NO. CCXXII.

JULY, 1883.

[VOL. XIX., NO. 9.

SUMMER MELODIES.

BY MARGARET E SANGSTER

Once more on the upland the wheat's golden billow.

Once more the green ripple through waves of the rye.

Once more the soft tufts of the mosses for pillow.

And the wind of the south like a song of the sky.

The roses, the roses, by thousands they mingle

Their garlands with fintings of exquisite bloom:

While the silvery surf creeps away from the shingle,

Or thunders afar in its glory and gloom.

And oh! for the birds that are pouring their passion

In strains from the thicket, in trills from the tree.

And oh! for the wings that in glad airy fashion

Glance hither and thither, exultant and free.

The light of the summer, unclouded unbroken,

It sleeps in the valleys, it kisses the hills; The joy of the summer, too rare to be spoken, Our hearts with its affluent luxury fills.

List! dearer than lilting of thrush or of robin,

The music that wooed us in years that are fled.

Gay waltzes (why steals there the ghost of a sob in)

And echoes, why blend with the measure's quick trend!

Vol. XIX. -JULY, 1981-40

From orchestras floating, unchallenged in splendor,

The marches, the dances, the brave ringing airs:

Yet ah! there's an undertone touching and tender,

That beats in the soul like a sigh unawares.

The lads and the lasses, what think they of sighing !

Care finds not a place in their beautiful eyes. Their footsteps trip softly, for hours are flying,

And pleasure and mirth are their chosen allies.

For them nature heaps the bright feast of her summer.

For them there is beauty by river and grove; For them waiting gravely, a royal new comer Drops balm on their lips, 'tis the honey of love.

Again the long shadows on velvet slopes falling,

Again the blithe rustle in bower and tree,

The pipe of the insect, the dove's gentle calling.

The moth's giddy flutter, the drone of the bee.

No dimness, no rust, on the summer's adorning,

But royal her robes, and triumphant her mien.

Her stars gem the evening, her mists veil the
morning,

And far o'er the nations, she reigns like a queen.

531

SOUT + OF + THE + WORLDS

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

CHAPTER VII.

R. ROYALL and his sister were no longer strangers in Browton, and as they walked down the street in company with their guest, that bright summer morning, most of the people they met gave them a pleasant greeting. Edith and her brothers had established very kind relations with their neighbors in the village. Many people had called, some of them several times; but Edith did not visit at all, owing to her deep mourning, and so, of course, no progress toward anything like intimacy had been made. After this visit to the post office they were turning homeward, when they met Doctor Gerald. He turned and joined them, saying he had a professional visit to make out near the mill, and Mr. Royall and Linda naturally went ahead, while he fell back with Edith.

"Do you know, Miss Royall," he said suddenly, speaking in an impetuous way that he had, "I've wanted a dozen times to ask a certain favor of you, but I've never dared to do it? I wonder if you would be disposed to grant it, if I did, or at least to forgive the liberty, in case you refused."

"I shall not refuse," said Edith. "I would like to do a favor for you, Doctor Gerald. No one can know you without finding out what heaps of them you are always doing for others. What is it? Let me know it at once."

"Well, you see that old house, off to the left over there. I don't know whether or not you know that it's my home."

"I did know it," Edith said. "I give it a passing salute on that account every time I go by."

"Thanks," said Doctor Gerald, returning her bright smile.
"Well, some of these times, when you are passing, won't you go inside the gate, and up the steps, and through the door, and into a room to the left, where you'll find an old lady, probably sitting all alone, who'll give you the warmest and most grateful of welcomes when you make yourself known as Miss Royall? My mother has heard of you from me, and she'll know how to greet you."

What was it in this request, and in the simple, candid, straightforward way in which Doctor Gerald was speaking, that made Edith feel conscious of such a conflict of emotions? First such quick joy, and then such swift-following sadness. It would have been impossible for her to explain it to herself.

"I will go to see your mother with the utmost pleasure, Doctor Gerald," she said; "if you wished it, why haven't you asked me long ago?"

"I have always wished it from the first time I saw you, but I never quite liked to make the request. You see I am ignorant of the habits and restrictions of your world, Miss Royall. I knew you made no visits, and I did not know whether you would be willing to make this exception."

"You ought never to have doubted it," she said, "but I must not allow you to make mysterious allusions to my world, Dr. Gerald. I have no world now, but this around Browton. Whatever they have been in the past, our lots are cast in the same place now. I never expect to return to my old home and my former mode of living and feeling. What I look forward to is spending my days as I spend them now."

"But your brothers will marry."

Edith shook her head.

"No," she said, gently, " they will never marry."

- "You will marry, yourself," said Doctor Gerald. "Not here, but elsewhere."
- "No," said Edith, in the same gentle tone, but with an added inflection of decision, "I shall never marry. It is out of the question."

"I have no right to ask; but why?" he said.

"I have good reasons which nothing will alter, and so have my brothers," Edith answered. "I know I am implying that there is something unexplained in connection with our past—something that must, perforce, influence our future lives; but I make you aware of this without regret, Doctor Gerald. I am more than willing that you shall know it. You see I do regard you as a friend, a degree of confidence I owe you in return for your kindness in speaking of me to your mother as a friend."

"I did not do that," said Doctor Gerald; "I hardly dared do that; but I told her what I thought of you, and if you went there this moment you would see that it stands in good stead for a claim of friendship which I felt myself unworthy of."

"You are not unworthy," she said. softly; "I think of you always now as my friend."

"Thank you," he said, simply, and after that no further word was spoken until they had come up with the others, who had stopped at the mill to wait for them.

Linda was looking her very loveliest that day, in a little white morning dress, made rather simply and cut plain and short. She had a white shade hat on, and a large parasol lined with pink, which threw a becoming glow over her sweet little face.

"Don't you think Miss Welsley very pretty?" Edith said, as they approached. "Scarcely any girl at Newport was so much admired last year, and in spite of limitless adulation she is so unspoiled. She is very rich, in her own right, and has been boundlessly indulged by her mother and all her friends, but she preserves the sweet nature that she was endowed with at her very birth. I have known her from childhood."

"She is very lovely," said Dr. Gerald, looking at the subject of their comment in a direct searching way he had. "It must be so sweet for you to have such a friend." There was something a little wistful in the way he said it, which Edith noted and remembered, though they were now too near the others for her to reply to him in words.

"You're a poor walker, Gerald," said Frank, as they came up; "Miss Linda and I were ten minutes ahead, I should say. I won't lay the blame on Edith, as she is a famous pedestrian, and has evidently been forcibly impeded."

Anthony now came out of the mill and asked for his mail, saluting the doctor in the easy, familiar way which indicates so plainly that men are on friendly terms. Frank handed to him a letter, which he glanced at with some eagerness but did not open.

"Who is that from, Anthony?" said Edith: "you used never to have any correspondents. I shall be getting jealous."

"You have no reason, my dear. It is not from a young lady."

"I did not imagine it was," said Edith: "that would make me jenlous—that is, unless I was consulted before hand and had given my approbation."

She looked at her watch as she spoke, and said:

"It will soon be time for lunch, and I must be off. See your patient first, Doctor Gerald, won't you? and then come and have lunch with us."

This invitation being promptly accepted, the little party separated, to meet in an hour at luncheon.

It was a dainty little meal in Edith's pretty dining-room, now redolent with flowers within and without; and at its conclusion Doctor Gerald stepped out on the porch with Frank to have his cigar there, where they were joined by the ladies and by Anthony, who did not smoke. It was easy to see that the young physician had been accepted as the fumily friend by each of its three members, which was further evidenced by the fact that the two brothers presently excused themselves on the plea of some affairs to look after; and Edith, after announcing that she had some preserving to see to in the kitchen, gave Doctor Gerald a laughing invitation to remain to dinner, and said she would leave Miss Welsley and himself meanwhile to improve each other's acquaintance.

She never knew what the process was, but after that long summer afternoon's talk something very like a real friend-ship seemed to have sprung up between these two. Indeed, as the days flew by, this became so evident that Edith, after having mentally commented upon it a hundred times to herself, spoke of it to Frank, and asked if he hadn't been struck with it.

"Of course I have," said Frank, speaking in a very low tone and with a guarded, set look on his face.

"Linda is generally rather difficult of approach in that way," said Edith. "I don't quite understand it."

"Don't you?" said her brother, with a smile unlike any she had ever seen him wear before. "I think I understand it pretty well."

The dim shadows of twilight in the little quiet porch where the brother and sister happened to be sitting alone, prevented Frank from seeing the sudden change in Edith's face, as they had also hidden from the girl part of the strange meaning of that smile of his.

"What do you mean?" she asked, slowly.

"I mean that Gerald is in love with her," he said, coolly.

"Doctor Gerald in love with Linda. Oh, surely not!"

There was an inflection of the keenest surprise in Edith's accents as she said these words, and of something more than surprise as well, but her brother went on, quietly:

"Does it amaze you so much that Miss Welsley should have added one more captive to her list?"

"Oh, no," said Edith, speaking in a steady voice, from which every trace of its late excited expression had vanished "I suppose it is only what we might have expected. It is only most natural." Then she added, after a pause:

"If it is really so, this will go very hard with him."

"Perhaps it will go directly the opposite way," said Frank. "Why not?"

"You don't mean that Linda would marry him?"

"If she cared for him, I believe she would in a minute, and I am not sure but she is beginning to care for him a little. At any rate, she may grow to, and he has the right to try to win her."

"I don't believe he would do it, even if he loved her," Edith said 'Think of the difference in their worldly positions! Think of Linda's large fortune!"

"I have thought of both," said Frank, "and I don't see that either constitutes an obstacle. As to position, he comes of a good Southern stock; his blood is quite as good as her own, he's a gentleman out and out; and as to her money, if he loves her and sees the thing as he ought, that is a mere bagatelle! I detest that notion. Love is too all-important—too supreme, to be influenced by minor matters like that.

If I happened to love a woman who had a great fortune, do you think I would insult her by telling her that her money stood in the way? I would be unworthy of loving if I did. You see I have thought a good deal about this subject, and I can view it dispussionately, as I am myself, of necessity, out of the question. But if I had not, in my own case, a reason which is patent—a reason which I never forget for an instant—and if I stood in Gerald's place, the money would not weigh an iota."

There was a moment's deep silence, and then he went

"I saw this thing long before you did, Edith. I have been watching its progress; and though I cannot predict the result, whatever happens I am prepared for it. Of course, Mrs. Welsley would object violently at first, but it couldn't hold out; and besides that, her daughter has the nobleness and courage to brave everything for a man she really loved. At all events, she likes him very well, and when a man has the right to try to win the woman he loves, he need not be intimidated by small obstacles. Gerald has the right to try."

"And you have not! Oh, my poor, poor boy!" said Edith, suddenly gliding to him where he stood under the sheltering vines, and passing her arms about his neck and drawing his face to hers.

"I understand it all now. I never knew it before. I did not dream of this bitter sorrow's coming on you. Oh, Frank, my dear brother, why have you not told me? How have you borne it all by yourself so long?"

She was crying softly, with her head on his shoulders. Something—a wound in her own heart, perhaps—made her sympathy for him in his sorrow very tender. He had never seemed so dear to her or so near her heart as at this moment.

"You have my secret, dear," he said gently, "I would never have burdened you with it, if you had not guessed it. But don't fret about it. I can bear it very well. It is nothing new. Just before the great blow came, I had made up my mind to try to win her. I was free to do it then, and I felt hopeful and brave. I pictured to myself the joy I should have in telling you about it, if my hopes were realized, and I fancied your delight at receiving your dear friend as your sister. It was a sweet dream, Edith, and I was very happy in those days. You remember she was a little ill about that time, and I grew so frantic to see her, and had written to ask her to receive me the very first hour she was well enough. Well, she wrote and told me to come, and I was to have gone, on that very morning that our trouble came. It is a consolation to me now that I did not speak. I don't know what the result would have been, but, in any case, it is best for her."

"Why did you let me ask her here?" said Edith reproachfully. "I cannot bear to think I am the means of subjecting you to such pain."

"You remember she asked herself, dear," said Frank, gently, with a smile which the darkness bid, "and I would not be the means of separating her from her friend, whom she loves so dearly, though I thought at first she had better not come, because the life here would not suit her. But you see I was mistaken. She is perfectly happy and contented, and said to me only to-day, that but for her mother's making her consent to her coming to us, dependent on her agreeing to promise to join her at the sea-side the first of July, she would gladly stay here the whole summer long. She has an exquisite nature, and I think an innate love for naturalness and simplicity that is just developing itself. You must not think that her visit has been all a pain to me. There has been a pleasure in it that I would not forego for ten times the suffering."

At this moment Anthony and Linda were seen approaching the house. They had been for a little stroll together, at Edith's suggestion, while she sat with Frank in the porch, as he smoked his cigar.

There were traces of tears, which she must remove, so she slipped away to her room, but Frank rose and walked to the steps to meet them, and Edith could hear him as he gave them a cheerful greeting.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE first of July was almost come, and Miss Welsley was to leave in three days. She had tried in vain for an extension of leave, but had been peremptorily ordered by her mother to come at once to Newport, where that lady had preceded her, and had everything in readiness for the reception of her much-indulged daughter, whose preference for the barren wastes of the distant Southern country, she could not understand.

Since the day had been fixed for Miss Welsley's departure, Frank Royall had absented himself a good deal from the circle which gathered nightly in the little hillside home, and Doctor Gerald spent much more time there than usual. As it was summer-time, and the whole house open, there were frequent occasions for isolated tête-à-tete, and it often happened that Doctor Gerald and Linda had long talks, the nature of which the others found it impossible to determine, Anthony, perhaps, speculated but little as to this, but to Edith and Frank it was a subject of involuntary engross-After that one conversation on the porch, the subject of which it treated was not again mentioned between them, but it strengthened Edith to feel that there was some one else who suffered, for whom she must constrain herself to be brave and keep up, and the deep sympathy and tenderness which she felt toward this dear brother, together with the knowledge that he was undergoing one of the crucial trials of his life, filled her mind so with thoughts of him, that, in some measure she forgot to feel sorry for herself. And yet the pain was always at her heart, and there sometimes came moments when she had an instinct to cry aloud and let her sorrow be known; but with this impulse always came a sense of power-the sense that she could and would overcome it, and though she suffered, be strong.

Miss Welsley was to leave on a certain Thursday, and it was on Tuesday night that Frank Royall, coming rather wearily up the hill-side path from the mill, saw Linda and Gerald slowly walking off from the house in an opposite direction. The moon was very bright, and he could see their figures plainly; Linda's dainty elegance of dress and carriage contrasting strongly yet not inharmoniously with the somewhat rugged simplicity of her companion. They walked quite apart, and he did not offer his arm, but that only made their acquaintanceship seem to rest on such easy and simple grounds, that poor Frank thought it would have been better if they had gone off in the usual way of young people off for a promenade in the moonlight.

Royall paused in his slow progress toward the house, fearing they might look back and discover him, and resting his arms upon the little gate that closed in Miss Royall's garden on that side, watched the two retreating figures intently. Linda was wearing a white dress, and he could see it gleaming in the dimness long after Gerald had been lost to view. By and by that, too, disappeared, and the young man felt himself strangely alone.

Strangely so, because the sense of isolation which now settled on his mind and heart was different to and beyond all of loneliness and sadness he had ever known before. He had faced the possibility of an attachment between Doctor Gerald and Miss Welsley before; but to-night, either from some subtle indication in their voices and figures as he had seen them disappear into the darkness, or from some innate admonition of his own heart, he felt the force of a positive con-

viction that what he had dreaded was come to pass. He told himself there was no cluding it any longer, and that it was bravest and best to accept it as a fact. This being the case, why might he not yield to an intense longing which possessed him, and have the joy of confessing his love to Miss Welsley? It was this that he longed for—as the one legitimate boon that that sterner self which had so strongly mastered him of late might reasonably give consent to. It could do no harm, he told himself, and he felt a mighty need for the privilege of uttered and comprehended words which should lift the veil so rigorously kept down.

But for one little doubt, one feeble surmise, which was to the full as sweet as it was bitter, he would have done it. That was a consideration of the remote possibility that his love might not be wholly unreciprocated. He knew that when he had thought of asking Ethelinda Welsley to be his wife, a few short months ago, he had had a good hope of winning her; and if it could ever have been a possible thing with her, why might not it be so now? It was a daring thought, and he thrilled through all his senses as it rose in his bosom as he stood there statuesque and still in the cool moonlight.

If this was true, oh, why might he not know it? Why not for once have the ineffable joy of feeling himself loved by the one woman who held the key to all that was tender and devoted within him? It would make the future no harder—easier rather. It would be something to live on during all the rayless coming years.

Why not? Why not? The reason was not far to seek. It surged up in his great, good heart with a flood of sweet solicitude. It was for her dear sake. For that only, it would make things the harder for her, and she might urge upon him the acceptance of the flowery path of delight and pleasure that led far away from right and duty. He believed she was capable of it. It was part of the worshipful feeling that he had for her to believe her one of the women for whom love is enough; but through all this wearing and wearying conflict he never once flinched from his indomitable resolve that Linda must be shielded in all ways, by her family, her friends, himself, from any risk of uniting her sweet, unsullied life with one that, though innocent in itself, was under the shadow of a dark disgrace.

It was but for two more days, he told himself, and then the parting would be over, and Linda—Linda, the sweet, the true, the good, the gentle—Linda, who might have loved and been all things to him, must go away, quite out of his life perhaps; nay, almost surely to be the joy of some more blessed one.

And yet there were memories which crowded on him now which he would not force back and which were to be the scant remnants of joy which were all his future was to know. They were not much—never so much as a pressure of the hand which could have borne any special meaning, no loving word, no kiss. They were only remembrances of certain times when she had been kind and gentle and thoughtful of him, but he knew that even such signs as these were far more to him than the love of another woman could be.

He was deep in these memories when a slight sound caught his attention and a gentle hand was suddenly but lightly laid upon his arm. He knew who it was. The touch thrilled him. She had come upon him unawares, approaching from the side. He looked around hastily for Gerald, but he was not in sight,

"Mr. Royall," she said, in the sweet, low voice which was music to his soul, "I have been watching you here from the window for a long time, and you kept so still you frightened me. Is anything the matter?"

Anything the matter! Oh, what a question to ask a man who felt as he did!

But he answered simply no, that there was nothing the

matter; and he added presently a question concerning her walk, and inquired for her late companion.

"Doctor Gerald is on the porch talking to Edith and Anthony," she said. "We did not go far, Didn't you see us?"

"I saw you go, but I did not see you return." he said, quietly and guardedly. It required an effort to speak so, for all the time that little hand lay on the post of the gate against his coat-sleeve, and he could not forget it.

"How could you have failed to see us return if you saw us go?" she said. "You were not interested in our move-

ments evidently."

"Now I think of it," he said, "I had my eyes shut."

"How did that happen?" she asked. "I don't understand what you could mean by standing here all that time so quiet and still. I thought you were enjoying the moonlight."

"I was thinking," he said.

"Of what?"

"That I cannot tell you."

" Why?"

"Because they were my own quiet thoughts, that no one else would be interested in."

"You are hard and cold and unfriendly," she said, in a voice that trembled. "You know—it is unkind of you if you refuse to know—that every thought of your heart is a source of interest to me. I would give worlds at this moment, to be able to tell what these thoughts were, for I see they moved you deeply."

"They did," he said.

"And you refuse to tell me? I have longed to be your friend, and you have thrust it all back upon me. I have never been so repulsed before, and I have felt it."

"Repulsed you? Oh, Linda, that could never be!"

She had roused him at last. It was a cry that came straight from his heart. It made her own throb suddenly to hear it; but it had a strange effect upon him. It revealed him to himself, and served as a danger signal. He drew himself apright, away from the soft touch of that little hand, and said with a laugh whose successfulness surprised himself:

"You always amuse me, when you assume the injured air. I feel as if I had trampled upon the feelings of a tender infant. Hence the explanation of my forgetting for once your style and title, and calling you by the name we know you by from Edith. A thousand pardons."

She folded the little slighted hand across her breast with the other, and said, in a tone that cut him deeply, sore and wounded as he was:

"You are crueller than I could have supposed. I saw that you were not happy—at least I had lately thought so—and I came out here to night to ask you to let me be a friend and a help to you if I could. I have tried to do it all along, but you would not understand. So at last I resolved that I would say it in words, but you have only laughed at me. I tell you I had to humble myself to do it, and I have humbled myself in vain!"

She was choking with tears of grief and indignation, and her last words were hardly audible, but she said them with a proudly upright head, and the softness had altogether taken flight. She did not linger to hear his answer, but turned and walked quickly off toward the house.

Not so quickly, however, but that he might have called her back. Not so quickly but that she listened with all her soul to hear his summons. But it never came. The only words that his lips would consent to utter, were words which he had forbidden himself; words which it might wound her to remember hereafter, and so he was silent. He knew it was true; she had humbled herself. He could have died for her that she had borne to do it for his sake;

but call her back, soothe her, thank her-this he could not do.

It was not for himself. It was for her dear sake.

He could not linger at the gate, though the thought that her presence pervaded the place made him loth to leave it. He must go away. He would do so instantly.

But before he went he laid his lips upon the spot where her poor little hand had rested, and, foolish and unreasonable though he felt it to be, kissed the hard wood tenderly.

But toward the gentle sweet young girl, whom he had wounded so deeply, he showed no softening. All during the next day he kept himself busy, and made work for himself if there was none at hand, and he came home at night looking as weary and tired as he felt.

It was Linda's last evening, and Doctor Gerald was there, of course. Edith and Frank were each conscious that the other was maneuvering to enable these two to have a last conversation. When they had together succeeded in banishing Anthony, on some plea to his room, they went out and sat on the porch together, hand in hand. Neither knew how it happened that they were there together, but Frank felt, in a dull sort of way, that Edith was sorry for him, and that her pity was gentle and unobtrusive and pleasant to have, never dreaming of the poignant pain she carried in her own heart, quiet and hushed, as women's troubles are.

Miss Welsley was leaving early in the morning, and so two of the gentlemen were to say good-bye to her to-night. Doctor Gerald bade farewell, in a quick formal way, that made it plain that a more elaborate one had been said already.

Miss Welsley was standing by the window with her eyes turned away, but she listened intently to hear whether it would be Anthony's voice or Frank's that would speak the next words of farewell. Edith was ready to go up stairs, and stood with her candle in her hand, waiting to accompany her friend. The moment had come when it must be decided which of the brothers was to escort Miss Welsley to the station, and which to say farewell now.

"I am going to say good-by now, Miss Linda. You won't feel in a mood for being bothered with farewells at four A. M. to-morrow, so I won't inflict myself upon you then. Anthony has arrogated to himself the honor of taking you to the station, so I have only to say good-night, and good-by."

A little movement like a shiver had passed through Miss Welsley's frame, as Frank began to speak, and she recognized his voice, but she turned to him now quite tranquilly, and said with great composure:

"Oh dear no—it wouldn't be at all worth while for you to get up," and mechanically gave him her hand, which he just touched and then let fall.

Edith had turned away, that they might be unobserved, but this cold good-by was all that was said.

CHAPTER IX.

When Miss Welsley was actually gone, things settled very much into their old grooves in Edith's little household, and yet, in spite of outward similarity, there was a vast difference. To two of the family, things would never seem quite the same. As for Anthony, his serene self-possession had never been in the least affected by the fact of having a charming girl in the house, and except to feel kindly disposed toward her, and to like her playing and singing, it made but little difference to him whether she went or remained. He was constantly drawing, about this time, a fact which Edith and Frank observed with satisfaction, but forebore to comment upon. He took great interest in the mails, also, and showed in his quiet way that something of impor-

tance to himself was in progress. He never spoke of it, however, and they were content to await his pleasure.

One evening, as Edith was walking into the town alone, she met Dr. Gerald. Ashe caught sight of her he slackened his horse's pace, and coming nearer, dismounted and held out his hand.

"You look badly," he said, with a quick and searching glance into her face, which was indeed very pale. "I hope there is nothing wrong,"

"Nothing, I assure you," she answered, cheerfully. "I did not know I looked pale. Perhaps I am pining for Linda."

She mentioned her friend with a smile and in a light voice, but she was scrutinizing his face warily all the time.

"I'm afraid you don't take exercise enough," said Gerald, ignoring Miss Welsley and keeping to the idea of Miss Royall entirely. "This is the first time I've seen you out for a week. Where are you going now?"

Oh, I was just walking about aimlessly," she said.

At her words his face fell, and she could not help seeing it and asking why it was.

"I thought you might be going to see my mother," he said. "You have forgotten that request of mine and your promise concerning it."

"No, I have forgotten neither," she said; "I only thought you had."

"Thought I had forgotten it! I don't understand."

"I thought you had ceased to desire it. You never spoke of it again, and so I thought perhaps it was not worth while to go."

"I desire it as much as ever," he said. "Whether it is worth while or not, you must decide."

He made way for her to pass then, and, without saying anything further, raised his hat, mounted his horse and rode away.

And Edith, with a buoyancy and energy in her motions which had been conspicuously absent from them before, walked straight to Mrs. Gerald's house and knocked at the door. She was admitted by an old negro woman, who conducted her into Mrs. Gerald's presence without the least preliminary.

When Edith entered the quiet, comfortable, invalid's apartment and saw the old lady, with her sweet, placid face, seated in a great chair turned toward the window, looking so tranquil and content, in spite of her appearance of great feebleness, her heart warmed toward her, and she took her into her warm, young affection at once.

"I am Miss Royall," she said, gently. "I know your son, Mrs. Gerald, and he thought you might like to see me, and so I came."

"I knew you were Miss Royall before you spoke, my dear," the old lady answered, as she softly kept in hers the hand that Edith extended. "I have wanted to know you for a long time. My son said you promised him to come, but he thought you had forgotten."

"I had not, indeed," said Edith, feeling suddenly guilty and ashamed; "I only doubted if you would care to have me."

"George always knows whom I would care to have," she said, "and he told me long ago that, if we knew each other, we should become friends."

"He is so good," said Edith, hardly knowing that she had put into words the deep feeling of her heart.

"Yes, he is good," said the mother, gently; "he has been for years his mother's best and dearest friend, as she has been his. But it gave me great pleasure to see how he has enjoyed the new interest which your coming here has brought into his life. It has been like a new world opened to him, he says."

"I am very glad," said Edith, quietly, with the under-

current thought of Miss Welsley always in her heart. "He made the stay of my friend, Miss Welsley, so much brighter by his visits, and he enjoyed knowing her very much indeed, I am sure."

"Miss Welsley!" said Mrs. Gerald. "Oh, yes. I remember. That is the young lady who has been staying with you. My son mentioned her; I think he said she had a very good voice. He is so devoted to music. Don't you like his playing?"

The conversation then drifted into other channels, and Miss Welsley was not again referred to. Edith speculated much as to what could be the meaning of this evident omission on Doctor Gerald's part to speak of his friendship with Linda. Could it be because it really did not affect him nearly—or was it, as she thought more probable—that he avoided the subject because of its very nearness and sacredness to him?

Her mind was filled with doubts and conjectures, as she walked homeward, but, amid all, there was one reality that stood out clear and certain. Doctor Gerald—to her at least—was like no other man that she had ever known, and no matter how his lot in life might be disassociated from hers, she would always feel that it was good to have known him—and good to have felt the deep appreciation of him which, every day and every hour, grew stronger.

