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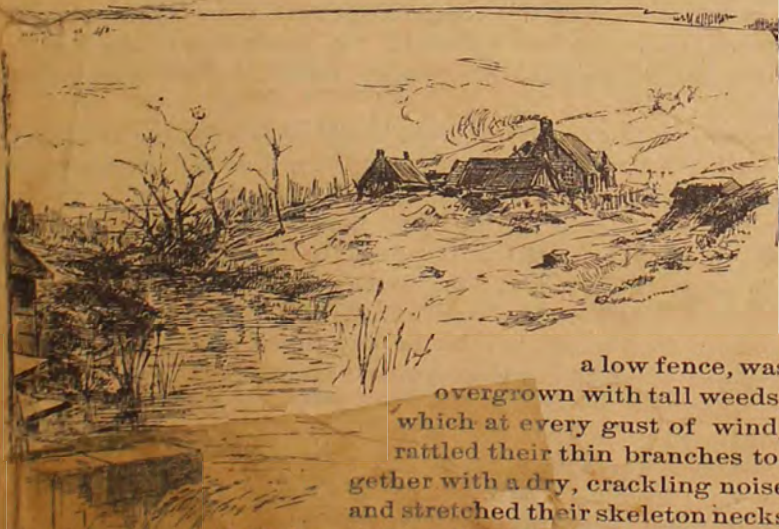
❖ OUT ❖ OF ❖ THE ❖ WORLD ❖

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

CHAPTER I.

IT was a cool day in early April. The keen winds which had brimmed over from March's full cup, whistled shrilly through the forest glades, along the river bank, and whirled away to play, in fitful eddies, around the porches and chimneys of the small frame house that stood on a barren hill-side overlooking the river and the great stone mill.

This house, though by no means an old structure, had an air of dilapidation and neglect. The front yard, enclosed by



a low fence, was overgrown with tall weeds, which at every gust of wind, rattled their thin branches together with a dry, crackling noise and stretched their skeleton necks so high as to look in at the lower windows.

Although the whole house and premises looked forsaken and uninvited, there was a cloud of smoke curling from one of the chimneys, and through the front door, which stood open, an array of trunks and boxes could be seen standing in the hall, which, both in size and number, looked out of keeping with their surroundings. They were large, substantial, important-looking trunks, somewhat travel-marked, it is true, but if one of the rural inhabitants of the neighborhood had paused to inspect the labels and addresses dotted roughly about on their sides, he would probably have been much mystified. For they bore the many-colored banners of various foreign cities, ocean steamers, watering-places, and great hotels, all alike far removed from this

quiet locality, where they had been put down only a few days before.

But no rustic observer was at hand to be forming speculations concerning either the appearance of the trunks or that of the young man who now emerged from one of the rooms which opened on the narrow passage.

He was scarcely above medium height, but had a compact and elegant figure encased in a rough, but well-fitting suit of gray clothes. He would hardly have been called handsome, but he was remarkably prepossessing and refined in appearance, and scrupulously neat as to all the details of his person. There was moreover a certain air about him which the hypothetical rustic would have found it impossible to describe. It was not innate, though a look of inherent good-breeding and elegance he certainly had, but this quality was something which had been acquired far away in the great world, amid scenes and persons widely removed from rusticity of any kind. The same air was observable in the young man and the girl who presently emerged from the same apartment and joined the first comer in the hall. This couple was one that well merited description. While the first young man was nothing more than good-looking, well-made, and pleasant in appearance, the second was possessed of such uncommon beauty that no one, gentle or simple, could have been oblivious of it. He was very tall, so tall as to be unusual, even in that respect, and his figure, though spare, was extremely fine, his broad shoulders and large, well-formed hands and feet giving alike an impression of harmonious symmetry. His hair was blonde, soft and glossy, and inclined to curl, where it had not been too closely clipped; his brow was low, broad and smooth as a woman's, and it is but a poor comparison to say his skin was as fine and fair as a young girl's; for not one of these in a thousand could boast such a faultless delicately-tinted complexion, and the straight eyebrows and long curling lashes, both jet black, that surrounded the soft violet eyes, were a charm any beauty might have envied. For the rest, the mouth, which showed plainly under the silky gold mustache, was perfect both in mold and coloring, though its expression was one of habitual gravity; and the regular teeth, when his somewhat rare smile revealed them, were dazzlingly white and perfect. It was a face of such delicate form and coloring, that it must perforce have looked womanish, but

for the feature which saved it at once from faultless beauty and from effeminacy. This was the nose, which, though well shaped and sensitive, could yet be called large, and which gave a look of force and resolution to his face and took from it every vestige of what could be described as prettiness.

The girl at his side was enough like him to be known for his sister at a glance. Though so much beneath him in height as to look almost small by the contrast, she was yet rather tall and possessed of a refined and thoughtful beauty which was as attractive as it was undeniable, but which, by the side of the greatly superior beauty of her brother, certainly lost some of the effectiveness it must have had elsewhere. In the harmonious blending of form and coloring her face was as inferior to his as the face of the manly fellow who formed the third of the group was to hers.

It was noticeable that an unmistakable shadow rested on all three faces and the girl was in deep mourning.

"Now which is the box that you want brought in, Edith?" asked the young man who had first appeared.

"That large one with the brass nails," replied the girl with a voice that was cheerful and courageous, though it gave a slight indication of effort in doing so.

"Come along, Anthony," he said, catching hold of one of the handles, while his brother came forward to assist him. They took up the big box without difficulty, showing that however unaccustomed to such offices, they were strong and athletic. The room which they entered was rather a small one, somewhat sparsely furnished by a few pieces of old-fashioned furniture, which were very handsome as to carving and workmanship, though a little faded as to coloring. There was also a very pretty little upright piano with a well-filled music stand near by, and the floor was covered with a soft dark red carpet, with which the newly papered walls harmonized agreeably. A bright fire burned in the hearth on polished old brass andirons.

The box was opened by the young men, and Edith knelt down before it to unpack its contents.

"Here Frank," she said, addressing the gentleman whose acquaintance we first made, "put up these irons for the window-rods the first thing, while Anthony and I fasten these curtains on." And she drew forth a pile of heavy chintz curtains which had been carefully stored away with their rods and fixtures close at hand. She looked very energetic and cheerful, and kept up a flow of talk all the time.

"It's a perfect revelation to me," she said, "to discover what accomplished brothers I have. Frank has put down this carpet quite as well as the most accomplished professional hand could have done, and Anthony's papering is so splendid that I think he had better set up in business in the William Morris line. It was very good of you, Anthony, to get such a bright cheerful paper. I'm afraid you had to do violence to your æsthetic feelings, which I don't doubt yearned for sad greens and bilious yellows."

"Not for a room like this," said Anthony; "this warm dark red is perfectly appropriate for a sitting-room."

"He wants to let you know, Edith," said Frank, speaking from his elevation on a high chair, and with his hammer suspended in mid-air, "that not even for your sake would he have yielded one inch of the decrees of æsthetic art."

"Well," said Edith smiling, "if it was for art's sake that he papered this room so beautifully, I'll make my acknowledgments to art, for thank somebody I must. I little expected a lovely paper with a dado and a frieze in my sitting-room, when I lit out for this locality."

"It cost no more for them than the plain paper would have done," said Anthony.

"Perhaps not in money," said Edith, "but it took a great deal of time and labor."

"Time and labor being plentiful, there's no objection to that," said Anthony. "Frank suggested that I hadn't time to do it so elaborately, but I at once convinced him that time and labor were the solitary possessions left me. We had quite too much time on our hands during the dreary week before you came."

"You had no right to make me stay a week behind you," Edith said. "You must have been so lonely. I wanted to come when you came, and you ought to have let me."

"My dear girl," said Frank, "you've no idea what it would have been. The condition of this place was simply petrifying when Anthony and I arrived and first inspected it. He said you simply should not come to it, and for a while I thought the idea was really impossible, but with the help of two sturdy Africans with scrubbing brushes and the most accomplished little negro *gamin* who ever wielded a white-wash brush, together with our own imposing efforts in the carpentering line, such as putting on shutters and stopping up chinks, things began to mend. Anthony insisted on putting in the window-panes himself, though we could have got a man for that. But he would not be denied. I think it was partly because the glasses were such small ones and prompted tender reminiscences of Queen Anne."

They all smiled at this, and as the curtains were now adjusted to the rods, they proceeded to hang them, each lending a hand. Then some pretty pictures were taken from the box, and after much consultation and trying of effects, hung on the walls. Then a bright table cover was produced and thrown over the center-table, and Edith's work basket, with its store of gay crewels and flosses put upon it, by the side of a large lamp; a pretty lambrequin was tacked around the wooden mantel-piece, and half a score of other little touches given, to the great interest of the trio. It kept them busy until the shadows outside had grown thick and dark. Indeed by the time the whole was completed, it was necessary to light the lamp, in order to observe the effect.

"What cannot the magic fingers of a woman do?" said Frank, as he looked around. "I don't know how you've managed it, Edith, but you've made it look like a real home."

"It's a poor enough one," said Anthony, rather sadly, "and if Edith were not one woman out of ten thousand she could never bear it."

"Bear it!" said Edith, "nonsense Anthony! I feel myself only glad and thankful that you finally allowed me to come. The only thing I could not have borne would have been to stay behind while you were struggling along here alone. It's a sweet drop to me in a bitter cup that I can be here to help you—at least to see that you are comfortable, and to try to see that you are cheerful as well. But I must go now and see how my cook has executed the elaborate instructions I gave her, as to the preparation of our simple tea. You laughed at me, Frank, for joining that cooking-club, but you'll have reason to congratulate yourself upon it yet."

And she jingled her bunch of keys noisily in her pocket and left the room with a smile.

"Well Anthony," said Frank, when the two brothers were left alone, "what do you think of Edith's experiment by now? Don't you think you did wrong to oppose it so violently?"

"I cannot quite be sure of that yet," returned Anthony. "Edith is a wonderful woman, and I dare say she may bring herself to be satisfied with this stagnating existence for a while, but no woman could bear it for long, and I shall persist in regarding it as a temporary thing only. Even if she stays till the end of summer, she must go away in the autumn. If she should be willing to immolate herself in this way, she must not be allowed to do so. Her personal attractions make it improper that she should."

"Personal attractions, indeed!" said Edith gayly, coming in upon them softly and unexpectedly, having heard the last sentence. "This comes well from you, Anthony! Who's got anything to say to my personal attractions? They're my own I suppose. You remind me of the idyllic poet in *Patience*, who said he was but a trustee. By-the-way, Frank and I confessed to each other, upon first making the acquaintance of that character, that he reminded us of you. The 'Banquet of Beauty,' and that sort of thing!"

She said this with a mischievous look at Frank, who was evidently enjoying the joke. Anthony, however, looked distinctly annoyed, and a quick flush, which it mortified him intensely to be aware of, mounted to his face.

"Don't be so preposterous, Edith," he said; "you really ought to be superior to such nonsense. But what about supper?"

"Anxious to change the subject, you see!" said Frank. "By George, Anthony, you're a mystery to me! If I had your face and figure, I believe I'd make an ass of myself from pure vanity. It's well I haven't. The farm and the mill would have to go to the mischief for me, I'm afraid. I'd be like the man in *Punch*. I'd want no career. I'd be content to exist beautifully."

At this moment a very black negro woman put her head in at the door and said with a grin:

"Come 'long to yer suppers."

Frank and Edith laughed, but Anthony frowned.

"Well really, that's a novel announcement of supper," he said. "However, I suppose it's the prescribed formula hereabouts. You are wonderfully good to put up with such proceedings, Edith."

"I don't propose to put up with them," Edith answered, "I distinctly mean to change them, but it will take time. Hannah is amiable and very quick, and I don't at all despair of making her a polite and accomplished waitress."

"I don't think you've ever even had a glimmering of what the word despair means," said Anthony. "You are certainly the greatest boon that ever a couple of stranded fellows was blessed with."

It was a great deal for Anthony to say. He was usually so cool and unemotional, and Edith flushed with pleasure as she led the way into the dining-room.

This little apartment had been arranged prior to the parlor, and presented a very snug and pleasant appearance, despite the fact that, three days ago, it had been as bare and uninteresting a little room as could well have been found. But a little papering and remodeling has been done by the young men, and a good deal of internal adorning added by Edith, until it had been completely metamorphosed. Lovely old china furnished the table and ornamented the sideboard, and a few mantel ornaments and water-color pictures did the rest. Nothing in it was new. Even the china was somewhat chipped and cracked, as to some of its pieces. It was a home of luxury and elegance that these articles had belonged to, despite the fact that they had been in every case chosen for their plainness.

"Your supper does you credit, Miss Royall," said Frank, placing himself opposite to Edith, who took her seat behind the dainty tray. "I take off my hat to the cooking-school."

CHAPTER II.

THE fact of this little family group being domesticated in such an isolated section of country, in surroundings and circumstances so different from those to which they had been by long habit accustomed, demands a detailed explanation, which had best be given here.

The name of Robert L. Royall, the father of these brothers

and sister, had been for many years a distinguished one in the great city in which he lived. He was a man of large wealth, and his house was distinguished for the brilliancy and frequency of its entertainments, its superb furnishing and general air of sumptuous ease. He had long been a widower, and since his only daughter, Edith, had left school at the age of seventeen, she had presided over this magnificent establishment. She was a sweet, handsome, intelligent girl, womanly beyond her years. Her native good sense and intelligence, added to the high principles instilled into her in the excellent school in which she had been educated, kept her unspoiled, in spite of much indulgence from her father and the two brothers, who were both older than herself, and redeemed her character from the worldliness and frivolity which would have ensnared many a girl of her age and circumstances.

Mr. Royall was a self-contained and rather stern man, deeply engrossed in the business schemes and vast speculations in which he met with such marked success. He had little of the tender parent about him, but he was indulgent to his children and anxious that they should do him credit. His sons were sent to a Northern university, and both went creditably through the course. Frank took his law degree, and Anthony, who seemed to have no special bent toward any profession, came home from college with the intention of going into the banking business with his father. It very soon appeared, however, that he had neither taste nor talent for such a career, and he obtained his father's consent to a course of foreign travel. While abroad a taste for painting, which he had always had, so developed itself that he concluded to go to Italy to study. There he remained for a considerable time, much engrossed and interested, but his studies were conducted in such a desultory way that they produced but little result, besides affording him interest and entertainment.

One summer Frank and Edith went over and joined him, and at the conclusion of a lovely tour, which they took together, they persuaded Anthony to return home with them. He was full of his dreams of art and entirely determined to return in the spring to the more congenial soil of Italy.

The winter that he spent at home was a very brilliant one. Mr. Royall's entertainments had never been so numerous and so splendid. Edith, as mistress of such an establishment, was eagerly sought after, and became the object of boundless adulation and attention, and her brothers were not less popular. Frank had nominally begun the practice of his profession, but it was only a formal thing, and in reality he was far more concerned with social engagements than briefs and deeds. Anthony, though he cared little for society, was almost insensibly drawn into the current, where, with his artistic talent and personal charms, he might very easily have become a new sort of professional beauty, if he had chosen, but adulation of his personal appearance was the one point that roused his naturally sweet disposition into real savageness. He had, of necessity, grown somewhat accustomed to it, but reconciled he never could be. Edith used to amuse herself, at first, by repeating to him the comments of her lady friends, but they made him so indignant that she soon gave it up. Even Frank rarely dared to touch upon the subject to Anthony himself, though he was rather fond of retailing to his men friends the anecdote of his brother having once knocked a man down, while they were abroad, for calling him "the beauty."

Such a season as this, occupied to the full with brilliant social engagements, more surrounded than they had ever been before by all the signs of boundless prosperity and lavish wealth, was a bad preparation to Edith and her brothers for the blow which followed it.

It came with the suddenness of a flash of lightning from

the summer sky, without even a suspicion by way of warning, and the effect was terrible.

In the midst of the hurry and excitement of social engagements, these three young people were brought face to face, in the nearest and bitterest way, with the threefold misery of ruin, dishonor and suicide.

One winter morning, on the very day that had been appointed for one of his magnificent dinners, Mr. Royall was found dead in his room, shot through the head by his own hand, which still held the fatal pistol. It was a paralyzing, overwhelming, crushing blow, but there were revelations to follow which made it harder yet.

Not until after the funeral was over, and while his children were bending yet beneath the heavy stroke, did it become necessary for them to face the unsuspected calamity of financial ruin, and, what was worse still, dishonor, for it soon became matter of public comment that he had dragged others into ruin with him.

It was no wonder that the faces of that little party in the hill-side cottage were serious. The only wonder to themselves was that they could ever again know a sensation of brightness or pleasure. But time, the healer, works many miracles, especially when he is aided by the support of a quiet conscience and an earnest endeavor to do right, which, in all three of these instances, were not lacking.

The lethargy of grief, into which her father's terrible death had thrown Edith, was rudely broken in upon by these new developments which her brothers found it impossible to keep from her. She roused herself to action when she saw that action was required of her, and when she saw also how much of the wretchedness endured by her brothers was out of commiseration for her.

The future was a blank before them, but there was one point on which the brothers and sister entirely agreed. The amount of their father's liabilities must be ascertained and reparation made to those who had been wronged, to the utmost extent of possibility—no matter what the result. For many long and weary days the young men ceaselessly pored over accounts with lawyers and book-keepers, and set themselves with might and main to the adjustment of the difficult subjects which they had in hand.

When the result was reached at last, it seemed possible that, by the sale of every dollar's worth of Mr. Royall's property, including the magnificent house, furniture, carriages, horses, plate, pictures, etc., the amount might be made up, and this was a source of profound relief.

This sale was immediately determined upon, and Edith, after carefully assisting in the preparations, went to the house of an aunt to remain until it was over. The result was such a large sum of money, that it surprised them all. The house, during the days of the auction, was thronged with wealthy purchasers. It was the fashion of the moment to be there, and the things sold at very large prices.

When her brothers came to Edith to make known the result and assure her that their father's liabilities had been fully met, she was ready with a scheme for their future which she had been quietly at work upon all those days that they were puzzling over the accounts.

She possessed, in her own right, a small property in the South, which had been bequeathed to her by her grandmother, which she knew had been recently leased to a tenant. This lease, it happened, had just expired, and she wrote to her agent to make inquiries, and ascertained that by means of working the small tract of land, and operating a mill which was upon it, the late tenant had made a good support for a large family. She also found by inquiry that there was a house upon the place, which was, or could be made habitable, and her earnest desire was to get the consent of her brothers to their all going there to live together. She thought of it,

as being quite out of the world, and that thought, far from terrifying her, afforded great comfort and relief. The knowledge of the world's hollowness, which it takes such long years for most to acquire, had been borne in upon her in one fell blow. It was true that her friends had been very kind and had expressed the deepest sympathy, which she knew, in many cases, they really felt, and had given her various invitations which she might, if she had chosen, have accepted, and so remained longer among them, but that she did not desire. She knew that, by reason of her poverty and misfortunes, she belonged no longer, by association and sympathy, to the great social community in which she had but recently been such a power, and she preferred in deed and in truth to be out of the world.

It was only after long and resolute effort that Edith induced her brothers to listen to her plan. Their idea was for her to remain with her aunt for the present, while they cast about for some sort of employment that would yield some small income at once. They were manly, honest fellows, and felt confident that, with a determination to do anything rather than nothing, they would be able to earn a support in some way, and they thought it best to remain in their present location, because here they were known. But it was this very thing that made Edith desire to go far away, and she was resolutely determined that wherever their home was, hers should be. She dwelt upon the rest and comfort of being unknown—of being able to cast the sad dark past behind them, and not have the knowledge of shame and wrong-doing in the minds of all who saw them.

It took great patience and persistence on Edith's part to effect her purpose; but her arguments were forcible ones, and it was finally agreed that the brothers should go first and prepare the way, and if they concluded to remain, she was to join them for a while. The most she could secure was their consent to make the experiment, with the alternative always at hand of returning to her aunt.

In the first letter that Edith received from her brothers, they told her they had concluded to take the place for a year, at any rate, on the same terms as the former tenant, operate the mill and the farm and account to her for the rent. They united in urging her not to come yet, concealing no whit of the hardship she would have to endure. But these accounts had so little effect upon Edith that, after reading the letter, she calmly put it into her pocket and told her aunt that it was quite settled that she was to join her brothers; and in two days she set out, taking with her such articles of furniture and household necessaries as she had reserved for their use. They were a few simple things of small intrinsic value, most of them old and preserved only on account of some association, but they did good service in the little far away house on the hill-side; and, under Edith's skillful management, converted it into a sweet and comfortable home.

CHAPTER III.

EDITH and her brothers had been settled in their new home for a week, and the experiment had fairly begun. The work on the farm and at the mill had been advanced so far as the season permitted, and Edith had got her household into running order. She was not a whit less busy, however, than she had been at the first, for there seemed no end to the tasks awaiting her willing fingers. Hannah needed unceasing instruction, which it never wearied Edith to give, since she saw that the good-natured creature always profited by it. Then there were all sorts of little devices for adorning the house and making it more comfortable, which Edith entered into with the greatest interest, and the grateful affection of her brothers when they came home, tired with their

unwonted exertions, was so sweet to her that she always felt that she did too little, never too much.

They were gathered around the sitting-room fire one evening, after their early tea, Edith sewing, Frank reading, and Anthony sketching a design for some embroidery of Edith's, each so absorbed that a profound silence reigned. The room looked prettier than ever, owing to some recent touches of Edith's and to the addition of an impromptu book-case which Anthony and Frank had manufactured from the simple materials of a little stained plank, some strips of red leather pinked at the edges, and some steel-headed tacks. This was filled with a collection of their favorite volumes, which Edith had carefully stored away and kept separate from the great library collection which was disposed of at the sale. The piano was open, with some music on the rack, and altogether the place looked so elegant and refined and comfortable that its gloomy exterior could give no better indication of it than the toad's head does of the jewel within.

Presently Frank laid his book on his knee, and leaning his head backward against the padded top of the large chair he sat in, fell into a reverie. The others were too absorbed in their work to observe him, and so they did not see the energetic, resolute look, habitual to him, give place to one of gentle, but most profound sadness. His face, so seen, looked older than it was, though the first flush of youth had passed, for him. He was some years older than Anthony, and easy and pleasant though his life had been, his age began to tell a little, in the marks around the corners of his eyes and in the few gray strands that showed in his close-cut brown hair. Usually Frank's face was the brightest, the bravest, the most hopeful of the three; but just now it had a shadow on it such as neither of the others wore, or had probably ever worn. The young man's reverie was evidently of a sad nature though his features relaxed into those thoughtful lines as if they were not unusual to them, and his look of self-possessed quiet endurance might have prompted the suggestion that this active, earnest, resolute young man was bearing something quite alone, which he would not burden others with.

"What are you thinking of, Frank?" said Edith, suddenly looking up from her work. At the first sound of her voice, he roused himself with a quiet smile, and sat upright.

"Let me see," he said, "what was I thinking of? I believe just at that moment I was musing upon the diverting suggestion of Miss Welsley's letter."

"O! by the way, I didn't tell you, Anthony," said Edith, "that I had a letter from Linda Welsley to-day, and she gives me warning that as soon as the summer fairly arrives, and I have had time to settle myself in my new surroundings, she is coming to make me a visit."

Anthony looked up from his drawing, and slightly smiled.

"I think I see her," he said. "Fancy those bewildering French toilets in this establishment! Why, her trains would get tangled in the twists of our little staircase, and the contents of her trunks would turn us out of house and home. How are you going to reply?"

"O I shall tell her the true state of the case," said Edith, "and notify her not to expect an invitation. Of course it is out of the question."

"You think so?" said Frank, looking half abashed at his own temerity. "How would it do to let her come, just by way of novelty?"

"What are you thinking of, Frank?" said Anthony, turning suddenly toward him. "It would be the height of absurdity. You must see it."

"Oh! of course, I see perfectly well that this is no place for Miss Welsley to come to. I only wonder what ever put such a suggestion in her head."

"Well, in the first place she's very fond of me," said

Edith, "there's something in that; and then, too, she has a fancy for making experiments. But I wonder what she *would* do with herself here! Why, last summer she declared Newport to be stagnating, and said she was bored to death."

"How can you say that?" said Frank. "I never saw her looking brighter and happier, and she seemed to be having a charming time, I thought."

"Yes, that was when she first arrived, but after you went off on that yachting party things changed. She danced, drove, and went about a good deal still, but she really seemed to have grown tired of the place."

"Is her mind so vast," said Anthony rather severely, "that she requires continual variety to feed it?"

"O come, Anthony," said Edith, smiling, "you shall not be sarcastic about Linda. You have never forgiven her for having such small hands and feet, and persist in measuring her feeling and intelligence by them. You have a very false idea of her indeed. She may be a trifle spoiled and worldly, but frivolous she is not."

"Does Anthony object to her hands and feet?" said Frank. "Men generally do not."

"I don't know about objecting," said Anthony, "but they had been described to me as of unusual beauty; and when I saw on a grown woman hands and feet that would have been about the proper size for a child of ten or twelve, I did take leave to say, to Edith only, that I differed from the general opinion."

"I go with the crowd," said Edith; "I must confess, correct or incorrect, that I think they are the very loveliest I ever saw."

Frank alone said nothing.

"To a man who adores the Venus of Milo," Edith went on, "I suppose they must look inappropriate. That is your standard of beauty, I believe, Anthony."

"Well, not exactly as to hands," said Anthony, at which they all laughed.

"Whatever other people may think," Edith went on presently, "I think we ourselves shall be very well satisfied here. For myself I confess that my experiment so far has proved pleasant beyond my hopes, and I feel content to remain here until some change comes."

"What change is likely?" said Edith, "the one that most young men and women look forward to does not enter into our calculations. We would hardly expect to marry—any of us."

"I had thought of that from the first," said Anthony, while a shadow settled on all three faces. "What a blessed thing it is that we are all three free from any entanglement of that sort! It is like the feeling of relief I had when the last indebtedness of the estate was paid off. Anything can be borne so long as we don't drag others along with us."

"No, Anthony and I would never think of marrying," said Frank, "but I don't see that it need be so with you, Edith. It's different with a woman. She changes her name, and people forget who she was even."

"But she does not change her reality and her blood," said Edith; "I would no sooner think of marrying than either of you. But don't imagine I consider myself as making a sacrifice when I say this. What woman yet ever did desire marriage in the abstract? It is only when some particular person comes along whose life she wishes to share that marriage, in a special and particular phase, seems desirable. But it is not so with men. I can understand that when a man resolves not to marry, he is making a great sacrifice, even if he is not in love."

"It is like you, Edith," said Anthony, "to be shirking all the credit off to other people, but I can assure you I don't feel myself in the least heroic on account of this resolution. It certainly costs me no sacrifice of delightful visions and day-dreams to say I'll never marry."

"Oh, you!" exclaimed Edith, making a little mocking gesture, "there's no applying general rules to you! I don't believe you ever had a soft sensation for a woman in your life. If they please you at all it's either because they happen to have some feature that reminds you of a favorite picture or statue, feet like the Venus, for instance, or because you find them able to talk to you intelligently and unpersonally, just as a man might do."

"There you are right," said Anthony; "there's no quality in a woman that I so greatly admire as good-comradeship, and it's extremely hard to find. If it were a little more common, my sacrifice of matrimonial hopes might not be made so willingly. However a woman may appear at first, it seems an impossibility to continue her acquaintance for a week without her beginning to flirt. I've tried it over and over, and the result is always the same. It's perfectly disheartening."

"Perhaps the fault lies in yourself," said Edith, demurely.

"Not in the least," said Anthony, "I challenge any woman on earth to prove that I ever led her two inches toward sentimentality."

"Not consciously, perhaps," said Edith, "but you must know that there is said to be something perilous to young ladies in—"

"A good-sized nose," said Anthony, hurriedly interrupting her, for fear of what was coming.

"Anthony always takes refuge behind his nose," said Frank. "I told some one, not long ago, that I believed it was the only one of his features that he had a real respect for."

"Go and sing some, Frank," said Anthony; "I opened the piano on purpose, and it will help me along with my work a hundred times better than this ridiculous chatter."

Frank got up and went across to the piano, and Edith laid by her work to accompany him as usual; but, without waiting for her, he seated himself and began to sing, softly accompanying himself with a few low minor chords.

The song he selected was "Ruby," and he sang it with a fervency and feeling which gave out in its full glory his splendid baritone voice, which flooded the little room with a tide of exquisite harmony.

Edith did not take up her work again, and even Anthony laid by his pencil, absorbed in listening:

"I opened the leaves of a book last night,
The dust on its cover lay dusk and brown;
As I held it toward the waning light,
A withered floweret fell rustling down.
'Twas only the wraith of a woodland weed,
Which a dear, dead hand, in the days of old,
Had placed 'twixt the pages she loved to read
At the time when my vows of love were told;
And memories sweet, but as sad as sweet,
Swift flooded my eyes with regretful tears,
As the dry, dead harebell skimmed past my feet,
Recalling an hour from the vanished years."

This was the first verse, and the second followed almost without intermission. When he sang the words:

"Oh, Ruby, my darling, the small white hand
That gathered that harebell was never my own,
But faded and past to the far-off land,
And I dwell by the flickering flame alone"—

There was a passionate feeling in his voice which thrilled his hearers almost as much as it did himself, and when he had ended Edith said:

"That's the song Linda was so fond of. She used to make you sing it to her so often, but you always said you did not like it; I don't see why, for you never sang anything better."

"Did I say I didn't like it?" he answered, simply, without turning around. "It grows upon one. I'm very fond of it now."

"You sang it exquisitely," said Anthony. "I felt it intensely, and I never enjoyed your voice more."

"You'd like to say that it was 'blessed,' and 'precious,' and 'consummate,' if you were not afraid; wouldn't you?" said Frank, turning around with a bright smile. "Come now, Anthony, own up. You know you would. I've always believed you'd be as confirmed an æsthete as any Mr. Du Maurier ever conceived, if you were not afraid we'd laugh at you."

"A mere laugh would never deter me from an admiration for æsthetic art in all its phases, which I do not deny," said Anthony. "There's a great amount of trash and nonsense perpetrated in its name, that would make any one laugh, but the real thing is something worth striving for, something 'blessed' and 'precious,' if you like."

"You needn't suppose you are going to browbeat Anthony," said Edith. "He stands to his colors, and if you had not your voice, and I had not a knowledge of Kensington stitch, which he respects, he'd set us both down as out-and-out Philistines. But do sing some more, Frank. You're in glorious voice to-night."

He called her to play his accompaniments, and sang on, piece after piece, for an hour, but he declined to continue in the sentimental vein he had himself inaugurated, and selected the gayest and brightest of his songs.

When the piano was presently closed and the trio stood around the fire, lingering awhile before retiring, Frank said:

"Does it occur to you that to-morrow is Sunday? What are you going to do about church?"

"Suppose we walk into the village," said Edith. "It's not too long a walk in this fine weather, is it?"

"O not in the least. You would not find it fatiguing at all; and I shouldn't say it was more than a mile. I walked in for the mail to-day, and I was introduced to the clergyman; by the way, I forgot to tell you. He seemed a very nice fellow, I thought. His name's Rogers. I told him you would be of his flock, and he said he'd call upon you."

"I hope he's safely married, for his own sake, poor man," said Anthony. "Edith's rather dangerous to clergymen, as well as I remember."

"Edith's so kind-hearted and has so much tact," said Frank, "that I think she'd give up a waltz any time to talk Dorcas societies with any young clergyman who happened to be at a ball and feel himself out of place there. It was in some such way as that, that the young fellow at Newport was unwittingly slain and dragged out by her. But, about our expedition. If you'd really like it, Edith, I'll go with you, and you can have a look at the town."

"The town will return the compliment, I can assure you," said Anthony. "It's particularly good at staring. I've been conjecturing as to what can be the reason, and I've come to the conclusion it's our wearing such good clothes. I dare say they are not very appropriate for farmers and millers, but there's no help for it; we can't afford to buy worse ones, and we must wear out the supply on hand."

"I suppose Browton does not boast a slop-shop where they would exchange a dress suit for an outfit of jeans," put in Frank.

"Don't get rid of your dress suit prematurely," said Edith. "Hannah has been gossiping to me about the people in the village, and I have some idea that we are not so entirely out of the world as I had imagined. I don't suppose you'll have occasion for a dress suit very soon, but in the course of time you might, and buying a new one is not to be thought of."

"I should rather fancy not," returned Frank; "the notion of such a great expenditure terrifies me."

"What a good thing it is that people can joke!" said Edith, taking her light and turning away. "It's a wonderful help."

Each of her brothers kissed her cheek affectionately, when they bade her good-night, and she went to bed quite light of heart.

(To be continued.)

THE ADMIRAL'S WARD.

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

(Continued from page 346.)

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE few days which intervened before Mr. and Mrs. Piers and suite left Paris for England were evidently busy ones to Reginald. He did not, as formerly, absent himself for the whole day and often much of the night, but he wrote a good deal in his own room, and came to and fro, as if greatly occupied. Laura had easily found a moment when she could give him the memoranda she had prepared, unseen by any one. "Read it carefully, Reginald," she said. "When in London we can discuss the subject thoroughly and arrange our plans."

Reginald had merely replied, "We will do so," and thrust the packet into an inner pocket.

These days were some of the most painful Laura had ever spent.

To observe how Reginald shrank from meeting her eyes, to see his pale downcast look, the indescribable beaten aspect, which his wife attributed to indisposition; all this was infinitely distressing. It seemed to her as though she was herself bowed down by the shame she had been obliged to bring upon the hero of her early youth. Do what she would she could not think of him without compassion, and the keenest sorrow for her shattered ideal.

The first time that Winifrid was quite alone with her and safe, which was the day following the receipt of the anonymous letter, as they were driving in the Bois (for Winnie was suddenly anxious to take all means to recover her strength and spirits), she said, "I gave the letter to Reginald last night, Laura. He was so restless I did not think it could make him worse; he was lying on the sofa, for he did not go to bed; he walked about and sometimes lay down. I said, 'Here is a strange letter I have just had,' and added the words I said I would speak. I did not make the least scene. He read it, but was not so angry or upset as I expected. He seemed as if occupied about something else. He read it twice through and examined it and the envelope carefully. 'It is very extraordinary,' he said. 'Who can have written it? She has many enemies, but this is too much; the misrepresentation is ingenious.' Then, after a pause, with a sort of effort he went on: 'You were right, Winnie, to show it to me; you will leave it in my hands?' 'I never wish to see it again,' said I. 'You have yielded to my wish, and I am ready to trust you!' Ah, Laura! that was not quite true, but I will try and make it true. He put out his hand and drew me down to him. 'I believe you are a wise as well as a good woman, Winnie,' said he; 'let us try and make the best of each other. You have a generous heart. Would you—could you—still care for me if I were old and sickly—and—and poor, Winnie?' Oh, Laura! I never had such a struggle not to make a scene. My heart yearned to him; and yet it burned, too, with anger, to think that for all the indifference he had shown even in my cruel sorrow, all the agony he must know he had inflicted on me, he never said, 'Forgive me; let me atone to you;' but I knew that my—our—only chance was in at least *seeming* strong. So I replied, 'When you are old, Reggie, I shall be old too; and for the rest, you know me, and you need no answer.' 'Yes, I think I do know you.' He kissed me kindly, but still as if his mind were full of something else. 'Go away to rest,' he went on; 'I fear you

have had but little sleep of late. I will send for you if I feel worse; but I am not ill, Winnie—only uneasy.' He looked so ghastly pale, with an expression as if he saw some far-away horror, that I could not resist putting my arms round him. 'Reggie,' I said, 'let me help you, if you need help, for I can love you still.' He pressed me to him for an instant, and said in a low hoarse voice, 'Good-night—God bless you!'

The last words were interrupted by irrepressible sobs. "Have I done well, Laura? Do you think I have done wisely?"

"It seems to me you have done nobly; and if Reginald is not more yours than he ever was before, he is unworthy of you," returned Laura with warmth, contrasting vividly in her own mind the truth and earnestness of the wife with the slight, selfish nature of the husband.

Winnie sighed. "It may all come right," she said. "But I shall never feel quite the same again, though he is still very dear to me. I have an odd sort of pity for him; I think he has been under a spell."

It was a dry, crisp evening when they reached London. Though Winifrid begged Laura to stay with her still, the latter decided to go straight to Mrs. Crewe's. She thought it better for husband and wife to be alone together; and she felt sure her absence would be an infinite relief to Reginald, as it was to herself not to see him.

The simple yet not ungraceful homeliness of Mrs. Crewe's house never before seemed so delightful as on her escape from the false position, the unavoidable mask, which her relations with Reginald compelled her to assume. The transparent honesty, the natural kindliness of tone which pervaded the small establishment produced something of the same effect as breathing mountain air after being imprisoned in a back alley of a great town. Everything and every one was *en fête* to receive her. The door was thrown open by Collins, who grinned with pleasure, and displayed Mrs. Crewe in a most becoming cap, standing under the lamp with Topsy under one arm, and behind her the Admiral in the doorway of the dining-room.

"My darling girl, how late you are! I began to fear there was an accident or something. How tired you look! I am sure we are delighted to have you back. Here is the Admiral, quite wearying for you, and this dear cat wandered about looking for you for two or three days."

This speech was broken by sundry enormous hugs; and then Laura was passed on the gentler and more subdued greeting of her kind guardian.

"Come in, my dear; you evidently need refreshment. How is the poor young mother?"

"Ah! I have no doubt that poor infant was sacrificed to wretched food and improper treatment in a foreign country. Collins! make haste with Miss Piers's chop and the buttered toast. I would not let her put it down till you came, dear; but the fire is clear, and it will be ready in ten or fifteen minutes," etc.

"Oh, how nice it is to be with you again!" said Laura, the tears springing to her eyes as she looked back at the agitating scenes through which she had passed.

"I am sure, dear, it must all have been very trying," re-

turned Mrs. Crewe. "But Winifrid is young, she will soon recover; and I have no doubt you had every comfort and elegance about you that money could get. Mr. Piers is a very liberal young man, and quite the gentleman; still I flatter myself your heart is in our humble home."

"It is, indeed," said Laura, with a smile and a blush. "Tell me, dear Admiral," taking his hand again in hers, "have you been well, quite well, since I left?"

She looked at him earnestly, for his face seemed pale and worn.

"Not quite so robust as usual," he said; "but I am nearly myself again, thanks to Mrs. Crewe's kind care."

"He was very seriously ill," cried Mrs. Crewe; "bronchitis and I do not know what. I wanted to send for you, but he would not hear of it. Come away and take off your things while Collins is getting your supper ready."

When they had reached the privacy of Laura's room Mrs. Crewe was in her element. "You see, my dear girl, I have taken advantage of your absence to make a few improvements. I hope you like your new curtains. You see they are real curtains. You can draw them across; the old ones were a mere bit of drapery, to take off the naked look. I had a woman in the house to make them, and a machine. I am going to buy the machine, paying for it by weekly installments; isn't that a convenience? I have calculated that if we do with a half a pound less butter and only two puddings a week, I can pay for it in twenty-six weeks; so I have told Collins she really must use the nice clean dripping both for herself and cooking."

"Indeed, Mrs. Crewe?"

"Wait a bit, my dear. Look here—I have bought you another chest of drawers, polished deal you see, and beveled edges; got it such a bargain—not that I would mind what I spent on you; you are my own dear daughter, though you are not my son's wife yet. *He* is no weathercock, like finer gentlemen—no chance of *his* changing; but you see, dear, I am very anxious to save a little money, and I have begun to lay by. Why you have hardly noticed Topsy, and the dear pet quite knows you," etc.

The following day Mrs. Crewe proposed to pay a visit of condolence to Winifrid.

The preparations for this ceremony were considerable, and in proportion to what Mrs. Crewe thought was due to the rank and fashion of the persons to be visited. Laura therefore excused herself for preceding her good hostess, as she had promised to be with her cousin early, for Mr. and Mrs. Piers intended to make a very short stay in town. The dowager Mrs. Piers too was expected that evening on her return from the Grange, where she had been staying with her daughter, so this was about the only free day at Winifrid's disposal.

Laura was anxious to see how Winnie had borne the fatigue of their hasty journey, but still more so for some communication with Reginald as to their future plan of action. It was now four days since she had given him her ultimatum. How earnestly she hoped he would be honest and straightforward with her, and start afresh! but she knew that his whole future depended on the secret of his weak dishonesty being kept secret.

Winnie had not yet risen when Laura reached the hotel. She had been greatly fatigued, her maid said, and Mr. Piers had persuaded her to rest. Laura was admitted immediately.

The curtains were partly drawn to exclude the light; but one ray of sunshine fell upon the pillow and lit up the face which lay upon it, and Laura was struck by the subtle change that had come to the well-known countenance.

It had a pale loveliness, a grave composure, a steadfast look, which took from its youthfulness, while it added beauty. It was the face of one who had tasted the bitter fruit of the

tree of knowledge, and from whom the glorious unsuspecting simplicity of Eden's inexperience had passed away forever.

"Law 'm," cried Farrar, "the sun is in your eyes," and she hastened to exclude it; but the impression remained with Laura and revealed to her that Winifrid had entered a new stage on life's journey, where courage and patience had replaced hope and joy.

"How good of you to come so early!" said Winnie, holding out her hand. "I hardly hoped to see you so soon. Am I not lazy to be here? But Reginald begged me to rest, and I did not like to contradict him. After all, I have nothing to get up for. How did you find every one?"

For a while Winnie listened with some interest to Laura's details; then her attention wandered, and her eyes became drowsy.

Laura paused, and there was a short silence, which Winnie broke, speaking in a low dreamy tone, as if to herself: "I seem to miss my poor little baby boy more than ever here. I was so happy, so full of brightest hope, when we left London not five months ago! and now, all is so changed, myself most of all; I seem to have no occupation, no hope. I thought, just now, why should I get up? I have nothing to do, no duty to perform."

"It is natural you should think so at present; but you will knit up the raveled skein of your life, and find new interests and occupations, dearest Winnie, later on."

"I hope so—I do hope so!" Another short pause. "Do you know, Laura," she resumed, "I feel strangely uneasy about Reginald. He looks so ghastly white, and has such a curious, fixed, almost despairing, expression, and I cannot get him to open his heart. Believe me, something occurred in Paris, of which we know nothing, which cut him up awfully, and made him change his plans. I wish I could find out, not from curiosity, but that I might help him or comfort him. I feel uneasy if he is out of my sight, and he is very little in it. But he is kind, indifferently kind." A short deep sigh interrupted her, and she went on.

"He had a letter from Madame Moszynski this morning. He was sitting here talking to me when the letters were brought up; and, though he shuffled them all together, I caught a glimpse of her writing, I could not mistake it, but took no notice. I do not want to tease him when he seems so unhappy. So long as she is at a distance I do not fear."

"I do not think there is much to fear," said Laura thoughtfully, "except that Reginald may have been losing heavily at cards enough to account for his gloom."

"I am sure I should not mind that, if he would stop now," cried Winnie. "I should not mind being poor if we could only be all and all to each other, as we were once—ah! for how short a time!"

"I do not think Reginald would like poverty," said Laura; "I hope you never will be poor. But, Winnie, if you do not intend to receive Mrs. Crewe in your room, you had better dress."

"Oh, yes, certainly! and then I will drive back with her. Poor dear Mrs. Crewe! How I should like to ask her down to Pierslynn; but somehow I do not think she is a favorite with Reginald, and do you remember how savage he used to be to Denzil Crewe? That was because Denzil admired *me*. I always liked Denzil, he is so good and firm. Perhaps it would have been better for every one if I had married him."

"I do not think so," said Laura softly, with a smile that Winnie dimly thought was peculiar.

"Well, then, dear, go into the sitting-room and I will dress. Perhaps Reggie will come in. He went to the bank, I know, this morning, and I think he will come in to luncheon."

Laura obeyed, and, taking up the *Times*, looked vaguely through the shipping intelligence.

But her own thoughts were more interesting. Winnie's utter unconsciousness of the coming reverses touched her deeply. Perhaps the fire of trial might draw her and her husband nearer; perhaps detection might work a moral revolution in Reginald; yet she did not feel very hopeful. There was something callous, something disappointing, in the way he had taken the terrible tidings of Laura's discovery and intentions. Again, was it not rather hard to judge justly of a man so stunned, so paralyzed, as he must have been?

While she pondered these things, the door opened, and the object of her thoughts walked in.

His appearance warranted his wife's uneasiness, but he did not seem surprised or disturbed by Laura's presence.

"I returned in hopes of having a word with you," he said after a slight greeting. "The less you and I put on paper to each other the better; but I want to arrange a meeting when we can talk long and uninterruptedly, and then I must get away the day after to-morrow to Pierslynn. I, too, have a proposition to make, but I will not put it on paper."

