree,
Nature may proudly say, This is a man.

"Hours swiftly hieing, and days quickly dying,
When to my longing heart, when will ye bring
Him who shall o'er it reign, never to roam again,
Mine, and mine only, my hero, my king?"

G. F. C.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

BEDROOMS.

SUNSHINE, good air and cleanliness are the three first luxuries for a bedroom. Abundant sunshine may be denied in many city bedrooms, but cleanliness is as indispensable in the poorest tenement of the most crowded street, as in the daintest bed-chamber of the rich.

Luxury and ornament may not be possible, but if order and cleanliness rule, the first long step toward refinement and beauty is already taken. The old proverbs, "Order is heaven's first law," and "Cleanliness is next to godliness," are good and wholesome. A private sick-room in a hospital, or a nun's cell with only its iron bedstead, chair, and crucifix, hold the first real needs of a bedroom, as they give at once by their absolute order, simplicity, and cleanliness, a feeling of rest and peace.

The little chamber on the wall, prepared for Elisha by the great woman of Shunem, held "a bed, and a table, and a stool and a candlestick," the absolute necessities, and no more. The simplest and poorest bedroom can be thoroughly nice and even artistic. One of our best teachers for home decoration, Mr. Eastlake, says: "Now, one of the points on which it is necessary to insist is this, that excellence of design may be, and indeed frequently is, quite independent of cost. I might go further, and say with truth that the style of interior design is sure to deteriorate in proportion to its richness. Some of the worst specimens of decorative art one sees exposed for sale are expensive articles of luxury. Some of the most appropriately formed, and therefore most artistic objects of household use, are to be bought for a trifling sum."

This does not mean, of course, that rich and beautiful things do not cost money, but that useful and beautiful things that are not expensive may be had by those who will look for them.

Remembering the first rule of order and cleanliness for a bedroom, it is only necessary to say of floors, that it is cleaner to have bare hard wood or even painted floors with a rug or square of carpet for the center of the room. This can be easily taken up and shaken. In sickness the bedroom must be the sick room, and in cases of fevers or contagious sickness the carpet can be removed at once without trouble. William Morris says of carpeting an entire room: "You have heard from teachers like Dr. Richardson what a nasty, unwholesome custom this is, so I will only say that it looks nasty and unwholesome. Happily, however, it is now a custom so much broken into that we may consider it doomed, for in all houses that pretend to any taste of arrangement, the carpet is now a rug, large it may be, but at any rate not looking unmovable, and not being a trap for dust in the corners." When the rug or carpet covers only the middle of the room, for the same money a better and handsomer material can be bought, as fewer square yards of material are needed. Instead of an Ingrain a Brussels might be had, or instead of a Brussels an Eastern rug. A good rug is a thing for a lifetime, and not for a few years' wear, so no careless haste should be used in selecting it.

Still the charm of a room depends on the combination of shades of color, rather than on richness of material. I have known a sitting-room with dull red walls, and red brown floor, with only a square of terra cotta Ingrain Morris carpet, maroon curtains, a few pictures and photographs, with only a vase of flowers on the piano, and the covers of books on the table to brighten the soft reds and red browns of the room, have a feeling of artistic taste and refined comfort.

This was due not to richness of materials, but to a careful blending of colors.

If a room is small and low, one tint on the side wall, or one pattern of paper is enough. Two or three may be used for a very high room. Ordinary bedrooms will not need more than two divisions. There may be a frieze at the top and a color or wall paper below, or a dado below with wall hanging above to the ceiling. The first division seems to me best for bedrooms, as the decoration or color at the top in the frieze is not lost or hidden by furniture, as a dado would be; besides a low picture rod below the wide frieze is a great convenience when one wishes to change the position of a picture or plaque. The dado is more useful in hall or dining room, where the chair rail above is needed to protect the walls. Sunny rooms can bear a darker colored wall, and dark rooms need the lighter tint. William Morris says, "There are not many tints fit to color a wall with: this is my list of them as far as I know: a solid red not very deep, but rather describable as a full pink, and toned both with yellow and blue, a very fine color if you can hit it; a light orangy pink, to be used rather sparingly; a pale golden tint, *i. e.*, a yellowish brown, a very difficult color to hit, a color between these two last, call it a pale copper color. All these three you must be careful over, for if you get them muddy or dirty, you are lost.

"Tints of green from pure and pale to deepish and gray; always remembering that the purer the paler, and the deeper the grayer.

"Tints of pure pale blue from a greenish one, the color of a starling's egg, to a gray ultramarine color, hard to use because so full of color, but incomparable when right. In these you must carefully avoid the point at which the green overcomes the blue and turns rank, or that at which the red overcomes the blue and produces those woful hues of pale lavender and starch blue which have not seldom been favorites of elegant drawing-rooms and respectable dining-rooms."

These directions for wall color are helpful, but may seem too uncertain to follow by any one who is not professionally an artist and a judge of colors. If it is so hard to hit the right shade, how is an inexperienced person to get it? It would be safe for such a person to go to the Morris Art Rooms and select a sample of stuff of the colors that seem most suitable for the room, whether it be solid red, or orangy pink, pale or gray green, golden yellow, or blue. This can be used afterward for a chair seat or sofa pillow. The colors of whatever sample you select will be in good shades and artistically combined. Then see that your painter or decorator really mixes his colors according to the sample given. This requires personal oversight. A sample of good wall paper could be used in the same way. Painted walls in flat color are without doubt cleaner and healthier than wall papers, but the first expense is large, and a wise choice of color difficult. There are so many good and inexpensive as well as artistic wall papers now, that no one need be at a loss. A frieze can be made of a width of paper of a lighter and brighter design above while a plain diaper, set figure or cartridge paper covers the space below. The yellow cartridge or butchers' paper gives warmth and almost an effect of sunshine to a dark or cold room. This color is especially good as a background for oil paintings, and is not always suitable for bedrooms where a lighter and more varied wall hanging can be used.

Bedroom walls are sometimes hung entirely with chintz. This gives a look of warmth and comfort, but seems a decoration more suitable to the colder English sky and climate. A space back of a picture or any portion of the wall surface could be hung with a stuff in a color harmonizing well with the general wall color, without covering the whole room with wall hangings.

After our floor and walls are cared for, the bedroom demands next the bed. If a large portion of a person's life must be spent in sleep, then it is wise and suitable that care be taken to make our beds and bedsteads wholly comfortable, and as we cannot escape them or get rid of them, they should not be ugly. The bedstead must be strong and honestly made. It is wiser to put the expense into good material and good work rather than into ornament. Remember a good mattress and good springs are a necessity, and let the bedstead itself be simple, if need be. For the bedstead itself there is every possible shape and fashion, from the heavy, carved, four-post, curtained bedstead of our grandmothers' day, to the costly, bright, airy brass ones of the present day. The carved bedstead demands other furniture suitable with it, and also ample curtains. The brass bedstead is beautiful but expensive. When absolutely little expense is necessary, a single bedstead can be made of oak by a good carpenter for less than four dollars. Your wood can be oak, but the work must be simple. The legs can be four posts chamfered at the corners, but leaving the full square at the top and bottom of the post, the outer ends of the squares being also chamfered. The head-board must be higher than the foot-board, with only the corners of both cut off; the sides straight, with the sharp corners chamfered away. A strong strip of wood with sockets is fastened to the head and foot to hold the slats. The proper fastenings are put at the sides and casters to the legs of the bed. This is all that can be done for the money, but this little is simple and inoffensive because unpretentious. If one understands carving, a monogram or a few lines or set figures can be cut in sides or head-board. A good carpenter can make a more elaborate bedstead quite inexpensively, if a person with taste and judgment directs the work. Indeed I have known bureaus, washstands and wardrobes, as well as bedsteads, all made at home by a regular carpenter, and they were stronger, handsomer and cheaper than those made at the shops. Of course there is besides the advantage of having your piece of furniture always fit the place for which it is made. But all this is impossible without some one of judgment to direct the work. But whether the furniture is made under home eyes or bought at the shops, let the material and workmanship be good. Buy fewer things and let the few be choice. Morris gives the rule, "Put nothing in your room that you do not believe to be beautiful or know to be useful." If possible let your furniture be both beautiful and useful. So much has been written and said of late about well-made and artistic furniture, that the demand has brought the thing into the market. But do not let the haste to gain a new Eastlake bureau or table cause you to cast aside any piece of old furniture that is really good. The best thing is not the finest, but more generally the simplest. A rich gown needs little trimming, and real woods, as oak and mahogany, are handsome without ornament. Still, as hand-made lace increases the beauty of the velvet, so real carving enriches a noble wood; but this is luxury.

Bedsteads are more picturesque with curtains, and in summer some light hangings are a comfort as a protection from the sleepless mosquito. The heavier curtains are not necessary in our furnace-heated houses, but they add much to the beauty of the room. Supports holding a half circle can be fastened at the head of the bed. This half circle above is covered with a color contrasting well with the heavy curtains, which are also lined with this color. These curtains should not quite touch the floor. If heavy curtains are not desired, light ones of creamy lace, scrims or Madras muslin can be suspended on a rod hung from one or two hooks fastened in the ceiling over the head of the bed. These can be drawn back by day and closed at night. Bed curtains may be of every material. I have seen exceedingly pretty ones

embroidered, some with silk, others with crewel in two shades of blue on round thread linen in large scattered conventional designs in New England stitch. Of course the same embroidery may be used on the soft India silks in many colors when the room demands richer materials.

HETTA L. H. WARD.

"The Flight into Egypt."

(See Steel Plate Engraving.)



HE story of the flight into Egypt is so well known as to scarcely need repeating. Warned in a dream to take the young child and its mother and flee into Egypt, Joseph, in order better to cover his flight, departed in the night. Herod, failing to secure the child that he thought had come to supplant him, ordered the slaying of all the children in Bethlehem from two years old and under, hoping that the child might be among them. Again the angel appeared to Joseph and informed him of the death of Herod, telling him to take the young child and its mother and return to the land of Israel. When Joseph heard, however, that Herod's son ruled in the place of his father, he was afraid to go to Jerusalem, and went to the city of Nazareth.

The story, as told by St. Matthew, contains some remarkable particulars. In the first place, the wise men sent by Herod to bring the child and its mother to him were guided by a star, that went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

We ridicule dreams, yet in this story they played an important part. The wise men were warned in a dream not to return to Herod, in consequence of which they departed into their own country another way. Joseph received his warning to flee from an angel who appeared to him in a dream. Again the angel appeared to Joseph in a dream, telling him that they who sought the young child's life were dead, and that he must return with his family to the land of Israel.

Another remarkable particular was the fulfilling of several prophecies by the flight. In the first place it was predicted that the Christ would be born in Bethlehem. Another prophecy was that he would be called out of Egypt—"Out of Egypt have I called my son." The slaying of the children fulfilled the prophecy that in Ramah would be heard a voice of lamentation, Rachel weeping for her children; and, Joseph turning aside into Nazareth fulfilled the prophecy that Christ should be called a Nazarene.

The picture from which our illustration is taken is remarkably beautiful, and brings before us most vividly the flight into Egypt. Joseph sits in subdued quiet beside the mother and child, who clasp each other in loving embrace. Around the head of the latter glows the nimbus. As angels appeared to Joseph telling him to flee into Egypt, the artist has thought fit to introduce them into the picture, and with fine effect. One holds a spray of white lilies, emblem of the innocent child, others carry the palm of victory, while some bear garlands of flowers. These angelic creatures are fine creations, having all the grace and expression of adoration that distinguish Guido's angels. The lotus is seen spreading its leaves on the Egyptian waters, the smooth, glassy waves of which reflect the boat in which the little family are voyaging to their new and unknown home.

An April Adventure.

WHAT "April showers bring May flowers" is a very old saying, but that April showers bring April flowers is true also we well know. Ah, the delight, after the months of wintry chill are passed, to enjoy again the warmer hours and changeful skies of an April day. To search amid the moss and withered leaves of the wood for the tiny arbutus is a rare pleasure. The delicate rosy blossoms, with their spicy fragrance, are loved by all, and dearly prized as early promises of the many flowers the later months bring.

With her basket full of arbutus Hannah Graham climbed over the wall, followed by her little dog Frantic. All afternoon she had rambled through the woods, and now, as the sun grew crimson in the west, she was going home with the spoils of her faithful search. Over the ivy-covered wall she climbed, but to see at the foot of the hill, and intercepting her way, a long train standing motionless.

"Down, Frantic, lie down and be still; wait until the old engine takes its drink, then we will go home, for we are hungry as well as thirsty."

So saying, she seated herself on a large rock to watch the line of cars below her. It was the Erie express, which had been speeding to New York, crowded with passengers. At every window, was a head.

"What would I not give to know the histories and mysteries of those many lives?" she thought.

"I have not the faculty of discerning character from the backs of heads, however, and that is about all one on this bank can see."

With that grand river in sight on the other side, no wonder faces are turned toward the east. Standing on the platform of the nearest car was a man, tall, broad shouldered, and strongly built. His eyes were fastened on the glorious hills, and on the wide river crimsoning in the sunset glow.

The April wind is just willful enough to play sad pranks sometimes with the most dignified of men, and in a second bareheaded stood that admirer of nature; an elfish gust had carried off the little smoking cap from the sunny brown hair, and borne it over to the bank where Hannah Graham sat meditating.

"Naughty Frantic!" she called, as away sped the dog for the black object fluttering so temptingly along. Its owner had leaped from the train, and, as Hannah grasped Frantic, hat and all, before her there stood this same broad-shouldered man.

They had both raced in good earnest, and as the girl's dark eyes, bristling of fun and amusement, looked into his face, a merry laugh broke from his lips.

"How can I thank you enough for taking pity on my poor head?" he said.

She was surveying an ugly rent in the soft silk.

"Bad dog, see what your teeth have done," and, her smile giving place to an anxious look, she glanced again up into the handsome face above her.

"I am so sorry it is torn; what can I do?" she asked.

"Do not waste a thought upon it, my dear young lady; only give me a spray of arbutus, it is my favorite flower."

"Take it all," she answered, quickly drawing from her belt the bunch she had been wearing; "it is but a sorry recompense."

The whistle sounded, engines and trains wait not for youths and maidens to prolong their good-bys; and so, hurriedly thanking the girl for her kindness, the young man boarded the train, and Hannah Graham, like Whittier's maiden, "stood lip the field alone."

"How our fates from unmomentous things may rise." It was but a word, a look; but trivial incidents can alter the whole course of a life, so unconscious are we of the tiny threads which one by one cross the warp of our existence, beautifying or defacing the perfect whole, coloring it here in harmonious, happy tints, then suddenly breaking off the pattern and altering all by strange contrasts of color and tone.

Thus it was with Hannah Graham. She was haunted by the pleasant gray eyes of the stranger, his well-bred, easy manners; his air of cultured refinement made the homesick lads of her native village, the playmates of her childhood and the associates of her later years, seem awkward and plain.

She cared for study, she loved to read and live in books, while those around her were limited in thought and desire, and instinctively she felt herself lifted above them. From her boy-lover she turned startled away. It was a strange awakening; it was not love she had felt for this friend of her whole life, not such love as a wife should yield. He must be a different man who could unlock her heart, and in the soft, dark eyes there grew a far-away longing look, which others saw and marveled. She was gentle and loving still, but those who knew her best said "she is dull, she must have change," and the kind aunt, with whom her orphaned years had been passed, appreciating her darling's need, arranged all things for her, and before another winter she had found a home with an uncle in New York, and, there studying and mingling with cultured people, she matured easily and nobly.

On rolled the train that April day, and Malcolm Kerr, as he thought of the girl he had left on the sunny hill-side, was strangely moved.

Hers was an innocent, trusting face, "not beautiful nor plain, that in you left a lingering wish to look on it again, and speak to the spirit behind it;" and to the man bred among city beauties, those votaries of the fashionable world, the grace of this gentle country girl held a subtle charm. He pictured a home made bright by such a woman, and if his musings made him dull and abstracted that night who could wonder?

More than one fair girl rallied the fastidious Mr. Kerr upon the bunch of fragrant arbutus he wore, and one, the fairest among the gay throng, noting the lagging devotion of her fancied lover, was cold and distant in her greeting, and because she was very brilliant and very winning, Malcolm shut his eyes to the sweet, intruding picture, and exerted himself to please; and when again the smiles came, and the piquant grace of look and tone returned, he felt her fascinations engulf him as of yore, and ere the month was gone, Nina Grant, the beautiful, proud woman, had promised to be his wife.

Another spring had opened warm and balmy, and with the first days of April gladness all nature struggled to put on her freshest robes. Over field and road fell the light shadows of the young foliage—the birds sang blithely, and the merry whistle of the farmer awakened pleasant thoughts as he turned in long furrows of the mellow earth. What is more lovely than the country at this season? and how those shut within city walls begin to think of escaping to the green fields.

In the crowded Jersey City station, that April afternoon, sat two persons, who had excited the interest of more than one of the busy men and women who had passed in and out. One, a sweet faced, elderly lady, dressed in deep mourning, the other a man, wrapped in a travelling cloak, who sat in listless silence, his head buried in his hands. The lady watched him anxiously, seldom speaking, save to give an order to the respectful servant who waited upon them.

Once, when the invalid, for such he seemed, raised his head, a girl sitting near them, saw the green screen which closely covered his eyes, and something he said caught her ear.

"Never mind, mother, this delay does not trouble me. I shall forget this close and stifling place when I am again in the open country, and among the flowers I used to love so well."

The lady's lips quivered, and she turned hastily away without speaking; her quick movement dislodged the cane which her son had been holding, and it fell to the floor. The young girl sprang forward, and, picking it up, gave it into the mother's hand, with a smile of gentle sympathy.

The man spoke. "Did I not smell arbutus, mother? is there any for sale in the station?"

He had detected the subtle odor of the flowers in the girl's belt, as she had passed near, and as the gong summoned her to her train, she crossed to the lady's side, and handing her the little bunch, said, "I have enjoyed them, let me give them to the blind man."

She little knew that on a day as lovely, one long year before, with the breath of the soft wind toying her hair and flushing her cheeks, she had given to that same man, then strong and well, a bunch of arbutus.

"Mother, who was she? I have heard that voice before," and, with his face buried in the fragrant blossoms, he listened while his mother told of the sweet, young stranger, describing her so faithfully that Malcolm knew he had again been near the one who often came before him in pleasing visions. No wonder, he thought bitterly, she did not recognize me.

To Malcolm Kerr, the loss of sight had been a fearful blow. Wealthy, accomplished, and petted by all, lightly had his twenty-eight years gone by. And when he awoke to the sad reality, arose from the bed where he had lain for weeks prostrated by a terrible illness, to find himself deprived of his sight, and doomed for, perhaps, long years to look out of darkened windows, it was not strange that he moaned in his despair and refused to be comforted. "What a future!" he exclaimed in his first crushing sorrow.

"Seasons return; but
Not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn."

How can I live in darkness? how can I consent to be a burden to my friends? Not a drain on their purses, but on their sympathies—that is the trial. How can I wear blazoned on my face the plea, "Pity the blind?"

Weeks came and went, and the skilled oculists who visited and consulted together regarding the case, gave very little hope of the restoration of his sight. An out-of-door life, the tramping in the woods, the *dolce far niente* he had once enjoyed from the exuberance of his spirits, were now prescribed as the very means of bringing back those spirits which had left him forever, prescribed to bring back health and vitality to the weakened frame.

"If your strength does not return, Malcolm, neither will your sight," said his old friend and physician, Tom Chase. And the earnest voice, husky with emotion, in which the words were spoken, touched the sufferer, and he clasped his friend's hand, willing for once to receive the sympathy he knew to be heartfelt.

"Make me do as you wish, Tom," he said, "and if I regain even a tithe of lost health and happiness, I will show my gratitude to you."

"That is a good, sensible fellow. You must go away. When and where will you go?"

"At once, if you say so, but not where I know people, Tom. Spare me that; I am too proud to receive sympathy. I can't help thinking of something Oliver Wendell Holmes

said; it is, 'I don't mind being knocked down, but I can't stand being danced upon afterwards.'"

The doctor smiled sadly.

"Well, my dear Malcolm, God knows I would ease you if I could. If this seclusion, this living shut up with your own sad, gloomy thoughts was not killing you, I would let you continue as you are."

The other winced.

"Malcolm," continued the doctor, "trust me; forget yourself, if you can, and I will guarantee you a strong and happy old age, wife and children by your side——"

Malcolm sprang to his feet.

"Take care, Tom, that wound is still too sore for probing. No woman, even if she pretended to love him, would link her life to that of a blind man. The man must support and lead the wife in easy places. It is not for her to be eyes and feet for him, the protected turn protector."

"She was a heartless, unfeeling woman," muttered the doctor.

"No, Tom, spare Nina; she did only what many another would do, what perhaps all would. I released her, and I forgive her seeming coldness, and wish her a happy life."

He walked up and down the little stretch of rug in a hurried, agitated manner; his feelings were deeply stirred, but soon he grew calm, and in the hours and days following, he was as passive as the most exacting could desire.

All preparations were made, and from the dreary station Malcolm was transported to a little mountain village. There they found rooms in a pretty cottage on the hillside, where the air was fresh and pure, giving health and strength in every breath. Accompanied by his mother or servant, he would drive and walk from place to place; would sit for long hours on the rocks, basking in the warm spring sunshine; and, if he did not regain joyfulness of look and tone, one half of the bitterness left his heart, and he was stronger for the free country life. There were hours, however, when he grew restless; an intense desire for the old days of independence would overmaster him. At such times he would battle alone with the vague unrest, until he conquered and grew quiet again. So the weeks passed by. His mother had gone to be with some dear friends, but he lingered on, finding "solitude sometimes is sweet society." One bright June morning he was led out to the wood in which he spent so many hours. The air was clear and cool, and exhilarated by the exercise of walking, he hurried along, the servant guiding him over the smoothest spots and by the easiest ways. He continued to walk, and on, on, they went; the man grew weary; was his master possessed? His restlessness had never taken this form before; exostulation did not avail; miles of paths they had traversed, they were going around the valley, and still in the woods. Finally Malcolm stopped short.

"John, what time is it? I am tired."

"You are that, sir; it is nigh twelve, you have walked steadily close unto two hours."

He led the invalid as he spoke, to the trunk of a fallen tree, and seated him where he could rest. Poor Malcolm had overrated his strength, and now, exhausted and dispirited he sat silently down.

"Wait here, Mr. Kerr, I will go off to see if I can find a wagon in which to take you home."

Malcolm made no reply, and honest John hurried away. The weary limbs and weary heart could find no rest. Malcolm appreciated then, if never before, his utter helplessness. He was consumed with thirst, and the little brook he could hear trickling along, he feared to seek unassisted, and so he waited, until growing bolder, as he grew more impatient, he started to grope his way in the direction of the sound of the running water. He had undertaken no easy task, his feet slipped on the withered leaves and pine needles, and now and

then he came in contact with rocks and logs. Suddenly he struck with much force upon a jagged stone, and ere he could steady himself, he had stumbled and fallen heavily to the ground, his cane rolled from him, and he lay helpless to extricate or relieve his wretched condition. "But Fortune at some hours to all is kind," and suddenly the barking of a dog was heard, followed by a light step on the ground above.

Malcolm called out feebly, "Good friend, will you help me to rise? I have fallen and lost my stick."

A great dog was now close upon him, and he could hear a voice calling, "Down, Ranger, down. Wait a moment, sir, and I will help you. You are on the other side of the brook, and it is wide here."

It was a girl's sweet voice which answered, and he could hear her carefully picking her way over the stones, and in a few moments she was by his side.

"You are blind," she said gently, "let me give you my hand, here is your stick."

He took the proffered props, and as his right hand closed in her warm, strong clasp, he felt new strength and tried to rise, but he was stiff and sore, and it was with a sigh of relief that he leaned against the rock which had a few moments before opposed him.

"I am so sorry for you," she said, as she noticed the pale, weary face before her. "If you will rest here, I will get assistance for you; I will call my cousin."

Before he could make objection she was gone, and in a few moments had returned, this time, talking eagerly to some one, and he could hear her say, "How fortunate, George, you were in the wood. You must take him home immediately. I will run and tell Annie to prepare a room."

"Good heavens, man! where have you dropped from?" exclaimed a familiar voice, and Malcolm felt himself grasped by his old college friend, George Williams.

"I am glad to hear you, George, even if I cannot see you. You know I am a poor helpless fellow now," he said.

"Yes, yes, I have heard of your trouble, but bear up, old fellow, you will be better some day. Now let me take you to my home. No, I will not let you say a word of objection, my house must be yours, while you are in this part of the country. I have bought this place since returning from Europe, and intend making a model farm of it; I shall be quite an authority as a fancy farmer before long."

All this he told as he led the passive Malcolm up a steep path to the summit of the hill.

"I was much indebted to the young lady who played the good Samaritan," said Malcolm, after explaining more or less fully his morning exploit.

"Ah, yes, to Hannah. She was lucky in coming across you."

"Hannah!" repeated Malcolm, in a disappointed tone.

"Yes, Hannah Graham, the sweetest girl ever saddled with an ugly name. She is my cousin, and is spending the summer with us. You will learn to love her as we all do. My wife and children are never contented to have her out of their sight."

They were by this time at the house, where a warm welcome was given by Mrs. Williams, who had been prepared by Hannah for the arrival of the sick stranger, whose many excuses and objections were soon silenced, and he was led into a large, airy room, where he was glad to seek rest.

Everything was done for his comfort, but he was far too lame and bruised to rise for several days, and while thus a prisoner in his own room, he learned something of the pleasant family. The voices of the merry little children came in through the open window. He could hear them calling often for "Cousin Hannah," and her gentle voice was heard reading and talking with them. It was a pleasure to listen

to the familiar tone. It was that of a friend, and he racked his memory to recall some circumstance which would associate Hannah Graham with his happy past. Where had he heard that low, vibrating voice? None other, save that of the pretty girl who had given him the arbutus blossom, had ever thrilled him as this did. Could it be she? Impossible he thought, and as he sat talking with the ladies that afternoon, he vainly tried to picture the face before him. Little boy Charlie, who had been clambering on his knee, suddenly began calling vigorously for "Ranger, Ranger." The huge mastiff came bounding toward the piazza and sprang joyfully on his little master.

Malcolm started, as he felt the weight of the shaggy creature, and the boy exclaimed, "Are you afraid?"

"No, my little man," laughed Malcolm, "I am very fond of dogs, but this big fellow nearly knocked me over."

"Then I guess you like little ones. Cousin Hannah tell about Frantic."

"Frantic! why I once knew a little blue Skye called Frantic. He was a mischievous scamp, and tore a hole in my smoking-cap," said Malcolm.

"That was cousin Hannah's dog, I know. It once tore a gentleman's cap—cousin Hannah said so, didn't you?" appealing to the girl, who laughed confusedly.

Could Malcolm have seen her flushed face, he would have known he was remembered with no ordinary interest.

"I was so sorry about my doggie's behavior that day. Dear little pet, it was his only fault."

"One readily forgiven, my dear Miss Graham. I have to thank *him* for my pleasant meeting with you, and to thank you for more favors than one can often receive from a stranger. Not only did you rescue me the other day, but twice have you given me bunches of my favorite arbutus. Did you know that I was the blind man who enjoyed the fragrance of that bouquet, a few weeks ago?"

"Yes, Mr. Kerr," she said, "and if the flowers pleased you, I am very, very glad. I only wish I could do something for your pleasure now. Will you not let me play amanuensis, if you have writing to do, or let me read to you?"

"Perhaps I may tax your patience some day. What book have you there?" as a heavy volume fell to the floor.

"I have been reading Goethe, trying to do a little with my German."

"German! delightful. Will you not read it to me?"

"Yes, gladly. But I am a backward student, and shall have to beg assistance over the rough places. I am constantly meeting obstacles."

"I will help you, willingly, Miss Graham, if I can. I am very fond of German, but agree with Mark Twain in his clever essay upon the language, that it is wonderfully hard for a beginner. Did you ever read his Appendix D, in the 'Tramp Abroad?' It is the cleverest thing in the book. Suppose we plunge into our German with that as an opening chapter. I should like to have you enjoy it with me."

How easy it seemed to map out the hours, with such a sympathetic and animated companion, and Malcolm forgot his proud reserve as the days followed in quick and happy succession. It was a charming household, and into its very heart-life he was welcomed. The days were spent in driving, walking and reading. The evenings were often devoted to music and singing, and Malcolm himself was urged to use his clear, pure baritone in the songs he had thought never to sing again.

Sweeter, perhaps, than all other hours, were those spent at the rustic seat, far out on the shelving rock. There he and Hannah often found themselves, she reading aloud, and he listening and enjoying. Sometimes she would lay aside the

book and let him look out with her eyes on the lovely landscape, on the forest-covered mountains and the smiling green valleys, which their eyrie overlooked. Her intelligent ways, her quick interpretation of all that was beautiful in nature and art, fascinated him, and when she freely talked of herself and her thoughts and plans, he opened his own heart unreservedly, telling of the bereavement which had darkened his life, and if he did not touch directly upon the sorrow which a woman's cruel desertion had given, he said enough to let even his pride yield a glimpse, to another woman, of the aching void. And little Hannah in her shy way consoled and cheered him.

But these idle and happy days in which they lived worked the perfect undoing of the man's stern resolve. Unconsciously he, who had thought never more to care for woman's love, found himself awakened to the startling truth, that he lived only in the light of a sweet girl's sunny nature. That waiting and longing for her when she was absent, and growing content and quiet in her presence, made up the sum of his existence. When the full realization of this came, the question came also, Was it just to fetter that young life, to ask her to give up her freedom and link her fate to that of a blind man? "No, it would be cruelty," his sensitive pride replied, and he shut his thoughts to the hope which had grown strangely sweet. Pity is akin to love, but it was more than pity which made Hannah Graham delight in being near the blind man, and ministering to his wants. His influence, subtle and undefined, had been over her ever since that first brief meeting so long before, and now that they were again together, and she felt and appreciated more keenly each day his cultivation and great, noble nature, she mused with happy thoughts on her being able to devote herself to him, to comfort him in his lonely hours, to enable him, by her strong young eyes, and heart and limbs, to yet live in the world from which a great cloud had shut him out; and thus it was that the reserve and coldness which now interfered with their pleasant meetings brought sorrow to the girl's heart. She discerned the pride which held him sternly aloof, and her eyes grew sad in their yearning tenderness. Could Malcolm have learned what in his humility he dared not hope, he would have been a far happier man. But suddenly there came a rare gleam of light, not only to the heart, but literally to the eyes of the blind man. Could it be returning sight? Surely the eternal night was no more; even through the heavy screen shadows came and went; the sudden opening of a blind assured him of the glad sunlight, and as his eyes sought the ground confused colors blended themselves together.

He dared tell no one of his new joy and anxiety, he must consult his physicians—perhaps if light were to dawn he could then hope to win Hannah Graham as his wife—if not, he grew sick at the thought, and in those last hours before the train was to bear him away to learn his fate, he was silent and gloomy.

The dreaded parting was at hand, business called him, he said, and in this uncertain world of ours, when they would again meet, was a question none could answer, none dared even prophesy. They were all strangely quiet during the last evening, and it was early when the ladies left the piazza.

Hannah found after reaching her room, that she had dropped her gold lace-pin, and remembering to have heard something fall, as she left her chair, she hastened down and out the still wide-open door.

Her cousin had been called to visit a sick groom, and she was surprised to see Mr. Kerr seated alone in the moonlight. He had heard her step and turned quickly toward the sound. He could not trust himself to speak; he feared to betray his eager, selfish love, and so she was the first to break silence, saying:

"I came to look for my little pin; I dropped it here."

"I wish I could help you with my eyes, Miss Hannah," he replied, "I am not deprived of the sense of feeling, however, and perhaps can assist you."

They searched together for a moment, then "Here it is!" broke from Malcolm's lips, and he placed the pin in her outstretched hand, which he imprisoned in his own, saying:

"I am loath to bid good-by to you, Miss Hannah, and put an end to our pleasant hours; you have made my summer what it has been."

"I have shared the pleasure, Mr. Kerr," she said quickly, "and I am sorry to have you go." There was a little quaver in her voice, and Malcolm exclaimed impetuously:

"It is hard to be blind—to shut one's eyes on the beautiful world—but harder still to shut one's heart to all that seems bright and joyous in the future. My pride walls me in." He stopped, overcome with emotion.

The girl had all a woman's loving heart, with a true woman's dread of giving her love unsought; she was silent therefore, but her hand trembled violently in the firm clasp of the strong man. He felt her agitation.

"Hannah," he cried, "tell me I do right—tell me to go away before I break my resolve."

She was calmed by his vehemence.

"Mr. Kerr, I do not know what your resolve may be, but if it is to steel your heart against the many who would gladly give you love and sympathy, then I hope you may break it."

"I do not want the love of many, but of one."

He had drawn her unresistingly to him, and, forgetting all his scruples, he whispered the story of his longing: all the wealth of affection, which, in his proud sensitiveness, had remained heavily veiled, he now breathed forth, and if he spoke of the sacrifice she would make, and of his own unworthiness, he was silenced by the womanly usurpation of the right to love and be loved. It was a brief hour of lovers' rapture, then she bade him a gentle good-night, and left him alone with his happy thoughts.

If Malcolm had not told of the hope he had of returning sight, it was that he might make uncertainty certainty; and as he bade his friends good-by the next morning, and held for a moment Hannah's hand in a long, loving pressure, he felt a strange thrill. Should he ever be able to look upon that sweet face? Time alone would tell; and in the days of hard experiences which followed, there were hours when he feared he had been deluded by a false hope, but the skillful knife was used, and for one brief moment he saw the light. Then bandages and darkened rooms imprisoned him, but at last it was over, and in the full glory of sight restored he stood an unfettered man, and he thanked God reverently for His mercy.

Hannah did not dream of the joy awaiting her; she only knew that the weeks of separation were at an end; in another day she might resume her ministrations. Ah, how thoughtful she would be, how she would ever guard him from danger. He had pleaded no long engagement, and the thought "he needs me," made her willing to be his wife, the ministering angel of his home, whenever he should wish it. And thus she sat softly musing on the loving task awaiting her, and the man she loved was drawing near.

Intuitively Malcolm had sought the rustic seat where they had spent so many hours, and who will question the rapture with which he looked upon the slender figure sitting there.

His eager steps brought him to her side. She had heard him coming, and turned with a cry of delight. It was a moment of joy never to be forgotten. No sightless, helpless lover had come to claim his bride, but a loving-eyed man, who proudly received her greeting. Carefully he scanned

the glad, surprised face, and as he told of the cure which wise heads and skillful hands had wrought, he watched her changing expressions of love and anxiety, and knew she shared his joy, and that it was no selfish love she gave him, and he was satisfied.

The air, the sky, the very stars,
The pale and waning moon.
All seemed with one accord to join
The sweet, entrancing tune;
And the burden of it seemed to be,
"Oh, love is chief felicity
To man on earth—to spirits above
Chief felicity is love."

"Watchman, What of the Night?"

(See Page Etching.)

MR. GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, the painter of "Watchman, What of the Night?" was born in London, in 1820. In 1840 he brought himself into notice by his cartoon, "Caractacus Led in Triumph Through the Streets of Rome," to which was awarded a first-class prize. Subsequently he received another for his painting, "Alfred Inciting the Saxons to Prevent the Landing of the Danes." He has produced an immense number of pictures, among which are "Daphne," "By the Sea," "The Return of the Dove," "The Prodigal," and "Ariadne." Many of his pictures are of an allegorical nature. He is a portrait painter of great merit, and also a sculptor of mark. Among his best portraits are those of Alfred Tennyson, Dean Stanley, John Stuart Mill, the Duke of Argyll, and Robert Browning. His pictures are exceedingly popular, and it has been said of him that "he equally possesses a witchery of pencil and a glory of pigment."