Miss Royall felt strangely fatigued and wearied, when she reached home, and though it was July weather, she came into the house complaining of feeling cold. At supper-time this had not passed off, and she drank her tea very hot and sent for a shawl, and could not get rid of the chilliness, which, to every one else, seemed so inexplicable. She retired early, but slept very ill, and woke in the morning with a feverish feeling that was something new to her. When she attempted to rise, she found herself weak and giddy, and, much against her will, was obliged to succumb and have her breakfast brought to the bed. Hannah had informed her brothers, and they both came in at once, looking so anxious and apprehensive, that Edith forced herself to be cheerful and bright, and to affect a carelessness as to her condition which she did not exactly feel.

As the day wore on, she grew more feverish, and about night-fall, when Frank was sitting in the room with her, she woke from a short sleep and began to speak incoherently and inarticulately, wandering in her mind, and uttering her words so strangely, that her brother was now honestly alarmed, and hurrying down stairs, he dispatched Anthony in haste for medical attendance. Of course, as was most natural, Doctor Gerald was the first physician thought of, both on account of the acquaintanceship, and also as he had become, through the death of an old physician, under whom he had studied, the leading doctor of the place.

Anthony, sharing his brother's alarm, knowing nothing except that Edith's fever had brought on delirium in one of its stages, went in great huste for Doctor Gerald, whom he fortunately found at home.

He had no sooner made known his errand, than the young physician was eager, anxious and alert. They set off to walk together. Gerald ordering his horse to be sent after him, and, in his haste and anxiety, even distancing Anthony, whose great height made him a rapid walker, when occasion required.

When they reached the house, Frank came down to meet them, saying that the symptoms of delirium had somewhat passed off, and that his sister had spoken to him naturally and intelligently before falling asleep again, but that she was now in a very restless and uneasy slumber, and he thought the fever had not abated. He asked the doctor to follow him up stairs, and led the way.

It was with a sudden abatement of his eagerness, with a

slow and half uncertain step that he mounted the stair-case which led to that young girl's quiet chamber, and when he reached the threshold, a hesitation, very new to him, made

The room was very still, and as orderly as Gretchen's chamber. It was fresh and neat and pretty, filled with little odds and ends such as girls delight in, but which Doctor Gerald perhaps was very unaccustomed to. The slim figure under the bed-clothes was very still, but even where he stood he could hear the quick and feverish breathing. This familiar and significant sound changed his mood instantly. He advanced to the bedside, alert and wary, at once, and leaning over touched the girl's forehead and wrist and listened to her breathing. When he turned around and looked at Frank again, there had come into his face a look of the deepest gravity, added to one of energetic determination.

"She has a high fever." he said, "and must have the promptest medical attention. Every caution must be taken not to excite her when she wakes, and my presence must be treated as naturally and simply as possible. Anthony or some one must go into the town and carry a prescription which I will write, and bring the medicines out at once. It is too early to say whether this is anything serious or not, but at all events, it is a case for the promptest action."

He turned to the faithful Hannah then, and told her to bring a lamp and set it in a shaded corner. When this was done, he took out his note-book and tearing out a leaf was writing rapidly, with his profile turned toward the bed, when he became conscious of a movement in the figure that lay upon it, and at the same time, Edith exclaimed in a tone of low, incredulous astonishment:

"Is that Doctor Gerald?"

"Yes," he answered, quietly, "it's I, Miss Royall. You have a fever, and I'll have to give you some medicine. Take that down to Mr. Anthony," he said, addressing Hannah, in a calm, deliberate tone. He had continued to write all the while he spoke to Edith, and not until he had neatly folded and delivered the paper to Hannah, did he glance toward the bed.

Then he came forward as simply as possible, pausing to adjust the newspaper on the back of a tall chair, with which he had improvised a screen.

"Does that shield your eyes?" he asked quietly. "I was obliged to have a light in order to write the prescription. Let me have your wrist a moment, please. I was afraid to count the pulse for fear of waking you."

Approached in this way there was nothing for a sensible woman to do but accept the situation quietly, and this Edith did. She was conscious, moreover, of feeling wretchedly sick and confused, and Doctor Gerald, as his patients often said of him, "was such a strength." He had been born a physician, and a sick room was his kingdom. He never failed to inspire confidence, and Edith, if she had not already formed opinions as to his trustworthiness and power, would have been forced to accord them now. He was so self-reliant and grave, so resolute and calm. There was no such thing as doubting his skill and judgment, and Edith felt herself strangely at peace.

"I am not very sick, am I?" she asked, as he laid her hand lightly down, after holding it with a grave, intent look, for a moment.

"Very sick? Oh, no!" he said simply; "you may be well in a couple of days; but you must have attention, or this fever will increase, and you must attend strictly to my directions."

Frank, all this time, had been quietly standing by, a silent spectator to all that happened. As Doctor Gerald turned away he came forward, and took and held the hand he had just laid down.

"It was I that sent for Gerald," he said; "not that I was alarmed, but because I did not know what to do in case the fever increased, and I thought he might as well come up and tell me."

"Oh, of course," said Gerald, in an off-hand way, unfolding his handkerchief and dipping it into some water which he had poured into the basin. "It was all the better that I should be here to take the stitch in time. Here, Frank, take this and wipe Miss Royall's face and hands over. It will be a relief to her, perhaps. I shall go below and wait till Anthony comes with the medicine, and then come up and administer it, and then Miss Royall will go to sleep, I hope, and have a good night's rest. That's what she needs."

He spoke in an easy, confident tone, but he knew very well that it was what there was small chance of her getting. A look of profound anxiety settled on his face as he left the room—a sternness that was rarely seen there, and while he waited for Anthony he paced the dark piazza with long and hasty strides that indicated a mind ill at ease.

When, at last, the swift messenger returned, his fair face whiter than its wont from concern and anxiety, Doctor Gerald showed himself once more cool, deliberate and at ease. He said little in reply to Anthony's eager inquiries, except that there was not the least present danger.

When he went up with the medicines he found the patient asleep, but now and then there fell from her lips confused and incoherent murmurings which made him go and lean over her very anxiously, not betraying, however, a tithe of the concern he felt.

He sat down near the window and waited for her to wake. When she did so she was somewhat confused still, but she took the medicine from him without difficulty, obeying him as a child would have done.

Before he went away she had fallen into a somewhat more natural sleep, and he left with hopes and fears strangely struggling in his bosom.

The next morning he was back again, after a very early breakfast. It had been an anxious night for him, and he looked a little tired, but he was as strong and assured as ever as he went into her room. Before he left it, however, the case had so far developed as to make it evident to himself that Miss Royall had typhoid fever. He did not communicate this fact to her brothers, however, until one more day's observation had settled the matter. Then he told them, speaking of the case very gently and hopefully, and he asked if there was no female friend or relative who could be summoned to assist in nursing Miss Royall, who might have a long and tedious attack.

The brothers looked at each other, and then Anthony said:

"No, there is no one we could call upon for such a service as that. We have an aunt, but she could not be expected to leave her family. I cannot see why Frank and I could not nurse her under your directions and with Hannah's help. Surely no one could nur e Edith and care for her like us who love her most. We can do what there is to be done."

"You can do a great deal, of course," said Doctor Gerald.
"but it is not like having a woman's deftness and care.
However, at present that arrangement will do very well, and as to the future, we shall see."

He went away then, seeming satisfied with the arrangement; but it was in consequence of this interview with the two young men that he resolved upon the course which led him, on reaching home, to go at once to his office, and with great promptness and decision write a short but tersely worded letter, which he folded and sealed and addressed to Miss Welsley at Newport,



NO 1. COLLEGE BUILDINGS, MUSIC HALL ON THE RIGHT, PRESIDENT'S HOUSE ON THE LEFT,-NO. 2. THE COLLEGE NO. 3. THE ART BUILDINGS.

NO. 4. A GREEK PLAY AS PERFORMED AT SMITH COLLEGE.

Social Life at Smith College.

EOPLE who are well aware of the existence, success, and grand achievements of Vassar and Wellesley, do seem wonderfully ignorant about the "only and original," the suitable Woman's College, "that, in its high standard of scholarship and its requirements for entering, stands fully and clearly on a par with Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, and our other first-class male colleges."

"Where are you now?" I am often asked; and when I respond proudly, "at Smith College," there is a vacant look, a pause, and then another question. "Oh, yes; where is it?" One bright lady said in a patronizing way: "I'd like to see your Smith's school for females!" which is only equaled by the phrase, "Smith's Female College."

The Smiths who have distinguished themselves are many, but not one of them all has done a nobler deed than Sophia Smith of Hatfield, Mass., who left her large fortune to found a "Woman's College." She had not had a fair chance in life, her wealth came late, and she determined to give her all that other women might enjoy what was to her denied.

The Smith College girl is indeed taught all that her brother is taught; it may be that she learns a trifle more, as the newness of the privilege gives undue intensity.

"Yes, I understand now about Miss Smith and her college; but where do you say it is?"

I do beg pardon. I was thinking how "Sophia" (very wicked, but the girls do shout her name with a real campmeeting slide on the last vowel) had verified the fair Lilia's ambitious wish in Tennyson's "Medley:"

"I would build,
Far off from men, a college like a man's;
And I would teach them all that men are taught;
For its locale, true to the Princess again.

"We rode

Many a long league back to the North. At last, From hills that looked across a land of hope, We dropt with evening on a rustic town."

(in Western Massachusetts)

"Set in a gleaming river's crescent curve."

And this "land of hope" for women is called Northampton, a town of twelve thousand inhabitants, remembered by those of the last generation for its boys' school, where Bancroft taught and Motley studied, and the "Round Hill Water Cure" nowadays.

Our college is usually sandwiched between the Insane Asylum and the Institution for Deaf Mutes by passing travelers, who invariably point out the hospital for lunatics as the new academy, or something of that sort, for girls.

I pity the traveler who "drops with evening" into this attractive town; for there is no hotel worthy of the name. The wise and wary "drummer" always avoids Northampton at night-fall. The homicidal tendencies of the Princess are entirely dispelled with us, and man, far from being considered a monster or an enemy, is admitted freely, and faculty honors are shared equally by men and women—eleven of each in the number of instructors.

The social life of the college is unique, with no exact parallel in any other educational institution for women, since it is the only one existing in which women are treated as rationally as men and allowed the same freedom. It is neither a nursery nor a numery; the students are not massed together in one great bee-hive or caravansery. The majority live in homes on the college grounds, each house being provided with its own kitchen, dining-room, parlors, a corps of well-trained servants, and all wisely cared for by a lady in each

cottage, who gives her entire time to the health and happiness of the inmates. "First come, first served," is the rule in these houses, as the accommodations are limited and the rooms are in great demand. In this way, members of all classes mingle in the same houses, thus doing away with any tendency to cliquishness or exaggerated class-feeling; and it is easy to see the many advantages of this division of the college population. As a favorable consequence of this system, the most ponderous volume in the college library is not an exhaustive treatise on the "Rules," to be digested as the first entrance condition by unhappy freshwomen. There is but one written rule-" Lights are to be extinguished at ten!" and immediate expulsion does not follow an offender in this direction. A gentle tap at the door, and a pleasant but suggestive "good night" is enough. The girls are placed upon their honor; they are there to work-to fit themselves for life-work; the "unwritten" law is felt by all, and there has scarcely been one case of discipline.

The townspeople pay frequent tributes of astonishment and respect to the quiet dignity of the students, whose behavior cannot be criticised.

At some institutions a vast amount of energy is wasted upon bells, but we only note their grateful absence. The only ringing heard during the day is for chapel services and meals. I forget the most cheering of all—the door bell. That may sound when and for whom it will, each student receiving her friends of both sexes as freely and independently as in her own home. In the same way she is mistress of all her actions, being expected to appear at recitations with reasonable regularity, but walking, rowing, riding, driving, attending musical or dramatic entertainments, or accepting invitations from friends in town as she will.

"A bold experiment," you say, but it has proved a success. Smith College demonstrates that a large proportion of the proctors and lynx-eyed dragons are an expensive luxury. Treat a girl of eighteen or twenty as if she were a sensible, honorable woman, she will prove herself one. She flourishes under such respectful treatment, her sense of honor develops, self-respect increases, and her independence takes firm root.

The same broad principle is observed in religious matters. There is no college church, but each pupil is expected, though not required, to attend some church in town. The religious influence at Smith is none the less potent because of this liberality, and every day gives practical proof of a strong religious sentiment at work among the students.

Three "societies" flourish with us—the "Alpha," mainly literary; the "Olla Podrida," and "Tertium Quid," presenting their friends with "variety" entertainments. The burlesque representation of the "Ædipus Tyrannus," soon after its rendering at Harvard, was excellent. The costumes were correct and exceedingly gorgeous, following as closely as possible those which were used at Cambridge. The acting was especially fine in the passages between Ædipus and Jocasta, and though the text was mutilated with impious freedom, and interspersed with college jokes and local hits, we think the general public would have enjoyed it more than the stately and fateful original. Our Greek professor, who had just returned from Cambridge, pronounced it inimitable.

A pretty concert was worked up by the class of '83 (in the spring of '81), called a "Celestial party." The guests found the hall flaming with light and myriad stars, its vaulted roof festooned with billowy clouds of blue and white gauze. Mother Shipton, in variegated dress and peaked hat, was mistress of ceremonies, and after a quaint greeting she uttered her famous prophecy of the earth's destruction by the comet of '81. As she concluded, a glittering train, representing the heavenly bodies, glided in in stately procession. First the sun, a golden-haired blonde, radiant in yellow silk

draperies, gold fan and jewelry. She was soon seated upon her throne—blue, spangled with gold. Close on her steps followed the moon, planets and stars. The milky way walked hand in hand with the luckless maid who spilled the contents of her pail. Behind them floated a cloud in a fleecy costume of tulle and swan's-down, and with her another figure in shining garments, the traditional silver lining; and, back of these, storm clouds, fierce and sullen in draperies of black and gray.

The signs of the zodiac were not omitted: the queenly Juno and her attendant Iris were there; a shooting star was properly eccentric, and the "little star," which "twinkled" itself into immortality on the horizon of the American nursery, had an important place. A dark figure, with head hidden in a black, hollow disk, represented a "total eclipse." A large tin dipper was conspicuous in the hands of the Great Bear, &c., &c. After this "grand entrance" a series of intricate dances began. Towering high was the north pole, and revolving around her the faithful northern star. The moon glided through the dance attended by her silver-clad, silverwinged attendants, the little moon-folk, also the dark and mysterious "man in the moon." At the sound of the final waltz the solar system took the floor. The sun moved in the centre of the several planets, with their satellites swaying around them; the earth, dressed in brown, and covered with figures cut in the outlines of the hemispheres, moved in her own orbit. The shining figures were waltzing gracefully in astronomical figures, each the center of a larger system lying beyond, when darkness fell on the scene, a whirring, whizzing sound was heard, a lurid light flamed up, and the foretold comet, sweeping in with long, yellow hair floating, darted wildly among the planets, rushed violently against the earth, and all was dark! I recite this at length, because it is more carefully prepared and claborate than usual, but there is something droll or ingenious whenever you may chance to see their frolics.

I remember an admirable rendering of the "Surprise Party," from Josiah Allen's life, where I laughed—a good motherly Samantha with her feet in the tub, who "would not be surprised!"—till the tears ran down my face.

The girls usually dance for half an hour after dinner, and ave regular practice on the gymnasium. The sophomores ways give a welcoming party to the incoming class, and no azing is known.

Please don't infer that the maids of Smith College devote most of their time to dancing, parties, or private theatricals. They are earnest and hard-working students, not "digs," but in the game they play during four of the best years of their lives spades are, most emphatically, trumps.

"Behold them with their spades, These agricultural maids, They dig-with-a-will sir, With-a-grind-fit-to-kill sir, These-never-be-puzzled young maids!"

Yet a little let-up is necessary, and it is well to know that the college girl is as fond of wholesome nonsense as her less learned sisters. In their dramatic performances they find food for fun in the incongruous costumes of their heroes, who appear very masculine to the waist, but are always skirted.

"The gym suit and sacque young man.
The drapery cape young man.
The Derby and Ulster
(But, don't you be gulled, sir.
It belongs to a girl), young man.

"The crimped and frizzed young man, And water-waved young man, And Montague-quirled, And banged and curied, Part-his-hair-in-the-middle young man. "The gruet and water young man, The suggestive style young man, Purely feminine, Psuedo masculine, Wholly abridged young man,"

I was much amused last fall at notices on all the doors of one of the cottages, which rivaled the *Herald's* advertisement of "wants." An impocuniosity prevailed; there was a sudden economic attack; nothing was done for love, but anything for money.

Many are the original songs which, full of personal hits, cannot be quoted. But I'll give the close of one:

" So let us keep grinding, Lest we should be finding The bread of wisdom state!

"Not hecding all the eass
Of an ignoble mass.
Let's up and be doing,
Forever pursuing
The course of a cultured lass.

"Revering e'er the blue
As our especial hue;
And also the stocking,
In spite of man's mocking,
And all his great ado."

Such is the social life at Smith College—busy, earnest, yet merry, healthy, womanly: approaching home-life as nearly as possible. There is no room for those maudlin, morbid excrescences of sentimentality and feeling which are the inevitable outgrowth of a regime which cages its victims in unnatural seclusion, and represses innocent instincts to the point of suffocation.

The pictures in this article speak for themselves. There is no time to describe the new art-gallery or the fine college of music recently added. Soon we hope to have a fine library building, and a new dormitory to accommodate the increase of members. There is not a more beautiful town in New England than Northampton, and as I stand in the center of the college grounds, in summer's sunset or winter's bright sunshine, in autumn's mellow moonlight or spring's fresh coloring, I thank my good fortune for being connected with so grand an enterprise, and think there is no better place to live in and work for than Smith College.

KATE SANBORN.

A Noted Picture Gallery.

NE of the arguments most frequently advanced in favor of the accumulation of great wealth by individuals, is that the fine arts could not be properly patronized and cultivated were it otherwise. Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt is too shrewd a man to neglect to use an argument so calculated to reconcile the world at large to the existence of his colossal fortune. Besides, he evidently loves works of art for their own sakes, and is himself no contemptible judge of their merits, if, as is said, he himself selected most of the pictures of his superb collection. Strangely enough, the newspapers have said very little about this gallery, and have not awarded it half the praise that it deserves. It is probably the finest collection of pictures in this country -for although that of Mrs. A. T. Stewart may perhaps contain a few gems surpassing in beauty and value any single picture owned by Mr. Vanderbilt, he, on the other hand, can boast of an extraordinary number of fine paintings, with very few poor ones. The average intrinsic worth and beauty

of his pictures is very high. Mr. Vanderbilt has been extremely kind in giving awa§ a large number of cards of invitation to his gallery, now temporarily closed for enlargement and alterations.

Armed with one of these magic bits of pasteboard, I lately wended my way to 1 W. 51st St., in the company of one or two chosen friends. I said one or two, but some visitors have gone in to the number of eleven, and that with one ticket! Methinks the grave footman must have smiled as he recorded on the ticket the number of those using it. I don't think, however, that the recording footman puts down our sins of entrance against any future reckoning with us, but merely for the convenient reckoning of us. A Vanderbilt footman might reasonably expect that his place would be a sinecure, but on Thursdays, when he sometimes admits (and it is to be hoped lets out also) eleven hundred people, surely he has as hard a time as any mere door-keeper at a theater or concert hall!

Having passed by a tiny but exquisite reception room, we were ushered through black folding doors to the main gallery. The largest picture here—and a very fine one, though not the finest—is "Le Bourget," by De Neuville. Here we have the horrors of war brought before us with a faithfulness that makes one shudder. The scene is taken from a fight in a town during the Franco-Prussian war, and although we are not told who the Prussian officers are (and business-like they look, cool in the midst of all the slaughter), the names of the wounded French officers are given below, and to one of them is added the pathetic words "mort de ses blessures."

The pallor of the dying officer, as he is borne out of the church where he has been struck down, the wounded men, the gutted houses whence fire rises, the soldiers galloping through the streets, are all given with exceeding realism. It is as if one had seen the battle. Near this painful picture hangs the gem of the collection, a most wonderful painting, which almost dazzled me when I came up to it. It fairly shines like the sun with its own light. It is called "The Christening," and is by Josef Villegas. In the interior of a Spanish cathedral is represented the christening group in the center, the lovely face and figure of the young mother, shrouded in white lace, with a burning taper in her hand. the squalling infant, the elderly father, the nurse, the pale priest, etc., are all inimitably given. To the left stands a group of richly dressed ladies and officers. One young girl's dress, of black lace covered with bugles, sparkles like real jet, while it is hard to believe that the bangles on her wrist are not made of real silver. Much more wonderful, however, than the figures and costumes, remarkable as they are, is the light thrown on the picture by the lighted candles-the incense, which seems to float between us and it, and the extraordinary perspective in which we see the crucifix, surrounded by lights and half veiled by incense, standing in an alcove over the altar. To give such an effect of distance as is here given-with dark colors, instead of light, transparent ones-is no common feat. Gerome's "Sword-dance" is too well known to need description. It is one of the finest works of art in this collection, although it is not so great a painting as "The Gladiators," of the same artist, in Mrs. Stewart's gallery.

"The Two Families," by Munkacsy, shows us a most charming interior; a breakfast-table scene, the two families being represented by a young mother with her three children, and a pug dog with her puppies. The coloring is harmonious, the drawing excellent, and the grouping fine, the whole subject being a very pleasing illustration of domestic affection in high life.

"A Carnival Fete," by Madrazo, is a perfect feast of gorgeous coloring, while the drawing and massing of the crowd of

bright figures in the ball-room fills the spectator with admiration. "The Masqueraders," by the same artist, is an excellent, though not an especially agreeable picture.

There are several fine Messonier's in the collection. Of these, "The Information" is a magnificent specimen of this artist's early manner and best style. The ease shown in the attitudes of the officers as they stand about the bivouac fire is especially noticeable, and the finish is perfect, as it always is with this master of detail.

I was disappointed in the Corots. They are neither of them particularly good specimens, and do not compare with the one recently exhibited at the loan collection of the Union League Club, or with another which belongs, if I am not mistaken, to the Boston Art Museum.

There is a very fine Schreyer, "Arabs Retreating," and a small one, also by Schreyer, of "Arabs Resting." Really I should think his horses would feel like having a little repose once in a while. They are usually represented in such a state of extraordinary animation, a state that must be very hard to keep up.

Bouguereau's "Going to the Bath" is an old friend, and I was right glad to gaze once more at the sweet face of the young girl, and at the dear little cherub whom she is carrying to his bath. I was sorry to see that this fine picture had become somewhat cracked. An Italian Boy is also the work of Bouguereau, and, therefore, necessarily good—better than good.

There are two pictures by Couture, the best of which is "The Volunteers," a scene from the French Revolution. Though having the rough, unfinished and thin look, which is apt to characterize Couture, this is a work of much power, and an interesting study.

Rosa Bonheur is not very well represented, either by "A Flock of Sheep" or "Ready for the Hunt"—especially if one compares these to her celebrated "Horse Fair," which is one of the chief ornaments of the A. T. Stewart collection.

Of the two Fortunys, the "Fantasia at "angiers" is a remarkably bold and successful attempt to portray the human figure leaping in mid-air, all the Arab dancers having their feet off the ground, as they wildly spring about, firing their guns. The figure on the left is foreshortened, as none but a master of drawing could portray him.

But space and time fail me to give more than a passing glance at the rest of the collection.

A number of fine Millets, two excellent specimens of Alma Tadema, Millais' well-known "Bride of Lammermoor," "The King's Favorite," by Zamacois, a charming Leloir, "A Brittany Woman," by Jules Breton, a Loustannau, "The Dance." by Willems, a fine Merle, two of H. Leys' quaint and stiff pre-Raphaelite paintings, a Troyon, "Committee on Moral Books," by Vibert, a Detaille, a strong picture by Facet, Kaemmerer's "Incroyables" (so much engraved), "The Road to Ruin," a powerful painting by Knaus, with two others by the same artist. "The Arab Chief," by Bonnat, "A Musical Party," by Roybet-but if I don't stop I shall be mentioning the whole catalogue, as especially deserving of notice. A passing look at the walls, hung with tapestry of red and gold; at the floor inlaid with fine mosaic, and nearly covered with immense Turkish carpets; at the chairs and sofas luxuriously covered with crimson plush and tapestry; at the charming water-color gallery, which we can see above our heads but cannot enter; at the beautiful wood-work, black and reddish brown; at the musicians' gallery, and the dimly-seen conservatory; at the richly bound books of engravings, etc., which are generously left for us to look at, and we must be gone. The black folding doors click; the outer door, with its panels of thick, curiously wrought, opaline glass, shuts to, and-we have left fairy-land behind us, and are once more in the busy haunts of men.

The Story of Hereward Leofricsson, Last of the English.

BY HENRY F. REDDALL.

EW careers there are, in the early history of England, about which a greater halo of romance is cast than around that of Hereward the Wake. The magic of his name kept alive the spirit of resistance to William of Normandy long after every English chief of note had been either killed or won over to the conqueror's banner. An outlaw almost from his boyhood, Hereward remained an outlaw until middle life.

Biography abounds in instances where some childish or boyish trait strikes the keynote of future distinction. Thus we read of an Alford "playing preacher" to his brothers and sisters in the nursery; of a Mozart composing a sonata at eight years of age; of a Davy nearly blowing up his father's house with amateur scientific experiments; and of a Giotto making rough sketches of the sheep he tended, upon bits of slate.

Or what story of Nelson would be complete without his famous reply to his grandmother's question as to whether he had not been afraid upon a certain occasion—"What is fear?" Or of Washington, minus the noble incident of his renouncing the career of a sailor when on the eve of his first voyage, because of his mother's tears?

So with Hereward. In early youth impatient of restraint and tyranny, a freeman he lived and died. With all his failings—he was free from many that were common to the age in which he lived—we cannot but admire his character; he stands out in bold relief in English history, a worthy successor of the noble but unfortunate Harold, whose mantle may be said to have descended upon his shoulders.

I,-THE WOLF'S HEAD.

The English are the product of the union of a number of distinct peoples, long since blended, but originally as distinct as are any two nations of to-day. First, there were the ancient Britons; then came the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes; then the Danes; and lastly, the Normans, descendants of the Norsemen. All of these additions to the original stock were the result of many successive invasions and conquests of the island, the invaders finally settling in the new country.

But of all these conquests that of the Normans was at once the most ferocious and determined, and the most enduring. They came prepared to stay, but their remaining involved the crushing of the natives—not by a single battle, though Duke William believed that one great defeat would effectually subdue a land that, like England, had no fortresses—but by piecemeal, by the submission of one powerful lord after another, until there remained only a few stout hearts that held out against William, and refused to go to Westminster and put their hands in his. To this few Hereward belonged; and though, at last, he did become "Duke William's man," it was only after a most determined and bitter struggle; and, as we shall see, right treacherously was his coming in rewarded.

Of Hereward's pedigree little is known beyond the fact that he was the son of Earl Leofric, and that Lady Godiya, whose heroic ride through Coventry's street is as much a matter of history as is the battle of Hastings. Earl Leofric, Lord of Bourne and Earl of Mercia, the great central division of England, was the head of one of the two great houses—the Leofrics and the Godwins—that for so many years prior to the Conquest vexed, the English court by their rivalries.