"I will meet you where you wish," said Laura, feeling her usual dislike to encounter his eye, or to speak with him.

"To-morrow," he resumed, "Winnie spends the day with my mother; meet me at the Charing Cross Hotel. I will have a private room, and we can talk as long as we like."

"Very well," replied Laura; "Charing Cross at two?"

"Yes, at two. I need not make a note of our rendezvous," he added with a bitter smile; "it is not likely to slip my memory."

A short embarrassed pause ensued. "Is Winnie up?" he asked.

"Yes, and nearly dressed. She expects a visit from Mrs. Crewe."

"Does she? Then, I shall be off; I am in no mood to stand her nonsense."

"Do you dine here to-day?" asked Laura.

"I am not sure; I think not. Why? can't you stay with Winnie?"

"I was going to say that if we can persuade her to dine with us it would be a great pleasure, and perhaps be a useful change for her."

"I dare say it will; try and persuade her. Poor girl! it was an evil hour for her when she fell in with me!"

"Do not say so. You may make her happy, be happy yourself yet. Do not lose heart, Reginald."

He made a slight despairing gesture, and after a moment's silence said, "Be sure you bring those letters with you, Laura. I only want to read them," he added hastily.

"You may take them with you to read," said Laura, coloring with pity for the self-abasement that suggested the assurance. "You cannot think I would guard against *you* as against an enemy?"

"You had better," he said hastily. "I cannot answer for myself."

Further speech was prevented by the announcement in loud tones by one of the waiters—

"Mrs. Crewe!" Whereupon that lady entered smiling and serene in the consciousness of being well dressed, in her best dress, bonnet, and mantle.

Reginald summoned sufficient self-control to greet her cheerfully, and she greatly enjoyed the ensuing hour of condolence, sympathy, and cross-examination. Finally she was made quite happy by Winnie's ready acceptance of her invitation to dinner, and carried her off to spend a tranquil afternoon which soothed and strengthened the sorrowing young mother.

The following morning Laura sallied forth, feeling as we may suppose men feel who volunteer for a "forlorn hope" or any other desperate undertaking; yet she nerved herself to

pay a visit to her first patron, from whom a fresh commission awaited her on her return from Paris, on her way to Charing Cross.

Reginald was loitering at the bookstall when she entered the crowded station. When he turned at her greeting he looked curiously at her for a moment; then led the way into the hotel and asked for a private room, to which they were shown.

"Bring me pen and ink, and some brandy and soda," he said to the waiter. "Will you not take something to eat, Laura?" he continued.

"I am too anxious and distressed to eat."

"You are wonderfully changed," said Reginald, leaning on the back of a chair, and looking at her with calm scrutiny. "It struck me with new force when I met you just now; there is a quiet power and composed manner about you quite different from your old shy coldness. Ah! there is no use in looking back. Have you brought the letters and other documents? Let us get to the bottom of this infernal business as soon as we can."

"They are all here," returned Laura, drawing out the packet. "First, here is Holden's letter, and the few lines which accompanied it and announced his death. The note mentioned as enclosed I gave up when I got the packet described; the rest are the papers it contained."

As Reginald perused the lines traced by Holden's dying hand, Laura observed how his grasp on the paper tightened, and his pale cheek flushed and then grew white. She felt herself trembling with the terrible internal tremor of irresistible emotion.

It was a horrible experience to sit there, and watch the man she had once passionately loved thus reading his own condemnation.

Holden's letter finished, Reginald laid it down silently, and, shading his eyes for a moment with his hand, took up the next paper presented to him, the short explanation appended to the documents deposited at Winter's; and so read on through the whole, a paleness spreading over his face, but retaining a degree of hard composure.

"The evidence is very complete," he said, somewhat huskily. "How did you get possession of these papers?"

"I went alone to this Mr. Winter, and he gave them to me on payment of a fee."

"Then he made no difficulty about giving them up?"

"Not the least."

"Which proves that Holden kept counsel; otherwise a kindred spirit and chum of such a fellow would have been making terms with me before Holden was half-way to Australia. I begin to hope the secret is between us alone: that is the best in a bad business."

"And with me you are safe," said Laura, in a low tone.

"I believe it," returned Reginald, and walked once to and fro in silence. "Laura," he then broke out, hurriedly, in a changed voice, "I do not want to whine and cry '*Peccavi*!' I know how I must seem in your eyes! I can never right myself with *you*; but I want to say, I *must* say, how impossible it is for *you*, a calm-natured, untried woman, to know the bitterness of having *such* fortune within my grasp and see it wrenched away! That beggar Holden always hated me, I don't know why; I scarcely felt his existence; but if I hadn't been such an infernal idiot as to leave the Pierslynn pedigree with West to show him the day my wonderful luck first dawned on me, he would never have dreamed of any connection between me and the Geoffrey Piers whose history was known to his aunt. When the facts stared me in the face, I felt I could *not* give up Pierslynn. Look here, Laura! No one knew it, but ever since my boyhood I had dreamed of inheriting the family estate. I had silently watched for Hugh Piers' marriage, and every year that saw him still unwedded,

added a pebble to the cairn of my hopes ; and, although I was man enough to keep quiet and seem reasonable, I was in the wildest fever of mad joy when I read of the poor fellow having broken his neck. I had had the character of being a light-hearted, easy-going fellow. I am *not* ! I am proud and luxurious and passionate, and I hated my life. When I found that Captain Edward Piers, *your* father, was legitimate, I resolved to secure myself by marrying you, as I told Holden I would. I did not want to rob you quite : I liked you well enough, better in fact than any girl I knew, for I had never been what is called in love—I mean real wild sort of love ; and, although I should have preferred social rank, I was not at all averse to a home with you ; and you loved me, Laura ; you scarcely knew it, but you always loved me ! Why were you so obstinate in delaying our marriage ? All, all might have been well. Once your husband I should have got over my frantic passion for Winnie ; you would have been wise and good. Remember," he went on with cynical frankness, "I do not say I should have been a model of fidelity, but you would have been my prime counsellor and best friend. *Why* did you not marry me, Laura ?"

"Because I supposed that you were to be saved from the crime of breaking my heart and Winnie's," said Laura, severely. "I do not think you are aware what depths of selfishness you are displaying !"

"Am I ?" he returned indifferently. "Well, I shall say no more about myself. But, by Heaven, I did not intend to rob you ! I meant you to be Mrs. Piers, of Pierslynn, surrounded by all that could make life pleasant, and a moment of infernal madness—my cursed ill-luck—betrayed me ! However, it is useless to try back ; let us see what conclusion we can come to."

He sat down at the table, and drawing out the paper Laura had given him before leaving Paris, unfolded it, and seemed to read the lines for a minute or two in silence.

"Your plan is ingenious," he said at last, "and generous. You propose to place all these papers in my hands, and to let me account for their possession as best I can, leaving it to me to announce the discovery of your rights, and to pass before the world as a just and honorable man." He smiled bitterly. "I would certainly come clean out of the affair. I ought to jump at it ; but, Laura, you are not an ambitious woman ! You are not avaricious. Could we not hush up the business in some other way ? You love my wife, and would not like to push her from her place. Can you not leave me—us—Pierslynn for my life ? I would agree to give you a handsome income, and should you ever marry and have children I would secure the succession to the estate to them. I am encouraged to propose this by my knowledge of the extreme simplicity of your tastes, the noble disinterestedness of your nature. Wealth and station *cannot* have the value for *you* they have for *me* ! Laura ! for the sake of 'Auld Lang Syne,' for our old friendship's sake, do not be too hard upon me !"

Reginald stretched out his hand suddenly and grasped hers hard as he ceased to speak, gazing at her eagerly. She felt a strange mixture of compassion and contempt. That he should degrade himself by such a speech seemed incredible ; was all the wealth of England worth such abasement ?

"I am not hard on you, Reginald," she said sadly, as she withdrew her hand. "I wish to spare you, but I *will* have my rights ! You have not thought of what you suggest ! Suppose God gives you other children ? How cruel it would be to bring them up in expectation of an inheritance that could never be theirs ; and how could I account for receiving an income from you, on whom I have no claim ? Do you not think such an arrangement would point suspicion on your honor and on mine ?"

Reginald sprang from his seat and walked to and fro restlessly. "But, Laura," he exclaimed, resuming his chair

again, "if these cursed lawyers get their fingers into the caldron, they will stir up all kinds of mischief ! They will tell you you can claim all the money I have spent since I held the estate ; they will want to know what I have done with it ; and, Laura, I must *not* have that question raised !"

"Can you not trust me, Reginald ? Do you think I would really injure you ? Do you think I would ask for any of the money I fear you have squandered ? Be a man, Reginald ! put the past away from you, lay hold of the future—you have that in you to win a place yet, as good as what you—lose now ; but I am resolved to prove my father's legitimacy, my own claims, and—you are in my hands."

She spoke low, but with indescribable force and distinctness, with a flash of spirit, of unconscious command that startled her cousin as a revelation. He rested his elbows on the table, and covered his face with his hands. When he looked up there was a sullen, beaten look in his face that made Laura's heart ache.

"As you will," he said in a low tone, and paused again. "Now to settle how we shall carry out this tragi-comedy. I shall take these letters (if you will trust them with me), and say I found them among old papers belonging to John Piers, the late man's father. It so happens there are several letters from Geoffrey Piers, your grandfather, respecting his son. One tells of his removal from Llangowen to a school near London ; another describes his having had a severe attack of fever ; and the third, in 1831—when he must have been ten or eleven—entreats the friendly protection of the head of the family for his poor solitary boy who would soon be an orphan, as he (the writer) feels his end approaching. By putting all together in the same old yellow envelope, no one will suspect that all were not originally wrapped up together."

"That will do admirably !" exclaimed Laura. "What will your next step be ?"

"I suppose the correct thing will be to go in a state of agitation to my solicitors ; they will probably communicate with you and propose a compromise ; but I think it will be well to inform you myself, in a burst of cousinly confidence ; this is for further consideration."

He paused ; and Laura, not knowing very well what to say, employed herself in folding up her grandmother's letters and the memoir of Deborah Pryce, carefully returning Holden's to her pocket. Reginald laughed bitterly as he received the former, and said, "You have still evidence enough there to send me to penal servitude. Look here, Laura ! can you wait a month for the assertion of your rights ? because I want to get Christmas over. My mother wishes us to stay with her ; and—and—(my poor mother !) to come back to the narrow life she thought she had escaped forever !"

Again he covered his face.

"Reginald," cried Laura, "she shall suffer no pecuniary loss, I promise that ; as to the rest, take your own time. One point more : for God's sake let no cloud come between you and your wife ! she loves you so much. Cast away every thought that can draw you from her. Is she not tender and good, bright, companionable ?"

"She *is* ! She is lovely and lovable, pure, true ; but, God, Laura ! you do not know the magic there is about a clever, unscrupulous, subtle woman, who fears nothing, and knows everything, and is always ready to put that knowledge to the best account to amuse, to pique, or soothe the man who interests her, either as a tyrant or victim. With the help of such a witch as this, not even *you*, Laura, would have wrenched Pierslynn from me. No *good* woman ever fascinates as such a syren does, at least a man of my nature !"

"Ah ! is there then no place in your heart for Winnie—dearest, sweetest Winnie, whom you sought so eagerly and—"

Laura burst into tears.

Reginald looked at her surprised. "This is a curious situ-

tion," he said, coldly. "My old love entreating me to love the woman who supplanted her."

Laura, who was overstrained and exhausted, still sobbed.

"Don't!" exclaimed Reginald at last; "I cannot stand tears, and I *do* love Winnie! I was always happy with her when we were alone together. I love her a deuced deal more than half the married men in England love their wives! Now, we have not much more to say; only, before we part, tell me to whom *you* are engaged."

"Engaged!" repeated Laura, astonished; "what induces you to think I am engaged?"

"Your regard for your rights! If you had not some other interest beyond your own to care for, you would not have held out so stoutly."

"You are mistaken," returned Laura, startled into composure, while her cheek glowed and the tears still hung on her eyelashes. "Under *any* circumstances I should have stood upon my rights—as a mere act of justice. I could not be a party to a fraud."

Reginald looked intently at her as she spoke, and in his turn flushed, but grew pale quickly. In spite of Laura's effort to be steady, her eyes sank under his.

"You have not really answered my question. Laura, tell me who it is you are going to marry. I am convinced you are engaged. There are, to my mind, a thousand indefinable indications in your countenance, your bearing; *who* is the man, Laura?"

"If I am engaged, Reginald, it cannot concern you."

"It does!" he exclaimed fiercely. "The secret of my life will soon be at the mercy of a stranger, a natural enemy."

"It will not, I solemnly promise, Reginald; not even to a husband, if I ever have one, will I betray you."

Reginald paced the room rapidly, an expression of despair and rage in his face.

"I know what such promises are worth," he growled between his teeth; then, suddenly stopping opposite to her, he exclaimed in a high-strained voice:

"By heaven, Laura! you are going to marry that sailor fellow, Crewe!"

"Why do you think so?" she asked.

"I cannot tell, but I know it. God! to be at *his* mercy. Probably he already knows his *fiancée* is a wealthy heiress!"

"Yes," said Laura, gathering courage. "I *have* promised Denzil Crewe to be his wife; but he has chosen me as I was—plain, insignificant, *poor*. He has not the faintest idea of what I know; and, believe me, he *never* shall. Your reputation is as dear to me as though you were my brother. You cannot know *how* I shrink from exposing you! Trust me, Reginald; you *must* trust me!"

"I have no choice," he said, gloomily. "But of what value is life to me now? Would it not be wiser to end this wretched tangle? Laura, you have been my ruin! Had you married me at once, all would have gone well," and he again paced the room like a wild animal. "What is life to me?"

"Much," said Laura, somewhat alarmed, but venturing to catch his arm. "The future may be yours, if you will. Your life belongs to Winnie. Banish the past from your mind; act in the living present. If you manage well, not a suspicion will attach to you. Reginald, you will atone to me for *everything*, if you will take up the broken thread of your career, and make a place for yourself, as you can if you choose."

Reginald flung away from her, and threw himself into a chair. A few minutes' silence ensued.

Then rising, he said in an altered voice, "Come, there is no more to be done. You give me till the new year to make my arrangements. Winifrid remains with my mother; I shall come to and fro, and will find an opportunity to get

those letters from you at the last moment. It is as well you keep them now."

He rang vehemently for the waiter, and continued:

"You had better leave without me; and, Laura, I am not ungrateful. You have been generous; we can never be enemies, but I would never willingly meet you again. Give me your hand, and—remember, I was sorely tempted."

"Good-bye, Reginald. Do not despair—and—keep your heart warm with love for your best friend—your wife."

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE weeks which ensued would have been very pleasant to Laura, but for the *dénouement* hanging over her.

She saw Winnie frequently, and Reginald scarcely at all. But she was gratified by observing that the former seemed more tranquil and content; she looked better and fresher, and appeared to be on more friendly and confidential terms with her mother-in-law than formerly.

Winnie, always kindly, real, true, was always a frequent visitor in Leamington Road, and was ere long entirely restored to the Admiral's favor, while she became a 1 in Mrs. Crewe's estimation. Reginald revolved between Pierslynn and London, and no hint of the Polish Princess disturbed the smooth surface of their lives.

Meanwhile letters from Denzil cheered the hearts of his mother and his *fiancée*. It was Laura's first love-letter, and, although a rational production, its tone of deep tenderness, the details of his daily life poured out with the confidence fond affection alone can create, made her heart swell with pride and joy.

He was but a few days arrived when he wrote; but he had already time to gather that although he found matters in a bad state, they were less complicated than he expected. He therefore hoped to finish his work in about six months, as his longing to return to the home he knew awaited him grew more intense the further he went from it.

This letter made Laura burn to tell him all the events of the past six weeks, but she resolutely resisted the wish. She would never betray Reginald to a man who had always, in her opinion, undervalued him; the name and fame of her old love were precious deposits that should never be breathed upon if she could help it. As Winnie's husband too, he was if possible to be preserved, and lifted over the chasm which had suddenly opened under his feet.

One cold rainy afternoon in the first week of the new year Laura, on returning from her morning's walk, was greeted by Mrs. Crewe with the news that "Mr. Piers was closeted with the Admiral; and mark my words, Laura, something extraordinary has happened! That poor young man had quite a scared look."

"Indeed!" said Laura, affecting to be occupied with her wet umbrella, to avoid scrutiny. "I will 'take off my hat, dear Mrs. Crewe, and join you immediately."

Was *the* moment come? and if so, how would it all turn out? A strange sense of suffocation oppressed her—her heart beat—she did not know how to endure herself; she dreaded to go down stairs, yet she could not stay in the silence of her own chamber. She left it, and was overtaken at the foot of the stairs by the Admiral and Reginald, both looking grave and disturbed.

The latter shook hands with her silently, and turning to the Admiral said, "I leave it to you, my dear sir, to communicate this extraordinary discovery to Laura, and I leave myself in your and her hands without fear."

"You can, with every confidence; and may the good God guide us for the best!" returned the Admiral solemnly.

"The matter will soon be public, there is no need for

secrecy," rejoined Reginald; and, shaking hands with the Admiral, he hastily left the house.

The Admiral looked after him for a moment; then, taking Laura's hand, said impressively, "I have a strange tale to tell you, my dear; come into the dining-room. Our good friend Mrs. Crewe has a right to hear it also."

It had come then at last!

Laura, trembling in every limb, followed her guardian, and Mrs. Crewe, who had caught the words "strange tale," was metaphorically standing on the tiptoe of expectation.

"Do sit down, my dear sir, and tell us all about it. You know if any one is safe, I am."

The Admiral did not heed her; he stood by the fire holding Laura's hand in both his own.

"My dear child, it has pleased God to send you a great, a totally unforeseen change of fortunes. Your cousin Reginald has just now told me that in looking carefully through his predecessor's papers, a task he had too long postponed, he came upon a packet labeled 'Geoffrey Piers' letters,' within which was a second parcel carefully sealed. On examination it proved to contain a certificate of your grandfather's marriage, some letters describing that event, written by your grandmother, and some other letters and papers, which prove, Reginald says, beyond a doubt, that you are the real heir of the Pierslynn estate, as you descend from the elder brother of Reginald's grandfather. This, of course, if all turns out as he anticipates, will bring a terrible reverse upon your relatives; but Reginald, with the decision of an honest man and a true gentleman, lost no time in laying the documents before his solicitors, who yesterday examined the register of the church (somewhere in the city) where the marriage is stated to have taken place, and there they found an entry corresponding to the certificate. Your father is thus proved legitimate. It requires but a few formalities, therefore, to establish your claim."

He stopped, and Laura, trembling almost visibly, could hardly utter the words, "This seems incredible. I feel terrified at so extraordinary a reverse."

But Mrs. Crewe could not restrain her excitement.

"Laura the owner of Pierslynn! Laura the real head of the family! the ways of Providence are past finding out. Why, my dear Admiral, no romance in Mudie's library can equal this. And will the house and grounds, the carriages and the horses—the pictures and the family jewels, all belong to Laura? I do not seem able to believe it;" and Mrs. Crewe rose from her seat and went to put all the antimacassars straight as a sort of outlet to her emotion.

"I can hardly believe it myself," said the Admiral, still holding Laura's hand and looking with some anxiety into her pale agitated face. "I am by no means sure how we ought to feel in these strange circumstances. It is a sore trial to Laura, it is a terrible blow to Reginald Piers. Let us keep our minds calm and anticipate as little as possible. Messrs. Greenwood and Mr. Piers' solicitors have sent down an agent to the village in Wales where your father was born to ascertain if his birth is registered there, and how. Meantime, the deepest source of regret and anxiety to Mr. Piers is that he has spent so much of *your* money, as he calls it. Not only three years' income, but a large amount of his predecessor's savings. This is but natural."

"I am sure, if this strange story proves true, he need not distress himself about what he has spent. I will never trouble him," cried Laura.

"So I ventured to assure him," said the Admiral gravely, as he drew forward a chair for her. "Such unconscious appropriation carries with it neither guilt nor blame."

"I suppose not," said Mrs. Crewe, returning to the fireplace and gazing with a profound air at the comfortable blaze; "but, though I say it myself, I can see a little more below

the surface than many, and it seems to me very extraordinary: first Mr. Piers' tremendous haste to marry our dear Laura here, then the breaking of the engagement, then this discovery. You see if he *had* married you, Laura, he would have still been master of Pierslynn, whatever happened."

"Oh, Mrs. Crewe!" interrupted Laura in a tone of genuine horror, for the suggestion terrified her.

"My dear Mrs. Crewe," said the Admiral with some severity, "you should not permit yourself even to think so uncharitably, and I must add unjustly. It was entirely in this man's power to suppress and destroy the evidence which robs him of his fortune. When he discovered these documents he was alone with his own conscience, visible only to the All Seeing, of whose presence I fear he is but little mindful. Had he burned these papers he would never have been found out, as no suspicion seems to have existed that Geoffrey Piers ever married the girl who was Laura's grandmother; in short, and even to a man of principle, there was a certain degree of temptation in such a moment. Reginald has surmounted it. I trust for all our sakes, Mrs. Crewe, you will abstain from such thoughts and expressions."

"You must know, my dear sir, that your wish is law to me," returned that lady unabashed. "I do not intend to express myself to the same effect again; but not being as good and holy as you are, or as high-minded as our dear Laura, though I should scorn a mean action, I am perhaps a better judge of worldly matters than either of you. However, be my opinions what they may, I shall keep them to myself."

"To your opinions, dear Mrs. Crewe, you have every right, only pray be careful in forming them;" then turning to Laura, the Admiral continued: "Your cousin recommends that you should put yourself in the hands of Messrs. Thurston and Trent, as it is right they should prosecute inquiries and see that everything is properly and legally carried out. I therefore propose to accompany you to their office to-morrow morning. Till then let us try and divert our thoughts somewhat, for I cannot yet quite believe that Reginald's rights can be upset. If any doubt remains he says he will defend them."

"He ought," said Laura, thoughtfully. "Are there not sometimes amicable suits where both parties are simply anxious to ascertain the truth?"

"I suppose there must be," returned the Admiral.

"I will go away to my own room," said Laura. "I feel as if I must be alone; I am overpowered by the sudden strangeness of my position!"

"God bless and guide you, my dear Laura!" said the Admiral, laying his hand on her head as she passed him.

"Would you take a glass of wine, and then lie down and try to sleep?" asked Mrs. Crewe anxiously, as if she had met with an accident.

"I want nothing but a little quiet thought," returned Laura; and then with a sudden impulse she threw her arms round the kind woman's neck and kissed her affectionately as she left the room.

The rest of the day was curiously constrained and oppressive. The Admiral having advised avoidance of the subject uppermost in their thoughts, conversation proceeded intermittently, and the hours seemed to Laura preternaturally long. She was in some ways relieved to think that the first much-dreaded steps had been taken toward righting the foul wrong to which she had been subjected, yet she was terrified at being launched upon the rapids of such a startling course. Moreover, the sense of playing a part weakened her courage. She was especially desirous that all things should seem so clear and natural that Denzil's suspicions might not be roused.

"My dear," said Mrs. Crewe, as they went upstairs at

night, "I feel as if I should burst. Do let me come in and talk to you."

"Yes, certainly, come in," returned Laura, opening the door and lighting the candles on the dressing-table.

"To think of it all is too astonishing," continued Mrs. Crewe, sitting down on a smart ottoman which was really a bonnet-box.

Laura took a low cane chair and resigned herself to listen while Mrs. Crewe proceeded to remove her lace cravat and fold it up with mechanical, unconscious care as she spoke.

"To think of you, who were in a manner of speaking pooh-pooed, and snubbed, and made little of, being head over them all! That poor conceited set-up Mrs. Piers, the dowager as she liked to be called, as if she were a duchess! I really *am* sorry for her! Won't she be ready to cut her tongue out for having refused to receive *you* for a daughter-in-law. She is incapable of seeing your worth as *I* did, and was glad to welcome you without a farthing! Well; it's not every heiress that knows she was chosen for herself alone, as you know my dear blessed boy chose you; and when I say, Laura Piers, you deserve him," added the mother, with a little sob, "I give you the highest praise you will ever get, be the other what it may."

"I think you do," said Laura, drawing nearer and taking Mrs. Crewe's hand, which she stroked gently.

"Never forget that he chose you out of pure disinterested love," continued Mrs. Crewe emphatically, "and he does love you, my dear, with all his heart! I saw that before you did. I wish he were here to advise and support you in the present extraordinary crisis. What do you think, my love, shall he have to take your name?"

"I know as little as yourself, Mrs. Crewe. I should much prefer to take his."

"And you are right, Laura," she returned with grave emphasis as she unpinned her cap and set it on her knee, where it produced an uncanny effect as if she were holding a supplementary head.

"The Crewes are a good old family, though not in the peerage, and a truer gentleman than my dear boy never came of any stock, though adverse circumstances compelled him to enter the mercantile marine. Well, well, good luck comes to him at last! He gets a dear good wife and a fortune into the bargain, for I feel sure, my love, nothing will make you break your promise once given!"

"I hope not," said Laura, with a faint smile, for she saw the drift of her kind friend's conversation. "Nothing save Denzil's own wish would induce me to break with him."

"And there is small danger of that!" cried Mrs. Crewe, kissing her with warmth. "But, my dear! What will Mrs. Reginald Piers say? It will be an awful trial to her. I hope and trust she will keep friends with *you*, and not run away with the idea that you ought not to assert your rights, and all that sort of thing!"

"I do not fear it," replied Laura thoughtfully. "She has too much sense;" but even while she spoke a dim fear arose in her heart and chilled it.

"I am not so sure," said Mrs. Crewe. "We are seldom just or reasonable about those we love as she loves her husband. Depend upon it she will be awfully cut up at the idea of his loss and mortification, for, though he carried it off with frank carelessness, he was tremendously proud of Pierslynn and his position. I changed *my* opinion of Reginald Piers a good deal lately, and in spite of what the Admiral says I think the whole affair very strange—very strange indeed."

"It does not seem so to me," said Laura, "at least in the sense you mean. But it is impossible that Winifrid and I should fail to understand each other; and, after all, our speculations may be quite fruitless. Some fresh discovery,

some new combination of circumstances, may occur to sweep away my pretensions; let us not dwell upon them."

"That is not at all likely. I consider your claim indisputable. I wonder if Mr. Piers has got through much of the savings! I believe there was a considerable sum in hand. Do you think, dear, you will have a town as well as a country house?"

"Oh, Mrs. Crewe!" said Laura, laughing in spite of the anxiety and trepidation which oppressed her. "Such a question never occurred to me. Indeed, I feel too much for Reginald and Winnie to think how the change will affect myself."

"Very pretty and praiseworthy indeed, my dear. But—listen; there's Topsy crying to be let in. It is a wet night. What an intelligent creature she is, to be sure! I'm coming, my precious puss, I'm coming. Good-night, dearest Laura. I have kept you too long out of your bed."

The interview with Messrs. Thurston and Trent (for both partners shared the important consultation) was a severe trial to Laura.

The surprise of both gentlemen was very great; indeed, it was several minutes before even Mr. Trent's keen faculties could assimilate the facts reported. "These succession cases are often very extraordinary, and few can surpass the present one *if* matters turn out as you seem to think they will," he said.

"Very remarkable—very, indeed," observed Mr. Thurston, playing with his eye-glass; "awkward discovery for a man to make; yet after all perhaps less mortifying than to have it made by another. At any rate it puts Mr. Piers' reputation beyond a shadow of doubt."

"Yes," returned Mr. Trent, tapping the table thoughtfully with a paper-knife. "He acted as any honorable man would. Of course I am glad enough of your good fortune," to Laura. "But, at the same time, I feel sincerely for Reginald Piers. It is a tremendous blow."

"You must direct me how best to soften it to him," said Laura in a low voice, feeling strangely guilty, and perceiving clearly enough that with the usual masculine *esprit de corps* the partners thought it a deplorable freak of fortune that a fine estate should pass from the hands of a capable man to those of a woman, and a plain, quiet, unremarkable woman to boot.

"Of course we shall be happy to manage the case for Miss Piers. Admiral, the sooner so important a matter is settled the better. I will call on — this afternoon, and ask to see the papers. There is no use in making any plans or suggestions till we ascertain how you really stand, Miss Piers. It is really a curious affair, very curious. I shall let you know the result of our conference to-morrow morning."

"This will be a startling piece of news for my wife," said Mr. Trent, as he escorted the Admiral and Laura down stairs. "She is in Dresden with our youngest boy and girl, as you know, for the winter. She was asking about you in her last letter. They do not return till April."

"My best regards to her," said Laura. "I shall be glad to see her again."

After a few more words, Laura and her guardian bade Mr. Trent good-morning and walked away homeward.

"Well, I confess I am confoundedly sorry at this discovery," said Trent to Thurston. "Just as Piers was preparing to stand for — and settle down into an active country gentleman."

"He has not been very steady to the country as yet," replied the other drily. "He was always running abroad and hither and thither."

"What an unlucky slip it was for him to have let his

engagement with this girl fall through! Of course we thought him a fool then, and I must say as far as beauty goes he has changed for the better."

"Yes," said Mr. Thurston, "perhaps; but I find Miss Piers a very interesting young woman."

"She will be extremely interesting to many now," replied Mr. Trent. "I doubt if this fortune will be a real gain to her; some sharper will marry her for her money."

"We must hope for better things," rejoined his partner, as Mr. Trent closed his blotting-book and prepared to go out.

CHAPTER L.

It was still early when Laura reached home.

She felt utterly uncomfortable and at sea. She could not settle to any of her usual occupations. Her whole life was upset. The lines of her existence would need to be laid down afresh on a broader gauge. One question she revolved anxiously in her own mind: should she write at once to Denzil, or wait to impart the great news until he returned home?

Her great longing to see him, to have the comfort and support of his presence and counsel, inclined her to write without delay, and on this she finally decided.

But looking into her heart, she found, that first disturbed uneasy day, that the source of her discomfort was the fear of finding Winnie changed toward her, and misunderstanding her. She hesitated to go and see her, for she shrank from meeting old Mrs. Piers, as she did not know if her son had yet announced his unfortunate discovery.

The promised report from Mr. Trent did not reach his new client till the evening but one after her visit to him, and then he merely said that the proofs of her claim seemed most satisfactory, but that he was sending down an agent to examine the baptismal registry in the church of Llangowen. On the return of this employee, Mr. Trent would like to see her again.

The day following the receipt of this note, Laura was writing a long letter to Denzil in her own room, intending to finish it after her next interview with Mr. Trent, if matters then seemed conclusive.

A tap on the door disturbed her. In reply to her invitation "Come in," the door opened to admit Winifrid.

She looked pale, and her large eyes had a distressed alarmed expression.

"Dearest Winnie! how rejoiced I am to see you!" cried Laura, holding out her arms to embrace her. "I have wanted so much to come to you."

"Ah, Laura!" said Winifrid, her lips quivering, "what is all this that Reginald has been telling me?"

"What has he told you?" was Laura's counter-question as she drew her cousin to a chair and placed herself beside her.

"Oh, I can hardly believe it!" cried Winifrid. "That Pierslynn is yours; and all—all that we possess. That Reginald has been unconsciously keeping you out of your own; and now he must give up all to you. Laura, dear Laura, it is not that I would rob you or wrong you; but, oh! I feel it is hard, desperately hard, on Reginald. I am sure, if you had only yourself to think of, you might —. But I do not know what I am saying; you see Reggie has nothing in the world he can call his own, yet he has been so luxurious in his ways, and I am of so little use to him. Oh, Laura! what can I do to help him?"

"Dearest Winnie, do not cry to make yourself miserable. Do you think I could be happy, and know that you and Reginald wanted for anything? Let us take counsel together, dear, and settle what will be best for you. I cannot help

asserting my own rights. It is inevitable. Reginald could not consent to retain Pierslynn at my pleasure. He can, he will, make a place for himself. He will yet be in a better position than he has yet filled, and he will be more your own."

"He has been all that I can wish in his hour of trial," sobbed Winnie. "So noble, so just to you; and all I ask, is to be of use and comfort to him; but he is awfully cast down. Neither of us know how to break the terrible news to his poor mother. It will kill her."

"Believe me she shall not suffer," said Laura. "I have determined she shall lose nothing by her son's change of fortunes; my first care shall be to secure independence to her and to you."

"I am sure you will be kind and generous; but, Laura, it is very bitter to 'give up,' even to you!" and Winnie shed some irresistible tears. "For myself I do not care. Indeed, indeed, I do not; wealth and grandeur brought me nothing but trouble. But to see *him* so pale and still and downcast, is terrible. Yet I have had some moments of exquisite delight. Last night, when he told me all, he laid his head upon my shoulder and said, 'But I have *you* left, and you will always be the same, tender and true.' So you see he must love me best of all! Then, Laura, I may assure him that you will not forsake him—that you will not rob him of everything?"

"No, my own dear cousin; I will be just, and it is only justice in me to take care of your future," returned Laura, observing with a certain kindly cynicism how completely the idea of Reginald, his losses, his trouble and suffering, swallowed up every other idea; even she herself was utterly overlooked; only, thank God, there was no bitterness or resentment in Winnie's simple heart against *her*.

"I am sure—I was always sure—you are kind and just," returned Winnie with a little quivering sob.

"Winnie, dear," said Laura, anxious to change her thoughts, "try and find out what Reginald would like to do, and where he would like to live, and so soon as matters are settled and I have some command of money, we must look out a nice home for you. I cannot be happy till I know you are comfortable."

"You *are* good and kind, Laura! Oh, do help me to keep Reginald in London! He said something last night of hiding ourselves on the Continent, but I do not want that! I know what it means—annihilation for an Englishman, and worse for *us*. Oh, Laura! how old Mrs. Piers will rage, to think that she prevented Reginald's marriage with you!"

"I am sure no one else regrets it now," returned Laura with a smile.

"I feel more comforted," said Winnie presently; "I wish dear Reginald did not look so despondent. Shall I ask him to come and talk to you, Laura? I am sure you would do him good."

"No, dear Winnie; situated as we both are, I think you had better leave him to himself. However, assure him from me that I am his true friend."

After a short silence Laura, to divert her listener's mind, confided to her that she was engaged to Denzil Crewe, a piece of news which roused Winifrid's interest. She was greatly astonished, for her imagination always depicted Denzil as mourning the loss of herself. She was kindly and sympathetic, however, and full of all good wishes. But the dominant thought was of the strange freak by which Pierslynn and Laura would pass into Denzil's hands.

"And Mrs. Crewe! What a state of excitement she must be in! Oh! I cannot meet her to-day, Laura! I am not strong enough."

"You need not, dear; she is out."

"And I will go before she returns."

"Let me know when you have broken the news to Mrs. Piers," were Laura's last words as Winnie kissed her warmly and went quickly away.

The ensuing weeks were crowded with business visits and consultations at Messrs. Thurston and Trent's office, perusals of leases and examinations of accounts, discussions of plans and preparing of deeds. All the forms and technicalities of law seemed to spread their tentacles round Laura and her guardian. Yet no obstacle presented itself to her quietly taking possession of her property.

Meantime Parliament met, and the world of Mayfair had a few days' pleasant excitement over the Pierslynn romance. The society papers gave it a paragraph or two, and then a fresher topic drove it from the field.

Laura's provision for her disinherited kinsman satisfied the lawyers on both sides; and Reginald, as he gradually realized how wonderfully he had been saved from the effects of his own dishonesty, began to pluck up courage and cheerfulness.

Laura and Winnie found ample and interesting occupation in seeking a house, as Reginald consented to reside in London, though he was somewhat slow in forming, or avowedly forming, his plans. So time went quickly on.

The greatest sufferer was Mrs. Piers. Her pride was deeply wounded, for she had always cherished a species of dislike to Laura, born of pique and resentment, at the indescribable superiority which she most unconsciously maintained, in spite of Reginald's desertion and her own position as a poor relation.

To have this offshoot of the family put over her son's head—in his place—filling the eye of the country which had hitherto been fixed on him, was too much. Not even the generous readiness with which Laura secured to her for life the same income her son had settled on her could atone to her for the infamous usurpation as she considered such an unfortunate exception to the ordinary rule of succession in the male line. Her mental sufferings culminated in a bad bilious attack, which afforded anything but agreeable occupation to Winnie, who was her kind nurse.

From the time Laura had written a full account of the events here recorded to Denzil Crewe, she was intensely anxious for his return. Her own plans must all remain in abeyance until she could consult with him.

The Admiral, perceiving this, sought an interview with the head of the house to which Denzil had been lately admitted a partner, and ascertained that there was no pressing need to prolong his stay. Moreover, when informed of the fortune awaiting his junior, the "worthy principal" rapidly advanced from civility to cordiality—declared he would write by the post which left next day and exhort Mr. Crewe to return as soon as possible, and hoped that he would not desert the firm.

Meantime Laura looked eagerly for a reply to her letter written early in January. The great trial of distance is the length of time which must elapse before an answer can be received, while the chances and changes of this mortal life go on ever accumulating, till the answer, when received, is almost too old to be applicable. How often Laura calculated that March would be in its first decade before her long report could be in Denzil's hands, and before his reply could possibly reach her the last of the spring months would be half-way through. Surely his next letter would announce his coming!

Laura would not hear of taking personal possession of her house and lands. "Let time accustom people to the change of owners," she said, "and then I will slide into my place."

So she lived on in the same simple fashion as before her accession of fortune, and time rolled swiftly on.

The China mail was a couple of days overdue, and she suppressed as much as in her power the uneasiness and dread that gnawed at her heart. Mrs. Crewe was less restless; all the future was bathed in sunshine to her, and she had gone one evening at this time with much pride and delight to the opera, for which Laura had procured two stalls, and begged Mrs. Crewe to let her stay at home, and to take Miss Brown in her place. Mrs. Crewe has started triumphantly in the congenial character of a patroness.

The Admiral had retired to his own room to proceed with a work he had lately undertaken, chiefly for Laura and Mrs. Crewe's benefit, a sort of commentary or explanation of the 11th chapter of Revelation, for which he was under the impression special light and guidance had been vouchsafed him.

Laura had taken refuge in her painting-room, and began half mechanically to work at the picture of "Sunset on the Beach," which she had never finished, but which was inseparably associated with the happy day when she had sketched it. It was a labor of love to touch and retouch it, while she lived over again in memory the few exquisitely happy hours that succeeded Denzil's avowal and their acknowledged engagement. That was indeed a pure unmixed joy, but the good of this sudden accession of fortune was doubtful.

And then she thought, would Denzil approve the measures she had taken? Would he be dissatisfied with her for thus acting on her own judgment without reference to him?

Yes, they were of one mind, one faith! She laid aside her palette as she thought thus, and sat down by the window, through which came the perfume of the many blossoms in Mr. Brown's carefully kept flower-beds. How often she had looked out upon those little garden plots on which her windows opened, in bitterest despondency and self-distrust! even now she rejoiced with trembling; for how could she tell what the future had yet behind its mysterious curtain! So she wandered into dreamland, forgetful of the present, and deaf to a confused murmur and stir which by and by arose from below.

A sudden sharp knock recalled her to herself. Almost before she could say "Come in," the door flew open and Denzil stood on the threshold—Denzil, browner and thinner than he was when they parted. An instant's breathless pause of astonished delight, and then she sprang forward and was locked in his warm loving embrace, silent from excess of feeling. While she clung to him, all reserve or coyness was swept away by the startling rapture of this sudden meeting—feeling that every doubt and difficulty was at an end now that *he* was present with her!

"At last my love—my life!" said Denzil huskily, as she gently withdrew from his long, passionate kiss. "And I am dear and welcome to you?"

"Oh, how welcome!" cried Laura, struggling with the tears that would force themselves from her full heart. "It has been weary waiting! When, how did you come?"

"When I had your letter of January," said Denzil, still holding her to him, "I had already nearly finished my work, for I had pushed on as energetically as possible. I was devoured with eagerness to reach the home I knew was waiting for me, and there was not much left to settle; so as the same mail brought me a very friendly communication from my partners desiring me to return as soon as possible, as they understood my private affairs required my presence, I determined to answer your letter in person. There were a few days to spare before the next mail went. I managed to start by that, reached Falmouth last night, and here I am."

Then came a confused exchange of question and answer, and Laura eagerly poured out something of the load she had longed for him to share.

When they had somewhat calmed down, Denzil, after a short pause in their quick-flowing talk, exclaimed:

"For one circumstance I do especially thank Heaven. It is that you were pledged to me *before* this extraordinary discovery took place. I should have been barred from aspiring to the wealthy heiress; but *you* know, my darling, you were as rich a prize to me the day you put your hand in mine, as if you gave me the gold diggings of California with it. There is no use to explain this to you, yet I should not have liked to pose before the world as a fortune hunter."

"I should not have thought you one; what matter for the rest?" said Laura with a happy smile.

"Nevertheless I am glad it is so," said Denzil gravely. "I am not at all pleased you have inherited this property, Laura."

"I am not sure that I am either," she returned.

"It is awful hard lines for Reginald Piers and that charming wife of his, and I am glad that you have provided for them. But you and I would have got on very well; whereas, now I am bound to make even more money not to be overshadowed by my wife; yet I dare say, we will manage not to interfere with each other or clash in any way. It is curious, and shows how unjust the prejudices of personal likes and dislikes make a man; but in my own mind I felt a little surprise that Reginald Piers, feeling himself safe, as he must have done, from every chance of detection, should have acted the honorable part he did."

"Why should you have doubted him?" asked Laura carelessly, and passed to some other branch of the subject without waiting for a reply.

At last they remembered the Admiral, and repaired to his apartment to pay him a visit.

It was a night long to be remembered—the rapturous delight of Mrs. Crewe on finding her beloved boy ready to receive her on her return from the opera, the joyous supper, the pouring forth of accumulated information respecting the sayings and doings of the last eight or nine months, the boundless content in each other, while Collins, decked with broadest grins of welcome, waited on them assiduously, and Toppy, after careful inspection, jumped uninvited on Denzil's knee.

The Admiral said a special grace, full of such heartfelt gratitude and thankfulness that Mrs. Crewe was moved to tears.

Is it not well that, for a rare moment or two, life can wear so sweet and tender a smile for the toilers amid its rugged ways! that they may rest and be refreshed, to take up the burden again, to press onward and upward.

CHAPTER LI.

MR. TRENT'S comfortable house looked itself again. The drawing-room shutters were opened, the newspaper wrappings removed, the chandeliers freed from their imprisonment in holland bags, and in short "Missus had come home."

It had been, according to his own account, a purgatorial period to Mr. Trent, that winter of separation; but in point of fact the peas in his pilgrim's shoes had been boiled tolerably soft, and both he and his eldest boys found Christmas in Dresden a very pleasant variation from the ordinary festivities of that season in London. Mrs. Trent was not sorry to find herself in her luxurious home toward the end of June, ready to give and accept some dinner parties before the end of the season, and where she was something quite fresh and attractive after six or seven months' absence; and on the occasion about to be recorded she had arranged a peculiarly *recherché* little dinner for a party of twelve of her husband's more intimate acquaintances in the upper and middle strata of legal life.

Host, hostess, and guests were in excellent spirits; the service and the viands were equally good; all went smoothly. The first seriousness of eating over, the sharp edge of appetite blunted, conversation flowed freely and brightly; there were several excellent talkers present, and Mrs. Trent knew how to

throw the ball. German politics had been ventilated *à propos* of Mrs. Trent's visit, the last remarkable trials were mentioned, curious items of intelligence concerning them discussed, *bon mots* of counsel repeated and a few more perpetrated, and every one was pleased with him and herself.

"That is a curious story about the Pierslynn property," observed Mr. Watkins, a rising barrister. "There have been paragraphs in most of the morning papers about it. Was not Piers in your office, Trent?"

"Yes; he was articled to us, and was out of his time but still working for the firm, when his cousin broke his neck and he stepped into the estate."

"And now he has proved to be illegitimate, or some such thing," said Mr. Blenkinsop, the well-known parliamentary solicitor.

"Not at all," cried Mrs. B. "Some relation, a poor girl who was employed by a milliner—they say, Madame Elsie—turned out legitimate, and has a prior claim."

"You are all wrong," said Mrs. Trent laughing; "both parties happen to be relatives of mine, and as the story is to the credit of both I will tell you the facts." And in her clear pleasant manner Mrs. Trent gave what might be termed the principal points of the case. "Thus," she concluded, "the property has changed hands, with very little profit to the 'gentlemen of the long robe,' as the papers say."

"Very hard on Piers," growled Thornton, Q.C. "Could he not get up a case of any kind?"