The beautiful etching from which our engraving is made is by the celebrated etcher, Rajon. Paul Adolphe Rajon was born at Dijon, and studied under Flameng and Gaucherel. He is complete master of the art of etching, and uses fine and coarse lines with equal power. The quality of the material is admirably indicated by the lines, whether of marble, metal, or tissues, and his work is done with great care. He is a painter as well as an etcher, but of late years pursues the latter art only.

The painting, "Watchman, What of the Night?" was first exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in London, in 1880. It is a half figure of a woman in armor, and a glow of light pervades the picture. It will be remembered that in Isaiah, xx. occurs this passage: "The burden of Dumah. He call-eth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, also the night." Why the picture was so called is not apparent—whether the name is simply a fancy on the part of the painter, or whether it is meant to be allegorical—as there appears to be no connection between this woman in armor and the words of Isaiah.

The sweet, womanly face contrasts most strikingly with the inflexibility of the heavy armor. The golden hair floats in beauty over the masculine dress, and the face wears a look of eager, anxious questioning. Is it the night of battle she questions the watchman of? For that to woman is ever a question fraught with anxiety and dread, even when she buckles on the armor and goes to the fight herself, to do or die in the gory conflict.

This picture was much admired at the time of its first exhibition, and we are glad to have it in our power to reproduce it for our readers. The painting of the armor is faultless, the expression of the face wonderfully given, and the entire picture most charmingly effective.

Architecture.

A SUBURBAN COTTAGE.

THIS is a simple, square-framed cottage which has been recently erected in Springfield, Mass., by Geo. H. Blanden, Architect. Its compactness and moderate cost render it very desirable and convenient.

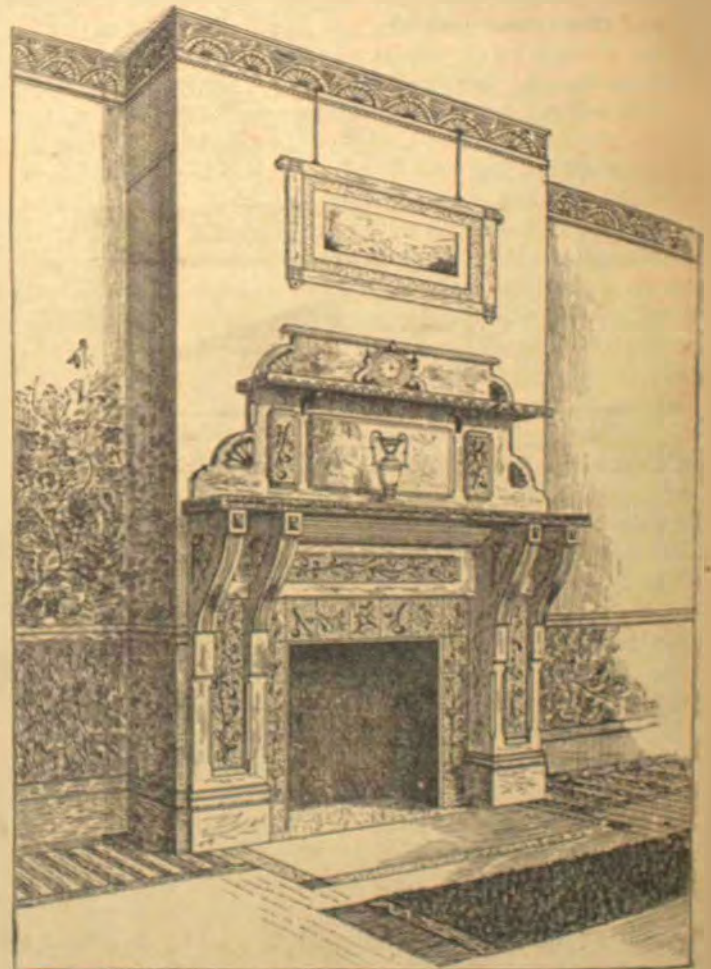
Passing through the vestibule, we enter the reception hall, which is connected with parlor and library by folding doors. In the rear of reception hall comes the staircase hall on either side of which are kitchen and dining-rooms, which are connected by a pantry, H.

The second story consists of three chambers, sewing-room, bathroom, and a large linen-closet, fitted with drawers and cupboards and shelving in cedar wood.

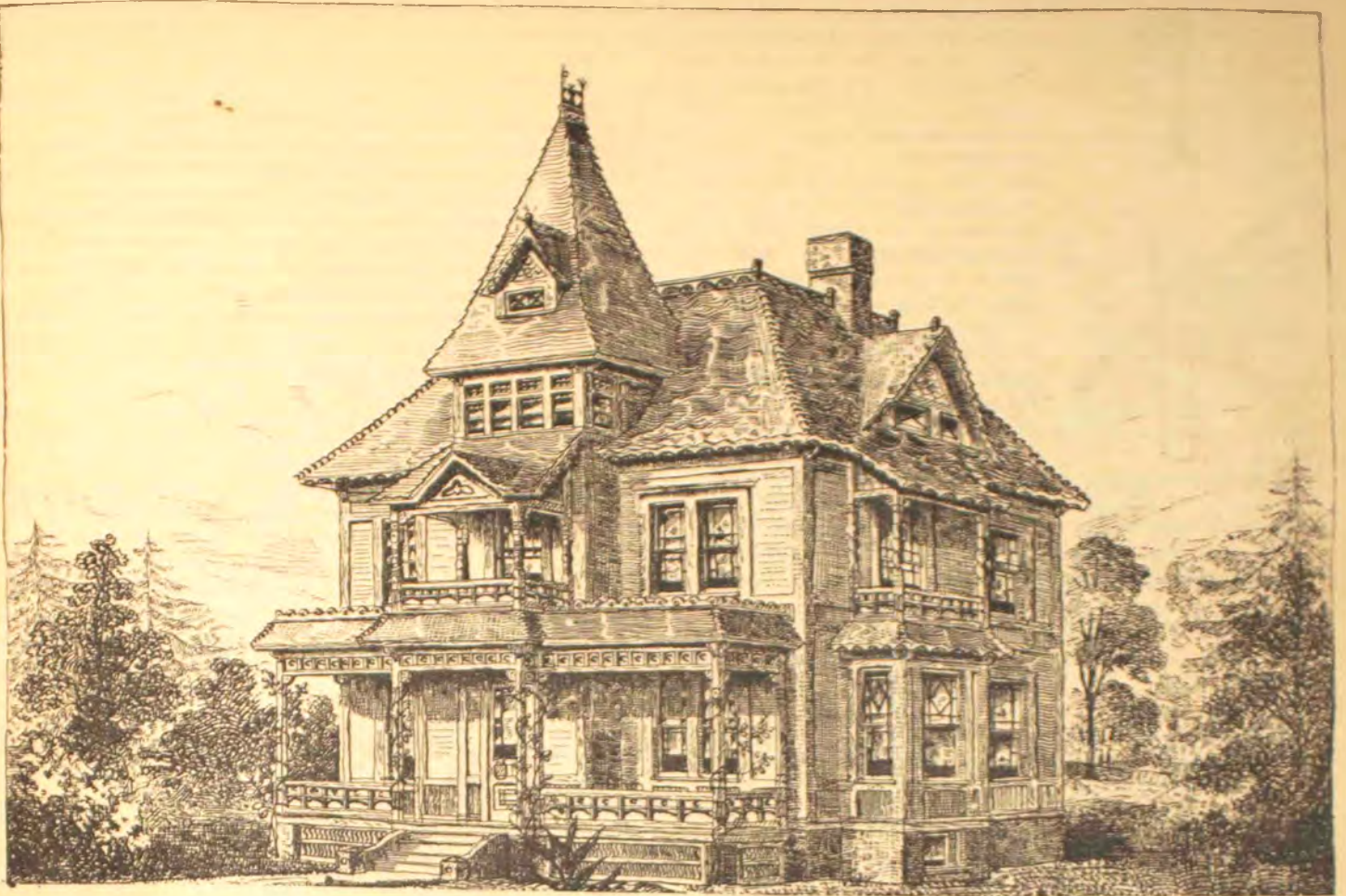
In the attic are two chambers, with closets, also storage or trunk rooms.

The entire first and second stories are finished in natural wood; the hall parlor and library in cherry wood; the dining-room and staircase hall in ash; the remainder of house in white pine wood. All the wood-work is finished in shellac and rubbed down in oil, except that in kitchen which is painted. It is not advisable to finish the kitchen in natural wood, as, after the shellac is worn off, the pores of the wood become filled with dust and dirt, and present a grimy and discolored appearance. It is better to paint in tints and renew when necessary.

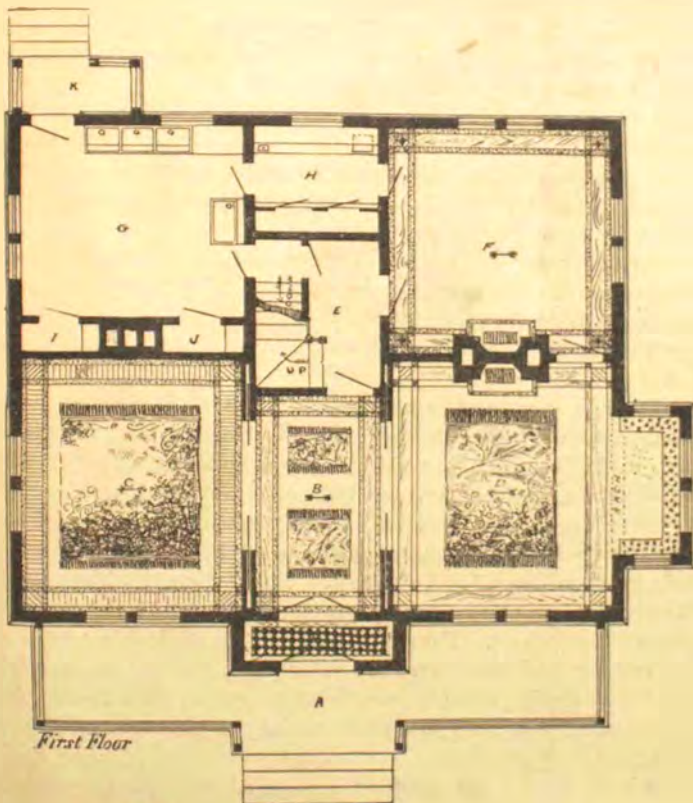
The house is heated by a large-sized, wrought-iron furnace, supplying an abundance of fresh air directly from outside of house.



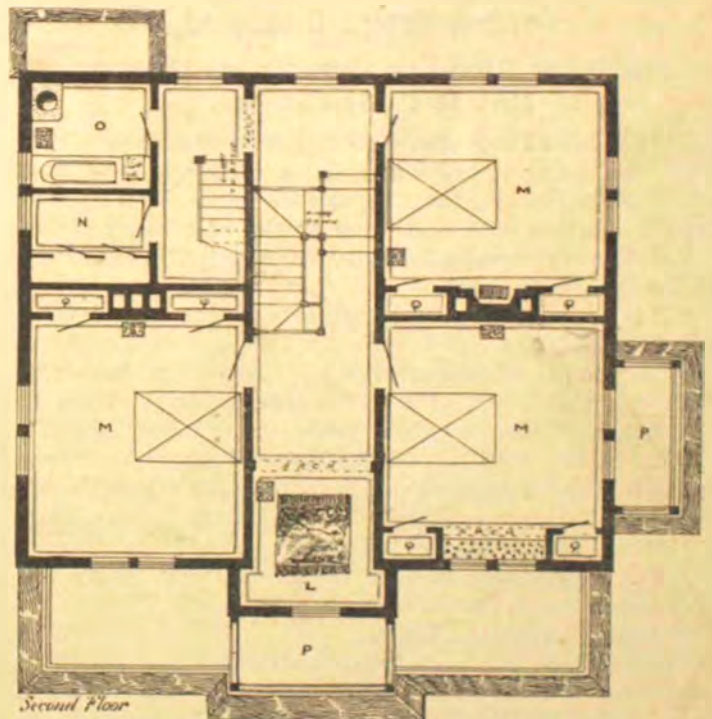
LIBRARY MANTEL.



SUBURBAN COTTAGE.



First Floor

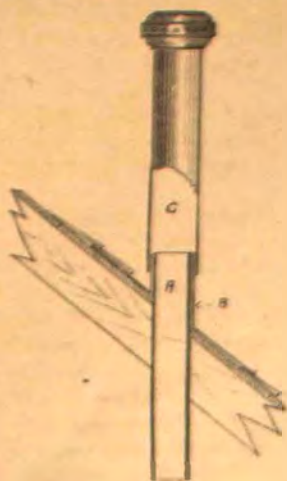


Second Floor

Over all chamber doors are placed transom sashes, which give light to hall and ventilation to chambers. There is also a fire-place in library, dining-room, and family chamber-

chamber fire-place affording perfect ventilation in case of sickness.

The plumbing is of the most simple character, consisting of a 4-inch cast-iron soil pipe running from sewer in street to house, and trapped with an enamel-lined iron trap, and continuing from thence to rear of house and up to three



SOIL PIPE AND FLASHING.

feet six inches above the roof. Owing to the easy liability of the roof leaking about this point, the following mode of flashing was done, *i. e.*: In the drawing A is the cast-iron soil pipe, extending one foot above the roof. B is the flashing, which is made in the form of a collar or sleeve, extending up under the slate, and overlapping the slate on lower side. The remainder of the soil pipe, C, is made of galvanized iron, having a "Globe" ventilator on top, its lower end enveloping the iron pipe and the collar or flashing, and is soldered to them water-tight.

There are no set bowls connecting with soil pipe, but cabinet frames with bowl and pitcher.

The wash trays in the kitchen are emptied into the waste of kitchen sink above the trap, so as to exclude any sewer gas from entering the kitchen through dry traps.

FIRST FLOOR.

- A Entrance Porch.
- B Reception Hall, 8' 0" x 13' 6"
- C Parlor, 12' 6" x 15' 0"
- D Library, 12' 6" x 13' 0"
- E Staircase Hall, 8' 0" x 10' 0"
- F Dining Room, 12' 6" x 14' 0"
- G Kitchen, 12' 6" x 12' 6"
- H Pantry, 8' 0" x 7' 0"
- I Tin Closet, 2' 0" x 4' 6"
- J Stove Closet, 2' 0" x 4' 6"
- K Rear Porch.

SECOND FLOOR.

- L Sewing Room, 8' 0" x 9' 0"
- M Chambers, 12' 6" x 15' 0"
- N Linen Closet, 6' 0" x 7' 0"
- O Bath-room, 6' 0" x 7' 0"
- P Balconies.
- Q Closets.

Various Topics Discussed,

BY THE YOUNG LADIES OF CLIFFORD, AS RECORDED BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"As soon as I can stop shivering long enough to talk, I am going to tell you about my legacy," says Miss Nolan, coming into the room where we all sit discussing the weather with animation worthy of a better cause.

"And have you really inherited something?" I ask. "If so, I congratulate you."

"It is not much of an inheritance, all things considered," says Miss Nolan.

"But you are a lucky creature to get anything," says Miss Maltby, grumblingly. "I was as nearly related as you to old Madame Blake, and she never left me a thing."

"If you had been named for her, and worn the odious name of Hannah all these nineteen years, as I have done," says Miss Nolan, "you might have had a set of china, too."

"Was that your legacy?" I ask.

"Yes, a set of very valuable old crown Derby with a history and pedigree, that is what the will specified."

"Really, it is quite a legacy," I say.

"Yes, I have no doubt it is worth a great deal. There are besides two or three odd pieces of rare ware—Canton enamel, I think it is—dating far back of the ordinary old Canton, and a stray bit of Chelsea."

"Why, you have the nucleus for a collection."

"But how shall I ever get any more, and how shall I take care of what I have?"

"You may get more from unexpected sources; but you must take good care of what you have, and if I were you, I

should put them in a safe place where they could be seen. It is a shame to keep such charming things out of sight."

"I have no place to keep them where they would not run the risk of being broken."

"That must not be allowed," I say. "Perhaps you can get your brother to help you construct a cabinet."

"Oh, could I make one out of an old bookcase? There is a dilapidated one in our garret with faded old green silk puckered into the glass doors."

"What an enviable possession. Bring your bookcase right down to your dining-room or parlor, and take out the green silk, and arrange your china on the shelves. You can nail a strip of moulding at the back of each shelf, as kitchen dressers are arranged, to keep the plates upright, and stand the larger pieces in front of them. You can, if you like, screw hooks upon the reverse of the shelves to hang tea-cups on."

"My crown Derby cups have no handles, but mamma has some pretty dark-blue cups, which belonged to her grandmother; would they do to hang with the others?"

"Of course they would; you can hang them from one of the upper shelves, so as to leave the prominent places for the rarer china. You must polish up the glass in your doors, and always keep it very clean and clear, so that the beauty of the ware behind it may not be obscured. If you have any large pitchers and bowls about the house, of colored earthenware, get them together, for even if they are coarse and common, if they are of good shapes, they can be put on the very top of your cabinet. Of course they will get very dusty, being out of reach of the daily dusting, but you can climb up occasionally and give them a little attention."

"Such ornaments add very much to the appearance of a room," says Miss Maltby.

"Indeed they do," I assent, "and nearly every one has hoarded treasures which ought to be unearthed and put in position somewhere, to lend their aid in ornamenting their various owners' rooms."

"I don't believe we have anything at our house that is worth putting on exhibition," says Miss Leigh.

"Think a moment," says I, "perhaps you have forgotten what you do own."

"I have over a dozen old indigo blue plates all cracked and nicked. Mother used to bake pies on them, but when there begun such a talk about china, I gathered them up and put them away. But they are so abused looking that I am sure they cannot be put in sight."

"I am not sure of that," I say, confidently, "I can think of a way to make them quite decorative. The doors in your parlor are quite low, are they not?"

"Yes, much lower than the windows, which makes them particularly ugly."

"Now, I want you to put a sort of little piazza over each door. I think there are three. A Queen Anne's gallery, is the usual thing, but you can get up something cheaper. It will not be so strong, but you can manage to keep any weight from resting on it. Make a little toy fence with little round sticks, two inches long, set close together, with a slender strip of moulding for a top rail. The fence need not turn the corners but can be tacked upon the front of the cornice above the window. You can nail a strip of lathing behind the railing and rest three of your blue plates against it, or, if you are ingenious enough to construct wire frames for the plates, you may suspend them in the position you wish."

"I have seen a gallery for the edge of a bracket, made of empty spools," says Mrs. Bartlett.

"I should think they would do very nicely," I say, "and if all the spools emptied on the sewing machine were saved, it would not take so very long to get enough of the same size."

"There is a question I am always forgetting to ask you," says Miss Maltby.

"Let us have it now while you think of it."

"I want to know if it is impolite to send word that you are engaged when a friend calls?"

"Did you think it was?"

"Well, not exactly, but I always feel mad myself, if I get that answer at a friend's door."

"So I suppose you never avail yourself of the privilege, but see whoever comes, no matter how great the inconvenience."

"Yes," says Miss Maltby, "I do always see whoever comes, for I don't wish to hurt any one's feelings; but it is a great interruption sometimes, I admit, and that is why I wanted to ask you about it."

"It is a matter that every one ought to try to take a sensible view of," I say. "You might be occupied in the most important manner, and where every moment was precious, it would be very hard to devote half an hour or more to the entertainment of a person who could as well call again, and see you when you were less profoundly engrossed."

"But the question is, would the person call again after being rebuffed?"

"Being told that the friend she has called on is too much engaged to see her should not be regarded as a rebuff. But," I continue, "the most polite and proper way to secure seclusion, when it is necessary, is to leave word with the one who attends the door that you are engaged, and can see no one. That keeps your refusal to see a friend from having a personal flavor, for a caller then knows that your denial of yourself is general and impartial, while if you wait till a card is brought to you, and then decline to see the visitor, some uncomfortable feeling may be quite a natural result."

"I suppose it is much more common to decline to see callers in town than it is here," says Miss Bartlett.

"Of course it is," says Miss Maltby, "for here many of us keep no servants, and have to wait on the door ourselves. Under such circumstances, one could hardly open the door and say to a visitor, 'If you please, ma'am, I am engaged, and cannot see you!'"

"Especially if the visitors had the charming way that we have here of running around to the back door," says Miss Nolan.

"That is an odious custom," I remark, "and I do not see why you endure it. It seems to cut you off from all home privacy."

"You had better believe it does," says Miss Leigh. "When my aunt was married she was quite determined that no one should know it till the last week, and such a time as we had to keep the preparations secret. Grandma wanted the wedding cake made and baked three months ahead, so it would cut nicely, and such times as we had to get that cake made and baked without exciting the neighbors' suspicions! Every time Aunt Kate and I sat down to stone raisins, or cut up citron, a knock would come at the back door, and in would rush some one; and when it was finally done we had to wait for a stormy day to frost the loaves. Even then, some one came flapping by the kitchen window with a big umbrella and an oiled waterproof, and we had to hustle the cake under the table."

"I would not submit to such intrusions," I say, indignantly.

"Oh, we all do it ourselves, and bother each other just so," says Miss Leigh; "so we have no right to make a fuss."

"I am sorry to hear that you are all so forgetful of courtesy as to violate other people's rights," I say, "and I hope you will, one and all, determine to observe a little more ceremony in your entrance to each other's houses. If you begin and set the fashion of avoiding the convenient and easy back-

door invasion, and go to a front door, or one that does not open into the family rooms, you will find that others will follow your example, and gradually you will work a change for the better."

"When you began to speak of calling," says Miss Bartlett, "I wanted to ask you how long etiquette requires a person to wait before calling on a lady who has lately come into the place?"

"There is no fixed rule for time. If you are a near neighbor, it would be allowable to show your friendliness by calling as soon as you think the new people are comfortably settled in their house. If they are total strangers they must have a feeling of strangeness and loneliness that would be pleasantly broken in upon by a welcoming visit from a neighbor."

"There's one other thing I want to ask. You know some people have bought the house opposite ours and moved in. There are two middle-aged ladies in the family and no young people. Mamma, you know, is not well enough to make calls, and grandma says she is too old. Now, do you think it would be right for a young girl like me to make a first call on people so much older than I?"

"Of course, I think it would be right and proper, and just the thing for you to do. Do you suppose that because women have lost their own youth they care nothing for young people? That is an American mistake, and I wish it might be corrected, and more mixture of ages allowed and encouraged in society. By all means call on these strange ladies, and it would be eminently proper for you to take your mother's card with you, explaining that her health prevents her visiting. Then, when your call is returned, they will ask for her, too, and so make her acquaintance."

Stained Glass.




NO decorative agent is more in demand to-day than stained glass. The art of its manufacture has received an immense deal of attention, and it is used for a multitude of purposes now, which a few years ago were not thought of. Not only are houses and places of religious worship more and more dependent upon it for ornament, but the extent to which it is used in stores and public buildings is very remarkable. It is only a comparatively few years since all the stained glass used in New York was imported from foreign sources, while to-day it is not too much to assert that it would be scarcely possible to meet the demand by importation. Not only is every variety of such glass in constant use, but efforts are unceasingly being made to produce more and more beautiful specimens. Every one admires and talks of the marvels in mosaic glass, which have been among the most wonderful indications of progress in this art, and in which the great perfection attained is mainly due to the enterprise and energy of New York artists. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the marvelous pictorial windows which have excited the admiration of all lovers of the beautiful, and orders for which, for the houses of the wealthy, are constantly on the increase. It is no exaggeration to say that no house of any pretensions is finished off by the modern builder into which stained or ornamented glass does not enter more or less. For ecclesiastical purposes it has always been valued, but was never so much in demand as now; memorial windows, transepts and margins are all alike rendered beautiful by its artistic application. Although the new method of decorating glass by attention to the gradations of shade and color, possible in combinations of the material itself, the most beautiful effects being produced by laying different tones of glass, one upon another until the exact shade and tone desired is obtained when the rays of light pass through,

there is also an immense demand for the mosaic glass, excellence in which consists in the wonderful combinations of colors in such pieces which is rendered possible by improved methods of leading. The use of jewels and crystals in these mosaics is one of the most striking features of modern glass work, and the greatest interest attaches to the immense variety in which they are produced. Most of the large firms in New York city manufacture their own, but for cheaper purposes, many are imported from England and Germany. Opalescent glass for making of jewels, is also manufactured at Williamsburg, and costs any where from fifteen to fifty dollars a foot, according to quality. The beautiful iridescent glass which is so largely used for fire screens and ornamental purposes is made by crushing glass of various colors upon the ordinary cathedral or rolled glass, which is still unset in such a way that as it hardens the myriad fragments enter the material and become embodied in it. Glass staining is, as a rule, carried on at factories outside the city, and the colors are fused in the manufacture of the material itself, with the one exception of the yellow stain, which is more readily communicated by the application of oxide of silver which, being a very powerful acid, penetrates the glass and gives it the necessary tone, from pale yellow to deep orange according to the proportion in which it is used. The more ordinary shading and deepening of color is brought about by the use of brown enamel, which is merely laid on to the surface of glass by an ordinary brush, and then burnt in, much as the colors in china painting are.

One of the most noticeable uses of stained glass to-day is for half curtains to restaurants and store windows. In London the windows of private houses are furnished in the same way, but that is a fashion which seems slow of adoption here. In many of the newest houses, the transepts of all the stairway windows are of mosaic glass, and the introduction of glass into the leadings is a very great improvement in the general effect. In some cases a still more decorative result is gained by the use of squares of ordinary cathedral glass of brilliant colors which are simply kept in position by very fine leadings, and finished off by borderings in which an infinite variety of color is introduced in bewildering confusion. Everywhere a keener appreciation of beauty demands color in the modern dwelling, and where formerly people insisted upon obtaining a mitigated light by the use of heavy shades, they now demand a more mellow and much more beautiful result by the use of stained glass. Many improvements have recently been made in the arrangements for kilns for burning glass, and the work is therefore constantly acquiring greater delicacy and a finer finish; as luxury grows in a steady ratio, the demand for the pictorial effects and rich harmonies of stained glass in decoration must steadily increase, and must, therefore, not be set down as an ephemeral fashion.

The New State Reformatory.

T is not creditable to the great State of New York, that heretofore there has been no alternative for young women brought within the pale of the law, between the life outside, and the condemnation inside the prison bars, no intermediate asylum or place of refuge where those could be sent, whose youth, extenuating circumstances, genuine repentance, or desire to lead a better life, separated from the hardened criminals. This great need, grievous in the results which have flowed from it, is at last to be supplied, and though it is late in the day, the old adage will still apply, and in the light of so much modern experience in dealing with folly and crime on the

part of the ignorant and the inexperienced, we may hope that better results will be attained than would have been possible at an earlier stage.

It is upwards of twelve months ago since the legislature of New York State voted an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of providing a "Reformatory" for girls and women between the ages of fifteen and thirty, who exhibited a desire to escape from evil courses, or whose previous good conduct warranted an effort to arrest them in a downward career. Previously, as we have intimated, no such institution has existed in this State; young and old offenders, girls in their teens and elderly women, the merely thoughtless and the utterly depraved alike found a place in the penitentiary, and the wicked injustice, the shocking consequences of this herding of all grades and ages has caused many outspoken expressions of indignation from judges, from prison officials, and thoughtful men and women of all ranks.

Pursuant to the passing of the measure and the act of incorporation, a commission consisting of five persons was appointed by Governor Cornell to carry out the measure, but its action was somewhat retarded by the illness and subsequent death of its chairman, Mr. Edward Clark, of New York, who has, however, now been succeeded by General Heystradt, of Hudson, N. Y. As now composed, the Commission consists of three gentlemen, and two ladies, Mrs. Egbert Guernsey, of New York City, who was specially appointed secretary, and who is responsible for the graded system upon which the Reformatory is to be conducted, Mrs. Colonel Spencer, and in addition to General Heystradt, Judge Cadmon, of Hudson, and Mr. Benjamin Hicks, of Old Westerly, N. Y. It has taken some time to fix upon a eligible location, but a site has at last been selected at Hudson, N. Y., and thirty acres purchased upon which the buildings will be at once erected. The system of classification recommended by Mrs. Guernsey, will be carried out in cottages; the inmates of the first of which will be drawn from the "House of Detention," to which all offenders embraced under the category are sent. Promotion from one cottage to another, each of which gives a greater degree of freedom, is to be the reward of good conduct, until at last the inmates are only subject to a gentle, and wholesome family influence.


Occupation will, of course, be an important element in the hopeful influences which are thus put into these women's lives, and the extent and permanent effect of the treatment will depend very much upon the aid they receive to earn an honest livelihood. It has been generally stated that "housework and sewing will be taught," but if these are confined to the lower and coarser forms of these industries, they will not remove the subjects from the sphere of temptation, or far from the confines of misery and starvation. What is needed more than aught else, is that a class of women shall be made experts—thoroughly trained in sewing of all kinds, fine and coarse, dressmaking, embroidery, millinery and upholstery. That they should know how to do all kinds of housework, including the reasonable care of a house, its machinery, its modern improvements, and how to provide against its frequent ravages by moths and vermin, the proper cleaning and preservation of paint and woodwork, scientific washing, the cleaning and mending of furniture, shawls, laces, are all useful, and peculiarly valuable handicrafts, and to these might be added book-keeping, and perhaps an initiation into the processes of some kind of business, buying and selling, profit and loss. With the grounds at disposal it would not be impossible to institute a system of industries as rewards for especial good conduct, the profits to be given or reserved for the use of the women engaged in them, on leaving the institution, or reserved over

and above a certain amount in kind or money paid in to the funds of the Reformatory. These industries would naturally consist of some forms of horticulture, fruit-culture, bee-keeping, chicken-raising or the like, and might develop tastes that would grow into practical usefulness, and the determining of a permanent career.

The possibilities of such an institution are manifold, and can neither be measured or brought out at once. The immediate good will come from the differentiation and classification of degrees in ill and well-doing, the encouragement offered to personal effort on the part of the unfortunates, and the help will always come from work itself, to the aid of good intentions. It is one step toward the help which ought to be extended toward the young and weak to keep them straight, instead of waiting until their own hasty or deliberate acts have placed a barrier between them and the society that has looked upon their needs with indifference. Women of means, of influence, of social position owe some duty to women whose lives are destitute of the light and sunshine that enfolds them with its warmth and radiance. These fortunate ones are rarely the carvers of their own destiny; they have often stood still while fortune poured its favors upon them, and neither earned nor have attempted to share them. Stripped of all that makes up an appearance to the outside world, there is not so much difference between the woman who has yielded to temptation and the woman who has been shielded from it, and surely the latter owe the former the sympathy and service which they alone have the power to bestow, and which might find so many graceful and womanly, not to say human, modes of expression.

It is a terrible thing to be excluded from human sympathy by the act of another; it is still more terrible to be cut off from it by an act of our own; and in spite of all that can be done the stigma of such an act forever clings to the white robes of a woman. We glory in this demand for their stainless purity, this feeling that the welfare of the world is in the balance and cannot afford to abate one jot or one tittle of the freedom from even the suspicion of taint or evil that qualifies women to occupy the post of guardians over the decencies and proprieties of life. But all the more does it become the bounden duty of those whose lines are cast in pleasant places, who are favored by fortune and inheritance with health, wealth and cultivated intelligence, to care for their weaker sisters, to throw around them as far as possible the guard of a tender sympathy, not put upon them the additional burden of haughty avoidance. We are rejoiced that we are to have a State Reformatory, to assist in rescuing young women who have fallen into error; but every woman can assist in preventing some young woman from committing the act which brings her there; and this is a still better work.

The "Conundrum of the Nineteenth Century."

OU remember Victor Hugo's witty response to the statement that "woman is the conundrum of the Nineteenth century." "Yes, but we'll never, never give her up!" Men laugh or philosophize over the immense surplus of women that our civil war left unmated and impecunious, and apparently not needed, in New England and the Middle States, but they do not seem to have done much to help us. To me, the "Superfluous Woman" has been for years a haunting horror, a hideous reality, a hydra-headed, Briarean-handed, centipedian monster with a mill-

ion hearts, all aching, longing, starving—yet hoping—five hundred thousand of them breaking in the struggle; for as Miss Proctor tells us, "Hearts oft die bitter deaths before the breath has passed away," a supply so far beyond all possible demand. Let widows be ever so active and stirring as to render priceless jewels so common and valueless, that the veriest swine of humanity turn up their snouts and grunt at us in derision.

I remember a little cousin of mine, with hair so bright it would ripen cucumbers, who at a dinner table where red hair was discussed, suddenly piped up with, "I hate it!"

"And why, Oliver?" Some one asked.

"Coz I've got it!"

I hate the bitter fact that women are a drug in the market, because I realise the tragic side of what is generally considered a roaring farce.

Even the minstrel "end" man after exhausting his threadbare jokes and stale gags says, "Well, Brudder Sambo, derees one more thing we might talk about—we might inquire 'What shall we do with our ge-yurls?'"

Many of us have felt that it would have been seventy five cents in our pockets if we had never been born, and sympathize with the shrewd little fellow in Sunday school, who, when asked if he did not want to be "born again," replied with decision and promptness, "No marm, for I might be born a *girl next time!*" Or feel inclined to imitate the Chinese women, who spend their leisure moments praying that they may be men and blessed with souls in the next existence. Yes, there are a weary host of us who have no special grievances or hobbies, who do not want to vote, who have no property, no husband, not even a cow to fight about, but who would like to know what to do that we may neither be burdens nor laughing stocks. Saxe wrote some capital verses on the "Superfluous Man," but that was years ago, and it was only the twenty-first man in every score who was considered the "odd" one, he being really a conceited bachelor, fancying that he had the pick of the lot.

I recollect an article in an old *Atlantic Monthly* which excited great attention. "Have we a Bourbon among us?" In many a New England town to-day the question might be raised, "Have we a marriageable man among us?" and a shrill negative would go up to prove the absolute dearth.

I speak of the marriage question first, because if every woman was happily married, there would be no problem to be solved.

Only an S. W. can accurately describe the dreary condition of things. It has seemed to me that if triplets were announced they were all girls; if I heard of twins, the boy soon demises—possibly a proof of the survival of the fittest—but just now we want that female infants be few. See the paterfamilias at Washington or Newport with a small army under his wing. See the brilliant beauties that are forced to waste their sweetness in a waltz or tennis on a beardless boy—or play and dance alone—see a commonplace masculine changed to an eligible hero, by the scarcity of the article, and rich nobodies looking around critically to see who they'll "take." I heard one young man say at an evening party in the capital of New Hampshire, to a phalanx of pretty maidens, "I'll take nine or ten of you home if you're going my way."

So we must find another way out of the difficulty. Many of the young women of my generation were left unexpectedly to go alone through life to perhaps a destitute old age, landing at last in an old ladies' home, if lucky enough to get into that haven. A burden to fathers with small salaries, who, when asked for a few dollars, stated plainly that they had not expected to support them forever; laughed at, pitied, or endured in homes where they are not really wanted,

but opposed and blamed if they are so unwomanly as to leave their "sheltered homes" to fight their own battles. Many were told that they were a disgrace to their families, because it was not lady-like or conventional to work for one's bread and clothes if you happened to be a woman.

It has been a tussle for some, as the teacher who is literally expected to teach all known branches for three hundred dollars a year and board herself; the Juvenile Antique who does not know enough to teach, or considers it beneath her dignity to earn money, and will not understand that she is faded, absurd, helpless in her flutter of cheap finery—the noble "old girls," whose fathers or brothers forbid their "working for a living," and so are kept at home to take the place of a servant, with no variety, no hope, no outlook—the style who fall back on fancy work and pets, whose conversation is the most wearying form of minute detailing of petty nothings, or criticisms on the lack of style in others.

These usually belong to the visiting variety, who are asked for a fortnight and linger three months, presenting nine yards of rick rack, or a badly-painted plush panel as they reluctantly depart.