Hereward was the second son of this illustrious pair. At

an early age the blood of his Norse ancestors began to show itself in many spirited and perhaps lawless acts, and very soon the more reckless of the lads of Bourne gathered round him, who was bravest and recked the least of them all; so that by the time he was eighteen, he had a goodly following of stout youths, who were ready for any mischief, especially that where hard knocks were to be given and taken, and who were especially attracted to a young nobleman as daring and as unruly as themselves. It is true that in after years many of their names became a terror to the invader of their native land, but as yet they were only a standing menace to all decent folk at fairs, wakes and village sports.

But at length Hereward got himself into an ugly scrape—nothing less than robbing the steward of Peterborough Abbey, whom he stopped on the highway, and relieved of his purse that he and his thirsty followers might drink. In punishment of this grave crime—for in those days to rob Mother Church was to rob God himself—Hereward was outlawed by the monk-king Edward the Confessor; a sentence he welcomed more gladly than otherwise, because it gave him a chance to prove to the world what heroic stuff he was made of

So he disbanded his stout following, went northward, and sojourned with a chieftain named Gilbert of Ghent. This happened about the time that Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane, which those of my readers who are familiar with their Shakespeare will remember to have been the superstitions signal for the downfall of the wicked Macbeth.

In the halls of this chieftain Hereward became a great favorite, and while there achieved his first great feat of arms.

Gilbert of Ghent kept in one corner of his courtyard a menagerie of wild deer, wild bulls, and a great white bear—a fairy bear, some said—for the purpose of testing the mettle of the young men who were candidates for the honor of knighthood under his care. Hereward decided that no other animal but this ferocious bear was worthy of his prowess, and often he asked his host's permission to try his strength in combat against that of the monster of the North, but to no avail. At length chance brought the opportunity that Gilbert's kindness and consideration for Hereward's safety had denied him.

Returning from the hunt one day, on reaching the castle gates, Hereward was made aware that something unusual was going on within—shouts, screams, and a rushing to and fro of man and beast.

The cause was soon apparent—the terrible white bear had broken loose, and was prowling up and down the courtyard, while a little girl, named Alftruda, was knocking in vain at the door of the women's bower, whither knights and ladies had retreated, and were now too terror-stricken to permit them to open the wicket, and let the timid fugitive enter.

Hereward leaped from his horse, and with a shout that made the fairy bear turn round, drew his sword and leaped toward him. The monster stopped, looked back at the child, and then made for the youth with a growl of defiance. Hereward knew there was but one spot at which to aim—the brain of his foe, and he struck true and strong, burying the short weapon up to the hilt. The huge carcass swayed and bent and fell dead at his feet.

This deed of valor would have gained for Leofric's son a pair of golden spurs and the honor of knighthood, had he chosen to avail himself of the right; but it also gained him the envy and hatred of the other young men in Gilbert's household.

"Either we must leave," said they, "or he must." If this had been all it would have been contemptible conduct enough, but their envious feelings led to something worsetreachery. Hereward was beset, while on a hunting expedition, by three of his companions. One he killed, another was wounded, and the third fled, though they had hoped to catch him unawares. But the "Wake" or the "Watcher," as he already came to be called, no man ever caught napping.

So, after this, Hereward went southward again into Cornwall, and passed thence into Ireland, where he distinguished himself by doughty deeds, and became a great captain, so that his name was spoken with admiration by many a winter fire, and in consequence bold spirits flocked to his banner as in the old days at Bourne; but with this difference—in the former days they were but brave youths, while now his followers were bold vikings of tried valor.

But at last a longing for the familiar Lincolnshire fens and for a glimpse of his lady mother's beautiful face possessed Hereward, so with two stout ships and fifty as stout followers he left King Ranald of Waterford, bound for the eastern coast of England.

The voyage did not prosper. They were caught in a gale in Pentland Frith, and one of the "long serpents," the Garpike, was wrecked. So in the other, the Otter, they sailed southward again, hoping for better fortune. But their troubles were not yet over. One gale followed another in the stormy North Sea, until at last, worn out with cold and fatigue, they were fain to run the Otter ashore on the coast of Flanders.

Here their reception came near being that which Duke William of Normandy, at a later day, pretended he had averted from Harold Godwinsson when he was shipwrecked in the territory of Guy of Pouthien, namely, held as prisoners for a heavy ransom. But other fortune was in store for Hereward and his brave vikings. They were fortunate enough to fall in with a youth named Arnoul, grandson of the great Baldwin of Flanders, and heir to his grandfather's broad, fat lands.

Hereward offered to serve the count with his stout following, and so was escorted with all honor to the Castle of St. Bertin, and afterward gave good account of himself in the war at Guisnes.

II.—NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

Thus, in fighting by land and sea, passed some eight or ten years with Hereward. He had married, and was living at St. Omer when news came of the pending invasion of his native England by two separate expeditions—that of the Duke of Normandy, and that of Tostig, King Harold's brother, aided by Harold Hardrada, King of Norway—the one bound for the south, the other for the north-eastern coast.

It must be remembered that the ban of outlawry was upon Hereward all these years, and that if he had gone to Bourne from Ireland, as was his intention, it would have been at his personal risk, because every man's hand was supposed to be against the "wolf's head," as the outlaw was termed, and there were not wanting enemies of the house of Leofric who would not have hesitated to betray Leofric's son.

Of course, this forced inaction in time of peril to his native land was particularly galling to one whose life must needs have been one full of stirring incident. In due course came tidings of Hastings and Heathfield Down, where England's valor went down with the evening sun before the finest chivalry in Europe—of the fight round the standard at Battle, when all the Godwinssons were slain, and King Harold, with an arrow through his eyeball, fell behind a rampart of bodies slain by his own hand.

Two years more went by in the midst of rumors conflicting and strange. Duke William, considering his conquest sure for the present, had returned to Normandy, leaving his brother Odo as his regent. And then began a reign of op-

pression and tyranny that worried the life out of the conquered people. News of these black doings came to St. Omer with a party of ladies seeking refuge from Norman outrage, among whom was Gyda, mother of King Harold and wife of Earl Godwin. Persuaded by her that he of all men could yet save England, and desirous to see for himself how the country fared under its new rulers, Hereward determined to go thither for a space; and so in a few days a long ship sailed out of the harbor and turned her sharp beak northward.

A week later, Hereward arrived in the vicinity of his boy-hood's home—in sight of the broad acres and goodly manors that of right were his. On every hand were the signs that tyranny was abroad. The hardy yeomen gathered the crops, as their descendants did seven hundred years later in a newer England, with their arms by their sides. Men who had gloried in their freedom, descendants of the liberty-loving Danes and Saxons, were forced to creep in and out of their homesteads like hunted rabbits for fear of their new masters, who, for the slightest offense, would think nothing of lopping off a man's head and sticking it above his gate.

It was with a bursting heart that Hereward saw and heard all these things. But when he found that Frenchmen were in possession of Bourne, that his father's house had been bestowed upon a fat cook in the service of one of the invaders, that the Lady Godiva had been offered indignities at their hands, his younger brother, Godwin, beheaded, and that his long hair was even then streaming in the breeze over the gable of the hall, he vowed to clear Bourne of Frenchmen that very night.

Loud and late did the Norman hold revel in the great hall, while at every burst of merriment the serfs in their huts under the walls started and clutched their weapons. Scaling the rude palisade by means of a ladder which relaxed vigilance had left ready to their hand, Hereward and a trusty follower, Martin Lightfoot, approached the unconscious revelers. Leaving Martin outside with the stern injunction: "If any man passes me, see that he pass not thee!" Hereward sprang into the hall with his terrible warcry, "A Wake! A Wake!" A wild and fearful scene ensued. The banqueters, caught unawares, fought with anything that came to hand; but, terrified by the often-heard and as often-dreaded battle cry, they fell like sheep. Escape was impossible. Martin obeyed his master's command implicitly. When the morning rose there were fifteen Norman heads upon the gable, and Hereward's vow was fulfilled.

Soon he had a following of fifty stout yeomen; the wararrow was split and sent to all four points of the compass,
and Hereward addressed himself in earnest against Frenchmen and strangers. Years before, in the days of St. Omer,
Duke William had sent to Hereward asking his assistance
in the coming invasion. Half in derision, Hereward replied
that on the day that the Duke was master of all England he
would put his hands in his and become his man. Now,
however, it seemed as if that day would never come to pass.
But ere the work was begun a flying visit must be paid to
Normandy, and then back to England. And yet there was
one thing he would do ere he crossed the sea.

Many had been the deeds since the killing of the bear that had merited the reward of knighthood; yet as often had Hereward declined the honor at the hands of any of the great captains among whom he had served. Now, however, it seemed fitting that he should be, so to speak, consecrated to the work he had undertaken by being made a knight with fasting and prayer, in the English fashion, and at the hand of one of England's native prelates, the good Abbot Brand, of Ely, Hereward's uncle.

And so the Wake flashed into England and out again, leaving behind him joy in the hearts of his countrymen and

dismay in the hearts of their conquerors: both repeated the cry, the one hopefully, the other fearfully, "The Wake is come again 1"

True to his word, having dispatched his business in Flanders, Hereward returned to England, and so abiding was the terror among the French at his terrible vengeance at Bourne, that not a man of them had dared to set foot within twenty miles of the town since. So Hereward and his wife, Torfrida, and their little daughter, took up their abode, unmolested, in the home of his boyhood.

And then flocked to his banner from every part of the land men good and true, of all ranks, bound by the one bond—hatred of the Norman, and a desire to rescue England from his power. The names of some of these are preserved to this day in Domesday Book, and we may well say "Honor to the last heroes of the old English race." The next four months were spent by Hereward in getting his rough materials into something like fighting order, and the siege and fall of York was achieved without his assistance.

Then Duke William returned, and set about quieting his new kingdom. Crushing successively three separate risings at Chester, Stafford, and York, he destroyed the life of the land. "Farms were burned over their owners' heads, and the growing crops in the ground." For ten years after the whole of Yorkshire lay a desolate waste. In fact, as Mr. Kingsley has finely said, "like the Romans, he made a solitude and called it peace."

But Hereward he did not approach, and all through that winter of 1070-71 he lay at Bourne, unmolested it is true, but in what was very like a trap. For on every hand had arisen, as by magic, those tall castles which were like giants keeping watch and ward over the land; and without artillery or warlike engines Hereward and his men dared not attack the least of them.

At last a message came from Ely—the famous cathedral isle in the fens—begging Hereward to come hither. There already were brave men holding out against Duke William. So to Ely they went—the last of the early English aristocracy.

III.—THE CAMP OF REFUGE.

At Ely, in course of time, was held a conference of mighty men in the great hall, between Sweyn, King of Denmark, his brother Asbiorn, the young earls Edwin and Morcar, and Hereward himself, besides a host of others, free Danes, and those who were determined to be free Englishmen or perish in the attempt. But the "thing" or parliament came to naught; the Danes, bought off, it was affirmed, by William's gold, went home, and Hereward and his foes foresaw that by Englishmen alone must England be saved.

The Danes gone, Duke William marched on Ely, thinking to take it easily. But he knew little of the place, or of its great capacities for defense. Surrounded on all sides by the broad arms of the Rivers Cam and Ouse and their tributaries, the "sacred isle" was further rendered well-nigh impregnable on all sides by a surrounding broad half-mile of reedgrown fen and morass, where no living thing save its feathered denizens could find firm ground on which to rest.

In the heart of such a landscape as this rose the camp of refuge; the walls, towers, and battlemented roofs of the Cathedral of Ely soaring proudly toward the sky, while nestling close, like chickens under a hen, were the outbuildings, cottages, and barrows of the dependents on the monastery; the whole surrounded by walls and earthworks.

Duke William came and saw, and set about making preparations for the assault. Up to within that dread half-mile from the walls the progress of his army would be easy enough; but how to cross that black, slimy swamp no man knew. So they set to work with mauls driving piles, but

the piles sank out of sight and were lost. Then they cut down trees and threw them in, but the mud swallowed everything. Finally they began to make a sort of floating bridge of rough beams and inflated ox-hides, called, in the language of the time a "sow," pushing it before them as they worked; and so, in time, they came within bow-shot of the abbey.

At last on a certain day, all was ready, and the charge was sounded. Hereward, brought up in the fens, had watched these preparations with interest, and had matured all his plans; and when he saw the mighty host, some twenty thousand strong, moving down toward the frail bridge, he exclaimed exultingly to those around him that of all the brave warriors who should set foot on it few would live to return.

Onward swept the mighty column, those behind impelling those in the van resistlessly forward, so eager were all to share in the rich spoils of Ely. The huge "sow" swayed and creaked and shook, and on either hand mail-clad soldiers were forced into the black, reedy mud, where their heavy armor soon dragged them down to be heard and seen no more.

Meanwhile the head of the column had reached the end of the bridge, and a hail of stones, billets of wood, and arrows, was showered on their heads by the defenders. By intention the "sow" had been constructed some forty or fifty feet too short, to preserve it from attack by the besieged, and to bridge this gap a kind of drawbridge had been provided by which the walls might be reached. When the time came to use it, however, it fell about a dozen feet short of its object, and loud shouts of derision from Hereward and his men greeted this awkward cheek.

But the surging mass of humanity behind would admit of no halting. Ignorant of the reason, they still pressed on. As a result the foremost were precipitated into the gap. Down they went, belted knights and men-at-arms—the pride and valor of the chivalry of Europe—a struggling, confused mass of mer. and weapons, over and above whom the survivors fought and fell in their turn. Only one knight succeeded in reaching the spot where stood Hereward. Hardly had he done so when the entire bridge, black for half a mile with swarming soldiery, swayed and rocked for the last time, and then, capsizing, deposited its human load in the bottomless waters.

After this disaster, which the duke witnessed in groaning and bitterness from the neighboring heights of Willingham, he struck camp and departed, mourning the loss of the flower of his army.

But Ely must be taken, and so the next summer saw William again in front of the sacred isle. He built a bridge larger and stronger than before, and besides constructed several floating wooden forts that, armed with the rude artillery of the time, should shoot immense stones and bars of iron and wood against the defenders.

So in the calm light of a summer afternoon, when the long reeds bent and waved in the wind like a great billowy sea, showing here and there silvery reaches of water, there was a hoarse murmur, a tramping of many iron-shod feet on the spongy turf, the harmonious discord of the clash of weapons, and the mingling of many battle-cries as the host poured on to the causeway, Duke William in their midst.

The defenders were about to call a terrible agent to their aid.

Suddenly, when, from end to end, the bridge was teeming with humanity, and when every stretch of water near hore its freight of stormers in boats, a puff of white smoke and a tongue of flame shot up in front of the advancing host, right in the track of the wind.

Hereward's men had fired the reeds! In a number of

places the dry, inflammable grass blazed forth, and now must the Normans look to their own safety if they would ever reach dry land again.

"The reeds are on fire!" was the terror-stricken cry, and in vain was the commanding voice of the age's greatest captain heard, trying to steady his men. It was save himself who can. The fire came on in great leaps, swiftly enveloping man and horse in its biting grasp. The causeway itself was soon ablaze. A scene of terrible confusion ensued that was intensified by the unceasing hail of arrows and other missiles which the defenders poured on the discomfited besiegers. The track of the flame was marked by hundreds and thousands of slain archers, men-at-arms, and slingers. To escape its scorching breath men leaped into the bog and ended their misery. So ended the second fight at Aldreth.

But this sort of warfare could not last. Hereward knew full well the man he was defying. Though it cost seven disastrous defeats, and seven times as many men as at Aldreth. William was not the man to relinquish his design of reducing this one unconquered spot in his new kingdom. So Hereward told his mind to his companions, but they all, knight and monk, vowed that not while right arm could wield sword, or left hand clasp shield, should William of Normandy cross into Ely's isle.

Thus outwardly. In reality many of the monks would have been only too ready to make their peace with William ere they lost abbey and lands by confiscation. While they were in this humor there came a message from the duke, threatening that, unless the abbey of Fly surrendered by a certain day, he would surely burn it over their heads.

This threat was like the bark of a dog to a flock of sheep, and so while Hereward, the life and mainstay of the place, was absent on a foraging expedition, the French marched over Haddingham Hill, and found the only gate of the abbey left conveniently open. It was while on his homeward way that Hereward was first apprised of this piece of treachery by meeting his wife, Torfrida, and the little girl, riding rapidly toward him. A few words sufficed to explain all: how she had seen the river swarming with ships, and great bodies of armed men in the distance; how she had sped home, put boy's clothes on herself and child, thrust a few jewels in her bosom, saddled a horse, and ridden for dear life toward her absent hero-husband.

And now all his visions of a rescued England, of his broad lands restored to their rightful owner dispelled, himself and his wife and child and their few stout followers homeless, where should they turn?

Hemmed in on almost every hand by William's soldiery, there was only one course left—they would take to the greenwood and live the lives of free Englishmen, as their descendants, Robin Hood and his men, did two generations later.

So the Wake gathered around his banner a right merry host, and they ranged up and down and through the "Braneswald," as all the central part of England covered by giant forests was called, vowing to "burn every town Frenchmen held, and to kill every Frenchman they met."

Though it seemed as if William was lord of all England, he was not their lord as yet.

And a right royal life they led in the summer time, when the greenwood was dressed in living beauty, and the primeval woods seemed fit dwelling-places for kings. But in the gray winter months, when, instead of leafy bowers they had heaps of rotting leaves, in place of nodding flowers dripping branches and sunless skies, then it was not so gay.

Ere three years were past, both Hereward and Torfrida, used to a far different life, especially the poor lady, found themselves none the better for their greenwood life. True, they were free, but at what a sacrifice of all refinement! Was

the game worth the price they paid for it? Hereward now often found this thought presenting itself to him, and, thrust it from him as he would, it recurred again and again. But never a murmur escaped 'Torfrida's lips, though she had risked all and forsaken all to follow her lord and husband.

Gradually, but none the less surely, cold, hunger, privation and hardship did their work. Hereward and Torfrida drifted apart; bitter words and angry thoughts usurped the place where once affection had reigned supreme.

And then came another message from William—who always seemed to strike when the iron was at white heat—to shake the branch when the fruit was ripest. It was to the effect that if Hereward would come in to the king at Winchester, renounce his wife and marry another of William's choosing (which Mother Church would render easy) all should be forgotten, and Hereward would be honored as the king's liegeman.

Thus it came about that the only foul stain on Hereward's escutcheon was put there by his own free and deliberate action. The forsaken und greatly wronged Torfrida went to Crowland Abbey, where was the Lady Godiva, and as a holy nun became dead to the world.

So the Wake went in to King William, and knelt before him and put his hands between the monarch's hands in the Norman fashion, and swore a great oath to be his man, saying: "I have kept my word which I sent to Rouen seven years ago. Thou art king of all England, and I am the last man to say so!"

With kingly grace the Norman replied: "And since thou hast said it, I am king indeed!"

Divorced from his devoted and long-suffering wife, married to another of the king's choosing, doing homage to the Norman, it was truly said that Hereward was a changed man. And very soon he began to reap the wages of his sin.

Like that "little great man," Napoleon I., who, to gratify ambition, put away the woman he loved, all went wrong with Hereward hereafter.

Deprived of the wise and loving counsel which had, to a great extent, fostered and developed all that was great and noble in his character, that had, in fact, transformed the noisy, boasting viking into a chivalrous, knightly warrior—he found himself beset with troubles and annoyances of the kind that needed a clear head to solve them, not a sword to slash through them.

Bitter indeed was the jealousy with which the Frenchmen at court saw the king's reconciliation with Hereward and the consequent honors heaped upon him. All their endeavors seemed to be intent on conspiring against him to lower him in the king's estimation. At last they succeeded, and for fighting with a Breton knight within the precincts of the palace. Hereward was ordered to be imprisoned in Bedfort Castle, where, six hundred years later Puritan John Bunyar rotted away his best days.

He, the Wake, who all his days had been as free at heaven's wind, was to ride northward with fetters or his limbs. Bitter were his wages, and no less bitter his en lightenment as to a Frenchman's faith.

But Hereward was almost past thought or feeling now Too late he saw the blackness of his sin, and the consequences, he told himself, were not undeserved. Only, he prayed let him end his life in fair fight, and not in a wormy dungeor as had so many valiant English hearts.

An order came transferring the prisoner to Buckinghan and while on the road a band of his old followers spran upon the escort, and in a few moments the Wake was freagain.

So he went to Bourne, and employed his time in huntin though his heart was heavy and his arm could not now wie sword with the old vigor; not because his strength was let but because he rested under a cloud of conscious wrong-doing, and his old elastic, care-free bearing was a thing of the past. In due time he was restored to the king's favor, and was also confirmed in his ownership of the family estates. But the hatred of the Norman barons, many of whom were his neighbors, only slumbered, and only needed opportunity to make itself again felt.

One summer day, soon after dinner, while the Wake was sleeping, a sudden commotion arose without the gate, and waking with a start, Hereward sprang up. The sentry who guarded the gate lay stretched across its threshold dead, and behind him rose a clump of Norman lances.

No time was there to don helmet or armor; only snatching up a shield and sword he sprang out to meet his fate, the old cry "A Wake! A Wake!" ringing as in former happy days. Winter, his serving-man, was by his side, and, back to back, they withstood the shock of the foes who outnumbered them ten to one.

A conflict so unequal could have but one termination. In a very short time Hereward, bareheaded and without armor, was bleeding from many wounds. Winter at last falls on his face, and the Wake stands alone! Swinging his heavy sword from right to left he wrought terrible execution. To encounter its blade was to meet instant death. Eleven corpses form a semicircle around him, and there is a lull for an instant. No one wishes to be the twelfth. But a knight rushes in, only to fall cloven to the shoulder plates of his armor.

It is Hereward's last blow. His sword breaks off at the hilt, and his assailants rush in with a shout. Flinging it from him he tears the shield from his arm, and with a last despairing effort brains two more. Staggering and faint from loss of blood he sinks on his knees. With a mighty shout of "Torfrida!" his old battle-cry, he flings his massive shield full in their faces and falls on his face, dead!

On the third night a long galley draped in black was rowed from Crowland Abbey to Bourne, and a tall nun bore back with her the mortal remains of Hereward, Last of the English!

Vis-a-vis.

THERE she sits, her needles plying, O, so quick, and never lingers! One would think, to see them flying. That she knit with winged fingers.

As upon her I am gazing,
All my fancy 'tis recalling,
Seeing her soft eyes upraising,
Stealing glances, then down-falling.

Blushes rushing—bosom heaving— Smiles across her fair face flitting; Does she know that she is weaving My fond heart there in her knitting?

At my window still I'm sitting,
Waiting till it suits her pleasure,
'Twixt the pauses of the knitting.
To bestow the smiles I treasure.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

The Water Witch.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

From the Original Manuscript.

HERE is a tradition of Correggio, which some Italian poet has wrought into a play, that contains the following singular fancy for its plot. Penniless he had hurried from his home to the mansion of a rich man with a picture which had been ordered, urging him for immediate compensation. The rich man pompously paid the amount all in coppers, but Correggio, exulting in the good fortune of getting all his pay, accepted the indignity without particular notice, and hastened away with the relief so anxiously sought for.

When near his destination, overpowered with fatigue and thirst from the weight of his treasure and the terrible heat of the day, he came to a beautiful pond of water, with a natural fountain springing from the side of the brook. The cool, clear, bright waters invited him to partake of the refreshing treasure. He cagerly drank from it, and while he drank, mysterious music came over his ear as from a fairy spirit in the water. For a moment he was fluttered and thought it a warning or a prophecy; but with a light heart he passed on to his home, and the song of the fountain was soon forgotten in his rapture at the bright face and the warm welcome his charming little wife gave him on his return. Yet, scarcely had he caught her sweet smile, when the poison of the icy draught darted through him, and in an instant he remembered the mystic song of the waters, and as he flung the sack of money before his adored wife, he expired.

> A water nymph lurks in the cliff's hollow side, And a pilgrim lies faint by the wild, whirling tide. Where 'midst rainbow and cloud, th' lone waterfall springs, And its curtain of foam o'er the haunted cave flings.

The following is the substance of the song of which the

Hark! the lay Of the Fay!

Come hither, come hither, poor pilgrim to me; From sorrow and sighing thy bosom 1'll free; And thou shalt a fairy's biest paramour* be!

Italian poet has given the idea:

Plunge, world-weary pilgrim! plunge deep in the wave! Once mine, thou wilt smile as it storms o'er the cave; For never false friend or sad heart-ache may come Through th' rush of white waters that curtain our home.

And away Shall the spray

Wash mortality's clay from the care-cauker'd soul: Long dreams of delight o'er thy senses shall roll. New life wilt thou quaff from the fairy's charmed bowl.

He struggles to rise as he hears the fond strain. But sinks on the flood's giddy margin again; From her wave-curtained cavern the water nymph trips, And fatal the goblet she holds to his hips.

> Quick the thrill Of death's chill

Has run through his marrow and curdled his blood; His faint shrick is echoed by cavern and wood, And wildly he plunges beneath the dark flood.

His cold winding-sheet was a whirlpool's white spray; A bubble has borne his last life-breath away! Deep, deep lies the pilgrim beneath the cold stream, And dimly his hones through the clear waters gleam.

But at night The false sprite

In pale moonshine oft glides from her damp dropping hall, The ghost of the wave-buried pilgrim to call: Then they dance, and they shriek o'er the wild waterfall!

· Formerly used in a good sense.



Satisfied.

for the great skill with which he depicts children. He fairly revels in their unstudied grace, healthy, rounded limbs, and innocent mirth. Among his pictures that have won him renown are "Bubbles;" a healthy looking child, half nude, is playing with the soapy water in a basin. Another picture, "The Spectre Rogue," shows a boy pulling the string of a jack-in-the-box, while a little girl stands terrified by. One of his most popular and effective pictures is "Croquemitaine's Plunder," which we gave in a former number of our Magazine.

"Satisfied" is not the least happy of this artist's productions. This healthy looking little fellow has found "enough as good as a feast," and rethring from his banquet, seeks repose in slumber. He is evidently not one who can

"Cloy the hungry edge of appetite

By bare imagination of a feast."

Vol. XIX.—July, 1883.—41

but requires the substantial reality to satisfy his cravings. His appearance indicates that this is not his first hearty meal, and that he indulges somewhat lavishly in the pleasures of the table seems certain.

At all events, his hearty meal has not disturbed his slumbers, nor given him unpleasant dreams, and as he lays his head against the wall, he is the picture of happy repose, as well as of robust health. He is not exactly the infant that one would select to carry in one's arms to Central Park and back again. Nevertheless, he is a very attractive "well-spring of pleasure," the pride of his parents, the admiration of his friends, the astonishment of the casual observer, and the horror of a weak-armed nurse.

The artist has succeeded admirably in conveying the idea to canvas of a child completely satisfied with its meal. In this, as in all of his pictures, the pose is highly felicitous, and the well-developed limbs admirably portrayed.

Our picture is from an etching by Charles Courtry, the celebrated French artist, who has received several medals for the excellence of his productions.

A Perfect Fright.

BY ANNIE BLOUNT CANTWELL.



HAVE been told, over and over again, that when I was a week old my parents, the doctor and my nurse all pronounced me "a perfect fright."

My mother had selected a name for me—Ros i-phile! It was with misgivings she pronounced it when the nurse, Mrs. Pill, began to call me various endearing epithets such as "Birdie," "Duckey," etc.