"Impossible," returned Mr. Trent. "He had no choice between destroying the documents and holding his tongue, or giving up his estate. He wisely chose the last, for dishonesty rarely pays; and Miss Piers, who is a very accomplished, ladylike girl, has behaved exceedingly well; they had always been on friendly terms. She settles a thousand a year on him and his wife or the survivor of them, and has bought a house for them, also settled on the wife, while she gives Mrs. Piers senior the same income (five hundred a year) that her son allowed her; not promised merely, you know, but legally secured out of her own power or that of any husband to alter; and, what makes it more praiseworthy, Reginald Piers had managed, besides of course spending the income of the property, to get rid of upward of eight or nine thousand pounds which were really Miss Piers."

"He seemed to live tolerably fast," said Mr. Thornton.

"He made no great show, and Mrs. Piers did not give me the idea of extravagance," observed Mrs. Trent.

"Board of green cloth, eh?" suggested Watkins.

"It is impossible to say," returned Mr. Trent.

"What is the poor devil going to do?" asked Mr. Thornton. "He cannot live on a thousand a year after spending—What was the rent roll?"

"Five thousand."

"After spending five," concluded the Q.C.

"No. He is far too shrewd and active a fellow to lie idle. I have advised him to study for the bar; that was his ambition formerly, but he was too poor to wait for briefs. He is going to take my advice, I believe."

"I daresay he will do very well," said Mr. Blenkinsop. "A man who has reduced himself by his own straightforward honesty will start with a useful reputation; the very circumstance will put him well before the legal world."

"I remember him," observed Mr. Watkins. "He was a very smart fellow, well connected too. Is he not brother-in-law to that queer little litigious north country baronet, Sir Gilbert Jervois?"

"He is," returned Mrs. Trent; "and he is married to such a charming pretty creature—quite a love match."

"I hope the love will not fly out of the window under the present circumstances. Love is somewhat of a summer bird," said the Q.C.

"What heresy! You must not preach false doctrine here," laughed Mrs. Trent.

"But, by Jove, what a catch Miss Piers of Pierslynn will be!" cried young Richard Thurston. "She is no beauty, I believe."

"Beauty or no beauty," returned the host, "she is an uncommonly nice girl, and an artist of no mean ability; but she is not in the market, she is going to make a rather indifferent, not to say poor marriage. It seems before this curious discovery made her an heiress, she had engaged herself to the son of the lady with whom she lives. He was captain of one of Gibbs Brothers' ships, and must be a steady fellow, for they have taken him into partnership."

"What! going to marry a merchant skipper?" cried young Thurston with contemptuous surprise.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Blenkinsop with horror.

"Will she not listen to the remonstrances of her friends?" said Mrs. Watkins.

"I do not think they venture to remonstrate," replied Mrs. Trent, "as her guardian, Admiral Desbarres, makes no objection. I wish it were a better match; but I do not see how she was to break her promise to a man who proposed for her when she had nothing, and was earning her bread, not without difficulty."

"It is evident," said Mr. Thornton, "that the Piers family, to which I believe our fair hostess belongs, are of the *sans peur, sans reproche* order, whose word is their bond."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Trent smiling; "and in token of my sympathy with my cousin Laura, I have promised to assist at her wedding on the fourth of next month. Give me half a glass more claret, Mr. Thornton, and I shall quaff it to the health of all true lovers, and then we ladies will leave you to discuss profounder subjects."

Once more the curtain goes up, five years having elapsed since the last act.

Scene—a handsome artistically furnished morning-room, overlooking Regent's Park.

Mrs. Piers-Crewe, fairer, brighter, better-looking than of yore (for nothing beautifies like unselfish happiness), is discovered sitting by a writing-table, trying to teach the alphabet to a brown-eyed, brown-haired urchin of perhaps three years old, by means of picture cards thrown on the floor.

"Bring me B, Georgie."

Georgie, after a short search, proudly produces S.

"No, no, my darling; try again. This," rapidly printing it on her note paper, "is the shape of B."

Master Georgie lies down on his stomach with an air of determination, and after much turning over of the cards selects R.

"That is a little nearer," said his mother laughing; "but—"

"Mrs. Reginald Piers," said a staid footman, in quiet livery, opening the door and ushering in Winifrid—Winifrid charmingly dressed in a spring costume of fawn color, deepened here and there to brown. She was as handsome as ever; indeed handsomer, with a look of thought in her eyes, a sweet pensive expression upon her lips.

Laura came forward to meet her with the same tender cordiality which time had not altered.

"So you are teaching the poor little fellow already," said Winifrid, taking Georgie on her knee, and parting his abundant fringe the better to kiss his brow.

"It is as good a play as any other," returned the mother, "and he will come to know the letters in time."

"Perhaps so. I am not so *prévoyante* as you; I never was. How is the Admiral, Laura?"

"Very much the same, weak and averse to take nourishment, but suffers no pain; he seems wonderfully happy. I

do not fancy any one knows how much he has suffered from religious doubts and difficulties; and he told me yesterday, that, instead of bodily weakness obscuring his mind, as it was usually supposed to do, his spiritual power seemed to grow as his strength declines, and he added: 'I begin already to catch glimpses and hear echoes of what eye has not seen nor ear heard.' He spoke with such a profound conviction, such solemn joy, that for an instant I felt a strange thrill. What wondrous power there is in religious enthusiasm?"

"There is indeed," returned Winifrid.

Just then, nurse returned from her dinner, and gathered up the picture alphabet, and carried it and the infant student away with her.

"Shall you be able to move the Admiral to the country this summer?"

"I hope so. You know there is really nothing the matter with him; he is just burning out like a flame too strong for what it feeds upon."

"How terribly Mrs. Crewe will feel his loss!"

"Terribly! she is the most devoted nurse."

After a short pause Winifrid resumed: "To turn to a very different subject, do you ever look at the 'Births, marriages, and deaths?'"

"Very seldom, I am ashamed to say. Why?"

"Because," said Winnie, "the marriage of Madame Moszynski with an American was in yesterday's *Times*."

"Indeed!" cried Laura. "It is years since we have heard her name."

"Ah! I wish we had never heard it," returned the other; "she did not leave a blessing behind her. However, when I showed the announcement to Reginald he smiled rather grimly, and just said, 'Won't she make his dollars spin?'"

"Well, she has long been removed from your path," observed Laura, "and I think—I hope, dearest Winnie—that your life has been tranquil and happy since—since Reginald took so steadily and successfully to work?"

"Oh, yes, it has been calm; I should like to see more of you, dear Laura; but, I do not know how it is, there seems always some obstacle to our meeting, save in the morning. I often want Reggie to go out more of an evening; he works too hard, and —"

"Winnie, do not ask too much of human nature. It is not possible that Reginald can care much to be with us. How can he forget that I have pushed him from his place?"

"He ought only to remember your goodness, to be pleased at his own success! Do you know he has been asked to stand for Thirlstane, near Sir Gilbert's place in the north, and will probably be returned?"

"That will please him; he is naturally a politician."

"He never seemed to care for anything but pleasure in the old Pierslynn days. How is Mr. Crewe, Laura?"

"Remarkably well; always busy, yet never hurried."

"I do believe," said Winnie thoughtfully, "that you are a very happy couple."

"We are," said Laura in a low tone of utter and complete assurance, while her eyes grew moist; "and," she added with a smile, "there were *some* ingredients in our marriage that might have led to little festering jealousies. Mrs. Trent calls us 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' because we govern our separate kingdoms so independently and yet in perfect harmony. The country rustic rule is mine, the town and commercial is completely his; you see we have such thorough confidence in each other."

"There lies the secret," returned Winifrid with a sigh. "Though it is only to you I would ever breathe such a confession, there is a certain restraint about Reginald, an impalpable cloud I cannot define, that drifts between my husband and myself. He is kind, he is tolerably well-tempered,

he is even at times tender ; yet I feel that there is a memory or experience of the past that is hidden from me, and the ghost of that forbidden something chills and checks mutual confidence ; in short, my hopes, my happiest moments, are with my little girl. Ah ! thank God, *this* baby is a girl !”

“But, dearest Winnie !” cried Laura, inexpressibly touched, “you and Reginald love each other dearly ?”

“I think we do,” returned Winnie, slowly and sadly ; “yet, something has changed in the love of our first happy days ; the light of perfect confidence is dimmed, the subtle fragrance of complete trust has evaporated, I know not why. Can they ever be restored ?”

THE END.

Art in its Infancy.

NATURE is God reaching down to man. Art is, or should be, man reaching up to God. When we look back, through the countless ages of the past, to man as we believe him to have been, a *barbarian* struggling by very slow stages to civilization, we pause to ask, *how* and *when* his higher nature first found expression ?

We all know how we each individually struggle to give voice to that which is within us ; we know how we fail ; and, if it were not that words some great souls have uttered touch at times a responsive chord within us, and make us thrill to their melody, we should be apt to doubt whether there were within us any depths at all.

Knowing that there are, feeling sure that the weakest has something which should find expression, believing that in the great hereafter such dim tokens of a higher self-will become realities, our interest in art is quickened and aroused. We think of the multitudes in the long past, and bend our minds to decipher the half-erased writings that have come down to us in architecture, sculpture, and in painting.

To understand, then, even dimly, we must know something of the units who made up those multitudes, we must trace our steps backward and try to reach the low mutterings and indistinct utterances of forgotten races, before we can spell out correctly the messages they have left.

Where had Art its birth ? What mighty throes, what suffering preceded it ? Man can never tell ; imagination fails before the grandeur of this question. Who, first strong in his individuality, left an abiding token as he deemed it, ere he passed away ? In some raised mound of earth, or some granite stone, left as a record of his life ? We can fancy by the light of our own egotism, what impulse swayed him. Some deed above the common had exalted his life, perchance, or some strong individuality raised him above his fellows, and, ere he passed away to the unknown bourn, whence he could never return, we can imagine his desire (the first distinct evidence of the God-like in humanity) to reach others, to leave an embodied thought behind. Carlyle says, in one of his grand utterances, “The universe is the realized thought of God.” So we dimly feel and assert of art that it is the realized thought of man seeking expression in the most varied way, now struggling to find vent in stone, now clamoring for expression in soft moldering clay, anon as the ages pass, guiding the painter’s brush, mixing his pigments, idealizing his representation.

Let us pause then on the threshold of this mighty subject. Let us go back far, far, into the past ; beyond the

written record, beyond the age of spoken history, to those dark, dim shadows of warm, impulsive life, such as are written in the testimony of rocks, for the first strivings of man, as the earliest earthly creations of his Maker are written in everlasting characters upon the earth itself.

And it is singular to trace this mysterious impulse to a record of thought in every nation that has reached the earliest stage of civilization, and to observe how, in the various groups of peoples, it has found varied expression, the native capacity of the individual, the circumstances of his surroundings, the impelling intercourse with other nations, more or less civilized than his own, having molded and influenced this impulse to varying degrees of growth and cultivation. In different countries we can trace its birth, its puberty, its prime with more or less accuracy, and alas ! too often its decay.

We must go to the Nile, to the great fertilizing river of Egypt, for the earliest traces of artistic life. We find invariably that in nations where valleys, fertilized by great streams, are common, civilization reaches its highest perfection. Africa, for years, meant a desert, a hopeless inhospitable stretch of plain, which offered no attraction to the traveler or the emigrant, but one portion of its vast territories was early redeemed from these qualities by the mighty Nile. The lofty mountains of Abyssinia wooed it to its rise, and the heavy rains of the tropical season added their forces to the great mass of waters which rose each year, and overflowing the narrow valley, fertilized it and enriched its soil with rare deposits. Mighty in its civilizing agency, the dread Nile forced the races who had entered the valley to consider some expedient which might protect them from its inroads. Man learns by necessity alone ; and it takes long before even that stern teacher inculcates the knowledge which shall conquer, and, at the same time, utilize the forces of Nature. But the early Egyptians, as time went on, depended upon the mighty river for all the needs of life ; they worshiped her and studied her, learned the regularity of her rise and fall, and, following the instinctive law of self-preservation, learned to calculate upon and regulate their occupations by her fluctuations.

No doubt the races who peopled Egypt before the days of written history were from the East ; and all learning teaches us that in the East we must seek a civilization that reached perfection, and declined before even the dim ages to which we have gone back. The great Nile as it stands alone among rivers, in that it receives not one single tributary throughout a course of many hundred miles through Egypt, served to restrict the intercourse of the Egyptians, and to isolate them from other peoples. Sheltered by overhanging rocks on the one hand, and surrounded by the great sandy desert on the other, Egypt lay alone, like some great oasis, fertilized by her mighty stream and in time developing a race superior to all contemporary races in culture and science.

Asiatic despotism was the form of government under which Egypt remained for many thousands of years ; but the influence of her mighty river, of the regularity of its tidal rule, and the consequent practical observance demanded by its rise and fall of the dwellers upon her shores, so far invigorated the race that they never sank into the torpor and lethargy of the more eastern people. When they first came within the scope of written history, we find them proud in their self-exaltation, denying to other nations the right of entry in other dominions governed by the most despotic monarchs of ancient story, the Pharaohs, who were in many cases worshiped by the people as gods, and in every instance approached with the deepest reverence and humility. None the less, the rights of the people were so far recognized that the most despotic Pharaoh of them

all could not act entirely without regard to the laws of the nation, which commanded his respect and limited his power. So the people rendered no blind obedience, but looked upon their ruler rather as the head of the State than as the embodiment of government. Second in power to the kingly ruler came the priest, and to him was intrusted much that in our civilization is opposed to religion, but in those days was an accessory and strong assistance to the cause of the gods, for the priestly knowledge of science enabled its votaries to surround the rites of religion with a veil of mystery impenetrable by the uneducated people.

The many gods of their worship are referable to the events and circumstances of the peculiar region in which they live—thus, many animals found a place among the deities, and although often their idea of a Pharaoh was suggested by the human form of a divinity, it was usually carried out as an animal, the head representing some distinct type of the animal creation.

Animals were tenderly cherished in life, and embalmed in death, and in *this* we find the first utterance of *distinct, individual thought*; for the practice of embalming has opened up to us a knowledge of the intense belief of the Egyptians in a future, a material future existence, in which the soul, after many changes, should return to its old habitation, and this belief imparted an earnest character to the people, and lent their fervid adherence to their own forms and rules while it increased their objection to intermingling with other races. The first distinct utterance, then, of individuality, and as such the first sentiment or breath of Art, we must seek in the hieroglyphic records which have come down to us, which enables us partially to lift the veil which hangs before the portals of ancient history.

In Memphis, four thousand years before the birth of Jesus, magnificent water-works existed, and pyramids which attested the skill of the people must have been executed ages before the oldest record (that of Manetho, an Egyptian high priest) was written. The Art expression of the people is still to be traced in the rocky tombs, intended to epitomize the deeds of some leader among men, or to preserve the memory of some dearly loved husband, wife, or child. Men and women, like ourselves, tried to give vent to that up-reaching and outreaching of their higher nature, which they, like us, inherited.

Two thousand years later, and so two thousand years nearer the Christian era, dates the obelisk at Heliopolis, which is the earliest known specimen of the form which afterward became so common, and which modern enterprise has made familiar to us all. As time passed, and we near the historic age, we have Thebes, with its hundred gates, and the golden age of Egyptian civilization, when thought found all the individual expression it could ever attain in the efforts of a people trammelled, as the dwellers upon the Nile were throughout all their history, by the formality and repression of Hierarchal government.

Curious and unique as an expression of a people's peculiarities is the Sphinx, which is of greater antiquity than the pyramids, and which, when first discovered, lay half buried in the sand near Cairo, only the head, shoulders, and upper part of the back visible; but this extraordinary monument of human skill is a work of sculpture which shows an incalculable striving to express some grand idea, to embody some mighty conception which had its birth in some of the great intellects of that early civilization.

The excavations which have been made have revealed the Sphinx in its mighty proportions. Flights of steps lead up to a paved court-yard, which are surrounded by the closing paws of the Sphinx, and within it, against the monster's mighty breast, was a sanctuary. Each of the front paws is fifty feet long; they are cased in stone, while the body of

the gigantic statue is of uncut rock, pieces of different material having been added to bring it into shape. The huge, unshapely head is thirty feet long, from the top of the forehead to the chin, and fourteen feet across. A mass of rock suggests a wig, and the features are rudely hewn into their expression of profound mystery. When we try to picture to ourselves this great monument of ancient art, which is formed of one isolated ridge of rock, a hundred and forty feet long, we begin to realize something about the obedient working of a subjugated people who wrought by order of a government. The use of the chisel must have been familiar to them, and the gigantic embodiment of their inscrutable Sphinx, suggests that love of the mystic which, more than all, also surrounds the religion; that is to say, the highest conception of the Egyptian people.

A modern artist has portrayed the questioner of the Sphinx; and we see a human of our own period, pressing, with anxious inquiry, his ear to the cavernous mouth of the irresponsive monument. How suggestive, indeed! for could we but obtain it, were it only given to us to strike with miraculous power, out of the rock surely would come living answers to our deepest questions. Man, in all ages the same; man, noblest work of the Creator, so debased, so blighted, that his highest expression is to other minds so little visible, so dimly understood! We must go back to the long past ages of Egyptian civilization to realize that *then*, as *now*, the divine spark sought utterance; *then*, as *now*, failed of recognition from the inherent mysticism of our nature; but, however dimly recognized, however weakly pictured it was there—longing to seize the incomprehensible, to divine the inscrutable, to pierce the veil which hides, the immortal from the mortal. Ah! who designed her? who through the suffering of unquieted doubt—through the anguish of unanswered human longing—conceived the Sphinx? Let Art—do what she may—let her accomplish in the future victories unachieved in the past. Will she ever give to man a greater monument of the vexation of spirit which comes from baffled hope, of the sad conviction of the limits of human wisdom which comes to all inquiry, than the ages of forgotten effort have bequeathed us in the Sphinx, or in that mighty image of the silent past, that mighty exponent of the mysterious present, that great teacher of the unrevealed future of mankind? Will any artist of full grown modern civilization conceive a fitting offspring for this ancestor of Art?

We turn from the dread, silent Sphinx to those equally silent, if more translatable monuments, the three pyramids in whose midst she stands still unrevealed. Probably these three great testimonies of Egyptian art and skill were erected many hundred years after her conception. Inscriptions which have been deciphered tell us that they owed their origin to the three kings Cheops, Chepheren, and Mycerinus. The second is the largest, and appears to be the oldest. It is four hundred feet high, while that of Cheops is eighty feet loftier, and contains three chambers, which is unusual, and which rise one above another.

The most beautiful and carefully wrought of the three is that of Mycerinus, which, in 1837, still contained the embalmed remains of the king in whose honor it was erected. Our imagination conjures up the scenes of those royal obsequies. We wonder whether the mighty monarch watched the erection of this undying record to his fame, or whether, borne to a quiet resting-place among his loved ones, his remains were removed to this, then returned home in later times. None can tell, but, such is the irony of fate, the sarcophagus, so long and so sacredly secreted in the silent chamber of the great pyramid, was lost within the last fifty years, for England claimed it as a relic of priceless value and shipped it for her shores, it was lost at sea, and the dust

of the Egyptian king lies at the bottom of the ocean off the coast of Spain.

The royal tombs of many successive generations rise amid the vast burial-grounds, which are marked out by pyramids and Sphinxes. Most of them are hewn out of the natural rock, and the level platform near Cairo is one gigantic cemetery. Generally the royal tombs were divided into three parts—symbolic it may be of the three elements of the buried human—the body, soul, and spirit, or if such an idea is fanciful, serving to lead up with respect to the higher shrine and veneration. Square columns support the larger chambers which lead to the inner chamber, where the mummy, preserved by all the skill of Egyptian art, rested in the long sleep of death. The history of the dead is often given in this inner chamber in series of decorated scenes painted in gay colors, still vivid, owing to the dryness of the climate and the close exclusion from atmospheric influences. The chambers are often in imitation of wooden structures with a sort of cylindrical beam which unites the door-posts, while the ceilings are an imitation of beams of wood nailed together, but are not used as architectural ornaments. Egypt enjoyed two distinct periods of prosperity—our rapid review has embraced the former, the latter brings us to two thousand years before Christ; the date, as we have already intimated, of the earliest known obelisk at Heliopolis. It owed its erection to King Osirtasen, and must have been the outcome of many ages of culture—a sort of epitome of Egyptian expression. Like all that followed, it is formed of a simple block tapering toward the summit. Rising from a square base, it is a grand monolith, reminding us, as we gaze, what education and what skill must have perfected it, in contrast to the ruder misshapen blocks which express earlier effort—and again we go back in thought, and long to know who first gave utterance to such lofty aspirations as the obelisk surely symbolizes? In central Egypt we find tombs belonging to this later period which have regular colonnades and instead of the rude square pillars of the earlier period, the supports are often eight or sixteen sided, and have narrow and deep flutings, that the divisions may be properly marked.

Now we trace a further attempt at expression in the imitation of vegetable forms, a first distinct acknowledgment of beauty in nature, the faintest and earliest indication of the use of flowers and leaves for decoration. It seems strange to us that this should have come after the rude efforts to immortalize man, rather than before; but probably the untutored mind is struck first with the animal, then with the human, and lastly with the evidence of the divine in creation. It seemed easier to them, no doubt, to conceive of an express God, existing somewhere, in the guise of an animal, a man, or as a mixture of both, than to recognize that the hand that made man, made also and ennobled the plants at his feet. And this is the last sentiment we find expressed in Egyptian art. The lotus flower is the first form of vegetable life which we find expressed in architecture. It is at first rudely portrayed by a shaft drawn in at the foot, as if to represent four plant stalks, which are narrow at the ends and fastened together by a band which passes round and round them, while above them rises the representation of the closed lotus flower in four divisions, crowned with a square plinth.

Although for many hundred years Egyptian architecture improved, and every possible skill was expended upon the richness and variety of the carvings, these original designs never received any addition. Monotony is the most noticeable feature in Egyptian art—alike in architecture, sculpture, and painting, the same types, the same subjects, the same ideas, are expressed with unchanging regularity; and although the details of the elaborated designs of later days are exquisitely finished and varied, the grandest conception of

architecture in the region of the Nile never rises above the earliest in originality—yet we find every variety of the original ideas, as for example, in a magnificent temple at Edfu, where, above the gigantic columns, with their sixteen flutings rises the open calyx of the lotus flower, with beautiful variations; or in the splendid temple at Denderah built by command of Queen Cleopatra, in which the columns are crowned by the four heads, of the Goddess Hathor, surmounted by a cube-like structure representing a sort of temple to the divinity.

Probably all this monotony in art expression is to be explained by the fact that there was absolutely *no individual* expression at all in Egypt. Governed despotically, the people never really thought at all, never had that impulse to express something greater than they knew, which means progress in art, as in all else. Everything was reduced to law and rule; the very regularity to which we have alluded in the climatic changes produced a like monotony in character, which rendered any originality impossible. The subordinations of many minds to one, of a whole people to despotic will, is ruinous to all development, however greatly it may encourage and promote elaboration and skill.

It is very singular that the first efforts in Egyptian sculpture seem, like the first in architecture, to have been the most individual. Just as the minds that conceived the Sphinx should have been followed by minds more vigorously conceptive still, but, from the cause suggested here, not so in sculpture, the most ancient specimens are the most individual, for the earliest known are attempts at portraiture. In the Louvre at Paris are two figures of priests, evidently meant for portraits, which belong to the very earliest ages of Egyptian sculpture, as do also seven sitting portraits of King Cheops found among the pyramids. Originality was clipped by the formality of the national character, and it seems as if, once the first impetus given, the weight of custom killed every spark of individuality.

All the statues of Egyptian civilization are uniformly alike; when you have seen one you have seen all. There is literally no imagination in them. Everything is represented with the utmost realism, except the individual spirit which only an imaginative mind could catch. So we have sitting figures all precisely in the same Oriental attitude, the feet evenly placed side by side, the body solemnly erect, the head a little forward, with fixed, staring gaze, and the hands flatly outstretched, fitting close to the body, suggesting the most utter repose; and the standing figures are the same—stiff, fixed, and utterly inexpressive of life, yet exact in representing the race. The Egyptian cannot be mistaken. There he stands, with flat breast and shoulders, long, sinewy, muscular arms, slender limbs, with the hardened appearance of a people physically capable of work. The heads are all alike—flat skull, low brow, narrow, cunning eyes, prominent cheek bones, slightly curved nose, and sensuous mouth, and there we have the Egyptian as he was—not a spark of individualism about him; no wonder, we think, that the Jew, with his distinctive personalities, rebelled against his Egyptian taskmaster. What is the use of expecting anything ideal from such a skull? Yet, with all this monotony, the sculptured figure of Egyptian art conveyed very clearly the *human* as a *human*, but we look in vain for any indication of a soul. All the details are evidently accurate; the scanty garments, often only represented by an apron, suggested the hot climate; the hair concealed by a cap or symbolic head-dress, in the case of persons of rank, the beard arranged in various ways, are suggestive of fashion, but everything is done by fixed rules. The proportions of the different figures are all arranged by measurement, varying at different periods, but in the main adhered to, so that in the specimens ranging into thousands of years we find no independent expression; mar-

velous skill in detail, marvelous perseverance in the wonderful and increased ease in which granite, basalt, and the hardest materials, were worked with minute accuracy, but not a spark of expression, not a glimmer of the higher nature in them all. Colossal in grandeur are the statues of Ptolemies and Sphinxes, but utterly lifeless and soulless; so, in the infinite variety of reliefs which we find in every walk, in every temple, palace, and dwelling, the same after-monotony, the same fixed purpose, the most minute record; for these are mainly representations of historic events, or chronicles of family histories, and they represent most faithfully and minutely every detail of natural life. The battle-fields, the agricultural employments, the home life, the work of the artisan, the recreations of the masses, the fashionable life are all as plainly shown to us as in the panorama; but there is absolutely no difference—one man is so like another, one battle-piece is so exactly the *fac-simile* of the last, that it is evident that a realistic account of events, a chronicle, is all that is attempted. The only symbol in the whole monotonous representation is in the larger size of the king.

The same want of imagination is shown in the monotonous arrangement of the scenes, even in the bas-reliefs the figures do not stand out entirely; they are as if backed against the wall, the outlines only slightly hollowed out, and the figures, as they stand inclosed, vividly colored in red, blue, green, yellow and black. There is absolutely no distinct character in any of these representations. They are not in the slightest degree suggestive—are merely scenes placed in the most realistic way before us—and the absolute naturalism scarcely recognized the possibility of arrangement.

Representing, as they do, changes in the active life of the nation, they show no progress at all in thought or artistic feeling. The sculptures become richer and fuller in the earlier ages, then decline in representative power, then again in the details of completeness, but always show the same stagnation of imaginative life.

There is, in many cases, in almost all, indeed, in Egyptian sculpture, an absence of all distinctions of art or of age. Thousands of stereotyped figures, with the same smile, leave on the mind the same impression; while, as if to indorse such a reflection, the animal life portrayed is far more life-like and true to nature in its suggestion of low and sensual character.

Wall-paintings were favorite modes of decorating, but the same qualities that mar the bas-reliefs mar these as well. There is no attempt at tinting or shading, and the art, after once attaining some skill as to color, appears to have stood perfectly still. Paintings in decoration of the papyrus rolls, which served for books—that is, painting for illustration—show the same treatment; and those which relate to the existence of the soul after death never advance beyond realistic pictures of earthly life, although imbued with symbolic references which constituted the only religious art the Egyptians possessed.

In portraying the gods they had recourse to symbols of animals. They appeared incapable of representing or conveying an imaginative idea. The symbols of the gods were always the hieroglyphic sign of their name. Thus, Rhe was shown with a harpy's head, Thot with that of an ibis, Neeth with the head of a lioness; and, having reviewed the condition of Egyptian art, we are compelled to admit that the only really grand conception, only imaginative idea conveyed, is in that earliest of traditional utterances. The Sphinx stands out as the embodiment of the highest Egyptian intelligence; an intelligence which never increased; which never, in the smallest degree, varied; which remained content for ages upon ages to copy without invention, and which left Egyptian art as infantine at the end of centuries of civilization as at the beginning.

Trailing Arbutus.

“HERE is no use,” he said, “no use in the world in stirring up ashes. Let them rest. They are useless, unsightly dead; let them also be forgotten, or at least ignored. By meddling with them you only raise a blinding, choking dust, and you bring back no warmth; not even a remembrance of the flame. Nothing comes of it but just such a shock as we all feel at the sight of a death's head. We know what it must once have been; but the mind cannot go back to that, and is only occupied with what it *is*.”

I looked up to see what Harry could mean; for, sitting in my low chair before the open fire, I had been absently playing with the poker, patting the ashes into little hills and valleys. Did he mean to moralize over that, or was he referring to a past of our own which we never mentioned now; although Harry and I were still friends; and since his return from wandering all around the world he had fallen back to an old habit of spending an occasional afternoon in my pretty room, where the lights and colors suited his artistic eyes, and the reposeful chairs aided conversation, or silent dreaminess to silence.

But he was standing now leaning on the mantel, and looking steadily, not at my unromantic poker, but into the glowing blaze.

“Harry,” I answered, “I feel that you are all wrong. Ashes, dead themselves, yet serve the living. Aren't they used to make white clover, sweet white clover, thrive and bloom? and aren't they thrown over ice in winter time to keep people from falling in slippery places? Do you call that a poor use? I dare say,” I continued, as I saw an amused smile quiver round his mouth, “I dare say it seems a poor use, and may sound very funny to you after your soaring poetry, but the commonest uses are praiseworthy when they are good; yes, and song-worthy, too, I insist.”

“In the old ‘arbutus days’ I might have thought so,” he said, sighing, as he took up his hat to go. “When our dead ones fell to ashes in the same flame—you, remember the day we burned them—I fell into a belief in ashes generally; I believe I fell into a heap of ashes myself.”

My heart gave a pained thump. Who was stirring dead things now? Not I, but he, himself. But, suddenly, I knew what had started it all. It was Helen Eliot's Easter card, that lay on my little table. Not a prize card, nor a wonderful design at all; only a branch of trailing arbutus, dewy, white and pink-tipped, with the words, “I BELIEVE IN THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.” I rose, too, and looked at it silently for a moment; then I said solemnly: “Under the dead leaves in the woods the arbutus is blooming fresh and sweet to-day.” Glancing up I saw his pale face faintly flushed, and, the double significance of my words coming to me, I hastened to add lightly, before he could reply: “And when ashes are swept away we have—what? Not emptiness and a cold hearth, unless we will it so; but new warmth, light, flame, cheer. Put down your hat, old friend, and stay to see the charming girl who designed this pretty card. She is coming for a cup of tea at five. You will like her. Come; an artist's time is his own, and her face is worth seeing. Brown hair, dead-leaf color, falls over her brow; and below, her soft face, white and pink, is just this flower itself.”

“Her eyes will spoil it all,” he answered, with faint interest, as he laid down his hat, “by being blue.”

“Wrong!” I cried, triumphantly. “Two more dead leaves, with sunlight shining through, like the eyes some poet has sung.”

“Like your own, then,” he said, in a low tone.

“Not so,” I replied. “Rains of tears have left mist that clouds the sunlight now. But let us talk about Helen. Her eyes are ‘sweetest eyes were ever —’”

"I'm tired of that quotation," he interrupted; "and, besides, those eyes were blue. Can I help you?"

I was unfolding my prettiest tea-cloth Helen's gift to me.

"Good," he remarked with satisfaction. "Brown. But what! Are the wrecks of the past to rise before us all day. More arbutus!"

"Helen is fond of the flower; and, besides, if I must tell you, it came about by one of those flower-choosing games. She and I chose the same, and since then we have been close friends. Set these cups down carefully, now, please, and then ring the bell for the urn. I usually take care of this set myself, because Helen painted it for me."

"Yet more arbutus, and yet more," he murmured, forgetting all about the bell in his admiration of the dainty wreaths, sprigs and scattered bloom.

"I hope the girl won't come," he said at last, abruptly. "I hate her already for stealing my flower from me."

Again what did Harry mean?

"The pink was my own, you remember," I answered, rashly. "Only the white was yours."

"But the blended are the prettiest," he returned. "Pink and white on one stem."

I was silent. I felt vaguely uneasy, and the subject was growing dangerous. True, I had been engaged to Harry, once; but that was ten years ago now, and the distance is long between nineteen and twenty-nine. Matters must rest. He ought to marry a young and pretty wife. Helen—yes, Helen, would be the very one. And how glad I should be to have them for my friends always. And just then Helen entered. She had been helping with Easter decorations at the church, and she came in bright and cheerful. I saw at once that Harry admired her; for it was not long before the gloom which had possessed him all the afternoon vanished; and when she got up, saying, she must return to finish her work, he proposed that we should go back with her to assist. Pleading weariness, I declined, and they went off together, while I, leaning back restfully to rejoice over the quick success of my scheme, looked long and earnestly into the fire, until it turned from red to gray, from gray to black. Then still I sat on, staring at the ashes; sat on till twilight blended into night. The entrance of the maid to remove the urn roused me at last, and the sound of my stirring in the dark frightened her.

"Excuse me, miss!" she exclaimed. "I thought you must be out because you did not ring. You were asleep, perhaps? Dear, dear! the fire's dead out, and the room cold as all out-doors!"

"Yes," I replied, "I have stupidly let the fire go out, and I am really very cold. But you need not light it; I shall not want it again to-night."

Then, after injunctions to deal gently with my china, I left her, and feeling a little dull, excused myself from dinner and went to bed.

The spring was early that year, and Easter Day fell late. I awoke in time "to see the sun dance," and if my own heart did not throb a measure too, at least it felt a glad peacefulness, a calm joy. All at once I remembered that I had neglected to get myself some flowers to wear to church and to decorate my room, and this grieved me. I will go now, early as it is, I resolved; I will go back to the woods by Silver Lake, and hunt under the dead leaves for what I may find.

Hooded and cloaked I slipped silently down stairs, and then leaving the town I turned toward a familiar path, past fields and hedges, to where the woods began. Next came a scramble up a bank, where dead branches cracked beneath my steps and brown leaves fell; after that another narrow, beaten path leading to a small irregular little lake, now lit

up by the quivering morning beams of the Easter sun, and beyond that the woods—our old woods. After reaching them I stood awhile to take in all the fresh spring beauty, and to listen to the happy birds, then remembering that my quest was for flowers, I stooped and swept away the dead leaves with ardent, eager hope. Yes, there came the sweet almond fragrance, and clustered close to the brown earth lay the arbutus, pink, white, and blended. I admired it, breathed it, kissed it before I gathered it, and then sought more. Once I fancied I heard a rustling sound, and rising pushed back my warm hood to listen. Only a bird, I thought, as I pulled it on again. In my absorbing delight time passed, and the sun was rising high, when again I heard a sound—unmistakably a step. I rose with both hands full, and, turning, met Harry's astonished gaze. His hands were full, too; we had evidently been hit with the same idea.

"Pardon me," he said, as he made a wild, ineffectual effort to reach his hat, and in so doing dropped half his flowers. "Pardon me," he repeated, "I can't manage it. How ever came you here?"

Nothing better occurring to me I answered stupidly: "I was wondering the same about you."

"Since you *are* here," he laughed, "would you mind helping me to pick up what I have dropped? I meant them all for you; but now——" he hesitated.

"Now you will carry them to Helen," I said resolutely.

"No," he answered; "if you won't have them I will keep them myself. I couldn't offer arbutus to any woman but you."

I busied myself silently in gathering the dropped flowers.

"Won't you tell me," he said suddenly, "how you came to lose your love for me?"

I looked up in blank surprise, and waiting until a confused rush of meaningless ideas passed through my mind, I answered quietly: "The old break was caused by no change or loss, Harry. It seemed best, and we submitted."

"I am not talking of the old break," he persisted; "I am talking of *now*. I come back after ten years' perfect truth to you, to find you as lovely and sweet. Yes"—as I waved my hand impatiently and turned away my face—"just the same in that, no change there; only you met me calmly as an old friend. You parade your indifference and coldness, and yet once or twice I have fancied—hoped—that a little regard was left, which I might win back to love."

I went on gathering the blossoms silently, and wondering what to say.

"Let the things lie!" he cried irritably. "If you can't answer me, don't kneel there in that quiet way. I can't bear it."

I rose. "Harry," I said, "women and men are different. While you were traveling round the world, I was treading the smaller rounds of daily duty. My calm has been acquired. I never expected you to return just the same after years of separation. I should have been unreasonable to expect any man to do so. I accustomed myself to the idea that you would marry some younger, prettier girl, and—and—" I did not know what to say next. I added tamely: "That is why I seem calm."

"When you said, yesterday," he went on, "that under the dead brown leaves the arbutus was blooming fresh and sweet to-day, I thought you meant the old love was living still beneath the lonely years."

Glad, yet not daring to reply, I knelt down at his feet, and sweeping away the rustling dry things, uncovered a dewy blossom, blended white and pink.

"I am answered," he said gently; "do not gather it, let it stay."

And I was very glad he understood without making me speak.

We spent a very happy day. Later, at church, I think we forgot ourselves for awhile in the holy Easter joy, in giving praises to the Risen Lord; and then, when we remembered, we added to praise thanks, because from the dead past we had had restored to us a living love.

EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

The Gold String.

THE minstrel's harp was daintily strung,
And empearled like a shell of the sea;
Sweet rang the chords he swept as he sung
In the pride of his minstrelsy.

And amid the strings of the harp, somewhere,
But where could never be told,
For all were gilded to see, and fair,
There nestled one string of gold.

And whatever tones the minstrel brought
From the chords he waked from sleeping,
Into the music all unsought
A thrilling sound came creeping.

For high above the pulsing beat,
The surge of the song and the shiver,
With a sound more clear, and a note more sweet,
The golden string would quiver.

And souls peered out from their prison bars
As the worldings stopped to listen,
And thought of something *beyond* the stars,
And dull eyes 'gan to glisten.

And those whose grief had choked them, broke
At the sound of the harp and the sobbing,
For in every heart an echo woke
From the gold string and its throbbing.

And mortals thought that one sweet note
Had slipped through the great pearl portal,
Down the dim depths of space afloat
To earth from the choir immortal.

* * * * *

But the fountain drops plash with a liquid chime
On the brook which floats to the sea,
And we are but drops in the stream of Time,
As it sweeps to Eternity.

* * * * *

So there came a dawn in the early spring,
When never a song remains unsung,
When birds are lightest on the wing,
And the gray world again feels young.

The meadows sparkled with morning dew,
Twittered the birds in their wildwood bower,
They rustled their little throats, and grew
Half mad with joy of the passing hour.

The nightingale piped his lustiest lay,
(Now was the time for a song or never ;)
"The sweet tune rose and died away,"
But the minstrel's harp was stilled forever.

The breeze all wanton touched the strings,
But they echoed back no token,
And the mourners sobbed as the sun went down ;
For the golden string lay broken !

"L'INCONNU."

Flora.

(See page engraving.)



HAT Chloris was to the Greeks, Flora was to the Romans—the Goddess of Flowers. It was from her husband, Zephyrus, that she received the privilege of presiding over the flowers, and he also endowed her with perpetual youth. Surely hers was an enviable fate, to be always young, and to live among the flowers. No queen ever had lovelier subjects, and no subjects, perhaps, ever had a lovelier queen.

Our charming engraving shows us Flora as she stands amid the ladies and gentlemen of her court. Her golden hair floats loosely in the wind; her robes have slipped aside and reveal her fair shoulders; a wreath adorns her head; and she holds a bunch of wild flowers in her hand. The sun pours a flood of glory upon her, through the leaves of the tree under which she stands, and the flowers cluster around as if glad to own her gentle sway. For delicacy of color and grace of conception, the original of our engraving cannot be surpassed. The figure is charmingly refined, and most poetically suggestive.

"All her looks a calm disclose
Of innocence and truth."

The atmosphere is aglow with light and warmth; and the whole composition is full of feeling, grace, and beauty.

The painter, Alexander Cabanel, is one of the most eminent of modern French painters, and is distinguished for the grace and refinement of his productions. He was born at Montpellier, in 1823, and in 1844 became famous by his "Agony of Christ on the Mount of Olives." The second year he won the grand prize for his painting, "Jesus in the Judgment Hall," and also obtained, owing to a vacancy, a pension and the advantages attached to a first prize. He visited Rome, remaining there several years in the pursuit of art. On his return he executed for the Hotel de Ville twelve medallions, representing the months. In 1852 he obtained a second medal, and another in 1855, as well as the decoration, and in 1865 he received the medal of honor at the salon. He is an officer of the Legion of Honor, a member of the Academy of Fine Arts, in the place of Horace Vernet, and is also a professor in the School of Fine Arts.

Among his paintings are "Saint John," "The Death of Moses," "The Christian Martyr," "Othello relating his Battles," "A Nymph carried away by a Faun," and the "Birth of Venus." He also painted, by order of the King of Bavaria, "Paradise Lost." His "Phèdre," which is a life-size group, is much admired. His "Vashti" was painted to order for Mr. Wilhelm Schaus, and was exhibited in New York, meeting with great admiration. It was of this picture that an American critic said to the painter: "There is but one fault to be found with your picture: so lovely have you made your Vashti, that neither Ahasuerus nor any other sovereign on earth could ever have found it in his heart to repudiate her."

Mr. Cabanel is also a very fine portrait painter, and especially excels in the likenesses of women. Among his best portraits are those of Madame the Countess de Clermont-Tonnerre, the Emperor Napoleon III., the Viscountess de Ganey, and one recently painted of Miss Eva Mackay. He is an exceedingly industrious painter, and his popularity never wanes.

Several of Mr. Cabanel's paintings are owned in this country. Miss Wolfe of New York owns "The Sulamite;" Mr. Hawke, "Lucretia and Sextus;" and his "Death of Moses" is in the Corcoran Gallery, at Washington. At the Latham sale his "Marguerite" sold for \$2,700, and his "Birth of Venus" for \$5,300.



In May.

THE glad earth wears a tenderer green,
The flowers a softer hue ;
The young leaves dancing in the trees
Show sunbeams glimmering through.

The breeze that sweeps across the hills
Brings perfume on its wings ;
And in the topmost branch, in glee,
The oriole sways and sings.

The streamlets murmur, as they glide,
A pleasant, cheering song,
As if to thank for joys serene
That to the May belong.

The laborer seeks his quiet rest
Amid May's beauties rare ;
Lulled by the music of the woods,
That floateth everywhere.

Thou fairest daughter of the Year,
Full of a perfect grace,
How Nature smiles in happiness
When she beholds thy face.

Thou tellest of blue and golden skies,
Of wreaths of sun-kissed flowers,
Of birds that carol all the day
In green and leafy bowers.

Thou bringest a benediction sweet ;
Thou soothest with thy calm ;
The green arcades through all the earth
Resound with thy glad psalm.

No wonder painters call thee fair,
And poets sing thy lay ;
And hearts that sorrowed all the year
Grow jubilant in May.

E. B. CHEESBOROUGH.

The Month of May in England.

THE lanes are green in England,
The hawthorn buds are white,
The little birds are caroling
From dawn till dewy night ;
Wild hyacinths in the hedges,
Pale, tender cuckoo flowers,
Are giving fragrant pledges
Of long warm summer hours.

O England, dear England ! " the darling buds of May "
Are coming where thy Poet sang, and I am far away !

The meadows where I wandered,
All bright with blossoms spread,
Will shine with golden buttercups ;
The daisies white and red,
Hiding amid the spongy grass,
Will laugh with modest eye,
Or coyly peep, like village lass,
At stranger passing by.

And England, dear England ! through the long month of May
Thy flowers will bloom, thy birds will sing, while I am far
away !

O weary waste of waters,
'Twixt me and England's shore !
When spring shall come to that fair land,
And I am there no more,
Bring odors from the woodside,
Where blooms the celandine,
Where golden starry blossoms hide,
Where ivies twist and twine ;

Then England, dear England ! through the sweet hours of
May

I'll sing of thee and dream of thee, though I be far away.

ELLA DIETZ.

In the Spring-time.

WHAT do the bluebirds say, flying, flying ?
" Spring-time is here."

What do the sparrows chirp, crying, crying ?
" Be of good cheer,
Life is complete,
For love is sweet
And satisfying."

What does my sad heart say, sighing, sighing ?
" Would thou wert mine."

Why do my spirits droop, trying, trying
Thus not to pine ?
" Oh, love is sweet,
But incomplete,
Sternly denying."

Would I a wild bird were, flying, flying,
Happy and free,
Swift through the ether blue, hieing, hieing,
Love, unto thee ;
Life would be sweet,
Full and complete,
E'en unto dying.