The most piteous of all is the human blanc-mange type, the mature woman who does nothing, says little, and just sits about wherever Providence happens to dump her. I met one the other day and studied her. She had "given up" all her old interests; she said "I used to," when asked if she walked, or danced, or sewed, or skated, or practiced, or painted. Making such a complete blank of life is wicked as well as contemptible.

But with all this we have solved the problem—Emma Hardaker to the contrary. According to her silly theory, that a woman cannot do grand work, because she is smaller than her brother and eats less, Jumbo would be superior in intellectual accomplishment to the little Autocrat of the Hut. My answer to all distressed superfluities is, "Get work and do it well." To change Carlyle's dictum, Blessed is the woman who has found her work. Let her ask no other blessedness.

And there is work for all. Seek it. Fit yourself for the hall and you will surely be put in. Let me implore every girl who reads this to decide at once not to spread herself thin over a variety of accomplishments and enthusiasms, but find her bent and stick to it.

I see nothing absurd in sending car-loads of young women to the far West as teachers, nurses, cooks and dressmakers.

Mrs. Caroline Chisholm did a grand work with her Female Colonization Society, comfortably settling eleven thousand desolate ones. Miss Faithfull believes in this way of settling the question. Send the surplus where they will be appreciated.

A large fortune is no secure foundation. I know of a lady now obliged to work hard for her daily bread, who, five years ago, had an income of one hundred thousand dollars. Our colleges for women are teaching women how to take care of themselves, and the graduates are eagerly sought for. New paths are opening every day, and women are better paid. The few who can do anything really well, are nearly killed by the pressure upon them, which shows there is plenty of room for more.

I hope you will not all choose to teach or to write poetry, but I beg you to do something.

Occupation brings cheerfulness. Occupation and cheerfulness bring health.


With this triple armor one can fight their way with courage and success. And when the whirligig of Time brings back a natural state of things, and men and women are more equal in numbers, the "Superfluous Woman" will be rare, if not extinct.

KATE SANBORN.

How We Live in New York.—No. 4.

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE.

BY JESSY JUNE.

 It is comparatively easy to give a truthful idea of the different grades of life in New York among the actual "working" classes. Workers, whether by hand or brain are always bound by very much the same limitations, the changed and changing conditions of their lives are created by the progress of events, the developments of science, the improvement in industrial arts, which gives them better household and domestic appliances, more comfort and higher standards of beauty at about the same average proportion of income to expenditure. Outside this classification there is no standard of living or expenditure, at the present time, by which to gauge and define what may be termed the first class—those of highest rank in the social scale. Our oldest families are not our wealthiest families, and cannot compete in magnificence of living with the modern successful financier or railroad king. Fifty years ago a man was considered rich who was worth a hundred thousand dollars, and twenty-five years ago the man was rich who was worth a million of dollars; to-day in society such people speak of themselves as paupers, and doubtless feel that they are, beside the man who is worth twenty-five millions.

Of course there are in all countries men who grow to be enormously rich, but they have not been so rapidly developed, or in such numbers, as in this country, and their accumulations do not exercise so curious and marked an influence on the social life about them. The growth of the very rich families abroad has usually been gradual; it is the work of centuries, and is interwoven with the life about them. It expresses itself in the accumulation of broad acres, in the development and possession of noble parks and princely domains, and in the cultivation of a liberal rather than a splendid hospitality.

Our very rich men are all of them recent, and most of them self-made, and each one has had to build his house as well as occupy it, and each one therefore has tried to differentiate it—make it finer, more imposing, and distinctive than the last. Probably no one who has seen them—not the greatest stranger—has felt more strange in these gorgeous palaces than some of their owners for a long time after entering upon their occupation. Naturally their living must be on a scale commensurate with the vastness and the splendor of their surroundings. What is the use of being housed royally, except to entertain imperially? But to do this the home must be sacrificed to the *salon*, and the banquet hall, the picture gallery, and the army of trained servants. The women of the family suffer from this unnatural condition of things more than the men, and are infinitely more affected by it. A man usually confines himself to a favorite corner in his own house, during the brief period, when he is not asleep, that he spends under his own roof. If his dinner is satisfactory, if he can bring a friend home, or give a dinner party, without upsetting all the usual domestic arrangements, he is happy, and he can do this much better if his domestic machinery is arranged with special reference to the regular entertainment of guests than if they are a foreseen, but dreaded, emergency, to be provided for by the introduction of provisioned caterers and other disturbers of the peace of quiet family life.

In older countries, and especially where the dependents have grown up in the service of the house, and have perhaps been drawn from the circles of those who have spent generations in the service of the same family, there is a

peculiar tie existing between the lady of the house and her servants, no matter how numerous they may be. Their place also is one of recognized subordination, and hers of more direct and practical responsibility. If her husband is in public life, she may, by her tact and social graces, advance his interests; if he is a private gentleman she is expected to look after the welfare of those who are dependent upon them.

It is very different with the wives of our newly-made and very rich men. Their household vocation is taken away from them, and they have no other to fill its place. In their splendid houses they are at home only in their own rooms, and they have no more to do with the ordering of its expenditure or controlling its outlay than one unconnected with its interests.

It takes generations to change the old custom into the new habit, and it is hard for women who have perhaps been brought up in country homes, who inherit a mother's careful desire to supervise kitchen and closet, to feel themselves supernumeraries, a merely ornamental portion of their own household. It is perhaps natural for those from whom the resources are derived to assume the mastership, the authority, and if they are not gentlemen by nature and education, the dominant spirit will assert itself in no very pleasant manner.

"What did you bring to this house, madam," asked a rich man on one occasion of his wife, "that you should have anything to say in the matter?" when she had dared to make a suggestion. "I brought the children, Thomas," she replied, with true sweetness, grace, and dignity.

The "children" are in such a case the wife's chief and almost only source of interest; yet even this she is deprived of. She may struggle, but she will have to yield. The world, what seem to her social necessities, the adaptation of her surroundings to certain ways and methods, will all oppose themselves to her motherly instincts, desires, and inclinations, and she will not be able to resist them, because to do so would be to remove herself from their binding and limiting influence. One of the best thinkers of to-day tells us that our civilization builds walls against our humanity; and this is true. Still the civilization—by which is meant largely the refinements and luxuries of our domestic and social life—is the inevitable concomitant of the advancement in material directions, the developments of science, the progress of industrial arts, the encouragement bestowed upon inventive genius, and the growth of the appetite for the new and the beautiful, which, like all others, increases with what is furnished to satisfy it. It is therefore not the work of an individual or a class, but one of the age itself, and neither individual nor class can be made justly responsible for it.

In the mean time, women who have heretofore led simple lives are obliged to adjust themselves to new and difficult circumstances, which have not yet existed long enough to become established order, and which involve entirely new duties and obligations which experience alone can develop, and which must partake somewhat of the mixed and uncertain character of the conditions from which they spring.

I have said that fifty years ago a man worth a hundred thousand dollars was considered rich. At that time a lot in a good location could have been bought for fifteen hundred dollars—a fine house for ten thousand. Such a lot to-day would cost a hundred thousand dollars—a house of the kind wealthy men are now building and living in, from two hundred and fifty thousand to one or more millions, the yearly taxes alone being, perhaps, fifteen to twenty thousand dollars. This is only the beginning of the cost of living to the modern Cæsus. The furniture and appointments of

his magnificent dwelling, his pictures, and statuary, his carvings and decorations are brought from Paris and Rome, from Vienna and Switzerland, from Florence and the Tyrol, from Egypt and Japan. Sometimes these may be at least in part selected by husband and wife during a stay abroad, but often expert buyers, expert decorators and expert workers of all kinds are given *carte blanche* to do the best they can, regardless of cost, and the result is the best that money can buy; but it has none of the charms of association, or individuality of a house that has grown out of the life of the family and the gradual aggregation and development of its resources. It is but a show-palace, or museum after all; and it must have the security of the bank or the prison for the safe keeping of its treasures.

We read of, and some of us have experienced the delight of a woman in her china and linen closets, in her treasures of pantry and corner cupboard, but in the houses of the class mentioned, the pantries are practically iron-bound rooms, enclosing a system of safes, fire-proof and burglar-proof, which communicate with instantaneous electric lights and alarms, and every hour of the night the dwelling is perambulated by watchmen who wear indicators locked into chains about their necks, which tell unerringly at exactly which part of their round they were at a given hour, and compel them to be at certain places at regular intervals. In some of these houses the entertainments surpass in splendor those given by the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House. The services are of solid gold and silver plate, and in one house the chandeliers used on these occasions are of solid silver, wonderfully wrought in candelabra designs, and by an application of electricity enfold the dazzling plate, the prismatic hues of glass, the flush and fragrance of flowers, the rich hues of dress and the brightness of eyes, cheeks, and lips, all in one flood of silver radiance. The glories of Versailles and Fontainebleau almost pale before the aggregation of luxury in these Houses Beautiful. The carpets and rugs from the East, the paneled walls painted in lovely landscapes upon satin, and alternating with beveled glass or tapestries, etc., hangings costing fabulous sums, anywhere between fifty and one hundred and fifty dollars per yard, the decorated ceilings, the cabinets containing generations of costly adornment drawn from the the four quarters of the globe; and vistas of art gallery and conservatory, some single specimens from either of which represent a moderate fortune.

The service of a representative house, such as I have endeavored to give some idea of, is performed by a small army of men and women, of whom the cook is usually the chief. In this country the respectable old housekeeper, who occupies in England the intermediate place between the kitchen and the drawing-room, is unknown, as are also the servants trained by her to their several household duties. Servants here are too independent to admit of a secondary authority and there is no class among us from which to draw permanent supplies of young women, daughters of small tradesmen and agriculturists, who wish to be trained for housekeeping and domestic service. The system has in it something of the old feudal flavor, when knights trained squires for honors in the field by a course of discipline in their personal service, and cannot be expected to survive in a republic where men and women are free to be ignorant until they have learned the value of knowledge. It is this general ignorance in household service which gives to expert training and knowledge such exceptional value; and to this is added in the case of the *Chef* or Cook of the highest class, a genius for his profession, which not only (as in Europe) enables him to command a large salary, but here allows him to dictate terms and become, in effect, the superintendent of the *menage*. Such a cook obtains a salary (he would leave if it were

called wages) of from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars per month; and he requires expert cooks and trained scullions and pot-washers under him. He is also the purveyor for the establishment, buys the meats, fish, poultry, game, fruits, and sometimes other supplies, and will not take a place unless this privilege is accorded him, for in this way he nearly, if not quite, doubles his salary.

The mistress of such a house, as a rule, has no more to do with the obtaining of supplies than the outsider; she may require that certain dishes be furnished at certain times, but it is not she who makes the objections to the size of the bills or can in any way control them; it is a matter between the cook and the master of the house, or his man of business, except in one or two rare instances, where the management has been delegated on occasions to the wife, or she has been the moneyed power. Indeed, it is easy to see that superintendence or supreme authority in such establishments, on the part of the lady of the house, is almost impossible. Supervising its details would require more than all of her time, and would become drudgery. She rises late; her time is consumed in dressing, visiting, receiving visits and in seeing or settling questions regarding her children, if she has any. She must always be ready to entertain, she must neglect no detail of social courtesy, she must be equal to every office in the gift of philanthropy, and she must always be well and handsome and happy to do credit to her husband's munificence, his diamonds, his house and her good fortune. Her private income is often now derived from her own resources. With the advent of a race of rich men and luxurious surroundings has come comparative independence of some women. Daughters are sometimes secured as far as may be by gift or the assignment of certain properties, and as women of all classes—thanks to the agitation of such reformers as Mrs. E. C. Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, whose efforts have never been in the least recognized by those who have most benefited by them—can hold, keep, and maintain their right to their separate property interests, it is becoming not only the habit to allow them to do so, but also where they have not property of their own, to make them allowances out of that of the husband, a tacit recognition of the legal right to a share in the common income, or acquired property, which until recently has been very rarely exhibited, and is now by no means general.

Of course, where the wife has an income from, perhaps, half a million of dollars, she does not have to ask her husband's consent to purchase a dress; his bestowals come in the shape of costly gifts—diamonds, laces, a sealskin coat, perhaps, or an India shawl of extraordinary fineness, a cabinet collection of china, or bric-a-brac, or a historic fan, one of the hundreds of thousands credited to the sad fated Marie Antoinette, or the Empress Josephine. There are men of wealth who will not permit their wives to use their private means for their clothing or other essentials, but insist it shall be "pin-money," to be applied to any use or emergency which seems to her good—to gifts, friendly or charitable, to the gratification of personal tastes, but not the supplying of such essentials as belong to and are required by their position. But it is not necessary to say that such men are rare, and, in fact, they are more often found among gentlemen of smaller fortunes than men of great acquired wealth. Still, men nowadays spend so largely themselves that they are ashamed not to recognize the needs of their wives and daughters, and though in the efforts of the vastly larger number below this topmost grade, to assume something of the same state and display, there are small economies practiced by women that are pitiful, yet in common with the class of wealthy men referred to, there are wealthy women who can spend and give hundreds, and even thousands, and no one have

the right to question the wisdom of their acts. Such women are often most generous and charitable; full of sympathy for real suffering, and desire to relieve it. But they are besieged by the designing, and life is made a burden to them by the thriftless and thankless, within and without. They are compelled to build up walls between themselves and a greedy crowd of applicants who could never be satisfied, and who are eternally reinforced; for in this country the rich have not always equally rich and influential connections. They have often grown up out of small beginnings, and have relatives of varying degrees, who must be enabled to preserve respectability, if not elegance, unless the rich member of the family wishes to be impaled on the fork of public opprobrium through the press. These obligations cannot be evaded, and must be satisfied, before the throng from the outside can be heard; yet the women of independent means in New York have done some noble things; they have built asylums and lodging-houses; one sends a yearly company of homeless boys to Western homes, another sustains a seaside home for working girls. One whose name figures in the lists of the gay and fashionable sustains a hospital almost by her contributions to its funds, and gives much of her time also to reading to its inmates; and another has been a good angel to hundreds of unfortunate girls, whom ignorance and folly led to crime.

Exact facts in regard to entire expenditure, in such families as these to which I have devoted this chapter, have no value as establishing a standard, because they are hardly enough to form a class, and their habits and ways depend so much upon personal character and antecedents. The significance which attaches to them is derived from their recess and rapid growth, and from the peculiar development of this old Venetian form of luxury equally among the traders of the old republic and the financial and commercial princes of the new. Its development naturally takes on many forms that are individualized, some that are common. The luxury of the table is almost universal among them, less, perhaps, on account of individual taste for rich or particularly delicate food, than because it is the recognized way in which hospitality is exercised. The feasts of Lucullus could hardly have surpassed the refinement, the exquisite delicacy, the perfection of cooking and serving which characterizes some dinners given in the city of New York. If "peacocks' wings" are not placed before the guests, it is only because something equally rare, and more delicious, has been found to take their place. Entertainments require a chapter to themselves, and will receive one, space not permitting the discussion of so wide a subject in this place; neither can we pretend to take up the philosophical aspects of the question, and try to determine whether this is the beginning of an era in luxurious living greater than any the world has yet seen, or merely an outbreak which will subside into something permanent, and more truly representative of American ideas, with time.

A Turkish Coffee-house in Egypt.



TURKISH coffee-house in Egypt must not be confounded with the Greek tavern in the same place, or the native beer shops. It is superior to either, inasmuch as no intoxicating beverage is drunk.

The taverns in Egypt are generally kept by Greeks, and are dark, dirty, and uncomfortable places. The Mohammedans regard tavern-keeping as a disreputable business, as, in

their estimation, there is no greater sin than indulging in strong drink. When they do visit these places, it is secretly, as they are ashamed to be seen in a shop which, while pretending to keep for sale Levantine productions, is really nothing better than a drinking saloon.

The common people indulge in the beer sold in the shops, which are rude huts made of reed. They are generally very temperate, however; and while the Christian of Egypt is addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks, the Moslem does not count intemperance among his sins.

All over the country the coffee-house is found. These are sometimes nothing more than a straw-covered shed, as seen in our illustration. The visitors sit either on a mat, placed on the earthen floor, or on seats made like wicker baskets, which are in readiness outside of the building. In the middle of the room a fire is made, and here the master sits and pre-

pares the coffee, which, as drunk by the Egyptians, is a bitter beverage, unsweetened by sugar. The roasted beans are pounded into a fine powder, which fully extracts all the elements of the coffee. The guests lazily sit around with a cup of coffee in one hand and a hookah in the other, into which they have put a small piece of hashish, the effect of which is to lull them into dreamy quiet, in which state they sometimes see unreal visions.

In the towns and villages the people live a somewhat lazy life, and even business is carried on in a slow, deliberate manner. Visiting the *caffé* takes up a considerable part of their time. They rise early, as their religion obliges them to say their prayers and perform their ablutions before sunrise, but they make up for their loss of sleep by their afternoon *siesta*, which is frequently taken in the coffee-house.



A TURKISH COFFEE-HOUSE IN EGYPT.

Joe Baxter, Ranchman.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE ROCKIES.

I.



JOE was a sheep-herder.

For seven long years had he lived a solitary, lonely life on the bleak desolate plains with not a tree in sight, with only the sage-bush and bunch-grass making greenness for him.

His little hut had a "dirt roof," and here and there a weed flourished, giving a somewhat picturesque effect to the top of his house.

One tiny window admitted light, and the narrow door-way was decorated in quite an artistic manner with deer and elk horns. A stuffed mountain lion was also tacked up.

Inside, on the floor, lay a great buffalo-skin, and on this Joe slept every night. A small cast-iron stove, with its pipe extending through the roof, served to get his meals by, and one hard unpainted chair and table made up his furniture.

Yet Joe was not uncomfortable, although he had been reared on the outskirts of a great city, East, and had been accustomed to some luxuries.

He remembered his old home very well, though he had been but sixteen when he had left it.

He could see the little white homestead among the trees, with its many clinging vines and old-fashioned garden full of flowers, quite plainly.

It made him just a trifle blue when he recalled it, so he would not think of it often.

Life, West, was not quite what he had pictured it in his boyish enthusiasm—fortunes were not so easily made, somehow—but Joe was not disheartened.

He had arrived in Montana Territory without a penny—it having taken all the ready money he had on hand (such a tremendous pile Joe thought!) to bring him that far—and he had had to "rough it," and "rustle around," as they termed it out in the Far West, a good deal at first.

People suspected he had run away from home, and looked upon him as a romantic boy not fit for much. He had found his age considerably against him.

But he had made up his mind to "grow up with the country," and was willing to put up with much, rather than go back East. That would have been too humiliating; besides, Joe's money was gone—he was three thousand miles from home—it would take him some time to work his way back, even if he had wanted to go.

So Joe stayed.

He was twenty-seven, now, and a great, tall, young fellow, with quite a heavy mustache and whiskers, and a deep, rather rough voice.

For some years he had been a hired herder, and had been very proud of the forty dollars a month, which he had received as wages. Now, he had a little band—not very many hundred, it is true—of his own, but Joe was prouder still.

It would not be very many years, he told himself, before he would be a well-to-do ranchman, for every year his little band would increase, and, unless the winters were unusually severe, his losses would not be heavy.

"Then," he would say, smiling a little sadly, "when that time comes, we'll think about the East!"

Once in a great while, for he was tired when night came, and found it much pleasanter to stretch out on his buffalo-skin than to sit up on the hard chair and cramp his fingers with writing, he would send a letter home.

Great would be the rejoicing in the little white homestead on its reception.

A certain white-haired old lady, Joe's mother, would put on her spectacles and read it over and over. And then she

would take them off so frequently to wipe them—they would grow so suddenly dim—that Joe's only sister, a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl, not unlike Joe himself, would grow impatient and snatch the badly-written sheets away and read them aloud herself.

"Mother," she said once, on finishing one of Joe's effusions, "it must be a glorious country! I wish we could go there!"

But her mother had replied, quickly:

"No, no, child. I would like to see Joe, but I couldn't stand the bears, and—what kind of lions did he call them?"

II.

The long dreary Montana winter was nearly over.

A delightful clinock—the Indian name for warm wind-blowing, and the snow on the plains and "foot-hills" was melting like magic.

Only on the great mountain peaks did it linger.

Joe had finished his simple breakfast, and was just starting out to visit his corral.

It was quite early; the sun only just rising. In the valley, and half way up the mountains, lay the white mist like soft curling smoke; above it shone out the Rockies, red against the clear blue of the sky.

Joe stood still for a moment and looked at the sunrise, his rough nature strangely touched by its beauty. He drew a great breath.

"If mother could only see this!" he exclaimed.

"Joe, Joe Baxter!" some one called, loudly.

The young man started. He rarely saw any one—his life was such a secluded, lonely one—the mere sound of a human voice surprised him.

"Who's there?" he called back, quickly. A man came riding up.

"Oh, Dr. Rogers!" said Joe, and touched his wide-brimmed hat.

"You look surprised to see me so early," said the man on horseback, shaking hands, warmly, with Joe. "Well, I do leave the Springs before daylight," he went on; "but I thought I'd just ride over and see how you were getting along. We hadn't seen any thing of you for the last few weeks, and I wanted to know how the winter had left you. How are the sheep? Lost many?"

"A few—pretty bad winter, you know," said Joe.

"I should say so!" exclaimed the doctor. "Can't remember a much worse one. Such gales, such snow-storms—thermometer fifty degrees below zero! Wonder is, you haven't lost more!"

"I'm just on my way to the corral. Would you like to take a look at the sheep?" asked Joe.

The two men moved off together.

"Look here, Joe!" the doctor exclaimed, suddenly, "Can you ride over to the Springs some time soon?"

"I guess so. Why?"

"Well, my wife wants to see you about something," said the doctor, chuckled mysteriously, and flicked his cayuse.

"Mrs. Rogers wants to see me!" Joe exclaimed, a little surprised.

"Yes. I was not to tell you why. Only just to ask you to come. Those were my orders," and again the doctor chuckled.

"Well, I can come to-day," Joe responded, simply, and then led the way into the corral.

Dr. Rogers stayed to dinner, and, in honor of the occasion, Joe covered the table with a bit of coarse white cloth, which looked very much like toweling, but which the doctor politely accepted for a table-cloth.

Joe's cooking was not bad. He could mix up biscuit in a

way quite surprising, and his coffee was good and strong. These, with some baked potatoes and several huge slices of fried bacon, served for the dinner.

After the meal the two men lit their pipes, and, Joe having saddled his horse, rode away together across the plains in the mild afternoon sunshine.

The Springs was a noted (?) Montana summer resort. Dr. Rogers was the proprietor of them, and prided himself greatly on his fine hotel (a rambling log-house) and his limitless supply of hot sulphur water.

To the few deluded mortals who drifted over occasionally from Helena—the Territorial capital—the Springs seemed rather overrated, to say the least.

The "elegantly furnished apartments," as advertised in the Helena papers, were somewhat disappointing, the floors being bare in places, with only here and there a strip of carpet laid down, the walls simply weather-boarded or covered with canvas, and the furniture of the most ordinary sort. The "delicious table," to again quote, was even more disappointing, and unfortunate visitors were known to speedily find their way back to Helena, which could, at least, boast of a good hotel.

The doctor had mistaken his forte, that was all; and yet to Joe, after his little ranch-cabin, the Springs seemed almost paradise.

Just at sunset, he and the doctor rode up before the hotel.

Mrs. Rogers stood waiting for them on the porch; beside her, a slender young girl, with blooming cheeks and bright fearless eyes.

"Who's that?" asked Joe, in quite an audible whisper.

The doctor gave one of his mysterious chuckles.

"That—why, that's my niece. She's just come here from the States," he explained. "I brought you over to see her."

III.

June had come.

Dr. Rogers' niece had been several weeks at the Springs, and during that time Joe had been quite a constant visitor.

The doctor's wife had told him archly, "She really feared the sheep would suffer—he was so little with them," and then she had given him a beaming smile. She was an inveterate matchmaker, and really liked the great brown-eyed fellow, and had advised him to go indoors at once.

"You will find Nora waiting for you in the parlor," she had added.

And Joe had followed her advice immediately, leaving his hostess somewhat ungallantly alone on the porch. Nora, the doctor's niece, a pretty enough girl for any country—be it East or West—rose from the chair, where she was sitting making a little pretense at hemming napkins, and held out her hand with a pleased look at Joe.

She, too, liked the young fellow. He seemed so true in every way, and he had read quite a little during all these lonely years, so he was not altogether an ignoramus.

"I saw you coming," she said, smiling. "I could see your horse way across the plains."

"How did you know it was my horse?" asked Joe, matter-of-factly.

"Oh, I didn't *know* it was. But I thought so. I felt, somehow, you would come to-night," and a little deeper pink stole up into her cheeks.

"Did you really! I hadn't told you I was coming," Joe said, looking at her with unconcealed admiration, and dropping into the chair she pushed toward him.

"No, I know you hadn't, but you haven't been here since Monday, and—"

"And this is only Wednesday!" Joe cried then added in

a lower tone, and somewhat hesitatingly, "Did you miss me any—Miss Nora?"

"Yes, very much. This is a lonely country," the young girl answered, but she looked past Joe, out the window, as she spoke.

"What do you say to a walk down to the sulphur-spring?" Joe asked suddenly, and standing up.

Nora rose too.

"The moon is shining. It will be very pleasant I think," she said.

The doctor's wife nodded and smiled as she watched the young couple walking slowly down the road.

"That will make a match, Dick!" she exclaimed, triumphantly, to her husband, "you see if it doesn't!"

"Well, then you will be satisfied," observed the doctor, "and I sha'n't object. He's a right smart, steady sort of fellow, and he's got a good start. In a few years he'll be a rich man!"

In the meantime, Joe and Nora were standing in the moonlight by the sulphur-spring.

"How bright the moon shines here!" exclaimed Nora, pausing in the act of raising the glass Joe had handed her, to her lips, and glancing about her. "It's almost as bright as day!" she added.

"It makes you look very pretty," Joe observed bluntly.

Nora swallowed the sulphur-water quite quickly, forgetting, in her embarrassment to make her usual little face after it.

"Nora!" her name came easily to Joe in his excitement, "you are the prettiest and best woman I ever saw!"

"Oh no, Joe—your mother!" cried Nora, and she tried to appear at ease with him, but her lips trembled.

"Yes, my mother *was* a sweet-faced woman as I remember," Joe observed with reverence in his tone, "but you, Nora, you are more than that! I guess the reason you seem so beautiful to me is because—because I love you!"

And having said this much the young man became hopelessly overwhelmed with confusion, and bent down over the sulphur-spring as though he would like to hide himself, forever, in its depths.

It was very still for a moment—the cool fresh air from the mountains blowing in their faces, which were both quite white in the moonlight.

Joe recovered himself at last and spoke again.

"I've been a fool to say what I have!" he said quickly, "you couldn't stand ranch life even if—if you cared anything for me."

"I couldn't?"

"No—you are too pretty and delicate. It isn't any kind of a life for a woman. My mother couldn't stand it, and I know you couldn't," he added dejectedly.

"Will you take me to your ranch, and try me?" Nora asked, very softly.

The sudden intense joy that came into Joe's face was beautiful to see.

"Nora!" he cried, "I worship you! and we won't always lead such a hard life. Some day I'll take you East—I promise you!"

IV.

"Joe, dear, have we really been married nearly three years? I can't believe it!"

"It doesn't seem that long—does it?" said Joe in response, laying his large rough hand tenderly on Nora's.

They were sitting out on the little porch together in the twilight.

The hut, or ranch-cabin, as Nora called it, had a porch, now, and two rooms added to it.

Some vines had been trained to grow against the white.

washed walls, and a few cotton-wood trees had been set out before the door, and were flourishing through the aid of an irrigating ditch dug by Joe himself.

Inside the little cabin was much more comfortable.

The main room, which in other days had served as parlor, bed-room, and kitchen, all in one, for Joe, was Nora's "best room," now.

At the tiny window were white curtains, tied back with bright ends of ribbon; on the floor a gay bit of carpet; two rocking-chairs, with a small round table, over which was thrown a pretty red cover, and on which were some books, and a few little knick-knacks, gave quite a home-like air.

A little picture of an eastern farm, that Nora had cut out of a magazine one day, and Joe had framed for her, hung on the wall.

Many times she and Joe had stood before it, and looked at it.

Once Joe had said, "That's the kind of a home you would like, Nora, isn't it? You were never meant for this country, although you are a brave, good girl, and make the best of everything. But I can see you shiver and start when you hear the coyotes howling at night, and the long winters here they tell on you."

"I love the East, of course, Joe, dear," Nora had replied, with a little, longing sigh, and then had quickly added, "but I love where you are best."

Some day they were going East. Had not Joe promised to take her?

Nora lived on that.

She had been thinking about it this evening, as she sat on the porch, waiting for Joe to come home.

She had watched the sunset—what glorious sunsets there were here among the Rockies!—and had fancied how the sun was setting East, only it had been down more than two hours ago home!

There was such a difference in the time between there and here.

She could see it shining on her father's old red barn, turning the weathercock into burnished gold.

She could even hear the tinkling of the cow-bells, as the cows came slowly home down the green lane under the apple-trees.

How sweet the air was!

It never smelled that way to her here—it was so dry and scentless.

Just as the sun dipped out of sight behind the snow-capped mountains, Joe came riding up.

He was tired, and after supper lit his pipe with a sigh of pleasure, and bade Nora come out on the porch.

"Let the dishes go till morning, Nora," he said; "I am tired, and want you to rest with me."

So together they sat in the twilight, which lasted long, it being quite light even at nine o'clock.

"Nora, aren't you just a little tired of this life we're leading?" Joe ventured, after a short silence between them, during which he had puffed at his pipe thoughtfully and watched his young wife's face.

"Why, Joe? Do I look discontented?" Nora asked, quickly.

"No, you wouldn't look that if you were, for fear of worrying me. But we all need change, once in a while, and I've been thinking a good deal lately, for me, and I've about concluded, little woman, to make a change."

"A change, Joe?"

"Yes, I'm going to sell the ranch!"

"Sell the ranch!"

Joe nodded, and puffed two or three times at his pipe, before speaking again, watching the effect of his words on Nora as he did so.

"Of course, if we stay here a good many years longer, Nora, we'll be a good deal richer—we're only comfortably off now—but I've been thinking, as I told you, and I've about made up my mind, that there's something in the world worth living for besides making money and getting rich, and I don't know as it pays to spend your life in a wilderness just for the sake of seeing how much you can make. So I've had a good offer for the ranch, just as it stands. Dr. Rogers rode over to see me to-day, and told me of a man who wanted to buy, and I've determined to sell, Nora, and that means—well, that means East!"

Nora gave a glad little cry, and threw herself on Joe's breast.

"Oh, Joe, Joe!" she said, brokenly, "I am so happy!"

V.

The stars were still shining, it was so very early in the morning, and Joe and Nora were about starting forth on their long journey East. The old lumbering red coach stood before The Springs Hotel, and quite a little group of people were out on the porch wishing good-bye to the young couple.

Moon, the Chinese cook, was lamenting their going loudly, and had just presented them each with a most gorgeously-tinted Chinese silk handkerchief, as a farewell token of his admiration for them.

The doctor and his wife seemed very loath to lose them, and yet Mrs. Rogers took the young wife aside, and whispered: "It is best you should go home, Nora, dear, this is a hard country to be sick in."

And Nora's face had flushed hotly, and then she had kissed the doctor's wife somewhat hurriedly, and Joe had helped her quite tenderly into the high stage.

The driver cracked his long whip, gave a shrill whistle to his lean, rather over-worked looking horses, and they were off.

"Good-bye, good-bye!" called back Joe and Nora.

Hands were waved to them from the porch, and the doctor's wife and poor Moon disappeared, in tears.

Across the wild plains rolled the dusty old coach. The air was not chilly, although so early, and Nora leaned out of the window and watched the dawn coming.

The stars were growing fainter, and little streaks of light breaking in the East.

Overhead, the sky was gradually becoming a pale, exquisite blue.

"Joe, I am *very* happy?" Nora said presently, and stealing her hand into her husband's.

"Are you, dear? I'm glad, too, we're going East," said Joe; "I think I've had about enough of the West," he went on; "anyway, I've sold the ranch for a good price, and I'm no longer a poor man. We can live right comfortable, little woman, for the balance of our lives, and—and—well, I guess the little one will never want for anything!"

Nora gave him a radiant smile; then they were silent again for a time, and sat watching the sunrise.

First, only the mountains glowed faintly pink—the valley still lay shadowy and purple—then all was suddenly flooded with a golden radiance—the sun had burst upon them.

Along the road-side some cactus, or "prickly pear" blossoms, as they were called in Montana, bloomed. The bunch-grass and sage-bush were quite green, and save for the lack of trees, the country appeared not unattractive.

Farther on they passed through some wild beautiful cañons.

Here trees grew in profusion, and pale pink sweet-brier roses.

Nora was delighted. It made her feel as though she had reached home already.

They crossed foaming little rivers, bluer than the sky itself.

The scenery was indeed worth seeing—not lovely such as Nora had seen East—but grand, magnificent.

Great rocks over which poured glittering little cascades; snowy-hooded mountains; far-reaching plains, broken by green, undulating "foot-hills" and dotted here and there by grazing cattle or sheep.

They passed by a military post—comfortable looking quarters, and several mining camps.

An old dilapidated quartz mill pleased Nora with its picturesqueness, the miners' huts about it reminding her of Joe's ranch-cabin, as it used to be.

About noon they came to Diamond City, which consisted of a mere handful of houses.

It had once been a famous old mining camp, but was now almost deserted. As to its being a city, it might possibly arrive at that distinction some time in the far distant future.

Joe and Nora took dinner here—a most miserable one, in a tumble-down house of logs.

Just before sunset they reached Helena, and Joe was very glad they were going to rest here over night, for Nora was looking quite pale, and feeling very tired after her seventy five miles' staging.

The host of the "International"—a really excellent Montana hotel, received them cordially, showing them, himself, to their rooms—two tastefully furnished apartments, quite luxurious for the West. And after an exceedingly nice supper, the young couple rested, and enjoyed their pleasant quarters.

"Why, Joe, it's almost like being at the Windsor in New York!" Nora exclaimed, in childish delight. She had gone to this hotel once to call on a young bride friend, and she had never quite forgotten its elegance and splendor. But Joe did not know much about the Windsor.

VI.

It was the following day, and Joe and Nora had been staging it since before dawn again.

It was nearly dusk now, and the lamps outside the coach were already lit.

A night's staging was still ahead of them.

Poor Nora was sadly weary, her back and limbs aching so it seemed she could not sit still a moment longer.

She was quite pale, and leaned against Joe with closed eyes, vainly trying to rest.

The coach was uncomfortably crowded, nine inside and five out.

The boot was loaded with baggage and freight, and the old vehicle rocked in a most alarmingly top-heavy manner.

When they rode by the edge of high precipices, as they frequently did, or forded swift-flowing rivers, Nora would shudder and hide her face on Joe's shoulder.

She looked forward to the night with simple horror.

In the darkness all would seem so much more dangerous and terrible. Then she had no confidence whatever in the driver, the first really bad one they had encountered in the Territory, a great, burly fellow, who drank freely at every station where fresh horses were taken on, and who drove in a most reckless way.

Sometimes the thought of Indians would suggest itself to her, too.

For miles they would never see a house, nothing but the desolate wind-blown plains stretching about them. Occasionally they would come to some lonely little post-office, when the post-master would stumble sleepily out, candle in hand, to take the mail-bags.

It was not far from midnight, now, and very dark, for it threatened rain.

Nora had at last fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion, and Joe was nodding in his corner.

Suddenly, the report of a pistol rang out sharply on the still air. The horses were brought to a standstill, and all was instantaneous confusion.

The driver had been hauled off his seat, in his drunken condition, and thrown upon the ground.

Quite a party of men, well armed, with their faces partially concealed, surrounded the coach.