"Shocking!" exclaimed my father. "Call such a hideous little sercech-out as that Rosiphele. Of course she would never get the whole of it. It would be 'Rosy' or 'Rosa,' and think, my dear, what a cruel satire that would be."

Nurse Pill, who has been my faithful friend all the years since this memorable scene, often has told me of the many and long talks my parents had before they could decide or agree upon my name. My father rushed into my mother's presence one moraing and almost shouted,

"My dear, do you happen to have the faintest glimmering

of who Ros'-i-ph 'le was?"

"No," replied my mother, meekly.

"I thought as much. Then let me enlighten you. Rosi-phèle was a princess of Armenia and a woman of surpassing beauty. Ha-ha! think of that, sur-pass-ing beauty!"

"She might ha' been a fright of a baby," suggested Mrs. Pill, who was a privileged person, and generally had a voice in family affairs.

"They do say that ugly babies makes handsome grown folk"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed my father. "Mrs. Pill, you are Mrs. Dallam's abettor, I fear, and are determined to give my poor little daughter a name deriding her wonderful ugliness. Now, my dear Cecil" (to my mother), "I propose that we call the little fright Deborah. It's a well-sounding name, and in the Hebrew means a bee. So if she grows in years but not in beauty we will make her wise by hard study, and thus provide her a very excellent substitute for a pretty face. What say you? Shall it be Deborah?"

Nurse Pill's tradition is, that there was an amicable compromise, and I was christened Deborah Rosiphele Powell Dallam, the Powell for my maternal grandmama, the Rosiphele for the Armenian princess, and Deborah for the "busy bee." I lived in spite of prophesics that my name would be the death of me; and I grew to be a strong, healthy, happy girl.

My father invariably called me Deborah or "Deb;" and my mother as invariably, and by way of reprisal, Rosiphele or "Rosa;" while Mrs. Pill, who was not to be outdone in the matter, thought it adjusted and settled by calling me Deborah-Rosiphele, running the two names into one.

Of course this variety of titles given a fright of a girl was laughable and made the poor victim of them very ridiculous. But I was born to be ridiculous. It is my role in life.

When I was twelve years old my dear mother died, and in less than a year thereafter my father was killed by a vicious horse. So that at thirteen I was an orphan with a sister and a brother. Now this sister is a beauty. Her name is Claudia. She is two years my junior, and was the acknowledged pet and delight of my parents. I have never thought of disputing her right to be first in everything, even in people's affections. The servants nicknamed her "Beauty" and me "Miss Fright." This very unmistakable discrimination in plain terms was not a provocation of resentment on my part. I accepted it and do yet, as perfectly natural and just.

My brother Roland is happily non-classifiable as regards features and form, and is simply "Ro," or "that little

scamp," for he is a most unceasing torment. After our dear father and mother left us we were very miserable, though I, being the eldest, more painfully appreciated our irreparable loss. My poor heart used to ache and ropine, and in my child's solitudes I indulged in wild grief, mad longings, and wicked envy of other girls who had not met with loss such as ours, until I grew old for my years, and a little sad and speculative. Our father's widowed sister, Mrs. Madge Lovel, came to live with us.

She is very rich, very handsome, still quite young and is our only very near relative. She and Nurse Pill and our governess, Miss Orchard, have always been very kind to us, and are very much beloved by us. My father left us a bcautiful home and to Claudia and Roland ten thousand dollars each. To me he bequeathed double that sum. A few weeks ago occurred my eighteenth birthday, when my father's will was read to me, and this one clause will ever live, word for word, in my memory: "To my eldest and dearly beloved daughter Deborah I bequeath the sum of twenty thousand dollars, believing her very plain face and quiet manner will be bars to her ever marrying." These words seem cruel, but I am so accustomed to reminders of my homely face that they struck no pain to my heart-only a little vague musing and longing. It is now one month since my eighteenth birthday, and in this short lapse of four weeks I have thought very much more about my being a fright than I ever did in my whole life before.

"Aunt Madge" I said one morning when we were alone, "Am I so very homely that no one will ever love me, save Claudia, Ro, yourself, Miss Orchard and Pill?"

I was sorry, in a minute, that I had asked the question, for poor Auntie's face grew rosy and confused. But she is so truthful that I felt her reply would stand as a prophecy. However, I might as well have consulted any other authority as an oracle, for like all oracular responses, hers was ambignous.

"Deborah," she said very kindly, "the very best answer I can give you is to repeat what Mr. St. George said of you the other day. He was reading, you remember, when you came into the library, apologized for the interruption, and handed us each the first roses from your garden. After you went out, Mr. St. George said: "Emerson has written, 'I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty,' and I think the remark fits Miss Deborah perfectly. Her manners are charming, indeed irresistible."

"Oh! Aunt Madge!" I gasped in an ecstacy utterly new and unspeakably joyous. "Is not that the loveliest thing for Mr. St. George to say? Oh! dear, isn't be kind? I do not wonder that you love him." And I was tingling all over with a new joy—that of self-gratulation. How delightful it must be to be beautiful, and to have people tell you so, and pay you homage with their eyes, as Mr. St. George does Aunt Madge, and even Claudia. I wonder how it feels to be beautiful. I am sure I know the sensation of being a fright. But my vanity is aroused. Manners can make a similar impression with personal beauty, can they? Then I may hope. Hope? Hope for what? I'll whisper it—a lover!

My father thought, I surmise, that I would be strong-minded, self-poised, a blue-stocking, perhaps; and I am wither. But when I think it all over I am sorry Aunt Madge told me about my manners. It will make me self-conscious, and for fear of being affected I have no doubt I shall cultivate a brusqueness that will be fatal. Mr. St. George is to marry Aunt Madge. He is a widower and is a good many years older than she is. But he is so handsome and graceful and gracious that he seems much younger than forty-eight. They are to be married in a month, and to-morrow Mr. St. George's son Arthur is coming to Pelham. I hope he is tery

plain. I should not care if he was deformed and had his nose awry, and crooked eyes and legs. It would be such a comfort to look at him! I could contemplate his hidcousness and congratulate myself that there was one person in the world more to be condoled with than myself. I am very sure if he is handsome we shall not be friends.

Well, the arrival is over. I was on the upper verandah yesterday morning watering my plants, when I was made cognizant of Arthur St. George's presence on the porch below. To my utter consternation and great alarm, I discovered Ro to be his companion. I knew mischief would be executed, and setting at defiance all delicacy about eavesdropping, I listened.

"Oh, Mr. Arthur," said Ro, "do you like girls ?"

"Prodigiously. Why?" asked a deep bass voice.

"Because we've got three here at our house," continued the irrepressible and invariably ungrammatical Ro. "There's Aunt Madge, you know, she's a kind of a girl, a widow or something; and she's jolly and pretty and is going to marry—0, glory! I forgot, I say, she—O, dear! She's going to be your mother, ain't she?" and the young scamp nearly fell over with laughter.

Arthur St. George joined in the mirthful peals, and the two made a frightful noise.

"Well, who are the other two girls?" he asked, after several spasmodic efforts at speech.

"First, there's Claudia, just four years older than me, and I'm twelve. She's a beauty. You ought to see the boys at Sunday-school stare at her. Rob Kent says she's strawberries and cream. She's got a temper, tho'. See that scratch on my face? She put it there, because I told her that Jack Townley said cats when they died turned into girls. After she scratched me I said, 'but I know you ain't a cat.' Ha-ha! Then she kissed me and we made up all peachy."

"That is two girls," said the bass voice. "Who is the third?"

"It's Deb. Her name is only Deborah Rosiphele Powell Dallam. She's eighteen, and our father left her twice as much money as he did Claudia and me, because—say, you won't let on I told you, now will you?"

"I am afraid you are betraying family secrets," said Arthur St. George, "and I think it will be just as well if you don't tell me any more about it."

I held my breath in dismay, for I knew Ro too well to hope to escape.

Then I heard, "O, it's no secret. Every one knows it. And you're dying to have me tell you, even when you talk good like that. It's because she's a fright and is never going to get married. Nobody will have her."

Although so familiar with these facts, Ro's rough way of betraying them to a strange gentleman was a little stinging. I became conscious of a vaguely defined wish that Ro would lose his speech for a brief space and give me a respite.

"A fright! What's that?" asked the bass voice. "Did she fall in the fire or anything?"

"No, she didn't fall into anything. It's natural. She's a scare-crow. But she's nice and good, not silly-good, but up to larks, and kind of like a boy, you know."

Heavens and earth! What should I do? Wasn't it horrible enough to be fore-heralded to a stranger as a fright and a scare-crow, without the dubious, indeed damaging praise of "up to larks, and kind of like a boy, you know?"

Then the manly (?) buss voice rolled out, "Ro, you're a scamp! What would Deborah Rosiphele Powell Dallam do to you if she knew you told such things of her?"

While he was asking this question, every word of which reached my ears. I flew down stairs and rushed like a whirl-wind into their presence. "Mr. Arthur St. George," I gasped,

" Deborah Rosiphele Powell Dallam, the fright and scarecrow, will now demonstrate to you what she will do to Ro, and what she thinks of you for listening to a little boy ridicule his sisters." And in my passion I boxed Ro's ears, and then bowing to the six feet of man before me, continued, "That's his punishment, and yours-well, after a good look at you, I relent. Why you are a fright too, aren't you? You're more hideous than I am. I am glad, and I hope you enjoy it." Then I bowed with a ripple of icy laugh, and walked away in the most dignified style. Up here in my room I rejoice that he is plain. Plain? He is hideous! Tall, awkward, dark, with a huge nose, a mouth hidden by a black moustache, and doubtless a mercy that it is, eyes-rather a redeeming feature, at least, not bad. But he is hideous, and he does not care; and I am hideous. and I do care. My hideousness consists in straw-colored, wild locks, pale green eyes, a Roman nose, a wide, thin mouth, a long chin, generous ears, a long, lank body and high shoulders. I have small feet, but then I cannot exhibit them on all occasions, and thus divert attention from my face and shoulders. That would be, at least, hoydenish. However, very homely people have one unspeakably comfortable privilege, that of grateful exemption from laborious toilets, such as arm-aching efforts at elaborated coiffures, and agonizing doubts about complexion and shades of ties, and all the other pretty women's delicious and time-destroying vanities. So I will jump into my black silk, fling around my neck whatever ribbon is on top the pile in my bureau drawer, and go down stairs.

A week has gone by since I recorded the mortification I suffered from Ro's untoward confidence to Mr. Arthur St. George and my own righteous anger thereat. Of course, after having called him a fright I felt some embarrassment in meeting him again. But I summoned all my courage and went down stairs and went into the library with well-assumed on-the-heights air. Aunt Madge introduced us. I bowed without a smile.

"Most happy, Miss Dallam, to make your acquaintance," said the pleasant bass voice, whose ironical slide betrayed to me that I was being secretly laughed at. But as he owed me something I didn't care.

"You two very tall people should be friends from similitude in height," said the elder St. George, looking at us from over his everlasting book. "And, you might add, on the well-established principle that misery loves company," I said, with a flippant air. "Are you not miserable, Mr. St. George, junior?" I asked, turning to him and meeting his dark eyes with a powerful attempt to flash scornful defiance from my pale green orbs.

"Very." he answered again, with the ironical slide in his voice; "and by the same sign I presume you are."

"Wretched, absolutely wretched," I said, acknowledging to myself that he was altogether justifiable in the arrow so covertly shot.

> "' O, many a shaft at random sent Finds mark the archer little meant."

"Mr. St. George," I quoted from dear old Moore.

Aunt Madge and St. George, senior, were staring at us in atter amazement.

"What are you two talking about?" asked the former. To which I replied, "Personal beauty, Auntie. Mr. Arthur St. George and I are perfect frights, you know, and we were offering each other secret condolence."

"What a terrible girl you are!" Aunt Madgesaid, with a genuine sigh of regret. "Come here, Claudia, and be introduced to Arthur."

She came without any show of coquetry, this pretty sister

of mine. How lovely she looked, not doll-baby-like, but arch and saucy and proud, with wonderful tints and graceful contours, and eyes like violets blue, and lips like red wine on marble. Dear me! I must stop and read over that sentence. It is quite Ouida-ish and does not sound at all like me. I saw Arthur St. George start as his eyes fell upon her, and he looked at her long and with pensive face, as one studies a lovely picture. That night when Claudia and I were disrobing for bed, I said, abruptly, "Arthur St. George is not handsome, is he, Sis?"

"Isn't he?" replied Claudia, in an absent way, "I'in sure I never noticed!"

She would have "noticed," though, if he had been hand-

"Pretty women always snub me, Miss Dallam," he said to me the next morning.

"Then you rely upon me for decent treatment," I answered.

"As you prefer, of course. Now there's your pretty sister, who has never looked at me since the first quick glance she bestowed upon me; which, I dare say, discovered such hideousness of face that she avoids the agony of another inspection."

"Does looking upon a homely face pain the gazer?" I asked. "If so, how much suffering you and I must have occasioned."

"And would endure if we had to gaze upon each other forever," he said.

"Oh, don't suggest such a possibility! It would be unbearable. We ought to be as far apart as the two poles."

"I do not think so. We are such a contrast, although frights, that the style of each tones down and neutralizes the other," he said, with a laugh.

"Well, that is just what I object to. I prefer to shine undimmed, unrivaled in all the glory of my resplendent bideousness."

He laughed, one of his merry, contagious peals. "What a girl you are! Is this one of the 'larks' Ro says you are 'up to'?"

"No indeed, it is no lark. I wish it was, and, once over, I would find myself metamorphosed into a beauty. But do not let us waste any more of this beautiful morning in bewailing our inevitably uninteresting fate as frights. Come and let me show you the attractions of the Pelham grounds and woods."

"It is all very lovely," he said, after we had made the rounds and admired the views.

"It is well it is, for the neighborhood is not good," I replied. "There are no very pleasant people."

"Then you are driven in upon your own resources?"

"Such as they are."

"No doubt they are numerous: books, beaux, croquet, drives, and, as Ro tells me, 'larks,'"

"Oh, you are widely astray," I answered. "Claudia monopolizes the beaux and croquet, and I generally spend day after day in my shop."

"Shop !"

" Yes,"

"What is it?"

"Do you really care to know? Come, then, and I will show you."

Then I led him to the building my father erected for a billiard-room, the upper apartment of which I have long utilized as a work-room. It contains an old book-case, a long table, a few chairs, a work bench, some etchings, a stove, and a medley of fragrant wood, shavings, paints, varnishes, and various carpenters' and carvers' tools, et cetera. Arthur St. George looked about in astonishment, taking in all the conglomerate beterogeneousness of the apartment's contents.

"Is this especially yours?"

" Yes."

"Who is the workman?"

"I." And pushing my parallel ruler and pantograph to one side, I showed him my last labor, a set of carved furniture for a child's play-house, fashioned and uphoistered by my own fingers. "I love to do it," I explained. "It is a pleasant pastime, and I forget all about being different from girls who have admirers and will marry."

And I tenderly wiped some flecks of dust from my burin

and burnishers.

"And what do you do with your work?" he asked, after

a slight pause.

"I sell it in the city. I have made hundreds of dollars," He did not say anything to this; but I felt sure he was longing to know what I did with the money. The spirit of mischief was rampant in me that norning.

"I know you are conjecturing what I do with the proceeds of my sales. I save them. I am awfully avaricious, and have a fear of ending my days in some sort of an asylum or charitable institute."

I startled myself by the indolent gravity with which I uttered this slander upon myself. He did not speak. "I know you are shocked," I said. "Tell me, are you?"

"Only a little astonished," he answered. But there was a new quality in his voice, a sort of pained surprise—verging on coldness—that, although I had designedly provoked it, stung me to the heart. It was unreasonable, I confess, but I had expected him to know that I was talking nonsense. I started up to go.

"I see you are adrift with me," I said, with an angry ges-

ture, for I was angry with myself.

"You are not accustomed to matter-of-fact, practical, homely, frank women, and I embarrass you. Come, we will go to the house."

He stopped me by a quick movement.

"Miss Deborah, let me say a word or two. Do you know that in spite of your frankness, which as a rule is a quality calculated to set one at his ease with a person, there is a strange, half-cold indifference in your manner, in your voice, too, which makes me chafe inwardly, for some reason? I believe that reason is that you are continually, covertly and severely ridiculing yourself. Your frankness is exaggerated. It is a mask."

I felt my face grow hot and my eyelids ache. Something in his words or voice touched my proud heart.

"A mask?" I said. "My frankness a mask? I never thought of that. Perhaps you are right. I will think about it." Then we started to go. Half-way down the stairs, I stopped suddenly. A fit of repentance was on me.

"I have not hoarded up near all of my money," I said; "that was a fabrication. And I am not in fear of asylums and charitable institutions. And I own that I have been frank to rudeness in my many remarks about myself, my personal appearance, and—and yours. Forgive me!"

Then for a moment he looked absolutely handsome. I suppose it was his eyes. They glorified his face, looking into mine with such a wonderful expression. I almost felt as if I was beautiful and his eyes were doing me homage.

"You are a strange, charming woman," he said, "and I wish my poor homely face was less so, so that you might find pleasure in looking on it."

"I would not like you half so well," I said, with a hurried gasp, rushing down the stairs as if to get away from him. Claudia and Ro were at the door, about to come up in search of us.

A few days later we were preparing costumes for a fancy-dress party at a neighbor's.

"Mlss Deborali," Arthur said, coming to me on the parch,

"may I tell you that your taste in colors is not correct? You wear too many pale tints. Will you wear to the party a costume I will design? It represents no special character, but will become you, I know."

"What is it?"

"A dress of purple, some soft flowing fabric, with a dash of yellow—I cannot prescribe the details and adornments, being too ignorant. Make your toilet all deep purple and dead gold, pansies and butterflies. Can you?"

"I will see if it can be done," I said; "but what put such an idea into your head? What does it signify what I wear?

Nothing can improve my appearance, I am sure."

"There, you are reviling yourself again. I cannot bear to have you do that. Do not do so, to me ever. Will you wear the purple and gold?"

"Yes-at any trouble and cost."

"Thanks."

For the first time in my life I studied a toilet and became engrossed in colors, and drapery, and a dressmaker. I thought the result most satisfactory, when I had decked my lank body in the trailing purple robe, which flashed here and there with gold and purple pansies, and richly-hued insects. I had been extravagant. My toilet was rich enough for a duchess, and lovely enough for a beauty. Amethysts, and Annt Madge's wonderful diamonds, formed my ornaments. My mirror told me a sweet story—that I was improved and passable, in a becoming toilet. With the delightful sensation of being for the nonce, not quite a fright, I descended to the parlors where the family was to assemble before starting. As usual, Ro proved my evil fate. "Glory-fi-cation! Why, Deb! aren't you stunning! aren't you afraid you'll scare the bugs and butterflies?"

"Hush! Ro. You should not say such things to your

sister," said Arthur St. George, sharply.

"Oh!" exclaimed the young scamp, with a meaning glance. "That's the game, is it? You take Deb's part, do you? I don't wonder, for you are in the same boat. I heard Aunt Madge say this morning that you two were a splendid match, and would make a number one team. I—"

"You bad boy !" I cried, "Aunt Madge never uses such

language. Go away. Go to bed !"

"Not much! I'm going to the party," replied my dear brother. But he went out of the room rather meekly. I was glad to escape his calamitous tongue. Then I became aware of a pair of dark, deep, handsome eyes scrutinizing me unmercifully.

"How do I look?" I asked in a tremor of excitement and

sanguine pleasure.

"Almost handsome. Better than handsome. You see I was right. Purple deepens the sea-color of your well-shaped eyes, and brings out the gold in your hair. Then you have a royal manner, and a sort of regal poise of head and shoulders, and purple and rich stuffs become these. You should wear it often."

I was crimson with pleasure. "You are an arch flatterer," I said, in a voice strange to myself, it vibrated so with joyous emotion.

"Why, there are tears in your eyes, Deborah?"

I dashed them away.

"Who would have imagined that a toilet could be the occasion of so much emotion?" I asked, endeavoring to laugh and dispel the little tendency to the dramatic.

"But you will wear purple often, to please me, will you not?" he pleaded.

"No," I answered, "it is an unfashionable color and would be odd and conspicuous; moreover, I have always been exempt from effort to look passable, and it is too late now to begin any such device. The story of my hideousness has gone abroad in the land, and if I should by a miracle

become beautiful as Venus, every one would pronounce it a transparent illusion. I am famous as a fright; as a nondescript, I would sink into obscurity."

"You are incorrigible beyond all patience, and I am a patient man," he answered. Then the rest trooped in, and

we started.

By some caprice Claudia was very gracious to Arthur St. George at the party, and there happened to be a very dashing, stylish friend of his down from the city, to whom he showed much attention. So he drifted away from me almost entirely until nearly going-home time, when I treated him with cold platitudes and an icy manner. What! had I decked myself in "deep purple and dead gold" only to be ignored? I was more than indignant, I was dangerously wrathful. But I cooled down before morning, and tried to become philosophical, I read Wordsworth's Ode, "Intimations of Immortality from recollections of early childhood." It always tones down the refractory contumaciousness in me, and appeals to my weak spirituality. I cheerfully prescribe Wordsworth to young persons of perverse and passionate natures. He is like oil on troubled waters, Perhaps it was travesty, but I picked up a crushed purple and gold blossom from the curpet, and said wearily,

"The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat;
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Nevertheless, I found the tears, and greeted daylight with red rims to my sea-green eyes.

I sat at my window, and the songs of the birds called up some gladness in my heart.

"What though the radiance which was once so bright. Be now forever taken from my sight, Though nothing can bring back the hour Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower:

We will grieve not, rather find
Strength In what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering!
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind."

"The philosophic mind." I tried to work my faculties into it. I had been demented to imagine for a moment that I could be attractive to any man of taste and feeling, and youthful love of the beautiful. I berated my foolish soul, for having been cheated into forgetfulness of my inevitable fate.

But, my manners!—my Emersonian manners! St. George, senior, had praised them, and he was a man of taste and experience. And I wondered if the son would second the father's criticism. With Wordsworth in my pocket, and "the philosophic mind" rapidly retiring into mysterious shadow, I went down to breakfast. By the time the meal was over I was in a pitiable fit of despondency; and I can account for my subsequent madness of conduct only upon the theory, that despondency, such as I was suffering, is a species of insanity. "Mr. St. George," I said (oblivious to Wordsworth and "the philosophic mind"), "Emerson is credited with having said, 'I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty.' Did you ever see such manners?"

Then I wished I was dead; for a flitting light in the man's dark eyes told me that those words, applied to me, had been repeated to him by his father.

Without waiting for his answer, I hurried away, not cer-

ing what construction he put upon my ill-mannered departure.

All day I avoided everybody, and was not rendered less miserable by seeing through my half-closed shutters, Claudia and Arthur St. George flirting desperately on their way to the billiard-room. They stayed there for hours, and every click of the balls was an arrow in my sore heart. For three days after that I secluded myself in my "shop," even taking my meals there from Nurse Pill's motherly hands, and slipping to my room at night after every one had retired. I was trying to cultivate "the philosophic mind," and I thought I was succeeding, when, the fourth morning upon entering my work-room, I found Arthur St. George reclining leisurely in my own easy chair.

"Good-morning, Miss Deborah. Forgive my bold in-

trusion into your sanctum, will you not?"

"Whether I forgive your intrusion depends on why you have intruded," I replied, disregarding his salutation and determining to snub him most effectually.

"I came because I want to see you. I have something to consult you about. And as you have retired from the world and its pomps and vanities, my only course was to force my unwelcome self into your presence. Are you angry?"

"Oh, not at all. Angry? Did you ever see me angry? I consider it unladylike to get angry. The 'philosophic mind,' Mr. St. George, never descends to anger."

He stared at me, and there was an anxious look in his dark eyes. I knew he was entertaining a first faint suspicion of my sanity.

"Ro and I have been for a walk," he continued, in a low voice, "and Ro suggested something to me, about which I wish to consult you."

"Well?" I said, standing, as if in intimation that time was precious.

"What is the matter with you?" he cried out, jumping up and coming close to me.

"Nothing whatever; why?" and I retreated several steps.

"As I told you, Ro made a suggestion to me—that I become his brother."

I felt a sinking sensation and the roar of Niagara in my ears. But I recovered instantly. Of course he was in love with Claudia, and I should need Wordsworth and the "philosophic mind" more than ever.

"Ro is a child, and you should pay no attention to him," I managed to utter.

"But it agrees with my inclinations to regard his suggestion, Miss Deborah. Will you listen to me?"

"I am patience on a monument, Mr. St. George. Pray do not periphrase. You are in love with Claudia and have come to consult me, though about what I cannot conjecture, for it seems to me she is the person you wish to see."

"You are mistaken. I have no wish nor object in seeing Claudia."

"Oh!" I gasped, and the truth flashed into my "philosophic mind" that he was endeavoring to make love to me. It was a most ludicrous situation, a most strange love-making. Of course 1 would refuse him. I set my mental resolve down upon that.

"You have been angry with me for three miserable days," said this terrible ogre. "They have been very miserable days to me, and have revealed to me a most important fact. You seem to resent any friendly conversation. Surely, Deborah, you cannot be seriously angry at me? How have I offended? Come, tell me, won't you, dear Deborah?"

I never was called "dear Deborah" before, in the whole course of my life, and the caress in the voice now pronouncing the sweet epithet quite overcame me. But I rallied. I was resolved to display no softness of aspect.

Upon how small a thread sometimes hangs a whole life-

time of joy or sorrow. Just at this juncture a trifle worked a mighty change. I pulled my well-sized silk handkerchief from my jacket pocket and out flew my treasured Words. worth, right at Arthur St. George's feet. He picked it up, and, as from habit, it fell open at my favorite ode, he began reading it in his exquisitely modulated voice. I stood, head bowed and hands clasped, listening, drinking in the music of the tones, the familiar sentiment of the poem, until he had read a page or more. Then my thoughts rambled. This man loved me! With my outrageous perversity I laughed inwardly at the thought. Was it, could it be possible that I had been made love to and that more was to come? That I, the fright and scare-crow, had a lover who adored me and who would presently ask me to be his wife, and that I would blush and be kissed-just like the loveliest woman in the land? It seemed like a dream. And I'm sure that my exaggerated idea of the absurdity of the situation detracted much from its sacredness and destroyed its sentiment.

My thoughts came back to the poem, and I was conquered. The rhythmic words murmured their beauty and sweetness along my over-taxed nerves, and their potence was complete. The storm that for days had raged within me died away in a breath, and I became my better self, penitent and joyous. I was in a most admirable mood to be made love to. I was expectant, imputient.

When my lover had read the last line he put my Wordsworth in his coat pocket and said, "I am glad you like Wordsworth. We will often, in the years to come, read from this volume."

My fickle emotions immediately flew to a new position (which is a happily provided ability or agility of human emotions).

St. George was actually accepting it as a foregone conclusion that he and I were to trot or jog, Darby and Joan fashion, hand in hand down this vale of tears, without saying to me "will you or nill you?" It was not to be endured.

"I prefer almost any poet to Wordsworth," said I, "and you are welcome to read that thummed edition in your pocket—forever."

"Oh! Deborah. What am I to do to subdue you? I love you so dearly, my girl. Surely you know that. Are you trying to drive me away? Is your strange conduct a mere means of rejecting my love?"

"Rejecting your love!" I exclaimed. "How can one reject what has never been offered one?"