Borne is the answer soft, gently replying
Unto my heart :
" Mortal, what wouldst thou gain, Heaven defying,
Fate thus to thwart ?
Love is but sweet,
Happy, complete,
When purifying."

To thee this song I sing, and underlying
Each little line
Hear how I fain would be, tender, complying,
Thy valentine ;
But love is sweet,
Only complete
When glorifying !

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

The May-pole.

NOT the least of the May-day amusements in England
was dancing round the May-pole. The old writers
tell us how the merry people went into the woods
and gathered flowers and boughs ; but the " chiefest jewel
they bring from thence," one of them says, " is their *Maie-
poole*, which they bringe home with greate veneration, as thus:
They have twentie or fortie yoke of oxen, every ox havynge
a sweete nosegaie of flowers tyed on the tippe of his hornes ;

and these oxen drawe home this Maie-poole, which is covered all over with flowers and herbes bounde rounde aboute with stringes, from the top to the bottome, and sometye painted with variable colors, with twoo or three hundred men, women, and children followyng it with greate devotion. And thus beyng reared up, with handkerchiefs and flagges streamyng on the toppe, they strewe the grounde aboute, binde greene boughes aboute it, sett up sommer haulles, bowers, and arbours hard by it, and then fall they to banquet and feast, to leape and daeince aboute it."

The May-pole was sometimes made of oak, elm, or birch, painted yellow and black in spiral lines, and adorned at the top with a flag. Frequently it stood the entire year.

John Clarges, a farrier, erected a May-pole to commemorate the fortunate circumstance of his daughter's marriage with General Monk, she afterward becoming Duchess of Albemarle. Another May-pole was erected to celebrate the restoration of Charles II. It was one hundred and thirty four feet high, and was erected on the Strand. It was brought from the place where it was made with music and banners flying, and was placed in position by a body of sailors and landsmen. When the pole was put together it was banded with iron, a richly gilded vane was placed on the top, and a Morris dance was performed around it. It was decorated with crowns, gay streamers, and garlands of flowers; three lanterns were placed there in honor of the Duke of York, the Lord High Admiral, and the Vice-Admiral. This was done that during dark nights, light would be thrown out from the pole. We are told that at the sight of this gigantic May-pole "little children did much rejoyce, and ancient people did clap their hands, saying golden days began to appear."

A Requiem.

THE day is gone—alas! the lovely day,
That came among us, as a blushing bride,
Led by her lover the enamored sun,
Whose golden largess fell on every side.

All nature greeted her with rapturous joy;
The forest birds poured forth their sweetest song,
And buds, awaking from their dewy sleep,
Burst into blossom as she passed along.

And everywhere the children welcomed her;
In country lanes and in the city's street
The music of their laughter kept glad time
To the swift measure of her flying feet.

The restless sick man, tossing on his couch,
Beheld her, and awhile forgot his pain;
Her presence cheered the laborer at his toil,
And brought to wrinkled age his youth again.

And as she, smiling, hurried on her way,
Even sad mothers, weeping o'er their dead,
Looked upward to her clear blue skies and felt
Somehow their aching hearts were comforted.

But now, alas! the day herself is dead—
Before us, pallid in the dim twilight,
She lies, forsaken by the fickle sun,
And o'er her bends the dusky sexton, Night,

Covering her slowly with his heavy pall,
While the pale trembling stars look sadly on,
And nature's tears are falling silently
For the sweet day that is forever gone.

MRS. E. V. WILSON.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

BEDROOMS.

THE design in this number can be embroidered in New England stitch (see July number of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, 1881). It is suitable as a border for a bureau cover, for a small curtain, for a bookcase, or window. The design can be used for a neck handkerchief embroidered on India silk in satin stitch. When the design is used for a curtain or bureau cover, single flowers or sprays may be powdered at regular intervals above the border. Embroidery may be used in the bedroom on bed hangings, bed spreads, covers for bureaus and wash-stands, sash curtains, bookcase curtains, and for splashers back of the wash-stand. Bed spreads may be embroidered elaborately on India silk with years of work in them, when finished making a work of art and a precious heirloom in the family. They may be embroidered simply on heavy, round-thread linen (strong sheeting), in crewels or silks. These bed covers can be washed almost as easily as a linen sheet, and are suitable for people of moderate means and fit for actual use. Designs for New England stitch are suitable for these bed covers. The silk will be handsomer and more durable than the crewel for this embroidery. It will also be more expensive. The linen bed cover embroidered with silk is both a valuable and beautiful thing. Linen bed covers embroidered with silk in Spain have been imported within the last few years and sold for portières in New York City. At present, bedspreads are made long enough to come up over the low pillows, covering them completely, thus doing away with the use of pillow shams, which were always an offense, as any sham must be. Bed spreads are now woven with colored lines and borders for those who wish color but cannot have the embroidery. In England gay colored blankets, like our Mexican blankets, have been used for bed covers. The dark colors and woolen stuff seems more suitable to English houses than to our more sun-lit bedrooms. Chintz is cheap, pretty and suitable for many a simple bedroom. If embroidery is used for bed cover or bed hangings it must, in some way, harmonize with that used in other parts of the room, with the embroideries on the bureau or about the wash-stand. With a set wash-stand in the bedroom or dressing-room tiles can be used instead of the usual embroidered splasher. These should be set above the bowl instead of the usual marble slab. They are, of course, cleaner and seem especially suitable above the bowl of the wash-stand, as no possible harm can come to them from any amount of falling water. They may be painted in simple fashion with not too much work. A conventional design in one color may be used, or scattered flowers in various colors. The color should be used almost flat with strong, clean, brown outlines. This is easy work for beginners, and a child could, with patience, paint the tiles for the wash-stand in his own room. Tiles for such a place do not require fine, but bold work. The same style of tiles could be used for a window box. It would be better for all ambitious china painters if they would be content to serve an apprenticeship covering at least a dozen tiles with just such simple drawing. A window-box in summer outside the window is little care, and adds not only cheerfulness to the bedroom, but is an ornament to the outside of the house and a pleasure to the passer-by.

Every bedroom should have a place for at least a few books. Don't think the best bedroom needs only a Bible, a prayer-book and a book of religious meditation. These need not be omitted, but let there be a few books of light, easy reading, the last poem, book of travels, art book, or good novel to come before the afternoon nap of the tired visitor,

who needs rest and recreation more than good counsel.

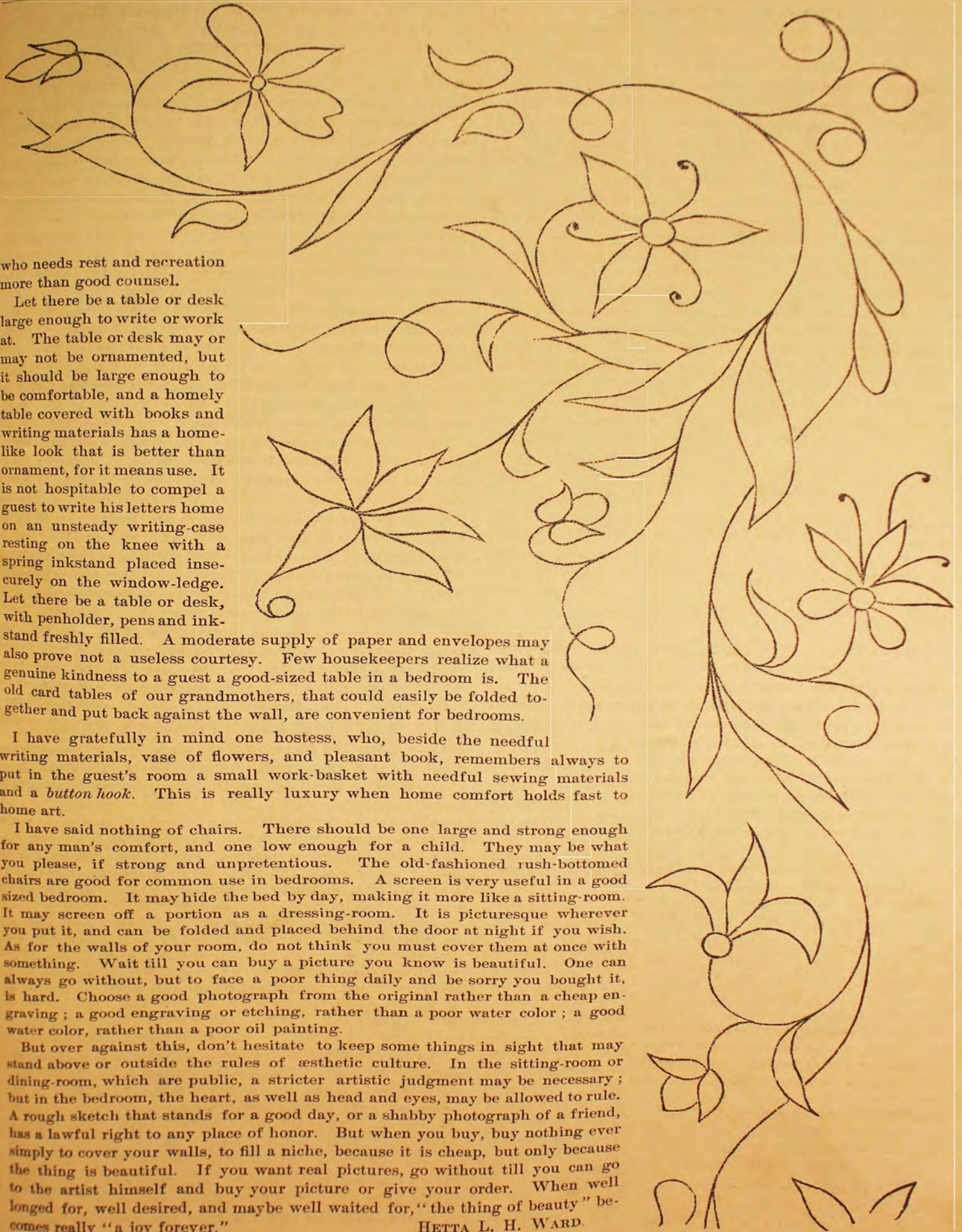
Let there be a table or desk large enough to write or work at. The table or desk may or may not be ornamented, but it should be large enough to be comfortable, and a homely table covered with books and writing materials has a home-like look that is better than ornament, for it means use. It is not hospitable to compel a guest to write his letters home on an unsteady writing-case resting on the knee with a spring inkstand placed insecurely on the window-ledge. Let there be a table or desk, with penholder, pens and inkstand freshly filled. A moderate supply of paper and envelopes may also prove not a useless courtesy. Few housekeepers realize what a genuine kindness to a guest a good-sized table in a bedroom is. The old card tables of our grandmothers, that could easily be folded together and put back against the wall, are convenient for bedrooms.

I have gratefully in mind one hostess, who, beside the needful writing materials, vase of flowers, and pleasant book, remembers always to put in the guest's room a small work-basket with needful sewing materials and a *button hook*. This is really luxury when home comfort holds fast to home art.

I have said nothing of chairs. There should be one large and strong enough for any man's comfort, and one low enough for a child. They may be what you please, if strong and unpretentious. The old-fashioned rush-bottomed chairs are good for common use in bedrooms. A screen is very useful in a good sized bedroom. It may hide the bed by day, making it more like a sitting-room. It may screen off a portion as a dressing-room. It is picturesque wherever you put it, and can be folded and placed behind the door at night if you wish. As for the walls of your room, do not think you must cover them at once with something. Wait till you can buy a picture you know is beautiful. One can always go without, but to face a poor thing daily and be sorry you bought it, is hard. Choose a good photograph from the original rather than a cheap engraving; a good engraving or etching, rather than a poor water color; a good water color, rather than a poor oil painting.

But over against this, don't hesitate to keep some things in sight that may stand above or outside the rules of æsthetic culture. In the sitting-room or dining-room, which are public, a stricter artistic judgment may be necessary; but in the bedroom, the heart, as well as head and eyes, may be allowed to rule. A rough sketch that stands for a good day, or a shabby photograph of a friend, has a lawful right to any place of honor. But when you buy, buy nothing ever simply to cover your walls, to fill a niche, because it is cheap, but only because the thing is beautiful. If you want real pictures, go without till you can go to the artist himself and buy your picture or give your order. When well longed for, well desired, and maybe well waited for, "the thing of beauty" becomes really "a joy forever."

HETTA L. H. WARD.



II. The Farm of Flowers.

"How noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers."—WM. ROB. SPENCER.

THIS farm, you bear in mind, was close by London; just fairly out of that all but immeasurable, and certainly incomparable city, the capital of the world.

There were rich acres of the Roses of Provence, deeply blushing, and much more than "double," triple, or quadruple, properly called in botany the *Rosa Centifolia*. It had an intense perfume, almost like otto (oil) of roses. It seemed not to need to be distilled to make the well-known rose-water.

"And earthly happier is the rose distilled,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness."
—MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"And here is also the *Rosa Gallica*," said the veteran, the fifty years farmer. "The leaves are already yellow, for it dries up early. It is single, and deep red; it has to be caught in the bud, when we can; but sometimes they pop out before we can help it, or, as for instance, when there is about to come up a shower; in such cases we gather the blossoms. We sell them by the hundredweight, dried, and tied in a bag."

Sweet harvest! A bag of rose-buds, weighing a hundred pounds.

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And the same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying."—ROB. HERRICK.

In the month of August, designated by the lord o' the manor as the height of the flower-distilling season, I went again to the rural suburb of Mitcham. This was entirely a field interview, under the guidance of the same foreman of fifty years' service. He patiently and clearly explained everything, and when he alluded to the proprietor he called him "The Governor," and "Our Master."

The plants were busy, leaf and root, getting the juices that made their reaper wealthy. I soon learned that not all were beds of perfume; not all were buds of innocence, nor were all blossoms or shrubs of beauty. But the violet and the rose drew sweetness from the same soil and air from which a malign cucumber and the Deadly Nightshade nourished themselves fat with poison.

"That white field yonder, what is it?"

"Camomile. Every March we set out a new bed of camomile. It is only good for a harvest the first year; then it is all bloom. The second year it runs to leaves and roots. We set the plants so far apart that a horse can go between them. In this bed here, the plants are set out four by three feet apart; in that bed there, four feet by four, which means that the bed can be ploughed both ways. Camomile blooms close to the ground, and its flower is pure white, consequently it damages quickly by rain, and is easily injured for sample. Three or four hundred women and children were here yesterday a-picking camomile flowers. They put their knees bang down into the middle of it, and snip off the little white blossoms with thumb and finger. They earn, by picking them, a penny a pound (two cents). The women depend upon the camomile harvest for getting their children clothes. We dry and bag camomile flowers as we do rose-buds."

"Is this bed here, ready?"

"No; it is not ripe yet. It has a yellow hi. It must be all white to be ripe."

The camomile of which the English herb-raiser was talk-

ing was so called by the herb-gatherers of Greece two or three thousand years ago, because then, as now, the flowers smelled like fruit. *Chamai* meant on the ground, and *melon* meant any fruit, and *chamai-melon* was ground-melon, or earth-apple.

Rich, dark peppermint covered a section of the spicy plantation before me, the pleasantly pungent, aromatic, herbageous, and deciduous plant that was tasted by Greek children long before the Christian era, and we may suppose that they stammered out "peperi-minthe;" such are two Greek words, one of which means pepper, and the other means mint. Thus infant prattlers on the Grecian mountains made our scientific terms, and under their very natural classification we have the numerous branches of the mint family, among which are the familiar pepper-mint, spear-mint, horse-mint, cat-mint, cala-mint, and penny-royal.

Mint was a harvest, in old times, the tenth part of which was worthy of mention, as it was of taxation; for the Saviour plainly said: "Wo unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint, and anise, dill, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law—judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

"A peppermint bed," said the foreman, "lasts three years. It is good for use the first year, and the second year is in its prime. It comes up in the spring as thick as grass. The workmen thin it out, and therefrom make new beds. The plants are set out, sixteen inches square, apart; they are ploughed in the fall and hoed in the spring. We harvest the peppermint with a little sickle, all the boughs together, a whole plant at a time. When the yellow pollen powder, which becomes a snuff, falls from the flower upon the green leaves, then is the time for the reaper."

It surprised me that the outspread acres of certain plants, for instance the lavender, which I had associated with prima donnas and Shakespeare, and especially with the prettiest of toilet-bottles, did not in thus growing have a more poetical aspect. The Mitcham fields do not wear the beauty of the jasmine-terraced mountain of Grasse, in Southern France. But the fragrant plain of Surrey and the flowery mountain-side that looks toward the Mediterranean have alike enriched their cultivator, from generation to generation.

"A lavender bed," said the foreman, "lasts three years, the same as peppermint beds. Every November we take out each third plant for a new bed, and every plant makes six plants; we separate the roots. The men reap it as they do the mint," and he gathered together a bunch and made the movement of a sickle.

Licorice, liquorice, or lickerish, next took our attention—the sweet black "lickerish," which childhood, without exception, strongly likes to lick. Its pretty foliage was pinnate, alternating upon the stem. Three ways the dictionary presents of spelling this favorite medicine, and

"When Doctors disagree,
Disciples then are free."

The licorice plant had no perceptibly sweet flavor in the growing part above the ground. No person would suppose that so much sweetness coursed in the leaves and sap as was preserved in the yellow and pale dried root, proving that

"Some aromatic plants bestow,
No spicy fragrance while they grow,
But crushed, or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around."—GOLDSMITH.

"We make a new bed of licorice, also, every spring," said the planter of sweets and fragrance. "The roots go straight down into the ground four feet and more. We sell it both

dried and moist," and with this very practical remark we passed away from the reminder of

"Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now."—WORDSWORTH.

Next we halted by a little clump of cedar. "This has a little berry, somewhat like a juniper;" or did he mean a June nipper? "We chop off the boughs, and distill them for their hoil."

The poppy-heads were seven or eight inches in circumference, like small apples. My teacher resumed: "Only the white is the sleepy poppy. It is used in fomentations to soothe in rheumatic and similar disorders." It was a pretty poppy, very pure white, and single petaled, whose fruit was to be gathered to

"Lull our pains to sleep."

But it would have been as useless in Mitcham as anywhere else, to attempt to pluck the brittle, fugacious flower, of which Robert Burns wrote:

"Our pleasures are like poppies spread,
We seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

And Shakespeare, too; Iago soliloquizes of the Moor of Venice:

"Not poppy nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou hadst yesterday."

My garden-guide now handed me a lovely, delicate purple root; it was dried lorage. "All winter we gather licorice root and lorage root; that is the season when the plants are dry down to the roots, and when we have nothing else to do. Roots are the winter harvest, as flowers are the harvest of spring and summer, and fruits the autumnal crop. Lavender, peppermint, and camomile, we harvest all at the same time, viz., from the first of August until the middle of September, and the camomile harvest continues until hard frost. The light frosts of September don't hurt camomile. It keeps on blooming all the same.

"We sell all our products by weight, except the poppy-heads; they are counted and sold by the thousand. Our weights are from fourteen to a hundred pounds. We always go the long hundred, viz., one hundred and twelve pounds."

POISONS.

Next we came to a plant with a trailing, hispid stem, without tendrils; the flowers were yellow, and were green veined, the fruit small and hairy. "It is commonly called the squirting cucumber; it is cultivated alone for its poison. This fruit is to be pressed, and the result dried, and washed and then re-dried, and then again washed and again dried, until there remains but the "elaterium," which is a powerful medicine. After the many such squeezings, washings, and dryings, the soft, green, poisonous paste, the last result, after being dried by dry heat on the kiln, is sent away, mostly to China and other Oriental places. The proper name for it is the "Spurting Cucumber; in botany, Cucumis Sylvestris—woody or wild cucumber." My guide was not

"Like him who knew not poison's power to kill,
Until by tasting it himself was slain."

He had measured the power, for good or ill, of every plant under his care. He unhesitatingly picked up one of the cucumbers, which, for example, spurted furiously as he squeezed it.

"Suppose you are poisoned?"

"A cold bread-and-water poultice would in one hour fetch it out."

We all, now-a-days, say "cucumber" and "asparagus,"

but a no less authority than Dr. Smart, a learned etymologist, says that two or three generations ago the person who used other pronunciation than "cucumber" and "sparrow-grass" would have been considered an airish pedant!

Next we halted before a folded bud. It really looked wicked. The fetid herb on which it grew was of dark aspect, and had a purple stem. The leaves were in twos, and of unequal size. The blossom was pretty, the berry black, shining, and repulsive. This was an energetic poison, the Atropa Belladonna, which, literally translated, means the fatal beautiful woman, commonly called the Deadly Nightshade.

Atropos was one of the Fates. These were three sisters, daughters of Night, and Plato said they were the children of Necessity. Of these fearful three women, Atropos was she whose name meant a fate that cannot be turned, that cannot be helped, absolutely cannot be avoided. Clotho held the distaff, Lachesis spun the thread, and Atropos cut it off.

The poison cultivator recalled me to agricultural and mercantile considerations. "Its chief crop is in June. We send it off in leaf and blossom. This is our second crop. Most of our poisonous plants are offensive in their smell." An evil person should find congenial air in a garden of poisons. The Shakespeare king, murderer of Hamlet's father, said,

"Oh! my offense is rank; it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't."

The foreman now led me to a large, familiar plant, and resumed: "Here is Stramonium, the "Gympson," or Jamestown weed of North America. We raise the finest of specimens. We dry the leaves; they are to be smoked in a pipe by consumptives."

"And here is Henbane, fatal to poultry," and he pointed to a flower that was handsome of its kind, light yellow, and beautifully penciled with purple veins, leaves woolly and viscid. The whole bush emitted an odor like rotten cheese.

"Henbane thrives in growing out of all old rubbish; it appears to like it. The long, legitimate name of this plant is Hyoscamus Niger. We raise a great quantity of it."

At this moment the celebrated Ghost of Hamlet's Father arose out of the bed of poison, and reaching out a bony finger, said,

"Sleeping within mine orchard—
My custom always of the afternoon—
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed henbane in a vial;
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distillment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigor it doth possess,
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barked about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.—
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatched."

All on account of henbane. We went away from the poisonous shrubs, and took the path leading back to the house. Great sacks of sweet licorice stood around us; camomile blossoms lay in a thick bed, ready to bag and send off. Stacks of peppermint stood just outside of the still, the virtue all out, and glass-jarred. Great bins of poison or perfume set me to thinking on the wonderful, because universal, though often unknown, usefulness of things; while I whirled back at English railroad speed into London.

ANNA BALLARD.

HOW WE LIVE IN NEW YORK.—No. 5.

BY JENNY JUNE.

THE WOMAN WHO BOARDS.

BOARDING-HOUSES are essentially an American outgrowth, and it is only among Americans or for Americans that they sustain a flourishing and permanent existence. In England the lodging-house gives shelter to the class who in this country take "board," and the lodging-house differs from the boarding-house in only furnishing rooms. Food is purchased by the lodger, and cooked by the lodger, or landlady, as may be agreed upon. The system, of course, is very flexible, and adapts itself to almost every grade and requirement; but the main feature is this, that the individual can exercise control over expenditure, and is not obliged to pay for what he may not desire to consume. Such guards are natural in a country where it is necessary to preserve the strictest economy, but in this country we have not as yet begun to realize such a necessity; our systems are large, if they are "crude," and are no more graded than shaded. Our city boarding-houses, like our street-cars, charge for everything and everybody in the mass, and all alike; those who travel three blocks pay the same as those who travel thirty, and the persons who make a breakfast upon bread and coffee pay the same as those who indulge in eggs and beefsteak, rolls and fricasseed oysters, ham and sweet-bread. But the majority of boarders have good appetites, and only resign the position when digestion becomes so far impaired that they cannot any longer do justice to an ample table, or appropriate their money's worth, so that, after all, the keeping of a boarding-house, except on a very large scale, is not a lucrative occupation.

In very large cities there are naturally many different kinds of boarders. There are hotel boarders—people of large means, who could keep house handsomely, but prefer the independent life; and there are temporary boarders—families who for special reasons give up their homes and take refuge in a boarding-house for a few weeks or months of change, transit from one home to another, or uncertainty as to permanent conditions. There are young men and young women who only stay in a boarding-house until the time when they can compass a "home of their own," and there are old people who, having perhaps lost or married off their children, prefer the "society" of a boarding-house to living alone. But none of these come within the line drawn by the heading to this paper; they are not, perhaps, even related to the woman who boards. This woman is not old; she is not wealthy; she does not board as a temporary expedient; and she is not expecting to have a home of her own when she is married, for she is married already. She boards because she wishes to be free from household cares, and because she can live in a finer house and more central neighborhood as a boarder than she could if she kept house. Her husband doubtless had his visions before marriage of his own fireside, of being able to ask friends to drop in to dinner, of seeing a pretty wife at the head of his modest table assisting in dispensing its hospitalities; but a few months of trial, or the gloomy representations of unfortunate victims to the rapacity of landlords or the propensities of servant-girls, have served to convince him that he cannot afford to make costly experiments, and he settles down to what he considers the inevitable. Nor is the difference in the beginning so important for him. Men are not much at home, and when they return from business at six o'clock in the evening, only just in time to wash their hands before sitting down to dinner, it does not seem to make any great difference whether they eat

it at a small table of their own, or the larger one belonging to some one else; nor, indeed, whether they have one or two rooms or a whole house to spend their evening in, as they will only occupy the space covered by an arm-chair or a comfortable lounge. From the usual and obvious point of view, the possession of a home is much more important to the woman than the man, and if she is content to forego it, he does not feel that he has any right to complain.

The couple attach themselves, therefore, to the noble army of boarders, and for awhile everything goes smoothly. They have no children; they have a pleasant room in a pleasant house, with people whom they are sure are "delightful," because they dress for dinner, and are studiously polite at table. They are young, like to be together, or at any rate the wife does, and flatters herself that her "Fred" or "Tom" will never fall into the ways of some other people's husbands, and leave her at the foot of the stairs on the way up from dinner, but that the quiet of their cosy quarters, or pleasure abroad, will be always and equally shared by both. Time does not even hang heavy, as she feared it would; there is plenty to do. There are calls to make and visits to pay, which have been too long neglected; there are various matters for use and ornament, which need to be added to even the most complete of boarding-house accommodations; and then, when there is no great necessity for exertion or hurry, one soon falls into the habit of spending a great deal of time in doing nothing. No, time does not hang heavy; on the contrary, she wonders where it goes to, for it really seems as if she had not time for anything.

The busy mistress of a small house, with two or three small children to look after, and an incompetent servant, calling upon the woman who boards at this halcyon period of her existence, envies her a little. Finding her prettily dressed, surrounded by decorative work, with the bunch of violets on the stand by her side, and the last "Seaside" in her hand, she cannot but contrast this seemingly dainty life with her own, so pressed and burdened with small cares and to the disadvantage of the latter. Happy is she if she remembers that the best does not always come to the surface or appear at the beginning, but, like fine fruitage, is the result of labor and growth. It is years, not days, weeks or months, that tell the story of the woman who boards. The boarder is nothing if not critical, and the woman who boards has little to do but be critical. She exercises this faculty, therefore, constantly, and soon finds a hundred points of attack in the food, the surroundings, the service, and the other occupants of the house. In time these assume the dimensions of real grievances, and a move is determined upon. The woman who boards is always moving; the imperfections incident to human nature, and to all mortal conditions and circumstances are not to be allowed to enter into boarding-house life. You pay your money, and for that money you have a right to expect the best of everything. That is the point of view of the boarder. The boarding-house keeper knows that it is not to be had, but she knows that it would not do any good to tell them so, and she patiently or impatiently waits for fresh arrivals.

The husband in the case has long ago gotten rid of his illusions, and his principal anxiety now is to get off as cheaply as possible. He has his club or clubs, and his own little pleasures, of a perfectly harmless nature, as he considers them, but they occupy his evenings, and absorb his spare

cash. He does not depend much upon his wife now for companionship, and he gives her as little of his money as his society. He looks upon himself as rather hardly used, and as getting very little out this matrimonial game. His part in it, he is apt to say to his shaving-glass, is simply paying the board bills for two; he might as well have remained a bachelor. As for the wife, the glamor of the boarding-house has long ago disappeared for her, but the life has fastened upon her habits which she could not and can not throw off—a habit of dependence, of inertia, of going abroad for small excitements, and of being relieved from responsibility. True she feels weighted by a thousand cares. Her husband expends his worries upon her; she never knows just how, when or where the money is to come that is to get her spring hat or summer outfit. But it has come heretofore, after much grumbling, and the fact has cultivated a happy-go-lucky confidence that it will continue to come, while the meager material in the way of personal resources which are at her command has developed an eagerness and industry in grasping and making the most of those which are offered free of cost, that might prove lucrative if employed in any business pursuit. It is the woman who boards that crowds the avenue stores in search of nothing in particular; that fills the elevators of dry-goods stores on "opening" days to the point of danger; that is first and last at Christmas-card exhibitions; that spends hours in selecting a ten-cent Easter card for a niece in the country; that cultivates studio receptions and free galleries, until she often believes herself an authority on "art," though she cannot tell the difference between an oil and a water color, and does not know when Michael Angelo lived, and whether he was a painter or a sculptor. But, poor woman, she is happy if her husband is not suffering any unusual distress of mind and body, and if she has a dollar in free and unrestricted possession, that dollar is the subject of much cogitation and many plans. If it would buy a pair of gloves, its destination would be a foregone conclusion, for gloves, or the want of them, are among the minor miseries of her existence; but she feels a sense of pleasure and freedom at the thought that a dollar will not buy a pair of gloves; it relieves her from responsibility, and she sets out to see what she can buy, and yet leave enough for that coveted pleasure, a lunch at a restaurant.

A boarding-house lunch is unique; it is peculiar to a boarding-house. It is not a meal for gentlemen, and gentlemen are never present at it. They do not come home to lunch; if they should once, they would not a second time. It is not an attractive meal. Boarding-house keepers and boarding-house cooks have a prejudice against lunch, and a prejudice against "ladies," because they require lunch. Whatever there is that is dry and stale and uneatable in the house is put on the table for lunch. "Cosy" dishes, such as are sometimes improvised at home, are unknown. The cook would not stand it; she would leave if they were demanded of her. An invitation to lunch, therefore, is one of the greatest favors that can be bestowed upon a woman who boards, and though the number of her friends who give elegant lunches is probably limited, yet any variation from the boarding-house routine is appreciated, and even the oyster-stew day at a restaurant marked with a white stone.

"Have people in a boarding-house no children?" Well, not any to speak of. Boarding-house keepers do not like children; some will not take them at any price. There is a sort of understanding in boarding-houses, or at least among boarding-house keepers, that children are to be put down, suppressed—got rid of in some way. And usually they are gotten rid of, for if they do not die they are sent to boarding-school, and in the intervals, perhaps to ease the father's and mother's consciences, are so crammed with confectionery and

suppressed where they need expansion that the boarding-house keeper feels justified in the worst idea she ever formed of their naturally wicked propensities.

It will be seen, therefore, that the tendencies of boarding-house life are not broadening or humanizing, or particularly elevating; on the contrary, they seem to be rather the other way—narrowing, selfish, and repressive. The woman may never realize this if her mind runs in narrow channels, if she is satisfied to revolve in her own little orbit, and never enlarge it for her own benefit or that of any other. She may live to a green old age, and to the last consider the most important question of the day that of the new or old cook's way of making oyster fritters, or securing a room that looks out on the street. But there are women who have been killed by the boarding-house—women who wished for nothing in the world so much as a home where they would be mistress, who would have been content with a very small and very humble one, and quite willing to do the work of it, if their husbands had consented to give up the brown-stone front of the boarding-house, the proximity to club and theater, some of his over-expensive recreations, and put the money into the acquisition of a real home. But it never could be, and day by day, week by week, month by month, and year by year they lived on in emptiness, until, in one case at least, reason gave way, and the home-starved woman was taken to a mad-house.

What we do not plant and carefully cultivate between twenty and forty we shall not be likely to gather the fruits of after that time. The cultivation of the home life is a work of some labor and much sacrifice to young married men and women, but it is worth the labor and worth the sacrifice. "I have been in six boarding-houses," said a young wife the other day, "and they were all equally good and all equally bad. It was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. Nothing would tempt me to go back into one of them. They are so inexpressibly dreary; there is nothing home-like about them. You must separate yourself from the other occupants to avoid the gossip and scandal, and then you are isolated, and treated spitefully and with suspicion. But Sunday mornings and Christmas mornings, and other holidays, were the worst part of it to me, for at home on such mornings there was always an air of preparation and of festivity. But if anything ever goes very wrong in a boarding-house, it is sure to be at a time when you want it to be particularly right and nice. So I determined to give up boarding and persuade my husband to take a flat, and I assure you it has done him, as well as me, an immense amount of good already. Why, you know how fastidious he is; nothing would ever induce him to carry the smallest parcel, and the other day he actually came home with a clock under his arm—he did, indeed—a lovely little clock for the mantel in our room; and instead of going to the club he goes tinkering about, putting up brackets and shelves with portières. Oh, I assure you he has developed quite a genius in that direction—a genius I never should have suspected if we had remained in a boarding-house."

If the boarding-house is a product of city civilization, it is a fungous growth, and the woman who boards is not a creature to be envied. Unmarried, it may be a necessity of her life, but married it cannot be. There are few men but will yield in time to the earnest and persistent desire on the part of the wife to become established in a home of their own, and the number is still less that will not feel stimulated by its possession to the practice of home-like virtues. It may be possible to enlarge the boundaries of the home, and make it take in more than one family, but it must be done on the broad principles of charity and coöperation, not antagonism, self-seeking, and individual isolation, which are the moving springs in the majority of boarding-houses.



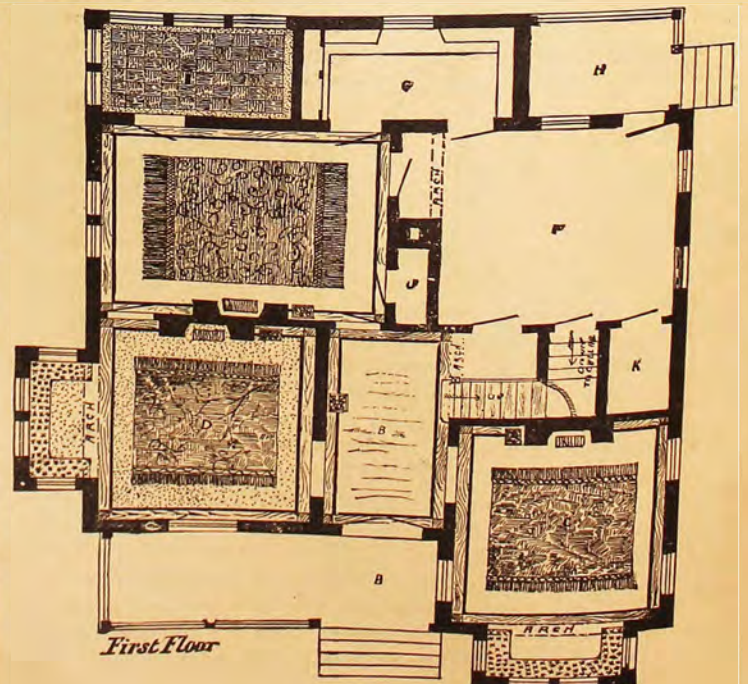
SUBURBAN COTTAGE.

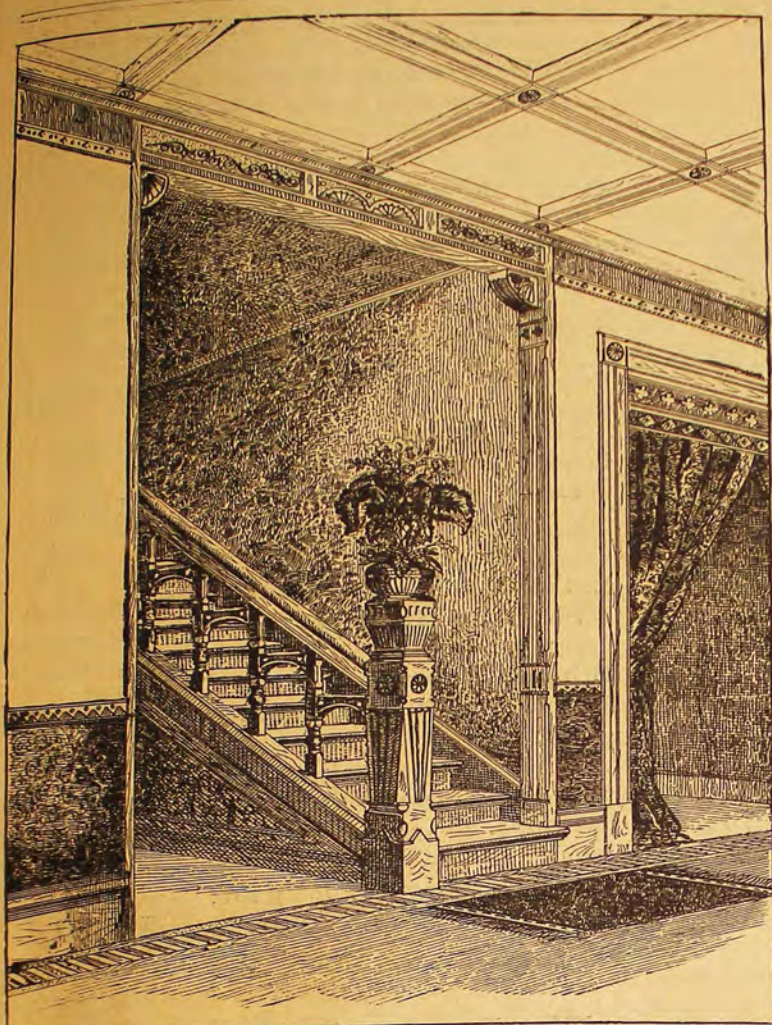
Architecture

THIS design is a modification of cottage plan shown in the April number of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Both were built in the most thorough and substantial manner, and did not cost very far from \$4,000 each.

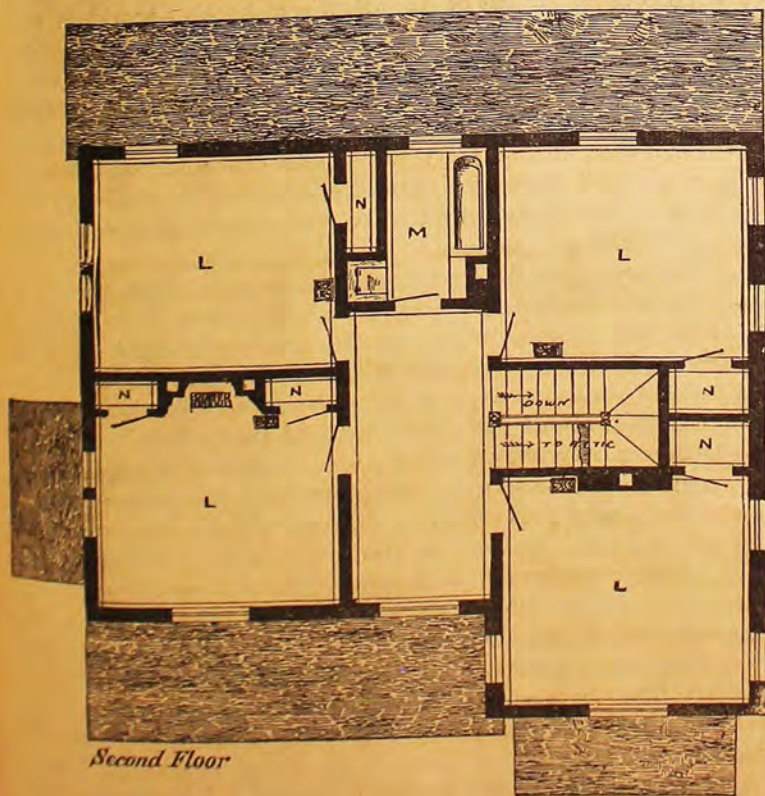
The frame, being of spruce, and as well seasoned as the market would afford, was constructed with special care against its liability to shrinkage and consequent settling, and as a special precaution the houses, after being lathed and closed in, were allowed to stand four weeks for further seasoning and settling, during which time furnaces were kept constantly going to assist in the drying process, the floors thereby not only being kept level and true, but the plastering being very free from cracks and blemishes; the entire house being finished in natural wood except the kitchen, which is painted in plain tints; the parlor and hall being of maple and cherry, library and dining-room being in ash, remainder of house being finished in white pine.

A novelty of the staircase is the newel post, the top of which is hollowed out to receive a glass bowl, in which plants are allowed to grow, as shown in the perspective sketch, forming a pleasant feature to the hall.





STAIRCASE.



Second Floor

Opening from dining-room, E, is the conservatory, I, with windows of plain glass extending from floor to ceiling, having a border of colored lights at the top, set in a movable frame, to be opened or shut as ventilation may be needed; the floor of the conservatory being of plain tiles.

Explanations of Plans.

FIRST FLOOR.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| A Entrance Porch. | F Kitchen, 14' 0'' x 13' 0'' |
| B Hall, 7' 0'' x 14' 0'' | G Pantry, 12' 0'' x 6' 0'' |
| C Parlor, 12' 6'' x 14' 0'' | H Rear Porch. |
| D Sitting-Room, 12' 6'' x 14' 0'' | I Conservatory, 11' 0'' x 6' 0'' |
| E Dining-Room, 13' 0'' x 16' 6'' | J China Closet, 2' 0'' x 5' 6'' |
| | K Stove Closet, 4' 0' x 6' 6'' |

SECOND FLOOR.

- | | | |
|-------------|------------------------------|------------|
| L Chambers. | M Bath-Room, 9' 0'' x 5' 0'' | N Closets. |
|-------------|------------------------------|------------|

The Trio.—(See Oil Picture.)

THE Harlequin is the product of the Italian theatre, and was not introduced on the English stage until the reign of Queen Anne. The Italians derived their pantomime and grotesque shows from the ancient Romans, who were very fond of burlesque comedy. They had their "Mimi," a race of buffoons, who not only amused the public, but were invited to private houses to entertain the guests. The term *mimetic* art is derived from them. The "Pantomimi" were held in high esteem, and were tragic actors whose dumb show was often more eloquent than words. They had great influence over the Romans, even kings taking enough interest in them as to interfere in their quarrels, which Augustus did when two of them fell out.

The Harlequin of the Italian theater was, at first, the representative of the ancient "Mimi." He degenerated, however, until the celebrated Goldoni undertook his reformation. Then he became more refined, witty, learned, and sentimental. He could provoke laughter and draw tears from "eyes unused to weep," and his jests and his pathos were alike appreciated by the public.

Some of the Italian Harlequins were men of distinction, and were noticed by kings. Constantini was ennobled by a King of Poland, and was followed by crowds in the streets; while the Harlequin Dominic was often the guest of Louis XIV. Many of them were learned men, who were honored for their productions, such as Cechini, who was ennobled by the Emperor Matthias for his learned work on the Harlequin's profession.

The parti-colored dress of the Harlequin was derived from the Roman "Mimi," who wore "a coat of many colors." Sometimes they blackened their faces, and sometimes wore masks; but the modern Harlequin generally dispenses with both, making himself up with red and white paint—a proceeding that, in modern times, caused the death of a well-known Harlequin.

Our picture, "The Trio," is a very striking representation of a Harlequin, in his handsome theatrical garb. He is "discoursing sweet music," evidently to the satisfaction of his pet dog and monkey, who join in with their voices to swell the harmonious cadence. This is a spontaneous tribute of respect, and shows an appreciative spirit on the part of these animals, which is, doubtless, quite gratifying to their melodious master.

Perhaps they are his co-laborers on the stage, and behind the footlights play their amusing antics. Or they may be simply the companions of his hours of ease, to whom he has taught a few playful tricks for his own amusement. However much some persons might object to such musicians joining in their music, it is preferable to the noisy talking which sometimes greets the performer, as it shows that a sympathetic cord has been struck in the hearts of the listeners, the result being a trio instead of a solo.

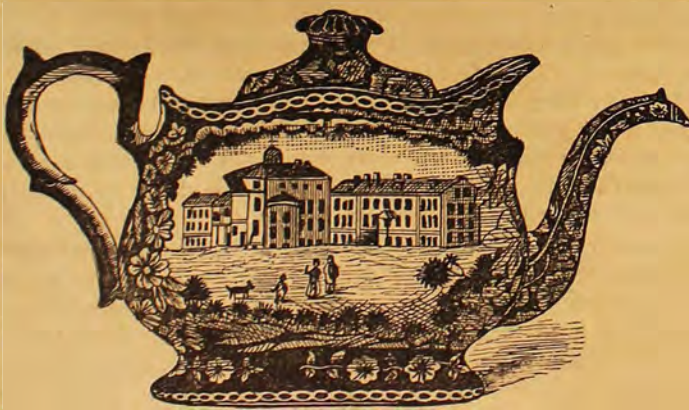
The artist has produced a very original and amusing picture, the details of which are admirably carried out, and the rich colors most harmoniously blended.