"A little chink, if you please, gentlemen," one tall, brawny fellow, evidently the leader, said insolently, laying his hand on the coach-door.

All was deadly silent.

Then, without a word, without the slightest attempt at resistance, money, jewelry, everything of any possible value that could not well be concealed, was handed out.

The passengers of the G— and S— stage were unarmed. Joe had even laughed when Nora had urged him to bring his pistol.

"What, in these civilized times!" he had cried. "Why, you are as safe in Montana, nowadays, as you would be East!"

"Oh, Joe, I know we shall be murdered!" Nora had asserted, tearfully, and now she felt what she had said was about to be verified. She clung to Joe in speechless terror.

"Is *this* all you've got?" demanded the man at the door, handling rather contemptuously the articles in his possession. "Pretty light haul!" he continued, turning to his companions, "Guess these are all *pilgrims—tender-foots*, going home broke!" and he laughed coarsely.

Then he handed part of the valuables over to his men with an oath, adding as he nodded in the coach, "Well, you ain't worth killing, so good night to you, my friends," and with another laugh, disappeared in the darkness, followed by his gang.

It had all happened so quickly that every one seemed stunned for the moment.

The silence was broken by a German woman bursting into sobs and tears, and the lamentations of her three forlorn little children.

"We must find our driver!" some of the men said, and scrambled out.

Joe could not move—Nora had fallen back into his arms, quite unconscious.

VII.

"Look here, Nora; look, dear!" cried Joe, with no little excitement, "you can see the railroad! And, bless my soul, there's an engine—hurrah!"

They had reached Red Rock, the terminus of the Utah and Northern Railroad, a little rough-looking town "on wheels," that moved whenever the railroad pushed its way farther into the great Territory.

Nora had been too ill to go right on with their journey, after arriving at Red Rock, so they were laying over until she should feel stronger and less nervous.

They were stopping at the Mountain House, which had been recommended to them as being everything most desirable—a strictly "first-class house," in fact.

It proved the reverse in every respect, but Joe and Nora did not mind. They could see the railroad from their dingy little room window—could see, too, the great engines puffing up and down the track, and they were as pleased over it as two children.

Joe had not seen an engine in eleven years, not since he was quite a boy, and Nora felt it had been an age since she had seen one.

Together they sat in the window and watched, and when

the train came in, about dusk, bringing passengers from the East, they became quite absurdly excited.

"Only a few more days, and we shall be where those people have just come from, Nora!" Joe cried. "Don't you suppose they'd envy us, if they only knew it?" he added.

"Yes, poor people!" said Nora, pityingly. "I feel very sorry for them, don't you, Joe? They don't know what sort of a country they are coming to—they don't know what hardships they will have to endure. And they are so confident that they will grow rich—strike a mine or something of that sort right off! Oh, if they would only be content to work, and live as hard East as they will have to do here, if they want to succeed! If they only wouldn't get this foolish Western-fever! They would do quite as well, perhaps better, if they only knew."

"The West has done well by me, dear," Joe said, wishing to be just.

"Yes, but you have been unusually lucky, Joe. Where you have succeeded, hundreds have failed, and lost all they had."

"That's so," said Joe. "I don't know but you're right, Nora," he added, after a moment's thought; "the East is just about as good in the long run, and, if a man will only work, he can succeed anywhere."

A day or two later they bade farewell to Montana forever.

"Good-bye, old cotton-wood trees!" cried Nora, childishly, leaning out of the car-window, and smiling gayly. "I never want to see you again!"

How delightful was the motion of the train, after the intolerable jolting of the stage!

How smoothly, how swiftly they ran. Nora thought she would never grumble, or complain of being tired on the cars again.

They took dinner in Idaho, at Beaver Cañon, a picturesque little place, and supper at Blackfoot. The next morning, early, they reached Ogden, Utah, when they changed cars, taking the Union Pacific railroad for the East. Shortly before reaching Ogden, they caught a glimpse of the great Salt Lake.

It lay placid and gray, shut in by purple hills.

Nora enjoyed the scenery all along the journey greatly. The massive yellowish-red rocks towering heavenward, the cañons and "Devil's Slides," the long ranges of snow-capped mountains, were something always to be remembered. And the odd little towns through which they passed interested her.

At some of the stations Indians were frequently seen, in their trailing red blankets, sunning themselves. But Nora had gotten used to seeing them in Montana.

The young couple were on the train so long that they became acquainted with many of the passengers, and Nora came to look upon a certain little blue-eyed baby, belonging to an Arizona army-officer's wife, with prophetic mother-love.

It would sit on her lap, and look up in her face in such a solemn wondering way! It made her heart leap with a great joy. A joy of which she could not speak, save to Joe.

VIII.

A little white homestead among the trees

A white-haired, sweet-faced old lady standing in the doorway.

This was what Joe and Nora saw, as they drove up, one sunny afternoon.

"Mother!" cried Joe.

Mrs. Baxter trembled all over. She felt it must be Joe—she knew he was coming—but she never would have known him.

ZALDIE BETTS SMITH.

The Story of the Maelström,

AND HOW IT HAPPENED THAT THE SEA BECAME SALT.

Translated from the Norwegian, by H. WARD PATTERSON, A. B.

DEAR READERS OF DEMAREST:

YOU, who have read the recent sketch in this magazine, about Asbjornson's collection of Norway's folk-lore, may be interested in a translation of one of them. I have chosen the story of the Maelström because every one has heard of it, and very many have a magnified notion of its horrors—if the inconveniences of a bit of rough water deserve so big a name.

Geographers, like some other men, have sometimes given evidence of a greater imagination than love of research, but I would not be the iconoclast to shake your faith in the most of what they have written. The story, as given by the books, has a complexion very like *The Old Man of the Sea*, or *the Midgard Serpent*. It has two good qualities, however,—enough truth to give it constitution, and enough myth to make it fascinating and keep it moving.

Stories, like snowballs, grow by rolling, so it is no wonder that the fame of the rocky eddy (the fabled origin of which is given in this tale), where the little craft of the ancient fishermen dared not meet a storm, begun as it was in mystery and terror, and nursed for centuries in the land of the Asas and the elves, should reach us in the stature and garb we find it; or that our bookmakers, with their drop of Norse blood, their inheritance of Norse myth and bent of thought, together with the matter-of-fact qualities of the Anglo-American, should accept and transcribe it as truth, and picture it as a mighty cauldron of mountain waves, drawing some luckless ship down endwise to gruesome caves, and making horrible the thought of travel on the grand, fiord-cleft coast of Norway.

But you would rather hear Asbjornson talk than me, so here is his story.

Once, a long, long time ago, there were two brothers, one of whom was rich and the other poor. When Christmas eve came, the poor one had not a crumb in the house either of meat or bread, and so he went to his brother, and begged him for a little for Christmas, in the name of God.

This was by no means the first time the brother had been obliged to give to him, neither was he particularly glad to do so now.

"If you will do what I ask of you, you shall have a whole ham," said he.

The poor one promised that immediately, and thanked him besides.

"There it is, then. Now go straight to Helvede,"* said the rich one, throwing the ham over to him.

"Well, what I have promised I will do," said the other, taking the ham and walking off.

He walked and walked all day long, and after dark he came to a place which was brilliantly lighted.

"Here it is, you will see," thought the man with the ham.

Out in the wood-house there was an old man, with a long white beard, chopping wood.

"Good evening!" said the man with the ham.

"Good evening to you! Where are you going so late?" said the man.

"I am going to Helvede, I suppose, if I am on the right road," answered the poor man.

"Well you have gone rightly enough, it is here," said the old man. "As soon as you go in they will all want to buy your ham, for pork is a rare kind of food in Helvede; but you are not to sell it unless you get that hand-mill that stands behind the door for it. Then when you come out

* Helvede, in three syllables—Norwegian for "hell."

again I will teach you to operate the mill, it is useful for a little of everything."

Well, the man with the ham thanked him for the good suggestion, and knocked at the door of Fauden.* When he came in it happened as the old man had said: all the devils, both great and small, swarmed around him like ants around a worm, one outbidding another for the ham.

"By good rights my wife and I ought to have had it for a Christmas dinner, but, since you are so eager for it, I might as well give it up," said the man. "But, if I am to sell it, I want the hand-mill which stands behind the door over there."

Fauden was reluctant about agreeing to that, and higgled and chaffered with the man; but he persisted in his demand, and so Fauden handed it over.

When the man came out into the yard, he asked the old wood-chopper how he was to operate the mill, and, when he had found out, he thanked him, and set off toward home, the swiftest he could; but, for all that, he did not get home before the clock struck twelve on Christmas night.

"Why, where in all the world have you been!" said his wife. "Here have I sat, hour after hour, wishing and waiting, without so much as two splinters to cross under the Christmas porridge-pot."

"Well, I could not come any sooner. I had a little of everything to go after, and a long road too. But now you shall see!" said the man.

He sat the mill on the table, and made it first grind light, then cloth, and then food and drink, all that was good for a Christmas dinner, and the mill ground just as he commanded it.

The woman started, crossed herself again and again, and wanted to know where the man had got the mill from, but he would not tell.

"It is all the same where I got it. You see the mill is good, and the mill-stream does not freeze," said the man.

Then he ground food and drink, and all kinds of good things, for all Christmastide, and the third day he invited in his friends, and had a banquet.

When the rich brother saw all there was in the banquet hall, he was both grieved and angry, for he grudged his brother anything.

"On Christmas eve he was so needy that he came to me and begged for a little in God's name, and now he makes a feast as though he were both count and king," said he to the others. "But where in Helvede did you get all your riches from?" said he to the brother.

"Behind the door," said he who owned the mill. He did not trouble himself about giving him any account of it; but later in the evening, when he was a little full, he could not restrain himself. Then he came out with the mill.

"There you see what has procured me all this wealth," said he, and then he made the mill grind one thing and another.

When the brother saw this, he was determined to have the mill, and at last it was agreed he should, but he must give three hundred dollars for it, and, besides, the man was to keep it till haying. "For if I keep it so long, I can grind up food for many years," thought he.

During that time, one may easily imagine the mill did not get rusty, and when haying-time came the brother received it; but the other had been careful not to teach him how to stop it.

It was in the evening that the rich one got the mill home, and in the morning he told his wife to go out and spread hay after the mowers. He would prepare the dinner himself to-day, he said.

So, when it was nearly dinner-time, he sat the mill on the kitchen table.

* Fauden is the Norwegian word for "Devil."

"Grind herring and porridge, and that both fast and well!" said the man; and the mill went to grinding herring and porridge, first all the dishes and trays full, and afterward out over the whole kitchen floor. The man fussed and worked at the mill and tried to get it to stop, but no matter how he shifted and fingered it, the mill kept on, and in a little while the porridge got so deep that the man was near drowning. Then he threw open the parlor door, but it was not long before the mill had ground the parlor full also, and it was with much ado that the man got hold of the door-latch down in the flood of porridge. When he at last got the door open, he did not stay long in the room. He rushed out, and herring and porridge after him, so that they streamed foaming out over both the yard and the fields.

About this time the woman, who was out spreading hay, thought it took a great while to get dinner ready.

"We will go home any way, even if the man does not call us. He is not very good at cooking porridge, so I had better help him," said she, to the harvest folks.

Well, they began to saunter homeward, but, when they came up over the hills a little distance, they met herring and porridge and bread, rushing and pitching amongst each other, and the man himself in front of the flood.

"Would to Heaven you had each a hundred stomachs!" shouted the man, "but take care that you do not drown in the dinner-porridge!" and he darted past them as though the evil one were at his heels, down to where his brother lived. He begged him for Heaven's sake to take back the mill, and that in an instant. "If it grinds another hour, the whole parish will perish of herring and porridge," said he.

But the brother would not think of taking it before the other paid him three hundred dollars more, and he must pay it then.

The poor one now had both money and the mill, and so it was not long before he got up a house for himself much more magnificent than the one the brother lived in. With the mill he ground so much gold that he covered it with pure gold plates, and as the house lay close by the sea-side, it shone and glistened far out over the water. All who sailed past there now wanted to call and visit the rich man in the gold house, and then all wanted to see the wonderful mill, for the fame of it had spread far and wide, and there was no one who had not heard it spoken of.

After a long time, a shipmaster came also, who wanted to see the mill. He asked if it could grind salt.

"Of course, it can grind salt!" said the one who owned it; and, when the shipmaster heard that, he was determined to have the mill, let it cost what it would, for, if he had it, thought he, then he would not be obliged to sail far away over dangerous waters after cargoes of salt.

At first the man would not think of it, but the shipmaster both begged and besought, and at last he sold it, and received many, many thousand dollars for it!

When the shipmaster had got the mill on his back, he did not pause long in that place, for he was afraid the man would change his mind. He had no time now to ask how to stop it; he got aboard ship the quickest he could, and, when he had gone a little distance out to sea, he got out the mill.

"Grind salt, and that both fast and well!" said the shipmaster.

Well, the mill began to grind salt, so that it flew into the air. When the shipmaster had got the ship full, he wanted to stop the mill, but whatever he did, and however he managed it, the mill ground just as fast as ever, and the salt-heap grew higher and higher, and at last the ship sunk.

There stands the mill on the bottom of the sea, grinding on, day after day, and this is the reason that the sea is salt.

What Women Are Doing.

The Temperance women of England and Scotland have declared war against the licenses granted to confectioners and others, whose customers are mainly women and children.

A newspaper, of which women are the sole editors and managers, has been established in Moscow. It is called the *Friend of Women*.

Madame Berthe de Rougemont has started a paper in Brussels called *Le Colillon*. It is devoted to theatrical and musical gossip, and bids fair to be successful.

La Donna informs us that a lecture was lately given to the Alpine Club, in Turin, by the Countess Carolina Palazzi-Lavaggi, upon lady Alpine explorers. She said women were excluded from the English and Swiss Alpine Clubs, but were admitted into those of Italy.

The classes of commercial instruction established by the city of Paris were attended last year by 454 young men and 525 women. Another Lyceum for girls has been opened at Besancon.

Mrs Alfred Jenks, daughter of Bishop Littlejohn, produced lately an opera at her house as an evening entertainment, with amateur talent exclusively.

The *Early Lives of Eminent American Women*, is the subject of a book now in preparation by Mrs. Amy F. Dunn, of Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. John Williams is President of the State national bank over which her husband presided, the appointment having been made at his death by his wish and at his recommendation.

There were thirty women contributors to the winter water-color exhibition at the Academy of Design, one of which, M. Sparta! Spillman, sends some very good pictures from Florence, Italy.

The training-school of the Bellevue Hospital recently graduated twenty young women, representing eight different States. The services of these trained nurses are constantly in demand at twenty dollars per week, in addition to board and lodging.

Mrs. Egbert Guernsey was appointed by Governor Cornell secretary of the commission having in charge the carrying out of the legislative act regarding the new State Reformatory for Young Women. It is the first time in the history of New York that a woman has been chosen to such a position.

Lady Gertrude Stock, the sister of the Marquess of Queensbury, who lately married a baker, has led neither an inactive nor a useless life. For a long time past she has diligently assisted her brother, the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas, in his reformatory, and in 1876 she published a novel entitled *Linked Lives*, which was very favorably received at the time.

Mrs. Emma B. Drozel, of Philadelphia, who died recently, was noted for her extensive philanthropy. She paid the rent of more than one hundred and fifty families, and distributed among the poor over \$20,000 a year. She employed a woman to institute inquiry into the merits of each applicant, and once every week dispensed groceries, clothing and money to the poor, who gathered every Tuesday in the rear of her residence.

Some ladies of Boston have done for that city what Mrs. Lily Devereaux Blake and others did some time ago for New York, demanded that a matron be employed at all the station houses during the evening and night, to care for the unfortunate women who may be taken there.

As a reward for long and faithful discharge of duty by domestic servants, the Empress of Germany some time ago instituted a special distinction known as the "Golden Cross." This decoration is only bestowed on women who have served in the same family for forty years and upwards. It is now announced that within the past six years no fewer than 200 have obtained the coveted distinction.

An association of Chinese women have taken hold of the question of foot binding. They have said that this must cease, and several hundred of them have entered into a league for this purpose. They have pledged themselves that they will not bind their children's feet, and more important still, that they will marry their sons only to women whose feet are unbound.

A lady is exercising the profession of dentist at Quebec. She is hotly opposed by the local newspapers, who accuse her of usurping an occupation unfitting for her sex, and the Catholic

clergy of two parishes have forbidden their parishioners to employ her. It seems that Canada has still much to learn.

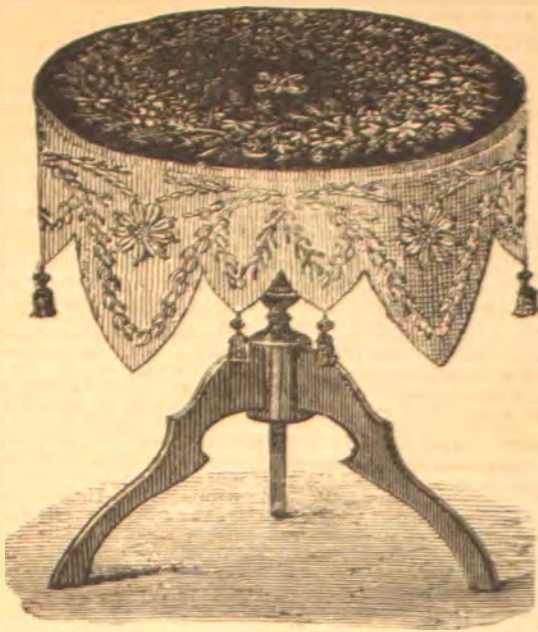
Women Clerks in India.—The recent determination of the Post Department of the Government of India to adopt the English system of employing women clerks in the post offices has taken a practical shape in the appointment of a young lady bearing the euphonious name of Miss May Maiden to a post in the money department of the post office at Bangalore.

The first college in Canada to grant the degree of B.A. to a woman was that of M. T. Allison, in New Brunswick, at its recent convocation. The lady was Miss Harriet Starr Stewart. She wore the usual college cap and gown as she came in with her fellow graduates, and her address was received with applause.

Miss Craigen is spoken of as a new and remarkable Scotch lady orator, and an independent and original thinker. At a recent demonstration in Glasgow, she said: "If women are to help men to nobler thoughts, they must think themselves. How can they think if they are not free? There is no thought in slavery." She contended that political corruption will never be cured until women take an interest in politics; and one of her remarks under this head might have been spoken by Carlyle: "Our kings of to-day," she said, "are no longer in Windsor or St. James. They are in the counting-house and workshop, and if you go through the streets on a summer evening you may see them at the corners, or passing in and out of the doors of the public-house with caps on their heads and short pipes in their mouths. But if these kings who are to govern us have not the wisdom, alas! to govern themselves, what is to become of us?"

Mrs. Neilson, wife of a Danish farmer, manages the dairy farm on her own account. This lady, first of all, took a tour in Sweden and Germany, and in those countries learned to make butter on the Swartz system, and skim milk and whey cheese as practiced by Swedes and Germans. Then she resolved upon extending her travels. She knew only her native language and a smattering of German, but with this slender linguistic equipment she had the courage to make a tour in England, France, Switzerland and Holland, picking up knowledge everywhere. She contrived to get such an insight into the dairy systems of these different countries as to be able to make butter on the Norman system, Camembert and Brie cheeses as they are made in France, Edam as it is made in Holland, Cheddar and Cheshire as they are made in England, and Gruyère according to the most approved Swiss process. Mrs. Neilson has a shop in Copenhagen, where she sells her dairy produce, the king being one of her regular customers. Her work in the dairy begins at 5 in the morning, and is finished at 1 in the afternoon. Mrs. Neilson is then off by train to the city, where she is always to be found from 9 o'clock until 8, returning to her country home by the 9 o'clock train, ready to begin the same round of work the next day. Small farmers send their daughters to her for periods of from six weeks to six months, and pay a premium gladly that they may learn her methods. Mr. Neilson takes no part in the business, and had, at first, but small faith in its success. Mrs. Neilson began by buying her milk of him, first, as from any other farmer, and continues to do so, but her enterprise is making both rich, and Mrs. Neilson, herself, famous.

Mrs. Mary B. Allcott, of Portchester, N. Y., superintendent of the packing department of Russell, Burdell & Ward's Bolt Works, has about fifty employees, mostly women and girls, under her charge. This industry may generally be supposed to belong to the other sex, but she entered it nearly thirty years ago, when the business was so much less that not a quarter of the above number were required to do the work, and having "grown up with it, she executes and controls with comparative ease that which would seem an impossibility to one new to the routine. Her interest in the improvement of her employees has always been a marked characteristic, and many who have gone out into the world and are now filling places of trust or honor acknowledge the benefits derived from her sound advice or counsel. Nor do her interests end here; for, though she says she "knows nothing but bolts," her numerous friends will testify to her keen intelligence in all current events, and to her extended knowledge of the best literature of the day. Her success has enabled her to give her daughter a liberal education, and also aid and encourage many enterprises of merit by her generous contributions.

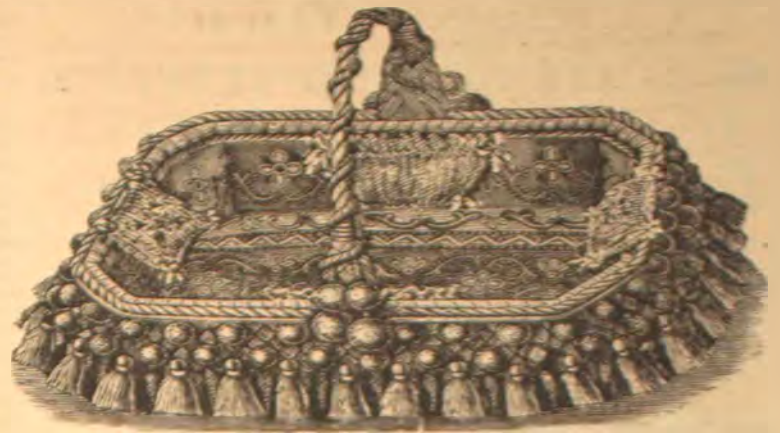


Gypsy Table.

IF an old table, it is first varnished with ebony varnish, which, if brushed over evenly, is very little trouble to do; then glue on a wreath of transfer flowers, and varnish over the entire top with transparent varnish. Another pretty design is to cover the top with the same material as the lambrequins, and embroider the monogram of the owner in the center. The border is cut in Van Dykes, with the points a trifle rounded, and a design embroidered in each vandyke. Make the stitches very long and spiky, and the effect is much more desirable. White jessamine and leaves on either dark red or pale blue are pretty. Old-gold satin, with a running design of large purple clematis, is particularly effective, and the same flowers on cream color would be quite novel. When the embroidery is finished, line the border with satin or silesia, by running the edges of the points together and turning, which is all the finish the edge requires. Put a tassel on each of the small points. There are four large points and eight small ones in the design of the border given.

Novelties in Decorations for Toilet Tables.

ANY table can be converted into a dressing-table by adding a board to form the back and top. Cover the board at the back and the top of the table with red Turkey twill, and arrange drapery below in large vandykes of red twill and white crash or dimity, having the red one above joining the top. Add an edge of coarse antique lace round the table, and throw across a scarf one and a half yards wide of white material, embroidered with red ingrain cotton and edged with lace at each end. Arrange side curtains to correspond with the rest of the decorations, looping them back with large rosettes of satin ribbon. Another design is very effective made of unbleached muslin, with a band of pink embroidered in large lilies and green leaves. The edges are everywhere outlined with chain-stitch, as well as long spiked stitches. The same design borders the curtains and bed-spread.



Baby's Toilet Basket.

THE basket is of fancy straw and black polished cane. The inside of the basket is lined with cream color, embroidered in chain and feather stitch, with pink and olive silks, and in knotted stitch with gold thread. The cushions and pockets are worked to correspond, and fastened to the basket with satin bows of light pink and olive colors. The handle is twisted with a cord of the same colors, and finished off at the ends with tassels. Round the outside of the basket is a scant ruffle of pink silk, over which is a fringe of the mixed colors used in the embroidery in the basket.

Music Portfolio.

CUT four pieces of cardboard 15 by 11 inches square. Cover two of them with silesia for the inside. The outside covering is of dark red satin, cloth or velvet,



embroidered in chain and feather-stitch, the pattern representing the flower known as the bachelor's button or ragged sailor. Colors used for working should be shaded blue and pink for the flowers, and the olive shade for the vine and leaves. When the embroidery is finished, stretch over the cardboard, and then overhand an inside and outside piece together. Finish

the edge all round with a cord, and make handles of the same. The hinges are made of ribbon sewed across and tied in bows afterward; or cord and tassels can take the place of ribbon, and be far more effective. The word "musique" can be made in silver, as the single letters are to be had in the large fancy stores.

Japanese Squares.

THEY can be prettily made up for antimacassars, by laying them between bands of velvet, bordering them with the same, and adding ball pompons at the edge. They are also effective applied on to cream-colored muslin and edged with gold braid, the muslin having Japanese designs painted on it. They also look well bound with velvet thus sewn together and bordered with fringe.

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.**False Weather Prophets.**

Surely the press and public should not allow themselves to be fooled by humbugs like Wiggins and Vennor. Their predictions have turned out to be worthless, as might have been known, as they had no facilities for making weather forecasts at all comparable with the weather bureau at Washington. The latter has signal stations all over the country, they can tell where a storm is raging, and generally, can predict its course, thus anticipating local conditions of weather. But Wiggins and Vennor have no such machinery at their command, and yet their absurd forecasts are published by the press far and wide. The manner in which they deceive the public is very simple. Storms are constantly raging over different parts of the earth's surface. It has been found, for instance, that in the February of every year there is an average of nineteen storms or more. It is quite safe, therefore, to predict that on a certain day a "blizzard," or some unusual weather disturbance, will take place. If, at the appointed time it should be pleasant weather on the Atlantic Coast, there is pretty sure to be a tempest of rain and wind in the Mississippi Valley or west of the Rocky Mountains. Then these "bogus" weather prophets claim that the forecasts were verified. Wiggins, it will be remembered, predicted a phenomenal disturbance on the ninth of February, but, as if to discredit him and his kind, the weather was exceptionally and unusually fine all over the continent. His excuse was that he meant that there would be a storm raging on the Pacific, instead of here in the East. Let us hear no more of these humbugs.

Absurd Bets.

A New Yorker named Walcott, agreed, for a specified sum of money, to eat thirty pair of quail in thirty consecutive days. He accomplished the feat and won the money; the matter attracted considerable public attention, as it is known that constantly eating the same dish day after day, in a short time creates dislike of that particular kind of food. The only value of the experiment was in the method taken by Walcott to avoid nausea. He took, it seems, his regular meals as usual, and ate the quails as an extra. Had he eaten the birds in place of a regular meal, his system would have revolted at the monotonous fare. It seems the eating of quails or any wild birds or animals, except in limited quantities, is not altogether wholesome, for the flesh of a man so fed becomes rank, and constant bathing is requisite to prevent the person from becoming offensive to his associates. Although the bet seems to be a preposterous one, the experiment really threw some light upon human physiology. Although taking the birds between meals saved Walcott from nausea, it did not prevent his flesh from becoming rank, and he was forced to take Turkish baths to sweeten his body.

Fluctuations in Fortune.

The marshals of Napoleon Bonaparte were generally men of humble origin; they came up from the ranks. The same may be said of many of the most noted Americans of the last half-century. Abraham Lincoln was a rail splitter, Andrew Johnson an illiterate tailor, who was taught his letters by his wife, James A. Garfield, as a boy, held the reins of a mule to tow a canal boat. Jay Gould commenced as a cow-boy in Columbia County, New York, and when he first came to the metropolis it was to sell a patent mouse-trap. James R. Keene drove a milk wagon in Sacramento, Rufus Hatch commenced his career by selling "Garden sass," D. Appleton kept a country grocery store, Henry Villard was a ten-dollar-a-week reporter, H. B. Claflin was a Vermont school teacher, the parents of Charles O'Connor were very poor Irish people, Peter Cooper was a hatter's apprentice, and Wm.

H. Vanderbilt, during all his early life, a poor farmer on Staten Island. Every locality in this country has its rich and famous men, who commenced life without any advantage in the way of parentage or fortune.

A Terrible Future.

A famous English statistician has recently been drawing a dismal picture of the future of the human race. He says population is increasing so rapidly that consumption will soon overtake production, and that great suffering will result. In former times wars, pestilences, and famines put a check to the increase of population, and permitted the raising of sufficient food to supply those who survived these calamities. Twelve millions of the people of Great Britain are absolutely dependent on food grown in other parts of the world; there would be starvation in Germany were it not for the large emigration. France alone has discovered the secret of limiting her population, but it is at the expense of the morals of large sections of the community. The troubles in Russia are due, in great part, to the taking up of all arable land in that country, for the population has increased there prodigiously during the last half-century. But in no country is there such a multiplication of human beings as in the United States. If we increase in the future as we have in the past, we shall have a hundred millions of people early in the Twentieth Century, two hundred millions by 1925, and eight hundred millions by 1975. The country will then be more densely populated than is China, and the standard of comfort will be lowered as the price of land goes up, while the working classes will be subject to the most distressing privations. In India to-day the increase of inhabitants is so rapid that the government is appalled and does not know what to do. It is trying to increase the amount of arable land by great irrigating works, yet the population increases at the rate of one million per annum, and the multiplication of human beings is more rapid than the additions to food production.

The Brighter Side.

But there is another side to the story. Steam is rendering available all the arable land of the globe. We have millions of acres in our own country unappropriated, and South America could maintain twenty times its present population. Central and Southern Africa, the most fertile parts of the continent, are capable of yielding prodigious crops for human sustenance. Wise land laws would add greatly to the productive capacity of the soil of civilized countries. Were Ireland, for instance, to have the same land system as the Isle of Guernsey, it is estimated, that it could support a population of forty millions of people in comfort, while under the wasteful system which obtains to-day less than five millions of inhabitants suffer all the horrors of periodical famine. Then invention is yet to do a great deal which will add to the productiveness of the soil. In our own country we can hardly expect that the increase of population will be so great in the future as in the past. Besides, after the West is filled up, there is an abundance of farm land in the South. Some day we will annex the Dominion, which contains more square miles of soil than the United States. It is estimated that the unappropriated wheat lands of Manitoba and the Hudson Bay region, would, if properly worked, feed the entire population of the globe. But in spite of all these considerations the stubborn fact remains that there is even now a great deal of suffering among the working class, due to the hard struggle for life. Millions of human beings in civilized countries are homeless, and other millions are looking eagerly for work they cannot find. The problem of poverty is a terrible one, and some time or other the nations, in their collective capacity, must inquire into its causes and try remedies for solving it.

The Missing Link.

There is an exhibition at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, a little girl seven years old, who, it is claimed, is a specimen of the missing link between man and the anthropoid ape. This little walf came from Borneo, and belongs to the Lao country; she is called Krao. The body of this child is completely covered with a coating of dense black hair, a quarter of an inch long; the skin, such of it as is seen, is of a dark olive brown. Krao has many of the traits of the monkey, she has the full pouched cheeks, into which she stuffs her food, monkey fashion. Like the anthropoids, her feet are prehensile, and the hands so flexible that they bend back over the wrists; the lips protrude, so as to give her a chimpanzee look; there are some symptoms of an aborted tail in the elongation of the spinal column. Yet this monkey-like creature appears to be as intelligent as a European child of her own age. She is playful and gentle, and can articulate many English words, which she uses intelligently. It seems there are numerous specimens of the tribe to which she belongs in Borneo. They are a hairy race, and when they reach adult life are of a low order of intelligence. Little Krao was a great favorite at the Aquarium, and the Darwinians, of course, claim that she and her kindred establish the probability of the theory that the human race did descend from some extinct species of anthropoid ape.

About City Clubs.

A very remarkable development of club life is taking place in all the large cities of the world. In London there are over a hundred thousand registered members of clubs, and now ones are

constantly being founded. They are also growing rapidly in New York city. In all our great centers of population there is a wealthy and half-idle class who patronize clubs. These are not, perhaps, an unmixed evil. They promote good-fellowship, and cultivate a sense of gentlemanly honor, which adds to the *nurture* of men in society. While they give facilities for forming drinking habits, it is also true that they discourage excessive indulgence in spirituous drinks. A notorious drunkard cannot long retain his membership in a respectable club. But they tend, undoubtedly, to wean men from their families, and to train young men in habits which unfit them for domestic life. The clubs which have a public or political function are those which are the most prosperous. The Union League Club, of New York, for instance, recently held its twentieth anniversary. It was formed to cultivate a patriotic feeling while the civil war was raging. It is a very prosperous institution, yet it allows no card-playing, or any game of chance. Another New York club, the Lotus, makes a specialty of entertaining distinguished foreigners. The leading London clubs are also political, and represent the Liberal, Conservative, and Reform parties. There are some clubs in New York which ought to be broken up by the police, as their chief function seems to be to afford facilities for gambling.

The Very Oldest.

There is a tree in Windsor Forest, England, "the King Oak," which is known to be a thousand years old. But the very oldest tree in the world, so far as can be ascertained, is the Bo Tree, of the sacred city of Amarapooora, Burmah. It was planted 228 B.C., and is, therefore, now 2,170 years old. It is referred to in historic domestic documents 182 A.D., and 283 A.D. According to tradition it is the tree under which Buddha reclined when he underwent his apotheosis. Its leaves are deemed sacred, and the tree is never cut with a knife, while the leaves which fall from it are religiously preserved as charms.

More Silver than Gold.

Last year we produced in this country nearly \$50,000,000 worth of silver, the largest product ever known in our history. The gold production of 1882 was less than \$30,000,000, and is the smallest for eleven years past. This same proportion is common to the whole world; there is a slight increase in the yield of silver, and a large decrease in the amount of gold taken from mines and ancient river beds. Yet the civilized nations are adopting gold as the sole unit of value, and as a consequence a shrinkage of prices is taking place all over the commercial world. This is a good thing for those who own money, for they can purchase more for their capital, but it is a very serious matter for the debtor class, and for the toiling millions, as it makes money harder to get, and limits credit. After enduring great distress, the nations will no doubt agree to rehabilitate silver, and permit its unlimited coinage, at some fixed definite ratio with gold. When that occurs, the commercial world will enter upon a new era of prosperity and higher prices.

Longevity of Wild Animals.

Two hippopotamuses have recently died in the London Zoological Garden. One was twenty-seven years in confinement, the other thirty, but, of course, their actual age can never be known. Indeed, it is difficult to tell whether the wild animal lives as long as the domestic one. At one time the test was the length of time required to reach maturity, which, it was assumed, bore a certain proportion to the life of the creature. But this does not hold good with even the larger mammalia, for a horse, assuming it to be mature at four years, will live to five or six "maturities," while man, presuming him to be mature at twenty, rarely reaches four. Dogs enjoy a greater proportional longevity than mankind, and a cat's life is proverbially tenacious. It cannot be proved that even wild animals have their lives shortened by confinement. Indeed, it is reasonable to suppose that the care given to animals in menageries prolongs their existence. The civilized man certainly lives longer than the savage, who is exposed to the hardships and vicissitudes of a rough out-door existence.

A Great Telegraphic and News Monopoly.