How he laughed then. And I found myself laughing, too; when Ro suddenly dashed in the room. "What are you two frights doing?" he asked. Such a stare and grin and curiosity as were depicted on that boy's face! I felt sure he knew very well what we had been doing.

"I have asked Deborah to let me be your sister, Ro," said Arthur, mischievously.

"And what did she say?" asked Ro.

"She is going to say 'yes," replied Arthur.

Ro looked perplexed. "I thought a fellow always proposed to his sweetheart herself, and seems to me it takes a long time for Deb to say you may have Claudia."

"I do not want Claudia."

Ro whistled. Then he yelled in uproarious merriment. "Do you want Deb? Gloryfication, but ain't that a lark! Say, you're just joking, you two, now, ain't you?"

"Not a bit," Arthur answered.

The dear chernb looked his supreme and ineffable disgust, shoved his hands deep down into his voluminous and well-packed pockets, and seemed to grow inches in a few seconds. "All right," he oracularly announced at last. "It's just as well, I suppose, not to spoil two families with your scare-crow faces. But it never was intended that Deb should marry. There's some mistake. I always wanted her an old

maid, to do things for me. But I won't make a row. You're a first-rate old man, Arthur, and, as the head of the family, here's my blessing," and he blew a kiss from his finger-tips and then walked away, profoundly dignified and with a conflict in his young brain.

An hour later I overheard him ask Claudia, "Sis, what do

you think Arthur wants Deb for?"
"Because he loves her, I reckon,"

Silence for a good sixty seconds. Then Ro, "You thought he was peaches on you, didn't you, Sis? It ain't so dreadful to be a fright, after all, for bewitching as you are, you'll never do better than marry, and Deb has had the pick of all the men."

"You are a little reprobate," said Claudia, hotly.

"And you're a cat, and Deb's a fright and so is Arthur. So I reckon things are about square," retorted Ro.

A week later I was in town shopping, tossing purple velvet over the counter and dreaming a dream in a dry goods store, I heard a voice, "Do you know Deb Dallam is going to be married?"

"That fright?"

"Yes."

"To whom, for heaven's sake?"

"To Mr. Arthur St. George, for love's own sake."

"Two frights together, then. That's a wise dispensation. How much is this a yard? Two dollars?"

After we were married, Jenkins, in mercy, described the bride as "stately and distingué." But I know my intimate enemies exclaimed, "She's a perfect fright."

" Death."

MISCALL me not! men have miscalled me much, Have given harsh names and harsher thoughts to me, Reviled and evilly entreated me, Built me strange temples as an unknown God, Then called me idol, devil, unclean thing, And to rude insult bowed my Godhead down. Miscall me not! for men have marred my form, And in the earth-born grossness of their thoughts Have coldly modeled me of their own clay, Then fear to look on that themselves have made. Miscall me not ! ye know not what I ani, But ye shall see me face to face, and know I take all sorrows from the sorrowful, And teach the joyful what it is to joy. I gather in my land-locked harbor's clasp The shattered vessels of a vexed world, And even the tiniest ripple upon life is, to that calm sublime, as tropic storm. When other leech craft fails the breaking brain, I, only, own the anodyne to still Its eddies into visionless repose. The face distorted with life's latest pang I smooth, in passing, with an angel's wing, And from beneath the quiet eyelids steal The hidden glory of the eyes, to give A new and nobler beauty to the rest. Belie me not; the plagues that walk the earth, The wasting pain, the sudden agony, Famine and war and pestilence, and all

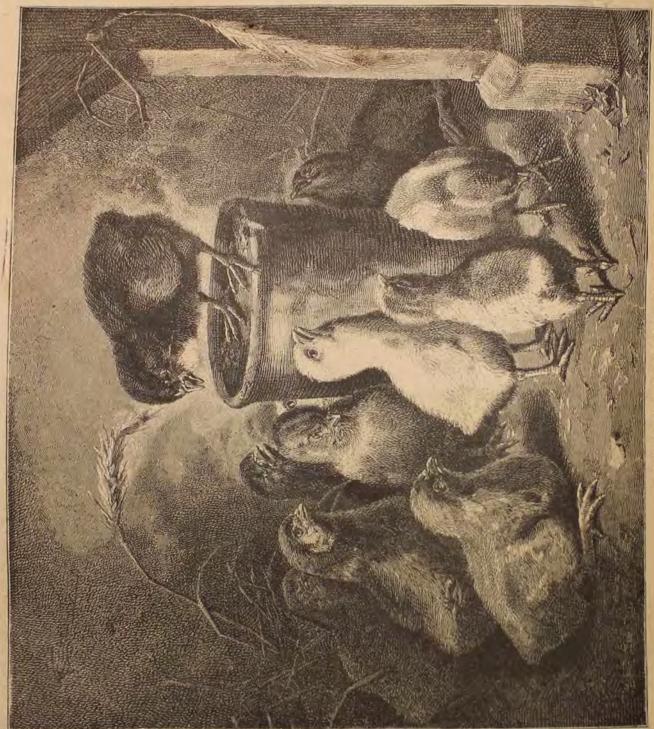
The terrors that have darkened round my name, These are the works of Life, they are not mine; Fly when I tarry, vanish when I come, Instantly melting into perfect peace, As at His word, whose master spirit I am. The troubled water slept on Galilee. Tender I am, not cruel; when I take The shape most hard to human eyes, and pluck The baby-blossom yet unblown, Tis but to graft it on a kindlier stem, And leaping o'er the perilous years of growth, Unswept of sorrow and unscathed of wrong, Clothe it at once with rich maturity. 'Tis I that give a soul to memory : For round the follies of the bad I throw The mantle of a kind forgetfulness: But, canonized in dear Love's calendar, I sanctify the good forevermore. Miscall me not! my generous fullness lends Home to the homeless, to the friendless friends, To the starved babe the mother's tender breast, Wealth to the poor, and to the restless-rest !

A Chicken Sermon.

(See page 554.)

was a native of Rumbeck, on the river Weser, and was born in 1823. He studied at the Dusseldorf Academy, and became famous for his humorous productions, painting especially well the feathered tribe, which he represented in a variety of ways, generally throwing into his productions a spirit of humor that made them very popular. His death, which took place recently, was much deplored, as his place in his chosen department of art is not easily filled.

In the picture "A Chicken Sermon," we see a feathered preacher, surrounded by a small congregation, to whom he is carnestly discoursing. He has selected for his pulpit a large flower-pot which has been turned upside down, and from this height he looks upon his congregation. While to some of his hearers his sermon proves interesting and instructive, it is evidently a narcotic to two of the congregation, who can scarcely keep their eyes open, which is undoubtedly very wrong in them, but as they do not look like hardened sinners, but, on the contrary, seem quite disposed to walk in a correct path, their disposition to slumber on this occasion must be set down to some physical disability and not to any hurdness of heart, or disinclination to receive counsel and admonition. They are trying very hard to keep awake, and may possibly succeed; but they seem so far gone now that the success of their efforts is doubtful. When such things happen in congregations that are not feathered, we cease to wonder at the somnolence of our young friends in the picture. It is pleasant to note, however, that one, at least, of the congregation, has a realizing sense of his shortcomings. The arrow of conviction has penetrated his heart, and visions of his intense seltishness rise up before him, and he sees himself taking more than his share of the humble meals, and thus robbing his brothers and sisters, especially his sisters, who submit to the wrong sooner than battle for their rights. If this "old Adam"-this selfishness-the



one especially unlovely trait in his character, and one of which he is oblivious, is got out of him, it will be a mercy and a great source of comfort to the family, and the sermon will not be preached in vain. He lowers his head with great humility and seems quite overpowered by a sense of his wrong doings, and it is to be hoped that the mood will prove lasting. Some of the congregation listen with looks of .d-

miring approval, as if much impressed by the superior wis dom of the preacher, while two are inclined to argument, and open their beaks in a manner that proves they do not understand that the pews must never talk back at the pulpit

There is infinite humor in this production, and it is to be regretted that the painter passed away before he could add still further to the gallery of humorous paintings.

The Paupers of Pompeii.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

Into the world we come like ships,
Launched from the docks and stocks and slips,
To fortune fair, or fatal.
One, to the world's whee, honey, and corn,
Another, like Lazarus native born
To its vinegar only and pepper.

Thomas Hood.

the eighteen centuries volcano-buried city of Pompeii, may remember having been saluted all the way from the railway station to the actual gate of Pompeii with the following song: "Sono un povero, poveretto, Senza scarpe, senza letto; Son un povero, poverett, Senza scarpe, senza lett."

The Italian Government prohibits begging except when the person is physically incompetent to labor. Yet the enforcement of this law is lax in the southern part of good King Humbert's dominions. The people there have not gotten over the habit of feeling that great numbers of human beings are by constitution and circumstances, helpless; in themselves, utterly helpless; and as that happy organization of human affairs which would provide for all, and put each in his own place, has not been accomplished, not even in our new Republic, in the absence of a larger and more efficient help for the helpless, in those old countries where they are more numerous than here, the hand of pity is their habitual succor; at once relieving and fostering their condition.

Nobody stopped at the small restaurant-hotel "Diomede." longer than to take a solid luncheon-dinner after reconnoitering the resurrected city, unless to stop over Sunday when belated on Saturday night. On the contrary, "we" stayed there six weeks; for " Hotel Diomede" has a wide and long open-air balcony, or rather a level house roof, opening out from the chambers, and displaying scene and scenery, natural, historical, and living, which to the student or poet, are richer, more memory-filling than the luxurious commonplaces of the best of the several good hotels of Naples. Uncovered Pompeii opens right out of the house northward; while on the opposite, where our balcony is, there lies, east, south, and west, a view, of which every inch is classic. This scenery and associations far reaching back, so rich, so Roman-the Apennines, Neapolitan Bay, Sorrento Villa, and Nature's volcano which tumes and flares over them all, we shall not now consider, but direct our gaze at life in the foreground, where several curious specimens are seemingly ever existing, of an humble grade of human life.

Before the arrival of the first train there is time for an early riser to look around, and see the lively and hopeful world in front of "Diomede;" the genial and somewhat congenial community of business acquaintances, including an upper stratum more favored or rather less afflicted at birth than the subjects of this sketch; the Guides to Vesuvius, the porters, and the nimble concourse in general, that await the hoped-for ingression of Pompeian visitors, to perform for them all sorts of services, and persuade to all sorts of small expenses.

The beggars of Pompeii appear on the scene with a punctuality worthy of a better vocation. They come every day all winter, unless it rains; and on tempestuous days, if it holds up, out they start. They consider themselves quasi legitimate by long occupation of this bonanza spot; are regular habitu's, and do not quite fellowship or respect an interloping addition to their corps, who has less claim by the feebleness and afflictions of nature, and who has any of the vagabond or lawless character. The Pompeian paupers are far

from being the "miserable wretches," the conventional idea of the beggar's inherent character. Yet any one of them, fifty times a day, fills that portrait admirably, in the artistic, picturesque sense of the word. They are not "miserable," in the sense of rasping, gnawing unhappiness; and while far from perfection, they are not greater "wretches" than are some of the respected men to whom they doff the hat and hold out the supplicating hand,

The Pompeian paupers in general, are as jolly as other persons. They live in their own homes, for which they pay rent like other citizens; and at their "counting-house," which is the arena between the railroad and "Hotel Diomede," they simply lie on the grass, in the sunshine, and wait for a penny to fall from Heaven.

But they are not all equally voluble and laughing, when off their guard, unobserved; and it is fair to suppose that they are not all equally jolly. It cannot be cheerful to be blind, and as he is inclined to a demeanor resigned and silent, it is probable that the saddest man is the one that sings,

The regular corps of supplicants are the blind man, the maimed man, the blind woman, the enfeebled woman, the boy with a mis-shapen hand, another boy, and the boy with a disfigured neck, who is an attaché of the blind woman; not so very numerous, but their promptness, persistence, and volubility make them appear like a whole regiment of misfortune's ill-starved progeny. Here is a vivid contrast, because here is also the rendezvous of festive and holiday tourists, in search of recreative pleasure through money-spending. Occasionally a new one appears. A lame boy in rags, hobbles along, supporting himself with a cane.

- "What different lots our stars accord!

 This babe to be hailed and wooed as a lord,
 And that to be shunned like a leper!
- "One is a puny, shivering wretch,
 The whole of whose birth-right would not fetch
 The bid of a mess of pottage.
- "Another comes tenderly ushered in.
 To a mansion all brightly burnished;
 No tenant he for the city's slums.
 He comes to the world as a gentleman comes
 To a lodging ready furnished."

Hood.

Boy No. 2 is an irregular; regarded as a vagabond and volunteer attache of the boy with the unfortunate hand; and not possessing the necessary qualifications of beggary. In addition to all these, there are two, more privileged; one of them is properly a higher caste than the bottom round of the human ladder. They appear only within Hotel Diomede; and there, upon occasion of a throng, they even serve a turn at helping Alberique, the table waiter, much to the amusement of the diners.

Рипле,

The blind man, is No. 1 on the list, because he is the most prompt, most prominent, and most inevitably heard, whether or not his voice touches the pity-pocket. He sings his always one song in a mixture of pure Italian and the Neapolitan dialect, and with the accompaniment of his guitar. Translated, it signifies: "I am a poor, poor fellow, without shoes, and without even a bed. I would sell my stockings, if I had any, for a single plate of macaroni. sir, on the contrary, always have plenty of it; and if you were going to recommend a good dinner for a friend, you would certainly say macaroni. If you were going to send a soldier into battle, full of courage, you would start him out full of meat and macaroni. When we dance the tarantella we always have our macaroni, and steaming hot Comrades, I am delighted. We shall have macaroni, hurrah! it appears to me we are eating it now."

The time of the song is set to the pace of the traveler, which is apt to be brisk. The time may vary within one phrase of the melody, accelerating so as to offer as much of the plea as possible before the tourist is beyond hearing. Often the pleader accomplishes the delivery of only the preliminary lines, and seldom or never has an opportunity to present the whole argument. Occasionally he pronounces with great intensity the first syllable of the words, povero, poveretto. None of the Pompeians know more name for the blind man than "Philippe," although he is the veteran of the beggarly group, is over sixty years old, and has begged at the gate of Pompeii, some say fourteen, but the majority say, thirty years; evidently beyond the present memories. Before that he begged at Torre Annunziata, one of the towns between Pompeii and Naples, which lie on that great sweeping curve that outlines the beautiful Neapolitan Bay. A niece mends his clothes and lives with him in Torre Annunziata; but just now, according to my note-book, she has packed up her baggage, and betaken herself away in high indignation, leaving the old man alone.

ALPHONSE SISSILA,

The lowly object who was born with immovable knees and twisted ankles, is one of the most jolly and cordial of men. Down he is upon the ground, and never in his life stood up one moment. Every morning he rides to his place of business, just like any other industrious and prosperous person. He rides erect, and presents a fine appearance like any other man; as fine as anybody else would on the same animal; in fact one altogether forgets to notice the animal. He doffs his hat with a "good morning" to an acquaintance on the way, with the hearty cordiality of a hail-fellow, and with the graceful frankness of an Italian. Arrived, he slides off his low donkey, and ties it to a little stake, to graze and nibble through the long day. Then he crawls rapidly to an office, which, unlike that of other men, has the peculiarity of being literally the All-Out-Doors; his particular desk being a seat on the ground. His bare feet, while he walks on all fours, are doubled inwardly back, and when he finally seats himself, they obtrude in supplicating view from his expanded lap.

The straight path from the railway station to Pompeii is fully the length of a city's wide square or block. While the rest of his ilk start on the run at the arrival of the railroad train, this feet-lame beggar sits at his ease and catches the guests as they pass along. He has three distinct faces: one is a mock misery-it is gaunt anxiety whether the peas of Heaven will be cast into his pocket or not; another is the wide smile, most hearty of men, without the least imbecility; the third face, the bright, ordinary look of any person of mind, of which possession no one can doubt who sees him pull off his perpetual hat, and show a head worthy of better feet. It is really a superior physiognomy of head and face, and I have seen him, sitting on the fence, poised as well as any other man, and let a whole troop of the fresh comers pass without extending his hand. Intelligence is good in every vocation. Alphonse is not a persistent or troublesome beggar. He only presents himself, which is a sufficient plea.

Born to beg? Bereft of useful feet, he is unconscious of degradation in asking alms from the locomotive born. He frequently trades off his donkey and gets another; he says, "because they get old." A Russian gentleman gave the one he now rides. This maimed mendicant and a farmlaboring brother are the remnant of a family of fourteen children. One sister, maimed like him, long survived, while eleven died young. She was not a beggar; she sewed for a living. This twin, a girl well shapen, died, and the distorted baby is likely to become an old man. Yet he does

not seem old. Twenty-seven years ago-he then twenty-" She had no father, eight-he married a girl of seventeen or mother, or anybody, so she took me to love and to care for her; and I much needed some one to make and mend my shirts and other vestments," and while pointing to his breast he inadvertently touched a great patch upon his linen coat, which testified to her good qualities. "I pay six and a half lire a month for rent. My wife weaves. Night and morning I cut grass for my donkey. Yes; we come when it rains, too, if it holds up a few minutes," as though it was indeed a hardship, yet business must be attended to. "I have three children dead and one living, a namesake for my mother. Little Caterina will next Friday come here with me." he said, with a bright, broad smile. Now Alphonse forgets himself, and tells the truth about his expenses. "I pay four and a half lire." This rent is ninety cents a

Every proprietor in this great counting-room, with an arch as high as the sky for a ceiling, has that which is each individual's castle, for which they pay about seventy-five cents a month, more or less. It is one room—perhaps it should be called an architectural hole—yet it is a home.

All the hack drivers, the guides to Vesuvius, the straggling boys, beggars generally, and some loafers of a higher grade, drew near when I first went out to interview the beggars, so I withdrew.

Then followed a day of tempestuous weather, and not a pauper appeared. It was the first day of such absence. They knew the visiting currents. The cold gray skies of November were over us, and December was close at hand. The weather next day was threatening, and there were but two: one was the beggar that came on horseback, and the other was the blind woman. Comparatively few of the miscellany are on hand; they begin to gather, but immediately I keep silent, and they pass on. She seems to have a slow tongue, and Alphonse helps her story. Blind

Louisa

has no other relative but a sister and the little nephew who leads her. A piteous pair; the boy's throat is disfigured with seams and warts. They live at Torre Annunziata; the sister's husband is a farm laborer. The poor may help the poor, and they cling together. Blind since she was thirteen years of age, the years of blind life now sum up eleven more. Luisella Rossa is little rosy Louise, a name euphonious and sentimental enough for a better fortune; Luisella, the diminutive form, being her common appellation, at least when the speaker feels kindly. While I was getting well into her history, assisted by Alphonse, the two immediately ran away, breaking our conversation. A carriage full of tourists was about to start from the door of Hotel Diomede. I waited patiently, conscious that if I interview people in business hours, business must be attended to. The next was the sick woman,

MARIA,

bearing the name of the Blessed Virgin; she has identified herself with the path to Pompeii only a few years, compared with the pauper veterans. Her companions could tell me no other name, though they exerted their memories severely. She has a fool daughter, and a robber husband; from him she is now separate; is forty-five years old; her arms are permanently disabled, by the father of the fool, who has spent much of his life in prisons, and who was always a wife beater. While she is out begging her only offspring, twenty-three years old, is shut up at home. This home, "little hole" the Pompeians call it, is at Bosco, where she pays rent, forty cents a month. When not begging here, she begs in Torre Annunziata. Her name is Maria Cullarina, as finally comes to Alphonse's memory.

ANTONY.

named certainly after Marc Antony, the beloved of Cleopatra; Antony, the boy with the twisted hand, laughed so, when I attempted to interview him, that he could not talk to inform me about his real and professional misfortunes. He has a wide mouth full of brilliant teeth, which, as the expression of a boy's buoyant heart, is on the continual stretch with laughter, except when it is made up into form for business. He accompanies the exhibition of his distorted right hand with a piteous "can't work,"—"poor,"—"can't work." The down-drawn mouth of misery, the piteous whine, are but for the instant. The moment the tourist's back is turned, or when they meet a familiar face from which they expect nothing,—the thought of business away, Antonio, Alphonse, and any others of their temperament and condition, are in as laughing humor as any foreigner on the Plaza with a cigarette in his mouth.

When the boy's combination fit of spasmodic laughter and diffidence had subsided, Alphonse and he fumbled together a story, from which I gleaned that the cradle upset, and he was burned, when a baby of five months, now of fifteen years. He lives with his mother, who spins. Has a soldier brother, a married sister, and a dead father who had some time previously left the boy's mother. All the Pompeian paupers, except the two blind, live at "Bosco Tre Case," the Grove with three houses, a very considerable town between Pompeii and the volcano. Anton, lives within three feet of the pathway toward the crater of Vesuvius.

CICILE

a vagabond about nine years old, often to be seen with "Anton," has now gone to learn a trade; has a father and step-mother, but if he can be said to live anywhere, lives with "Anton," and is one of several boys who from time to time keep the Twisted Hand company at his vocation. All Anton's companion boy-beggars are vagabonds, not blind nor burned, and not as much entitled to a pity-penny as they are to work.

The two remaining on our list of the lowly have none of the bearing of beggar, except the ceremony of passing the hat. They seek alms only from the patrons of the table; but as almost everybody lunches in the "Hotel Diomede," they may well be included among the paupers of Pompeii. Of these, the man who is both guitarist and songster may be styled

ALPHONSE II.

He is allowed to perform because, so said, he dandled "Diomede's" now adult offspring before they were old enough to walk alone. If he displayed ability in that way he ought still to be nursing children, as he has no musical talent, either instrumental or vocal. For the diners' entertainment his efforts are worse than the absence of a serenade. He has probably always followed the vocation of a solicitor. He has a wife and two children, and lives at Torre Annunziata. He nominally accompanies with his guitar, but does not disturb the solo-obbligato of

THE FLUTIST.

Whether or not Giovanni Burati has been always by turns an ambulatory musician, he is a charming player, and is also a truly brilliant performer on the harp. But if he played the harp, where would be Alphonse II.? It would preclude the favorite ex-nurse from business opportunities with his croaking voice and out-of-tune guitar. So Giovanni clutches the partnership pay, as a hungry man would a crust, or a dog a bone. His flute performances are really good. He has played in the theater, is unmarried, lived formerly with a brother, and was an operative in the powder factory. Now he lives alone, pays a dollar or less a month for one room at Scafati, the next town beyond Pompeii, on the road to Saler-

no. Scafati is an interesting study, like every Neapolitan country town. The flutist seldom begs. The discordant guitarist and hoarse songster does the asking for pay for the voluntary serenade. The flute-player has figured here not more than seven years. He appears to be fifty-five years old, but they say that through lack of nutrition he seems older than he is. Giovanni is qualified for a better life—in the points, at least, of artistic intelligence or capacity. But—

"Let observation with extensive view Survey mankind from China to Peru; This mournful truth is everywhere confessed, Slow rises worth by poverty depressed,"

Sam't Johnson.

If some beneficent affluent would take him away, have him perform in concert, in city or town, and so get pupils, dressed in clothes of an artist instead of his threadbare suit—would he step up and stay up? An ancient theory, the transmigration of souls, stole into the imagination. I wondered if the old man who plays the sweetest of strains, a beggar at the Gate of Pompeii, was ever one of its rich and elegant proprietors; riding in his Roman chariot; eating in one of these frescoed villas, at his own dining table; surrounded by patricians, and waited on by servants; draining the festive glass, with Diomede, or Sallust, or Cicero; and in the great amphitheater of Pompeii occupying a chair near the lions, the tiger and the gladiator? Or was he one of an ancient orchestra, which in the two elegant theaters of Pompeii played for the entertainment of wealthy Pompeians, with their Roman guests, senators, orators and philosophers? Did he then love one of the Vestals, the only women who, in the theater, occupied the aristocratic and most favorable seats; and is that lurking love the unconscious reason why in this present lowly life, half fed, half frozen, he has fastened to nobody to be loved-too famished to be fond? And if in his not half-fed heart survive the ashes of the old immortal-in still another life, when John Burati has died and lived again, will he have refound his Vestal, and be again honored, and more happy than honored?

Is the immortal spark, the love which is the kernel of all individual existence, covered with ashes through some whole lives; slumbering, to flame anew with the next birth?

"Ah, if the soul immortal be, Is not its love immortal too ?"

Anna Ballard.

Almost a Tragedy.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

NE could hardly imagine a prettier sight than Mrs.

Rhoderick Grafton in a dainty white morning dress and a Duchess lace cap adorned with a coquettish bow of apricot satin.

There she sat behind the urn, placidly filling a frail little cup with fragrant coffee, and stealing once in a while a halfmischievous glance at her irate liege.

"If there is any thing in this world that I hate," observed Mr. Rhoderick Grafton with an ugly frown on his handsome face, "it's a married woman who flirts!"

"I agree with you, Rorie," his wife replied, as she dropped another lump of sugar into his cup. "Hadn't I better make it four this morning, dear? You really ought to take something to sweeten your temper."

"Bonnie," he cried, savagely. "You're enough to drive a man to the devil!"

"If possible, Rhoderick, I wish you would not quite forget what is due me as a lady."

Mr. Grafton bit his lip in a perfect transport of vexation.

"Why didn't you tell me you meant to act like this before I married you?" he said, pushing back his chair.

"Because then you never would have done it, and I should have missed all these delightful little scenes!"

Mr. Rhoderick jumped up and stalked to the window, where he stood for some time with his back to Mrs. Rhoderick, gnawing the ends of his mustache and looking frantic.

"You had better come and finish your breakfast, dear," his wife said with studied sweetness. "Your coffee is get-

ting cold,"

He faced about with a sudden impetuosity and a look that showed there was pain commingled with his anger.

"Bonnie," he cried, hoarsely, "for God's sake-"

She was at his side in an instant, her arms about his neck and her pretty head pillowed on his breast.

As she lifted her lips for a pardoning kiss, two hot tears fell upon her face.

"Rorie," she whispered, softly, very much frightened by this denouement, "I did not mean to vex you so!"

He folded his arms tightly about her and hid his head on her shoulder.

"I can't help it, Bonnie," he said, brokenly. "I know I'm a jealous brute. You ought never to have married me. I love you too much. It fairly maddens me to see you flirting with other men—and.you my wife, too!"

"But I don't flirt, Rorie," she insisted, combing her slender

fingers through his beard.

"Call it what you will," he answered, with a slight frown.
"You know what I mean. I never was so miserable in all my life as I was last night, Bonnie. What made you act so?"

"So!" she echoed. "How? Now, Rorie, do be reasonable for once! I only danced twice with Archie O'Hara, and both dances were quadrilles."

"It wasn't the dancing; it was the way you looked and smiled on him. You are so pretty, Bonnie! Any man would jump at the chance of flirting with you. They do jump at it, and I—I wish you would never look or smile on any one but me!"

Mrs. Rhoderick laughed in a bewitching way.

"You dear old jealous goose!" she cried, kissing him at every adjective. "I didn't mean it; indeed, I never thought of such a thing!"

"I know I am a fool," he admitted with amiable candor.

"And I know it is as natural for you to flirt as it is for you to breathe; but, Bonnie—please don't do it any more than you can help!"

"I won't," she said, laughingly. "Now, Rorie, do come and get your breakfast."