The Resurrection of the Blue.

FULL many an old blue plate is hid away
 Deep in the corner cupboards of the past,
 Fated to see the blessed light of day—
 A treasured piece of bric-à-brac at last.

Full many a tea pot of "ye oldene tyme,"
 Emptied of ancient vials*, shall be brought
 Out from its century of dust and rime
 To add its history to the world of thought.



The shadowy forms of men of other days,
 In this new resurrection, once again
 Shall rouse the world to words of wondrous praise,
 Though lost themselves to sense of joy or pain.

Fontana, Della Robbia, come once more,
 And Maestro Giorgio, with his brilliant art;
 Palissy yields to us his living store,
 And Wedgwood lives again to win each heart.

* This tea-pot was really full of ancient medicine vials when the writer first saw it.

And all the potters of the golden age
 Arise once more, as by a wizard's wand,
 To fill with beauty Art's most glowing page
 And bring rich treasures to the eager hand.

O Art! thy mission surely is divine;
 To live again is Man's most deep desire;
 And thou dost place him on a fadeless shrine,
 Lit by a never-dying vestal fire.

Kingdoms may rise and sink, and sovereigns
 fall
 Into oblivion's grave: the gaping earth
 Cover her cities with an ashen pall,
 Leaving no sign that ever they had birth.

But thou, fair power of Man's perfected thought,
 Shalt rise from out the grave of vanished
 years
 Bringing us beauty where we had it not,
 And wreathing blossoms o'er each fount of
 tears.

Lifting the spirit from its depths profound,
 To reach, and hope, and study, and aspire;
 Breaking the chains in which we have been bound,
 And thrilling life with Genius' lofty fire.

MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

The Bayeux Tapestry.

THE oldest piece of needlework in the world is the Bayeux tapestry. Tapestry, you know, is a kind of woven hangings of wool or silk, often enriched with gold and silver representing various figures. In the Middle Ages queens and noble ladies had not much else to do to employ their time, and so they wove and embroidered tapestry to cover the cold stone walls of their prison-like castles. A great deal of labor and skill were sometimes expended upon these productions.

The tapestry that is preserved at Bayeux, in Normandy, France, is said to have been worked by Queen Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, though if she did it all she must have done it as Solomon built the temple, "with a great deal of help." It is a long linen web of the color of brown holland, about two hundred and thirty feet in length, and a little over twenty inches wide. Upon this is embroidered a series of historic groups illustrating the various events and incidents of the Norman conquest. Some have called it a sort of pictorial history of that age, which, indeed, it is, and in some respects better than Mr. Freeman's or Mrs. Strickland's. The embroidery is woolen, the thread used being about the size of our common yarn. It was of various colors, blue, red, green, black, and yellow predominating. There are fifty-two scenes represented, and one gets a very interesting and graphic picture of that age from that parti-colored web.

The designs, of course, are very simple. Neither Matilda nor any of her maids knew anything of perspective or the principles of coloring, but with this ignorance of the rules of art, and her paucity of material, she produced a work which few of the women of the nineteenth century would care to undertake.

The most striking thing about the tapestry is the charming freshness and *naïveté* with which the characters and scenes are represented. There is an expression in the faces and attitudes which tells its story even without the help of the Latin inscription which accompanies each scene. The incongruity of color, red horses being given green legs and *vice versa*, and the faces and limbs of the characters being worked in green and blue or left white, just as it happened, imparts sometimes a grotesquely ridiculous appearance.

The figures are arranged in fifty-eight groups. In the first scene King Edward is represented seated on his throne, and surrounded by his courtiers, among whom is Harold. The artist has given the king a most sinister expression by an injudicious stitch, but Harold is a very good-looking man. The latter is ordered by Edward to visit Normandy, so that the duke may know who is to be King of England. Some historians say that he went on altogether a different errand, it being nothing more than to obtain the release of his brother, who was a hostage at William's court.

Whichever way it may have been, Harold is next seen journeying toward Normandy, riding a green horse and with a hawk on his wrist. He stops at the abbey church of Bosham, in Sussex, where two queer-looking ecclesiastics pray for a blessing upon his expedition. The travelers drink a parting cup with their friends on shore, and then Harold embarks. He is wrecked in a severe storm upon the French coast, and the crew are seen wading through the surf to the land, only to be taken prisoners by the soldiers of Count Guy, of Ponthien, who hoped to get a large ransom for Harold's release.

The great Duke William is now brought before us by his wife's needle, a very tall individual with unnaturally long legs, clothed in chain armor, and with the back of his head closely shaven; which, by the way, marks the distinction between the Normans and Saxons, the latter having long hair and mustaches. This monkish looking personage is seen ordering his messengers to demand Harold's release, and forthwith two men of warlike appearance, bearing large spears and shields, one mounted on a black horse, the other on a green one, ride over to Count Guy's. Their errand is successful, and Harold is welcomed in state at Rouen, where he receives the promise of the hand of William's daughter in marriage.

The episodes of the war in Brittany between Duke William and Duke Conon follow. Harold and William set out together in a very friendly way for Mount St. Michael. The Normans are seen in pursuit of the enemy. Two men with torches set fire to a Breton town, from which the duke is seen escaping. But he is pursued by the Normans, and takes refuge in a strong tower, on the top of which he appears after a while, and hands the keys of the fortress on the point of his lance to William, who is at the gate on horseback. The scene then shifts to Bayeux, where the Saxon earl takes the oath of allegiance to William with his hands resting on two ark-like shrines full of sacred relics plundered from churches.

Harold is next found in England attending the funeral of the pious Edward. A view of Westminster Abbey, in red and green worsted, is one of the most unique on the whole canvas. On the pinnacle Edward is seen placing the weather-cock, while his bier is being borne into the church. Here the queen suddenly recollects that she has forgotten the death of the king, and retracing the steps of history takes us to his death bed. Being now both dead and buried he is succeeded by Harold, who is crowned by Sigund, Archbishop of Canterbury, amid several unusual heavenly events, the most appalling of which is a comet of extravagant size, upon which the people gaze with ludicrous expressions of wonder and alarm.

The great historical event of the invasion of England is treated in several groups. All the details are portrayed with wonderful vigor. You can see the woodmen felling the trees, the carpenters building the ships, the preparations for the commissariat, and the construction of the curious implements of warfare. Among other things you will observe that there was a dearth of iron in those days, for the spades used in earthwork and fortifications are only tipped with that metal. The expedition starts at last in many ships. All the bustle and excitement attendant upon the embarkation are pictured with marvelous reality, and the quaint attitudes and expressions of those red and yellow men are intensely lifelike. At the landing in Pevensey Bay there is some difficulty with the horses. Most of them are swung out of the ships by cranes and pulleys, but one unfortunate animal has three legs on the shore while it struggles furiously to get the fourth out of the vessel.

Then follow preparations for a banquet, the artist thinking, doubtless, that men can fight best after a good dinner. The chief cook makes his appearance, knife in hand. Bulls, sheep, and swine come skipping toward him. Great fires are kindled, the viands are cooked, and William partakes of his part of the feast under a temple-like covering in company with his brothers, Odo and Robert, while pages kneel to present the dishes.

In the meanwhile Harold has been informed of the invasion, and he marches to meet the Normans. Saxon spies are seen taking an observation, and after a time the battle begins. It rages furiously. The ground is covered with the dead. Harold's two brothers are slain early, but the Saxon banner floats proudly. The fighting warrior wrought in gold upon a silken field is for a time more than a match for the three lions of Normandy. At one time there is a report of William's death, and the frightened Normans are only reassured by the duke lifting his helmet. There is a fearful charge of cavalry with Duke William on a tremendous black horse riding like a centaur. Men and horses, Saxons and Normans, are seen falling in the ditch. Harold himself is killed by an arrow at last, and the battle ends with his fall. The last group shows men in the act of stripping the dead and perpetrating other cruelties, and then the fingers of Matilda and her maids seem to have grown wearied. Many of the later figures are only traced, and have never been filled up.

The excellent preservation of the tapestry, when we consider the date of the work, the delicacy of the material, and the vicissitudes to which it has been subjected, is something extraordinary. All its colors are remarkably fresh, and in only two places has it been restored where moths had eaten into the groundwork. This pictorial chronicle has endured almost a thousand years, and will long continue to be a valuable subject of reference to the student of English history as well as to those interested in curious relics of the past.

The Mannish Young Woman.

IN reading of the revival of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum, Irving's last and greatest achievement, one is reminded of Coleridge's remark that he liked no type of women but those whom Shakespeare had described, and that Shakespeare had solved the problem of the vivacious woman, who was yet not "coarse;" he might have said "mannish," but the epithet was not yet born.

Nor, fortunately for the proper adoration of the sex, was the mannish woman extant in the days of Coleridge, or of Shakespeare. A calm and gracious manner of speaking, walking, sitting, and of moving—a low voice, that excellent thing in women, an impression of tranquil serenity—this has

been the ideal of womanhood throughout the ages. Shakespeare, who never saw a woman on the stage, was obliged to put his young women parts into the hands of young men (because until the reign of Charles the Second no woman ever trod the English boards). Shakespeare, with the true instinct of a poet, gives his most vivacious Rosalind many a pretty feminine weakness. She declares, does pretty Rosalind, that there is "no doublet and hose in her disposition." She says, however, often, that she is faint and frightened. She is indeed a *very* woman. So Viola and Imogen are but women, and maidenly women in spite of their masculine garments. Portia, sweetest, best, and loftiest of all his creations, is the most perfect lady ever drawn.

But the nineteenth century has developed a something between a woman and a man, which is called a "mannish woman." She slaps her sides and her knees. She affects the most masculine of hats and of ulsters; her language is of the stable and the boat-house; she delights in slang; she wears no gloves, allowing her hands to grow red and coarse; she parts her hair on one side; she drives the horses for her husband or her lover; and asks her friends to examine the biceps muscle in her arm, to see how "tough" it is.

She breaks down the barrier between respect and familiarity, by depriving women of their dearest privileges—care and protection.

Who can care for or protect a mannish woman?

She strides, she talks loud and defiantly, and yet she may be affectionate and sincere, only mistaken, only a little giddy, impulsive, and unfortunate in the direction her taste has received.

It is the dangerous side of a very good thing. Physical culture is an admirable thing. Horseback riding, the skating, walking, coasting, the lawn tennis, the visits to the Adirondacks, the sweet communing with nature, all gay, frank, and healthy, and proper acquaintanceship between the sexes, these things are certain to improve a woman's beauty and a woman's health. To be well loved and well married is the natural condition of a woman; to become also a useful and strong and self-dependent single woman is within her scope. She may study medicine or law, or fill pulpit or rostrum, or conduct a newspaper, or become the manager of a great hotel; or she may fill the difficult rôle of a popular actress, even to the playing of parts which seem to unsex, without losing her feminine grace, if she be a true and modest woman. The most modest of women have sometimes been driven to the profession of public dancers and of the variety actress, yet none of these women are forced by necessity to so belie themselves as does the "mannish" woman from choice.

The fashionable world holds the "mannish" woman almost exclusively. It may be, let us hope that it is, one of the rapidly changing fashions of this changeful century.

There is a certain delicate type of woman, very small, very pretty, very piping of voice—she may play at mannishness, and be applauded by men. She may tilt her hat, stride her feet, talk slang, make believe smoke—rather as children assume to be Major-Generals and Lord High Admirals. The very assumption is witty, and suggestive of an absurd contrast. It affects one as does the sprightly acting of some opera bouffe actress. It is like Dr. Johnson's definition of wit, the sudden juxtaposition of antagonistic ideas, but it is dangerous.

Woe unto the larger or plainer woman who tries to copy this little man. Their talent should never essay to copy genius. Let the large mannish woman remember that excellent maxim of Bulwer's:

"Never forget that you belong to a sex which cannot afford to be grotesque."

Mannishness in woman is, in brief, a bad imitation of

things at best not worth copying, and which the best men are getting rid of.

It is quite possible for men to see at college and at their clubs, men who can swear, smoke, talk slang, and stride, better than any woman can possibly do the same thing. That is, using the word "better" in an artistic sense, *better* as to the ideal best. Can they possibly like a bad copy of this original?

Yes, in a certain debased and ignoble phase of fashionable life, the mannish woman pleases the effeminate and bracelet-wearing man. They are both masquerading, and the balance is in a way maintained. But whether a true and enduring affection often grows out of this sort of *camaraderie*, whether there is not in this exchange of sex a gross insult to the noble cause of love and marriage, no philosopher can determine.

It is worth while to ask the question.

But it is a fact growing more and more patent to all those who own daughters, that a good marriage is growing more and more unattainable. How many girls we see in fashionable society who, to use their own most mannish slang, seem to "hang fire." These mannish young women are very "good fun"—they are admirable friends for a yacht voyage, but how for the voyage of life? Does not a man seek out for his wife frequently the woman who has not been a belle?

It is to be urged, however, in extenuation of the mannish woman, that she may be of an energetic and vivacious temper, and that she may find the life of routine and *convenances* exceedingly dull. Persons who are without blemish from stupidity are models which a clever girl cannot well copy. Life is dull—it lacks sparkle—and certain natures have no mission except to make life amusing. She sees, this lively girl, unfortunately, that she is immediately conspicuously fashionable if she can play her part well. The unrestrained dissipations, the reckless gambling, the equivocal households, the life of a young man of fashion of the present day—all this does not make him nice of choice. He has no mission to regenerate society; he, too, is seeking to be amused.

Therefore, natural gayety of heart is thus, by this conspiracy of circumstances, sometimes innocently betrayed into a certain wordiness, which becomes a habit of life before the person herself has lost the feminine and womanly graces. To such a person the love of a refined man may prove a salvation. We often see this change—a mannish girl may become a lady-like woman. But the result is usually the other way, oftentimes the silly or affected young woman disillusion young men, and puts a negative upon romantic enthusiasm. The modern young man does not say that he is in danger of being betrayed by his enthusiasm—he rather dreads that he shall perish by platitudes. The present generation stands in need of poetic inspirations and higher ideals. Who can bring these noble helps to the young men of the period, if the young women cannot do it?

Her fireside, her religion, her children, have ever been the strong and the unfailing weapons of a woman. They have raised her from the foot of the arch, where, in the days of her degradation and her slavery, she sat, ere the cross and the crusade, the chivalrous knight and the self-consecrated priest, gave her the first place in the church and the home. Shall she desert the fairy-like power which her charms have given her, and ignore the kingdom and soft dowry of beauty? Shall she ignore the music and the incense which man offers her rationally? Shall she forsake "the golden heart and the ivory tones of a dignified womanhood," in order to masquerade for a few years in the habiliments of the other sex, copying their faults but not their virtues?

M. E. W. S.

The Record of Women.

It has become the fashion of late years for little wits to air themselves, not at the expense of women, as formerly, that is in ridiculing or abusing them, but in a sort of defense, apology, and labored statement in regard to what they are and what they have done, which only shows an entire ignorance of what they attempt to discuss, and is more hurtful to the cause of woman in the abstract than abuse itself; for the latter may be recognized as unjust, but a lame statement and impotent conclusion, in the other case, may be set down, and will be, by those as ignorant as the writers, to the inherent poverty of the subject. These lubrications, whether they appear as addresses before societies, or as articles written to order for some paper or periodical, are not only usually destitute of original thought, but lack entirely the spirit of industrious research. There is at the best but little fairness in judging woman from her independent work, for her strength from the beginning has been largely expended in making men and sustaining them in their work. But even her record, imperfect as it must ever be, is never given in these perfunctory efforts. What is said is superficial and always refers to half a dozen persons, such as Mrs. Somerville, Rosa Bonheur and Margaret Fuller, names which, good and honored as they are, have been worn threadbare, and are only reiterated because they have been spoken and written so often that every one is acquainted with them, and it requires no effort to establish the fact of such women having existed, and, it is presumed, done something to justify their reputation, though what that something was it would often be difficult for these champions to tell.

We have said that even a complete record of the independent works accomplished by woman would present no fair basis for judgment as to their capacity. And this, for several reasons. One is that women have existed in subjection to the superior force of men, and have been deprived of the education and opportunity that men have enjoyed. They have been forbidden to use their faculties, and then charged with not possessing them. Yet, in all ages, notwithstanding their exclusion from the advantages monopolized by men, and the eternal draft made upon them by Nature itself through the function of motherhood, which, take it for all in all, has been magnificently performed, there have been living witnesses among women to every form of effort for which they could by any possibility obtain the requisite instrumentalities. Besides this work of their own, they have accomplished much more in aiding and assisting men to perform their work; labors which have conferred fame upon the man, but which never could have been accomplished without the help of the woman.

It would be easy to fill volumes with achievements of women, from the first woman historian down to Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, author of a "History of New York," which has won the admiration of the most distinguished men of letters for its clearness, conciseness, and spirit of faithful, conscientious research. Women have done less in history than in any other department of literature, because the materials have been out of their reach. They have been locked up in churches, in convents, in state departments, and in libraries, to which men only had access. These are reasons sufficient why no great historical work written by a woman has come down to us from very ancient times. Yet we have the record of Pamphilia, an Egyptian lady, who lived in the first century of the Christian era, and is recorded by several authors as having written several histories in Greek. Tacitus quotes Agrippina's Commentaries. The mother of Nero wrote her own life and the history of her family, and later, Zenobia, the famous queen of Palmyra, is spoken of as having written also in Greek an epitome of the history of Egypt

and the East. What would we not give to be able to see and judge of Zenobia through her work now! From the eleventh century has been handed down a history, which consisted of fifteen volumes, from the pen of the princess Anna Commena, daughter of the Emperor Alexius Commenus I. These were also written in Greek, under the general title of the "Alexiad," and were devoted to a record of the reign of her father, which she declares was written in solitude after his death, when truth was even more dear to her than his name or fame; so at least says Gibbon.

Of female naturalists and astronomers there have been so many that there is no necessity for relying upon one name to support any statement. A German lady, Madame Graaf, born in Merian, published in the latter part of the seventeenth century a "History of the Insects of Europe" in two parts. In 1698 she undertook a voyage to Surinam, in order to make drawings from nature of the numerous insects of that country. She painted all she could during a stay of two months; and her original drawings are still preserved in the Stadt House, at Amsterdam. In 1705 she published in Latin a "Dissertation on the Insects of Surinam," illustrated by engravings on copper by her own hand, which are of remarkable beauty. These works were accepted as European authorities. Dr. Craik says the great "Historical Conchyliorum, or History of Shells," published by Dr. Martin Lister, is simply composed of a series of plates, the designs for which were all executed by Dr. Lister's daughters. The same authority mentions Elizabeth Blackwell as the author of a "Curious Herbarium," in 1739. A Swedish lady, Elizabeth Christina Von Linne, discovered the luminous property of the *Nasturtium*, and sent the results of her investigations to the Royal Academy of Science at Stockholm. The eighteenth century was particularly rich in women distinguished in science and mathematics. Madame the Marquise du Chatelett, the translator of Newton's "Principia," standing at the head.

Women have always been teachers and writers upon ethical subjects; and the author of a little work, "Historia Medierum Philosopharum," gives the names of sixty-five women, nearly all Greek, and most of them Pythagoreans, as among ancient philosophical teachers and writers. This writer, who was the famous scholar Ménéage, dedicated his "History of the Female Philosophers of Antiquity," to Madame Dacier, who lived and wrote in the latter half of the seventeenth century, as the most learned woman then in existence. A writer says, "It has been common to speak of Madame Dacier as a mere pedant and book-worm, but in reality she performed her duties most admirably as wife and mother; was her husband's efficient co-worker, assisted in the education of her children, was a person of warm affections, and, with all her learning, of the most simple tastes and unostentatious life." It would be easy to go on and fill volumes; but this is not the object of this article. The individual mention has been made only to show that more has been forgotten and left to perish than we find in any recent statement of past or present achievements of women, and that it would be well for those who undertake a theme of this kind to find out by a little research what there is really to be discovered in regard to it. We must remind our readers, also, at this point, that all the works, ancient and modern, that have been executed by women have been done in defiance of public opinion, not with its encouraging smiles; because the taste and faculty brought to bear upon its development were so strong they could not be overcome, not nursed, as is usually the case with men, into life and activity. If women have accomplished all they have against the tide, what would they be likely to do if wind and waves were in their favor?

Time and space would fail to record the list of those

women who have devoted life and strength and energies to the welfare of others ; to religion, to philanthropy, to the acquisition of fame which crowned the brow of father, husband, or brother. We hear of Joan of Arc, but how many have heard of Catherine of Siena, the Italian Joan of Arc, who, at the age of thirty-three, when she died, occupied a greater place, even in the public eye, than any great man of her time? Catherine of Siena was one of twenty-five children of a poor wool-comber and his wife Safra, yet her saintly character made her a public envoy and mediator between the rival republics of Siena and Pisa, and caused her to be appointed ambassador from the proud Florentine Republic to Pope Gregory XI. The Pontiff had put the Republic under a ban, but after hearing the clear and truthful statement of the position of affairs, the Pope said, "I commit the treaty of peace wholly to your decision. I wish the negotiation to rest wholly in your hands, and I intrust to you the honor of the Church." This young woman died in Rome in the latter part of the fourteenth century ; died from the effects of privation and devotion to the sick and suffering everywhere.

In these days and in this country there is not the opportunity for women to signalize their lives by public work or identification with public interests. Until recently all doors except that of the kitchen and the school-room have been shut against them ; and most curiously, while allowing women to act as teachers, the doors of schools where they could be trained have been closed against them. Still, the progress has been wonderful. Instead of the one woman in this, that, or the other department of trade, business, profession, or avocation, they are found by the hundreds and hundreds of thousands. Effort is distributed instead of concentrated. Where one woman occupied a professor's chair there are now half a dozen women professors in each one of a hundred and fifty colleges. The work which women are doing may not in the aggregate yet rank in importance with that of men, but it does in some individual cases, and will grow with their growth and experience. Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi occupies the first rank as a physician, Miss Anna C. Brackett as teacher, and neither Howells nor James surpasses Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett as a writer of fiction, nor in some respects do they reach her altitude. The reason why the figure-heads seem to be fewer in number—or, to use a better figure, the reason why the white caps on the surface of the sea are apparently fewer in number than formerly, is not because the forces are less, but because they are more active, and bring the whole surface so near to the foaming crests of the waves that they have to attain a greater height than heretofore to be seen and recognized.

At the same time can any one say that the essential nature of woman has undergone a change? Does not Christine Nilsson, the marvelous singer, say that she has never, even to this day, sung in public without first kneeling in prayer at home? Sara Coleridge began a literary career which might have brought her fame and fortune, but she chose to devote her gifts wholly to the education of her children. Harriet Martineau did her work in literature and journalism with the strength and impersonal judgment which are considered characteristic of men, yet in her autobiography she dwells most upon the circumstances of the acquisition of her home, and returns to it, and her quiet, domestic life in the heart of the English lake country, with loving tenderness and intensest satisfaction. George Eliot was a specially domestic and timid woman, afraid of many things—cows among the number—and an admirer in others of the faculties she did not possess largely herself—readiness, grace, and faculty for tasteful dress. Malibran was as clever with her needle as she was extraordinary as an artist. She played the whole range of characters in the drama, and when asked

which she liked best said, "the one she was playing at the time." Yet she never saw a piece of fine embroidery that she did not want to copy it, or a stitch that she did not learn it. She made all her own stage dresses, and would have been the greatest dressmaking genius of her time had she pursued that avocation.

Is there a fairer example anywhere of courage, patience, devotion, and final success than Genevieve Ward? At seventeen she was roused to the assertion of her most sacred rights as a woman by the treachery of her husband. She vindicated her own good name, but refused to shelter herself with his. She studied hard, and won her place as a singer, only to lose her voice in a severe illness. She waited only long enough to recruit her strength, and began all over again her studies for the dramatic stage. After years of such struggle as those only know who battle alone against all the odds, she has won, and at the same time has preserved a wonderful sweetness and sincerity of character. Her life off the stage is given wholly to her mother and an invalid brother, and even her efforts are made for those beloved ones. For herself, she is happiest in an old flannel dress, with a huge linen apron, working in clay, making busts of her friends, or taking long walks with her little dog for companion ; but she willingly casts aside her own inclinations to work out the problem of life for herself and others, and has won a place abroad and at home of which American women may be proud, for, like the stainless knight, it is without fear and without reproach.

Men need not fear for women in affording them whatever good there is in this world to counterbalance its evil. Women must fight for life as well as men, not only for their own, but often also for the lives of their children, and they need all the weapons that can be put into their hands ; all the chances for thorough and complete education ; all the recognition that can be given to industrious use of different but equal capacity. It is so easy to be generous, so difficult to be just, when justice interferes with the exercise of a monopoly which has been long enjoyed.

An English Glove Factory.

HERE was a prophecy of comfort about the trim little chambermaid who stood at the top of the stairs of the "Star and Garter Hotel," waiting to show us to our room. She led the way to number 37, and ushered two wornout travelers into a haven of rest. "Boots" followed with the trunk. It took but a few moments to deposit all the little odds and ends on the shelves of the large mahogany wardrobe, and then sink selfishly into the one easy chair. A contemplation of our surroundings brought a ready echo to my companion's exclamation.

"Well, I should think we could put in two or three days here at Worcester very comfortably."

"I should think so, indeed, in such quarters as these."

There was the tidy dressing-table, placed, as usual in English houses, in front of the window. The little half curtains of white muslin, carefully adjusted to shield one from the gaze of the curious across the way. The dignified high post bedstead, with canopy overhead, and a sweep of immaculate drapery to be drawn together at night, was a revelation of purity ; white dimity, with blushing rosebuds scattered over, wearing their freshest smile o' the May, to greet us. The fringed valance, too, below the counterpane, seemed to touch timidly the carnations on the well-swept carpet.

Our little Mary Ann appeared with hot water, and,

"please, we would find the coffee-room at the foot of the stairs when we were ready for dinner."

The objects of interest in this lively English town we knew were many, but our memory had retained but two, between which there was a great step, the beautifully restored cathedral, and ———, the depot for Worcestershire Sauce. We thought it best, while waiting in the coffee-room for our chops and spinach, to inform ourselves further by a careful study of the "Guide to Worcester and its Neighborhood" that lay on the center table, half hidden beneath an accumulation of newspapers. We read that "Worcester is a clean, bright city, situated on both banks of the river Severn, with a large traffic in hops, china and gloves."

Our programme for the next day was made out before retiring. Morning at the Cathedral; an hour at the Royal Porcelain Works, and a visit to Dent's Glove Factory, glove makers to the whole world.

We reached the factory about one o'clock in the day. I must confess to some disappointment in the building itself; having heard that it "was once a baronial residence, and that traces of its ancient grandeur were still discernible." Very, very dimly; we sought them in vain in the plain stone structure before us. It had been the same in London, where we found the headquarters for Martin's Umbrellas. A little "seven by nine" place in the Burlington Arcade. Still, to grasp a Martin umbrella with a Dent glove is no small satisfaction to a well dressed follower of fashion.

As it was the hour for luncheon we were shown into a small office by a very polite young clerk, whose place seemed to be on a high stool before a towering desk. Soon they came trooping in; men, women and boys, full of noisy mirth, that subsided as they passed through the short hall to their work in an outer building.

In a few moments we were following our young friend, who explained to us, as we crossed the courtyard that, "the first process," puddling the skins, he generally spared visitors, particularly ladies. They are placed in shallow vats containing yolk of egg and water, and tramped upon, or "puddled," until they are soft and pliable. The egg feeds the skin and keeps it healthy. We descended a short flight of stone steps and found ourselves in the dyeing room. After puddling, the skins are brought here and placed in tubs of clear water. Beside each of these tubs was a square stone table. When washed, the workman stretches the skin upon this table, the dressed side uppermost. He presses and smoothes it until it adheres without a wrinkle to the stone. With a soft brush, in shape like an ordinary scrubbing brush, dipped in the coloring matter, he goes over and over the skin, until it seems to have become thoroughly covered. A moment later, and it is added to the long row hung up across one side of the room to drip. There were thirty or forty men at work in this room. Fortunately their blue shirts could not be much damaged by the dark dripping, but it required a good deal of dexterity on our part to escape.

As I looked at the many skins in process of dye, it seemed to me that all the world were to wear black gloves. I remarked this, and our guide was amused. "Wait until you see the stretching, and the darkest shades may come out a light tan," he replied. I was also surprised to see how very clean and free from dye the inside of the skins were kept. But few had the slightest spot or stain upon them.

Our steps next led us into the drying room, where the temperature was tropical. An array of dark hanging objects again greeted us. They seemed so very dry and hard I wondered that they did not break and crack when manipulated. "We remedy that," said our young friend. "You see this long, deep box beside the wall. It is filled," he continued, lifting the lid of one of its compartments, "with damp

sawdust. When the skins are quite dry they will be packed here, where they remain for several days, until they are again soft. Now we have finished the unattractive part of the business, we will go up stairs, if you please, and see the stretching."

We entered a sunny room at the head of the stairs, and, on one side, found a number of men and boys drawing the poor tortured skins across a set of blunt-edged instruments that looked like ordinary chopping knives, held in a vise. They pulled and tugged at every part and corner, until the skin had reached its greatest size. It was then passed to other workmen, who scraped the inside with smaller knives until every particle of roughness was removed.

Then they were handed to the women who sat in little knots of three or four on the other side of the room, looking over the piles of stretched skins beside them, carefully selecting the perfect ones, and placing them together; laying aside those in which they discovered the slightest crack or imperfection.

"And what is done with these rejected ones?" we ask.

"If they crack in the stretching on the dressed side we re-dye, reverse, and use them for our *Suede* gloves, or cut them as they are into children's sizes, where the holes and cracks can be thrown out. We never use any part of an imperfect skin in our best gloves."

"And where do you get your skins?"

"The best from Cape Town, in Africa. Others we pick up in Switzerland, France, or wherever we can."

Opening a door just ahead, we understood in a moment that we had reached the last process.

The head cutter stood, shears in hand, turning and twisting the patterns of the different sizes, laying out work for the dozens of men and women who stood by the long tables. It was certainly a painstaking business; every part, finger, thumb, and wrist, must fit together perfectly.

After the body of the glove is cut out, or as many bodies as one skin will afford, the trimmings were carefully gathered and shaped into the little gussets that are used between the fingers, the binding for the opening at the wrist, and the button-holes. The different sizes are carefully kept together, and tied in bundles to be carried to the delivery room below stairs.

As we started down by the front hall, our guide stopped and asked pleasantly, "Would you like to take a look into our refrigerator?"

"Refrigerator? Do you pack the gloves away on ice?"

"You forget our hundred dozen eggs," he said, opening a low door before us.

We glanced into a vault-like place, and there stood row after row of enormous milk cans, filled, we were told, with the yolks of eggs.

"They are sent to us in these cans every day from all parts of England. A great many come from London."

"And what becomes of the whites of the eggs? Surely not wasted?"

"No, indeed; they are used by photographers in London, and I imagine are delivered to them in the same way."

Beautiful economy, and fellowship of nature and art.

Our last stopping place was in the room below, where, in neat, tidy packages, the gloves were shelved, ready to be given out for making.

On the table was a number of short skeins of silk and linen thread of every imaginable shade. Five or six young girls were matching the shades of thread to the gloves, and putting them up in packages of one or two dozen pairs each.

"These," said the young man, "are sent to the women here in Worcester and in the country around, who make them. Two or three days of each week our wagon is out

delivering the work, the other three days collecting. Yesterday we received a large order for the Prince and Princess of Wales. It must be filled by the middle of next week, so our best glove-makers will have to put aside their regular work to do it."

"I suppose there is a great deal of difference in the work of the glove-makers?"

"A great deal; but they are all pretty careful, for if they soil or injure a glove it is their loss. They have a machine like this for holding the edges of the work together," he continued, showing us a smooth steel clamp, with serrated edges. "These little points keep the stitches regular as the needle goes in and out between them."

"And how long does it take to make a pair of gloves?"

"About four hours."

I forebore to ask how much was given a pair for the making; but I wondered if the "Song of the Shirt" was ever heard in the cottage of the humble glove-maker.

We left our guide with thanks for his kindness and patience, which we tried to return by answering the mute appeal over a little box beside the doorway, "For Our Sick."

As we turned into the crooked street, misnamed High, we gave a farewell glance at Dent's, and then, as we went back to our hotel, regarded, with a feeling almost of awe, the rows of three and four button chevrettes in the windows, placarded "only one-and-nine!"

E. M. TYNG.

Marabout Storks.

THE stork family is not a very large one, most of its members possessing the same characteristics. They are large birds, and while they prefer feeding upon reptiles and fishes, do not disdain garbage of all kinds. The white stork has its winter home in Asia and Africa, visiting the central part of Europe in the summer. They are found in Holland and Germany, where they are highly appreciated, and their nests, which they build on the tops of the houses, are never molested, the birds returning every year to their old home. They are very fond of their young, and have been known to perish with them, rather than leave them when exposed to danger.

The adjutant is found in India and some parts of Asia. This enormous bird is sometimes six feet high, and fifteen from wing to wing. It is exceedingly voracious, and devours a rabbit or a cat at a mouthful. The jabirus is very little smaller than the adjutant, and resembles it in many respects.

The marabout stork (*leptopilos marabout*) is found in portions of Africa and the East Indies. It is an exceedingly ugly bird, its only redeeming point being the beautiful and fleecy white feathers that grow under the wings. Each bird yields four of these feathers, and sometimes the birds are reared especially for these charming plumes. The marabout is very voracious in its habits and not at all particular about the quality of its food.

Our illustration is from a painting by Paul Meyerheim, the German painter, and gives a very correct idea of these exceedingly ugly birds. They bear their ugliness, however, with such an air of dignified unconsciousness of their shortcomings in the way of beauty, that the beholder is tempted to forget and forgive their hideousness, and thinks only of the beautiful feathers hidden under their wings, which give them their sole value.



MARABOUT STORKS.

A Housekeeping Venture.

HERE'S no use looking any longer. Every place is too dear, or too far up town, or too far down town. There doesn't seem to be a corner for us in the whole city!" and Miss Elizabeth Warner never had looked more disconsolate in her life than at that moment. Her head sank lower on her hand than before, and she regarded the toes of her dusty shoes with a dull and fixed stare.

"Yes, I'm tired to death racing round after board, and being told that they prefer gentlemen. And that Mrs. Whats-her-name, who we were told would be so glad of two quiet young ladies in that front room, acted as if she thought we were hardly fit to step across her threshold."

The second speaker, from her chair by the window, looked even more forlorn than her companion, and a long silence followed these remarks upon the day's adventures.

They were two young women, who had made acquaintance the year before in the house where they now sat, and having recently returned from the summer vacation, found that there would be room for them there only a few days, as all the rooms were engaged. Every day for a week they had been searching for comfortable quarters at a reasonably low sum, and night after night they had come home jaded and disappointed.

Elizabeth was studying art at the free school, and Ruth McIntyre was an accountant in a book store. Elizabeth's little store of money was fast going, and Ruth's modest salary served only for the simplest way of living. Eight dollars a week for board was as utterly beyond them as eighteen or eighty would have been. They had only three days more in the house where they were, and what to do next was the question.

"We might keep house," suggested Elizabeth, suddenly starting up. "I've heard of girls' doing so, and liking it."

"I've heard of their *not* liking it. And besides, where's our outfit?"

"We don't need any. We each have a spoon and knife and fork, and we can hire a furnished room."

It was not the most inspiring idea by any means, and Ruth had on a very doubtful countenance.

"Who'll get the dinner?" she asked, for she was never home before six.

"Why, I will. Come, we can do it, I know. Let's look to-morrow for a furnished room."

The two had often noticed a house in the same street, unlike any other in that neighborhood; it had been for a time the home of a noted poet, but for a year or two had been rented by a woman who in turn let the various rooms to lodgers.

So the next morning when Ruth started for the store, Elizabeth called on the landlady of the apartment house. The mantle of the poet evidently had not fallen upon this person, for she was most prosaic in appearance, very fat, and able to drive a sharp bargain, as Elizabeth afterward found, though within ten minutes she had engaged the third floor front room, with large closets and right of gas for cooking, and was to take possession the day after the next.

"How nice it is to have a place of one's own," cried Ruth, who began to take a more favorable view as she saw the pleasant room, whose round front gave it an air of grace and cozy comfort.

"We'll call it the Round Tower. I'll hang my 'Venus' there, and that is just the place for your fruit piece."

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "who knows how many lovely poems have been written in this room! But dishes and eatables are the things to be thought of now. Shall we get majolica plates or plain stone china?"

"Things taste better out of dainty things," responded

Ruth; "but if I can get some good coffee I shan't mind the stone cup, and I think I could eat off a tin plate if the steak were only tender."

"Well, have it so, my dear. And now let's go and buy a stove to cook it on."

So off they went on their first shopping expedition, and in an hour or so returned in high spirits, having made the following purchases:—

1 Gas stove, with rubber pipe.....	\$1 40
1 Coffee pot.....	0 25
1 Frying pan.....	0 37
1 Pipkin	0 20
4 Plates, and two cups and saucers.....	0 75
1 Tin basin	0 10
1 Can condensed milk.....	0 25
Sugar, tea, coffee, butter, eggs, cheese, steak, bread, salt, orange marmalade.....	1 98
Total	\$5 30

"There! we've bought nearly every-thing we need in the way of furnishing and all these groceries besides for less than six dollars. Who would have thought we could get so much for so little money!" cried Ruth, whose interest in the experiment increased every moment. "I long to begin to get dinner. Which shall we cook first, meat or potatoes?"

"Potatoes, of course!" said Elizabeth, with a superior air; though an art student, she was quite as practical as her friend. "It won't do to have the steak cold."

For it must be told that their stove being exceedingly small would accommodate only the one article which happened to be cooking, so that each must take its turn.

"And we never can broil any thing on it, that's one trouble," said Ruth, as she fastened the rubber pipe to the gas fixture with considerable ado.

"Well, we never had any thing broiled where we were. So tell me something new, my dear."

"We can wrap 'em in a cloth," suggested she, after a minute's pause.

"Wrap what?" inquired Ruth, who was beginning to unpack. "Why, the potatoes. That would absorb the steam, and keep 'em hot while the meat cooks. And as for the tea, it can be drawing while we eat the first course."

"What a lovely idea," exclaimed Ruth in an ecstasy. "And there's marmalade for dessert."

The thought was inspiring, and the crockery and eatables having now arrived, they began to prepare for dinner. The pipkin was washed, and the potatoes put on to boil.

"Isn't it easy to light the fire? All you have to do is to turn a screw," and Ruth now set the little round table, resolving to buy a table cloth as soon as she could. "We have plenty of napkins. Do you know where you put the knives and forks?"

"I'm getting 'em," replied Elizabeth from the depths of a large trunk, "if I can find 'em. And here are the spoons."

Oh! it was a merry dinner they had that first day of house-keeping. Everything was well cooked, and they never ate with a better relish. Their fresh, unspoiled appetites found bread and butter and marmalade the daintiest of desserts.

"We can have this any time, and no cooking to do. But we could make blanc mange, I should think," said Ruth, who had quite the vaguest notion how it was done.

"We'll have soups, too, in this establishment," declared Elizabeth. "I love them. No dinner is complete without soup. And so good for the health."

"And salads," continued the other, sparkling with the prospect. "They're simple enough, and cheap, too. We mustn't forget to buy pepper and vinegar to-morrow. We can get a little pepper-box, and that fancy perfumery-bottle of mine will do for the vinegar."

"Which of us gets the breakfast?" asked Elizabeth.

"I, of course," said Ruth, "as I'm not here to help about dinner. I like to get up early better than you do. It won't be much, if everything is ready the night before."

It was a favorable beginning, and things went on smoothly for several days. Mrs. Simmons, the landlady, was kind, even offering her oven to bake a pudding, and taking in at the basement the pint of milk which the housekeepers added to their larder. For they were determined to have as good a substitute for oatmeal as possible; and having heard of a gluten manufactured by the Health Food Company, which could be cooked in five or ten minutes, they bought and found it the most delicious of morning dishes.

On the tenth day of the experiment, Elizabeth was returning from the art-school about four o'clock in the afternoon. Being in a brown study and her eyes downcast, she did not notice until she stood by the house the blackened walls, the broken windows, and all the desolate signs of a fire. She stood horrified for a moment, then sprang up the steps.

"What's this? Is everything burnt?" Mrs. Simmons sat in a heap on the floor, the picture of despair.

"Yes, the parlor's ruined. My piano and all my nice furniture is spoiled."

"But upstairs!" cried Elizabeth, her heart sinking.

"No, your things are all right. The fire did not reach beyond the first floor."

"Thank God!" thought Elizabeth fervently, though she considerably refrained from saying so aloud. "If it had, that would have been the end of housekeeping and everything else for us."

Having had so much fire that one day, Mrs. Simmons was extremely economical of it afterward. It was getting cold weather. The girls' room was heated by register, and the thin, faint puffs of warm air that came up would have discouraged the most enthusiastic. Mrs. Simmons listened to the girls' complaints with an interested expression.

"There's a good fire, Miss. It's the people below you that take all the heat!"

Whose ever fault it was, between Mrs. Simmons and the parties down-stairs, the young housekeepers were half frozen at every cold snap, and began wrathfully to consider what should be done.

"We might buy an oil-stove," suggested Elizabeth. "I saw a new kind the other day, warranted perfect."

So on her way to school the next day she called to see it, and, encouraged by the praises of the shopman, ordered one to be taken home.

"You're perfectly sure it won't smoke or smell bad?"

"Perfectly sure, Miss. It's a first-class, well-regulated stove."

"But what a homely, awkward-looking thing it is!" exclaimed Ruth that evening, as her companion was sounding its praises.

"Well, we shan't mind the looks if we are only comfortable," she answered cheerfully, trimming the wick and lighting it.

In about fifteen minutes, Ruth, whose olfactories were good, began to sniff the air inquiringly. "'Pears to me the thing smells, doesn't it?"

"O, they always do when they're first lighted."

But in an hour the odor was nothing less than powerful, and Ruth rushed to the window, opening wide top and bottom.

"Dear me," she moaned piteously, "what shall we do? There's five dollars thrown away."

"I might ask the man to take it back," said Elizabeth, penitently, for she felt like an offender.

"Pooh! Who ever heard of such a thing. Nobody ever takes back any thing when once the money is paid," and

Ruth rushed to the stove and blew out the flame. "I'd rather be cold than bear that."

It was not a very promising errand, but Elizabeth resolved to get rid of her purchase, and called on the stove-man next day, armed with her boldest countenance and a pathetic narrative of her experience. And wonderful to tell, whether the man was conscience-stricken or better-natured than people in general, he agreed to take back the stove and refund the money. Elizabeth could have hugged him, so great was her relief, and in spite of the fibs he had told her, she at once put him down on her calendar of saints.

They were more cautious about buying stoves after that, but at last found one which worked to a charm, and in cold weather lived in a state of lofty independence of both Mrs. Simmons and the lodgers on the second floor.

The Christmas holidays came and went, the snows of January fell, the rains of February beat against their windows, the winds of March blew, and April came with its softer airs and beautiful promise. Breakfasts and dinners were prepared and eaten, and though the getting of them implied some thought and labor, the girls enjoyed the life far better than they had expected. It was novel, independent, and economical. The days went by as if on wings. Sundays especially were most enjoyable. No morning bell summoned them before they were ready, the afternoon rest and talk was full of refreshment, and the evening tea they had leisure to make as dainty and appetizing as they chose.

"Why, it's just like home here," said Elizabeth, one Sunday afternoon. "We have things just as we like them, and it doesn't cost much."

"You're getting to be quite a cook, too," said Ruth, from the easy chair where she had been reading. "If you fail as an artist, you can set up for cook in some establishment."

With the end of June came the breaking up. They had kept house for over eight months, and one evening after dinner, while the sun was sending long lances of golden light through the window, making a glory on the wall and picture, the two sat talking over the experiences of the year.

"I believe we never shall enjoy ourselves better than we have these last months," declared Elizabeth, emphatically.

"In spite of the fire," added Ruth.

"In spite of the cold," continued the other.

"In spite of the repairs going on in the house, the smell of paint, and the mortar on the stairs."

"Yes, in spite of hard work, inconveniences, and a thousand mishaps common to housekeepers," concluded Elizabeth. "We've had a cozy, comfortable time, plenty to eat, and it's been pretty well cooked, too."