Jay Gould to-day is the most powerful human being on earth. He controls absolutely the telegraph lines on this continent as well as the cables which reach out to other nations. Every business and family secret is at his mercy. The quotations of all the markets of the world are in his hands, for it is his agents who report the prices at all the great exchanges in America, Europe, and Asia. A misquotation of any of the leading products of the world made by his order would give him millions of dollars, and no one could call him to account. Aladdin's lamp was a mere toy compared with the marvelous power wielded to-day by this most conscienceless speculator. The Mutual Union, the only independent line which afforded an opposition, he has consolidated with his Western Union monopoly, and he has secured a ten years' contract with the representatives of the Associated Press of the United States, which silences all opposition to him in any of

the daily journals throughout the country. The Great Western News monopoly has swallowed up the New York News monopoly, and every journal in the United States and Canada is bound by the closest ties of self-interest not to say a word against their master, Jay Gould. It seems incredible that this should happen in the freest country on earth, but so it is. In the Old World the telegraphs are conducted by the several governments in the interest of the community, and the news field is open to all competitors. In free America one man owns the telegraphs and substantially the cables, and the entire press of the country is in his interest. The exact terms of the contract between the press and Jay Gould have not been published, for the newspapers are ashamed to let it be known that they are in the power of this great speculator. Indeed, many of the country papers do not suspect it, as the bargain was made by their representatives in Chicago and New York. The fact, however, is very well known to the members of the various Boards of Trade in the different cities, but the latter cannot get their case before the public, as there is a conspiracy of silence in the press.

Widow Burning.

It seems the practice of suttee, or the burning of widows of high caste Hindoos, is still observed in remote parts of India. The last victim was the widow of Sham Singh, chief of the village of Utarna, in Jeypore. The government has acted vigorously in the case, and the sons and brothers of the deceased chief, who were instrumental in inducing the poor woman to sacrifice herself in the flames, have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from three to seven years. It is remarkable that so cruel a custom should have survived in a country under the government and control of Great Britain.

The Czar's Coronation.

In May the present Czar is to be formally crowned at Moscow. The ceremony is expected to exceed in lavish extravagance and splendor any similar event in ancient or modern times. The table for the general feast will be eleven miles long. It will be a most extraordinary pageant. There is, however, a general expectation that the Nihilists will make their power felt on that supreme occasion. Should they succeed in killing the Czar in the midst of this extraordinary spectacle it would be one of the most dramatic events in all history. It is not at all likely, however, that any occurrence of a tragic character will mar the festivities. The most extraordinary precautions will be taken. Powerful and daring as have been the Nihilists, they will have to wait to strike their blows till their victim is off his guard.

A Male Experiment in Tight Lacing.

Men have said a great deal against the practice among women of compressing their waists by busks and corsets, but one man has had the good sense to test the practice upon himself before lecturing women on its evil results. Mr. Richard Proctor, the well known astronomer, is a very stout gentleman, and as his corpulence increases with age, he thought he would test the wearing of corsets, to see if it would reduce his flesh. "When the subject of corset wearing was under discussion in the pages of the *English Mechanic*, I was struck," he says, "with the apparent weight of evidence in favor of tight lacing. I was in particular struck by the evidence of some as to its use in reducing corpulence. I was corpulent. I also was disposed, as I am still, to take an interest in scientific experiment. I thought I would give this matter a fair trial. I read all the instructions, carefully followed them, and varied the time of applying pressure with that 'perfectly stiff busk' about which correspondents were so enthusiastic. I was foolish enough to try the thing for a matter of four weeks. Then I laughed at myself as a hopeless idiot, and determined to give up the attempt to reduce by artificial means that superabundance of fat on which only starvation and much exercise, or the air of America, has ever had any real reducing influence. But I was reckoning without my host. As the Chinese lady suffers, I am told, when her feet-bindings are taken off, and as the flat-headed baby howls when his head-boards are removed, so for a while was it with me. I found myself manifestly better in stays. I laughed at myself no longer. I was too angry with myself to laugh. I would as soon have condemned myself to using crutches all the time, as to wearing always a busk. But for my one month of folly I had to endure three months of discomfort. At the end of about that time I was my own man again."

The Strongest Man in the World.

This claim is made for Stern Carpenter, who lives in the village of Granville Corners, Washington County, N. Y. He is now a man over eighty, and a member of the Society of Friends. He is still able to out-distance all competitors in feats of physical strength. He once lifted a box filled with iron weighing 1,900 pounds. This was done by hoisting the box with his hands, and was a feat equal to raising 3,800 pounds in harness. At another time he lifted a cannon which weighed 1,400 pounds, and shouldered it. He has frequently raised a barrel of white lead with ease. To guess the weight of a huge hog he would lift it by the bristles with the fingers of his one hand, and many a porker has he raised in this way weighing over 500 pounds. Being a man of peace he rarely got into trouble with other men, but one day he

was mischievously tripped up by one of his workmen. He caught the man by the shoulder and by the seat of his pantaloons and hurled him in the air over a seven-foot fence. The man came down in a marsh a rod or more from the fence. It is believed there is no equal to Mr. Carpenter now living. He is not a large man, though very massive in his build. He would not be picked out in a crowd as of more than average strength. Great power of muscle runs in families, and so does weight. There is a family named Hickey, in Mason County, Ill., who average 277 pounds. The father weighs 450 pounds, the mother 286, and the eldest daughter 307. Were marriages not contracted by people themselves, but entered into by the advice of scientific physicians, it would be possible to perpetuate families that would be noted for weight, muscular development, size and personal beauty, according as the physician might select. But love is blind, and pays no heed to heredity.

A Four Thousand Acre Farm.

The Belle Mead farm, six miles from Nashville, owned by W. G. Harding is, it is claimed, the finest and best kept farm in the United States. There is nothing fancy about it. The system of General Harding is that of all other common-sense farmers, but there is not an acre of the 4,000 that is not thoroughly utilized. It has sixteen miles of stone fencing, and there is a deer park of 425 acres. Of course it is a stock farm. The owner does not believe in selling his grain. What he raises he feeds out to his well-cared for and high-priced cattle. His horses bring the highest prices, and his bulls and cows are in demand for improving neighboring breeds. Mere grain raising is, in the long run, wasteful. It robs the soil of its fertility, and the best results are obtained when the farm becomes a species of manufactory for producing animals and dairy products.

Ensilage.

The discovery that grass, corn, and other fodder can, by compression and the exclusion of air, be kept during the winter months, is likely to work a great revolution in farming, and raise the price of land in this country. If cattle can be fed by cheap and nutritious food during the long winter months, then will it be possible to keep herds in the North and East almost as cheaply as in the South and Southwest. The fact that compressed fodder would last from one grass season to another was discovered simultaneously by a Frenchman and two Americans. The principle is the same as that taken advantage of in canning fruit and vegetables for human uses. The cost of ensilage bears no comparison to its marvelous economy. It is said the growing of turnips in England sown on wheat fields that have just been harvested had nearly doubled the price of farm lands in England, as the roots could be fed to cattle during the winter. So, hereafter, in the Northern States, wherever grass or corn can be grown in quantities during the summer, an abundance of cheap fodder can be secured on which cattle can be fed during the winter months. This is a fact of the greatest moment to owners of farm lands in the Northern and Eastern States, and puts an end to the monopoly of cattle raising heretofore enjoyed by the West and Southwest, and utilizes millions of acres east of the Mississippi which for some years past have been well nigh worthless. From this time forth we may look to a steady enhancement of farm values throughout the Northern States.

A Cat Ranch.

Near Cleburne, Texas, there is a very curious colony of cats. It seems on the farm of Colonel Chambers some wheat was thrashed in 1881. A good deal of straw was left lying about which was taken possession of by some cats. The country thereabouts is full of small game, on which these animals feed, and the result was that the cats multiplied, and at present there are 300 of all kinds and colors. The place is famous throughout Texas as being the greatest cat ranch in the world. This reminds one of the theory held by an eccentric English writer that the splendid physique of the English race is due to the number of old maids in that country. His argument was that each old maid kept a cat, that the cat was the enemy of the field mouse, which variety of mouse was destructive to the red clover which gives its nutritious quality to the beef, and the English race is the product of the roast beef of Old England. Hence the multiplicity of old maids was the indirect cause of the vigor of the English race. But the Texas cats seem to thrive without the protection of old maids.

Bank of England Wonders.

A story teller, wishing to excite astonishment by the exaggeration of his statements, said that a famous banking house transacted so large a business that in order to economize they ordered their clerks not to cross their t's nor dot their i's, which resulted in the saving of ink alone in one year of £5,000. Preposterous as this story seems it is almost equaled by some of the items which show the magnitude of some of the transactions of the Bank of England. In the course of five years that famous

institution has paid 77,745,000 notes, all over £100, and amounting, of course, millions of pounds. These could fill 12,000 boxes, which if placed side by side would occupy two and one-third miles. If placed in a pile these notes would be five and two-thirds miles high, and if joined end to end would form a ribbon 12,000 miles long. At the end of every five years these notes are thrown into a furnace and burned. It is a curious fact that so firm is the texture of a Bank of England note that even burning can hardly destroy it. The authorities have in a little glazed frame the remnants of a note which was in the great fire of Chicago, and though completely charred and black, the paper still holds together and the printing is sufficiently legible to establish its genuineness and warrant its being cashed. It is a point of honor of this great institution to cash every genuine note, no matter how disfigured. Notes long under water and reduced almost to an indistinguishable pulp have been duly honored. Even lost notes are sometimes paid, and in one case £30,000 was paid over to a gentleman who testified that he had destroyed or unintentionally mislaid a note for that amount. Many years after his death the missing note turned up, and as it called for immediate payment, the money was handed over and the bank lost the amount.

The Lesson of the Floods.

The floods in the Ohio which did such damage to the whole valley and destroyed so much property at Cincinnati and Louisville, emphasize the fact more than once adverted to in these columns, that the nation should not only put a stop to the waste of forests, but should take immediate measures to replant with trees the ground bordering on the headwaters of all our great streams. The spring floods and the summer droughts are, it is now well known, almost entirely due to the destruction of the forests on the borders of streams, and in the hill countries in which our famous rivers take their rise. Every year we now have disastrous floods either on the sea coast or the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. The individual States affected cannot attend to this matter. It must be done by the nation, or not at all. Not only property but life is often destroyed by these floods. Had the Ohio risen a few feet higher, both Cincinnati and Louisville would have been practically destroyed. The ancient Egyptians built gigantic works to prevent disastrous inundations from the rising of the Nile. Artificial lakes and reservoirs were constructed so that the water could be drawn off, and the land saved from destruction by the rising floods. It would be economy to spend \$100,000,000 in improving our internal waterways, but Congressmen are timid about appropriating money, in view of the odium heaped upon them by the press in connection with the last River and Harbor Bill. We have not only the largest coast in the world, but our internal waterways are the most extensive on the globe. In spite of the clamors of the press, the nation will be forced to build the necessary levees, and provide the dams and reservoirs which will prevent excessive flooding, until such time as the newly planted forests shall be grown which will put a stop to both floods and droughts.

A Prime Meridian.

The commerce of the world has become so international that the need is felt daily of a common initial meridian. British ships use that of Greenwich, and Americans measure from Washington. The United States has wisely taken measures to induce other nations to adopt a meridian which shall be universal. France assents, and M. Chaucourtous, on behalf of the Paris Academy of Science, suggests the ancient meridian of Ptolemy, about 17° from Paris. This would place it in the Atlantic, and has two advantages. It reduces the changing of date to a minimum and avoids offending national feeling, for were the prime meridian to be either in America or Europe, national prejudices might prevent its adoption.

An Instance of National Meanness.

Many years ago the United States claimed an indemnity from Japan to condone an imaginary offense. Japan paid the iniquitous claim, borrowing money to do so. The indemnity has since lain in our Treasury, there being no claimants for it. The downright wickedness of the original transaction has been explained by ex-President Grant and others, and many efforts have been made to have the money returned. At length Congress has agreed to return the principal, but declines to allow the interest which Japan has had to pay. This is the contemptible feature of the affair, and throws great discredit upon Congress. We bullied the Japanese into paying us money to which we were not entitled, and were mean enough not to allow the interest which Japan herself was forced to pay. Brother Jonathan is a great-hearted, powerful, and prosperous old fellow, but he is nevertheless guilty at times of doing some incredibly mean things.

Old and Honored.

Peter Cooper has entered his ninety-third year. His lot is one of the happiest known to this generation. He has had a prosperous life, and has distributed his benefactions so wisely that thousands have been benefited by them, while he has received

the credit for his liberality and sagacity. There is a great deal of foolish money-giving for charitable purposes by the rich. It is, moreover, generally willed away by dying people who have no further use of it; but Mr. Cooper not only gave the money during his lifetime, but has seen to it that it has been well administered. No doubt it is the same good sense which presided over his munificent gifts that has helped to keep him in good health all his long life.

The Ocean's Deep.

The coast and geodetic survey steamer *Blake* recently returned from a trip to portions of the Atlantic Ocean which had not been previously sounded. On the 19th of January, about 105 miles northwest of St. Thomas, the lead did not touch bottom until 4,561 fathoms of line had been paid out. This is the greatest depth ever reached. The map showing the bottom of the Atlantic is now nearly complete. In a few years scientists will know all the secrets of the great deep worth knowing.

The Music of the Future.

Richard Wagner is dead. He was undoubtedly the greatest composer of modern times. He was probably the most original genius who ever married music to words. According to Wagner, the composer should also write the libretto. No mere playwright, he said, could interpret the inspiration of the musician, while the latter, of course, could not degrade himself by giving musical forms to the inventions of the opera story-teller. Wagner reformed the opera. He preferred harmony to melody. Indeed in his latter works there is very little that suggests tune. There is a world of weird and wonderful sounds by which he interpreted emotion, but mere melody was absent. Wagner is greatly indebted to the half mad King of Bavaria, whose purse has been at the disposal of the great composer. The latter has been able to produce his operas without regard to cost; and the musical world has been the gainer by this marriage of madness and music.

The Law of Legitimacy.

To check increase of population many of the minor States of Germany have had laws upon their statute books forbidding marriage until the contracting parties were long past youth. This resulted in the formation of unlawful unions and the birth of many illegitimate children. The couples lived together till the legal age and then were married, but the children born out of wedlock were held to be illegitimate and could not inherit property. The New York Court of Appeals, recently, however, decided that a couple born in Wurtemberg, and who had illegitimate children there, upon marrying in Pennsylvania legitimized their offspring. One of our inferior courts had held that as the law in the State of New York declares illegitimate children shall not inherit, even though the parents are subsequently married, therefore the elder children of this Wurtemberg couple had no claims on the property of their parents. As the marriage, however, took place in Pennsylvania, where marriage legitimizes previous offspring, the Court of Appeals justly held that there should be no property distinctions between the children.

Niagara Park.

At length it seems as if Niagara is to be rescued from factories and other disfigurements. It is to the credit of the Canadian government that it has not permitted unsightly buildings and workshops to obstruct the view of the great falls. But, so far, this State has taken no steps to save the American side from the profanation of flour mills, factories, and sight shows. The New York Legislature, however, has taken measures to clear away all disfigurements, and to permit this wonder of the world to be seen in all its splendor. All Americans should at least once in the course of their lives pay a visit to Niagara. The Victoria Falls in Central Africa are said to be even more stupendous, but they have never been seen save by two white men. When aerial travel is perfected, it may be possible to visit Central Africa, but until that time comes we must be satisfied with viewing the great waterfall of our own country.

The Cost of the Cup.

The amount of liquor consumed in Great Britain is enormous. It amounts to \$60,000,000 every month, i. e., \$15,000,000 every week, and about \$25 for every second day and night. There are 3,508,480 letters in the Bible, and if \$206 were placed on every letter it would represent the annual expenditure in Great Britain and Ireland. The grain consumed by brewers and distillers is sufficient to provide four loaves a week to every family in the United Kingdom. These figures are really startling.

The Land of Wine.

The pre-eminence of France as a wine growing country is likely to be challenged within a few years unless a change occurs. France has produced over 300,000,000 gallons of wine annually, but of late years the phylloxera and other diseases have greatly

decreased the production of wine. Were it not for American and other foreign cuttings and grafts, the vast wine traffic of that country would have seriously diminished. To make what are called good wines requires a "starving" of the plant, for it is the grapes that have been, as it were, stunted in their growth that have the finest bouquets. There has been an immense call for American wine to supply the demand caused by the partial failure of the French grape crops, and literally millions of gallons of California wine have been exported to Europe and brought back to us as Rhine wine, Hoek, Claret and Burgundy. The most profitable industry in California to-day is grape growing. Another country, however, is about to challenge the world for its wine-producing qualities. This is Australia, which now exports great quantities of wine. So far, our American vines do not produce good champagne, but a certain Australian grape produces a sparkling wine, which is equal to the best Pommery or Koderer. Of course, owners of vineyards in California and elsewhere will be pleased at this prospect of selling their grapes at a profit, but, after all, do we want to be a great wine and brandy producing country? Wine tipping cultivates a taste for stimulants, which is subsequently gratified by more fiery potations. So perhaps, after all, the failure of wine crops in France may not be an unmixed benefit to the United States, even if we for a season profit by the better market for the productions of our vineyards.

Newspaper Circulation.

The Paris *Figaro*, which published Prince Jerome Napoleon's manifesto, issued 300,000 copies containing it. A circulation of 100,000 and 150,000 is not uncommon in a London or Paris paper, but it is very rare, if ever, that these figures are reached by our metropolitan journals. Our population is not homogeneous. New York, for instance, contains more Germans than any second class German city. Then it has more Irish than any city in Ireland except Dublin. And so, all our large cities have a numerous foreign-speaking population. Hence the smaller circulation of our daily journals is somewhat due to the impediments of language. Some of our weekly papers have had a very large circulation; but the populations of Great Britain and France being more compact, there is a greater field in those countries for either daily or weekly journals than in the United States. By the next century, however, when this country contains over 100,000,000 of inhabitants, the circulation of our journals will far exceed those published on the other side of the ocean, for our native population will not only be relatively but absolutely larger. This is destined to be a great country for journalists, who will become more powerful eventually than any other class in the country.

A Stormy Year.

1883 has come in like a lion, and it is to be hoped it will go out like a lamb. It has been distinguished hitherto by the violence of the elements. We have had great floods, both in Europe and the United States. There have been "blizzards," tempests, violent snow-storms, and earthquakes, and the atmospheric disturbances have extended throughout the globe. It is remarkable, by the way, that during this reign of storms the number of sun-spots was unusually large. Meteorologists are beginning to think that there is really some relation between these eruptions on the face of the sun and the atmospheric disturbances on this planet. Nor is this all; the number of distinguished dead is unusually large. There is, however, one consolation; pestilences, once so justly dreaded, are now very rare. True, this country has seen epidemics of cholera and yellow fever, but plagues, the black death of the middle ages, and the pestilences so common in all history, are unknown to this generation. It has been found to be within the limits of human providence to stamp out contagious diseases, and prevent their spread. No doubt, when the twentieth century is well advanced, sanitary science will be so far perfected as not only to ward off pestilences, but to prevent a great many deaths which now needlessly occur.

Wonders in Store for Us.

Remarkable as have been the advances in the uses to which electricity can be put, according to Prof. Melville Bell the future has even greater surprises in store for us. He thinks the time will come when electrical and telephonic messages will be sent without wires. The message bearer will be the rays of the sunlight. The so-called electrical action is simply vibrations in the air, which produce certain results at distant points; and Prof. Bell is of opinion that inventive genius will yet enable us to make use of imponderable agents to transmit messages between distant localities. Indeed, there are enthusiasts who now think that we will ultimately be able to communicate with sentient beings in other planets. It has been demonstrated that the materials which compose the heavenly bodies are identical, and it is a fair inference that creatures corresponding to our own race, with the same kind of faculties, people them. If so, we may perhaps yet have a friendly chat with the inhabitants of Venus and Mars, and probably other worlds in solar systems beyond our own.



Polish oilcloth with kerosene.

Wash matting with salted water.

Clean grained wood with cold tea.

Charcoal in the cellar sweetens the whole house.

If you dip your broom in clean, hot suds once a week, then shake it and hang it up, it will last twice as long as it would without this operation.

Wonders.—One cup of milk, one cup of flour, one egg, a little salt. This will make one dozen cakes, one tablespoonful to each patty pan. Bake in hot oven.

If before you put rolls in the tin to bake them, you rub the edges with a little melted butter, you will not be troubled by their sticking together when baked, and the edges will be smooth.

Apples should be stewed as quickly as possible, to retain the natural taste, as little water as possible being used in the process; the vessel should be closely covered, and very little stirring indulged in.

Cream cookies are made of one cup of butter, one cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda; flavor with extract of lemon.

Roast Lamb.—Baste well all the time it is cooking; sprinkle fine salt over it and empty the contents of the dripping pan (to which has been added a small cup of water,) over the meat (after straining).

Macaroni With Cheese.—Wash the macaroni, and boil in milk and water until tender. Then place a layer of it in a buttered earthen dish, and over this a layer of old cheese, grated; another layer of macaroni and another of cheese; beat up two eggs and pour over this, and cover the top with grated cheese, adding a few small lumps of butter.

Virginia Corn Pone.—Take one heaping coffee-cup of boiled hominy, heat it, and stir in a tablespoonful of butter, three eggs, and nearly one pint of sweet milk; as much corn-meal may be added as will serve to thicken this till it is like the batter for "johnny cake." Bake in a quick oven, and serve hot.

Muffins.—One-half cup of butter, three-quarters cup of sugar, two eggs, teaspoonful of baking powder, two cups of flour to one cup of meal. Salt to taste. Beat butter and sugar to cream; add the whole together, and reduce with milk to thickness of drop cake.

The Children's Apple Pudding.—Boil a cupful of rice for ten minutes, drain it through a hair sieve until quite dry. Put a cloth into a pudding basin and lay the rice round it like a crust. Cut six apples into quarters, and lay them in the middle of the rice with a little chopped lemon peel, a couple of cloves and some sugar. Cover the fruit with some rice, tie up tightly, and boil for an hour. Serve with melted butter, sweetened, and poured over it.

Nantucket Pudding.—Six ounces rice, six ounces white sugar, four eggs, a pinch of carbonate of soda; put it all in a bowl, and beat it up until it is very light and white. Beat four ounces of butter to a cream, put it into the pudding, and ten drops of essence of lemon. Beat all together for five minutes. Butter a mould, pour the pudding into it, and boil for two hours. Serve with sweet fruit sauce.

Cod Steaks, with Mock Oyster Sauce.—Sprinkle the cod with salt, and fry, either with or without bread crumbs, a golden brown.

Mock Oyster Sauce.—One teacupful of good gravy, one of milk, three dessertspoons of anchovy sauce, two dessertspoons of mushroom ketchup, two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of powdered mace and whole black pepper. All to be boiled until thoroughly mixed.

When small beets are boiled and cut in slices and served in saucers at dinner, a great addition may be made by slicing some boiled carrots with them. Do not cook the carrots and beets together, but in separate kettles. Served together each gains, and neither loses.

Delicate Pudding.—Mix with the white of four eggs, to which two tablespoons of rich cream is added, a half cup powdered sugar, and two tablespoons of arrow-root, blended in milk; pour in an extra cup of rich milk, and a little orange water; put the into a shallow white bowl and place it to cook in a pan of boiling water, stirring for half an hour.

Breakfast Rolls.—Take four cupfuls of flour, half a cupful of white sugar, two cupfuls of milk, two eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the eggs and sugar together, add the milk, sift the baking powder among the flour, and stir all together. Bake in a shallow pan, in a quick oven.

Potato balls are very nice for breakfast. Boil them, and while still warm wash them until there are no lumps left; then mix butter, pepper, salt, a little chopped parsley, and one or more raw eggs; beat these together thoroughly, then mould in balls, dip in beaten eggs and then in flour, and fry in butter.

Baked Codfish.—Pick up the fish and freshen a little as for cooking, then into a dish put a layer of cracker crumbs, then one of fish, over each layer sprinkle pepper and butter, continue until you have two layers of fish and three of crackers; lastly beat two eggs with milk enough to cover the whole, bake about three-quarters of an hour.

Watkin Wynn's Pudding.—Quarter of a pound of raisins stoned and opened and laid round a basin or mould, half a pound meal, half pound of bread crumbs, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two eggs, a little candied peel, and a glassful of melted currant and raspberry jelly. This pudding can be served with the following sauce: Juice of two large lemons, quarter of a pound of sugar simmered and poured over warm; the lemon peel cut, and used to decorate the pudding.

Soft ginger-bread, if eaten while fresh and warm, is better than more expensive cake. One egg, one cup of molasses, one-third of a cup of melted butter, one cup of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, two and one-half cups of flour, and a little salt; dissolve the soda in a very little hot water. Bake in a buttered tin.

How to Cook Fruit.—After being very thoroughly washed, all fruit should be soaked for several hours in cold water, then cooked in the same water by gentle simmering until very tender, and just before the completion of the cooking process, sufficient sugar should be added to sweeten. Most fresh fruit, especially berries, should be carefully washed before serving, as the washing when properly done does not injure their flavor, but greatly adds to their palatableness.

Drop cakes are made in this way: One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of lard, one teaspoonful of ginger and one each of cloves and of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of soda, dissolved in a cup of warm water; stir in flour enough to make a batter that will drop readily from a spoon; add a little salt and a cup of dried currants.

English Rolled Pudding.—Boiled pastry should be prepared with chopped and sifted suet instead of lard or butter, but otherwise in the same manner as pie pastry. Roll jam or preserved fruit out into a thin sheet; spread over a thick layer of fruit, and then, commencing at one side, roll carefully until all the fruit is inclosed within the paste; pinch together at the ends, and tie up in a strong cotton cloth, then drop into a pot of boiling water. The cherry is the best for this purpose, or some other fruit possessing acidity. To be served with sweet sauce.

Indian Pudding.—Take four eggs, and the weight of three of them in meal, half a pound of sugar and a quarter of a pound of butter, and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Beat the sugar and butter together till light, then break the eggs in the dish with them and beat briskly; then stir in the meal. Bake in a quick oven; serve in saucers, and pour over it some thin jelly or jam, or fruit sauce.

Wash a coffee-cupful of rice in two or three waters, then let it soak all night in three pints of new milk. In the morning add a little salt, a large spoonful of butter, a little ground cinnamon, and grated nutmeg. Put in the pudding dish, and set in the oven, allowing ample time, say two hours, for it to cook. Stir it frequently, but without removing from the oven. When it is beginning to bubble add a quarter of a pound of stoned raisins. Serve with powdered sugar sprinkled over it when it is put in saucers.

Baked Shad.—Shad for baking should be carefully cleaned, but not split. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, a little finely chopped pork, a suspicion of onion, some summer savory, and chopped parsley and seasoning; fill and sew up the side. Put in a baking pan a slice of sweet salt pork and a couple of bay leaves; make it hot before laying in the fish, which should bake one hour, and be basted with its own juice.

Broiled shad is very good also, and more suitable for luncheon or breakfast than baked. To broil have it cleaned and split in two halves, and cook for about fifteen minutes over a clear fire. Turn with a skimmer, so as not to break the fish, and brown on both sides. Serve on a hot dish with butter, a little chopped parsley, and lemon for garnish and as an accompaniment. Broiled codfish steaks are very much liked by many persons, and are good cut about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, rolled in cracker crumbs and fried in hot butter. But they should be cooked and served promptly.

Boiled whitefish is a delicious dish if accompanied by the following sauce: One tablespoonful of parsley chopped very fine, one tablespoonful of butter, a little salt and pepper, and the juice of two small lemons, or of one large one. Warm the butter a little so that you can easily beat it to a cream, then mix with the other ingredients, putting the parsley in last, just before sending it to the table.

Spring Soup.—Half pint of green peas, two shredded lettuces, one onion, a small bunch of parsley, two ounces of butter, the yolks of three eggs, one pint of water, one and a half quarts of soup stock. Put in a stew-pan the lettuces, onion, parsley and butter to one pint of water, and let them simmer till tender. Season with salt and pepper. When done, strain off the vegetables and put two-thirds of the liquor with the stock. Beat up the yolks of the eggs with the other third, toss it over the fire, and at the moment of serving add this with the vegetables to the strained-off soup.

Fresh Mackerel.—Clean the fish; scald a bunch of herbs and chop them fine, and put them with one ounce of butter, three tablespoonfuls of soup stock into a stew-pan. Lay in the mackerel, and simmer gently for ten minutes. Lift them out upon a hot dish; dredge a little flour, and add salt, cayenne, a little lemon juice, and finally two tablespoonfuls of cream; let these just boil, and pour over the fish.

Boiled Tongue.—If the tongue is not hard, soak it not more than three hours. Put it into a stew-pan with plenty of cold water and a bunch of herbs; let it come to a boil, skim, and simmer gently until tender; peel off the skin and garnish it with parsley and lemon. If to serve it cold, fasten it to a board with a fork through the root and another through the top to straighten it; when cold, glaze it and dress with tufts of parsley.

A Delicious cake is made by beating five eggs very light; beat the whites and yolks separately, and if the yolks are at all lumpy, strain them. Beat three cups of powdered sugar and one cup of butter to a cream; add one cup of sweet milk, four cups of sifted flour in which you have mixed one teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, and the juice and the grated peel of one lemon. Put the whites of the eggs in last. Bake in a moderate oven in one large, round loaf or in two long, narrow tins.

Chowder.—Choose a black bass fresh and firm, dress with care, cover the bottom of the steamer with potatoes peeled and washed; slice two onions, and scatter the slices over the potatoes; wrap the fish in a cloth, and lay that on the potatoes; steam till all are done; pick the meat from the bones, slice the potatoes; then put in a kettle a layer of buttered crackers, one of potatoes, with the "onion atoms," and a little chopped parsley, salt and pepper; then a layer of fish, and so on until all the material is used. Pour over this enough rich milk to moisten it thoroughly; let it heat gradually and simmer gently till it is all "boiling hot." In this state it should be brought to the table.

Soak one pint of fine bread crumbs in a pint of sweet milk; beat the yolks of six eggs and the whites of three till they are very light; beat in with them one coffee-cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter; stir these in with the bread crumbs, add the grated rind and the juice of one lemon. Bake in a deep pudding-dish. When done, spread a layer of tart jelly over the top and then a meringue made of the whites of three eggs, which should be reserved for this purpose. Set it in the oven to brown.

Convention Cake is made of one pound each of butter, sugar, and flour, ten eggs, one pound of raisins, half a pound each of currants and of sliced citron, a teaspoonful of ground cloves, one of mace, one nutmeg, the juice and grated peel of a lemon, half of a coffee-cup of New Orleans molasses, and half a cup of strong liquid coffee. Beat the butter until it is soft and creamy, then add the sugar. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately; stir the yolks in with the butter and sugar; stir the flour in gradually (having first mixed one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar with it). When the flour is about half worked in put in half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in as little water as it is possible to use; then add the whites of the eggs, and lastly the fruit, which is well covered with the rest of the flour. Bake in a large tin, with a buttered paper on the sides as well as on the bottom; it will need to bake slowly for five hours. Then, do not attempt to lift from the tin until it is perfectly cold. This should be made a week before it is used.

Pastry.—The chief secret appears to be lightness of touch, and as little of that as possible; in fact, the less it is handled the better. Half the lard or butter is first gently and lightly pressed, not rubbed, into the flour, which is then heaped up on the paste board and a hole made in the center, into which enough cold water is poured to make a moderately stiff paste. The mixing is done with a spoon. When mixed, the rolling-pin is well floured, also the board, but none must be added to the pastry, or it occasions heavy streaks and lumps. Three times it must be rolled, always one way, and after each rolling, parts of the remaining half of the lard are to be distributed over the surface till all is finished. Pastry should be made in a cool place and baked at once, not allowed to stand by, as it so often is, till it is convenient to bake it. An oven in which the heat is not evenly distributed can never produce a well-baked pie or tart; where there is an unequal degree of heat the pastry rises on the hottest side in the shape of a large bubble and sinks into a heavy indigestible mass on the coolest.

Lettuce Cream Salad.—Season the lettuce with vinegar, salt, pepper, and pounded sugar, all in sparing quantity. Then pour over it the thickest cream you can obtain. This salad should be eaten soon after it is dressed.

Lobster Salad.—Pick all the meat from the body and claws of a cold boiled lobster and chop it fine; chop separately the white part of a head of celery or lettuce and mix with the lobster meat. Season with pepper, salt, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, five of oil, three of thick sweet cream, and the finely minced yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, a tablespoonful of French mustard, and a few capers.

Tomato Salad.—Peel nice, fair tomatoes, not too ripe; cut in slices and grate over them a nice fresh cucumber, and season with pepper, salt, and vinegar to taste; add a teaspoonful of French mustard, a tablespoonful of best salad-oil, a finely minced onion, and a little celery salt.

Cucumber Salad.—Let the cucumbers lie in salt and water one hour before paring them; then pare, and slice as thinly as possible; drain through salted water; add olive oil, lemon juice, pepper, salt, and a little mustard in quantities to taste, and serve.

Portable Soup.—Take three pounds of fresh beef, the bones of which break, and two small knuckles of veal, put them in a stew-pan, and add as much water as will barely cover them; put in three onions, and seasoning to taste; stew the meat to ribbons; strain, and then put it in the coldest place you can command.

When thoroughly cold take off the fat, and boil it fast in a stew-pan without the lid, on a quick fire. Let it boil, and keep it stirred for at least eight hours.

Pour it into a pan and let it stand twenty-four hours; then take your largest lip basin, and set your soup into it, boil sufficient water in the basin to reach as high outside the pan that is placed in it as there is soup in the pan, but do not let any bubble into it. Keep the water boiling until the soup is reduced to a good consistency. It should then be poured into small jelly pots or in saucers, so as to form cakes when cold, and is best preserved in tin canisters, kept in dry cool places.

This soup may receive various flavors of herbs or anything else, when desiring to use it, by boiling the herbs or other ingredients, and then melting the soup in it.

Scientific.

Alum or common salt, dissolved in boiling water, and poured into cracks and crevices, forms a sort of cement, kills vermin, and preserves wood.

Lime slaked with a solution of salt in water, and then properly thinned with skim milk from which all the cream has been taken, makes a permanent whitewash for outdoor work, and, it is said, renders wood incombustible. It is an excellent wash for preserving wood, and for all farm purposes.

The following cement will be very hard when dry, and will adhere firmly to wood. Melt one ounce of resin and one ounce of pure yellow wax in an iron pan, and thoroughly stir in one ounce of venetian red, until a perfect mixture is formed. Use while hot.

Enamel is applied to various kinds of pots and pans for stewing and preserving fruits, the flavor and wholesomeness of which would be injured by contact with iron and by being cooked in vessels of brass or copper. The ordinary enamel for the purpose is common glass fused with oxide of lead. This will not resist vinegar and some other acids, and a dangerous poison may be present unsuspected in a mess cooked in vessels glazed with such composition.

Perfumed carbolic acid is prepared from carbolic acid one part, oil of lemon three parts, thirty-six per cent. alcohol one hundred parts, mixed. This mixture, which appears to be quite stable, and has only the odor of lemon, is what has been known as "Lebon's perfumed carbolic acid," the formula of which has long been a secret, but has now been made known in the *Mondeur Scientifique* of Paris. The antiseptic properties are in no way affected by the oil of lemon. — *Medical Press.*

A Nevada paper thus describes a remarkable kind of wood which is said to grow there. The trees do not grow large, a tree with a trunk a foot in diameter being much above the average. When dry, the wood is about as hard as box-wood, and, being of very fine grain, might, no doubt, be used for the same purposes. It is of a rich red color, and very heavy. When well seasoned, it would be a fine material for the wood-carver. Let shuttle-makers look out for this as a substitute for box-wood. — *Textile Manufacturer.*

Potato-Starch. — It takes two hundred and fifty bushels of potatoes to make a ton of potato-starch. Its manufacture, which is very simple, is as follows: After being thoroughly washed and freed from dirt, the potatoes are reduced to a pulp by means of a grater. The pulp, placed in a sieve, is washed by streams of falling water, the starch being carried through the sieve into a proper receptacle, and the fibre washed away as waste. The starch is carried with the water passing through the sieve into a stirring-tank, in which it is washed from the finer particles of waste, and, being heavier than water, sinks to the bottom. It is then further cleansed in other tanks by washing and stirring, until the water is clear and is drawn off. The starch is then removed to a kiln, where it is dried and rendered fit for market.