So he allowed her to woo him back to the table. Strong man though he was, she could make him do pretty much as she pleased, for her power to render him utterly miserable was immense. But there was a point beyond which Bonnie knew that she dared not go; and, to do her justice, she never really meant to wound her husband, for she loved him with her whole heart and soul.

She and Rorie had quite a tender parting scene that morning. It would have been more so if they had known they would not meet again that evening as usual.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Rhoderick's office boy came out from town with the following note:

"MY DARLING LITTLE WIFE :-

"I have just received a telegram from Boston calling for my immediate presence there. Will you please pack my valise, and give it to Charlie? Put in my gray suit, four shirts, etc., etc. * * * It almost breaks my heart to go away without bidding you good-bye, but I haven't a moment to spare. You may look for me home on Saturday. I am very sorry that you won't be able to go to Mrs. Wylde's

on Wednesday. But never mind, darling! I'll see if I can't find something in Boston to pay for the lost pleasure. Goodbye, sweet wife! Yours always and devotedly,

So Rhoderick went to Boston, and left his pretty wife at home. But, contrary to his expectations, the business that called him there was all settled up by Tuesday night, and on Wednesday morning he started for New York.

"What a surprise this will be for Bonnie!" he said as he took a cab and drove out home. "Seven o'clock, rather late, but I guess we can make the reception after all."

When he reached the house, he ran up the steps and opened the door with his night key. His intention was to give his wife a complete surprise, and with this thought in his mind he stole softly along the hall to the staircase.

But the parlor door was open, and, as Rhoderick passed it he saw standing in the middle of the room, busily engaged with a book of autographs, a handsome man in full evening dress, in short, Archie O'Hara.

Rhoderick paused with his foot on the lower step of the stairway just as his wife opened the sitting room door and called:

"Archie! Archie! Come up here-I want you!"

Instinctively Rhoderick shrank back behind the portiere of the library, and Archie O'Hara ran lightly up-stairs with out suspecting his proximity.

"Why, Bonnie," he heard Archie say, as the sitting-room door opened and closed again.

Then he was left alone with the jealous passion which seemed to blind every faculty he had.

The faint sound of laughter and merry words emanated from the sitting-room where Bonnie, his wife, had summoned Archie O'Hara.

He remembered that miserable party at Mrs. Vincent's. How Bonnie had flirted with O'Hara in her thoughtless way, and the words they had had at breakfast about it.

"Now Bonnie had let him come to see her while he was away. She—"

Rhoderick's pulse beat madly and he clenched his teeth. Should he go up there now and order O'Hara out of the house? The most awful suspicions flashed through his mind; for fifteen minutes he suffered all the agony of suspense and doubt.

Then the sitting-room door opened and he heard the soft rustle of silken drapery followed by a man's step.

Shrinking still further back behind the portiere, Rhoderick almost held his breath as they passed him.

"Are you sure that wrap is heavy enough, darling?" Archie O'Hara said, tenderly. "It is quite a long drive to Mrs. Wylde's."

He did not hear the answer. He staggered against the casement of the door, and, with convulsive fingers pulled back the portiere just in time to see Bonnie's long sweeping white silk and Chantilly lace vanish through the doorway.

"It was his carriage that stood at the door," he gasped. "She has gone with him to Mrs. Wylde's!"

The awful sickening misery of that moment he never forgot until his dying day.

White as death, and quite as cold, he sank down upon the floor, and buried his face in his hands.

Another man would have followed his wife, but Rhoderick only raised himself after an hour of unspeakable anguish, and went up-stairs to his room.

Unlocking a drawer in his dressing case he took out a little revolver, and looked at it deliberately.

"This is the only way out of it," he muttered. "If I were to klll her first it would only be just; but —— I could not shoot Bonnie!"

The pistol was loaded.

"I may as well have it over at once," he said, hoursely, "This is worse than any torment that may come hereafter."

With that he lifted the pistol and pointed it at his head.

The hammer was raised, but just as he was about to pull the trigger his eyes fell on a full-length picture of Bonnie in her bridal dress.

At the sight of that pretty, riante face which he thought that he beheld for the last time, a convulsive tremor shook his arm, and the ball which was aimed at his brain went crashing over his head, barely grazing the scalp and shattering a mirror on the other side of the room.

This unforeseen failure of his purpose seemed to daze him for a moment, and his arm fell nerveless at his side. A wild shrick arrested him just as he was about to place the muzzle of the revolver firmly against his temple for another attempt.

He started, the pistol fell from his hand and he stood like a statue of stone, for there was Bonnie in the doorway! She was dressed in a pretty blue peignoir, and her hair was rippling about her in charming disorder.

"Rorie!" she cried, with wildly dilating eyes. "What

are you doing?"

"Bonnie!" he gasped, incredulously. "Bonnie!"

She flew to his side in quick alarm.

"Rorie!" she cried, flinging her arms about his neck and lifting her pale, terror-stricken face to his. "Rorie! my darling! Something dreadful has happened. What is it? Tell me—quick! Have you lost all your money? O Rorie! Rorie! You didn't mean to shoot yourself?"

"Yes, I did!" he answered, thrusting her away from him with sudden fury. "You have come back, have you, madam? You found out that I have returned and so you dismissed Mr. O'Hara! I fear I have spoiled your pleasure for to-night."

"Rorie," she faltered, gazing at him in astonishment and

great alarm, "what is the matter with you?"

"I suppose you cannot imagine. Well, Mrs. Grafton, I had the pleasure of seeing you go out with O'Hara a little over an hour ago."

"I, Rorie! You are crazy! He and Muriel have gone to

Mrs. Wylde's reception."

"Muriel!" he echoed.

"Cousin Muriel !-- Muriel Withey. She came yesterday, Rorie. What on earth made you think---"

"I did not see her face, but I saw your white silk dress

and your lace mantle."

"I loaned them to her," Bonnie cried eagerly. "Her trunk hasn't come—I don't know why—and she wanted so much to go with Archie. I call him that now, Rorie, because—you mustn't let on, if I tell you—he and Muriel are engaged."

This immediate transition from utter misery to the height of bliss was more than Rhoderick could understand at first, but as the truth slowly penetrated his inner consciousness, he folded his wife close to his heart and held her there as though he never in this world meant to let her go again.

When, in broken sentences, he managed to tell her how his jealous suspicion had clothed itself in the garb of truth, and how nearly he had come to taking his own life—how the merest accident had saved him, Bonnie clung to him with passionate fervor and sobbed out her horror upon his breast.

"Rorie," she whispered, "I'll never—never do any thing to make you jealous again! And oh, Rorie! if by any accident I should, promise me faithfully that you will never—never—NEVER think of—of killing yourself; because it would kill me, too! I could not live without you."

So he gathered her into his arms closer than ever, and

promised solemnly.

Since that day their life has been more tranquil, for they have both learned a lesson which neither can forget.

The Rosicrucian.

The world has grown gray, sings the poet.
The cloud of the present hangs low,
The light of the future—none know it,
The past a lost glory doth show.
We drag through our pallid existence—
Poor puny, weak sons of to-day;
The light that shines on from the distance
But deepens the shade on our way.

"Ashes of roses," we mutter,
With smiles deeply drowned in our tears;
Bitter the words that we utter,
Bitter our days and our years.
O life! filled with music, and pleasant,
When earth, now grown weary, was young,
We catch through the sobs of the present

A snatch of the song that was sung.

Aye, often a poet hath caught it,
To sing it in tones shrilling sweet;
And with his wild fancies inwrought it,
To die in a measure too fleet.
'Twas for thee, O my vision of splendor!
To come from the realms of the past,
With hands full of gifts, and to render
Our days not all joyless at last.

The balm, and the perfumes and spices,
The incense from altars long cold,
That anew in an amber-cloud rises
And changes our gray mist to gold;
The great tropic flowers that faded
Or ere we drew our first breath,
Whose subtle, strange scents have invaded
And lightened the gardens of death.

Red gold, restless jewels, rare treasures,
And mystical symbols of gain,
The signs of antique, foregone pleasures
Of life ere its passion did wane;
All gifts full of grace and of glory,
Are borne in thy bountiful hands,
To dower our time, faint and hoary,
And white with the centuries' sands.

In thine eyes hides the knowledge unspoken
Of Egypt's lost mysteries old;
On thy brow rests the changeless, unbroken,
Dread calm of the Sphynx vast and cold;
But the love of the Greek, and the laughter,
The fire and the dreams of the South,
The delight of the days that came after,
Smile out in the curves of thy mouth.

From the sea of the Greek where the Venus
Turned foam-white to rose with her smile,
From the bosky green woods where Silenus
Laughed out at the oread's wile;
From the Nile, where the lotus lies sleeping.
A moonbeam struck through to its heart,
From the sands where the dumb Sphynx is peeping
In silence her terrible art;

From the stone statues, solemn and frowning,
Whose lips broke in music when dawn
With flame their grave foreheads came crowning
To waken a soul with the morn—
Aye, back from the dawn of creation,
When God stayed His hand in delight,
Thou bringest thy strange revelation
From day to illumine our night.

All love thee, but none can express thee
Or pierce to the core of thy heart;
The poet in dreams may half guess thee
And faintly divine what thou art;
But the song that would sing thee is broken,
The lips quiver once and are still;
And thy mystery, ever unspoken,
Is left for the future to fill.

On thy breast is the Red Cross eternal,
That never a mortal may see;
Its meaning, supreme and supernal,
Is known to no being but thee.
Thy secret, O strange Rosicrucian!
Thou guardest with honor and well;
None know that thou holdest solution
Of earth and of heaven and hell.

ANNE SHELDON.

"The Head of Perseus."

(See plaster Relief.)

HE most interesting remains of Greek art are Reliefs. Originally bas-reliefs were merely an outline, that partook of the nature of the silhouette, no attention being paid to details. Gradually, as the Greeks acquired more skill in the plastic art, greater roundness was given to the figures, and more care was taken to give the details within the outlines.

Both with the Greeks and the Assyrians this art was developed at a very early period, and preceded that of statuary, being in especial use for the adornment of temples. Among the earliest works of this nature are several bas-reliefs that were found in the ruins of a Doric temple at Assos, a town of Phrygia Minor, and which are now in the museum at the Louvre. Almost as ancient as these are some bas-reliefs that were found in 1882 among the ruins of the oldest temple on the Acropolis of Selinus in Sicily. One of these ancient productions represents Perseus cutting off the head of Medusa, while Pallas stands by and watches the operation. Medusa is on her knees, and holds in her hands the figure of a small horse, presumably Pegasus. The face of Medusa is wreathed with smiles, which is somewhat singular under the circumstances, and no less smiling are Perseus and Pallas. Perseus slaying Medusa was a favorite subject with the sculptors of old, and they never wearied of reproducing the scene. In more modern times, Cellini modeled a figure of Perseus, to be placed under one of the arches of the Loggia de' Lanzi, at Florence, which, when it was uncovered, excited the greatest admiration. Perseus stands with a drawn sword, looking down upon the lifeless body of Medusa, while in his other hand he holds the head of the Gorgon.

This favorite hero of the Greeks was the son of Jupiter and Danae, and was placed in a chest when a child, by his maternal grandfather, and with his mother was thrown into the sea; the reason assigned for this cruel act being that an oracle had predicted that the boy would slay his grandfather and take possession of the throne. Perseus and his mother were rescued by a fisherman, and conveyed to the island of Seriphos, the king of which was Polydectes. This monarch received the waifs at his palace, where Perseus grew to manly strength and beauty, and was much admired for his bravery and fine personal appearance.

Polydectes on one occasion gave a feast, each guest being expected to present the king with a fine horse. Perseus, unable to comply with the request, agreed to give Polydectes the head of Medusa, one of the Gorgon sisters, and the only one that was mortal. These fearful creatures, who turned

to stone all who looked at them, had wings of gold, hands of brass, great tusks, and bodies covered with scales.

Before Perseus set forth on his mission, Athena presented him with a brass shield, which would reflect the image of Medusa, and enable him to slay the monster without incurring the risk of looking at her. Pluto gave him a helmet which would make him invisible; Hermes a pair of winged shoes, and Vulcan, a knife with which to slay the monster. Thus armed, Perseus set forth on his journey, and on reaching the sea-shore, where the sisters resided, he found them asleep, and cutting off Medusa's head, fled with his booty.

As he was journeying back to the court of Polydectes, he met, on the coast of Ethiopia, the beautiful Andromeda, chained to a rock, who was expiating her offense against the Nereids, by comparing her beauty to theirs. Moved by her beauty, Perseus offered to release her if she would marry him, a proposition to which she assented, although she was betrothed to another. After releasing Andromeda, by slaying the sea-monster who was keeping watch over her, he unchained the maiden, and married her. While the wedding feast was in progress, the discarded lover and a band of followers rushed into the apartment, and a terrible fight ensued. Perseus produced the head of Medusa, at the sight of which his opponents were turned into stone, leaving him master of the field.

When he arrived at Seriphos, he found that his mother had been insulted by the king, and fired with indignation, he resolved to punish him for the offence. Appearing in the court where Polydectes sat, surrounded by his courtiers, he exhibited the head of Medusa, at the sight of which the assembly, including the king, were transformed into stone. Perseus then gave the kingdom to the fisherman who had rescued him from the waves.

Accompanied by his wife and his mother, he set out for his native country. On going in search of his grandfather, he found him at the court of the king of Larissa, assisting that monarch in celebrating the funeral games in honor of his father. While playing quoits, Perseus accidentally killed his grandfather, who had, on hearing of the approach of his grandson, fled to the court of his friend, thus meeting the fate he had sought to avoid, and which had been predicted by the oracle.

Deeply grieved by this sad accident, Perseus refused to reign at Argos, and exchanged his kingdom for that of Tirynthus. After his death he received divine honors, and was changed into a constellation. Perseus, the constellation, is directly north of the Pleiades, between Andromeda and Auriga. It contains, including the head of Medusa, fiftynine stars, or, as some say, sixty-seven.

In our charming bas-relief of the head of this renowned Greek hero, every detail is most correctly carried out. Perseus is seen wearing the helmet adorned with the conqueror's wreath, and surmounted by the winged horse Pegasus, which sprang from the blood spilled when the head of Medusa was severed from her body. Around his neck are the scales that covered the Gorgon, and he wears the head of Medusa, with its snaky hair and wings of gold. The face is that of a handsome Greek youth, and its delicate chiseling and rare beauty are especially observable. In this beautiful bas-relief we have an exquisite reproduction of antique art, one that is wonderful in view of the material here used. Marble has been made to speak, but never before has the plastic art found an exponent in paper. It is a splendid triumph of man's inventive genius and powers of execution, and will commend itself to all lovers of the beautiful and the original. For delicacy and refinement, this charming bas-relief cannot be surpassed; and it tells the story of Perseus, as if the pen and not the chisel had related it.

The Rose in Song and Story.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE

"Oh, who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere?
With its roses, the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples and grottees and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their ways."

LL nations have their roses, but the most numerous and beautiful species had their first home in the sunny clime of the Orient. The whole poetry of Eastern lands is fragrant with this flower. Fanciful stories are related of its origin, and it was made the symbol of beauty and the language of love. This symbolry, with which Oriental romance is so replete, has come down to our day with the same significance it has held from time immemorial.

The paradise of roses is Persia and Cashmere. They bloom in every spot and crevice in the richest profusion. Travelers who have visited those far-off lands portray in glowing colors the groves and fairy gardens that are like bowers of beauty with bloom and fragrance and song. They cover the cottage of the peasant with beauty, and ornament the palaces of kings. When Sir William Ormsby visited a noble of Teheran, he relates that the floor of the great hall and all the candlesticks and ornaments were decorated with roses. The principal walks leading to the palace were scattered with rose-leaves, and the reservoirs of water were so thickly covered with fresh roses that not a ripple was visible.

In Moore's "Lalla Rookh," which is a complete picture of Oriental life, there is an allusion to a Persian custom which will remind one of Sir William Ormsby's description.

"The lake, too, like a garden breathes, With the rich buds that o'er it lie, As If a shower of fairy wreaths Had fallen upon it from the sky. And merry laughter echoing From many an infant group at play Among the tents that line the way, Flinging, unawed by slave or mother, Handfuls of roses at each other."

This refers to a festival called the "Feast of Roses," which lasted the whole season of the roses' bloom. The Princess Nour Mahal, the most lovely lady in the harem of Shah Jehan, instead of rose leaves, filled a canal with rose water and rowed about on it with her royal consort in a fairy boat of silver. The heat of the sun disengaged the essential oil from the water and their majesties observing the fact, it caused an examination which resulted in the invention of otto of roses.

The roses of Persia are musk roses, which fable tells us burst into flower at the first notes of the nightingale. The rose is always associated with the bulbul or nightingale by Eastern poets. One of them says:

> "—— Though rich the spot With every flower that earth has got, What is it to the nightingale If there his darling rose is not!"

Solomon sings the praises of the rose of Sharon, and there were beautiful gardens of roses at Jerusalem long before the wise old king said: "Let us cover ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered." All over Palestine the rose grew profusely, and the earliest name of the country, Suristan, literally signifies "the land of roses." The high priest of the Hebrews were a crown of roses when he offered up certain sacrifices under the Mosaic dispensation. It was probably in remembrance of this fact that the synod of Nismes,

in the third century, enjoined every Jew to wear a rose on his breast as a distinguishing mark of inferiority.

The fragrance of the rose steals through the mythology of the Greeks and loads it with sweetest perfume. Homer borrowed its brilliant colors to paint the rising of the sun, and according to him Aurora, goddess of the morning, had fingers of roses which loaded the fresh air of the new day with ambrosial fragrance. Harpocrates, the god of silence, was represented under the form of a young man with one linger placed on his lips and holding a white rose in the other hand. We are told that Love gave him this rose to secure his silence in regard to his mother's amours. The Athenians and Spartans sculptured a rose over the doors of their festive halls to interdict the guests from repeating anything that was spoken. Byron has rendered it sacred to the silence of the tomb. In the "Bride of Abydos" he says, that o'er the tomb of Zuleika

"A single rose is shedding
Its lovely luster, meek and pale;
It looks as planted by despair—
So white, so faint, the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high."

Before the breath of love animated the world all the roses were white and every heart was insensible. Herrick says, that

"As Cupid danced among
The gods, he down the nectur flung.
Which on the white rose being shed,
Made it forever after red."

Another poet makes the rose to say:

"Twas from Love I borrowed, too, My sweet perfume, my purple hue."

There is, however, another story that the color originated from the blood which flowed from the thorn-wounded foot of Aphrodite when she hastened through the wood to the aid of Adonis. Sacred tradition has it that the rose drew its vermeil hue from the beautiful red lips of Eve when she stooped to kiss its white petals in the morning hours of Eden.

With the Romans the rose was the flower of joy. They garnished their dishes with it, wore garlands of it at their feasts, strewed their banqueting apartments with its leaves. and their ladies used rose water as a perfume. The Emperor Heliogabalus filled a fish pond with rose water so that his empress and her ladies might bathe in it ;-we are not told whether the fishes approved of the proceeding. Some of the old grandees of Cicero's time reclined at table on couches covered with roses, and that writer, when comparing the happiness which virtue gives to the pleasures of luxury, says that "Regulus in chains was happier than Thoriu drinking on a couch of roses and living in such a manner that one could scarcely imagine any rare and exquisite pleasure of which he did not partake." In the ancient Latin writers we frequently find that an entire abandonment to pleasure and excessive luxury is signified by such expressions as "living in the midst of roses," "sleeping on roses," and "breathing the dew of roses."

Cleopatra was prodigal in her use of roses. She wore them on her bosom and garlands of them wreathed around her midnight tresses. "The queen always smelled of roses," observes an old historian. When she was at Cilicia entertaining the triumvir Antony in the series of festivals which have been the wonder of the world ever since, those flowers had a prominent place among her extravagances. One day she paid sixty talents (\$60,000) for a quantity of roses, with which she caused the floor of the banqueting hall to be cov-

ered to the depth of eighteen inches. These flowers were kept in place by a very fine net, so that the guests could walk over this novel carpet without disturbing it. But Nero surpassed even the magnificent Cleopatra in the extravagant profusion of roses at his feasts. At one time he caused roses to be thrown upon his guests till they were almost suffocated by the quantity, the great half being filled within four feet of the lofty ceiling. At a fete that he gave at Baine, where inns were established on the banks of the gulf, and the haughtiest Roman ladies played the part of hostesses, the expense for roses alone was four millions of sesterces, or about \$100,000.

The profuse use of roses was, during the middle ages, always a sign of princely wealth. They were considered so precious in France that a royal license was necessary to grow them. Later on we find it mentioned among the rights of manors that their owners were empowered to levy a tax or tribute on their tenants of so many bushels of roses, which were used not only for making rose water, but for covering the table with instead of napkins. Knights frequently wore them on their shields or helmets, thus giving expression to the sentiment that gentleness should always be the companion of courage, and that beauty was the only prize worthy of valor.

But the rose has also been the signal for bloodshed and the badge of contending factions. It served as the rallying sign of the party of Burgundy against that of Armagnac in the year 1400. And the reader of history will remember the terrible civil war of the red and white roses which desolated England from 1455 to 1486, a period of more than thirty years. Shakespeare, in his "King Henry VI.," attributes the assumption of the rose as a badge in this war to a quarrel in the Temple gardens between Plantagenet, Duke of York, and Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, the partisan of Lancaster. After a long and hot discussion, Plantagenet calls upon the nobles to follow him in words as follows:

"Let him who is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he supposes I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me."

Beaufort replies:

"Let him who is no coward nor no flatterer, But dare maintain the party of the truth, Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

Whether this tradition is true or not, the standards of the houses of York and Lancaster were charged with the bearing of the wild rose. This flower was also stamped on the current coin of those days.

"Thou once was doomed, Where civil discord braved the field, To grace the banner and the shield."

There are an infinite variety of stories about the rose. Oriana, from the tower where she was imprisoned, threw a wet rose to her lover to express her love and grief. When Milton was blind he was visited by the Duke of Buckingham, who observed of his wife that she was a rose. As it chanced, the lady had a temper of her own, and so the poet answered: "Your lordship sayeth well, she is a rose, indeed, and I have often felt her thorns." The people of Chili have a pretty custom of offering a rose to every stranger who is received into the house. So the ladies of Lorraine, when Marie Antoinette passed through Nancy on her way to be married to Louis XVI., prepared her a bed strewed with roses. Sappho, "the chaste, sweet-smiling Sappho," as Alcaeus, her contemporary, called her, sang of the rose as

"---- the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower."

The rose was the flower with which painters chose to represent Love and Hymen. Quaint old Beaumont, in one of his plays, speaks of it thus:

"Emilia. Of all flowers
Methinks a rose is best.
Servant. Why, gentle madam ?
Emilia. It is the very emblem of a maid;
For when the west wind courts her gently.
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes!
When the north wind comes near her.
Rude and impatient, then like chastity
She locks her beauties in her bud again
And leaves him the base briars."

Says Shakespeare:

Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bad;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels veiling clouds or roses blown.

The Little Bride.

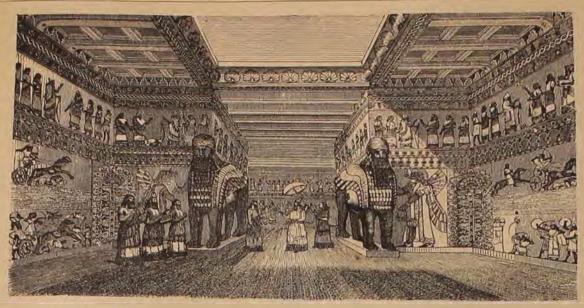
(See Page Engraving.)

ULES LEFEBVRE, the painter of the charming picture, "The Little Bride," was born at Tournan, in France, in 1836. In 1861, he gained the grand prize of Rome, the subject of his picture being the death of Priam. Among his best productions are "Chloe," "Truth," "Mignon," and a likeness of the Prince Imperial. At the Latham sale in this city in 1878, his picture, the "Grasshopper," sold for \$2,950. Jules Lefebvre is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

"The Little Bride" is one of the most pleasing of his productions. The little bride herself is radiant with beauty and happiness, and enters upon the untried path before her without a doubt and without a fear. She sees no regrets in the distance, no hopes darkened, no joys, the light of which has not brightened as her married years roll on. She leaves the glad home of her childhood, to enter, as she thinks, an Eden where the roses never fade, the stars never set, nor storms arise to darken the shining way. She does not suppose, for a moment, that he, to whom she is about to trust herself and her happiness, will be anything to her but kind, loving. and considerate. Of course, he will never let her experience the bitterness of indifference or neglect, the bondage of tyranny, or the fret and exasperation of selfishness. He will never give her any cause to regret the happy home she has left, or to turn from the dreary present with longing heart for the "days that are no more."

"Marriage is a lottery," she says, "and I have drawn a prize." We hope that she has, for it would be a sad thing to see that sweet face clouded by grief, and to know that the beautiful buds of promise had died, instead of bursting into the full-blown flower, filling the paths of home with beauty and fragrance. Trusting, hoping, and loving, she goes to her bridal, wearing her orange blossoms proudly; and, bidding farewell to her old home, "enters other realms of love."

The artist has depicted the young bride standing in all her pride in her bridal toilet, her costume indicating that she is Italian. Her lovely face, full of tenderness and serenity, is lighted up by the soft glow of her dark eyes; and there is a sweet, gentle grace about her that imparts added beauty to her appearance. The elegance and simplicity of the composition is very striking, the production being one that does great credit to the distinguished artist.



A Buried City.

SSYRIA was one of the first great Empires established. It was wealthy and powerful, and possessed a high degree of civilization. As great, however, as was its exaltation, equally great was its downfall. Debased by luxury, and given up to idolatry, the Assyrians heeded not the solemn warning of the prophets, who foretold the destruction of their cities and the overthrow of the empire. As predicted, "the besom of destruction" swept over her; conquered and re-conquered, the splendid city of Nineveli was destroyed by Nabopolossar. But for the monuments and bas-reliefs excavated by Layard, Botta and others, Assyria would be a name to us and nothing more.

Ninevel, the capital of Assyria, was situated on the Tigris. It was twenty miles in length, and twelve in breadth, and was surrounded by walls a hundred feet high, and so broad that three chariots could drive abreast upon them. It was fortified by fifteen hundred towers, two hundred feet in and the population amounted to six hundred thousand.

This fine city was founded by Nimrod, a great hunter, and an immediate descendant of Noah. Leaving Shinar for Assyria, he established his dominion there and founded several cities. Six hundred years B. C. so effectually was the magnificent city of Nineveh destroyed, that until a comparatively recent period not a trace of it could be found.

Layard brought to light the city that had been buried for centuries, and from the bas-reliefs and articles uncarthed much information can be gained of this very ancient people. We learn how their houses were built, the style of furniture used, and many other interesting particulars.

The excavations of Layard revealed the fact that the Assyrians employed sun-dried bricks for their buildings, and used as panels for the rooms slabs of white alabaster. These were placed upright against the wall, and held in place by iron or wooden clamps. On these slabs were carved in bas-relief the conquests of the kings, scenes of warfare, or those of hunting. Emblazoned inscriptions proclaimed the glory of the kings. Sometimes the walls were decorated to produce the effect of tapestry. Small wedges of burnt clay were pressed upon the slabs, and richly colored, giving a brilliant effect, the black outline which the Assyrians always used further enhancing the brilliancy.