"And we've saved money by it," said Ruth. "Do you know just what our expenses have been all this time?"

"I've forgotten how much you said the last time. Have you been figuring again?" laughed she, for it was one of Ruth's weak points to be continually casting up accounts. Her friend was of a decidedly different turn, hardly ever knowing what became of her money after she had once spent it.

"Well, how much is it, Ruth?" asked Elizabeth.

"Paying five dollars a week for rent makes one hundred and seventy-six dollars the whole expense for that, and the grocery bills, and so forth, amount to one hundred dollars and forty-eight cents. That is eighty-eight dollars apiece for rent and a little over fifty-two for the food. Or a round sum of one hundred and forty dollars each. Isn't it absurd?"

"And such first-class fare as we've had. We haven't been clothed in purple and fine linen, but I'm sure we've fared sumptuously every day. And we've had such good times, too. I'm sorry it's all over," sighed Elizabeth.

"Won't we keep house again next year?" queried Ruth, with a rather pathetic quaver in her voice. "I want to."

But we seldom repeat our experiences, and the two girls who had found such pleasures in each other's society, and had taken so much pride in their simple, self-helpful mode of living, were destined not to come together again in the same way. Ruth found a better position with a larger salary, and Elizabeth, having graduated from the art school with honors, grew afterward too busy to attend to marketing and the cares of the table. But when they meet, as they often do, they never fail to recall, half enviously, the pleasant, merry days they had together keeping house.

JENNY BURR.

Weddings.

“Not a church wedding,” says Miss Maltby, “considered more pretentious than any other?”

“Possibly it would be thought so in the country, or in any place where it is an uncommon thing, but in cities and large towns church weddings are as frequent as any, and are often the quietest. I have heard of more than one couple being married in church with only enough witnesses to make the ceremony legal.”

“It would make quite a stir if our little church was to be opened for a wedding,” says Miss Bently.

“Well, it will be in a few weeks,” says Miss Maltby, and her announcement fills all present with the liveliest curiosity as to the names of the courageous couple who are about to break through the ice of custom.

The bride-elect is her mother's youngest sister, Miss Maltby tells us. A widow from Canada, who is coming on to see them, and will be married before she returns, to a gentleman from Boston.

“Mother feels as if she did not quite know how to manage it all, but we are going to have a rehearsal at the church the day before, so as not to be too awkward. I suppose my sister and I will be bridesmaids.”

“But,” I say, “it is not customary for widows to have bride's-maids.”

“Is that so?” Well I am glad to hear it, for I don't fancy the idea of walking up the aisle with everybody staring at me.”

“Nobody looks at any one but the bride,” says Miss Leigh.

“After she comes in,” I say; “but the bridesmaids sometimes go first, and then they are the target for all eyes to aim at.”

“Who takes the bride into church?” asks Miss Maltby; “and ought she to go in before her mother or not?”

“The bride should be taken into church by her father, if she has one, if not, by her brother or uncle, and her mother should go in with the groom before the bride enters.

“Aunt Katie's father is not living, and she has no own brother, so I suppose my father will have to escort her in and give her away. In talking it over, we had decided that he had better take grandma in.”

“No; etiquette would say, leave her to the groom.”

“Then, who must mamma be taken in by?”

“It is not necessary that she should have a special escort. One of the ushers will show her to a seat.”

“Oh, must we have ushers?”

“By all means, if you want your wedding to pass off smoothly. And if you are going to send out many invitations you had better provide a white ribbon with a weighted tassel or hem on each end, for the ushers to put across the aisle for a dividing line.”

“To divide what?”

“Invited guests from spectators, or, if you are going to

have a small reception at the house, and have calling days later on, then only those invited to the house sit beyond the ribbon. If your ushers are new to the office all these points ought to be explained to them beforehand. May I ask if your aunt is to be married in a traveling dress?”

“No; I think not. I am in hopes she will be married in white; she is still young, and very handsome.”

“Widows, even when very young, are rarely married in white,” I say, “and they never wear veils; those belong exclusively to the maiden brides.”

“Can a widow be married with a ring?”

“Oh, certainly. A woman is entitled to a wedding ring every time she is married, no matter how often it may be.”

“Won't you tell me a little more about what the ushers' duties are?”

“First of all, they must find people seats. Then, if there is no best man, the head usher must take charge of the fee, and hand it to the clergyman after the ceremony. He must also have the ring in readiness for the groom at the proper time. Do you intend having a reception?”

“I think so. Aunt Kate used to live here, and mamma thinks it would be pleasant for her to see all her old friends on that occasion; and, of course, my sister and I are glad of an excuse to have company.”

“Very well. Then the ushers must go immediately to the house, and be prepared to take care of the guests as they arrive. The bride and groom and the ladies of the family must take a standing position in the parlor, and as people come in to the room the ushers should meet them at the door and conduct them to the bridal couple to offer their congratulations. I think their duties may be said to end there, except where there are bridesmaids. In that case the ushers are expected to take them in to the refreshment-table, and, in all ways, show them the same attentions that groomsman would.”

“How soon after the people come ought the refreshments to be served?”

“If you give a reception, say from two till four, or any other hours, your refreshments must be ready all the time, as people will come and go. It is unlike an evening party, when supper is served at an regular hour.”

“How long before the wedding should the invitations be sent out, and how ought they to be worded? Is there any particular form of words required, or is it a matter of taste?”

“There is an old established form,” I say, “which has varied but little in the last quarter century. It is about like this,” and I write on the blank leaf of a book:—

“MR. and MRS. JOHN SMITH

request your presence at the marriage of their daughter

EDITH,

to

JAMES M. GRANT,

Thursday, April 12th, 1883,

at two o'clock P.M.,

St. James's Church,

Bristol.”

“As to the time invitations should be issued,” I continue, “that depends something upon the style of wedding. If it is to be simple and rather private, a week before will be soon enough; but if there is to be a crowd, and more or less display, a fortnight will not be too long beforehand.”

“Where there is to be a reception at the house, shouldn't it be mentioned in the invitation?” asks Miss Maltby.

“Not on the same sheet with the church invitation, but a

separate card should be sent in the same envelope," I say.
 "This is the usual form :

" 'RECEPTION

from half-past two until five o'clock.'

In the city it would be necessary to put the bride's residence below the hours of receiving, but here in the country that is uncalled for."

"Must the invitations be written or engraved?"

"They are generally engraved in script, but there is no objection at all to written ones, if time can be spared to write them. They must be on thick, plain paper, with envelope to match. The name only of the persons you are sending it to should be on this, but it should be inclosed in an outer envelope and properly directed for the post-office."

"I should think," says Miss Maltby, "that as Aunt Kate is a widow, and does not live at our house all the time, some different wording would be necessary in her invitations."

"No, except that sister should be substituted for daughter. Unless the invitations are to go in your grandmother's name?"

"No, I think not, because it is mamma who will give the reception. Grandma lives with us."

"I have often wondered," says Miss Nolan, "which is correct to say in reference to marriages—Miss Smith to Mr. Jones or Mr. Jones to Miss Smith?"

"I think Miss Smith to Mr. Jones is very generally recognized as the correct form. The lady is married to the gentleman and receives his name."

"If any one was to get married privately," says Miss Leigh—"I mean away from home (that is the only way you could keep it private in this inquisitive place)—what would they do about sending cards then? They couldn't send wedding invitations afterward?"

"But they could send announcement cards, and then their friends would call on them."

"I am so stupid that I don't know what announcement cards are."

"They are simply cards giving the lady's maiden name and her own and her husband's. Like this :

" 'MR. AND MRS. JOHN SMITH,'

and below it, or on an accompanying card—

" 'MISS EMMA JONES.'

As I said before, the place of residence need not be given here in the country."

"But," says Miss Bently, "what if Mr. and Mrs. John Smith want to have a reception, or calling days, in spite of their private marriage?"

"Let them say Wednesdays in April on their card, or Thursday evening, April 26th, at eight o'clock. But in that case the lady's maiden name must certainly be given on a separate card, to avoid giving a crowded look to the other."

"Have monograms gone out of fashion, and initials on the paper, and all those things?" asks Miss Leigh.

"I don't think single initials, without devices, are used at all, but I have just been told by a fashionable stationer on Union Square that they have a great demand for stationery engraved with name or residence in a fac-simile of the writer's autograph or handwriting. They say, too, that coats of arms and elegantly emblazoned monograms are in vogue for wedding and other ceremonial stationery."

"I think coats of arms and monograms are awfully shoddy," says Miss Greene.

"They have too strong a flavor of antiquity to be shoddy," I say, "if rightly used. In the Vatican at Rome you may see, if you care to look, a veritable letter of Charlemagne's written in A. D. 800 to Pope Leo Third. I think you will own that is certainly dating back a long way for a precedent."

"According to that they are not very recent inventions," says Miss Greene. "But I like the idea you speak of, of having the name in one's own handwriting on the note-paper."

"Well, I should hate to see a copy of my autograph on nice paper," says Miss Leigh. "It would spoil the looks of it entirely."

"Why so?"

"Because I write such a careless, horrid hand," is the answer. "Hardly any one can read it."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself," I say, with more frankness than civility. "No young lady should plead guilty to 'horrid writing'; there is no excuse for it."

"But suppose she has not had good advantages?" says Miss Bently.

"All the advantages she needs are pen, ink, copy-book, and patience to practice faithfully till she has mastered the art of writing neatly and legibly. Shading and flourishing are the ornaments of an obsolete school, so no time need be expended in conquering their difficulties."

"But legible writing is not always beautiful, is it?"

"It is, at all events, nothing to be ashamed of, and the one who succeeds in writing legibly will soon, insensibly to herself, begin to throw an individuality into her hand that will make it pleasing. It is easy for young people to acquire a good hand, but later in life it is very hard to make much improvement, so I advise those of you who are not satisfied with their writing to work hard to amend it. In a letter matter is, of course, of infinitely more account than the manner; but there are times when it will be excessively mortifying to send a note to a stranger so ill written as to give an impression of illiteracy in the writer."

MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

Inexpensive Pretty Things.

FIRST, a really pretty table cover can be made something like old-fashioned patchwork of either silk or cretonne. The pieces are about five inches square, seven squares each way make the cover. The seams are hid by narrow black velvet or braid. This may be tacked on with fancy stitching if one likes. The edges are finished in various ways; some having a cretonne border of roses, etc., or strips of braid of all colors, each piece of uniform length, and merely hemmed to prevent pulling up or raveling. The strip should be four or five inches long, and makes a graceful and pretty finish, although anything of the nature of fringe is not now as fashionable as plain borders. An enterprising dry goods dealer in Newport hit upon the idea of selling cretonne pictures in this way. Some cretonne representing very pretty Watteau scenes was cut so each picture was complete. The pieces were about a yard wide and three-fourths of a yard long. These were sold for twenty-five cents each. Of course many bought them without any idea as to what they could be used for; but they were utilized in various ways. One lady tacked hers into an ancient gilded frame, and hid an ugly, but, in winter, very useful, fireplace with it. Another, much happier idea, was to have a very simple frame made of pine for a screen; the feet alone being stained and polished. Over the frame was tacked the cretonne picture with a lining of dark red French satine, and a box-plaiting of braid finished the edges; this made a lovely screen for chamber or nursery use. To put a few stitches of silk in appropriate colors into the costumes of the figures adds not a little to the whole effect. This gives one a very useful little article of furniture at a very trifling expense.

What Women Are Doing.

Miss Catherine Wolfe has given \$2,500 to the Bartholdi statue.

Miss Ella McIntire is local editor of the Mitchell (Ind.) *Commercial*.

Miss Mary Dickens, eldest grandchild of Charles Dickens, aged nineteen, is about to become an actress.

The current number of *Carpentry and Building* publishes house plans designed by a woman, who submits them as "the study of a woman not learned in architectural law."

A Hungarian lady, Mlle. Sophie de Torma, well known for her theological labors, has sent to the Anthropological Congress at Frankfurt an interesting memoir on the researches she is making in Transylvania.

Mme. Sarah Bernhart-Damala has written her Memoirs, which are illustrated by Mlle. Abbema.

The first of the new series of "Eminent Women" will be Miss Mathilde Blind's volume on George Eliot. Messrs. Appleton & Company will republish the series in this country.

Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, the editor of "Woman's Kingdom" in the *Inter-Ocean*, recently read a paper before the Press Association on the "Ideal Journal."

Mrs. Mary Olmsted Stanton, of California, has made a finished study of physiognomy, which begins with the book, "How to Read Faces."

Mlle. Laurentine Proust, who is called the heroine of Chateaudun, from having carried provisions and ammunition to the soldiers under fire in 1870, has just received a gold medal of honor of the first class from the Minister of War.

Miss Hoppus, the author of "Five-Chimney Farm," and one of the most promising of the younger lady novelists, has just finished a story to which she gives the title of "A Great Treason." The plot is laid during our War of Independence.

Miss Sarah Cowell is the most popular woman reader in New York, her time being all filled up with readings at fashionable private houses, for which she receives handsome compensation.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Phelps is the president of the first Woman's Insurance and Accident Company of America. A small fixed entrance fee, and still smaller annual dues, pay all the expenses, and the members are only liable to an assessment on actual losses.

Jennie J. Young, author of "Ceramic Art," is lecturing abroad, and illustrating her subjects with vocal music. "An American View of Burns," "Thoughts About Women," "Music and the Fine Arts," "The Songs of Scotland," "The Potter's Art," and "Henry W. Longfellow," are among them. She is now preparing other concert lectures, including one on "Tennyson."

At a meeting of ladies in London it was resolved "that a Ladies' Auxiliary Committee be now formed in connection with the Sunday Society for the purpose of organizing drawing-room and other meetings, and for generally assisting the society in its efforts to open museums, art galleries, and libraries to the people on Sunday afternoons."

Annie Lenten, a servant in Newport, R. I., saved a child from death by fire lately under circumstances of exceptional danger, and which required singular devotion and heroism. It is proposed to publicly recognize the act.

Two sisters by the name of Ely, ages sixteen and fourteen, located a mining claim in the Como district of Nevada several months ago, and have christened it the Woodbine and Daffodil. They are sinking a shaft by their own labor, and, with the happy confidence of their sex, express implicit faith in their enterprise.

Princess Christian has won the certificates awarded to the successful students of the Windsor branch of the St. John's Ambulance Association, and has recently given to the public a small manual, which consists of five Ambulance lectures given before the Association.

A young girl, Elizabeth Lindsay, daughter of a Canadian farmer, who began by teaching school, stopped because it "made her cross," went into millinery, by which she made some money, and invested in Dakota lands, finds herself a property holder in Dakota Territory to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars. It seems to be just as good for the young woman to "go West" as the young man.

Arbela, Tuscola County, boasts of a woman who has gone into the woods with her husband and done her half of the sawing,

splitting, and piling four cords of wood in a day, and can keep it up for any length of time. She weighs 120 pounds and is thirty-eight years old, of English descent, and the strangest of all is, she says she never saw a tired day in her life.

Miss Kate Santley, for nearly twelve months, has been at work bringing her art skill to bear on the painting of a series of china plaques which are intended for the ornamentation of the front of the dress circle at the newly-constructed Royalty Theater, London. The plaques are illustrative of some of the most famous musical composers.

Mrs. Osgood, of Minot Centre, the Maine woman farmer, finds time between planting her acres of oats, potatoes, beans, and onions, mowing a dozen tons of hay, chopping ten cords of wood in snow knee-deep, and all the hard work of running a forty-acre farm, to take care of the milk of two cows, make butter and bread, and do all the kneading, cooking, and sewing on of buttons for a family of children, and yet, an editor remarks, has nothing to say about woman's wrongs or woman's rights. But can men afford to get along without such a woman, and give all the chances to the wife-beaters and gin-mill operators?

The Shah of Persia has sent Princess Bismarck a decoration, which certainly no woman before her has ever possessed. He has thus set an example of enlightenment to his people by considering a lady so much the equal of men that she is worthy to wear the highest decoration of Persia. The German Emperor has given his approbation, which was necessary before the Princess could accept the high distinction offered to her. Society is now very eager to see the Star of the Sun, which will cover well nigh one-half of a modern ball dress bodice.

Miss Edmonia Lewis, a Baltimore sculptor of African descent, has completed at her studio in Rome a fine bass-relief in white marble for a church in Baltimore. It represents the Magi adoring the infant Jesus, and of the three the African is given greater prominence than either the Caucasian or the Asiatic.

Genevieve Ward in "Forget-Me-Not."—A London paper says: "Miss Ward has converted, by her admirable acting, this play into what is known upon the stage as a 'one-character piece.' It is for the sake of a single psychological study, conceived with wonderful power, and elaborated with the finest touches of histrionic art, that audiences flock by the hundred to see *Forget-Me-Not*. For the other people of the story they care nothing. In the splendor of the chief artist's performance they glimmer like tapers in the sunlight. And what is most remarkable is that the principal personage—this Stéphanie de Mohrivart—has no quality to attract love or tender interest. Pity you may perhaps feel for her, but certainly neither affection nor admiration. She is essentially wicked, but with such signal skill does the actress paint her portrait in all its many-sided aspects that the contemplation of the picture yields high intellectual pleasure."

Queen Makea, of Razotouga, South Pacific, indignant at the extent to which intoxicating liquors were being introduced and sold, one day called together her people and said: "You constables were directed to put down drink. You have winked at it. In truth you are of no use whatever except to eat on feast days and to share fines! I am a woman. Let the staid middle-aged women of this village be enrolled as a police force. Perhaps they will have some regard for my word." This novel plan (of her own devising) has been tried for some months, and so far succeeds remarkably well. Nothing escapes the eyes of these women constables. About fifty Orange River barrels have been given up and destroyed. Most of these barrels had pet names. The fact is, the drunkards are in great consternation; several of them have turned over a new leaf.—Wm. Wyatt Gill in letter to *Sunday At Home*.

Mme. Le Bœuf-Dolby, who has spent the greater part of her life in France, has opened a manufactory for "Indestructible Tapestry" at Starch-green, near London. In her looms a very soft and strong material, called the "Gobelins Tissue," is made by hand. This tissue is painted instead of being worked, so that the effect is produced rapidly. The work is consequently far less expensive than the old hand-sewn tapestries, while the effect is as good. The tissue, which is woven by a patented process, is prepared for the reception and permanent incorporation of the coloring matter, and a special fixing process is used by which the colors are so absorbed into the cloth that the painting will last as long as the material itself.



KITCHEN

Spiced Fruits.—A general rule for spiced fruits that usually gives satisfaction is the following: To seven pounds of fruit take three good pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, cloves, mace, and cinnamon to suit taste. Sprinkle the sugar over the fruit; let it stand over night; then boil juice, vinegar, and spice fifteen minutes. Put in the fruit and boil ten minutes.

Spiced Currants.—Five pounds of currants, four pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, four teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, four teaspoonfuls of cloves. Boil slowly two hours. These proportions are good also for blackberries and ripe grapes.

Spiced Peaches.—Take nine pounds of good ripe peaches, rub them with a coarse towel, and halve them; put five pounds of sugar and a pint of good vinegar in your preserving kettle, with cloves, cinnamon, and mace; when the syrup is formed throw in the peaches, a few at a time, so as to keep them whole as may be; when clear take them out and put in more; boil the syrup until quite rich, and then pour it over the peaches.

Cherries may be done in the same way, as may also the different varieties of pears; but the pears should not be peeled, and the stems left on; if very large they may be halved.

Sweet Tomato Pickle.—Seven pounds of tomatoes peeled and sliced; pour off the water; put in a kettle with three pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, a two-ounce stick of cinnamon, one-half ounce of cloves, and boil till thick.

Spiced Pickled Plums.—Four quarts of plums, one pint of vinegar, one pound of sugar; boil spices and sugar together; then put in the plums, and boil until tender.

Sweet Pickle—Plums, Pears, Peaches, or other Fruits.—Seven pounds of fruit, four pounds of white sugar, one pint of strong vinegar, mace, cinnamon, and cloves to taste. Pare peaches, but not pears. Prick plums, damsons, and tomatoes, and put in the kettle with alternate layers of sugar. Heat slowly to a boil; add the vinegar and spice; boil five minutes; take out the fruit with a perforated skimmer, and spread upon dishes to cool. Boil the syrup very thick; pack the fruit in glass jars, and pour on the syrup boiling hot. Examine every few days for the first month, and should it show signs of fermenting, set the jars (uncovered) in a kettle of water, and heat until the contents are scalding.

Mixed Pickles.—Prepare green tomatoes, cauliflower, and any vegetables you like, by cutting them in pieces, and let them lie in salt and water for two or three days; then make the pickle in the following manner: Boil the quantity of vinegar required with pepper-corns, mustard seed, a small quantity of mace, a few cayenne pods, and ginger, and half a pound of flour of mustard mixed smoothly in a basin, to be put in while boiling; put all together in a large stone jar.

Pickled Celery.—Separate the stalks from the head; clean them thoroughly, and put them into salt and water strong enough to bear an egg; let them remain in this a week or ten days, or until wanted to pickle; then take them out, wash them well in clean water, drain dry, place in a jar, and pour boiling vinegar over, to which any approved spices may have been added. Keep well covered with vinegar. If the celery is allowed to remain long in salt and water it will be necessary to soak it a day or two in clean water, changing the water occasionally.

Lemon Pickle.—Wipe six lemons; cut each into eight pieces; put on them one pound of salt, six large cloves of garlic, two ounces of horseradish, sliced thin; of cloves, mace, nutmeg, and cayenne, a quarter of an ounce; two ounces of mustard flour; to these put two quarts of vinegar; boil a quarter of an hour in a saucepan of boiling water; set the jar by, and stir it daily for six weeks; cover close; then put in small bottles.

Dolgourouki Pickle.—Take seed cucumbers (yellow on the vine), cut them in half, lengthwise, and scoop out the seeds; part them, and put them into strong salt and water, to remain from four to nine days; take out, drain, and wipe them; then lay in a sufficient quantity of vinegar to cover them; drop in a small piece of alum, and boil gently until the cucumbers look clear; then pour off the first vinegar, and to one gallon of fresh cider vinegar put

one quart of small onions, half a pint of garlic, one pint of mustard seed, half a pound of horseradish, a quarter of a pound of black pepper; three ounces of cloves, three ounces of allspice, two nutmegs powdered. Tie up closely to exclude the air and preserve the strength of the vinegar and spices.

Pickled Chow-Chow.—Quarter of a peck of green tomatoes, quarter of a peck of white onions, quarter of a peck of pickled beans, one dozen green cucumbers, one dozen green peppers, one large head of cabbage. Season with mustard, celery seed, and salt to taste; cover the mixture with the best cider vinegar; boil two hours slowly, continually stirring, and add two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil while hot.

Pickled Beefsteak.—Lay a steak in a pudding-dish with slices of onions, a few cloves, whole pepper, salt, and bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, one of marjoram, and some parsley; add oil and tarragon vinegar in equal parts, just to come up to the steak; let it steep in this for about twelve hours, turning it occasionally; then either broil it or fry it in butter, and serve with mashed potatoes. It may also be slightly fried in butter, and then stewed with a little common stock, and served with piquante sauce.

Asparagus Pickled.—Cut and wash the green heads of the largest asparagus; let them lie two or three hours in cold water; scald them very carefully in salt and water, then lay them on a cloth to cool; make a pickle according to the quantity of your asparagus, of white wine vinegar and salt, and boil it. To a gallon of pickle put two nutmegs, a quarter of an ounce of mace, the same of whole white pepper, and pour the pickle hot over them; cover the jar with a thick cloth, and let it stand a week, then boil the pickle; when it has stood another week, boil it a third time, and when cold cover the jar close.

Pickled Peaches.—Take out of freestone peaches the pits; fill with large and small mustard seeds, mixed with some grated horse-radish; tie them up with a thread; pour over them a hot syrup, made of one pound of brown sugar to a quart of vinegar. The peaches must not be too hard to pickle in this way.

Pickled Walnuts.—Take one hundred walnuts soft enough to allow a needle to pass through them; lay them in water, with a good handful of salt, for two days; then change to fresh water and another handful of salt, for three days; then drain, and lay them on some clean straw, or a sieve, in the sun, until quite black and wrinkled; afterward put into a clean glass jar a quarter of an ounce of allspice, quarter of an ounce of mace, quarter of an ounce of ginger, half a pint of mustard seed, and half an ounce of pepper corns; these to be mixed in layers with the walnuts, until the walnuts are all used, then pour over them boiling vinegar until covered. Ready for use in two months.

Pickled Mushrooms.—Cut off the stalks and wash clean in cold water some small button mushrooms; rub them with a bit of flannel, then throw them into fresh water, and when perfectly clean, put them into a saucepan with fresh cold water, and let them boil eight or ten minutes; strain off the water and lay them into the folds of a cloth. Boil in a quart of vinegar a quarter of an ounce of white pepper, the same of allspice, two or three blades of mace, and a teaspoonful of salt; put the mushrooms into a jar, and when the vinegar is cold, pour it with the spices over them.

Salt and Water Cucumbers.—(HOLLAND RECIPE.)—Put fifty freshly pickled cucumbers in a stone jar, separating each layer with fresh grape leaves, and a sprig of sweet fennel. Pour over them a pickle, made by boiling a pint and a half of salt in a gallon of water, and a tablespoonful of cayenne pepper: only let it come to a boil; have it perfectly cold before putting it over the cucumbers; cover well with grape leaves; put a clean piece of light wood and a brick on top, to keep the cucumbers down; they will ferment slightly acid, and be ready for use in three weeks.

Chopped Pickles.—One gallon of green tomatoes, chopped fine, four green peppers, three onions, a handful of salt, sprinkled over them. Let them stand six hours; drain off the liquor, and add one tablespoonful of ground pepper, one of allspice, one of made mustard, one half pint of mustard seed and three pints of vinegar.

Pickled Nasturtiums.—Pick in sunshiny weather and put immediately into a strong brine of salt and water, and let them remain in it until grown somewhat soft, and then place in a good deal of strong vinegar and they will keep for years.

Scientific.

Glass Varnish.—Glass varnish may be made of pulverized gum tragacanth dissolved in the white of eggs well beaten. Apply with brush carefully.

Hot Milk as a Stimulant.—If any one is fatigued the best restorative is hot milk, a tumbler of the beverage as hot as can be sipped. This is far more of a restorative than any alcoholic drink.

Broken Marble.—Broken places in marble can be mended by filling them in with plaster of Paris mixed with a little oxide of zinc. This will make the broken places smooth, but it cannot be polished like marble.

A Wise Precaution.—An English "Public Analyst" says that all cheeses should be washed before using, as a custom prevails among manufacturers of brushing them over with a solution of arsenic to keep the flies away.

To Render the Soles of Shoes Waterproof.—Copal varnish applied to the soles of shoes, and repeated as it dries, until the pores are filled and the surface shines like polished mahogany, will make the soles waterproof, and last as long as the uppers.

Test of Death.—When a person is supposed to be dead the fact can be ascertained by the application of electricity. If this is applied five or six hours after death, and the muscles of the limbs do not contract, the patient is certainly dead, as no coma, however deep, can prevent this muscular contraction.

An English trade journal asserts that British paper-makers are compelled to go to the United States for the best chilled rolls for glazing calenders, as both English and Scotch engineers fail to produce anything equal to the American.

Lincrusta-Walton, which most resembles embossed leather, is a composition of linseed oil hardened by oxidation, spread on a back of stout canvas and, while plastic, embossed by pressure under dies engraved with the designs selected.

Coffee pounded in a mortar and roasted on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals, and vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of a sick room are excellent deodorizers.

Water saturated with alum is recommended by the veteran scientist M. Dumas as a speedy and effectual remedy for extinguishing fires. His proposition is based on the theory that the alum would coat the object wetted with it, intercept the access of atmospheric oxygen, and thus stay combustion.

Boschan warms one part of paraffin wax with five parts of petroleum or paraffin burning-oil. The mixture is rubbed on the furniture and allowed to remain on for twenty-four hours, and then rubbed off with a flannel rag.

Poisonous Leaves.—Among poisonous leaves are the following: The leaves of the daffodil, laburnum, meadow-saffron, monkshood, foxglove, pasque-flower, and various species of ranunculus. Among coarser dangerous leaves may be mentioned the hemlock, the water dropwort, fool's parsley, which is sometimes mistaken for the real, the nightshade, henbane, holly, thorn-apple, savin, yew and arum.

Treatment of Phthisis.—Mr. H. Osborn Bayfield suggests (*British American Journal*) that the use of inhalations of volatilized palm oil may be useful in the treatment of phthisis. He bases his opinion upon the fact that workmen engaged in tinning, where palm oil is used as a flux, inhale the volatilized oil and get fat. Those previously emaciated or weak rapidly improve.

To Retain the Color of Plants in Drying.—Dip the plants in a warm mixture of one part hydrochloric acid and six hundred alcohol, shaking them to get rid of superfluous fluid, and then lay them in warm blotting paper, which must be changed daily. By this process the plants dry quickly and retain their natural color.

New Dye for Glove Leather.—The simple decoction of onion peel is said to produce upon glove leather an orange-yellow superior in lustre to any other. It is also said to be suitable for mixing with light bark shades, especially willow bark, and as a yellow for modulating browns. The onion dye is said to fix itself readily, even upon leathers which resist colors, and colors them well and evenly.

Headache Cure.—Dr. Haley says (*Australian Medical Journal*, of August 15, 1881) that, as a rule, a dull, heavy headache situated over the brows and accompanied by languor, chilliness, and a feeling of general discomfort, with distaste for food, which sometimes approaches to nausea, can be completely removed in about ten minutes, by a two-grain dose of iodide of potassium dissolved in half a wineglassful of water, this being sipped so that the whole quantity may be consumed in about ten minutes.

To Make Wood-work Incombustible.—It is said that wood-work of any kind may be made incombustible by painting it with several coats of a solution of silicate of soda, and finishing off with a mixture of this solution and sufficient common whiting to make it about as thick as ordinary paint. Wood treated in this way will not take fire from mere contact with flame; it requires to be heated until destructive distillation begins; then, of course, gases are given out which ignite, and the wood is generally converted into charcoal; but until such distillation takes place the coated wood will not support combustion.



DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

I hate a complainer.—*Johnson.*
 One hand cannot expiate the wrong of the other.—*Talmud.*
 Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor.
 Do not force on thy neighbor a hat that hurts thine own head.—*Heider.*
 Real glory
 Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.—*Thomson.*
 Man should trust in God as if God did all, and labor himself as if man did all.—*Chalmers.*
 Sunshine is like love,—it makes everything shine with its own beauty.—*Wilson.*
 It is by the daily lives of Christians that Christ is either honored or dishonored.—*Martha Whiting.*
 So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves.—*Ben Franklin.*
 It is said that every other demon attacks in the front, but Slander, which assaults from behind.—*Parsi.*
 Give me the benefit of your convictions, if you have any, but keep your doubts to yourself, for I have enough of my own.—*Goethe.*
 Cheerfulness is also an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.—*Smiles.*
 The woman who makes flannel shirts for the Hottentots is very apt to have Hottentots in her own house whose shirts need mending.—*F. G. Holland.*
 The frequent dissensions among relatives may, I think, often be traced to a want of mutual courtesy and forbearance.—*Henry Kirke White.*
 Men, it is generally allowed, *teach* better than women because they have been better taught the things they teach. Women *train* better than men because of their quick instinctive perceptions and sympathies, and greater tenderness and patience.—*Mrs. Jameson.*
 The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life poesy; the water of life faith.—*Ibid.*
 To rise betimes and to marry young are what no man ever repents.—*Martin Luther.*

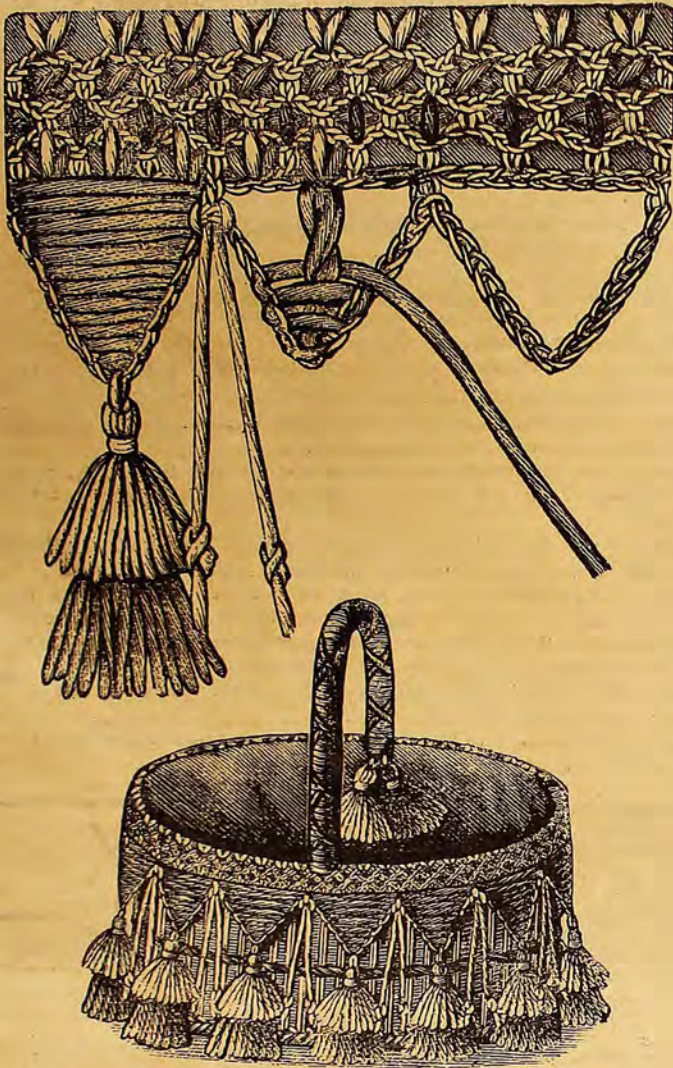


SPICE BOX

A child of seven or eight said that when the Bible speaks of "children's children" it must mean dolls.—*Christian at Home.*
 "My wife," remarked Fitzboodle, "is fairly crazy over the spring fashions. She's got the delirium trimmings."—*Hartford Times.*
 "Pay that \$10 to-day?" "Why, my dear sir, do you expect a man to take money from his family to pay his debts? No, sir! no, sir! I still have a heart in my bosom, sir!"
 De boy what thinks that his fodder is a fool will arter a while complain ob de roughness ob de fare in de penitentiary. Dis 'sertion may miss it once, but it will hit it three times.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*
 A clever woman keeps only one servant to do her work, instead of two. She says helps are always leaving, and, when you are left alone, it is much easier to do the work of one servant than of two.
 A good old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarns of a person as long as her patience would allow, said to him: "Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to thy happiness!"
 "You ought to acquire the habit of the best society," said a fashionable aunt to an honest nephew. "I manage that easily enough," responded the nephew, "by staying at home with my wife and children."
 Nature is de mudder ob de chile, but edycation is de mudder ob de man.—Some men says dat de human family is a fraud. Dese men is sorter loose demselves.—De law ob de State only axes a man ter do half way right; de law ob de soul tells him ter do all the way right.—*Plantation Philosophy.*
 Poet—"But, my dear sir, it is now four years since you accepted my epic, and no steps have yet been taken to publish it." Publisher—"Don't be in a hurry, young man. Homer had to wait more than three thousand years before he got into print, and you will hardly claim that your poem is an Iliad."—*Fliegende Blätter.*
 A little girl, accompanying her mother on a visit to an old lady, the latter showed the child her parrot in a cage by the window, warning her at the same time not to go too near, lest he should bite her. "Why should he bite me?" she asked. "Because, my dear, he doesn't know you." "Then, please tell him that I am not your little girl, but a visitor."

Work Basket.

CROCHET and point russe—Shallow, circular basket of willow cane, bound and lined with peacock-blue satin. Round the outside is a fringe, crocheted with gray thread and worked in point russe with colored wool. For this fringe see illustration, which represents it



in the original size. It is sewn with wool in cross-stitch and point russe to the satin ground, and the lower part of the vandykes are worked with red wool in point russe. For the fringe, crochet with a medium sized needle along a chain of the required length as follows; 1st row: 5 chain, miss 3, 1 double, repeat. 2d and 3d rows: 5 chain, 1 double in center of chain scallop, repeat. 4th row: Along the other side of the foundation chain, 1 double, 15 chain, miss 11, repeat. Then fasten this crocheted part on to a strip of cardboard; fill up the vandykes by first making the vertical bar of red wool which goes from the foundation chain to the center of the vandyke: for this bar bring down the wool to the center of the vandyke and back again to the foundation chain, then wind it round till the center stitch of the vandykes is reached the second time, and fill up in point de reprise, leaving the outer part of each stitch free (see illustration). Two tassels of different colored wool are sewn to the point of each vandyke, and from between the vandykes a doubled strand of wool $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches long falls, and is tied in a knot at the end. The cardboard is then removed from the crochet, and the latter is sewn on to the satin with three shades of blue and bronze crewels, the lighter shade of blue being used for the upper row. The handle is wound round with wool and finished with small tassels which fall inside the basket.

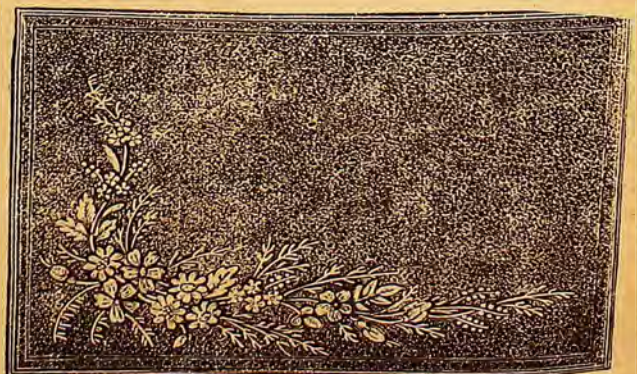
Table Scarf.

THE center of the scarf is of dark red velvet, ten inches wide, and a yard and a half long, the stripes on each side are of olive colored satin and are five inches wide. The flowers are embroidered in Kensington stitch in colors to match the upholstery of the room. Cut the ends of the scarf out as a valance, turn in the edges and overhand the strips to the center after the embroidering is finished, then lay a flannel over it and press on the wrong side. Line the scarf with fashion cloth and finish the edges with a cord, or turn the two edges in and blind stitch. Tassels are not necessary to the points, but are a great addition.



Mat to Lie Under Writing Materials, etc.

CUT two pieces of cardboard $9\frac{1}{2}$ by 12 inches. Take dark brown satin, cover one piece of the cardboard on one side plain, on the other embroider with purple silks in satin overcast and knotted stitches and in point russe. The apple blossoms are worked with pale pink, the daisies with white, the forget-me-nots with blue, and the stamina with yellow-brown silk; the stems and leaves are put in with various shades of brown and olive. Press the work on the wrong side, draw tightly over the cardboard and overhand the two pieces together, finish the edge with a silk cord.



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.

Our New Tariff.

One of the legacies of the civil war was a tariff on imported goods higher than was ever before known in the history of the country. Since the close of the war, special articles have been relieved from what has been deemed excessive burdens, and the last Congress passed a comprehensive bill, revising the old scale of duties, and making alterations in the direction of lighter imposts and greater simplicity in their collection. For a time, therefore, the tariff question is settled, but it is sure to come to the front again in future political contests. The advocates of a tariff can show that, notwithstanding our high impost duties since the war, our population has been steadily increasing at a higher ratio than ever before, and that the additions to our wealth have more than kept pace with the increment in our numbers. One other civilized country—France—also maintains a very high protective tariff, and its people are exceptionally prosperous. The French have more wealth per head than any other nation in the world. They have not so many millionaires as Great Britain or America, but in no other country is the middle class so numerous or so well off. But the advocates of a more liberal tariff say that it is not because of, but in spite of, their tariff laws, that America and France have prospered so greatly. The latter country has become rich because its people are frugal, ingenious, and artistic. It is the industrial schools and art education of the French which has enabled them to turn out those marvelous fabrics for which the rest of the world are willing to pay such high prices. The Americans, also, are ingenious and inventive, as well as an industrious people; and then their hundreds of millions of acres of cheap land gives them a fund of natural wealth to draw upon which no amount of economic wastefulness can squander for half a century to come. The advocates of a more liberal tariff claim that the high prices which impost duties necessitate confines the American manufacturer to our home markets, and cuts him off from the trade of the world. The Englishman, on the other hand, with his untaxed raw material, and almost entire absence of impost duties on the necessaries of life, is enabled to sell his wares to every nation under the sun. It will probably be many years before we adopt free trade in the United States, but the newly-enacted tariff is one step in the direction of more liberal duties.

Our Internal Taxes.

The last Congress also cut off the great bulk of our internal taxation. It retained, very properly, the duties on spirituous liquors and manufactured tobacco, but why it should have taken the stamp duties from bank checks, perfumery, patent medicines, and other articles well able to bear taxation, is a query to which it is difficult to reply satisfactorily. The country is growing at an astonishing rate; we are doubling our population every quarter of a century, and we want all the money we can raise for improving and utilizing the land we live in. We have an enormous coast line entirely defenceless, internal waterways greater in extent than any other nation on the globe, and if we had one hundred million dollars per annum to spare, it could be well laid out in works of public improvement of vital importance to the business and safety of the nation, yet we have voluntarily given up between forty and fifty millions of dollars per annum, which, if expended on levees on our western rivers, or in replanting the head-waters of our streams with forests, would have in time saved us from the disastrous floods and frequent inundations which cause such an appalling loss yearly of both property and life. Instead of having less, the nation should have larger revenues for works of great public improvement.

Our Reformed Civil Service.

The last Congress passed one act of the very highest importance to the future of the country. It laid the foundations of reformed civil service. One of the perils to which the country was subject was the vast material and personal interests involved in every Presidential election. Over one hundred thousand office-holders were vitally interested in preventing any change of administration, for the success of an opposition ticket involved an entire change in the *personnel* of the office-holding body. As there were twenty applicants for every official position, the strug-

gle between the "ins" and the "outs" was always a fierce one. The acrimony and corruption of our Presidential contests was in a great measure due to the personal and pecuniary interests involved in a possible change. Fraud and violence are apt to be the outcome when great selfish interests are at stake. Hence the danger of the spoil system in our form of government. Happily this peril has been averted by the passage of a law which establishes permanency in our civil service. Removals hereafter will be for cause, and appointments and promotions for fitness and good conduct, and not at all for political services. We will now have public servants who will have an honest pride in their profession. There will be some assurance hereafter that the public money will be honestly disbursed. One reason why there was a demand for reducing our revenues was the general impression that a large surplus in the Treasury was a standing temptation to politicians to misappropriate the public funds. Army and naval officers never steal the money of the government; this is because they have a life tenure and a pride in their professions. The same professional *esprit de corps* will hereafter obtain in the civil service.

Mutterings in India.

The Marquis de Ripon, Governor-General of India, has effected a change in the judiciary of that vast dependency of the British crown which is exciting intense interest among the natives, as well as their foreign rulers. Heretofore, all the judges and the law courts in Hindostan have been controlled exclusively by Englishmen. Some natives were appointed to subordinate positions, and had jurisdiction in the inferior courts, but practically the law and its administration was in the hands of the foreigner. It is not unlikely that these English judges and officers of courts were, on the whole, well-meaning men, but it was a cruel humiliation to the educated and ambitious natives to be under, as it were, the ban of the law, and forbidden to take part in the administration of justice. That they were fit is proven by the fact that in all the courts for years, the Baboos, or head clerks, had been conducting the real business of the "Cutcheries." The English magistrate might be sitting at the desk, but it was the native Baboo who really inspired the decisions. In the inferior courts of native jurisdiction, the Hindoo judges had achieved a high reputation. Lord Ripon, seeing the efficiency of the natives, has brought in a new Judicature Act permitting natives to become judges, and providing that Englishmen as well as other foreigners should be tried before them. It is this last feature which has excited so much commotion amongst the English officers and civilian natives. In the eyes of the Englishman the native is his slave, his cook, his groom, who has no rights he is bound to respect or feelings he ought to consult. As he drives his horses down the street he scatters the natives before him, as in France before the Revolution the carriages scattered the peasants. If a native of rank and position travels in a first-class carriage he is liable to be turned out by the guard, and relegated to the third-class carriage, where his countrymen are penned up like cattle. It is an outrage to the dissipated young officer when the possibility is presented to him that when he is drunk and disorderly he may be punished by a "nigger" judge. Small as this matter may seem to an American reader, it is far more important than the greased cartridges which is said to have caused the East Indian revolt in 1867. After one hundred and fifty years of possession the Englishmen of to-day are but a mere handful compared with the myriads of natives, and this century may not end without seeing British domination overthrown in all the vast regions south of the Himalayas.