To transfer pictures to wood or canvas, coat the wood, or other prepared surface, with rather gummy mastic, or similar varnish, and, having very slightly but uniformly dampened the print, press it smoothly and firmly, face down, upon the varnished surface. When the varnish has quite dried, saturate the paper with cold water, and with the fingers—and, if necessary, a piece of fine sand-paper—crumble and rub the paper away, leaving the inked lines adhering to the varnished surface.

It is a popular error to attribute the rich coloring of autumn foliage to the action of frost. The change of color is a part of the process of growth and decay, but the immediate factor is the sunshine. If one leaf is partially covered by another, the lower one will retain a verdant image of its protector, while its outlying portion takes on the colors of decay—a process similar to photographic printing.

Glycerine and Glue. — A German chemist named Puscher, a native of Nuremberg, reported to the trades-union of that place that he met with great success in using glycerine together with glue. While generally, after the drying of the glue, the thing to which it is applied is liable to break, tear, or spring off, if a quantity of glycerine equal to a quarter of the quantity of glue be mixed with it, that defect will entirely disappear. Puscher also made use of this glue for lining leather, for making globe frames, and for smoothing parchment and chalk paper. He also used it for polishing, mixing wax with the glycerine, and using it as an under ground for laying on aniline red color. The red was found to exceed all others in which glycerine is not used.

The eucalyptus is slowly but surely gaining in favor. It is not for doctors alone to sing the praises of this health-giving plant. Artist, poet, and painter may join in admiration of the effect produced by the blue shades of the eucalyptus leaves, upon which the glamour of moonlight appears continually to rest. The eucalyptus has given a new foliage color to our gardens. Its love for damp ground is well known. Let every farmer who has a mly stagnant pool on his farm plant the eucalyptus round it; let every land-owner, whose park walls are encompassed by a torpid ditch, plant the eucalyptus along that ditch; let every riparian dweller by some backwater or still mere, support his willows with eucalyptus. Where few plants flourish, the eucalyptus does well; and where its health-giving properties are most needed, there it most surely thrives.



DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

Make the best of things. — *Koran.*

He says it best who says it first. — *James Russell Lowell.*

Of all thieves fools are the worst; they rob you of time and temper — *Goethe.*

"Seek in thy need the counsel of a wise woman." — *Calderon.*

The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; and her constant companion is humility.

A loving act does more good than a fiery exhortation. What masked needs is not more good talkers, but more good Samaritans.

One of life's hardest lessons from the cradle to the grave is waiting. We send out our ships, but cannot patiently await their return.

There are a great many duties that cannot wait. Unless they are done the moment they present themselves, it is not worth while to do them at all.

The best of us are hampered in every effort at improvement, not alone by our own faults, but by those of our neighbors.

How abundant are the men and women who crave martyrdom in leadership! How few are willing to honor themselves in the loyalty of service!

A man's character is an element of his wealth, and you cannot make him rich in what he has except as you teach him to be rich in what he is.

It does not follow that you must do a mean thing to a man who has done a mean thing to you. The old proverb runs—"Because the cur has bitten me, shall I bite the cur?"

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but will to labor. I believe that labor, judiciously and continuously applied, becomes genius. — *Lytton.*

Don't waste life on doubts and fears. Spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it. — *E. W. Emerson.*

It is by the utmost toleration of everything that is new that the true lifting process goes on most thoroughly, that what is injurious or valueless drops silently away, and what is precious develops and enters into the living present, making it all the worthier of the past which has brought it forth.



SPICE BOX

Care's no cure.

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck. — *Garfield.*

If you want your business done, go! If not, send!

There is no cream like that which rises on spilled milk. — *Becker.*

The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool! — *Joe Miller.*

Three degrees of mingling speculation: Positive, mine; comparative, mine; superlative, minus.

A peacock's feathers may not point a moral, but they certainly adorn a tail.

A young lady in society usually has to have a female chaperon until she can call some male chap her own.

The Rev. Mr. Swing says "that a novel is the world's truth with a beautiful woman walking through it." Generally, we may add, with a man after her.

Some one remarks that "collitude is well enough until you want to borrow something." As if that were not the very time when loan-liness is most desirable!

Opportunity has hair in front; behind she is bald. If you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her; but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again. — *From the Latin.*

A young man declared to Dr. Parr that he would believe nothing he did not understand. "Then, sir," said the doctor, "your creed would be the shortest of any man whom I ever knew."

"Pa, are first thoughts drunk?" asked a bright child of his father. "Why, no, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because you are always talking about the sober second thought."

Never hold any one by the button or the hand in order to be heard out; for, if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your toes than them. — *Lord Chesterfield.*

I find the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled far better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling, discontented people.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE
THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

Review of Fashions.



RECENT writer has pointed out the detrimental effect upon progressive ideas in dress of the tendency to go backward for inspiration and motive. Historic revivals have their uses, no doubt; but it would be as sensible to go back to the tinder-box when the ready match or the electric button lies close at hand, as to be eternally seeking for modes in the dusky shadows of by-gone times. It is highly proper, and even useful, to recall the feudal days, the legendary stories of knight and lady, in the costumes of a fancy ball; but the women of to-day, and especially of this country, occupy a very different relative position from that of the peasant and the princess, the châtelaine and her household dependent. Equality has not been reached, but there is a nearer approach to equalization of rank and duties than ever before, and there are few removed by fortune to such a height that they can feel absolved from the changes and chances of a common destiny.

The distinctive dress, therefore, which marked the high-born lady is no more applicable than the rough and rude badge of the peasant class to free American women; and though what is good in either will naturally survive, and both serve as types of conditions that no longer exist, and cannot exist as fixed facts in a country where property is widely distributed, still it should be the aim to develop here, and among a progressive people, independent American ideas adapted to our needs and worthy of a new race, that has had the past for an inheritance and possesses the possibilities for the grandest future the world has ever known. At present our dress must be largely practical, but it may still contain elements of picturesque beauty and genuine nobility. It will necessarily be varied; it should be and must be so; wants are varied, conditions are varied, habits and circumstances are varied, climate and tastes are varied. What we are to do is to adapt our clothing to our own needs from the diversity that is created, and not be afraid to individualize it.

It is noteworthy that the inventive genius of this country has so far been put into practical mechanical directions; this was natural. It is the direction in which there has been the greatest exercise of force and capacity; labor is high-priced and labor-saving inventions have been among our greatest needs. But in the near future we may expect to see inventive ability take a new direction and expend itself in building, in the arts, in ornaments, and luxuries, and distinctly in

dress. The best, so far, that our artists and artificers have been able to do, is to copy. We have "Gothic" cottages, and "Queen Anne" houses, and "Mansard" roofs, and Italian villas, and Swiss chalets, and Egyptian, Byzantine, and Florentine jewelry, and German carving, and mediæval embroidery; but we have not as yet struck out anything original from the silver of Nevada or the gold of California; and even now for our interior decoration we are going back to leather-covered walls and the ponderous ideas of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

All this is deplorably costly and imitative. If it were original it would, perhaps, pay for the cost; but being only a poor copy after all of the old and out-worn, it will shortly have to give place to something born of the soil, and representative of its own nature and growth.

What forms the American idea will take it is impossible to predicate, because as yet the artistic spirit, the genius of the country, has not become imbued with its natural grandeur. Our mechanics are Europeans and have only European training and ideas; our artists go to Europe to get their ideas and their inspirations. By and by we shall, it is to be hoped, have industrial training-schools and art institutions that will foster the spirit of reverence for our own great country and its magnificent scenery, which, in its wild Western ranges, seems to have been the very workshop of the Almighty. We need some one satiated with Old World histories in paint and stone to look upon our lovely flora, our native trees, our embedded lakes, our underground treasures, our Yellowstones, springs and cataracts, our graven rocks, carved in majestic lines upon the face, like the Lion of Lucerne, and tell us how to weave these into our hearts and homes, into our art and poetry, into our dress and ornamental belongings. Once realizing all this, and imbued with the spirit of it, we at least should not be satisfied with being mere imitators or copyists of antiquated and worn-out ideas. We should require something noble and truthful, and this desire would work its own fulfillment; and toward this point every woman works who thinks her own thought and strives to put it into her own belongings.

The point of imitation we have reached and must soon pass, the point where every woman wants something in order to be like some one else; the point we are coming to is differentiation, and that will lead to true originality. Said a young lady the other day, "I am not afraid to wear large enough boots now; is not that a step in advance?" "Indeed it is," was the reply. And many young women will

discover, on consideration, that a great deal of courage is required to wear sensible boots that do not torture or distort the feet. This one step has been gained, curiously enough, by the introduction of the loose Sarah Bernhardt glove. A tight glove is now considered bad taste, and distiguring; quite naturally, the enlargement of the glove has been followed by the enlargement of the shoes, at least for walking purposes; and walking-clubs and the new passion for exercise and out-door sports, have assisted to furnish a motive for what almost amounts to a new departure. There are many other sensible ideas in the recent development of fashions, but for the details of them we refer the reader to additional pages of the MONTHLY.

Illustrated Designs.



OUR illustrated designs for the present month will be found quite new, and very suggestive by those who are busied or puzzled over the making of a spring wardrobe.

The "Manuela" gives a model of a polonaise costume which is very effective, and can be made in plain materials, or one that contains an embroidered border. The skirt is short and trimmed with a narrow plaiting, above which is a deeper flounce. A deep, plaited puff forms an apron, which the open front of the polonaise discloses, and the effect of which is repeated in the inserted plaiting at the back. The collar gives the best effect at the throat, with a narrow standing rim, above which a standing linen collar may be worn.

There is an independent polonaise, the "Velleda," which is simple, graceful, and stylish for spring and summer wear, and specially adapted to thin wools and light éceru, or tinted materials, to which embroidery may give the appearance of an elongated vest. The close fit perfectly defines the waist, and the arrangement of the drapery is particularly easy and graceful. If the embroidery is done by hand it may be put directly upon the sleeves, but if it accompanies the material as bands or border it must, of course, form a sort of cuff. Roses in shades of shrimp pink, with brown foliage, look well upon stone-color, or Quaker drab, and also upon bronze green.

Of trimmed walking-skirts there are two, the "Lorena" and the "Henrica," both of which are effective without being complicated or difficult of execution. The tendency, indeed, is to simplify walking-dresses almost to the limit of severity, and put all the ingenuity, the subtleties of design, into evening and ball toilets, an object which has at least the merit of good sense and propriety. Both of these designs show how skirts may be arranged which are made of a combination of plain with a figured fabric. The figures are large, and detached, in many of the recent designs, and these require to be used with a certain formality; they do not fall naturally into drapery. In the "Henrica" the figured fabric forms a long apron front over a plaited skirt, with side panels which are laid plain, and a full plaited back, held by a gathered sash, or scarf; the "Lorena" has the figured material in side panels, with the paniers and the remainder of the skirt plain. The basque would be made entirely of the figured goods, and the "Simonne" would be a very good design to use with both.

The "Lorena" is naturally adapted to thinner materials than the "Henrica," the latter being well suited to black, or dark silk, or cashmere, and the embossed or brocaded fabrics which are so often combined with them. The panier, on the contrary, while well suited to the embroidered cashmere robes which are so popularly worn, is also suited to thinner materials, summer silks, pongees,

chalys, and nun's veiling. The "Simonne" basque would be good for cashmere, or pongee, and might be trimmed with embroidery which so often accompanies the material; but for thin tissues, or white, the gathered and curving waists would be generally more suitable and becoming; the deep basque confined by a belt and shirred at the back.

The "Trianon" polonaise is a pretty paniered design, well adapted to materials for country wear, soft cottons, sateens, rose-bud chintz, dotted foulard, china silk, and the like. It is very simple in cut, the back and sides being in one piece the entire length, and only the sides of the front cut so as to form the plaited paniers, which are joined to the waist. The trimming may be any of the laces which are fashionably used now a days, and the style and fitness of which depend upon the material employed.

The "Jersey" redingote speaks for itself. It is the "Jersey" extended into a long, close-fitting street garment. It is admirably well adapted to fine ladies' cloth, and cloth coatings. Its very plainness renders it highly desirable that it should be well made in good material, well fitted and nicely finished, as there is nothing to take the eye from the garment itself, its material, its cut, and its workmanship, and a cheap or inferior cloth would show wear very soon in roughened edges and surface. Small round buttons, matching in color, are used this season for walking costumes, and garments which are tight-fitting and instead of the lengthwise plaiting at the back to give ease, the skirt is left open to a few inches below the waist.

The "Péroline" jacket furnishes an excellent model for a jacket with colored vest, now so fashionable as part of a cloth walking-suit. The jacket may be leaf brown, claret color or bronze green, the vest pale buff, shrimp pink, terracotta red, or tinted white. The skirt may match the jacket, or it may be produced in a combination plaid, a gay blending of the dark colors with lines of the richest and brightest. The solid suits finished with stitching, or with rows of narrow, thick military braid, and contrasted only with the vest are in better taste, of course, than the conjunction with the showy plaid; but for a change or for the seaside, combinations which are even a little *outré* are admissible.

In the "Zenana" visite ladies will find a dressy design for a short out-door garment, which should be made in rich materials, black or colored. In black brocade or figured grenadine, it would look best *en suite*; in India cashmere cloths it would need no lining at this season, and could be trimmed with fringe containing the colors of the cashmere, instead of lace and passementerie, or chenille, and crocheted trimming. In éceru cloths it would naturally be trimmed with fringes of silk, or chenille, or feathered ruching, but in all cases if lining is used it should be of thin twilled silk.

Portfolio of Fashions for the Spring of 1883.



IT is as pleasant to see pretty spring fabrics as the spring flowers, for they are both harbingers of a finer and more genial season; and all women anticipate with satisfaction the getting rid of heavy wraps, and the first putting on of a dainty spring costume. But there is something to be done before this ultimatum is reached. There is a design to be found, there is the important point to be considered: how can this pretty or useful material be made up to the best advantage, both as regards itself and its wearer? The true and decisive way to settle the momentous question is to send in good time for our SPRING PORTFOLIO OF FASHIONS. This contains the new styles in every description of costume, enlarged and so clearly exhibited that every detail can be studied and followed. No lady should decide on her spring outfit, or allow her dressmaker

to decide for her, without seeing one, because the opportunity for comparing styles and designs is so good as to teach her what she does not want quite as certainly as what she does. Its variety is also full of suggestion. It furnishes ideas not only for costumes but for house dresses, for making over, for children, for the country, for the city, for traveling, for costumes *en voyage*, for breakfasts, for bridals, and for every purpose for which they are needed. It shows the different styles of combinations, how to use figured and plain materials, when to use simple designs, and when to elaborate them, and in short forms a gallery of lay figures, which come at will, and bring in their own pictured semblances all the information needed. Fifteen cents in stamps, addressed to Mme. Demorest, 17 E. 14th Street, will bring it to your door or post office. Send early, as the bulk of orders cannot be all filled at once, and first come, first served.

Black Silks.

THERE is strong evidence of a decided reaction in favor of the rich solid silks which have recently been displaced by figured materials. Already there is inquiry for the black silks which are known to combine the wearing qualities with the peculiar softness of texture, depth of tone, and beautiful luster which have been achieved by a first-class manufacturer. These silks have been known by the following brands:

Cachemire Oriental, possessing the softness and durability of Indian cashmere; *Cachemire Abyssinien*, combining strength of warp with the depth and luster of the richest silk, and *Cachemire Norma*, which for purity of material, beauty of touch and appearance and velvet-like richness cannot be equaled.

These silks are what they seem; they do not crack or wear shiny; the strength of a thin silken fiber is not sacrificed to a surface gloss, nor are the threads charged with a substance to make them thick and weighty.

Cachemire Oriental, *Abyssinien* and *Norma* are pure, rich silks, good through and through; they will "turn" and make over, and we recommend them particularly in any of their grades for handsome spring costumes. A. Person, Harriman & Co., New York, are the wholesale agents for the United States, and they can be obtained of any good dry-goods house now throughout the country.

SHOULDER bows of ribbon are very fashionable set against the standing collar on the left side.

THERE is a variety in the battlemented basque bodices. They are cut a little longer, and in the form of a tulip petal, rounded, and pointed in the center.

JAPONICA, prawn and strawberry pink are the pale shades to be used to combine with all the dark fashionable reds such as claret, garnet, strawberry and terra-cotta.

IN hosiery, the new cream, fine Balbriggan and Lisle thread, as delicate and almost as costly as silk, is to become fashionable for wearing with all colored shoes and light dresses.

THE LONG COAT COSTUMES are the newest for spring wear, and are made with flat sides, the front opening over a plaited skirt, and an irregular puffing arranged lengthwise at the back. A very good way is to make them on a well-fitting princess lining, combining two materials, as silk and wool, or satin Surah and figured velveteen, or brocaded silk and plain silk; the figured fabric always forming the coat and the plain goods the skirt and drapery.



Péroline Jacket.

THE deep vest and broad rolling collar impart an air of distinction to this jacket, which is very stylishly made in *houssard* blue camel's hair cloth, combined with darker blue velvet, for a spring costume. At the back it is in plain cuirass style, and cut with a French back, the middle seam open for a distance above the lower edge. Hat of *houssard* blue Milan braid, trimmed with velvet matching that in the dress, and ostrich tips of the two shades. Tan-colored undressed-kid gloves. Price of jacket patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



GENTLEMEN'S JEWELRY AND LADIES' LOCKETS.—Actual Sizes.

No. 1.—Vest chain of "rolled" gold for a gentleman's watch. It is a double chain of flat, twisted curb-links, and has a sliding guard of engraved gold, with a pendent ring for a locket or seal. The chain measures nine inches from the button-hole bar to the swivel. The ends of the bar are solid gold. Price, \$4.75. The same style of chain can be furnished measuring thirteen inches in length for \$1.75 extra.

No. 2.—Gentleman's vest chain of "rolled" gold. The chain is double, and composed of circle links, and has a sliding guard of finely chased and engraved polished gold. The chain measures nine inches from the swivel to the button-hole bar, and the tips of the bar are of solid gold. Price, \$3.50

No. 3.—A unique style of seal and locket combined, for gentlemen's wear. It is of "rolled" gold, set on either side with a polished onyx of fine quality, the stones being genuine and of different colors. The locket opens at the lower part, and has places for two pictures; and the medallion turns in a square arch of highly polished gold. Price, \$3.

No. 4.—Solitaire spiral stud of "rolled" gold for a gentleman's shirt front. A large white stone is sunk in a star-shaped setting, with patent foil back, and closely resembles a genuine diamond. Price, in either polished or dead gold, \$2.

No. 5.—A stylish design for sleeve-buttons suitable for gentlemen's wear. The setting is of "rolled" gold, with

double rims forming an oblong square, in which is set a convex medallion of mother-of-pearl, inlaid with a horse's head in colored pearl. These sleeve-buttons have the patent "American" lever attachment, which is very simple, the stud turning to slip in the button-hole easily and then snapping back in place again. Price, \$1.85.

No. 6.—A handsome "rolled" gold locket for a lady's necklace. The locket is oval and finished in Roman gold, while on the outer surface is a raised oval rim of highly polished gold, inclosing an enameled, and the figures of a dog and bird in silver, with water in blue enamel, and plants and flowers in natural tints on a black ground. The locket opens at the side, and has places for two pictures. Price, \$4.50.

No. 7.—Solid gold sleeve-button, suitable for either a lady or gentleman. The button is oblong, with the surface finely engraved and decorated with black enamel figures in a Japanese design. Price, \$4.25.

No. 8.—This handsome locket of "rolled" gold, for gentlemen's wear, is handsomely ornamented with chasing and engraving, and set with a square stone on each side of the reversible medallion which turns on a pivot in the upper frame. The stone on one side is heliotrope or bloodstone, and on the other onyx. The locket opens at the top, and has places for two pictures. Price, \$3.

No. 9.—Gentleman's spiral stud of solid gold, handsomely ornamented with black enamel, and set with a pure white

stone in diamond mounting, having the patent foil back which gives it the brilliancy and beauty of a fine, genuine diamond. Price, \$2.38.

No. 10.—Locket of "rolled" gold, suitable for a gentleman's watch chain or fob. The surface is engraved differently upon either side, and has raised plaques and an L-shaped ornament of highly polished gold on the other surface. The locket turns in an arch of highly polished gold, and opens at the top with places for two pictures. Price, \$3.38.

No. 11.—A handsome style of sleeve-buttons, with patent lever attachment, suitable for a gentleman's cuffs. The fronts are gold, and the backs of "rolled" gold. The buttons are round, with raised rims of highly polished gold, and engraved flat surface in the center. Price, \$1.75.

No. 12.—Moss-agate sleeve-buttons set in "rolled" gold. These buttons are intended for gentlemen's wear, and have the patent "American" lever attachment, which renders them easy to adjust in the cuff, the stud turning to slip in the button-hole, and then snapping back into place again. Price, \$1.50.

No. 13.—Gentleman's locket of "rolled" gold, beautifully chased and engraved, and having raised leaves of highly polished gold. The reverse side is finely engraved in a different design, but has a flat surface. The locket opens at the side, and has places for two pictures. Price, \$2.25.

No. 14.—Glove ring of solid gold, set with a large, square bloodstone. This is a style of seal ring extremely popular

for gentlemen, as it fits very flatly to the finger and therefore takes up very little room in the glove. It may also be had in red or black onyx. The black onyx may be engraved with a letter or monogram, and will show white where engraved. Price, \$7.25. A letter engraved will cost 75 cents extra, and an engraved monogram, \$1 for each letter.

No. 15.—Oval locket of "rolled" gold, richly ornamented with filigree. The outer rim is raised, and of highly polished gold, surrounding the ornaments of filigree, in the center of which is a raised setting supporting a dark blue sapphire. Below this are three raised ornaments of highly polished gold. The locket opens at the side, and has places for two pictures. All the polished gold that is seen on the surface is solid. Price, \$3.60.

No. 16.—A handsome style of sleeve-button, of solid gold, suitable for either a lady's or gentleman's use. The outside is oval, and finely chased and decorated with black enamel in a Japanese design. Price, \$4.25.

All of these goods are of the best quality of material and workmanship, and many of the designs are fac similes of those made in solid gold.

JERSEY CASHMERE is a new French all-wool fabric which is intended for suits made in the Jersey style; and is well adapted to its purpose. It is firm, not elastic, like stockinet, but soft, and delightful to the touch. It is made in the newest of the fine shades of color, topaz, terra-cotta, bronze, and the like.

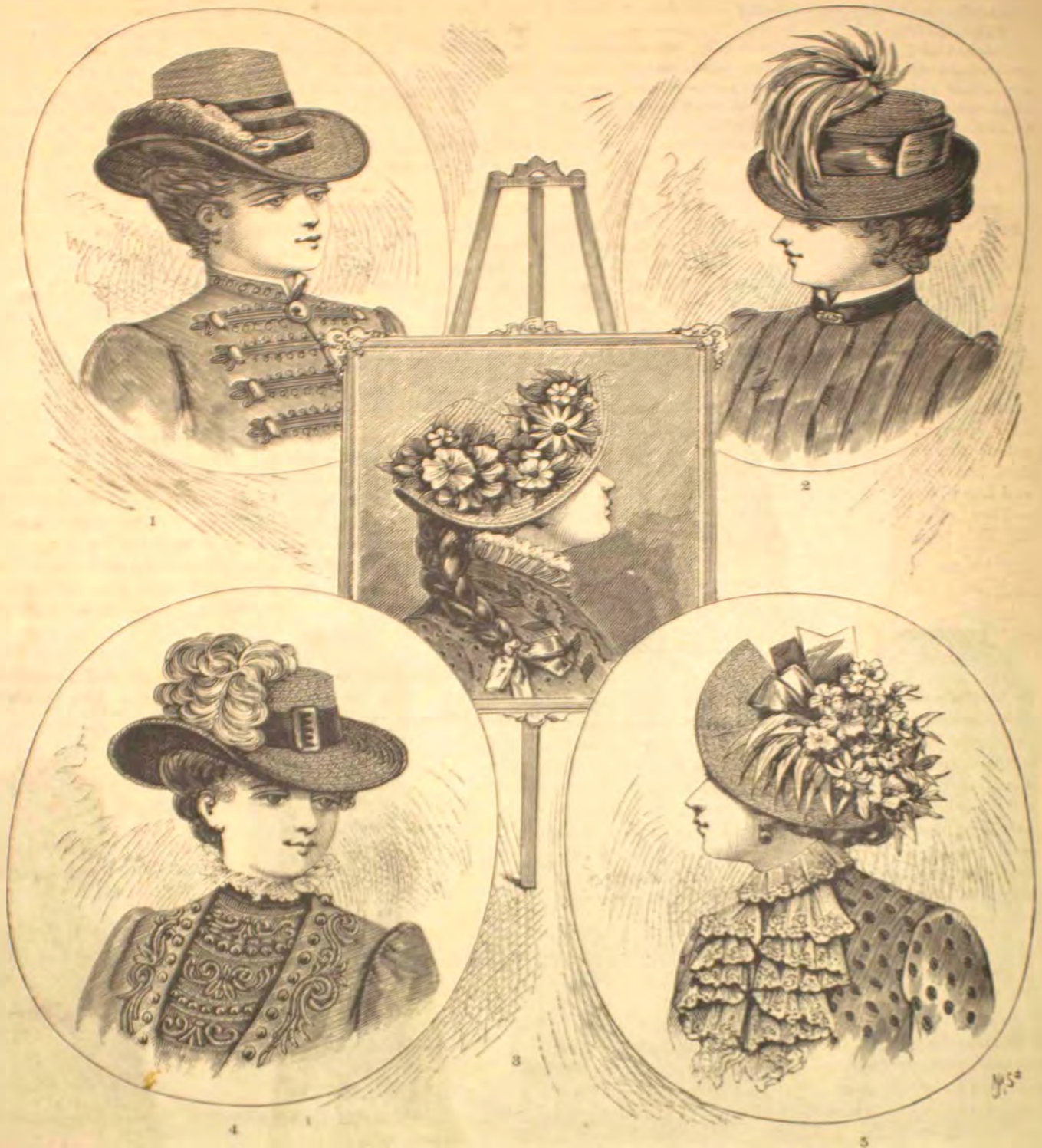


JERSEY REDINGOTE.

Henrica Walking Skirt.—This unique and stylish model is nevertheless quite simple in arrangement, consisting of a short gored skirt trimmed all around with alternate side and box-plaits, and having a long, plain *tablier* in front, with panels at the sides, while the back drapery is laid in full plaits and has a broad sash or scarf draped across it about half way down. This design is suitable for almost any class of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials, as illustrated. This design is shown on Fig. 8 of the full-page engraving, in combination with the "Zenana" visite. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Jersey Redingote.—This elegant and simple garment is

extremely stylish and popular for street wear. It reaches nearly to the bottom of the skirt, and 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, which is left open from a little below the waist. A plain round collar and coat sleeves complete the design, which is suitable for most qualities of cloth, and other goods adapted for outer garments or street costumes, and requires no trimming except the rows of machine stitching near the edges as illustrated, although any style of garniture appropriate may be employed if desired. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



FASHIONABLE HATS.

No. 1.—Tyrolose hat of dark green Milan straw, faced with velvet, and trimmed with three bands of narrow, dark green velvet ribbon placed at equal intervals around the high, round crown. The broad brim is rolled at the sides displaying the velvet facing. A large bird of the parrakeet species with shaded green feathers is placed on the right side of the hat.

No. 2.—A coquettish shape in dark brown Dunstable straw. The garniture consists of a broad band of Alicante brown velvet, and a tuft of shaded brown and gold coque feathers drooping over toward the front from the right side, which is sharply turned up against the square crown and faced with velvet to match the band.

No. 3.—Poke bonnet of light golden straw for a young miss. A thick garland of flowers—daisies, poppies, ivy leaves and various garden flowers—composes the garniture, which is placed all around the crown, well forward on the broad, shelving brim. The inside of the brim is lined with dark-red satin Surah laid in plainly.

No. 4.—A picturesque shaped hat of heliotrope-tinted satin straw braid with low square crown and broad brim slightly rolling at each side. The brim is faced with crushed-raspberry colored velvet, and a wide band of the same encircles the crown, and is ornamented in front with a handsome gilt slide. Two ostrich feathers of a lighter shade of raspberry

red are fastened on top of the crown, and droop over toward the right side.

No. 5.—This pretty poke bonnet is of French chip, tea-tinted, with wide flaring brim faced or lined with a plaiting of *seru* silk Oriental lace. It is trimmed with a large bow of turquoise-blue satin ribbon on the left side, and a cluster of blue myosotis flowers and pale green plush leaves placed on the right, toward the back.



Manuela Costume.—Unique in design and very stylish in effect, this costume is arranged with a short, gored walking skirt, trimmed around the bottom with a narrow box-plaiting and having a plaited and puffed apron, over which opens a polonaise front which extends into a full plaited drapery at the back, the upper part forming a basque with inserted plaits. This design is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed simply or elaborately to suit the taste and the material employed. The front view of this costume is shown on Fig. 1 of the full-page engraving. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

The Vest Suit.

ONE of the newest and most effective designs for spring is made of wool, with an open frock coat and interior vest over a plaited skirt. The vest has small pockets, and the coat one larger one upon the inside, which ladies may use for carrying their purse and other valuables. It is a constant reproach to women that their dress, even for the street, is not made for use. "Why do you carry valuables in your hand; why not put them in an inside pocket?" asked a magistrate of a young lady whose pocket-book had been snatched from her. "Why, ladies have no inside pockets," remarked the girl, *vide* police report.

Some ladies do wear inside pockets, but the girl was right so far as the general fact is concerned that the ordinary suit for women has no inside pockets. Street dresses ought to be uniform in one respect, and not subject to change, and that is in their pocket conveniences. They should never be arranged so that their usefulness is lost sight of, or subordinated to showy effect. Sham pockets in a street dress are as exasperating as sham windows in a house.

Bonnets for Spring Wear.

THE great demand this season is for fine straws, half poke, half gypsy, the crowns of which remind one of the Normandy caps, only they are not straight, but droop over toward the brim. But blacks are in the ascendant, and are very stylish with black hose, and black, gray, or terra-cotta suits, also with gray blue, or the shade known as "charity" blue. When black straw bonnets are worn with gray-blue suits the brim is faced with shirred soft silk or satin of the same shade, and so also the terra cotta, unless this color in the bonnet is objected to and it is preferred all black. Wide, and fine twilled ribbon surrounds the crown and forms a large Alsatian bow on the top, but the tuft of feathers at the side, composed of three tips, matches the shade of the dress and the interior lining.

In many bonnets the crowns differ from the brims—the crowns will be of plaited straw, woven in various pretty devices, the brims of puffed or shirred silk, or crepe, or arranged with rows of small olives, or button-shaped pompons upon a lace foundation. Straw is, however, in the ascendant, and for spring wear black is demanded, except when colors are required to match a bronze or terra-cotta suit. Artificial flowers have almost recovered their prestige. They were, of course, always more or less worn for decoration, but feathers had very largely displaced them. The fine English straw, cottage shape, promises to be the fashionable dress bonnet for the summer, with trimming of English primroses, hawthorn, and other favorite field and garden flowers. Very large single roses will also be used, and tropical fruits and flowers, of such a size that one specimen will be sufficient for a bonnet.

THE large flat collars of Irish point, and medallions applied to scrim, have taken the place of the Mother Hubbards, except for small girls.



Velleda Polonaise.—A stylish model, arranged to give the effect of a long, open vest in front. 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. Any class of dress goods is suitable for this design, which is most effective in a combination of two materials, as illustrated. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



Costumes for Early Spring.

Costumes for Early Spring.

FIG. 1.—Spring street costume of brown camel's hair cloth, handsomely trimmed with *appliqué* velvet "moons," surrounded by silk cord, on the skirt and polonaise. The design employed is the "Manuela" costume, which is arranged with a polonaise open in front, and arranged to form a basque on the upper part with inserted plaits at the back. The skirt is plain, with a narrow box-plaiting around the bottom, and a puffed apron on the front plaited in at the top. A "Directoire" collar of Alicante brown velvet, like the "moon" *appliqués*, completes the costume. Hat of cream-tinted Dunstable straw, with brown velvet facing, and brown velvet band with gilt buckle. The trimming consists of a bouquet of three closely curled *écru* ostrich tips. Light *écru* *Suède* gloves. The double illustration of this costume will be found among the separate fashions elsewhere. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—"Jersey" redingote of fine ladies' cloth of a light fawn color. It reaches almost to the bottom of the skirt, is perfectly tight-fitting and single breasted, and fastened with small smoked-pearl buttons. The garment is finished in tailor fashion, without any garniture whatever. Dark gray *Suède* gloves are worn drawn up over the sleeves. Hat of fawn-tinted and white mixed straw, faced with terra-cotta velvet and trimmed with a band of the velvet, and a bunch of pale terra-cotta colored ostrich tips and *aigrette* fastened on the right side. The double illustration of the "Jersey" redingote is given among the separate fashions elsewhere. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 3.—Visiting costume of rich black Ottoman silk, plain and brocaded, and a visite of Ottoman brocade. The designs employed are the "Henrica" walking skirt and the "Zenana" visite. The skirt is quite simple, although unique in design, and is of plain black Ottoman silk with a long *tablier* in front of satin brocaded with palm leaf designs in Ottoman weaving. The side panels are quite plain, and the back drapery is laid in plaits all the way down with a scarf draped across it. The visite is of black brocaded Ottoman, the back having a postilion basque effect, with large full sleeves, draped in plaits at the back and gathered below the wrists. The lower edge of the front is trimmed with black French lace and a band of *passenterie*, and *passenterie* ornaments fasten the plaits at the back. Bonnet of fine black Milan straw, trimmed with a spray of red and purple pansies across the front and tied with crushed-raspberry Ottoman ribbon strings. The visite and skirt are shown separately among the double illustrations. Patterns of visite in two sizes, medium and large. Price twenty-five cents each. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents.

The Spring Redingote.

THE redingote, modified to suit varied circumstances, is the favorite spring garment. It is made in cloths of light weight, faced interiorly with silk, or satin, but untrimmed, and shaped perfectly to the figure. Or it may be made as part of a costume; the skirt of silk or satin, the same forming a vest, and the redingote opening from top to bottom to disclose the front of the dress. Plain cloths are, of course, the most useful for general service, but very pretty redingotes are made of figured silk and wool stuffs in palm leaf and small lotus patterns. The cashmere cloths are also used for the same purpose, but a large pattern is a mistake, because it is too conspicuous, and the style soon goes out of fashion. The new checked Cheviot flannels are recommended by some as suitable for redingotes, but we do not advise them. Flannels always

roughen more or less upon the surface, and the checked flannels made up into long garments, look too much like morning-gowns or flannel wrappers; they cannot be made into coats for any purpose except a sea-voyage, with any propriety.

The taste in out-door garments seems to run to extremes. They are either very small or very large. Capes are as well worn as ever, and are very convenient. They are made in the most opposite materials. Feathers are mounted upon net; lace is beaded; a net-work of beads with fringes border is used as last year. Plush capes with border of lace or fringe are elegant, if handsome and in rich colors. Capes also are made *en suite*, and tucked lengthwise in the material; a very novel effect, and one that looks particularly well with a kilted skirt. Many redingotes have capes which are detached or detachable, and can be used therefore either singly or with the coat.

Some very pretty cape cloaks have been made in light materials—figured pongee, and fine cloths—and lined with twilled silk, but they are rather too close and confining for anything but cold weather; and for this purpose the texture is too light; Spanish-lace cloaks are among the importations, unlined and richly trimmed; but they are very expensive. These are made full.

THE FASHIONABLE RAGE is for black spun-silk hose for children, even for infants; and for fine black open-work stockings, which will be worn with black hats and white dresses.

The Newport Tie.

WE have, on a previous occasion, given an illustration of a novelty entitled the "Newport" scarf by the manufacturers, we give now a second one, called by them the "Newport" tie, and which, together with the scarf, furnishes a pretty and complete finish to a summer toilet.