The ceilings were divided into squares, elaborately painted with flowers, or with the figures of animals. Sometimes

they were inlaid with ivory and richly gilded. The floor were covered with alabaster slabs, on which were inscribed the achievements of the kings, and their genealogy.

The portals to the palace were guarded by colossal bulls or lions of white alabaster, and the entrances to the different rooms were similarly guarded. Several of these winged beasts were excavated, some of which are in the British Museum. Windows were not in use among the Assyrians, the rooms being lighted by means of sky-lights.

The robes of the kings on the bas-reliefs found are elaborately embroidered with flowers, scrolls, and hunting and battle scenes, a trimming of fringe being also seen. The garments worn consisted of a flowing robe which reached the ankles, and was confined at the waist by a girdle, while over this was a second robe much shorter. In some cases, as will be seen in the illustration, the upper part of the arm and the neck were bare, and necklaces, bracelets, and earrings formed the adornment of men. The bas-reliefs show that the sandals worn were black with red heels, the bands that confined them to the feet being black also. The king wore a mitre, while many of his subjects were adorned with fillets, plain and ornamented. The hair and beard grew long and were either plaited or curled.

The umbrella was the symbol of royalty, and was held over the king's head even in battle. In shape it was not unlike the modern umbrella, and had a fringe of tassels. On some of the bas-reliefs the umbrella has a long curtain on one side, which proved an effectual screen from the sun. No other person is represented as having an umbrella borne over him, hence it is concluded that the umbrella was reserved exclusively for the king.

The method of warfare among the Assyrians and the implements used can be ascertained from these bas-reliefs. The early arms in use were the spear, sword, dagger, and bow. The shields were large and concealed the whole figure, and the armor was formed of metal scales, some of which were picked up among the ruins. The war chariot was elegantly ornamented, and the trappings and harness of the horses rich and beautiful, while around the necks of the animals were suspended tassels and beads.

The oldest building excavated in Assyria is the North-west palace at Nimroud (ancient Assyria), which was built by Sardanapalus, about 900 B. C. The illustration shows a saloon in this palace, from which an idea can be gained of the Assyrian method of adornment.

Yor, XIX, JULY, 1883. -12.

How We Live in New York.

HY JENNY JUNE.

TWO FINE HOUSES, AND THEIR INMATES.

N English paper said the other day that there was more wealth in New York than in London and Paris together. The assertion was somewhat startling, and hardly credible. It is but a few years since it was asserted, by those who had excellent opportunities for knowing, that you could count upon your fingers the rich people of the metropolis of the Western hemisphere—that is, those who bought very costly articles-who lived luxuriously, and spent money freely. Twenty-five years, however, have made great changes; there are now a thousand rich men in New York where there was one in those days, and each one is a hundred times richer than the rich man of that time. a hundred thousand dollars was a fortune, and a million of dollars great wealth; now a hundred thousand dollars scarce suffices to buy a modest house on a fashionable avenue, and a million dollars is only what a rich man gives to his daughter for a wedding portion. In those days there were few women that were not absolutely dependent upon husband or father; for the moderate dot which some gained by inheritance or as a wedding portion was appropriated by the husband, assisted to enlarge his business, or was put to his personal uses; and the wife was as dependent as if she had brought no contribution to the income. The hardships and injustice which many women suffered under this wicked and iniquitous custom, which legalization rendered respectable, developed a tardy public opinion on the subject, and placed women in possession of what was their own, if they chose to claim or retain control of it; and though women are still at a disadvantage by reason of the duties and responsibilities, which motherhood entails, and which can never be fully shared by men, yet the legal acknowledgment of their individual right to property and to what is necessary to sustain life has removed from them some of the most cruel of their liabilities and greatly equalized their chances for a degree of freedom in the pursuit of happiness.

It has also created a class of rich and comparatively independent women-women whose fortune is set apart for their own use-who are not responsible for the housekeeping expenses, but whose private income is sufficient to relieve their husbands from all obligation on their account, except such as they choose to incur. The income of such women may be anywhere from one thousand to ten thousand dollars per year or more, and yet with this difference in their means they will perhaps move in the same circles, and be compelled to maintain very much the same appearance. But if a woman has any stated and regular income, she can usually manage to make her ends meet; the real hardship is in the case of a woman married to a rich man, who has no income of her own, and is obliged to depend on his sense of justice or generosity toward his wife. Now, men are sometimes generous, but they are very seldom just, toward women-at least from the woman's point of view. Naturally they find it impossible to put themselves in her place, and start-perhaps from the fault of women then selvesby treating them too much like children and dependents. Whatever the reason, the case of many women, wives of rich men, is a hard one and not to be envied. Said one such not long since: "I should gladly accept as an income the wages my husband gives his cook, if I could have it for my own needs without any question."

Another woman was surprised one day (her birthday) by her husband bringing the deed of the house in which they lived and presenting it to her. Perhaps he was a little disappointed that she did not seem so overjoyed as he thought she ought to be at this generous gift. "Are you not glad to have it?" he asked. "Yes, dear," was her reply; "but whose is this house now—yours or mine?" "Why, yours, of course." "But what I want to know is this: is it really mine, to sell or to give away, if I choose, because otherwise I do not want it?" "It is yours," said the husband, gallantly, "to do just what you please with;" but there was a reserved tone in his voice which speaks volumes to a woman who has lived with a man, and who knows just how much what he says means.

"Thank you, dear," returned the wife; "but I guess I don't want it. You see, a house is an expensive thing to keep; it requires maintaining just as much as a man or a woman, and if it was my own I should want to keep it in order. I should feel responsible for the gas bills, and the plumber's bills, and the painting bills, and the furnishing bills-not to speak of the taxes and insurance. If it was my very own I should want to make some changes and add things now and again, and all that requires income. Now, I have no income, and find it hard enough work to get a dress when I need it, or a pair of shoes or gloves; and what would it be when I had a house to maintain and keep in order? I know you will sav that you will do all that just as you do it now, but you don't do it now at all to suit me, and if the house was mine it would come harder to you than ever, because you would feel that you were doing it all for me."

This husband was a good sort of man, but he had never looked at things from his wife's point of view; in fact, she had never had the courage to present it before, nor had an opportunity offered itself of doing so with the same force. or in such a way as to appeal to his masculine mind. But he was man enough to see the truth and reasonableness of her statement, and he was struck with an idea. "Lottie," said he, "you are right; I never thought of it before, but you are right. The taxes, insurance, water-rent and repairs on this house average from three to four hundred dollars per year. Suppose I add one hundred to that for wear and tear of furniture, how much additional would you want for dress and pocket-money?" "Five hundred dollars," replied the wife. "Then you shall have the house and an allowance of one thousand dollars per year, five hundred of which is 'income' for the 'maintenance' of the house, and five hundred dollars for yourself." He had no reason to be dissatisfied then with the way in which she received his offer, nor, it may be added, has he, according to his own energetic and decisive character, had any reason to regret it.

But all this is explanatory of the varying conditions under which women live, and has nothing to do with the two houses and their occupants that I have in my mind, and which I desire to photograph for my readers. The two are very much alike exteriorly-extra wide-being twenty-five feet of brown stone, wedged in between twenty and twentyfive other feet of brown stone, and only somewhat distinguished by the carved wood-work of the heavy doors and the rich mosaic of the paneled glass in one and the stained effects of the other. Either of these houses would bring upward of one hundred thousand dollars in the market, and they are owned and occupied by men who own so much and such variable property that they probably could not tell any time within half a million or more just how much they "are worth," as the phrase goes. The family of one consists of a boy, the child of a first wife; that of the second, of a girl and boy-the girl grown, the boy still at school. The second wife of the first mentioned is a still young and handsome woman, with an income of her own of ten thousand dollars a year. She has her own horses and carriage, her own maid, her own coachman-that is, there is only one

coachman, but he is understood to be her property—the valet of the master of the house sometimes driving his coupé in an emergency, and the butler being available as footman, if necessary, "for you know, my dear," as this Mrs. Fortunatus remarks, "one must economize to live nowadays, and we cannot really afford any more men-servants,"

Doubtless the economies of a woman with ten thousand dollars per year pin-money would not be of a kind to awaken sympathy; yet they may be real for all that, People who live in one-hundred-thousand-dollar houses have to do everything from the millionaire point of view; and a woman with ten thousand dollars per annum is expected not only to spend lavishly, but to give lavishly. Where others give five dollars, she will be expected to give fifty or a hundred; where one woman pays twenty-five dollars, she will have, by the very nature of the circumstances that surround her, to pay five times that amount; and the worst of it is, that no one to whom she gives or whom she pays is ever satisfied, for they think of nothing but that she has ten thousand dollars per year, and that what they receive is but a small part of it. That she has dependents; that she has a thousand social obligations, each one of which requires perhaps hundreds out of her thousands, to fulfill; that she is patroness of a dozen societies; that she must provide the daughters of each of the dear five hundred friends with a golden token on their marriage; that she must she must send silver to each of their babies; that she must send bouquets and baskets of Jacqueminot instead of common roses, and have her menus painted by Tiffany, and her dresses made, at least occasionally, by Worth, do not strike them with the force of necessity, because they cannot realize the strength of her social obligations: but those who are able to put themselves in her place-who know what a greedy maw "society" has, and how easily money is absorbed in its round of gayeties and unacknowledged responsibilities-will be able to judge a little from her standpoint.

Of course this lady does not pay for dinner parties at her house, or large entertainments; but she often invites theater parties or gives a ladies' lunch at Delmonico's, and the first. inclusive of the little supper afterward, and the flowers. will cost not less than ten dollars per head, while the second will require from five to ten. The lady's maid is also a personal charge - that is, so far as wages are concerned, which, in the case of a skillful woman, who can dress hair, make over dresses, or re-trim them, will amount to from twentyfive to forty dollars per month. Personal expenses among rich people are very much enhanced by their frequent movements, and the change from one place or one country to another, and the additional liabilities and personal requirements involved in these changes. In no other country save this do even the rich think of so frequently departing from a settled routine which involves extraordinary or unusual expenditure; the incomes even of the rich do not admit of it. Besides, the range of living, of duties, of dependents, is wider; the wealthy are more frequently landed proprietors; they have not only a house, but an "estate" to look after. Here, people possessed of large incomes, spend them without much thought, and do not dream of foregoing even a whim on account of the expense; they breakfast in New York, dine in London, and sleep in Rome, and have no more idea of a duty in connection with their money, other than that of pleasing themselves or their friends, than of becoming South African missionaries.

The woman with an income of her own enters into this atmosphere and imbibes this spirit; naturally, there is so much to do and so many things to get, that she cannot command money enough. She must have the finest things—finer than any English princess would dream of having. Her underwear is silk and trimmed with fine hand-made lace;

her hosiery is silk also, and costs from five to ten dollars per pair. Queen Victoria would not pay so much, or rather, she would not wear silk if she had to do so. Bonnets at forty and fifty dollars each—dresses at two hundred and fifty each—fur-lined cloaks or scal-skin at four or five hundred—fichus at fifty, and gloves at five dollars per pair, make heavy drafts upon even large resources; and then there are the eternally recurring festivals—Christmas, the birthdays of relatives and friends—and the gratification of personal tastes for old china and bric-a-brac. Demands so large, so varied, and so imperative are quite capable of absorbing ten thousand dollars per year, and of inspiring the owner of so comfortable a sum with the idea that she deserves credit for economy in making it cover her personal expenses.

But imagine her next-door neighbor, moving in the same society, with equal social demands—with perhaps superior tastes—with a grown daughter to dress, and marry, if possible, and no income—not enough money in possession at any time to pay for a dozen postage stamps. It is incredible, but it is a true picture of the condition of some women in New York society whose husbands are rich almost beyond computation.

The husband of lucky Mrs. Fortunatus is a very nice fellow, "as men go;" he does not bother himself about bills; but he banks his money, and his valet, who is a sort of majordomo of the establishment, attends to them and pays them. The catering for the l:ousehold is done by the cook, who is a chef, and who would not take a position where his one hundred dollars per month was not supplemented by his perquisites as commissioner. Thus, though the household is costly, it runs smoothly; everybody is well paid; each one understands his or her business; there is no friction, for they know the value of their positions; and besides, in a first-class house, scenes and insubordination are not tolerated; money is not spared, but for the money the work is to be well done, and without trouble or difficulty. The great function of money in this happy family is to grease the wheels of life and make them run smoothly, and they do. When the work of renovation is going on, special care of the lady's pet enamels, old Dresden, Sevres plates, and Venetian glass is sure to win special reward; and after a dinner party, if the China set painted by a great artist escapes without flaw or chip, this also calls forth encomiums and reward. All this is encouraging, and helps to make a happy household, after its fashion; but it is very different with the neighbors next

The husband of Mrs. Poverty is suspicious-full of whimsical caprices-possessed with an idea that women know nothing of business, and cannot be trusted to manage money matters, or else he uses this commonly received idea among men to furnish an excuse for his habit of controlling all the details of his household and his womenkind; even the brand of soap employed in the bath, and the stationery, when they can get any for their correspondence, are subject to masculine supervision and enactment. The interior of this dwelling presents a very different aspect from that of Mrs. Fortunatus. Mr. Cresus Poverty has plenty of money-in fact, he is so rich that he does not know the exact amount of his income. But his habit of dealing with all the minutie-of paying for everything by the single item-of counting the cost day by day of shoes, gloves, meat, bread, service, and the infinite diversity of modern domestic and social requirements, makes him feel poor and all about him dreadfully uncomfortable. He refuses every request for anything whatever, and frowns down any suggestion on principle; and though, of course, he is obliged frequently to concede the point, it is only after so much unpleasant bickering or argument, where none should be needed, that strength is exhausted and pleasure takes to itself wings and flies away. On the other hand, Mr. P—— will spend large sums in the gratification of what he calls his "tastes." Itis house has been remodeled, repapered, redecorated a number of times within the past five years, and it is a most incongruous mixture of shabbiness, neglect, and protension. What the master of the house has no personal concern in, he does not want to spend money upon; therefore the servants' quarters, the household supplies of linen, and other things considered necessary to comfort in well-regulated homes, are always in arrears, and unpaid bills are daily presented, and as regularly deferred till a more convenient season.

Mrs. P- has, of course, no power to mend matters, with her anxious thoughts employed upon an intimation from one of the servants that three months' wages are due, and money needed, or by what gradual approaches she shall win consent for her daughter Clara to act as bridesmaid at the wedding of her dearest friend, and obtain a suitable bridal gift. She is called upon to sympathize in the purchase of the skin of a crocodile or the shirt of a native of Timbuctoo, or somewhere else, made of genuine bark, and reproached, when she ventures to suggest attention to practical affairs, with her commonplace mind and want of appreciation. Poor woman! She has tastes, but they have been crushed out of her. She lives now only to shield her daughter from her father's comments and strictures, secure her as much of what the girls whom she knows have as possible, and accomplish for herself, by artifice and subterfuge, what she is not strong enough to demand and fight for. Poor woman ! again, when she enters her carriage in her well-preserved silks and laces, that have cost her so much, no one need envy her. She does not see the luxury of her surroundings. She only feels the poverty of the spirit that owns her and them, and she would give it all for the consciousness of freedom and power of independent action. At least, she thinks so. In all probability she is past the time when freedom would would be of any use to her; she would not know what to do with it. What she really wants is money to pay the housekeeping bills and go where she pleases to buy her clothes. Very soon-before these words are printed-her name and that of her husband will be in the list of fashionable departures for Europe. Mr. C. P. likes to be in London in June and be seen at the London Clubs. friends, those of them who are not going to Europe, will say: "Oh! you fortunate woman! what a husband you have got-wish mine would take me." But she feels no pleasure, and cannot exhibit any at the prospect, for going to Europe means still more constant snubbing and opportunities of which she will not be able to take advantage. She would rather stay at home, go into the country with her son and daughter, and wear a flannel dress, as she did one blissful season when her husband was abroad. But whether he missed the patient wife upon whom he is accustomed to work off his spleen, can only be guessed; at any rate, she has never been able to persuade him to go without her again. "What did you bring to this house?" he asked her one day, in brutal allusion to her want of fortune. "The children, Cresus," she answered, meekly.

The Education of Women.

how very brief is the period within which women have had any part or lot in even the commonest educational opportunities—not to speak of the higher schools created for, and appropriated by men. New York State has

the honor of being the first to give an endowment to what was practically the first high school in this country for women. It consisted of one thousand dollars voted to the Albany Free Academy in 1821-sixty-three years ago. The history of women distinguished for learning shows how apparently accidental was the acquirement of the privileges by which they acquired their knowledge, and how little they owed directly to the existing schools. Madame Dacier, born in 1651, fifteen years after the founding of Harvard College, was the daughter of a distinguished Professor of the College of Saumur, the town in which her family lived. As a little girl she sat quietly working at her embroidery in the room where her father heard his son's lessons in Latin grammar. It had never been supposed by anyone that she paid the least attention to what was going on, until one morning, when she was about eleven years old, a question was asked her brother which he could not answer, and, upon a sudden impulse, she answered it so clearly that thereafter her father determined the lessons should be shared.

Elizabeth Carter, a learned Englishwoman, born nearly seventy years later, in 1717, was the daughter of a wellknown divine, who gave all his children a scholarly education. Elizabeth is said to have been so slow of apprehension as to try her father's patience exceedingly, but so faithful and persevering as to be daunted by no obstacles, and gifted with that natural compensation for slowness and thoroughness-the faculty of never forgetting what she learned. She is best known by her translation of Epictetus. Dr. Johnson has remarked that he considered himself the best Greek and Latin scholar of his time, except Elizabeth Carter. She was so good that it has often been lamented that her father did not preserve some account of his methods in teaching her; but the probability is that the genius of the girl had more to do with her proficiency than the methods of the father, for she learned to read and speak French with great purity by boarding for a short time in a French refugee family; taught herself Italian, Spanish and German without assistance, and at a later period learned Portuguese and Arabic, making for herself an Arabic dictionary to assist a knowledge which, in this instance, necessarily remained imperfect.

It is rather curious that Massachusetts was among the most backward of the States in conferring educational advantages upon its girls; and the reason was characteristic of male vanity and arrogance. It was in 1660 that the colony of Massachusetts gave one thousand acres of land to establish a free school for boys in the city of Boston. It was so recently that, according to a late report, the woman is still living who taught the first free school for girls in the State of Massachusetts, and this school was only open to them two hours in the day, from twelve to one, and from four to five, when the boys were not there. Characteristic opposition to the movement came from a member of the board who didn't want to have any "readin' or ritin' wimmen around to tell him when he mis-spelled a word." Taking all this into account, and particularly the stupid and steadfast opposition to the equalization of chances, which has by no means died out in our own day-as witness, Dr. Dix-the work that has been accomplished by women and their noble, courageous, and liberal-minded friends among men is simply wonderful. It is impossible now, in any mere article in anything less than a volume, to give even the names of those who have won distinction in science, arts, letters, and philosophy, who have not only won prizes for their scholarly attainments, but honors for original investigation and achievement; but, from the report already mentioned, made by Mrs. D. C. Heath, of Massachusetts, we quote the following:

"Because her distinction is so grand and so lately worn, may be mentioned Martha Mary Thomas, of Baltimore, who has just taken the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, summa cum laude at the University of Zurich. This means thorough preparation in Greek, Latin, Gothic, Old, Middle and New High Dutch, Anglo-Saxon, Provence, Modern French, and English, and complete familiarity with all authors of merit in each language. The examination in all departments was rigorous, occupied five weeks, and was conducted, of course, in a foreign tongue. Her thesis was pronounced docte. The Faculty, by general consent, saluted her as a Doctor of Philosophy in the University of Zurich, and she wears to-day an honor that is rarely conferred upon German Alumni, and upon those only who have made a name in letters. Miss Thomas was fitted at the Howland School, Union Springs, New York; graduated at Cornell in two years; studied one year at Johns Hopkins University, and has just completed a three years' course at the University of Leipsic.

"Another young Southerner, who deserves special mention, is Miss Kate Lupton, of Nashville, Tenn. She has just completed with honor the entire M.A. course of Vanderbilt University, taking the full course in every school of the collegiate department, viz. : Latin, Greek, English, German, French, Philosophy, History, the Sciences, etc. Although made an M.A. when just passing out of her teens, she has read with her fellow-students all that was required of Xenophon, Herodotus, Demosthenes, Homer, Thucydides, Europ. ides, Sophocles, Æcchylus, Aristophanes, Plato, Pindar, and privately twice as much more. In all schools her standing was equally high. She took in sciences, practical astronomy, not required, and passed all examinations with perfect ease. So much she did for information, discipline, culture. She will make a specialty of art, and has already entered upon the study of art and music.

"Last June the University of Michigan conferred the degree of Ph.D., honoris causa, upon Miss Alice Freeman, President of Wellesley College, the first instance in this country where this degree has been conferred upon a woman."

In the "Contributors to Logic" by the members of the Johns Hopkins University, recently published, a just tribute is paid to the work of Miss Ladd, now Mrs. F. Franklin. who, while a student at Vassar, displayed such remarkable faculty as a mathematician that she was invited to reside at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, and pursue her studies there. The article referred to says: "The contributions of Miss Ladd (now Mrs. Fabian Franklin) present new developments of the logical algebra of Boole. Miss Ladd's article . . . may serve as an introduction to the most wonderful and fecund discovery of modern logic. The method of using the Boolian Calculus . . . receives still further improvements at the hands of Miss Ladd, and it is surprising to see with what facility these methods yield solutions of problems more intricate and difficult than any that have hitherto been proposed."

There are now at least twenty-five colleges and universities in this country where women obtain an education in every respect equal to the best provided for men, and their high status has raised the standard of education for women in schools of every degree. These, of course, do not include the high and normal schools and colleges where tuition is free, but more or less hampered by State regulations, In these twenty-five colleges and universities are upward of a hundred and fifty women professors and instructors, many of them graduates of women's colleges, nearly all of them possessors of one or more degrees, and many occupying positions which it has been considered extremely unlikely that women could ever fill; as, for instance, in the University of Missouri, where Miss Florence Whiting is teacher in the School of Mines, and Mrs. Sudborough, Professor of Pedagogies, to be Master in which is the highest honor in the gift of the University. New York City at present stands lowest in the scale of great American cities in the educational opportunities afforded to women. Its free normal college is a noble monument to the grandeur and liberality of its free school system; but it is bound by the limitations of its purpose, its conventionalities, and the sources of its governing power. In the working out of an improved system in private schools of a high class, a great deal has been accomplished by Miss Anna C. Brackett, a trained scholar, as well as teacher, whose original methods in developing the best that is in the minds and character of her pupils have received the highest indorsement, and whose results are singularly gratifying in the love which she fosters for study for its own sake, and for truth, and the highest ideals for their influence upon character.

Every one who can read is aware of the persistent efforts made by President Barnard, of Columbia College, and the association of men and women now engaged with him, in the effort to have the advantages of Columbia extended to women. Nor does this simple plan of extension cover President Barnard's idea. He wishes Columbia College to be enlarged in all its departments, and new ones added, so as to make it what New York ought to have, and greatly needs, a magnificent National University, open to men and women alike, or, at least, with all its opportunities open to women on the same terms as men. That there should be well-intentioned men and women so benighted as to oppose this grand scheme, so ignorant and selfish as not to make some effort to forward it, is almost incredible. But the facts show that thought, after all, travels slowly, judging by the duration of individual lives, and that the great intellectual and spiritual changes are in the hands of the gods, who do not measure time by one little life, and whose mills can afford to grind slowly, because they have all time to work in and bring about their results.

Elizabeth Thompson Butler.



N a midsummer morning, ten years ago, two Americans, Novice and Cicerone, sat on a bench of the Esplanade at Ventuor, Isle of Wight.

The bathing was in full swing. Some of the bathingmachines were standing hub deep in the water; others were trundling up from or down to the waves by means of long ropes running to capstans just under the esplanade wall, the capstans worked, with much dolorous creaking, by bath-Bath-women, brown as butternuts, were wading about amongst the groups of bathers, or distributing bath suits and towels, and drying their wet gear here and there on the sands. From the long pier thrust out into the water, from seats that line the esplanade, from halted carriages, from big white umbrellas that, like toadstools, dotted the beach a long stretch up and down, rows and rows of accurately-focussed opera glasses were leveled upon the bathers. These were all feminine, and they signally illustrated the nerve and phlegm of our cousins in the Old Home; for bonny English maidens and stately, handsome English matrons entered the bathing-machines, to reappear presently in the water, unrecognizable by their nearest and dearest. An American or French woman would as soon appear in public in a feed sack as in the bath costume an English woman dons with serene indifference to its hideousness. It is a dingy blue or brown garment of flannel, rough as a grater, rudely carved into the shape of a child's nightgown, of painskimped dimensions, drawn up about the neck by a worsted string, or economically confined with one or two big horn

trowser buttons. Looking at it, one decides that it is the first woven, shaped, and sewn costume that replaced the would and skin of the early Britons, and that it has survived, as things do in England, because it existed once.

The whole beach swarmed like an ant-hill. Family parties were encamped upon it,-the gentlemen stretched at length reading, the ladies busy with some bit of fancy work. Goat chariots, and small riders of ponics and donkeys raced wildly up and down. Shoals of half-stripped children were busy with sand shovels and pails, and now and again rending the air with indiguant outeries when some heedless saunt. erer blundered into a cistern, or castle moat, or ruptured, with clumsy feet, a more important than the Suez Canal, and set free the precious trickle of waters in the artificial channel. The white umbrellas sheltered mostly "spoons;" and the indescribably queer, and variously queer, old maids that are a chief product of England, were out in ones, twos, and threes, in great force. Targets and boat-swings were thronged. Fruit venders screamed their wares, Plymouth Brothers and Sisters threaded the crowd, pressing their tracts on reluctant folk, lace-makers followed with their tempting, or the reverse, results of bobbins and pillow.

The German band played, Punch squeaked, and the cheap trippers gathered impartially about a horde of Mohock-like nigger minstrels, and a city missionary preaching what looked, and was, in infrequent lulls, heard to be an extremely athletic sermon from a text printed in great letters with white pebbles in the firm, wet sand.

Opposing streams of carriages, pony chaises, bath chairs, and pedestrians flowed up and down the esplanade, and from its inner edge rose straight up the steep climb to St. Boniface's Down pretty Ventnor, verdure-smothered red-roofed, laurustinus-hedged, with fuchsias grown into trees and reddened with hundreds of swinging blossoms, glittering with ivies, arbutus, laurels, hollies, and so sweet with roses, pinks, snapdragons, stocks, mignonette, that all odor of the sea was lost in perfume.

As Novice looked with all her eyes, listened with all her ears, there was suddenly a soft cry of recognition, a pause of promenaders, and Cicerone rose to greet his friends. These were two,—a gentleman already well advanced on the home-stretch of life, and a young lady of three or four-and-twenty, a tall, slim, brown-complexioned, brown-eyed girl, who looked far more French or Spanish than English, and with something very elastic in her carriage, very vivid in her glance. On this day there was unwonted radiance in her face, and she seemed buoyant enough to float off into the air like a piece of down, for, as she eagerly explained to Cicerone, an early believer in her powers, the morning's Times had given some exhibited work of hers its first tolerably long paragraph of praise.

The young girl was Elizabeth Thompson, and this bit of newspaper fame the first drop of the flood that has since deluged her. She lived, then, with her father, mother, and one sister, at Ventnor, in one of the topmost of its eyrichung houses. Her studio stood in a narrow garden back of the house, and beyond the garden wall was only the stretch of dwarf-herbaged turf that cushions the steep flank of the hill, crowned by the lonely, lovely, heathery, airy heights of the Down.