Killing Tenderly.

Science is about to take some of the pain and terror of death away from animals which it is necessary for man to slaughter. Mr. St. George Lane-Fox, a well-known English electrician, has devised an apparatus for killing animals which is absolutely painless. Worn-out horses which are to be deprived of life under this process, have their heads and feet wetted with salt water; they are then led into a stall and made to stand on an iron plate connected with a negative pole of a condenser of a capacity of about 100 microfarads. The animal's head is then touched with the top of the pole, whereupon it falls dead. There is no pain, for there is no sensation, or possibility of any. It requires one-fifth of a second after the infliction of the injury before pain can be felt; but in this case the animal is killed in about the thousandth part of a second. Unfortunately, animals slaughtered for food cannot be treated in this way, as the flesh is uneatable. This new process, therefore, can only be used for horses, dogs, and cats, not intended for food supply. It is well known that animals killed by lightning cannot be eaten, and must be burned or buried. But here again science has taken a step forward. An English society for providing a sanitary and humane method of killing animals for food have raised a fund for erecting a model *abattoir* in London. Everything that skill and experience can suggest for minimizing the pain of the infliction will be employed. For sheep the arrangement includes a stupefying chamber, through which each animal will pass on its way to the knife. The anesthetic used can be produced for a trifling cost. The quality of the flesh is by no means deteriorated by these humane devices. In view of the revolting scenes which take place at our public executions, why should not capital punishment be inflicted by an electric machine, such as that used by Mr. St. George Lane-Fox for making away with useless and disabled animals?

Boiling Water.

When the author of "Gil Blas" ridiculed Doctor Sangrado for using hot water as a panacea for all diseases, he probably had an empirical school of medicine in his mind which had many votaries in his day. This hot-water treatment has been revived in our time, and has become very popular. Certain dyspeptics, and other invalids, now-a-days, drink copiously of very hot water on rising in the morning, and before their meals, and they declare that it agrees with them. Quite apart from the therapeutic efficacy of hot water, it is really an open question whether all water should not be boiled before being drunk. It is nature's great solvent, but it unfortunately holds in solution many ingredients poisonous to the human system. It is through air and water that come all the contagious, fevers, and foul-air diseases which afflict humanity. The purest-looking and most crystalline spring often holds in solution the lime that produces stone and gravel. Wells and streams tainted by sewage are as bright and sparkling as the purest aqueous fluid extant. The nation with the densest population on the globe—China—have long ceased to use water in the uncooked state. It is not the infusion of tea which is the important part of the famous Chinese refreshment; it is the boiled water. The tea was first used to make the hot water palatable. The wine-drinking of the continent of Europe and the beer-drinking of the English people is partially explained and excused by the evil ingredients so frequently found in the water of over-populated countries. This throws a new light upon the hot-water treatment in disease. Heat applied internally is probably as useful in its way as when employed externally in steam and hot-air baths. It will not do, therefore, to follow the example of La Sage in laughing at the hot water doctors. They have their uses, and if they do little good, they do less harm than the dispensers of poisonous drugs.

A Queer Religious Census.

In the colony of Victoria a census was taken recently, the religious returns of which present some curious features. Nearly 300,000 persons claim to belong to the Church of England; about 200,000—mostly Irish—were Roman Catholics. The other Christian sects make up about 200,000. Eleven thousand, mostly Chinamen, were set down as pagans; there was one Borrowite, one Millerite, one Colensoite, one Theosophist; five belong to the Church of Eli Sands; twenty declared they have no church at present and no creed; three who called themselves saved sinners; one is a believer in parts of the Bible; two call themselves neutrals; and three whose religion is *£ s. d.* If the facts were known, it is probable that the last sect was the largest in the whole colony. It may be said that in this religion there are three persons but no god. What a pity it is that in our census there is no enumeration of all the odd sects which are in vogue amongst us!

The Lesson of Wiggins.

Man is a credulous animal. The ages of faith embrace long eras. Skepticism is confined to rare epochs, and influences but a small portion of the human race. Hence it is desirable that the beliefs of mankind should be based on the facts of nature, and not on fictions. Our forefathers believed in supernatural phenomena, in witches, ghosts, haunted houses, and the influence of the dead upon the living. This kind of faith is disappearing, and the modern form of credulity is a firm belief in anything that passes for science. Because the weather bureau ascertains by means of the telegraph and certain atmospheric conditions, when a storm is likely to visit a certain portion of the earth's surface, a number of quacks and humbugs have come to the surface, claiming to be able to foretell storms and other natural catastrophes for months and even years before they are to occur. Hence Wiggins, and hence, also, a great deal of the trash which is attributed to science, and which is often but the wild guesses and untested theories of mere pretenders. Of course, the great test of science is the ability to predict. When the astronomer foretells to the fraction of a second when an eclipse will begin and end, there can be no doubt that he speaks with the highest human authority. The same is true of the chemist who, combining certain atoms, can say what shape the resulting combination will take. Auguste Comte, the great French philosopher, who died less than a quarter of a century ago, did not believe that we would ever know the composition of the sun or the stars, and he also held that man would never be able to foretell the weather. Since his time, however, the spectrum analysis has revealed to us the composition of the heavenly bodies, which we now find to be the same as that of this earth, while meteorology is fast becoming a science upon which to base predictions. But the great mass of people now go to the other extreme, and are willing to believe in the Wigginses and Vennors, who are simply pretentious humbugs. The real scientist is modest, and when he predicts, gives his reasons, and even then is careful in drawing inferences from undisputed facts; but such men as Wiggins boastfully prognosticate without giving any data for their vaticinations, and they are always wrong. The growing faith in science will, however, tempt many false prophets to delude and frighten the world with their malign forecasts.

Women in Colleges.

Although this country took the lead in the co-education of the sexes in all the higher departments of learning, it is still a mortifying fact that Oxford and Cambridge have anticipated Harvard

and Columbia, to say nothing of Yale, in giving the daughters of England the same educational advantages as her sons. Oberlin and Ann Harbor have been instructing young men and women for over a quarter of a century past, to the great advantage of both sexes; but the lesson was lost upon our great Eastern universities. It was not until Oxford and Cambridge took the lead that they have even considered the matter. There is now, however, an annex in Harvard, where young women get substantially the same education as young men, and a movement is under way to induce Columbia College to open its doors to young lady students. In 1876 the President of Sorosis called the attention of the trustees of the Columbia College to this matter, but President Barnard curtly replied that the college had no funds or disposition to help female education. But the leading ladies of New York could not see why their daughters should be deprived of the advantages freely accorded to the young women of Boston, and they presented a petition to the Columbia College authorities, signed by thousands of the names of the best and richest people of the metropolis, praying that the portals of Columbia might also be thrown open to young women. This the trustees have refused to do, on account of want of means, but they are willing to take the first step if additional funds are provided. They object to co-education, but are willing to suggest courses of studies and test the proficiency of the young women who would pursue them. This is so far a gain; but what possible harm could come to the young women by attending lectures in the same halls with young men? The sexes meet together in churches, lecture-rooms, and places of amusement. There the experiment has been tried tens of thousands of times in this and other countries, without any evil resulting. The college of the future will be open to adults of all ages and of both sexes.

Peers on the Pension Lists.

One of the evils which the government of Great Britain has inherited from the aristocratic past is the enormous salaries which are paid high officials. Wealth has been concentrated in certain circles, in the way of salaries and fees, out of all proportion to the services rendered. But the most curious anomaly of all is the payment of pensions to peers for no service whatever. Charles the Second granted a pension to the Duke of Richmond, an illegitimate son of his, which was compromised early in this century for nearly half a million pounds. The Duke of Grafton was paid three hundred and thirty thousand pounds to surrender his unearned pensions. He still holds, however, nine hundred pounds a year, which was instituted in the reign of Charles the Second. The Duke of Marlborough received four thousand pounds a year for the services of his great ancestor, who, during his life, was voted over five hundred thousand pounds. The first Duke of Wellington received almost as much, and his descendants also draw from the treasury four thousand pounds a year. The Duke of St. Albans receives twelve hundred pounds a year for the position of Hereditary Grand Falconer, an office, of course, which has no duties whatever. The late Earl Cowper received one hundred and thirteen thousand pounds, and the Duke of Leeds twenty-nine thousand pounds to surrender claims to unearned pensions. A Colonel Stuart receives four thousand pounds a year as an heir of William Penn. Earl Nelson receives five thousand pounds a year, to last as long as the title. There are several more instances of equally gross misapplication of the public funds, on behalf of rich aristocrats, who appear to feel no loss of dignity in accepting incomes for which they return no equivalent.

Naming the Baby.

Dr. Morgan Dix has been exciting the indignation of the so-called "advanced wing of womankind" by his denunciation of the movement for educating and enlarging the sphere of the gentler sex. But there can hardly be two opinions as to the soundness of the views he has given expression to, respecting our lax divorce laws, and the trivial excuses which so often lead to the dissolution of the marriage bond. As if to emphasize his point, a case was tried recently in the Supreme Court of New York, to separate a couple who had quarreled upon the question of naming the baby. John W. Britton and his wife lived long enough together to have a son and a daughter. The father wished the children to be named after his relatives, but the mother preferred her own family names, and she had her way. This led to an estrangement, and finally to a separation. If our laws did not permit such easy divorce, trivial disagreements could not be taken advantage of to separate people bound together by the holy ties of fatherhood and motherhood.

Born in a Palace.

M. Grévy, President of the French Republic, although forced to live in a palace, is very republican and simple in his tastes and habits. He dislikes pomp and parade. His one daughter is a Mrs. Wilson, and she has recently given birth to a little girl at the palace of the Elysée. There was an entire absence of all the ceremonies usually considered necessary on such occasions. The child's father is an English Protestant, and the baptism of the infant was in accordance with the usual observances of the Protestant Church. Of course, the various royal families sent congratulations, and the little one is to be called Marguerite Julie Alice Damelle Albertine Pauline Louise. The domestic President of the French Republic declares he prefers to have a granddaughter, as she is likely to be more of a comfort to the home than a grand-son.

The Madagascar Envoys.

The United States has made a treaty with Madagascar, the island in the Indian Ocean upon which France has set covetous eyes. The Embassy sent by Queen Ranavalano has passed through this country, and is now on its way back to their native isle. There was nothing distinguished in the appearance of the members of which it was composed, for they were ordinary colored people, with business suits and stove-pipe hats. The picturesque pagan disappeared in Madagascar when its people embraced Christianity. The envoys, however, were distinguished in one particular; their names are regular "jaw-crackers," and recall Byron's lines, "Phebus, what a name, to sound the swelling trump of fame!" One is called Ramaniraka, and the other, Ravinahitriariavo!

That Great Red Spot.

Astronomers are speculating as to the meaning of the great red spot recently seen on the surface of the planet Jupiter. It is computed to be thirty thousand miles long by six to eight thousand miles wide. The matter has been discussed at the various meetings of scientists in this country and Europe, and the general impression seems to be that by some commotion, a portion of the atmosphere of the planet has been temporarily dissipated, thus showing a section of its surface. The opinion has long prevailed that Jupiter is as yet a huge molten mass, which is gradually cooling off, and which, in countless ages, may develop land and water, and, in time, life, similar to that now existing on this globe. Speculations about the distant planets are very fascinating to students of astronomy, but as yet the facts in our possession are very few. So far as discovered, however, while life, as we know it, probably exists on Venus and Mars, there is no trace of it in Jupiter, Saturn, and the other mighty planets still more distant from the sun.

An Old Treasure Unearthed.

Four workmen engaged in demolishing an old building in Paris came upon a large *cafetiere*, in which were found 7,822 gold coins which were in use in 1350 and 1364. They were about the size of English guineas but much thinner. Under the French law the workmen were entitled to one-half of the intrinsic value of the coin, which was promptly paid them, but the collection was so rare and ancient that when sold at auction it realized a very large sum. The small gold coin, issued by the Abbé de Bureaugard, brought the great figure of three hundred and thirty dollars of our money. Gold was very scarce in the middle ages, and these coins must have represented an immense fortune for those days. Banks and safe-deposit companies did not then exist, and it must be there are thousands of such concealed treasures stored away in old nooks and corners underground throughout Europe, which will no doubt be unearthed from time to time.

The Coming Eclipse.

The centre of astronomical interest for this month of May is an island in the middle of the South Pacific Ocean ten miles in circumference. It is the only spot on earth available to observe the total eclipse of the sun which takes place on May 6. Astronomers from America, France and England will be present with their instruments to carefully watch this eclipse, which, it is hoped, will reveal some of the mysteries of the great luminary which lights and warms our solar system. The importance of this eclipse consists in the long duration of the total phase, fully five minutes and a half. Usually, it lasts scarcely a minute. What we ordinarily see is only the core of the sun. Surrounding it are layers of envelopes, each more wonderful than the other. Next to the shining globe is a scarlet shell of flame from which come tremendous eruptions of fiery gases. Geysers of flame burst out of this envelope to the height of hundreds of thousands of miles, and fall back in thousands of fantastic shapes. These tremendous eruptions show that the sun is constantly in a convulsed condition. Outside of this battle field of the gases is a region quite as wonderful, and is known as the Corona. This is a silvery halo outside the scarlet shell, and outward from it come the great shafts and streaks of light, which have been well styled "the banners of the sun." The meaning of these phenomena is not yet known. Some astronomers think that streams of meteors from all parts of the heavens are constantly falling into the sun, and that this accounts for the light and heat which it gives out to the solar system. It is also suspected that the sun has satellites; that there are numerous bodies which revolve around it, but which are hidden from sight by the fierce rays of the great luminary itself. If the day is clear it is hoped that the observations at Caroline Island will be fruitful of results to astronomical science.

A Land of Snakes.

During the year 1881 eighteen thousand six hundred and seventy lives were destroyed in India by snakes. The cattle killed would, it is supposed, aggregate double that number. At the same time, 254,967 poisonous snakes are alleged to have been killed in the same year. Bad as are our American copperheads and rattlesnakes, they are as harmless as sucking doves compared with their ferocious kinship in Hindostan.

Reading for the Million.

It is a curious circumstance that the rich city of New York should be far behind any of the large capitals of the world in the facilities offered the poor in the way of reading. The Astor Library is open only in the middle of the day, when it is unavailable for working people. The rich Lenox Library is inaccessible to the public, as is also the great historical library. There is an apprentices' library, the advantages of which are carefully guarded from all but a very small class. Peter Cooper's free reading room is of some value; and there has recently been started a circulating library in Bond Street, but it has only five thousand available volumes, each of which has been issued on an average fourteen times during the past year. Fortunately, the cheap reprints of popular works has helped to supply the place of free circulating libraries. American publishers pirated the works of English authors, and they, in turn, have been injured by the republication of standard works for ten or fifteen cents each. After all, it is the good books which secure the largest circulation when placed within the reach of the multitude. Boston is noted all over the world for its splendid free library, and it is gratifying to know that New York men of wealth have taken the matter up, so as to extend the same reading facilities to the poor of the metropolis. The great cities of this country ought to vie with each other in this good work of establishing free reading for the million.

Home Comforts for the Million.

A village is being constructed on the Hudson for the accommodation of the workmen employed in the Hudson City Iron Company. All the cottages will be sixteen by twenty-six feet in size, two stories high, with a cellar. The sanitary arrangements are to be perfect. We live in a selfish, industrial age, but quite a number of manufacturers have honored the century we live in, by looking after the health and comfort of the workmen they employ. In a previous number we described the wonderful town of Pullman, near Chicago, where art and comfort has been married to industry, where, in short, a manufacturing town has been established free from all the associations which usually accompany centers of industrial activity. The Cheney Brothers deserve honorable mention for the town they have built in connection with their silk works in Connecticut. It is described as an earthly paradise for the operatives. Quite a number of English manufacturers have become famous for similar enterprises. Sir Titus Salt many years since established his well known industrial colony at Saltaire. Here eight hundred cottages accommodate some four thousand hands. Free baths encourage cleanliness; parks afford opportunity for healthy exercise; the suppression of beer shops has minimized drunkenness; while retreats for the aged remove the terrors ever present to the poor workman of an old age in an almshouse. The silk manufactory of S. C. Lister, at Manningham should also be mentioned. Here, too, are the operatives cared for, and their lives made comfortable. The grateful people have erected a statue to Mr. Lister, which he well deserves. It is to the discredit of the very rich men of America that as yet their names are not associated with any great work for the benefit of their less fortunate countrymen.

The False Prophet.

A fierce religious excitement has taken possession of some of the wild tribes in Southern Egypt. They are led by a person named Mahdi, formerly a boat-builder in Dongola. He has already conquered a considerable part of Central Africa, and has, so far, baffled all the Egyptian armies sent against him. The false prophet professes to be a good Mohammedan, but he has improved on Mohammed's matrimonial theories by taking unto himself four hundred wives instead of the four which the Arabian impostor thought sufficient. He is said to have already over fifty children. This African Brigham Young must be a very clever fellow, for he can gather great armies and wage successful wars with very badly equipped troops. Some day he may meet an English army, and that will probably be the end of him; but, at present, he is the most powerful of African potentates, and is supreme in a country as large as half the continent of Europe.

Peeresses as Journalists.

The Earl of Lonsdale recently sued the proprietor of the London *World* for a criminal libel, because of a published paragraph which associated his name scandalously with that of a daughter of a duke. On the trial the fact leaked out that the offending paragraph was written by a peeress, who simply reported the aristocratic scandal which was current in her set. It seems that quite a number of lords and ladies are regularly paid contributors to the London society journals. The fashionable world likes to know what is going on in court and aristocratic circles, and titled ladies are willing to describe their own and their friends' dresses and retail the scandalous tittle-tattle of the *boudoirs* of Mayfair. It will be remembered that some years ago Mrs. Langtry had a Jewish publisher fined and imprisoned for retailing some society scandal about her. If our laws were equally severe here, about two-thirds of the editors of the American press would now be in prison, for they have not been at all careful in the way they have handled the fair fame of the "Jersey Lily."

The Great Bridge.

The East River Suspension Bridge connecting New York with Brooklyn will soon be opened to the public. It is one of the great engineering works of the modern world, and in some re-

spects surpasses anything of the kind in all history. It has been fourteen years in building, and will cost when completed fully eighteen millions of dollars. No doubt much of the money spent has been wasted, and it is open to doubt whether it will ever be worth to the two cities what it has cost. In time, no doubt, Brooklyn will be annexed to New York; indeed, both cities are now substantially one, for there would be no Brooklyn were it not for the vast business of those who control the commerce centered on Manhattan Island. When united, the metropolis will take rank as the third city in the world in population, and the second in commercial importance. The great bridge will always be an object of interest to the traveler from abroad.

Bartholdi's Statue.

It is clear that Americans are not dominated by sentiment. A syndicate of French capitalists have offered to place a gigantic statue at the entrance to the New York harbor which would be one of the wonders of the world. All they have asked in return is that a pedestal should be provided costing about a quarter of a million of dollars. This matter has been before the public for several years; the statue is finished, but not more than one-third of the money for the foundation has been subscribed. Yet our descendants will regard this great statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" as a modern analogue of the famous colossus of Rhodes, which was considered as one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. Can it be that our people have a silent misgiving as to whether the liberties we enjoy here are of a kind to be imitated by the rest of the world?

M. de Lesseps the Great.

If the constructor of the Suez Canal lives fifteen years longer he will figure in history as the great canal digger of the modern world. He is at present engaged in studying the plans for a canal across the Isthmus of Malacca, a work which, if carried out, will abridge by four days the voyage of vessels plying between Europe and the East *via* the Suez Canal. Some time since he was revising a scheme for cutting through the Isthmus of Corinth, in Greece; then again he has been actually employed to begin the engineering works which look to the flooding of a large portion of the desert of Sahara with the waters of the Mediterranean, the object being to create a great inland sea in Northern Africa, and thus rescue vast stretches of territory from sterility. At the same time M. de Lesseps is hard at work on the Isthmus of Panama to join the waters of the Pacific with those of the Gulf of Mexico. A wonderful man is this great French engineer.

Disturbed Europe.

The Old World is unhappy. The Nihilists in Russia, the Socialists in Germany and Austria, the Radicals in Italy, the order of the Black Hand in Spain, the Communists in France, the Land Leaguers in Ireland, are each and all alarming the several governments, and frightening the holders of property. It is idle to say that all this discontent which breaks out at times in murders and outrages is without a cause. Life goes very hard with the toiling millions of the Old World. Their hours of labor are excessive, they are borne down with taxes, and are forced to become soldiers against their will. Instead of seeking to alleviate the lot of the unhappy poor, the reigning authorities try to suppress all discontent by force. In this country we have learned the secret of toleration. Herr Most spends the best part of his life in prison, while in Germany, and fares no better in Great Britain. He comes to this country, and talks the same anarchical nonsense, and he is severely let alone. He can do no harm, although entire liberty is given him to preach revolutionary doctrines. During the last five years there were literally hundreds of thousands of Socialists, Anarchists and Fenians who have landed on our shores, but they have not troubled our authorities. They have gone to work like other emigrants; the great majority of them will doubtless, in time, make fairly average citizens. Indeed, the fact of the great emigration is an evidence of the poverty and discontent of the people of Europe. Men do not leave the homes of their childhood unless forced to do so by stern necessity. Fatherland is dear to the German, and the Irishman is passionately attached to his own soil. It is only a sense of bitter wrong that these people can feel against the governments which have not made life tolerable in their own homes. There is a terrible feeling growing up in England against the Irish. The new landlords have given the latter but little relief. Every dispute between tenants and owners has to be referred to a law court. The latter generally leans towards the landlord. And then there is the usual delay attending all law proceedings, by which, of course, the lawyers profit. As a matter of fact, justice is denied the tenants on account of the vexatious delays which attend law proceedings in Ireland, as in England and America. In the west of Ireland the people are again starving. With the press and public opinion against them, the only striking protest they can make takes the form of crimes against person and property. They are blowing up buildings in England, and attempting to murder obnoxious people. This has only made matters worse, and there is real danger of another St. Bartholomew's Massacre, or Sicilian Vespers. The great conflict in Europe to-day is not political, it is social. It is a demand by the proletariat for some alleviation of their hard lot, some more equitable distribution of the results of labor. Happy America, that has as yet no such problem to face!

An Almost Unknown Nation.

Mr. L. H. Foote has been appointed Minister of the United States for Corea. This is a country practically unknown to the rest of the world. It is a kingdom that has so far succeeded in

excluding all foreigners. Its present ruler, however, has signified his willingness to make treaties with the leading foreign nations, and to allow their ministers to reside in his capital. The United States is the first in the field, and Mr. Foote will take up his quarters at the capital of Corea before the other ambassadors arrive. Corea is said to be a densely populated region. Its king, in times past, recognized the superior authority of China. The capital, about eighteen miles from the coast, is named Seoul, and contains about one hundred and fifty thousand people. Minister Foote will be the first white man that has ever set foot in it. The feeling is very friendly towards Americans, but undoubtedly the opening of Corea will be of far more advantage to the trade of Germany and England than the United States. Other nations have ships and a commerce, and can produce goods more cheaply than we. Commerce is fast opening up every quarter of the globe. Before the close of this century, every habitable section of this planet will not only be fully known and described, but will be in intimate commercial relations with the leading manufacturing centers of Europe and America.

Ostrich Farming.

A tract of six hundred and forty acres of land has been secured at Anaheim, Cal., for the purpose of breeding ostriches. These ungainly birds are valuable for the feathers they produce, and it is supposed that this new industry will be a very profitable one. Some twenty ostriches have been brought from Southern Africa, and have so far taken kindly to "the glorious climate of California." The females have commenced laying eggs. These last are formidable in size, for they measure four inches and a half in lateral diameter, and seven inches in longitudinal diameter. They weigh three and a half pounds. A new egg is laid every alternate day, till ninety eggs are collected. It is believed that in time these birds will be quite common in a wild state in southern California, Arizona, New Mexico, and western Texas. Ostrich hunting is said to be capital sport, but the great value of the animal exists in its feathers, which furnish plumes for female head-gear.

Long-distanced Telephones.

The uses of the telephone have heretofore been much limited, because of the impossibility of talking through them at any great distance. But by a recent invention of one Doctor Baxter, this difficulty has been overcome, and it is thought that hereafter there will be little or no impediment in communicating by voice through the Atlantic cables. Recently a conversation was kept up between New York and Cleveland, Ohio, a distance of about seven hundred and thirty-five miles, and the voice could be as distinctly heard as with an ordinary telephone ten or fifteen miles apart. The person speaking at either end could be heard all along the route. This telephone is so constructed that the voice acting upon the diaphragm makes a break in the current in the same manner as a telegraphic wire if operated upon by a telegraphic key, and it is believed that it can be used as far as the telegraph itself. Talk of miracles! What can be more wonderful than carrying on a conversation so as to be distinctly heard three thousand miles apart.

Ancestral Resemblances.

A recent writer on heredity points out the fact that resemblances will crop out in families after centuries have elapsed. There is a picture of Governor Winthrop hanging up in the Massachusetts State House. Ex-Speaker Winthrop not long since took his seat under the portrait, and every one was astonished at the resemblance between the old Puritan and his living descendant in our day. The Hapsburgs, the reigning family of Austria, have a series of family portraits extending back six hundred years. The likenesses are extraordinary, and all, or nearly all the mouths have a peculiarly-shaped underlip. Henry of Navarre, the gallant French monarch, assassinated by a fanatic priest, is reproduced in form and feature by his descendant, the Duc de Nemours. The Jewish race is another instance of a certain type of form and feature, maintaining its uniformity over eighteen hundred years. This extraordinary people have been scattered over the earth, and subjected to every variety of climatic and local conditions: yet in Russia, Arabia, Morocco, Germany, England, or the United States there is a family resemblance which cannot be mistaken.

Priests as Business Men.

When the late Archbishop Purcell died in Cincinnati, it was found that his money affairs were in the wildest confusion. He had been the custodian of the small savings of thousands of poor Roman Catholics, who trusted in him because he was known to be zealous for his church. With the money he built churches and founded benefactions, but he gave no thought to the morrow, and those who had trusted him lost their savings. Another instance of the same kind has just come to light. The poor Irish Catholics of Lawrence, Mass., deposited their savings with the priests of the Augustinian Society of that locality. These singularly stupid ecclesiastics put the money into churches that were not needed, and paid the interest out of the deposits themselves. Of course, when pay-day came, there was no money in the treasury. It had been put into investments which will never pay in this world. Priests and ministers, from the very nature of their calling, are not likely to become good business men. In the great failure of the Union Generale of France, it was the rich and titled Catholics who suffered the most: but in America it has been the poor people who have been the victims of priestly lack of business integrity.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE
 THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE
 AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—MAY.

If variety is the spice of life, then the dress of women must be considered just now as very highly spiced indeed, for, both in material and design, it admits of extraordinary diversity. Coming from some country town or village, as many women do, to some large town or city to make their spring purchases, they are bewildered by the multiplicity of fabrics, colors, patterns and styles. The freshness and novelty make all nearly equally attractive; and inexperience in the development and application of texture and design renders it difficult to make distinctions or judge accurately from so hasty a glimpse just what materials are best suited to their needs and purposes. The comparison is augmented by the device now resorted to of creating an impression of novelty by merely attaching a new name to a well-known or standard material, or changing a little its textile arrangement. The tricks of this kind have grown innumerable amidst the vastly increasing area and competition of trade, and thus, as a means of defence, as well as to save time and trouble, many ladies rely upon certain standard manufactures, and cannot be induced to experiment in "fancy" fabrics.

The last few years have, however, seen many changes in what are often called the "old standbys," and an advance in the manufacture of goods once considered as out of the pale of fashion; such as printed cottons, that have greatly assisted to revolutionize design. Nothing now remains at a standstill. There are few quiet "standard" materials; nearly all have become "art decorative," and flame out in all the brilliant hues of flower and leaf and sunset. The quiet spotted foulards have burst out in shaded rose patterns upon grounds of apricot or crushed strawberry; and instead of the neat hair-striped or checked summer silk, we have tropical fruits and flowers, such as the orchid, the passion flower, the mango, or the bulbous root with its outgrowth of blossoms copied with technical fidelity, and reproducing all the wonderful shading and colors of nature. What the modest people are to do becomes a problem when we see the autumn leafage, the huge detached flowers and other designs upon cotton sateens and silks such as have, heretofore, ranked among the unobtrusives. Even the gingham have not escaped contamination, and flourish in large checks, though it must be admitted their popularity has suffered from the introduction of sateens and the preference shown for this distinctive feature of cotton manufacture.

Embroidery is almost invariably a correlative nowadays of

plain materials. The new nun's veilings, the thin wools, the medium cashmeres, the pongees, and the finer grades of plain cottons, such as gingham, Chambéry, lawns, and the like, are all enriched with embroidery in an almost infinite variety of widths and patterns. Nor is the decoration confined, as formerly, to bordering for flounces, ruffles and ornamentation generally. Sprigs are embroidered upon the body part of sufficient of the goods to furnish aprons or paniers, and fichu, as well as trimming for the bodice. The fichu of the same material as the dress is as well and fashionably employed as ever, and all of the embroidered pattern dresses in wool or cotton furnish enough of the material for this outside addition to the costume.

Prominent among the spring materials are the silk and wool stuffs in blended figures and colors used for walking pelisses and dolmans. The cashmere patterns, palm leaves, and the like, have given place to arabesque and architectural designs, and the reds and the golds to the cooler olives, and softer shades in terra-cotta and strawberry, the grey blue and bronze, or a leaf pattern in a different tone of the same color. These fabrics are lined with twilled silk, and make very handsome long garments, but we do not admire them so much for short ones, such as visites and mantles.

Great ball patterns introduced last year reappear on all kinds of goods, silk, cotton and wool, and are arranged in clusters laid over each other, divided and made to produce a greater variety of effects than would be considered possible out of so simple an original form. Pompons, too, are still in high vogue. Elegant evening dresses are studded with small silk pompons, the effect being similar to those of feathered silk ruchings so much used twenty years ago.

Soft puffs are greatly used for the skirts of thin wool costumes of dressy design and finish; the embroidered ruffles surmounting them. The paniered styles are as fashionably employed as ever, and are used in conjunction with many narrow ruffles upon the front of the skirt. Sleeves are usually made full or puffed with these puffed skirts; and a novel style is gathered at the top, high on the shoulders, and tight above the wrist, which is partly covered by a fall of lace.

Excellent effects are produced by new spring costumes, which consist in material and ornamentation of different shades of one color. A bronze-green satin Surah, for example, is ornamented with a beaded embroidery in six different shades of the color; the bonnet has a crown beaded to match,

and the small, close brim is studded with shaded silk pompons. Short, wide satin strings are tied in a large bow on one side. Apricot, bronze, terra-cotta, crushed strawberry, leaf brown, and old blue to gray blue are the favorite colors.

If bonnets show little novelty, they exhibit a vast amount of ingenuity. The small bonnets, which consist of upright crown and small, close brim, do not vary at all in shape; many ladies having apparently adopted it as the dress bonnet *par excellence*, and so, indeed, it is, the shape being quiet, not in the way at theater or concert, and almost universally becoming. In bonnets and hats for ordinary wear there is, of course, greater variety. Almost all the straws are in fancy patterns, and colors predominate. A moderate gypsy shape and modified poke seems to be in demand, and flowers are taking the place of feathers. The revival of color has made mourning once more fashionable, and a great deal of attention is paid to the different degrees of elegant mourning. Widows' bonnets are always small, and are at first composed entirely of double English crape with plaited or matted crown and brim edged with two small puffs, and finished with a soft plaiting of several strands of the crape. At the end of six months' mourning beads and dull ornaments may be used, but jet or glossy decorations, such as blackberries, must not be employed until the first twelve months have passed away after a bereavement.

Illustrated Designs.

OUR illustrated designs for May furnish the newest and prettiest of the walking skirts in the "Gudula," a charming model for embroidered costumes, whether of cashmere, pongee, or nun's veilings. The deep, gathered flounce is placed over a narrow plaiting, and above the flounce is a second one, which is kilted, and above is a graceful drapery forming a short apron and wide bow with ends at the back. It is a very pretty skirt, and lends itself to many materials, while it is becoming to almost every one. The "Aylmar" basque completes it appropriately, and is simple, yet very stylish and dressy in effect. Of course the design is equally good for many materials that are not embroidered. It may be used for black or colored silk, or Surah, and trimmed with beaded passementerie upon the bodice, and the skirt entirely with plaited flounces, and the draping above. If made of nun's-veiling, the sash, bow and ends may be of wide, decorative ribbon, and if made in embroidered gingham or washing goods, which do not lend themselves very well to bows, a short drapery may be substituted for this finish. It is an excellent design for armure or brocaded grenadine, or for summer silk, and is one that will remain in vogue for a long time to come.

There are two visites, to which we direct special attention, because they are both novel, and express the most popular ideas of the season in small street garments. The "Selma" is for the cashmere silk and wool stuffs, which are so much admired and are found so useful for between seasons, for evenings and cool mornings in the country. They do not soil easily; they do not show wear; they are not expensive, yet they look rich in the palm and other Indian patterns, and can never be very common because it requires a certain amount of time and thought to select a suitable pattern in the stuff—a handsome lining in terra-cotta red or old gold silk, and a sufficiently handsome fringe of beaded chenille; but the time and judgment are the main things; the quantities required are so small that the whole cost (if the garment is made at home), is not alarming, and it looks equal to any imported at three times its figure. The "Isola" is shown in plain Ottoman silk, or light ribbed cloth lined with twilled silk. It is profusely trimmed with lace. Both are short on

the back and have open sleeves which give a dolman effect, and are easy of removal. One of the inconveniences of the ulster and close-fitting redingote with tight sleeves is the difficulty of getting them over a woolen dress sleeve of the fashionable length, without drawing it upon the arm in such a way as to make it difficult to get it down again.

The "Mother Hubbard" wrapper we can recommend highly for its simplicity, comfort and convenience. In double flannel it is so great a comfort as to be indispensable for state-room purposes on an ocean voyage; in single flannel, blue, pink, apricot, terra-cotta, or the like, it is equally delightful for home wear. In strawberry Surah, or primrose, or rose-bud foulard with ruchings of feathered silk, mixed with quilling of lace, it is exquisitely pretty and dainty for the dressing-room.



Isola Visite.—Graceful, and at the same time simple in design, this visite is cut with long, pointed sacque fronts, and back considerably shorter and slightly fitted by a curved seam down the middle, while the open, flowing sleeves are inserted in dolman style and draped in plaits at the waist in the back. This model is appropriate for silk, satin Surah, *Sicilienne*, cashmere, camel's hair cloth, etc., and also for many varieties of dress goods, to match the costume. It can be trimmed as illustrated, with *coquilles* of lace, or any other style of garniture may be selected, if preferred. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

The Jersey.

THERE is a revival of the "Jersey" as well as of Jersey shapes in basques, and Jersey stockingette for jackets, and hundreds, and probably thousands have been sold in the dark bronze greens, the old, and gendarme blues, the strawberry and garnet shades, that seem to predominate over others. They are not cheap; from five to seven dollars is the price at which ladies purchase them in apparent quantities, but they are more finished and complete than when they first appeared, and are not drawn quite so closely over the skin, or made to look so exactly like the costume of an athlete or a pugilist. There is a vest collar turned down at the neck, and a plait is laid in the back of the skirt which is marked by a bow of satin ribbon, a concession to the "vanities of women," which certainly seems to make them more attractive.

Powder and Prettiness.

HERE is a decided tendency among city girls everywhere to use to excess powder and even rouge for the face, a tendency that, far from adding to pretty faces, makes them appear common at once. A moderate use of simple toilet powder for the bath, or used lightly on the face, is not injurious to the skin, it has a pleasant feeling, and takes away the glossy look from some faces; this, however, is very different from the thick white paste and chalk that are too frequently used, that give the skin an unnatural and painty appearance, and when the folly of rouging the cheeks is added, a pretty face is vulgarized. Another fault is the indelicate manner that so many have of powdering in public. It is no uncommon thing to see a young woman on boat, or train, or in a waiting-room take out a handkerchief with powder in one corner, and deliberately chalk her face, oftentimes before men who are standing about. A really refined person would hesitate to do this, and would bear the consciousness of looking a little "rough and red" rather than be guilty of performing her toilet in public. How very often one hears the remark made of some young girl: "Yes, she's pretty, but how dreadfully she paints!" Paint and chalk belong to the stage, and are best left to the professional beauty there; a private individual, a *lady*, should hold herself above the vulgarity of paint. One of the most beautiful blondes it was ever our fortune to meet contracted the habit of powdering to excess. Her natural complexion was exquisite and she had no need of artificial aid, but she thought it added to her appearance, and so she powdered to such an extent that every one noticed it, and gave her no credit for what nature had really done for her. It is undoubtedly the duty of every woman to look as well as she can, but a proper care of the health and diet will add the most of anything to her appearance, and the laws of health are entirely opposed to filling the pores of the skin with chalk and paint that are frequently composed of poisonous ingredients and are thus dangerous, as well as vulgar. Anything meretricious is always avoided by refined people.



Isola Visite.

AN extremely becoming wrap after the design of the "Isola" visite. The illustration represents it very appropriately made up in the heavily-repped Ottoman silk, lace in *coquilles* forming the trimming, though any other suitable garniture may be substituted that is preferred. Bows of Ottoman ribbon ornament the back. This visite is cut with long, pointed sacque fronts, the back shorter and fitted slightly to the figure by a curved seam in the middle, while the open, flowing sleeves are inserted in dolman style and draped in plaits in the back at the waist. The simple, though stylish hat of terra-cotta straw, has straight rather high crown, narrow brim in the back, which presses closely to the sides of the head and flares out in front after the style of the still popular poke. A scarf of terra-cotta Ottoman silk is twisted loosely and gracefully around the crown, and fastened in the back with a handsome gilt ornament, and a large "cockscorn" bow, composed of short notched ends of Ottoman ribbon of every shade of terra-cotta, is set on the front of the brim. Patterns of the "Isola" visite can be procured in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

MANY cashmeres and other woolen stuffs from Paris are covered all over with velvet circles appliquéd on and embroidered.

THE handsomest bonnets are trimmed with parti-colored lace and plumes tipped in tones to contrast with the material of the bonnets.

NEW RIBBONS are very wide, and brocaded in roses and tropical leaves and flowers of extraordinary size. One covers a capote bonnet.

COMBINATIONS of gray with strawberry red and shrimp pink are much admired, but the latter requires a lighter shade of gray than the former.

CHANGEABLE silks are to be worn in combination with rich brocades, trimmings either of lace or variegated ribbons, cashmere embroideries, etc.

CHINES are slowly coming in, and some novelties have brown grounds, with large shaded flowers and satin and silk stripes in cream, with chiné bouquets.

THE WATTEAU BACK is very much used, and very much admired for indoor dresses of crape, nun's veiling, soft silk, and for richer dinner dresses in Ottoman silk and brocade.



LADIES' HOUSE DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A stylish costume arranged with the "Aylmar" basque and "Gudula" walking skirt. The skirt is of *écru* pongee, the lower flounce edged with embroidery on the material in dark blue and red, and the short, draped apron is finished with a large bow of ruby Ottoman ribbon. The basque is of ruby velveteen trimmed with embroidery matching that on the flounce, only narrower, carried up the front outlining a vest, and forming the collar and cuffs. Both of the patterns are illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

Fig. 2.—The "Mother Hubbard" wrapper, made in pale pink Chambéry, trimmed with a full plaited ruche of the goods around the bottom, a cascade of Oriental lace up the front interspersed with bows of pale blue satin ribbon, which is carried in a full ruche around the neck, and ruffles of the same lace finished with bows at the wrists. This design is thoroughly comfortable, and is adapted to all classes of

goods that are usually chosen for wrappers. The double illustration will be found elsewhere. Price of patterns, thirty cents, each size.

Fashionable Millinery.

No. 1.—A lovely bonnet in the shape known as the "fish-wife" poke, made of net covered with closely plaited ruffles of *écru* lace on the outside, and a thick ruche of the same around the brim and clustered underneath next the hair. A large bouquet of field flowers ornaments the right side, and the bonnet is tied under the chin with deep-gold colored Ottoman ribbon strings.

No. 2.—A stylish shape of satin braid straw, which can be used either as a hat or bonnet. The color of the one illustrated is crushed raspberry, and the back of the wide brim is turned up and faced with velvet of the same shade. The front is trimmed with a large spray of summer flowers and

foliage, pink eglantine composing part of the blossoms, and the hat is tied down with strings of narrow raspberry velvet ribbon with satin back, which are passed twice through openings cut in the straw and tied at the right side.

No. 3.—Child's sailor hat of white Leghorn, with low crown, and broad brim turned up all around and faced with a shirring of cream-white satin Surah. A large Alsacian bow of blue satin ribbon is placed on the front with the ends and loops turning back over the crown.

No. 4.—A charming hat somewhat in gypsy style, of dark green and cream mixed Milan straw. The trimming consists of a band of forest-green velvet ribbon with a gilt slide in front, a plaiting of yellow-tinted lace laid flat on the broad brim, and a large cluster of coral-pink geranium flowers and pale green leaves at the left side.

No. 5.—This beautiful bonnet has a Normandy cap crown of cream-tinted Surah silk, and brim of golden-tinted satin straw. A deep fall of cream silk Spanish lace, in rose pattern outlined with gold thread, is placed all around the crown, and a *monture* of pale pink and cream tea roses and foliage ornaments the front. Alicante brown Ottoman ribbon forms the strings, which are tied in a bow at the left side, and a "cockscorn" bow of the same is placed close against the crown, high at the left side.

Stylish hats and bonnets are furnished through our Purchasing Agency for from \$8 upward, according to the materials. In sending an order, it is always best to state complexion, color of hair and eyes, the purposes for which the hat is to be used, and any preference in regard to color, etc.



FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

Summer Straw Bonnets.

THE tendency is decidedly in favor of larger bonnets so far as straw is concerned, and the shapes, which partake of the poke character, are broadly divided into three varieties. One of these is moderate in size, and has a round brim of unexaggerated size, which is inconspicuous, and usually found in plain black or white English straws. The second is more of the "Gypsy" in design, and is made in coarse basket and in other fancy braids, and in all the fashionable colors—bronze, olive, navy and electric blue, gray, and particularly many shades of red, including some that are very light and bright. The third shape is known as the "Clove Pink." The poke brim forms an upward cloven point over the face, and is faced and filled in with shirred lace and ribbons or flowers. It is the most novel, and also the most pronounced shape of the season, and one of those caprices that dies almost as quickly as it is born, for it is becoming to few, and only under certain conditions that must be met.

Small bonnets, very metallic, and not at all seasonable, have upright crowns of narrow gold or silver ribbon, braided closely; brims edged with rows of gold or silver lace, and faced with velvet put quite plain, and trimmings consisting exclusively of folds of velvet and clusters of small gold or silver pompons, and, perhaps, one large poppy-red velvet flower, or mossy bulb if the bonnet is silver.

But, as before remarked, the majority of the bonnets are large, or at any rate larger than they have been worn, and the hats are larger still, but not of exaggerated dimensions, and ornamented with a profusion of handsome ostrich feathers in striking and often contrasting colors.

Some of the richest bonnets have beef-eater crowns embroidered upon Canton crape, satin or silk mull, and having puffed brims overlaid with lace, and additionally concealed by a mass of rich trimming. One of these was embroidered in shaded carnations upon cream Canton crape, lace being used to form the brim. The garniture consisted of a drooping mass of transparent white currants, small green blackberries and tinted leaves, and ostrich feathers in shades of cream, and olive, and apricot, with narrow cream and olive satin ribbon for strings.

Fruit is very much used for trimming upon coarse-plaited straw bonnets, and a number of large purple plums in natural leaves, which was all the decoration upon a French plum-colored straw, faced with plain velvet, looked like nothing so much as a straw basket with the plums outside instead of inside.

The wide ribbons are not used at all in the trimming of bonnets, they are employed for panels, the Watteau plaits in dinner and reception dresses, sashes, parts of the drapery, and other features of the decoration of dresses, but they are too wide and too startling for bonnet trimmings. Narrow satin ribbons in contrasting colors seem to be used for such purposes as those for which ribbon is required, in conjunction with decorative materials, and the profusion of feathers and flowers.

Details for Home Dress-making.

MATTER of the first importance is the selection of patterns in accordance with prevailing styles and individual peculiarities, and the adaptation of these to personal tastes, if they incline to any extreme, either inside or outside of fashion. For a pattern must necessarily follow medium lines, and cannot hit the extreme taste of one without equally falling short of the opposite ideal of another. The only fair method, therefore, is to strike the golden mean and allow each one to adjust designs to suit herself. This is

especially necessary now that there is so much diversity in the detail of costumes, and so wide a latitude given to the gratification of individual taste.