Both tie and scarf are made of soft, thick silk, brocaded in an effective pattern, and fringed upon sides and ends. Both sides are alike, and the texture is so pliant and supple that bows and ends fall naturally into place, and are susceptible of the most graceful arrangement. The fact that the silk is wove specially for the purpose, that it is ample, that it can be worn on either side, that tie and scarf for sash or drapery harmonize perfectly, give these pretty accessories great advantages over ordinary

ties and cut draperies or ribbon sashes. The sets are made in all colors, and cost about \$8.00—\$5.00 for scarf, \$3.00 for the tie, which may be arranged at the left of the throat if preferred, and really forms a fichu as well as a tie.



Trianon Polonaise.—This stylish polonaise is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, double side forms, the shorter rounding to the armhole and the others extending to the shoulder seams, and the back piece cut without a seam. The side forms and back piece extend the entire length of the garment, while the fronts and side gores are cut off to form a pointed basque front, to which the draped side paniers are joined in flat plaits. The standing collar is arranged so that the neck may be worn either perfectly close, or slightly open in pointed shape, as illustrated. Any class of dress goods is suitable for this design, which may be trimmed as illustrated, with *revers* of lace, or in any other style adapted to

the material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Lorena Walking Skirt.—An extremely novel and convenient design, having the front and side gores mounted on a yoke which also supports the kilt-plaiting, panels and drapery; and a full back breadth over which the *bouffant back* drapery is arranged in a very graceful manner. This model is suitable for almost any class of dress goods, and is also suitable for a combination of fabrics. A narrow knife-plaiting finishes the foot of the skirt, but may be omitted if desired. This is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Simonne" basque. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Black Silk Costumes.

QUITE a little reaction seems to have taken place in favor of plain black silks, notwithstanding the apparently increased rage for large figures. Perhaps it is because the manufacture has improved, and seems to be doing its best to make buyers forget the villainous adulterations which disgraced so much of what was known as heavy gros-grain silks, that ladies are returning to what with many never ceases to be desirable, the acquisition of a really good black silk. Two things are now pretty well understood in regard to the matter: one is that a silk is not always good because it looks thick and feels weighty, another that a "cheap" black silk is not worth making, even if it were worth buying. A black silk with the majority of women, be they rich or poor, is usually intended not only for good appearance, but for service. It is to last, and is worn often because it is so convenient for wear on many and varied occasions. The favorite silk of to-day is not the gros grain of a comparatively recent or the taffeta of a former period; it is the French faille of medium weight with the soft and rich French cachemire finish. It is the most useful and appropriate for suits, and also for the black silk skirts, one of which, at least, is a convenient addition to every lady's wardrobe.

Of course, the majority of handsome black costumes are

made in combination with rich brocades of silk, satin, or velvet. But for combining with figured fabrics satin Rhadames and satin de Lyons seem to be much more effective than plain faille, and they are also less expensive. A very good Rhadames can be bought for \$1.25 to \$1.50 per yard, whereas a handsome faille costs from \$2.50 to \$3.00.

The richest combination is doubtless effected with Ottoman silk of a thick, pure quality, but this is high priced, and would require a superb quality of velvet or satin brocade to form a suitable conjunction. These soft, pure, lustrous Ottoman silks also form most elegant costumes of themselves, but they deserve the finest treatment. They are not, therefore, so well adapted to general wear and useful purposes as medium failles.

For the trimming of plain black silks there is nothing so durable or so permanently satisfactory as the fabric itself and a handsome satin cord *passementerie*. Combined silks and brocades require less trimming material than the plain silk, and if lace is used it should be of a fine quality.

Jet is always more or less in fashion as ornamentation for black silk, and no other trimming is capable of producing such magnificent effects, but it should be fine, and used in profusion. A small quantity of cheap jet *passementerie* or jetted lace would cheapen any silk, and lower its tone to one of poverty. When jet is used it should be in quantity, and every part of the toilet should correspond with the dress, bonnet, and out-door garment.



Simonne Basque.—An extremely stylish and dressy design, with box-plaited basque skirts added to the front and sides, and the back forming a full postilion. The basque is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A narrow, straight collar and coat sleeves complete the design, which is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, and may be of the same or a different material than the rest of the costume. This is illustrated *en costume*, in combination with the "Lorena" walking skirt. Price of basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



Péroline Jacket.—A stylish jacket, with vest fronts over which the outer parts button at the waist, being cut-away below and having a rolling collar and lapels above. The jacket is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, and a French back. This design is suitable for any quality of cloth or similar goods for out-door garments, as well as many varieties of dress goods, and is most effective in a combination of materials, as illustrated. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Riding Habits.

THERE is never much change in regard to the manner of making habit-dresses, and the style now is as near perfection as may be. Nor is it of any great use to describe them in detail, for those who ride seriously, and can afford to keep horses and grooms, can afford to get a riding-habit from a good tailor; still it may be remarked as a guide to the selection of material, that while rich shades of color,

plum, wine, claret, bottle green, bronze, and indigo blue are admirable, and furnish a welcome relief to the old blacks and browns and navy blues, light shades, such as *écru*, do not look well on horse-back, nor very showy shades, such as *terra cotta*. The cloth needs to be fine in order to exquisitely outline the form, and should be cut to perfection in order to display it to advantage. Narrow bands of black fur have been used on some habits during the past season; and indeed it is quite a problem how to make a habit warm enough for cold weather without additional wraps, which would be in the way, yet cool enough for warm weather; as no one wishes to duplicate so expensive and exceptional a dress. At this season there is, of course, no difficulty in regard to warmth; a cloth bodice of light texture is sufficient for such cold days as we may expect in April, and the danger lies in choosing a color or texture for approaching summer that will not be appropriate later, and that will not be worth the cost of the making and the necessary accessories. The skirt of the habit is not now made quite so long as formerly, it having been found dangerous and hurtful to a thorough-bred horse. It must also be full enough not to embarrass the rider in case of an emergency. The bodice is high, close, and perfectly plain, with the narrow standing collar, the row of small buttons for fastening the narrow tie—the only bit of color—and the close sleeves which the loose gloves more than meet, and which require no cuffs; gilt buttons, and silver buttons are now alike discarded, the small round bronze, or enamel buttons matching the cloth in color being preferred. Most ladies, too, have adopted the high silk hat, as more distinguished than the Derby, and twist about it a strip of tulle or gauze as a trimming more than as a veil. Riding is one of the most healthful of all accomplishments, and the dress should be carefully studied so that it may be permanent, and combine convenience with grace and elegance.



Zenana Visite.—This dressy model is rather short, and has somewhat of a basque effect in the back, with plaits below the waist, but the front is cut in sacque shape, and the sleeves are inserted in dolman style and are very full, being draped at the back of the armhole in plaits and gathered on the outside of the arm at the wrist. Any of the materials usually employed for *demi-saison* wraps are suitable for this model, which may be trimmed simply or elaborately, according to taste and the goods employed. This visite is illustrated on Fig. 3 of the full page engraving, in combination with the "Henrica" walking skirt. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

EVERY sort of fancy jewelry is in vogue now, chiefly silver and cut steel. Old German oxidized silver, set with stones, is popular, and quaint coins mounted as necklets, clasps, or buttons. Several small fancy brooches are to be seen on a single lace jabot, and some ladies fasten their watches on to the bodice of their dress with a ribbon, looking like a medal, attached to a good-sized fancy button. Large spiders in delicate plain and diamond cut silver fasten lace fichus and ties, or are fastened on one shoulder on an evening bodice, or in lace, near the throat of a black

satin or brocade morning dress. A narrow gold wire bangle is fastened by a bee, composed of small stones, real or imitation, set in silver; and flies or bluebottles, as pins and ear-rings, are also popular. Large jet butterflies, mounted on quivering wire, look well in fair hair. Very little ornament is worn in the hair, and the fashion of frizzy heads is slowly vanishing. It has been the custom lately for young girls and ladies to cut their hair short, and very slightly wave it, if there is no natural curl or wave. There is usually the center parting, but the hair is cut on the forehead.



DRESSY SHORT COSTUMES.

BOTH of these costumes are arranged with the same designs; the "Simonne" basque and the "Lorena" walking skirt. The costume on Fig. 1 is made of black satin Rhadames and black velvet, the basque and panels of the velvet, and the remainder of the satin Rhadames, with collar and cuffs of Irish point, and tan-colored Suede gloves. That on Fig. 2 is of terra-cotta Ottoman silk, brocaded and plain, the brocade used only for the basque and panels. The toilet is completed by a handkerchief fichu of Oriental lace, with cuffs of the same lace on the sleeves, and cream-colored, undressed kid gloves. Price of basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

Rich Fancy Costumes.

T A magnificent fancy ball to be given in New York in April two Juliet dresses are to be worn, both of which are said to be copies of Miss Ellen Terry's, worn in the same character. One is a very quaint and peculiarly beautiful gown, of a very large patterned brocade, of a device of leaves and flowers, in turquoise blue on a dead-gold ground; the hem bordered with a wide band of cinnamon-brown embroidered with gold; and a similar but narrower border upon the square-cut bodice and the long open sleeves hanging from the shoulder, so as to show tight under-sleeves of a dull blue silk, a little darker than the tint of the brocade. The dress, simply made, is gathered in at the waist, with a cord girdle of the same dim blue; and, the stuff being very weighty, the skirt falls in especially heavy, large folds, giving a very noble grace and dignity to the whole costume.

A sleeveless gown of creamy white satin, alternately clinging to and falling away from the figure in simple lines, is bordered with a heavy fringe of glistening white jet round the neck and side openings, but the hem has a fringe of gold which weights down the dress, and gives richness to the prevailing whiteness. The under-sleeves of some soft white stuff are gathered in successive small puffs. The golden hair partly gathered in a knot, will fall in a mass at the back of the head, crowned by a chaplet of yellow marguerites, among the fresh beauty of which will tremble here and there the light of a diamond.

A pretty "Iolanthe" dress is carried out in green tulle over white, on foundation of coral pink, with strings of different sorts of shells, pieces of coral and dark red seaweed looping up the soft bouffants. The bodice is profusely trimmed with odd seaweed and shells and fishes' scales, and on the hair a wreath of twisted coral and shells will be worn.

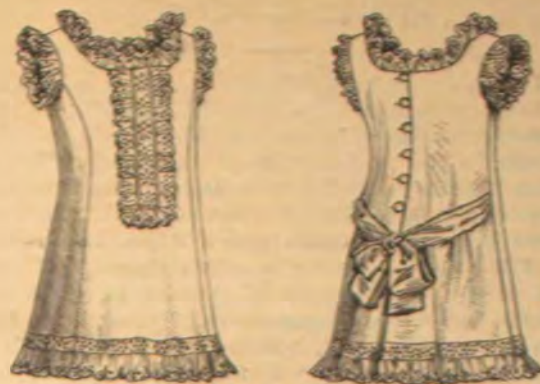
A court dress of the time of Queen Elizabeth is of topaz pink and creamy white satin, the train of pink opening in front over a petticoat of white puffed satin quilted with pearls. Pointed pink bodice with white plastron embroidered with pearls, and network of pearls filling in the square. High collar of crêpe lisse, and pearl-embroidered lace faced with pink satin. Sleeves of pink satin slashed with white. Very small Marie Stuart cap of pink and white satin, with pearl edge.

A very effective dress of Queen Elizabeth's time is of olive-green figured velveteen, with cream satin underskirt and trimming of gold lace, a string of gold beads to be worn round the neck. A large hat with feathers is worn with this dress.

A mediæval costume consists of a *moyenâge* over dress of white cashmere, open at the side above a long, plain skirt of bronze green satin. The bodice molds the waist and hips, which are outlined with bands of gold embroidery, or stamped work. The neck is pointed back and front, and is finished with gold band to match. The sleeves are pointed and open, and flowing to the elbow. Gold band round the head.

Another simple dress is of pink satin, soft shade, perfectly plain, long sleeves, bodice cut round, neck covered with a full, plain fichu of white India muslin, and the head with large pink satin hat, with full trimming of white plumes.

The fancy quadrilles are to be a great feature of this ball; one being arranged as a "star" quadrille, the stars (of diamonds) illuminated by electric light; one as early Dresden china, the gentlemen with the crossed swords upon the back of their white costumes; a third representing famous characters in opera bouffe; a fourth a "charity" set; a fifth Puritan maidens, and so on. The house where this pageant will take place is one of the finest in New York, and its gothic features and grand chateau-like interior will give an air of curious and magnificent reality to the mimic scene.



Lulu Apron.—A very simple and pretty style of apron for little girls of from four to ten years of age. It is cut low in the neck, without sleeves, and is slightly fitted by side forms on the front, and confined by a sash let in at the side seams, and tied at the back in a bow. This design is especially adapted to washable goods, on account of its simplicity, but may also be made up in black alpaca, or silk, or other suitable material, if desired. Embroidered edging, put on as illustrated, forms the most appropriate trimming for white materials. Patterns in sizes for from four to ten years. Price, fifteen cents each.

What to Wear.

THE 25th SEMI-ANNUAL ISSUE.

THE unprecedented success of WHAT TO WEAR in the past, and the advance orders for the twenty-fifth semi-annual issue for the spring and summer of 1888, make it certain that the present issue will be larger than at any former period. This valuable work, prepared with the greatest care and exactness, is a *rade mecum* for the merchant, the milliner and dressmaker, the mother, the housekeeper, and ladies generally. The character of the articles is such that there are few who can dispense with the information they convey. That WHAT TO WEAR fully supplies an urgent need, is attested by the immense demand, not only after publication, but the large orders received long in advance.

The spring and summer issue for 1888 is replete with the most valuable information on various subjects pertaining to dress and other matters. It includes exhaustive articles on the present mode of street costumes, full dress toilets, commencement dresses, *lingerie*, millinery, hair dressing, jewelry, gloves, fans, parasols, and mourning. It gives valuable instructions regarding bathing, boating, yachting, archery and lawn tennis costumes, and conveys the most valuable hints to travelers, housekeepers, and others. To purchasers it is invaluable, as it gives the correct prices at which goods are attainable, and suggests those which are the most desirable. The instructions to dressmakers and milliners are full, complete, and clear, and the copious illustrations afford invaluable aid in carrying out even the most intricate designs.

The extremely practical and highly suggestive nature of this work renders it of great utility. While it imparts the fullest information regarding present styles and materials, it aims also to give correct ideas about dress, and to refine, elevate, and improve the taste. No better proof can be given of the high estimation in which WHAT TO WEAR is held than the fact that several well known foreign fashion publications copy extensively from its pages. In order that its valuable information may be accessible to all, we have put the price at the low sum of 15 cts. per copy.

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Spring Materials.



THE beauty and adaptability of spring materials to all the uses to which they could be applied for clothing leave nothing to be desired. For years there has been an advance in the manufacture of wool, until it has at last reached perfection in the lightness and softness of its texture, the firmness and durability of its flexible fiber. The colorings also have been toned down into a depth and refinement which of themselves convey a subtle charm, and render a dress of wool, with its depth of shadow, in which lie sudden gleams and minute suggestions of color, more fascinating than the medium silk, which attracts light only to its surface. A woolen dress was formerly only supposed fit for winter; now the gradations of manufacture are so infinite and the fabrics, many of them, so fine that they can be worn in the heat of summer without discomfort, and are often as transparent as gauze itself. The finest cashmeres, the Indian Chuddahs, and the like, are marvels of the weaver's art, and far more beautiful, and in fact more expensive, than a moderate silk. But there are less costly materials than these—fine suitings, vigognes, camel's hair, carmelite cloth, summer serge, wool tweeds, and others—that are woven in such choice shades, and with so much real feeling for the natural and the true in their minute blendings of color, as to satisfy the most cultivated, the most fastidious taste. Nothing better than these can be imagined for spring street wear, for traveling, and for any useful purpose. It is hardly possible to wear them out, and if they are trimmed with the heavy military braid in rows—not a surface silk braid, but a genuine one—it is as difficult to wear them shabby. This is the only trimming that will compare in durability with stitching, which is no trimming at all, only a finish, and as the tendency this season is to trim cloth, the best trimming is handsome braiding in rows or in a design.

Plaids and stripes have been for the present largely placed on the retired list. The novelties are in figures—great detached figures, very large and striking—and in wool in embossed figures in self colors on the ground. These are placed in conjunction with the plain fabrics, the figured material being used for the overdress, and *vice versa*, or the two blended together in the formation of the costume. These combinations run through the whole range of spring and summer manufactures, with variations in color and style. Sateens show wonderfully shaded flower patterns, such as roses and carnations, with a certain tone running through them which corresponds perfectly with the solid-colored accompaniment in crushed strawberry or heliotrope, wine-color, or old blue. There are other sateens also with patterns showing immense detached figures, on a self-colored or contrasting ground, but they cannot be becoming, and the first-mentioned certainly make up into the more artistic costumes.

In nun's veiling and lawn are combined the plain cream-colored fabric with patterns in exquisitely shaded yellow roses, which, if made up with the proper blending of tones, compose lovely toilets, and, softened with lace, are becoming to almost any complexion. Pongees, perhaps, are never so attractive as when richly embroidered, but the new ones in armure patterns are very soft and pretty, and surpass all other solid materials in lightness, coolness and delicacy. Embroidered dresses can hardly fail to be worn, so many of them occupy the market; but there will be more distinction made now than formerly between the fine and the coarse, since this method of enriching simple fabrics has become so general. The designs this season are very handsome, and in solid colors usually, but in more or less open-worked patterns. Plain gingham and Chambéry are embroidered

with white in open, satin, and feather stitch, with very good effect, and some of the soft brown shades, in which the white has not been made striking, are quiet and refreshing-looking, yet very effective. The cashmere robes appear in patterns of a size suitable for a complete dress, and are in black and solid colors, the embroidery executed so as to form ruffles or flat bands, without any contrast in tint or shade. But these, of course, do not represent the novelties; they will be very well worn, however, by those who prefer the unobtrusive to the striking.

With solid cloth suits vests in a contrasting color are frequently made, tinted white with dark green, pale yellow with claret, or dark blue and buff with brown. Ottoman silk makes very handsome vests for fine cloth, but for tweeds corded piqué, fastened with small flat gilt buttons which may be put in and taken out with rings, answers every purpose.

New Summer Silks.




THE China silks seem to have the preference this season in the preparation of cool toilets for summer wear at Newport and Saratoga, and most of the novelties in design appear in these charming fabrics. There are the small checks, of course, as usual, and some which are larger and more showy, and Surahs also appear in checked patterns, the size, and very much in appearance like the louisines of last season and previous years, but the new designs are very different from these. They are in immense figures, detached or semi-detached, and consist of tropical fruits and flowers in wonderful combinations of the principal objects, with leaves and fibrous attachments in different stages of growth, and in the most remarkable blendings of shades and color harmonies that have ever been seen in printed silk fabrics. Among the most singular patterns are the mango, the Mexican orchid, the passion-flower, and the "rose garden." The copies of these natural productions are so faithful that they can be recognized instantly, and the reticulated or lanceolated edges of some of the leaves, the bulbous roots and fibrous tendrils, the marvelous shading of rich color, through which a subtle tone of the fashionable bronze and soft, dull pink, or terra-cotta red makes itself felt like a strain in music.

The "rose garden" is more showy and in brighter colors than the other patterns, except one called "autumn leaves" which, however, has a less startling effect, because the ground is so well covered, and colors and pattern so intricately blended. As a dress design we cannot consider it a success; it looks more like furniture covering; but artistically, the grouping, the mingling of dead leaves and leaves touched by frost with the yellows of the maple and the red of the sumac, is a triumph of industrial skill, and as worthy of study as a painting. The tropical designs have, however, the greater novelty and distinction, and have already been put into the composition of some lovely Newport toilets. Only a limited number of these patterns were brought out, and they were sold almost instantly.

Polka-dotted foulards and such well-worn and unobtrusive styles seem very stale and flat after such sensational displays, but nevertheless they are very much in favor with elderly ladies, and with quiet women who dress as they go through the world without exciting undue attention. The dots are varied indeed by pretty leaflets and small shell and tiny double crescent patterns, which impart freshness, which is always desirable, even if it have not the charm of novelty.

The plain tussorees and pongees are in great demand for summer traveling dresses, and many have been already bought for this purpose. The new pongees have an armure figure, which relieves the deadness of the surface, but they are unaccompanied by the embroidered trimming, which is so effective in the making up of so quiet and neutral a color. The armure pongees make up into lovely shirred summer wraps and cloaks, lined with a fine twilled silk and finished with large flots of ribbon. It is certainly one of the best uses to which this soft and dainty, yet serviceable material, can possibly be put.


Cotton Dresses.

 HERE are no lack of pretty cotton dresses nowadays; the only difficulty is they are too fine for the use to which most women wish to put them. The cheap prints are not worth making up, and the finer goods, the sateens, the chintzes, the embroidered gingham, the Chambéry, and the percales, are too costly and too delicate for homely uses. They are pretty for afternoon calls and garden-parties, for lawn tennis and croquet, for pleasant walking in shady lanes, and evenings spent in the green depths of a vine-wreathed piazza—but life is not all gayety to all women who wear cotton dresses. But these pretty rosebud percales are very fascinating, and so are the leafy cambries, the plain wood-brown gingham with white open embroidery, the blue and pink Chambéry, with solidly embroidered ruffles, and the lovely shaded sateens, with bronze and yellowish pink tones, that combine with a plain dark shade of the same into most charming costumes. The large plaids in gingham are not so alluring, nor the great detached flowers and figures in some of the sateens. One cannot imagine them as becoming, or as anything indeed but disagreeably conspicuous and pronounced. We advise those of our readers who have to wear their dresses a great deal, and get the most out of them, to avoid such designs, and adhere to the quieter and more unobtrusive.


Lace is less worn as a trimming upon cotton this year, that is upon the new dresses. It is always pretty when it is good, and adapted to the material; but it is not needed upon those that are accompanied with their own embroidered trimming, and it is not appropriate with the combinations of plain with richly figured fabrics. Moreover the new designs do not require or admit of so much trimming as those of last year. Plain skirts, with narrow ruffles and the simplest forms of polonaise, the belted French and surplice waist, and the full sleeve gathered below the elbow are revived; and instead of the muslin fichu for indoors, the habit-chemisette comes to the front, and the pretty bodice, open V-shape, or lower, and so as to form a narrow square with a plaited plastron. Of course the fichu will retain much of its place and prestige, and may be used in larger sizes for outdoors, but the open bodice, and the change in finish, must displace it somewhat, particularly as the belt and surplice waists are so cool and appropriate for summer wear. For plain house-dresses for which figured prints are used, our "house-keeping" dress furnishes an excellent model; and another good method consists of a gored skirt, trimmed with a ruffle, a belted waist, and a simple overskirt.

A good and simple style consists of a single skirt, and long close-fitted sack-paletot, trimmed with plaited ruffle, embroidery, lace, or fold, stitched, and belted in round the waist. This may be made very dressy, if the color is delicate, the material fine, and ribbon with loops and ends is used for the belting. The "Lucille" blouse, and "Gratia" blouse or house-jacket, are permanently good designs for the finer materials, in white, or delicate colors, for house wear.

Seaside Costumes.

 T is very well known by the experienced that cotton and muslin are of little use at the seaside; the art of the laundress is of no avail against the encroachments of sea breezes, and perpetual damp. Linen and lawn, lace and muslin, fair and dainty as they may be when taken out of the trunks, soon acquire a decidedly forlorn and woe-begone expression, and "cling" in a damp, and decidedly disagreeable manner. Flannel cannot be worn all the time, and silk soon becomes shabby. What seaside gowns can be made of, or at least what can be made to serve as a dressy alternative, is really an important question. Velvet has heretofore been out of the question. Damppress does not agree with velvet, and besides it is too costly for frequent wear; it may be and is put with wool to give an air of distinction to material costumes, but after all they cannot be made suitable for in-door and evening dresses. The best solution to the problem seems to come from the recent acquisition to dress forces of brocaded "Nonpareil" velveteen. This peculiar brand is well known for its softness and velvety finish; the brocaded fabrics have been produced after many months of costly experiment, and are really effective, admirable for service, lovely in tone and color, and capable of being put to any use for which brocaded silk or velvet can be employed, and not subject to the same detrimental influences from atmosphere, pressure, dampness and the like. The figured velveteen makes up prettiest with satin Surah, or satin Rhadames, and makes very stylish-looking costumes at very small expense. Trim the silk upon lining; and arrange the dark myrtle, bronze, claret, terra cotta, or black brocaded velveteen to form an overdress. It may be in the form of a paniered bodice or dressy polonaise, or deep basque bodice, or coat with vest; the goods will work well in any of these forms, and continue to look well under all atmospheric conditions, which is a very great advantage. The shades of color in the new fabric are very good, and show a great deal of experience and refined taste. It cannot help but become a favorite.

Designs for Children.

 MONG the illustrated designs for little folks in the present number are several that will prove useful in deciding on styles for the making up of spring costumes for girls of ten and under. The "Adah" costume is very pretty, and well adapted to the newest spring and summer materials. It consists of a skirt with plaited bounce and full front, from which the polonaise is cut away in coat style, and draped at the side under the plaited back. A deep collar finishes the neck. This costume would be prettily made in some of the new Cheviot flannels, which are checked upon dark or cinnamon grounds, with blue, olive, and topaz pink. Or it may be made in cashmere and Surah, or Surah and velveteen, the Surah being used for the plaiting upon the skirt and full front. Claret colored Surah and brocaded "nonpareil" velveteen of the same shade, make a very handsome costume, at little expense; and the combination is good also for older persons in other designs.

A similar style is the "Philena." This may be made in all wool, and trimmed with embroidery, or in any of the pretty chintzes, and trimmed with needle-work, Hamburg edging, or embroidery.


The "Lulu" apron gives a design that is deservedly a favorite because it is simple and shaped so neatly. It is best made in striped or corded nainsook, and trimmed

with Hamburg edging or Madeira embroidery. The trimming in front may be replaced by a box plait of the muslin. Up to ten years all girls wear white aprons of this or some other pattern, the high or low yoked, or plaited, usually known as "blouse" styles. Neatly made, and trimmed with stout, well-made embroidery edging, they cover the colored dress of wool or cotton, and preserve it from contact.

The "Crescent" jacket is quite a novelty, and very pretty. It will serve either as an independent garment for cool mornings and for the seaside, or it may be made a part of a suit. The edge is cut out in shield-shaped tabs, which are faced and trimmed with narrow braids, and a collar at the neck gives the effect of a vest.

The "Colin" suit, for a boy, may be made in checked flannel, tweed, or Cheviot, and later in piqué or linen. Supplemental tabs of velvet are placed over the tabs of wool, and a velvet collar is added at the throat.

Spring Styles for Children.

 CHILDREN'S dresses this season are even more than usually pretty. Bright plaids, gay colors, and happy combinations are the rule, and the materials are particularly soft and delicate. Plaids of silk and worsted are of large pattern and have a deep stripe corresponding with the color selected for the plain material. Where, as is often the case, the stripe is of bright, vivid color, and the body of the plaid in deep shading, a very handsome result is obtained. Dresses for smaller children have the kilted skirt and Jersey waist, with deep sash scarfs of plaid, while for older girls trimmed skirts are in favor with the becoming Jersey waist. The Bayadere stripe is again in style, and is specially effective for misses' skirts. Little girls of eight and ten have skirts of plain material trimmed in plaid, and round jackets to match, finished off with bands of the same plaid. Street costumes are all in combinations—fine checked Cheviots and larger plaids, or fine cloth and bright silk facings and trimmings are much liked. Illuminated beiges with plain self-colored materials mix exceedingly well. Fancy trimmings of every kind are entirely out of style; gimp and braid are scarcely seen, ribbons of good quality and bright color furnishing all the necessary finish. Some of the combinations worn this season are specially happy; for instance, an overdress of deep olive-green cloth has a vest and skirt of moon-blue rhadames, in fine closely-plaited folds, while another remarkably pretty dress has an underwaist of peach-colored Rhadames, trimmed with an appliqué of the finest lady cloth.

For out-door wear, the pelisse with full skirt and deep cape is worn only by very young children; those of three or four years of age have loose sacks of fine cashmere or merino, with deep capes, and trimmed with lace. The favorite colors for such loose sacks are moon-blue, apricot, and the lightest shade of pink. The Havelock retains its popularity for girls of eight and ten, while for misses jackets are preferred in fine light materials of different shades. The fashionable colors this season, alike for plaids, plain materials, and ribbons, are moon-blue, Nile green, terra cotta in every shade, and the newly imported ox-blood red. For thin dresses white lawns have completely superseded piqué; and for confirmation dresses the finest organdies are richly trimmed in Swiss edgings and lace. Tinted mulls are worn in preference to those having a definite design, and are trimmed with ruffles and have flounces of the same material, finished off at neck and sleeves with satin ribbons of a somewhat deeper tint. The lightest possible shade of violet is much worn, while delicate blues, pinks, and greens are all appropriate for the season.

A great change is noticeable in hats. The most fashionable, and certainly most becoming, is the fisherman's poke, in Leghorn, which may be effectively trimmed with a bunch of tips the same shade as the straw and faced with a deep shirring of satin a shade deeper in color. Plaited bonnets are still worn by younger children; one of the prettiest we have seen is of garnet satin, deeply plaited over the face and lined with a close plaiting of Irish point, a band of the same passing over the crown, which is surmounted by a large bow of wide satin ribbon. The English walking hat has given place to the Lexington, a remarkably pretty shape in double Dunstable straw, which should be trimmed in black velvet, two narrow plaitings around the edge, and a large bow and steel ornament confining a long feather which falls over the back of the hair.

Little girls also wear bonnets with the rolled front, lined with deeply shirred satin, but these are less suitable as the sun becomes stronger; and we advise all mothers to select shady hats for the sake of the eyes.

The Jersey waist is more popular than ever. It is worn in bright colors and is equally effective with a skirt of plain material, or of plaid. For little boys, plaid tunics are much liked, or a kilted skirt of dark plaid is accompanied by a short tabbed jacket of dark green or dark blue cloth. Flannel suits for boys are now more often in invisible green than in the dark blue which has been popular so long. Knickerbocker suits of mixed materials are finished off with fine, narrow mohair braids down the trousers, and small buttons. The coatee has side pockets bound in braid of the same kind. Velveteen is much less worn this season, tweeds, fine checks, Cheviot cloths, and kersemeres being preferred.

Flannel suits for little girls and misses are made of fine Cheviot flannel, and are either in garnet or dark green, blues, either light or dark, are less fashionable, while gray flannel is only made up in combination with darker shades of the same material. Stockings to match the combination dresses are selected to correspond with the self-colored material rather than with the plaid, and are worn of delicate shades.

One of the most effective portions of a child's dress now is the collar; deep collars of embroidery or lace are universally worn, and are particularly becoming; the handsomest of these are made up of fine insertion of delicate Swiss embroidery edged with deep flutings of lace. They should be large enough to reach the shoulders, but not to fall over the sleeve, excepting in the case of children in arms, then the collar may be almost as deep as the cape of the pelisse. At no time have babies been so prettily dressed as now, the loose dress which has replaced the short waist is so particularly becoming to them, and the absence of the formal sash is certainly a step in the right direction. These loose dresses are not so often shirred above the knee, but fall in loose folds from the shoulder yoke, insertion of embroidery and lace being let in down the entire front to within four inches of the hem, which is trimmed with fine plaitings of lace or muslin. The long sleeves of these pretty little dresses are confined at the wrist with a band of insertion edged on either side with lace. Sleeve ties and sashes are both equally out of date.

OPAL FLANNELS.—Among the new materials for children's wear are mixed flannels, that is a pure, all-wool flannel in which various colors are closely mixed or blended. They are called by various names, as iridescent and opaline flannels, the principal tone being Nile green. They are pretty wear for very young children.



Adah Costume.

THIS dressy little costume is of crushed-strawberry Surah silk and velvet of a slightly darker shade. The gored skirt of Surah is trimmed with a spaced side plaiting, and the polonaise of velvet is draped at the sides, forming long postilion plaits at the back, and cut away in front displaying a blouse vest of the Surah. The polonaise is trimmed with Irish point lace put on *en revers*, and the deep, round collar and pointed cuffs are trimmed with the same lace. A scarf drapery of the Surah crosses the front of the skirt just below the blouse. The design illustrated is the "Adah" costume, which will also be found among the double illustrations elsewhere. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



COLIN SUIT.

VOL. XIX., APRIL, 1883.—30



Crescenz Jacket.—A simple and elegant model, 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. The lower part of the jacket is cut out in shield-shaped tabs, which are richly ornamented with braid, and cuffs to match ornament the sleeves. A rolling collar with *revers* is set on the neck, which is also finished with a narrow standing collar. Any kind of cloth and many classes of dress goods may be made up after this design, trimmed as illustrated with *soutache* braiding, or in any other style to suit the material selected. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.



Adah Costume.—This charming little costume is composed of a gored skirt trimmed with spaced side-plaiting, and a polonaise with a blouse vest under a cut-away jacket draped back to the long, plaited coat back. A scarf drapery crosses the skirt below the blouse, and a deep, round collar and pointed cuffs complete the model, which is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials. It may be trimmed as illustrated, with lace, or in any style according to taste and the chosen fabric. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Colin Suit.—This novel and pretty model consists of a loose, double-breasted sacque, to the lower edges of which a skirt, box-plaited in front and laid in kilt plaits at the back, is added to give the dress the required length. Tabs of contrasting material fall over the skirt all around, and cuffs of the same ornament the sleeves. This design is suitable for any class of dress goods, and is very effective in a combination of materials, as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for four and six years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Philena Costume.—A kilt-plaited skirt mounted on a yoke, and a half-fitting coat opening over a shirred blouse, compose this stylish costume. The jacket is slashed, forming oblong tabs all around the bottom. The design is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Our Purchasing Bureau.

OUR PURCHASING BUREAU, which has been in operation upwards of a quarter of a century, is the most reliable and satisfactory medium by which ladies can obtain the newest things from the metropolitan center. Our long acquaintance with every department of business in New York, and knowledge of what is and what is not new or desirable, gives advantages of which the patrons of the Bureau obtain all the benefit. This extends to choice of color, shade, design in fabric, and many details which cannot be depended upon, where judgment is not guided by knowledge and experience.

FAYETTE CO., PA.

MME. DEMOREST'S PURCHASING BUREAU.

MME. —I received my hat, gloves, etc., to-day, and am very much pleased with them. Many thanks to you for your kindness.

T. E. B.

DAKOTA CITY, IO.

MME. DEMOREST —The things I ordered from your Purchasing Bureau came promptly and are entirely satisfactory. With many thanks, I remain,

A. S. H.

From New Jersey, M. W. F. writes:—"Everything is entirely satisfactory. Am glad you sent just the sort of passementerie you did. Although it was not what I described, it is, however, much better."

HENDERSONVILLE.

DEAR MME:—The ear-rings received to-night. Many thanks for your kindness and prompt attention. Yours with respect,

M. R. H.

GENEVA, N. Y.

THE embroidery ordered was received yesterday P. M. Many thanks for your kindness. It matches suit nicely, and is just what I wanted. Respectfully,

M. E. J.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

DEAR MME:—I have never found corsets that I could wear with comfort till I tried yours. They do not get out of shape, and they form the figure most beautifully without compressing it. They are a luxury I would sacrifice other things rather than resign; so please send me two more pairs, same size—twenty-two inch waist—as the last, and greatly oblige. Yours with great respect,

C. E. T.

The Wonders of the Heavens.

In a former number of our Magazine we gave a synopsis of Professor Young's very interesting lecture on the sun. His subsequent lectures on the heavenly bodies are of equal interest, and give much information, which we present in a condensed form, our space not admitting of anything more extended.

"There is no natural phenomenon," said Professor Young, "more interesting, more beautiful, than a total eclipse of the sun. All things conspire to make it of extreme interest. The slow but predicted and exactly timed approach of the moon upon the sun, the swift and inexorable passage of the dark disk of the moon across the disk of the sun, the gradual darkening, the unnatural tints that discolor the landscape, the coming of the shadow, the fright of the birds and beasts, and their sudden flight, and then, all at once, the instant blackening of the sky, and the outbreak of the stars, and the corona radiating out from behind the moon as a sort of silvery star in a sky perfectly calm and unchangeable, and the ruby gem that stud the disk of the moon; and then, after it is over, the sudden loss of light from the sun—all these things taken together constitute something which one who has seen it cannot possibly forget. This covering up of the sun and hiding of the illumination of our own atmosphere from the bodies circulating around the sun, thus giving us opportunities that we do not have at any other time.

"Eclipses of the sun are caused by the interposition of the moon between the earth and the sun, while the eclipses of the moon are caused by the interposition of the earth between the moon and the sun. As the moon moves around the earth once a month, she would pass between us and the sun at every new moon, if it was not that her orbit is a little inclined to that of the earth. Usually she passes a little above or a little below the center of the sun; and if the sun happens to be in that part of the sky where the moon's orbit crosses its path, then the moon will encroach upon the sun's disk, or cover it entirely, and we shall have an eclipse. There are but thirty-three days in each part of the year—two opposite portions of the year—within which the new moon is sure to bring an eclipse; and as the month is only thirty days long the moon cannot pass without eclipsing the sun twice. There must be two eclipses of the sun every year. It always happens that if we have two eclipses of the sun a month apart, midway between them we are sure to have an eclipse of the moon. We may have seven eclipses in a year, five of the sun and two of the moon; or we may have only two, in which case they will both be of the sun; 1850 was a year of the last kind; there were only two eclipses, both of the sun.

"A total eclipse of the sun is a very rare phenomenon. At a place upon the equator it will occur once in about 360 years. At London the last total eclipse was in 1794, and there will not be another until after the year 2500. There will not be another in New York before the year 2300. There have been total eclipses visible in the United States in the years 1806, 1835, which passed through North Carolina and Georgia; in 1840, when the shadow crossed Washington Territory, and passed our Hudson's Bay and Labrador; the eclipse of 1869, when the shadow passed over Iowa, Illinois, Kentucky and North Carolina; and that of 1878, when it came down through Colorado and Texas; and in 1900 there will be an eclipse visible in Virginia, but best seen in Spain and at sea.

"On May 6th there will be an eclipse of the sun visible in the Pacific Ocean, at Flint Island and Caroline Island, neither of them very accessible to vessels, and neither more than five or six miles in diameter. The duration of this eclipse will be six minutes, and very exceptional in that respect, and it is to be hoped that parties will be sent out by the French and our own Government to see it to the best advantage.

"The moon which makes the eclipse is a satellite of the earth, accompanying it and traveling around it once a month. The moon is 230,000 miles away, and it is 2,163 miles in diameter, and in some respects is a globe very much like the earth. It is about one forty-ninth of the earth's bulk, and it has about one-fourteenth part of the earth's surface. It is about one eighty-first part as heavy, and its average density is about three-fifths that of the earth; and when we examine it we find its surface all broken up. The moon has its craters as well as the earth. On the earth the mountains lie mostly in ranges, but in the moon there are comparatively few mountain ranges, the formations are mostly circular, like those we find in certain portions of the earth, but upon a smaller scale. There are groups of peaks, hundreds and sometimes thousands of feet high. Scattered about are smaller craters without any vegetation. Some of the craters in the moon are 120 miles in diameter; and Clavius, one of the craters, is so large that if we were at the center of the ring we could not see the boundary ridge at all, although the mountains are 10,000 feet high. Copernicus, one of the finest craters of the moon, is about sixty miles in diameter, and was formed gradually by successive eruptions. In some places the surface of the moon appears to be cracked. These are known as rills; there are cracks of unknown depths, half a mile or so wide.

"The moon has an atmosphere not one hundredth of that on the earth. This is indicated partly by the shadows, and another indication is that when the moon passes over a bright star it goes out with startling suddenness. Nothing can equal the sudden disappearance of Aldebaran or

Regulus at the edge of the moon. It does not take the hundredth of a second for it to disappear, and it reappears with the same startling suddenness.

"The brightness of the moon is 1,518,000th part of that of the sun. We are apt to think of it as silver, or like white paper, or marble. Not at all; it is a grayish stone that reflects only one-sixth of the light that falls upon it. The moon gives us about the same proportion of heat as of light. The most delicate experiments barely show heat in the moon, amounting, perhaps, to a thousandth of a degree Fahrenheit. The idea that the moon influences the weather is easily accounted for, since changes of the weather must always occur within about three days of some change of the moon, the changes of the moon occurring every seven days.

"Of no less interest is the planetary system. It was early observed by the ancients that there were five or six bodies in the sky that were all the time in motion, and while the other stars preserved their positions and configuration, from day to day, from year to year, and from age to age, these were continually changing their places. These are the planets: the one nearest to the sun is Mercury, the next Venus, the brightest of all the group; then Mars, then Jupiter, then Saturn, constituting the five planets known to the ancients. About one hundred years ago the elder Herschel added one more to the system of planets, the first time one had been discovered in the history of the world, and to this the name of Uranus was given; and in 1846 another, Neptune, was discovered. These bodies, except Mercury and Venus, have moons and satellites of their own; Mars having two, Jupiter four, Saturn eight, Uranus four, and Neptune one.

"Before the time of Kepler it was supposed that the earth was the center of motion; but he brought out the fact that the sun is the center of motion of the planetary system. The sun moves rapidly through space, somewhere from ten to thirty miles a second, and carrying all the planets with it. If we were to look down upon the body from a distance we should see it moving most in an orbit, self-returning, not in a path that comes around to the same place again, but going off through space in a spiral manner. The sun travels off in an oblique direction while the planets move around it, all in the same direction, from right to left.

"With regard to the size of the planets, Jupiter is eleven times the diameter of the earth, and Saturn about nine times. Mercury is from 3,000 to 3,300 miles in diameter. This planet is exceptional in many respects, being the most inclined to the earth's orbit, and it is the heaviest and densest of all the planets, and being only one-third as distant from the Sun as the Earth it must have eight or nine times its heat. The surface is very brilliant, and we have every reason to suppose that it is covered with white clouds which reflect nearly nine-tenths of the light upon it.

"Mars is our next neighbor on the other side. As this planet goes around the sun and comes to its nearest position to us, it is very different at different times. In 1877 the distance was thirty-six or thirty-seven million miles, and the next season when it comes nearest to us, it will be over fifty million miles away. As the Earth goes around once a year, and Mars follows once in about a year and two-thirds, it follows that they come into line with each other once in about 787 days. At that time when the planet rises at sunset it looks bright, and as the earth goes around they get further apart, and at the end of a year the planet is as far away as it can be, and it looks like a little star. It is scarcely noticeable now, but as the months go on it will be growing brighter until some time next winter it will be opposite the sun, and then it will be very brilliant. There is vapor or water in the atmosphere of this planet, which is revealed by the spectroscope. The markings on the planet appear to be continents and oceans, and there are regions of cloud and storm.

"Jupiter is not quite round, and its surface is covered with belts, of various colors, which, however, do not remain permanent, neither do the markings. The most probable theory with regard to these belts is that they are currents in the atmosphere, streaks of clouds. Some years ago a rose-colored spot, about 26,000 miles long, and 3,000 wide, was seen on the surface of this planet. This spot has been quite visible until recently, now, however, it can scarcely be seen at all. The white spots on the planet are probably clouds.

"Saturn is about 75,000 miles in diameter, and has belts like those of Jupiter, and in addition a mysterious ring. First there is an outer ring, which is divided into two, by a line that looks like a light pencil line, and inside of that is the gauze or smoke ring, first discovered by an American, Bond. A remarkable fact was that a little later an Englishman saw it, and the steamers carrying the news across the ocean passed each other on the way. These rings are flat, forty or fifty miles thick, and 30,000 miles wide.

"Uranus is 30,000 miles in diameter, and is of no great interest in the telescope, except from its four satellites, which are about the smallest objects to be seen in the telescope. Mars has two small satellites, which were discovered in 1877 by Professor Hall at Washington. The nearest one is between 7,000 and 8,000 miles from the planet, and goes around it inside of eight hours, more than twice as fast as the planet rotates. The other one goes around in about thirty-six or thirty-seven hours. Jupiter has four satellites that accompany it, the farthest one, one and a quarter million miles distant, the nearest one about as near as our moon. This satellite goes around in forty-two hours, and the farthest one once in two weeks.

"When we look upon the starry heavens the number of stars appears countless. Yet, if you will divide the heavens into portions, it will not be difficult to count the stars that are visible to the naked eye. Seen from New York, or a place similarly situated with regard to latitude, the number amounts, perhaps, to 4,000, and you add to that 1,000 more for stars that never come above our horizon, which would be visible only near the Southern Pole, making 7,000 visible to the naked eye. If you use an opera-glass with an object glass an inch and a half in diameter, a common lens will increase the number to fully 300,000, and if you take the largest telescope you will see about 60,000,000.

"When we speak of stars of the first and second magnitudes, we do not mean their real size, but their degree of brightness. There are about 20 of the first magnitude, of the second, 34 or 35, of the third, 140, of the fourth, 327, and so on, the numbers increasing rapidly as you go on. A star of the sixth magnitude gives about one-hundredth part as much light as a star of the first magnitude. Many of the stars change in their luminosity, some are in their infancy and are growing brighter, while others, in their old age, are becoming fainter. Two thousand years ago Alpha Draconis was the Pole Star, and was then much brighter than our own Pole Star, and now it is only of the fourth magnitude, and only one-sixth as bright as it was then. In 1803 in the constellation of the Crown a star appeared as bright as the Pole Star, remaining bright a day and a half, and then gradually fading away. Now the telescope shows it a star of the tenth magnitude, and showing the spectrum of the nebulae. Some stars disappear and then reappear as suddenly. The star Mira Ceti fades away, then brightens up, once in about eleven months.

"Although the motions of the stars seem small, they are really moving a great deal faster than cannon balls. There is a general drift of the stars from one part of the sky to the other. The explanation of this is easily understood. We are moving, the sun carrying the earth and planets in the opposite direction. We are at present moving toward a point in the constellation Hercules, and the evidence is that the stars are drifting away from that point.

"Besides the single stars we have clusters, of which the Pleiades are a familiar example. The cluster in Hercules, as seen through a telescope, shows the whole field filled with stars, so close as to touch each other, many of them very brilliant. Then we have in the system nebulae. As a general rule, the nebulae are oval or elliptical, more or less circular, and usually brighter in the center. When the spectroscope came to be applied, it was found that a greater portion of them show a spectrum of bright lines, indicating a gas; so they are not wholly stars."

Professor Young's lectures were illustrated by pictures of the heavenly bodies, thus greatly enhancing their interest. Science has done wonders in opening that vast starry page for man's reading, showing him marvels of which he "never dreamed in his philosophy."

In Bavaria, the compulsory attendance of school for children begins with their sixth year, ending with the completion of their thirteenth year as regards week-day classes, and with their sixteenth year as far as the attendance of Sunday schools is concerned. According to the Prussian Law of Public Instruction, of March 24, 1863, every child has to attend the instruction prescribed for public schools from the completed sixth to the completed fourteenth year. In the Grand Duchy of Baden, the term is the same as that in Prussia, beginning and ending on April 23 of the respective years. In the Duchies of Anhalt, children are likewise required to go to school on the completion of their sixth year; girls, however, are exempt at fourteen, while boys must continue to the completion of their fifteenth year. In the kingdom of Saxony and the Duchies of Saxe, the duration of the compulsory school term is eight years; in Wurtemberg, only seven, say from the seventh to the completed fourteenth year.

JOHN G. WHITTIER'S house at Amesbury is a plain white-painted wooden building, standing at the corner of two streets, and having in front of it some forest trees, chiefly maples. His study is a cozy little room at the rear of the house, with windows looking upon a long strip of yard filled with pear trees and vines. Upon one side of the room are shelves holding five or six hundred volumes, among which are noticeable Charles Reade's novels and the poems of Robert Browning. On the walls hang oil paintings of views on the Merrimac River and other Essex county scenes, including Mr. Whittier's birthplace.

ADELE HUGO, the daughter of Victor Hugo, who has for many years been confined in a private lunatic asylum in Paris, is now about fifty years of age, but at a short distance does not look to be half so old. To her companions in misfortune she frequently relates her sad story; how she was married, long ago, without her father's consent, to a naval officer, and how soon afterward he deserted her, penniless, and without power to prove the legality of her marriage. This blow unsettled her reason, and ever afterward she has been kept under restraint. Year by year she grows more proud of her father's fame, and has committed most of his poetical works to memory.



"**THANKFUL.**"—Dark green is a very fashionable color this spring, and is particularly becoming to medium blondes. A charming dress is of fine dark green cashmere, with figured velvet bodice; the standing collar lined with very pale shrimp-pink satin, and faced interiorly with plaitings of soft tinted Oriental lace.

"**DESIRE.**"—So far there are few important changes to note in the making of dresses; fashion is so flexible nowadays that it is impossible to weary of any mode, for the variety is greater than any one person could enjoy in ten years; and ladies are able to follow their own taste. Styles, if anything, lean toward simplicity, particularly for out-door wear. The coat jacket, and walking skirt, draped or plaited, are still in the ascendant for young girls.

"**NINA.**"—Basques, polonaises, blouse waists, jackets, and "Jerseys," are all fashionable. We do not know exactly what you mean by "full" dress. What is suitable dress at one age is not at another, and very full dress is not needed in summer, unless for an important occasion. It is more necessary, and greatly more desirable, to have several pretty changes and a variety in light dresses, as they easily soil. For an evening dress a thin white skirt, and pale pink, or blue, or white, or coral-colored silk, or satin bodice would be as pretty and useful as anything. Flannel dresses are made with Jersey basques, and plaited, or kilted skirts; the drapery arranged as short, close apron, or pantered at the sides. The leading colors are blue gray, the lighter shades in terra-cotta, pale almond, and écreu tints, and myrtle green. Dark blue is always good wear in travelling. The hair is worn both high and low; the small poke, gypsy, cottage, and capote shapes predominate, and the hats with rather high straight crowns, and broad flexible brims for the country.

"**A NEW SUBSCRIBER.**"—Your silk would make up very prettily of itself, but would be light for the street. If you want to utilize it in this way put fine cashmere with it, matching the shade as nearly as possible. Otherwise make it up in a dressy style, and trim it with white lace. You could utilize your black lace flounce as drapery for a black silk, or grenadine, or you could make a "Mother Hubbard" shoulder wrap of it, gathering it front, back, and upon the shoulders, and trimming it with knots of satin ribbon. Pongee is an excellent basis for embroidery, and would make a charming summer dress, daintily wrought by hand.

"**CORA.**"—We can furnish the February, September, and November numbers of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY for 1875, for twenty-five cents each.

"**D. E. M.**"—We should advise one dark blue flannel, two print dresses and a summer silk, made up with pelerine, or visite to match. One white linen dress would be nice to have, and an extra jacket of claret-colored velveteen. Get soft, good cottons, in pretty flowering patterns, and make them up for home wear after the housekeeping patterns. For going out during the week, a lace-trimmed gingham, in addition to your flannel, would be sufficient. White cashmere-finished flannel, lined with twilled lining silk, made up in "Mother Hubbard" style, and tied at the throat with narrow satin ribbons will be found very suitable, as you want some warmth in the mountains,—unless the baby is very fleshy, then the paletot form would be preferable, trimmed with rows of twilled white silk braid.

"**FLAT.**"—If it suits you to cover your floors, cover them; no matter what the art writers say about it. When a new idea is started, it is always pressed upon every one, whether it suits their circumstances or not. The idea of uncarpeted floors began thirty years ago, with laying floors in natural wood, and polishing them, as is done in some parts of Europe. It gradually spread until a stained margin was made to serve the purpose, and rugs were fashioned out of any kind of carpet. But all floors are not laid smoothly, or well enough to permit of this treatment, and if yours are not, cover them. India matting makes a very nice substitute for carpet in summer and with rugs does well enough for winter. As for rugs, they can be bought cheaply enough nowadays, if you do not go into the antique, and you can make them yourself out of strips of moss carpet, and fringe the ends most artistically by raveling, and then tying them.

"**M. L. M. T.**"—We should recommend nuns' veiling; and a panama or ivory chip hat with trimming of lace, and pale pink roses. The dress should be trimmed with plaitings of the material, and of lace and knots of ivory satin ribbon.

"**Mrs. H.**"—Coarse raw silk in dark Persian patterns and figures, are best for portières, and most durable. The plain colors with dado at the foot, are not at all so good as the mixed patterns; they do not "furnish" so well, and they show accidental spots so much more readily. The Madras muslin in delicate colors makes pretty curtains for a parlor in the country, and dotted muslin the easiest and best for bedrooms. Serim is cheap, and when woven in stripes, with drawn lines between, like lace insertion, and border of antique insertion and lace looks exceedingly well.

"**S. E. S.**"—Your shade of silk is very near the crushed-strawberry in which is just now very fashionable. The best thing you could do would be to make it up as an in-door dress, and trim it with white lace, or if you prefer it with black. The skirt and bodice might be plain, if you have not enough for trimming; the elbow sleeves of lace, the square bodice filled in with lace. There is nothing that you could combine it with except velvet or velveteen, and this should be a shade darker. If you wish to utilize it for a walking or seaside dress, use the silk for a trimmed skirt, and velveteen for a jacket basque to wear with it.

REPLY TO "PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE" (Published in DEMOREST'S MONTHLY of February, 1881, page 200.)

"Do you suppose it is all for the man's sake that you love, and not a bit for your own? Do you suppose you would drink if you were so thirsty, or eat if you were not hungry?"

No, Friend "Bachelor." I do not; but I do suppose that the individual who had never tasted food or drink, might feel all the cravings of hunger and thirst, without understanding the nature of his needs, or when to apply for remedy.

So much for a prelude. Now for a glance at the custom of marriage proposals being universally made by men, placing "woman on an enormous inequality," etc.

Admitting that not merely the initiative words and acts, but the initiative thoughts must come from the masculine side, is not a woman, all conditions being equal, as liable to attract, as a man is to be attracted?

Is it to be presumed that a man feels some sentiment of regard for a lady before he proposes? He must, at least, if controlled by the moral laws of an enlightened community, be acquainted, and on terms of equality with her before he could venture to broach so important a question. A fact which cuts his opportunities of choice down alarmingly.

Moreover, asking is not always synonymous with receiving; and even if he were possessed of the wide field of choice with which he has been credited, fortunately or unfortunately, as one may view it, it is only the mutual choices in such matters which lead to "orange flowers, white gloves and wedding ring."

Of course a gentleman must make up his mind to take his chances in this lottery; for

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dare not put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all."

I have little faith in the sort of man who declares that he will never propose to a lady until assured of her affection for him. Only the most sublime egotism on his part could give him this assurance in his own mind, until the irrevocable declaration has been uttered, which gives her the right to express her feelings. I am aware that in this last clause I have expressed a sentiment adverse to the teachings of many of the reformers of the day; but is it not possible that these friends of women who have undoubtedly done so much for their sex may, in their zeal to serve them, take away as much as they give?

A woman's rights do not of necessity demand an overthrow of all her existing mode of life. Some of her rights she already has; there is not a thing as attempting to mend a garment and the "rent being made worse."

The right to be wooed, let us hope, is one which will ever remain to her. I doubt very much if the knowledge of being loved can ever yield to man the entire rapture that it does to woman. To her it comes a full, free gift, and at least partially in the nature of a surprise, while, however great his delight on finding his love returned, it is, after all, only a return for the boundless measure which he has already poured out.

Is it so very incredible that a lady "should not feel any serious interest in a gentleman until aroused by his previous interest in her?" Why should she?

The flower does not open in all its sweetness and beauty until the gentle dews and warm sunshine fall upon it. True, if the germ were not with dews and sunshine alike would be powerless to cause it to exist. And so with woman's love; it is not created by man's love, but it is expanded and made to bloom into the perfect flower.

The "sleeping princess" who was awakened by the kiss of the prince was waiting only for his coming; but if the spirit within had been dead in place of sleeping, not all the kisses in the world would have had power to rouse her to life and love.

And I am persuaded that, sooner or later, to every princess comes the prince with his awakening kiss of greeting. I do not believe that the woman ever existed, unless a physical or moral monstrosity, who was not beloved by some one, who did not have, or could not have, the opportunity of marriage if she wished it.

I grant that there are some very unattractive women in the world, women whose lovable traits it would be very difficult to discover; but surely there are men that match every grade of feminine unattractiveness; and each to each of its kind may have the gift of

"Striking the electric chord,
With which we are darkly bound."

MADON MONTROSS.

"Mrs. J. E. B."—The "Newport Scarf" can be obtained at any large dry-goods stores. We can furnish them for five dollars, and neckties to match, three dollars.

"Mrs. G. F."—We could not undertake to find thirty to forty dollar articles in real lace, reduced to five dollars. We have never seen such. Your "French" thread lace was an imitation, worth probably no more than you paid for it. Real laces do not go begging in this way. A good Chantilly lace cape is always worth its value. The better way for you to manage, would be to have something pretty made up in black and white lace for the sum mentioned.

"PERPLEXITY."—You could not do better than provide yourself with a flannel suit for traveling, and a fine embroidered cashmere for a nice street dress, for early spring wear. In June a pongee would be cooler, or a summer silk; but pongees will be more fashionable, and are now so handsomely embroidered as to make really elegant dresses. Cotton dresses are much more worn than formerly, for the street, in summer, in the city, as well as the country, because the new satines, percales and gingham are so fine, and so well trimmed with lace and embroidery. But though one or two such dresses are pleasant and useful in summer, in traveling you need something more substantial, and there is nothing better for this purpose than dress flannel, or some one of the varieties of thin wool—all wool, which are now so numerous. We should advise you to wait until your arrival here for the purchase of such hats as would be necessary.

"B."—You can put Oriental lace ruffling in the sleeves and neck of your dress, or you can put Irish point in, and turn it over plain. The finer and softer laces are used for ruffling; the stiffer and statelier ones for cuffs, and flat trimmings. White would be more suitable than black, unless the dress is black, and you want it all black.

"DIVA."—It would be a difficult matter to trace back to their source all the ghastly symbols which had their origin in the diseased imaginations and grim realities of the past. Probably the death's head and cross-bones had an Inquisitorial origin, but we cannot give space to proofs and authorities in regard to a matter which has so little interest for anybody. The correct pronunciation of Quixote is Ke-ho-ta, but no one calls quixotic, ke-ho-tic; it is pronounced as spelled, so there is no harm in pronouncing the proper name as spelled also.

"Mrs. A. A."—"Satin sheeting" is satine specially made for art decorative work; the size of the panels depends entirely upon the size you would like your screen to be, and that is for you to decide. They may be three feet, three feet and a half, and only one foot wide; it depends somewhat, too, upon the margin afforded by the framework. Satin sheeting and other art materials used as a base, are now shaded so as greatly to assist in forming an artistic background.

"MARGARET."—The silk would look very well made in the way you suggest, with some modifications. Instead of covering the front with the platings, cut them so that they will only partly cover the front, head each one with a row of the embroidery, and finish with a short draped apron, also embroidered, and forming close side paniers, the ends inserted under the heavy plating at the back.

"ALICE."—There are many ways by which money can be earned, but not many that are remunerative that can be done at home, and at a distance from any center of demand. Is there nothing that you can make, and create a demand for in your neighborhood? Crewel and outline embroidery are easily and quickly learned and executed. Could you not apply these arts to curtains, doilies, ornamented chair and table scarfs, and better still to simple styles of dresses, artistic morning gowns, jackets, aprons, and the like; also to Mother Hubbard cloaks and dresses for little girls? Think about it, and send to J. R. Tilton & Co., Boston, for their manuals of needlework and embroidery (50 cents each), if you decide to try it.

"Mrs. L. E. W."—The "Duties of Women," by Frances Power Cobbe, which we presume is the book you mean, can be obtained of the publisher, J. W. Ellis, of Boston, Mass., for \$1.00, but any bookseller ought to be able to furnish it at the same price.

"THEODOSIA."—If there is a translation of "Die Kinder Der Welt" by Heyse, Putnam's Sons, of this city, or S. C. Griggs, of Chicago, would be likely to have it.

"A TRUE FRIEND."—At your age and with your responsibilities it would be very difficult to go through a course of technical training, and it would hardly be worth while to try. The best help you can receive, and that which really does most to form the speech, and other modes of expression of the cultivated, consists in reading, and association, more than in the acquisition of rules. Read the best books and magazines, cultivate the persons whose modes of speech and manners you admire. You need not be afraid, you are intelligent and conscientious, and have innate refinement—these are an excellent foundation for a broad and high culture. Let thought, good reading, and the cultivation of your best social opportunities do the rest.

"ORA."—J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass., publish Miss Sanborn's Round Table literature; and Lee & Shepard, Boston, "Foot-light Frolics"; any bookseller will supply or obtain Mrs. Dahlgren's book.

"Mrs. F. E."—We draw the line at arithmetical problems; we do not answer them—life is too short. You would require to send bust measure, and measure of waist; also length of arm, and depth from throat to waist line. Size around the arm-hole; taking it well up on the shoulder. We

could send the Boston Journal of Education with this Magazine, for one year, for \$1.00. We have given all information in regard to "Newport" Scarf in answers to other correspondents.

"A. W. T."—The lining of the redingote referred to depends entirely upon the material of which it is made, and the season in which it is worn. It would look well as part of a cloth suit, lined, and trimmed with several rows, say five to seven, of military braid. It would look well also as part of an entire suit, trimmed with broad bands of velvet, and finished as per illustration, with passementerie fastenings. If of waterproof cloth, or any material except silk, it should only be lined to the waist. A bay-window requires curtains, and shades both. The shades should be fitted to each section of the window to draw up or down at will, the curtains being hung from a rod placed across the entrance to the alcove; and drawn back with broad ribbons, or satin bands. Madras muslin or antique muslin, and lace may be used.

"C. M. H."—Trim the Surah with lace, or combine it with figured velvet, and trim neck and sleeves with lace. A fine cashmere of crushed-strawberry color, with shell jabot of lace around the neck, and down the front, or a soft neckerchief of lace, would be good. But the ruffle would be rather younger, and prettier.

"Mrs. L. C. De M."—We should judge from your description that you belong to the American type, and could wear almost anything, if it was arranged judiciously. But you will find soft dark shades in wool, black silk with white about the neck, peacock or robin's egg blue; the fine, lovely mixtures in wool and cashmere, the tones of which are so blended that the warmer tints simply light up the low toned browns, greens, grays, and olives, very becoming. A black Oriental cachemire silk of good quality would cost \$2.50 per yard.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—The Manhattan Exchange, 38 W. 14th Street, affords you the opportunity you require. Made-up articles, decorative work, etc., are sent here from all over the country, the contributors paying one dollar entrance fee, and the "Exchange" taking ten per cent. of the selling money as commission, and paying over the rest to the sender.

"Mrs. T. P."—The work done on black silk net, with black or colored floss silk, is lace embroidery. It is also executed in satin strand with fine effect. It may be done in all black, all white, black and white, or in colors. It requires great delicacy in handling.

"Mrs. A. W."—The "Newport" scarf comes in many different colors, and may be obtained in different shades of the same color. "All" shades, considering that there are something like three hundred and thirty-six different shades of blue, or brown, would be saying too much. Independent basques seem to be fashionable as ever. Lace is very fashionable as trimming for summer cottons and satines, and gingham, although the combination of plain material with the rich flowered designs in satine renders it possible to make them up most artistically without additional trimming. Hamburg edging would be more suitable for a little girl, and especially for the trimming of a modern gingham. Dark stockings with light dresses for children are still fashionable.

"Mrs. M. M."—There will be days when a white tucked, or "Mother Hubbard," dress will be all that your baby will need; but a wrap will certainly be required on occasions, and we should recommend the soft, figured, all wool, in a cream tint, cut out upon the edge, and bound with tinted satin and tied at the throat with tinted satin ribbons. A light-weight ulster, or redingote, would be suitable for you, or a dolman visite made of the cashmere cloth in India colors.

"Mrs. G. W. M."—Make a plaited basque, and trim with plaiting, and folds of the Khyber cloth to simulate a vest; trim the skirt with a plaited flounce, above this a soft puff in front, and above this upright folds, or kiltings; a simple drapery at the back, or a straight overskirt laid in plaits or forming two kiltings, surmounted with a pouf. The invitations to a wooden wedding should be printed on thin, grained, wooden cards; in all other respects it is conducted precisely like any other entertainment. The gifts may be exhibited in a room set apart for the purpose, as at a wedding reception; and the host and hostess receive their friends at the door of the principal room, and make a fine supper a feature of the occasion. It was stated that an anniversary wedding was like all other social occasions; but they differ in this, that a handsome supper is almost obligatory. Refreshments may be slight, and handed round informally on an ordinary occasion, but at an anniversary wedding, where people usually bring gifts, an elaborate provision on the part of the host and hostess is expected. Game, salad, oysters, sandwiches, salmon, tongue, fruit, ices, jellies, cakes, and tea, coffee, lemonade, and the like.

"E. M."—We examine all manuscript sent, conscientiously, but we cannot publish it all, and decline to express opinions regarding it. We return, if not wanted, provided stamps are inclosed and the address is sent with it.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—Colored table-cloths, napkins, and the like, are confined to luncheons, teas, and fancy occasions. For dinner it is simply necessary to have the finest damask you can afford, and large napkins to match. There are various ways of arranging them—the ordinary way is to make a sort of three-cornered nest of them for holding the dinner roll. A trained waiter usually knows many ways of forming the napkin into shapes suggestive of decorative art; but the busy housekeeper is happy if she can have them good, and smooth, and clean, and laid in neat order against the respective plates.



REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

A New Theory of the Origin of the Species.—This latest contribution to the theory of evolution, by Mr. B. F. Ferris, does not follow the lead of those who accept the theory as "law and gospel," but one which questions the validity of certain propositions advanced by the Darwinians, and especially that relating to the origin of man, and discusses with a sharp criticism assumptions formed on data, which, although apparent or even probable, are yet positively undetermined. Such assumptions, for instance, as natural selection, "archaebiosis" or spontaneous generation, the identity of the vital or bioplasmic element in all classes of life, etc. The theories of development promulgated by Lamarck and Darwin, the views thereon of Owen, Spencer, Huxley, and others, are considered in the early chapters of the volume; the laws of Heredity are discussed at much length next; then the nature and origin of life; then difference of mental capacity in the brute and man; later the question of a First Cause comes in for a share of attention, and the order of creation from the lowest form to man; finally the author presents in a synthetic form his own views of human development. Mr. Ferris' views point to a possible reconciliation of biological science with a belief in an over-ruling Providence, and are worthy the attention of those who are struggling with a conflict of ideas. Fowler & Wells are the publishers.

The Decorator and Furnisher is the apt name given to a new periodical which has for its object the representation, pictorially and otherwise, of new designs in the interior finishing and furnishing of houses. The new departure in this direction has opened a wide field to decorative art, and the *Decorator and Furnisher* exemplifies it by varied, and admirable illustrations.

"Magnhild."—This is the latest of the series of Bjornson's works, translated by Prof. R. B. Anderson, and it closes a series remarkable in many ways, but chiefly interesting to the general public for the singular truthfulness and clearness, the sympathy and power, with which they photograph the peasant life of Norway; the depth of feeling, without the habit of expression, and the harmony of the human with those elemental forces which have voiced their emotions, and embodied all the strength and fervor of their easily excited and poetic imaginations. "Magnhild" is, however, as Prof. Anderson observes in his preface, a new departure from the previous works, which were sketches and stories from in the valleys and on the mountains of a country about which, previous to the last twenty-five years, hardly anything was known, and which yet possessed a local history and interest so intense and absorbing that old romance dies away before the fires which burn in the hearts and homes of these Vikings of the North. "Magnhild" is not only a deeper study of character, it is a wedge driven in the social structure. It is a problem which Bjornson wishes his public to solve, as to how much a woman must endure from a man who is her husband, and in opposition to every finer instinct of her nature, before she leaves him. "Magnhild" reminds one of Millet's pictures, the figure is so suppressed, so powerful, so intensely sad. But the descriptive part of the work is charming, and the impression that it leaves is that of a beautiful landscape with one strong figure in it, not of a story completely told.

A valuable pamphlet entitled "The Admission of Women to the Universities," has recently been published by the Association for the Advancement of the Higher Education of Women, and consists of testimony gathered from authoritative sources by W. Le Conte Stevens, and for which there was not space in the article contributed by Mr. Stevens to the *North American Review*, for January, 1883. The matter came in reply to questions formulated by a lady, and sent to the presidents of various colleges, and heads of well-known educational institutions. The questions are pertinent and cover the ground; the replies are strong and conclusive in favor of co-education, all declaring the results to be better on both sides—highest standards more easily maintained, and none of the anticipated difficulties experienced. This work ought to open the doors of Columbia College to women, which is the object of the Association.

Julian Hawthorne's English novel, "Dust," is announced by Fords, Howard & Hulbert. The publication of Nathaniel Hawthorne's Anglo-American "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret" and "The Ancestral Footstep" is still so fresh in the public mind that much interest will be felt in comparing the styles of father and son—each being strongly individual and unlike the other; both picturesque, vivid, full of romance, but one poetical and imaginative, and the other vigorous, direct, essentially modern.

"Books, and How to Use Them," is the title of a little manual intended chiefly for the practical guidance of students and readers, as to books in general and also more particularly as to the best way of utilizing the public library. It is by Mr. John C. Van Dyke, and is the outgrowth of his experience in observing the need of such a guide among the frequenters of libraries. It is brought out by Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

Manhattan Exchange.

Mrs. VAN VALKENBURGH, a lady well known in New York, has opened the "Manhattan Exchange" for women's work in this city, at No. 2 West 14th Street. The depositor pays a dollar on entering the goods, ten per cent. being charged for disposing of the same. Orders are received at the "Manhattan Exchange" for various kinds of painting, fancy and plain needlework, feather, curtain, and silk cleaning, and even the mending of clothes. In fact, the Exchange embraces a wide field of woman's industry, and already Mrs. Van Valkenburgh is in receipt of numerous applications from ladies in various parts of the United States who are desirous of availing themselves of this medium of disposing of the products of their industry. Every effort made by women to help women should be encouraged and sustained.

The Trio.

"THE TRIO" is the name of a handsome oil picture that will appear in DEMORST'S MAGAZINE for May. Sitting in a richly adorned room, arrayed in a characteristic dress, playing on a guitar, a harlequin is seen, while a monkey, basking a pole surmounted by the wooden head of a harlequin, appears to be joining in the music, a beautiful dog also lending his voice to swell the general harmony. This picture differs from any we have yet had, and will be appreciated for its originality, humor, richness of color, and admirably carried out details. It is, in fact, quite a gem, and will not be out of place beside the many fine pictures we have already given our readers.

Our New Serial.

We shall begin in May the publication of a deeply interesting serial entitled "Out of the World," by the popular author of "Strangers Yet," and other much admired productions. This admirable story, which cannot fail to find many admirers among our readers, will run through four numbers of our magazine, the interest deepening with each number until the story draws to a close.

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 DEMORST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE commence with November and end with October, for which a Title Page and Index to correspond are necessarily 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.

You should be on the lookout for all kinds of traveling swindlers, prominent among whom are the bogus book peddler and subscription agent. The latter is, probably, the meanest of the tribe, his victims being generally needy persons who desire to enrich their homes with a magazine or family paper. This impostor avers that Stark & 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 use 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 DEMORST'S MAGAZINE for 1883, and will be concluded in our next issue (May).