Polonaises and trimmed skirts are draped very closely this season, and cut so as to shape the form. The newest polonaise is cut in the Princess style, and draped high on the sides, the waist being as clearly outlined as in a Jersey bodice. These polonaises are made in fine wools, vigognes, cashmere, and the like, over skirts of plaited silk, Surah, and plain velvet.

The "Watteau" polonaise is more dressy for indoors. It is well adapted to foulards, satins, chintzes, and summer silks. The long Louis XV. vest is made with this polonaise in the plain silk or satin Surah of which the skirt would be composed, or the skirt may be of some thin ruffled fabric, and the vest of a thin lining silk, covered with lengthwise ruffles of lace, which are put rather scantily on the silk which is to form the interior part of the vest. This silk should have a hem on either side to hold small lace buttons and buttonholes for fastening, these being concealed by the ruffles of lace. Knots of ribbon down the front are a matter of taste, also a cluster of loops at the left of the throat. The latter is just now a favorite adornment of young girls, and, if worn, ribbons down the front would be out of place, though a cluster of loops might be placed at the side.

In making up cloth the utmost simplicity is required. Deep plain basques and skirts plaited in large triple plaits are used, which are laid close without sash drapery or ends. The only finish consists of hems and stitching, or silk facing (interior), and several rows of narrow heavy braid. Piping, and even binding, have gone out altogether, and the effort in making up woollen cloths is to produce as nearly as possible the "tailor" effect, that is, the simple but workmanlike finish given to men's fine coats. Some cloth costumes are still made with deep kilted flounce, a short rounded apron, and a short drapery at the back, and this style of skirt, with deep, plain basque, is certainly the most youthful. Another style consists of a skirt with plaited flounce and long polonaise redingote; the "Rowena," for example, which may be braided in a simple Greek pattern, or trimmed in rows of five or seven, with narrow military braid. Cuffs and pockets made separately and put on have disappeared. Pockets are now inserted in diagonal slits, which are invisible, but which are cut transversely across the side skirt, at the right of jackets, redingotes, and polonaises; the pocket being formed of twilled lining silk of the color of the cloth, carefully stitched in and buttonhole-stitched at the corners. Sleeves are close, but cut up two or two and a half inches at the back, and ornamented with small buttons above the silk inter-facing.

Morning dresses for home wear by no means follow the strict simple rules which guide the construction of the street and traveling dress. Some new flannels in cream, pale blue, apricot and shaded stripes alternately with the plain color are cut quite straight and plaited into a pointed yoke of velvet, or a daintily tucked one of Surah satin, trimmed with lace; a broad band of ribbon velvet borders each side of the front and the bottom of the skirt, and velvet may form the plain skirt over which this robe is worn.

Many satine morning dresses are made in the Mother Hubbard style, and others have a fullness which forms a Watteau plait at the back, but is belted in at the waist in front; the belt starting from the sides. Others are plain and much trimmed with lace in rows or cascades down the sides of the front, or at the back. But for a simple style in gingham, or any other washing fabric, the "Housekeeping" dress is, perhaps, the best.

Open bodices are in vogue this summer, and the V-shaped French waists, also what used to be known as the "Surplice" waists. The basque is also made open in front, and the

habit-shirt revived, finished with a small turn-down collar, or with a standing ruche. Where the collar is used, it is cut in the square canonical style and trimmed with gathered lace in front, forming square ends at the throat. The open bodices have often falling collars and standing ruffles, the latter of lace, or plaited crepe-lisse inside the lace, the former of embroidered Canton crepe, velvet, or the material of the dress. Brown linen dresses are made very pretty with a little green and brown embroidery in leaf and wood fiber patterns upon collar, edge of sleeves, and front of apron, and back of basque. A good pattern for a summer-cloth costume for traveling is the "Girola;" for embroidered materials, the "Trenna," and for Surah silk for stopping at hotels when traveling, or for summer best, the "Gudula" walking skirt and "Aylmar" basque. For little girls the "Greenaway" cloak and dress are as fashionable as ever.

Hosiery for Summer Wear.

AN ordinary hosiery there is nothing superior to the hair-striped, plain, and ribbed in regularly made cotton or Lisle thread. These wash and wear well, which cannot be said for all of the more fanciful kinds of hosiery. It is fashionable, however, now to match the hose to the shade of the dress, or else to use red or black, and in the former we find all the new and fashionable shades in terra cotta, red raspberry and crushed strawberry, as well as the old favorites, wine and garnet. Pure silk hose in these rich new shades are extremely beautiful, and women who can afford the luxury may be pardoned for indulging in them; they are infinitely richer and more alluring than the soft daintiness of cream and pale tints. Black thread and spun-silk hose are coming into general use, and are particularly admired for children, with white or terra-cotta suits. For ladies they are most useful for wear with black toiles, as black cotton is so harsh as to be almost intolerable. Black spun silk are warm for ocean travel for those who cannot stand woolen hose, and there are many who cannot, and we advise a trial of them.



Aylmar Basque.—A simple yet dressy model suitable for house wear. This basque is quite short on the hips, and cut in double points front and back. It 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 collar and coat sleeves complete the design, which is suitable for any class of dress goods and is especially stylish made in habit cloth or cashmere with trimming of embroidery in self-colors laid on *en revers*; any other style of trimming may be substituted for this if preferred. This basque is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Gudula" walking skirt. Price of basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Mousquetaire and Jersey Gloves.

THE long gloves seem to be established in position, and to have largely succeeded to the duties of the sleeves. The shortest gloves made in the new summer styles of kid, silk, and thread, correspond to six buttons, the longest twenty-four buttons, and the length most called for is twelve buttons. It is a very few years since a "ten-buttoned glove" was considered an affectation and a whim, but ladies generally have gone back to the long gloves and mitts of our great-grandmothers, and like them, they must now be accepted as a fact. Embroideries, which enlarge the hand, spoil the shape of the arm, and are not in the least ornamental, have disappeared, distinction now is obtained entirely through the length, whole shape, quality, and shade of the glove.

Fine silk gloves are expensive, as much so as kid, but they are made and shaped with the same care, and are produced in all fashionable day and evening shades; although for evening, silk upon the hands would not be used except informally at a hop or dance as mitts. Thread are not open-worked, they are flexible, and shape the hands and arms as a Jersey bodice does the form. They can be "wrinkled" upon the arm, however, and are generally preferred so. A thread glove, it should be remembered, is dowdy if it is not of very nice quality, of good neutral tint, well-made and well-fitting. The fashionable spring colors are all shades of gray, *écru*, putty color, mahogany, apricot, pale dull yellow, raspberry-red, and black always.



Gudula Walking Skirt.—A simple and elegant design for a walking skirt of light or heavy material. The foundation is a plain gored skirt, and upon this are arranged two deep flounces, the lower one gathered and the upper one box-plaited, the skirt and upper flounce being sewed to a yoke which fits smoothly over the hips. A very short apron is draped across the upper flounce in full plaits, and a large bow of the material conceals the meeting at the back and takes the place of drapery. This design is suitable for any class of dress goods, and is very effective with the lower flounce of embroidered material, as illustrated. It is shown elsewhere in combination with the "Aylmar" basque. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents.

Spring and Summer Wraps.

HERE are many pretty designs in spring and summer wraps, which, while they are not exactly novelties, have novel features which deserve attention. The most elegant of these are the pelisses of twilled foulard in small Indian palm or Persian patterns, which are lined with tinted twilled silk, and tied and trimmed with soft bows of wide satin Surah ribbon. These cloaks are not fitted so that the figure is seen to advantage, but they are held in at the back, have a small flowing sleeve, which is almost pointed, and are very light and cool.

Very rich black-lace cloaks are trimmed with handsome Barcelona lace and bows of wide satin ribbon, which sometimes form clusters of loops with long ends. These are imported in the richest materials, and are not worth having unless made of pure fabrics that will stand crushing without loss of beauty.

Smaller wraps in visite forms are made of silk and wool materials in Oriental designs and richly blended colors, and are lined also with twilled silk in plain ground or art shades. These are not costly, for but little material is required, and they are very useful for summer seaside, as well as spring and fall wear.

There is an infinite variety of small silk and lace wraps and fichus, jetted capes and collarettes, and other small garments that can be used as dressy additions to a street toilet without adding much to its warmth. Some of these have made their appearance in tinted lace embroidered in colors, but the majority are in black, as the colored capes and fichus are so largely made up of the same material as the dress, and this is particularly the case with the pongees, the thin embroidered wools, and other fabrics wrought upon the material.

Summer cloaks are quite a new departure, yet they at once achieved high popularity with middle-aged women—ladies who consider the long lines in dresses and outside garments best suited to their age and dignity. In soft silks, and very fine wool lined with thin twilled lining silk, they are useful in many ways, and will not be likely



Selma Visite.

VERY graceful and stylish wrap made after the model of the "Selma" visite. The material here represented is the cashmere goods that introduces the quaint figures and colors of the far-famed shawls of India, trimmed with a silk fringe made of the different tints that appear in the goods. The model has sacque-shaped fronts, slightly pointed, narrow back-pieces fitted by a curved seam down the middle and shorter than the front, while the sleeves are inserted in dolman style. The hat which accompanies this toilet is one of the modified pokes, with the brim pressed flatly over the ears, and a soft crown. The crown piece is made of Surah silk of the popular crushed-strawberry shade, two rows of plaited lace of the same hue cover the outside brim, and it is further ornamented by a spray of gold-colored chrysanthemums having brown centers which is placed on the left side close to the crown. Plaited lace or shirred Surah can be used for the inside of brim. Patterns of the visite can be procured in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

TRAILS of flowers for ball dresses are now arranged with loops of ribbon matching in color instead of with leaves.

to go quickly out of fashion, because they have a direct purpose, and fulfill it.

The ulster keeps its place, and is likely to do so, but it depends for its character on the handsome fit and the shade and quality of the cloth; the make is perfectly plain, there are no outside trimmings, but only the interior facing, and the neatness of the workmanship as finish. Buttons are small and flat, bronzed, smoked pearl, or horn, and not conspicuous—in fact, good taste rigidly excludes the striking and pronounced from street dress.

Walking jackets have a distinct function, and continue to perform it. Little change is possible or required, and though they vary a little from year to year, sometimes showing a braided ornamentation, sometimes a mounting of velvet, as collars or revers, yet these changes are comparatively unimportant—the well-fitting walking jacket of cloth remains through them all, and is more rather than less distinguished by its simplicity and superiority to non-essential changes. This season, however, fashion is on the side of virtue. The walking jacket is minus all excrescences and superfluous adornments. It is made of fine cloth, and its beauty is in the fine tints and quality, the neatness of the workmanship, the daintiness of the satin Surah facing; even braiding is mainly confined to jackets *en suite*.

Suggestions For May.

VERY handsome May costume is of gray Ottoman silk, fawn shade, with panels, and jacket of brocaded velvet, and collarette of Mechlin lace. Bonnet of violets, and parasol of rich fawn-colored silk, brocaded with shades of violet and gray.

There is a sort of passion for gray among those who want a reaction from the high colors that have become so common, and therefore another gray dress may be mentioned made of gray cashmere Marguerite, and trimmed with itself, as plaitings, and a quantity of wide, gray needle-point Spanish lace. This bordered the paniers, made a double row across the front, trimmed the leaf-like ends which formed part of the drapery at the back, and was gathered into a round collarette, and full fichu ends in front, which is confined at the waist with knots of ribbon, blended with a group of three ostrich tips. This ornament is repeated at the left shoulder. The bonnet is of fine gray satin straw, is lined with silk, and trimmed with satin folds and ostrich feathers.

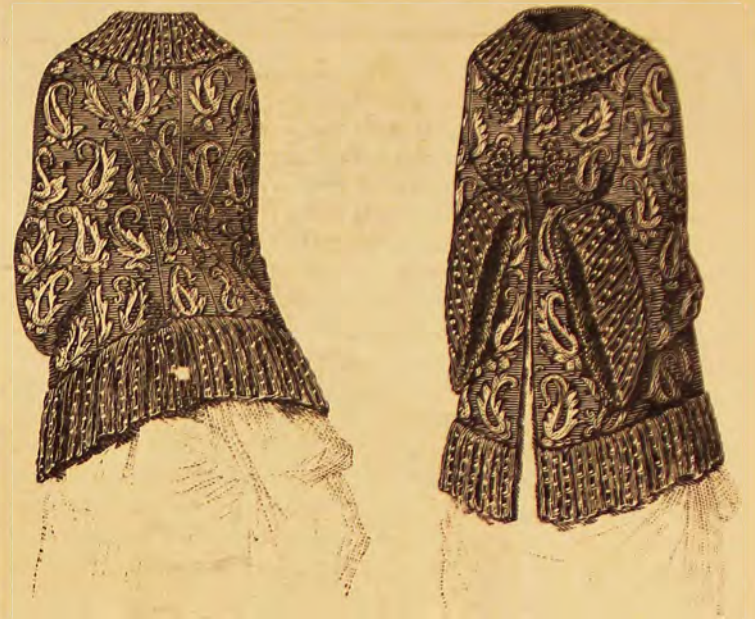
For girls the prettiest dresses are perhaps of embroidered nuns' veiling in cream or apricot shades, with straight cape, or fichu to match, and gypsy straws trimmed with primroses in a ruche of lace, or a wreath of moss and black-berry vine, starred with snow-drops, and the blossoms of the arbutus. Very pretty, and simple costumes are also made of gray-blue, or what is known as gendarme blue, cashmere, or Chuddah cloth, with a little vine ornamentation on the plain wrists, which have no cuff, on the tablier, or paniers, and on the back of the straight fichu, which matches the dress. The bonnet should be of gray-blue straw, with feathers to match, and facing of gray-blue velvet. A bunch of cowslips or daffodils may be worn at the waist. The beauvardia, hepatica, or any starry little blossom may be used as a design for the embroidery, which should only be draped on in the center and finished with little tendrils, not carried along as a border.

A more expensive costume is of crushed-strawberry satin Surah, trimmed with plaitings of itself, and strawberry lace in which there is a little embroidery of tiny ruby beads and gold thread. The bonnet is of strawberry crape, and lace matching that upon the dress, and the crown is embroidered with exquisitely shaded strawberries and leaves.

White dresses are a mass of embroidery, the apron, and paniers being wholly formed of it, and also the jacket, or basque. Apricot, and yellow-green satin ribbons are employed to ornament them; the ribbon encircling the throat, and always forming a cluster of loops at the left side.

The prettiest satines consist of subtle shadings in rose, or bulbous patterns; with the dark, or new blue shades illuminated by gleams of Indian red, or the tints of the red raspberry, the amber apricot, and golden bronze tints. These rich designs are varied with lovely clusters of pink and white lilacs on dark green grounds, or shaded carnations, or the roses, on brown or cream grounds; but they are accompanied by plain satines, the shade of the ground, with which they are combined in the making. The figure forming the upper part of the dress, and usually opening at the side, over a ladder of narrow ruffles of the plain fabric.

Late summer silks are in large checks, and handsome Surah finish. These are made up with plaited skirts, and fitted jackets with vest of plain satin Surah in a dark or high contrasting shade. The black and white look best with black vests fastened with small cut-steel buttons. Surahs are admirable for wear, and these spring costumes are new, handsome, and effective without being very expensive.



Selma Visite.—Extremely graceful, although simple in design, this stylish wrap has sacque-shaped fronts, slightly pointed, narrow back pieces, fitted by a curved seam down the middle and considerably shorter than the front, and sleeves inserted in dolman style. Any of the materials usually chosen for *demi-saison* wraps, such as Surah, satin Rhadames, silk, *Sicilienne*, cashmere, and many qualities of dress goods, are adapted to this model. It may be trimmed with lace, fringe, or in any style suitable to the material selected. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each



Mother Hubbard Wrapper.—This quaint and picturesque design is very simple in arrangement. It consists of a loose, shirred blouse mounted upon a square yoke, and trimmed all around with a full plaited *ruche*, which also encircles the neck and sleeves. The sleeves are full at the top, but in coat shape below. It is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, especially soft fabrics, such as Surah, cashmere, and similar materials. Any other style of trimming may be substituted for the plaited *ruche* if preferred. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

The Latest American Silks.

IT is not generally known, certainly not among the wearers of silk fabrics, how the manufactured product of this country has advanced of late years, or how closely it competes in everything but price with the finest production of the looms of France. Many still associate the idea of American silk with the woolly black spun silk as it was presented to the public years before capital, skill, and enterprise had developed the present magnificent result. The largest silk manufactory in this country is in New York City, and an examination of its fabrics is sufficient to demonstrate its possession of knowledge and skill equal to any achievement or any demand that may be made upon them within industrial possibilities. The fabrics in vogue at the present time are damasks, brocaded silks in two tones and solid black and in combinations of armure with satin Ottoman and armure, the latter forming the figure upon an Ottoman ground, or interchangeably the satin forming the figure upon an armure ground, with flat outlines which form the shading to what is often as complete a composition as if made for a picture. These are as rich in texture and true in workmanship as any silk made abroad, and are perfectly pure. The wear, therefore, can be guaranteed. Nothing can be imagined more suitable for an elegant dress than these handsome fabrics, with the armure figure woven through and through the soft, thick, close, satin surface, so that fraying or "rubbing up" is an impossibility, and the silk must remain rich and fine toned to the last. When it is considered that these beautiful fabrics can be purchased at retail for two dollars and a half per yard, and that a large quantity is not needed, for they are so complete in themselves that trimming or overlaying reduces rather than heightens their distinction and general effect, it will be seen that this is really obtaining beauty and elegance at a minimum cost, compared with the prices of some years ago, before we had a really handsome American silk in the market.

In plain silks, the newest and most fashionable, as well as most effective, is the Ottoman Supreme, which, as every one knows, is a thick, ribbed, satin-finished silk, which can be used equally well alone or in combination. This has the fast woven back and will not pull or slip. It has very largely taken the place of gros-grain, and almost entirely of plain satin, as it holds light and shade, and proves so much more becoming than a plain, smooth surface. So general had the dissatisfaction become in regard to plain silks, and so little are they now used, that John N. Stearns & Co., the New York manufacturers, whose works in Forty-second Street turn out five thousand yards of silk per day, have stopped making them altogether, and confine themselves, in plain goods, to satins, Surahs, Ottomans, and the like. The Surahs, which are very fine and soft in texture, with a satin twill woven into the body of the fabric, which renders them very serviceable, have now an enduring place in the list of inexpensive silks because of their adaptability to many pretty and graceful purposes—their use in making up into lovely evening dresses for young girls who cannot properly wear heavy flowered and damask silks. One of the Stearns' specialties is a Surah of heavy and extra quality, which works up beautifully in conjunction with fine cashmere or camel's-hair cloth, and is particularly well adapted for summer silk suits, black (gathered) cloaks, and other purposes, where a soft, silken, graceful, and easily draping material is required. Heavy black is a specialty, but there is an infinite variety of lovely colorings in Surah, the newest being apricot, three different shades of strawberry, electric blue, a new shade of gendarme, the gray blue, known as "cadet," and the bronze shades. Terra-cotta is still good, but superseded largely by the strawberry shades.

Colors and combinations of colors in the American silks of Stearns' manufacture are considered superior, if anything, to the imported. We do not yet see any in which so many colors are put into one pattern as are found in some foreign silks, but in purity of color and skill and taste in grading, shading and combination New York silks cannot be surpassed. Among the most recent combinations are olive and strawberry, electric blue and terra-cotta, strawberry in two tones, one forming the satin ground, the other an armure design upon it. A brown armure design upon black is quiet but very rich; and there are very striking effects in black and gold, and black and cardinal.

The white brocades of this manufacture are beautiful. As rich as could be desired for the finest evening and bridal dresses, yet forming a comparatively modest, and certainly not extravagant, toilet for an important occasion. All that is necessary to complete it is lace at the neck and upon the sleeves. About one thousand operatives are employed in the manufacture of the Stearns silks; upward of six hundred of whom are women and girls, who have been mostly trained in the service of the Company. Many of the fashionable silks bought for foreign products are really made in New York, and ordered from the warerooms, 458 Broome Street.

May Fashions For Girls.

THERE are little girls for whom their mammas save all the bright pennies and new dimes, and it is little girls also who fall heir to all the pretty, and quaint, and picturesque fancies of the toilet, which their mammas admire, but which they consider perhaps too unusual, too coquettish for sober wearing. The last few years has been prolific of many new ideas in these directions. Modern painters have idealized women and clothed them in graceful garments woven out of their own bright fancies. They have also revived old and picturesque ideas which have been preserved in art and literature; and these, which may be utilized in a rich and varied society, cannot be indulged in by those whose unobtrusiveness is the shield of their economy; so for these the gratification of their taste comes mainly through the pretty diversity,—the unconventionality permitted to children, and which costs no more than the most staid and matter-of-fact styles. Thus "princess," and peasant dresses, large hats, and Mother Hubbard cloaks, "Kate Greenaway" frocks and Directoire coats, the "sailor," and the "fish-wife" costumes, all maintain their position, and are equally the "fashion," for maidens of three to ten years of age.

The fish-wife and sailor dresses are always made in flannel for cool summer wear, and for the seaside. The fish-wife consists simply of a sailor blouse and short gored skirt, with overskirt turned up à la washerwoman, and tied at the back into the simplest form of drapery. But there is a convenient and pretty method of making flannel dresses by cutting them as straight Mother Hubbard's, box-plaiting the fullness front and back, and trimming each plait with three rows of braid, which are extended below the waist, and terminate in curly cue points. The bottom is untrimmed, the plaiting forming a natural flounce. The neck is cut a high square, and edged with a narrow ruffle.

The prettiest costumes are uniform as to color, but profusely trimmed with lace, put on flat; Irish point and Limerick lace being the most used, though the ascendancy of the latter is disputed by the new Saxony, sometimes called Mauresque lace; yet there is nothing Oriental in its style, which suggest Valenciennes more than any other, only being made in conventionalized daisy and edelweiss patterns, it has a somewhat formal appearance.

The embroidered wools, gingham, Chambrays, and the like, are all in high vogue for girls, and make up into lovely spring and summer toilets for them, the ruffling embroidered on the material serving all the purpose of an elaborate trimming, and one pattern dress serving for two girls in a family.

The low, square cut, "Greenaway" dresses with full waists so much liked last season, will be equally in vogue during the coming summer, their simplicity, combined with their pretty, attractive appearance, rendering them universal favorites. The "Joan" dress is also destined to be very popular, and the little "Milkmaid" cloak is most useful in the country made up of pongee, or any soft, cool material, because it is complete, and protective, and at the same time dressy, and can be made of the thinnest fabrics. The "Joan" dress has a body, or "guimpe," with sleeves, and is square cut with strap over the shoulder, but it is plaited back and front, and trimmed round the bottom with a ruffle of embroidery, or lace. The "Marcelle" costume, the "Almira," and the costume "Fantine" are as good as ever, and this also may be said of the "Ronnie" and other complete costumes for older girls. In trimmed skirts we give an example in the "Frida," which is suited to any soft, plain, or figured material, to plain embroidered fabrics, and figured satines which should be trimmed with lace. The "Bréton" basque is very becoming to slender figures, is well adapted to plain wool, or cashmere, or any solid material, and may be trimmed with braids in two widths, or ribbed galloon. The "Theta" dress is a jolly little blouse style for plain and checked flannel. It may be made in all check, or in a combination of plain with check, or stripe, the latter being used for skirt, and mounting. The "Trina" is a very pretty skirt for silk, or wool in combination with velvet, or velveteen, and the "Gindetta" suitable for a combination satine, plain with figured, or a checked Surah, with a plain fabric matching the ground.

Long, dark hose are still preferred for little girls, black, with terra-cotta red dresses, garnet with peacock blue, seal brown with buff, black also with white; dark dresses may be matched in the dark colors of the stockings, but light dresses unless they are *fête* costumes, must be accompanied by dark hose in colors that artistically agree, though strikingly contrasted.

Hats are larger than for little girls, but they are not so universally employed. Bonnets seem to take the lead this season, and may be accepted as far more suitable for church-going and formal purposes. The bonnet is a sort of cross between the "poke" and the "gypsy," and is medium in size. There are "clove-pink" bonnets, however, for little girls that are very quaint with their pointed brims, faced with plaited lace or silk, and their ruched lace trimming crowned with a group of white, pink, or primrose feathers, little blossoms of the same color, or a light wreath, nestling in the lace.

ALL the shades of gray are fashionable except slate; ash gray is particularly favored.



MISSES' COSTUMES

Fig. 1.—The "Theta" dress, made in blue and white plaid gingham, combined with plain blue for a girl under ten years. It consists of a loose blouse waist of the plain goods, shirred around the neck in "Mother Hubbard" style, and falling over a kilt-plaited skirt of the plaid made bias. The waist is supported by an underwaist of lining. The pattern of the suit is in sizes for from four to ten years of age. Price, twenty cents each.

Fig. 2.—A stylish costume for a miss, arranged with the "Breton" basque and "Frida" skirt. The costume illustrated is made of cotton satine with a strawberry red ground strewn with detached leaves in bright colors, combined with plain goods matching the color of the ground in the figured, and trimmed with white Hamburg embroidery. The entire costume is of the figured goods, with the exception of the plaited flounce and the vest in the basque. A narrow ruffle

of Valenciennes lace finishes the neck, and a black velvet ribbon encircles the throat and is tied in a bow on the left side. Both of the designs are illustrated among the separate fashions. Basque patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each. Patterns of skirt in sizes for the same ages. Price, twenty-five cents each.

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Frida Skirt.—Dressy and stylish in effect, this is a short, gored skirt, trimmed around the bottom with a plaiting, above which is a deep, shirred puff, and draped with a short apron in front, and a full, but rather short drapery at the back. It is adapted to all classes of dress goods excepting the heaviest, and is especially appropriate for a combination of fabrics. This skirt is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Breton" basque. The pattern for the skirt is in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years of age. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Breton Basque.—The Breton vest front and the back arranged like a "polka" basque, make this an especially desirable and becoming design. It is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. A small standing collar and coat sleeves finish the model which is adapted to any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed as illustrated, with rows of braid, or in any other style, according to taste and the material selected.



This basque is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Frida" skirt. The basque pattern is in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.



Theta Dress.—A pretty style of dress for every-day wear, consisting of a kilt skirt, and a blouse, shirred around the neck, falling loose and full over it. The coat sleeves are finished with deep cuffs. Any of the materials usually selected for the dresses of children are suitable for this design, which is very effective with the skirt of plaid and the blouse of plain goods, as illustrated, or it may all be made of the same goods. Patterns in sizes for from four to ten years. Price, twenty cents each.

WHAT TO WEAR, AND HOW TO MAKE IT, is a large octavo of 144 pages, mailed free on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps. Address MME. DEMOREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York, or any of Mme. Demorest's Branches.



"EMMA."—Sofa pillows are made independently of any article of furniture upon which they are used ; and may be employed in any way that is most convenient, and that tends to promote comfort.

"MRS. Mc C. Mc M."—Get a plain all-wool suit for traveling ; close paniered basque, and box-plaited skirt of dark myrtle green, or bronze, with straw or chip bonnet, trimmed with bronze satin Surah ribbon, and three bronze feather tips. Plum-colored Surah, and embossed velvet basque would look well for dinners, and you can utilize your gros-grain. The velvet would be rather heavy for warm weather, but useful again in the autumn.

"A PUZZLED ONE."—Why do you not paper instead of paint your walls, and use a tapestry pattern, not in a large pictorial, but pretty lotus, or antique flower design, in which the olive tint is preserved ; this would atone also for the absence of pictures. Drape your windows with Madras muslin, and put a shelf over each of your doors upon which you can stand any large jars, fine old pitchers, or other large pieces of china you may have. In this way, with small expense, your room will look pretty, and unusual.

"ALICE A. T."—Avoid purple ; it will not be becoming to your complexion, and will increase your apparent size, particularly the reddish purples ; to the blue purples in fine dark, or dull shades, there is not the same objection, at least not in the same degree, though the bronze shades, the dark greens, and fine, pure navy blue would be better suited to you. An ulster is indispensable, and would be much more useful than a jacket. We should not advise the velveteen skirt for you at this season. Better make it of lining, and mount it with ruffles of plaited Surah, or gathered silk, and wear polonaise over. A wide scarf, or handkerchief of soft silk makes an excellent trimming for a hat for everyday wear, and for best there is nothing better than a fine English straw lined with gathered Surah, ivory, and trimmed with folds of ivory satin Surah, and a large bunch of cowslips. This can be worn with any dress, and any color.

"M. Y. V."—Black gros-grain is now fashionably worn. Ottoman silk is also worn, and black silk of either Ottoman, or gros-grain of fair quality can be purchased at \$1.25 per yard. You may also get a Surah at this price, and if you want a dress that would preserve a neat and lady-like appearance for more than one season we should advise a Surah, and nice black cashmere combined, both of good, pure quality, and the cashmere employed for the upper part of the dress, the Surah for the skirt, or the trimming upon a lining skirt. A long, pointed collarette could be made in folds of the silk, and used to trim the bodice. Your tan-colored silk would dye black, or seal-brown, and make over, as although light weight, it is all silk.

"LUELLA S."—We do not answer questions by mail unless they refer to orders. Bronze Surah would make a pretty suit for a girl of seventeen, or a thin embroidered wool in *écru*, with brown shaded leaf pattern for design. Long gloves of pale tan undressed kid, and straw hat trimmed with shaded foliage, and Surah satin folds.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—There was only one sample enclosed in your letter, and this of thin purple, and *écru* brocaded silk, scarcely worth making up for a girl of eighteen—certainly it would not look well made up with plain black. Read fashions, and answers to other correspondents for directions as to costume.

"JENNIE."—It is not proper to enter any closed door not your own, without knocking. The "Tariff question" is too large a subject to deal with in this department, or in this magazine. You will find a paragraph in regard to it in "Current Topics." The question of refreshments at a "sugar" party is wholly a matter for the hostess to decide, and it may be supposed should be dwelt with according to local custom. Sugar parties are unknown in New York ; but at "caramel" parties the only refreshments are pickles, sour lemonade, and bread rolls.

"CALLY."—The shade of brown enclosed is very good. It would be best trimmed with itself, and interior lace at neck and sleeves ; or you might trim with a darker shade of satin, or Canton crape.

"F. L. O. D."—We do not know what you mean by "rubber headbands;" they certainly are not worn,—combs are. The effort to revive hoops has not been successful. Lace ties and fichus are still used.

"DOT."—Certainly real diamonds would not be set by any sensible person so as to make them look like imitation stones. When imitation diamonds are set with patent foil back they can hardly be distinguished from genuine stones. The usual way is to set the imitation gems in solid gold or silver, so as to assist the attempt to make them look real, and give them some little value.

"PERPLEXITY."—The most suitable material for you is a soft, dull American Surah, of what is known as "extra" quality, but free from gloss. It is light, yet admirable for wear, and cool. Make complete suit of it, with fichu for street, and bonnet to match. Use white *crêpe lisse* for interior neck wear ; and trim your fichu with black embroidery upon

the Surah, if you can find it ; or with a triple ruching fringed out with edging of the Surah ; no fringe or lace.

"A NEW SUBSCRIBER."—The bronze and olive shades of felt are most employed, and the length or width of "scarf" depends upon the size of table or chair. It is usually the exact width of stand or table, the ends hanging down, and being ornamented. Bed-spreads and pillow cases of embroidered linen are of German origin and style ; outline embroidery is used for border, lettering, and designs, which occupy centre and corners.

"MRS. L. D."—Your designs would have no value for any mechanical work, because they are deficient in technique. You would require training in geometrical drawing before you could copy nature in such a way as to make it useful to industrial art.

"MISS C. A. W."—A summer silk of any small quiet check, hair stripe, or irregular dot would serve, and make you a good church, and visiting suit afterwards. A grey or *écru* tone would be best ; and it would be best trimmed with itself ; and with soft Oriental lace at the neck and wrists. Get tinted kid gloves, and arrange the lace at the throat as a pretty jabot in front. A black satin Surah is the least expensive, and most effective for the price of the black silks, but make sure that it is all silk. Make it with close paniered bodice, and trim with black Spanish lace. You would need a cookery book to obtain the information required in regard to wedding-breakfast ; books on etiquette do not furnish such details.

"MRS. W. F. N."—An ottoman silk about \$2.50 per yard would make you the most suitable dress, and be as handsome and fashionable next year as this. The costume well-made would cost you through our Purchasing Bureau from eighty-five to one hundred dollars. Can you not make your black cashmere answer by trimming it with embroidery on cashmere, or black Spanish lace ? A suit of satin Surah in apricot or crushed strawberry, with chip hat trimmed with silk, and plumes to match, would suit the young lady, and could be furnished, hat included, at about the price of the other.

"L'INCONNU."—Plain iron-frame grenadines are not now made ; the grenadines are figured and checked and brocaded, and damasked like silk. Armure grenadines are neat, and in what are called "sewing-silk" styles, are beautiful and durable. Moire is too heavy for nun's veiling, and is not very much used ; satin would be better, or plaiting of itself, and lace. Yes, your idea for a black chip, of pale blue lining, and plumes is very good.

"CARRIE."—A dress of embroidered nun's veiling (white), a pongee, a strawberry Surah, a short combination sateen, and two gingham morning dresses, with perhaps one embroidered nainsook, ought to be enough with a traveling dress of plain dark thin wool. Ulster, and straw Derby with gauze veiling, or if it is late in the season and warm, dark straw hat with flexible brim and feathers. A broad-brimmed Leghorn or chip hat will be wanted for the country, and one dressy chip or straw bonnet for church and visiting. The Surah should be made with straight fichu, and trimmed with lace. What is known as "Western" style differs only in being a little more pronounced ; loud in color ; a little too elaborate in design, and striking in contrast. But there are Western girls who dress with exquisite taste. Simple design, soft, harmonious color, and graceful material, unobtrusive in design, are the rules for young girls.

"SUBSCRIBER."—Get a black "Jersey" to wear with your black cashmere, or could you not "trim" the skirt upon a lining, and get enough out of the material for a basque ? or you could make a basque of black webbing matching the shade.

"W. S. E."—The best use to which you could put your flounce and embroidered crape, would be to put the two together and arrange them as an elegant *fichu*. You need not then cut the lace, and it would not wear upon it, as upon a walking dress, yet would show it to better advantage.

"MRS. WM. B."—The "French" diamonds are the same as the Parisian diamonds ; "ruby drops" same, only colored, cost from \$2.50 to \$10.00 per pair, according to size and style of setting.

"MRS. M. C."—There are any quantity of recent manuals on lace and needle-work, some of which describe specialties in one direction, and others those of a different style or epoch ; the best way is to go to a bookstore, examine different ones, and see which suits you best. Tilton & Co., of Boston, have published several practical manuals upon lace and needle work, at a uniform price of 50 cents each.

"LILIE."—There is Sharon Springs in New York State ; we do not know about Menton ; if that is what you intended to write. As there are hundreds of towns, villages, and post-office centers of the same name throughout the United States, it is rather hard to say where a special one should be located, unless you can give it county and State.

"PEARL."—You say "of course" there is nothing to do in a country town ; why of course ? Could you not start a provision depot for pickles, preserves, potted meats, good bread of special kinds, nice cake, and in time become a sort of caterer for parties, pic-nics, and the like ? There is something to be done everywhere if people only have sense enough to do something different, and do it well ; if not this, why not a cleaning and mending depot ? not house-cleaning, but lace curtains, laces, embroideries, fine dresses, bed sets, and the like, or unite the two together, and utilize the neighborhood talent.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—You can get a tent made wherever they make window awnings.

"**GERTRUDE.**"—Address the New York Silk Exchange, Bond Street, New York City, for books, and directions of all kinds for raising silk-worms. They are giving away a large number of very best eggs which have been sent as a gift from China.

"**YOUR FRIEND.**"—Thanks for your very good letter; it is encouraging to find that we are of honest use to an intelligent, cultivated woman whose early life developed her taste, and who understands, so that she can recognize and appreciate. If you should write to Ditson & Co., Union Square, New York city, and request it, they would send you a list of suitable songs and hymns at reduced prices, from their list, which would give you a better selection than we could furnish you.

Why not dress your boys in blouse apron, linen, or seer-sucker, belted over their pants? This is a neat and economical way of dressing little boys every day; and if square sailor collars are trimmed on in a blue and white stripe, they look well with or without an additional white collar. You could make one suit of tweed for Sunday wear in spring and cool Sundays in summer, and one each of white duck. But if you button the pants upon the waists, making the latter deep, they will not look untidy. Put the braid on your polonaise in five rows flat, and plain; it is a very good style, using narrow, thick military braid; if you wish to add a leaf pattern to the corners, can you not draw one, and follow it? but the garment will look just as well without it. We have to put our etiquette mainly in our answers to enquiries in this department, as they cover so much ground, and it is for want of space for everything that we have to let the Opera and Theatres go. We cannot tell what you could get an Estey organ for at its lowest terms; you would have to apply at a trade establishment where they are dealt in.

"**MISS V. C. C.**"—The most effective suit for the money you wish to expend could be made from Surah and embossed velveteen. Arrange the Surah either as plaits or plaited flounces upon a skirt of silesia, and drape a close-fitting paniered basque over it; or make of the velveteen a coat open back and front to disclose the drapery or plaitings of the skirt. The bodice may be finished with a full ruche of the silk; the coat should be faced entirely with satin. This dress will be good next fall. Apricot is perhaps the most fashionable shade. Japanese pictures might be obtained of the kind you want for your screen, but it would probably take time and trouble to find them. Every style of hat is worn. The Decorative Art Society has no value for outside workers. Your cashmere would combine nicely with "extra" Surah by using the latter for flounces, the former for Jersey or deep, close, paniered basque; or you could use the cashmere for plaitings and get a shell-patterned, brocaded silk for basque.

"**LINA.**"—Apply to the secretary of the New York Silk Exchange, Bond Street, New York City. See reply to another correspondent.

"**MRS. E. H. K.**"—Samples of silk are sent by our Purchasing Bureau for twenty-five cents per package. Good black silk is \$2 to \$2.50 per yard.

"**MRS. S. G. D.**"—Mme. Demorest's corsets are specially made of best materials, and by special pattern scientifically adapted to the form, and therefore cannot be produced cheap. But ladies who once try them cannot be induced to give them up. The price is from \$2.50 to \$5.

"**DIXIE.**"—The blue grays with white dots can be found in both silk and cotton foulard at times—not always, because special lines of colors that are pretty and attractive are so quickly picked up, and cannot be duplicated. "Satine" is a washing material. It is printed cotton with a fine, close twilled finish, which is smooth, and feels like satin to the touch. It keeps clean longer than ordinary cottons. There is a hazelnut pattern in olive green upon a brown ground that is very fashionable this year. Cotton foulard is an imitation of silk foulard. These and satines cost from thirty-five to fifty cents per yard. Silk foulards cost from \$1 to \$1.25.

"**LEROY.**"—You could not make up a shepherd's check and velvet suit to cost thirty dollars. You might combine the check with velveteen for this price by economizing material and making the velveteen skirt plain, which, indeed, would be much the best plan. It would make a very good though not particularly fashionable suit.

"**HELEN.**"—An ulster or raglan is the best traveling wrap. The first one is preferable, because it leaves the arms free. A shade hat, a long gauze veil, long, loose, undressed kid gloves, a belt and leather pouch, and a soft, roomy hand-bag of Russian leather, English make, these are indispensable for traveling. Personally your belongings will depend largely on your habits, but do not fail to put with pins, small scissors, tooth brush, and little whisk broom, a small flask of bay rum or glycerine, and of toilet water, into the depth of your satchel, with handy little brush and dressing comb, provided you do not carry a dressing-case and a maid to take charge of it. It is impossible to answer all your queries, because they are so involved, and you seem to have so little idea of what you want yourself. The "Mother Hubbard" wrapper is more suitable for the dressing-room than for the public, but it might be made very pretty indeed in white or pale blue lawn, foulard, or China silk. Diet and fresh air will do more for your complexion than anything else. Stop the use of sugar, and tea, and coffee. Eat fresh meat, fruit, and brown bread. If you like milk, take it warm, but not cold, and avoid ice-cold drinks with meals. We should judge the recipe you enclose was good, however, and it can certainly do no harm.

"**ALICE.**"—You must have patience. There is no recipe that will

create eye-lashes where there is no natural growth, and if taken out by disease it will take time to produce a second growth.

"**MRS. L. Y.**"—Veils are much less used than formerly by widows as well as by ladies not in mourning, and crape is so very injurious to the eyes that physicians discourage its use. Stop it at the end of six months, and you can wear a veil of crepe lisse if you wish. Tamise cloth and Canton crape are the prettiest and coolest materials for deep summer mourning, and for neck wear very fine plaitings or crimped ruffles of delicate India muslin instead of crepe lisse, which yields instantly to the influence of heat. Dull fine Surah makes good summer costumes in all black, and there is a fine cashmere which is light in weight as silk, and exquisite in texture. The principal point is to avoid fussiness in the designs of your dresses, and not use lace, fringes, ribbons, or anything in the way of material or ornamentation that has any gloss. While in mourning a bonnet would be worn of a small, close shape. A shade hat of white muslin might be made for a garden hat in the country. It is not necessary to answer formal letters of condolence. Calls from intimate friends should be returned, of course, before those of a more ceremonious character. Widows do not make calls within the first six months.

"**A. C. D.**"—Between the folds of your circular put a cake of camphor, and then pin it in the close folds of a cotton sheet. Put some more camphor at the bottom of your trunk, and it will be all right, provided your trunk is free from moths when you put it in.

"**L. C. F.**"—There are usually about three seats reserved in the front of the church for the relatives and friends who accompany the bridal party. With others it has to be first come first served. The business of the ushers is not only to conduct people to the seats which they are allowed to occupy, but give everybody a chance so long as there are any good seats left, as very often selfish persons or ultra exclusives will monopolize the best, to the exclusion of others, as if the whole world was specially made for their enjoyment.

"**OWL.**"—Why not get a "Jersey," or make a basque or bodice in wool of the peacock blue shade and wear it with the silk skirt? It is a pretty silk, and a not too bright shade of peacock blue would enliven it. Cheviot jackets will be fashionable as ever.

"**LITTLE SEVENTEEN.**"—A jacket of plain, light cloth, faced inside with twilled silk of same shade, and fastened with handsome shaded buttons, is the best and most fashionable wrap a school girl can wear. A batiste waist would look well with your brown silk skirt, or one of pongee with a touch of brown embroidery in a simple pattern. Chatelaine chains are more fashionable for young girls than long watch chains.

"**LUCY Y.**"—Your sample is known as "Louisine." If combined with anything, it should be with plain silk of the brown shade, or very fine cashmere, or camel's hair of that shade. It is not a new kind of silk, but very good, and sufficiently fashionable.

Cut Paper Patterns.

WITH the March issue of Demorest's Monthly Magazine we ceased the occasional insertion of a cut paper pattern, in consequence of the adverse ruling of the Post Office authorities, who decided that it could not pass through the mails as a part of the Magazine.

Our subscribers may rest assured that we shall make up to them the loss of the pattern, (as we did in March), in many ways to ensure the continued excellence of Demorest's Monthly Magazine.

Black Silk from Genoa.

GENOA has always been famous for its velvets, and as the French silks have recently lost their prestige on account of the adulterations to which many are subject, and rendered ladies suspicious of them all, it has been highly desirable that a black silk should be found that would be rich in appearance and possess the serviceable and wearing qualities which so many require in this standard fabric and that only need be established in the minds of its steadfast friends, to restore its ancient prestige. Recognizing this fact, the agents of the "Nonpareil" Velveteen in New York, Shaen & Fithian, have taken special pains to investigate the merits of Italian silks, and, knowing the superior qualities of Genoese velvets, Mr. Shaen, of the firm, recently visited Genoa while abroad, and found a pure, finished silk, standing as high in the European market as Genoa velvet, which he contracted for at once, and offers as a black silk unsurpassed for richness and beauty, derived from purity of material, high quality, and perfection of finish. It is known as "Cachemire Margherite," and is guaranteed.

The French Fashion Journals, including the *Revue de la Mode*, the *Journal des Demoiselles*, *Le Bon Ton*, and others, claim the first place for "Nonpareil" velveteen, for its richness of effect in combination with silk, satin, and fine cashmere, and also for its *cachet* of superiority in the formation of complete costumes. Great admiration is expressed for the new brocaded "Nonpareil" velveteens.