Mr. Thompson, a gentleman of cultivation, fortune, leisure, educated his daughters himself, giving them all advantages possible to wealth and thoughtful care. Until the girls were grown to womanhood, the family lived mostly in Italy and France, returning then to England. Mrs. Thompson comes of a musical family, and has herself rare and rarely-disciplined musical abilities, and both her daughters are strongly musical. In Elizabeth the bent toward form and color, also an inheritance from Mrs. Thompson, who

paints so finely she would scarce like to be termed an amateur, interfered, probably, with the education of the musical gift; and there is also a weakness of the throat which dates, perhaps, from an illness that left her somewhat deaf. The younger sister, Alice, who is now Mrs. Meynell, wife of the editor of the Weckly Register, the brightest of English Catholic newspapers, is a poet, and a writer of very charming prose, and her essays find place in the Spectator and other leading literary journals of London.

In 1874 Miss Elizabeth Thompson sent her first picture to the Royal Academy Exhibition—" Calling the Roll after Battle.—In the Crimea."

The first news of her venture came to her through the studios. Through these it leaked out that the hanging committee had put it on the line, and had then gathered before it, and cheered it, hats off. At the dinner which each year precedes the Exhibition the Prince of Wales paid the picture a glowing compliment, and when the Exhibition was opened, so great became the crush around "Calling the Roll" that an aisle had to be roped off before it, and policemen stationed, to see that the enthusiastic gazers duly moved on.

The newspapers were full of picture and artist, and wildand absurdly romantic were some of the histories invented about the new genius over whom London had gone mad.

But the artist's most bewildering triumph had been on the "private view" day, when she had gone, with her sister, an almost unknown, simple girl to the Burlington Galleries, and left there the most famous of women artists, save Rosa Bonheur.

Artists, literary and military men, high dignitaries of Church and State, the nobility from dukes to baronets, circled about her in ovation—"Whatever the future may hold in store," she wrote her father, "there can never come another day like this to me."

The Czar, 'the late Czar, was then in England, and the picture was briefly withdrawn from the Exhibition, at Queen Victoria's request, that he might see it. Then followed another petition that touched the artist deeply, one from Florence Nightingale, then confined to her room by illness, that this Crimean souvenir might be brought to her bedside for her to look upon.

"Calling the Roll" was a commission from a Manchester gentleman, but he yielded it to the Queen at Her Majesty's desire. A firm of picture dealers paid Miss Thompson \$10,000 for the right to engrave and exhibit it throughout England; and Agnew, the king of the dealers, gave her a commission at once, subject, time, price, unlimited.

The Duke of Cambridge issued orders that whenever she visited any place where troops were stationed they would be deployed as for a Royal visitor, and go through with whatever evolution she wished to see.

All her Royal Academy pictures since then have been war subjects. One of them, Rorke's Drift, was a commission from the Queen. The artist went to Windsor to explain features of the work, and Novice has somewhere, in a letter, a charming description of the scene when Her Majesty and some members of the Royal Family and household being gathered about the picture, the painter began, in her manner as dignified as it is transparently simple, to answer questions and to point out details, and the Queen, with womanly thoughtfulness and kindness, insisted upon her being seated because she looked weary, and was not in her usual good health.

Miss Thompson married, some years since, Col. W. F. Butler, army officer and author of The Great Lone Land. He has a military command at Plymouth, where they reside, but he was in the African Campaign, was the officer appointed, to escort the Empress Engenie upon her African

pilgrimage, has lately been in Egypt as one of Sir Garnet Wolseley's staff, and for distinguished services in the field has been appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen.

It is natural that this intimate association with military life should at least not have weakened Mrs. Butler's predilection for soldiering scenes; but despite Ruskin's saying that she has revived what was in England a lost art, that of noble military painting, it comforts some of her war-hating admirers to remember how strongly some of her earlier sketch-books justified their belief that her noble gifts are to find their true field in religious art, and they listen eagerly to a whisper that since her husband was under fire in Egypt she feels as if war had come too close to her to be pictorial, and that she has painted her last battle-piece.

Her work is intensely dramatic, spirited, strong, has great pathos, and whatever gleams of humor can dart athwart such scenes as she portrays. Her genius has been fostered, disciplined, equipped as carefully as external aids could do either of these offices, but she has worked as if her smallest success depended upon ceaseless study and application.

Her little garden studio at Ventnor was an oven in summer, and so cold and draughty in winter that she painted in cloak, hood, and warm gloves with the fingers shortened; but neither cold nor heat, neither the temptations of society, exquisite days and lovely out-of-doors, nor the languor of the Isle of Wight climate, ever deprived her of her five or six hours of daily painting. And at all other hours the artist eye, the artist instinct, were busy. In a turbulent sea passage she studied her own countenance in the agonies of seasickness, hoping to get an idea of the proper deathly hue for a dying soldier in the "Roll-Call," but vainly. She was "all green and bathos," she said.

One of the family complained that her own fainting attack was utilized to the same end, and that upon her distressful coming back to life, the painter's first sympathetic cry was, "Oh, eh! why did you get over it so quickly? I wanted to be sure of that livid color! But your hands and your nails are quite perfect yet!"

Despite the broad and thorough culture bestowed upon this pair of sisters, despite the advantages of position, and the wise affection that ministered to all their needs with tireless watchfulness, many, perhaps most American girls would have felt that no great work could possibly be done by girls living in as entire subjection to their parents as the youngest children, and rigidly restrained within the narrowest conventional limits fixed for unthinking, unclever young ladyhood.

The American, admitted to behold English household life, is at first more than a little surprised at the minutiæ of parental authority and filial deference required and observed, no matter to what age or mental and moral status the children may have attained.

To hear grown-up young ladies, heiresses in their own right, beg the maternal permission to offer a bit of fruit to a friend; to see them go like infants to fathers for pennics to put upon the offertory plate, or pay some trivial fee; to hear a gray-beard beg his mother's leave to pick a sprig of mignonette from her lavish beds; to be gravely assured by an elderly woman known as a noble philanthropist wherever the English tongue is spoken, a woman living in a home alone with her aged mother, that she would not dare, without reference to that mother, offer a friend a meal, a bed for a night, or ask a servant to replenish a supply of food upon the table, or open a pot of jam—it all seems rather chilly, Liliputianly petty and annoying to American free and easy fashions; but perhaps the restrictive way is the better one.

For the artist, in those Isle of Wight days, a public studio in London seemed an almost impossible defiance of social

proprieties, though it came naturally, later, in the wake of the "Roll-Call," and when the literary one of the sisters was allowed to set forth with Novice, only their two selves, on the coach-top, for a day's outing across the island to see Farringford, Mr. Tennyson's home at Freshwater, that was a coming of age event, indeed!

To all military reviews, games, etc., Mr. Thompson accompanied his artist daughter; and that, night after night, for a period of weeks, he, a scholarly, fastidiously refined man, with already gravely-broken health, should have sat patiently with her for hours, while she studied the action of the horses in a great circus, seemed a signal proof that his selfiess paternal devotion was not less than the daughter's devotion to her art.

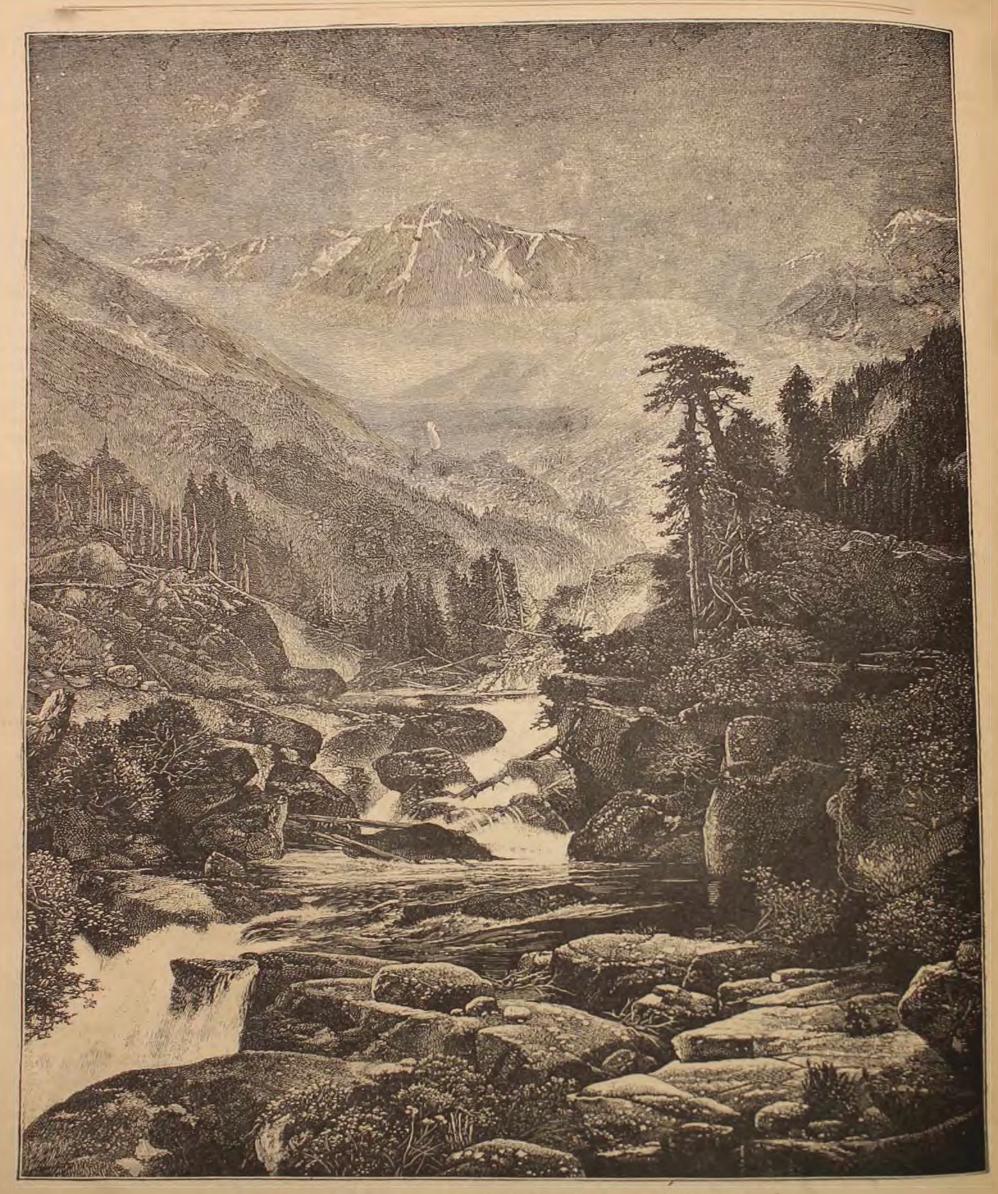
That the cleverest of American girls would be the better of such guardianship, and whatever of wholesome restraint belongs to English home life, the thoughtful among them would scarcely deny; and the art, the purpose, the career, that can be hindered or hopelessly fettered by social ordinances and conventionalisms, has too little vigor and promise to be worth cherishing or mourning.

Friends and Fces.

BY GATH BRITTLE.

- "'TIS sad to think that any man May have an enemy; But think of one without a friend; How hard his lot must be!"
- "Yes," said the sage, "but harder yet
 Is his who never knows
 True friendship's worth, till, one by one,
 His friends have turned to foes."
- "How shall I act to gain a friend?

 How keep him by my side?"
 "To gain a friend act like a friend,"
 The white-haired sage replied.
- "To keep a friend be true to him,
 As to all other men;
 Make him in heart your other self—
 He'll not desert you then."
- "But should some trouble intervene,
 And he should careless grow,
 How shall I treat my friend, that he
 May not become my foe?"
- "Just as before. Be kind and true;
 Be manly toward him still;
 And thus you make him powerless
 To work you any ill,
- " And if you have an enemy,
 Which may the Lord forfend!
 At all times leave him room enough
 To be, some day, your friend.
- " For 'he that hath a thousand friends
 Hath not a friend to spare;
 And he that hath one enemy
 Shall meet him everywhere,"



HOLY CROSS MOUNTAIN, COLORADO.

New Occupations for Home.

HILE everybody is discussing what women shall and shall not do, the echo of an old song that returns now and then to trouble our ears, there are many women all over the country who from one vicissitude or another find themselves confronted by the necessity of earning money, and with the consciousness that they are in every way unfitted either by education or experience to do it. These women are not penniless, they have never known poverty, but they are pinched on all sides. They usually have homes, possibly husbands and children, and are unable to undertake to wrestle with the world, and snatch from it a living, since they have other duties to fulfill. There is no class of women more to be pitied, since they cannot have the hope of victory and pleasure of the struggle which comes even to women forced to work that they may live.

Fortunately for such women, if the knowledge can be brought to them, there have sprung up in the wake of decorative art in this country a number of minor arts for which there is a demand and which can be undertaken equally well during leisure moments and at home. A great obstacle to much of this sort of work is the expense of materials; and unless a woman perceives opportunities for disposing of her work she is disinclined, even if she is able, to supply herself with plushes, gold thread, china, and expensive paints, and the various luxurious materials which much decorative work demands.

Again, she has to contend with an over supply of such work, which, after all, must be included with the luxuries, the demand for which is still limited. Mr. Charles G. Leland-who has in a way abandoned poetry for art, and art in a philanthropic mood-has introduced into this country two minor arts which can be readily taken up by such women as are indicated in the beginning of this article, with profit and at comparatively little expense. I refer to hammered brass and stamped leather, both of which can be utilized in numerous ways. Mr. Leland insists on a preliminary practice in drawing, and himself teaches what he calls a short-hand method, which is admirable, since it insists on original designs taken from nature, and fresh ideas and new motives are now diligently required. Designs, however, for such work can be supplied from other sources, while the women so sorely needing outlet have not the requisite training for this, and their needs are more immediate.

Now as to hammered brass, this imitates most successfully the repousse work whose value every one who attempts to buy it knows. The only materials needed are a flat board of convenient size, a sheet of brass, costing possibly a dollar, and tools costing probably a dollar more. These are, punches for tracing the pattern on the brass, and mats for grounding, two of each being sufficient. Designs will be furnished by persons dealing in art materials for a few cents a copy, and ingenious persons can readily find designs which they can adopt for their purposes. These designs are usually an open system of scrolls with some central figure Almost all the designs used in the school with which Mr. Leland is connected are grotesque, dragons and griffins, rampant and couchant, mingle with the scrolls or form an ornament, and the central figures are made from interlacing groups of these, fish or lizards.

Whatever may be the design chosen it is clearly traced on a sheet of white paper. The brass is nailed cold on the board and the pattern placed above. This is then traced on the brass with a punch which is chisel-shaped applied with a hammer. Great care is needed in the tracing to preserve the proper curves of the outline unbroken. After the pattern is traced the design is thrown into further relief with the punches, and it is again brought out by the grounding.

The grounding consists in hammering the surface not occupied by the ornament with the mats or stamps, which break the surface up into dots.

There is no method of decorating a surface which gives so distinguished an effect at so little cost of time or trouble. The uses for hammered brass are numerous. It may form ornamental plaques, panels for sideboards, cabinets, bookcases, door plates, the backs of sconces the mounting for folded mirrors, mirror frames—in brief, to an ingenious woman these are but suggestions which she can extend in every direction. It is possible to form an alliance with cabinet-makers for the supply of panels for wood or articles of this description, and regular articles of sale in shops given up to the sale of decorated articles.

Stamped leather is even more useful in household ways. and done with as little trouble or previous experience. The materials required do not differ greatly from those that are used in brass. A pricking wheel is necessary to transfer the design to the leather, and a small hand-wheel to outline it; common stamps or punches must be had for grounding. The leather is first soaked for a few hours and is afterward stretched on to the board and fastened down. The design need not differ from that suitable for brass, as described above; although leather being an easier medium a more elaborate design can be undertaken than is suggested for brass. The pricking wheel is first called into use, which leaves the design on the leather. This is then thrown into higher relief with the tooling instrument. A great deal of modeling may be done on wet leather, almost equaling, in Mr. Leland's opinion, papier mache. When the ornament is sufficiently outlined, the stamps must be put in the background as is done in embossed brass; and it may be mentioned that in both cases a smaller stamp should be had for the corners and small spaces made by the ornament.

Not unfrequently the ornament is colored in flat-tints; but however suitable this might be for some purposes, it is not to be generally commended. However, what is desirable, and this every one who has seen pieces of old Cordova leather hand-treated will appreciate, it may be gone over with metallic paints, gold, silver, and bronze, and if desirable touched up with soft colors.

In applying color in this way to ornament, the regular laws of light and shade should be observed; thus, the color should be deeper when it leaves the main stem and lighter toward the outer edge as it expands. Most beautiful color effects can be obtained in this way in connection with the metallic tints. In passing, it may be added that the papers in imitation of stamped leathers, now so largely used, will give hints in this respect.

It is hardly necessary to mention the different things for which stamped leather may be used. As panels it is as available as brass, and for upholstery it is decidedly the most desirable of all materials.

M. G. H.

Holy-Cross Mountain in Colorado.

O the lover of wild and picturesque scenery, Colorado offers a rich treat. Bounded by British America, Mexico, the Mississippi valley and the Pacific Ocean, its geographical situation confers on it numerous attractions of scenery unknown elsewhere. Nowhere do the mountains loom up in greater majesty, sometimes crowned with snow, and sometimes in "living verdure dressed." At some seasons they are bright with flowers—buttercups, toses, larkspurs, gentians, and hare-bells; mingled with which are soft, velvety mosses and tall green grasses,

Scarcely less beautiful are the natural "parks," or narrow

valleys, "little episodes and interjections among the mountains," as a writer quaintly calls them. Here the streams abound in trout, and the wooded slopes of the hills give shelter to the deer and antelope. Grassy plains, glittering in the sun like emeralds, stretch far away, and on the river banks flash out richly tinted flowers. Here, too, is the "Lake of the Lilies," its purple waters nestling between the mountains, its calm surface reflecting the pines, and on its peaceful bosom the white lilies reposing in still beauty. The wildest and grandest scenery is found in Estes Park, where the dark forests stretch far away, and gloomy rocks throw their shado 78 around. Here rises Long's Peak, its summit covered with eternal snow, and in this region, even in summer, the nights are frosty and cold.

Not only is this favored country rich in scenery, but also in mineral resources. Gold, silver, lead, copper, zinc, and iron abound. Coal is abundant, and recently a valuable tin mine has been discovered. Agate, chalcedony, feldspar, jasper, onyx, quartz-crystals, alabaster, carnelian, amethyst, beryl, opal, turquoise, and garnets, resembling those of Auerbach, Germany, are found here. Salt springs have been discovered and works erected there; and in various parts of Colorado there are soda springs. Its warm sulphur springs are renowned for their medicinal qualities.

The Mountain of the Holy Cross is the northern end of the great Sawatch range. The summit of this remarkable peak is covered with fragments of gneiss. On the side there is a cross of snow which can be seen at a distance of many miles. This is formed by a fissure over one thousand feet high, in which the snow lodges and remains most of the year. Late in the summer the cross is diminished in size, owing to the melting of the snow. At the base of the peak there lies a lake which receives the waters of the melted snows of all the peaks. One of the branches of the Roches Moutonnés Creek flows down the side of the mountain and forms several beautiful cascades. The valley is filled with great boulders of red feldspar, some of which are split in such a way as to appear as if covered with curious tracings.

Thomas Moran, from whose painting of the Holy Cross Mountain our illustration was taken, was born in Bolton, England, in 1837. When a child he came with his parents to America, and settled in Philadelphia. In 1861 he went to England to study the works of the great landscape painters, and on his return he visited the far West for the purpose of painting the scenery. His two pictures, "The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone," and "The Chasm of the Colorado," both of which were on canvases 7 by 12 feet, were purchased by Congress for the sum of \$20,000.

What Women are Doing.

The latest evidence of the advance of women is the establishment of a woman's paper, the Tidskrift for Kvinden, in Denmark.

An organization under the name of "Union des Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs," has been formed in France for the advancement of women's artistic activity.

Miss Frances E. Willard is doing a splendid temperance work where it is much needed—in California.

"Woman's Place To-day" is the title under which the lectures of Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake in reply to Dr. Dix have been issued by Mr. John F. Lovell.

Madame Meissonier, wife of the great French artist, holds a bronze medal of the Palais de l'Industrie for the admirable qualities of her embroideries and tapestry work.

Mrs. Moore, the wife of the Rev. George F. Moore, of Putnam, Ohio, who has been chosen to fill the chair of Hebrew, Arabic, and the cognate languages at Andover, is one of the few women in this country who can speak Arabic.

Mrs. Merritt (formerly Miss Lea, of Philadelphia), has recently painted a superb Artemis, which is said to be the best flesh any American lady has painted in Europe.

Miss Davis, a daughter of Senator Davis, has by persistent effort at last secured a vote of the town of Pittsfield to lay out a new park.

Miss Clara Barton has accepted the appointment of Superintendent of the Woman's Reformatory Prison at Sherborn, Mass., which is a subject of congratulation for the reformatory.

Maggie Wickham. from Indiana, a girl of fifteen, a natural musician and marvelous player upon the violin, has gone abroad under the patronage of Madame Nilsson to study and acquire method and training under the best masters.

Mrs. Anna Newton, of Pontiae, Michigan, has found a profitable living as importer and raiser of the fivest grades of sheep.

Mrs. Jane Amy McKinney. of Decorah, Iowa, has been for three years trustee of one of the Iowa Lunatic Asylums of that State.

The Englishwoman's Review is always full of the latest intelligence concerning women, their progress, and activities. It is admirably edited, and is strongly recommended to those who want a really excellent London periodical published in the interest of women.

Mrs. George Wilkins received a vote of thanks from the town meeting of Stowe for her valuable services as Superintendent of Schools, and for her able report of their condition as presented to the town. She was re-elected for the third year.

In the next Mechanics' Institute Fair at Boston the department assigned to women for the exhibition of their work will cover an acre of ground.

Queen Victoria has done a popular thing in instituting the Royal Order of the Red Cross for ladies, or nursing sisters, deserving honor for special exertions in attending soldiers and sailors.

Miss Ida Jewell, an accomplished young lady of Fort Wayne, Ind., and a graduate in pharmacy, has taken a responsible position in the drug-store of her uncle, Dr. Younge, in that city.

The first commencement of the Women's Medical College of Baltimore took place on the first of May. As students are required to attend at least two full courses of lectures before graduating, there was only one graduate—Mrs. May R. Owen, a former student of the Women's Medical College of New York.

Ten years ago education did not exist for women in India, but it is now cited as a significant fact that two young ladies, at the last examination in the Calcutta University, carried off their degrees of B. A. with bonors.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Life of Margaret Fuller" will be the first volume devoted to an American woman in the biographical series projected by Roberts Brethers, and so well introduced by Miss Blind's monograph on George Eliot.

The number of women employed in public offices in France is on the increase. At present there are sixty in the Post Office Savings Bank, but the number is to be immediately raised to 100, and will afterward be 150. These women receive from £40 to £48 yearly salary.

The Empress of Austria, in addition to her hunting accomplishments, writes verses. She has ordered a miniature printing press, and is learning to set type in order to print her own poems. This is a worthy example to versitiers in general.

Miss Gladstone, the Princess Christian, and the Duchess of Westminster are among the patrons of the Exhibition of Sanitary Domestic Appliances, Hygienic Dress and Decorations at Humphrey's Hall, Albert Gate, London, which began June 2.

Mrs. A. W. Bailey, of Manitou, Colorado, has made studies in oils of more than two hundred of the native flowers and grasses of Colorado. Many of these are very beautiful, and are not to be found in the botanies. She has made her studies direct from nature, sketching some flowers, which will not bear transportation even for a short distance, in the remote nooks among the mountains where they grow. She has been at work four years upon this collection of Colorado flora, which is believed to be the most complete in existence.

The World's Progress.

CURRENT TOPICS, NOTES AND COMMENTS ON EVENTS OF THE DAY .- INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOT-ABLE THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH.-CONTEM-PORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR POINT OF VIEW

Improving our Environment.

The effort of mankind is to make this world better worth living in. The great works are those which have for their object the changing of the face of nature, so as to open up communication between different quarters of the globe, adding to the territory which will supply food to mankind, and furnishing means for ampleyment for greater numbers of human beings. The human which will supply food to mankind, and furnishing means for employment for greater numbers of human beings. The human race just now is not developing new religious, philosophies or literatures, but is intent upon great engineering feats. It is not man himself that is being improved, but his environment. It is the railways and canals which are employing the wealth and the labor of the several nations to add to the wealth of the And first in importance is

A New Suez Canal.

When M. de Lesseps originally proposed to join the waters of the Mediterranean and Red seas the scheme was regarded as chimerical. English engineers especially wrote volume after volume to prove that it could never be accomplished, and that in face of the fact that the ancient Egyptians had made and maintained for thousands of years a canal somewhere about the same location as the Suez Canal. But the fact was the governing classes of England objected to the canal because they feared some ambitious ruler in France might make use of it to intercept their trade with India. In case of war Great Britain would be at a serious disad-India. In case of war Great Britain would be at a serious disadvantage with any military nation which had under its control what is called "The Key to India." But despite British opposition the canal was built, and by a strange current in the affairs of mankind the British are themselves now in possession of this great channel of communication between the Occident and the Orient. When the canal was first opened it was found that its best customers were English merchants, while it is now almost monopolized by British vessels. It has, moreover, been found that the canal does not begin to accommodate all ships that wish to pass through it. Hence a new canal has been projected which, though longer, will be cheaper and more easily traversed than the one now in existence. It is to commence at Alexandria, and be opened to the Nile at Cairo, thence will strike easterly toward the Gulf of Suez, availing itself of the fresh-water canal through a portion of the distance traversed by the last-named section. If constructed as projected, it would monopolize four-fifths of the traffic which passes through the present canal. Of course the new canal passes through the present canal. Of course the new canal is regarded with as much dislike by the French as the old was by the English. They say it is simply a scheme by which England proposes to perpetuate the "jingo" policy of Lord Beaconsfield and retain permanent possession of Egypt. But this great work, taken in connection with the conversion of the Sahara into a sea is only another evidence of the rehabilitation of the old historic world. Modern enterprise is not only bringing into light historic world. Modern enterprise is not only bringing into light the wonders of the ancient world buried under the sands, but it is reconquering for civilization and a new population the early seats of Empire. In this connection may be mentioned

The Caspian and Black Sea Railroad

As we write, the railway between these two great bodies of water is being opened. Over this line, it is expected, the traffic between Persia and Europe, be it through Constantinople or through Odessa, will be almost exclusively directed. The new railway runs from Baku, the principal trading town on the Caspian Sea, and therefore the main channel of Persian trade, through Tiflis and Samtredi, whence branch lines run to Poti on the north and Batoum on the south, connecting the harbors mentioned, through the main line, with the Black Sea. The importance of Tradizoud for the trade of the porth secret of Asia portance of Trebizond for the trade of the north coast of Asia Minor will of course be seriously diminished, and Russia will then practically hold the sway over the Black Sea traffic. What memories will throng upon the cultivated western traveler as he looks out from his car window upon scenes associated with the dawn of human history!

Distant Wheat Fields

While these far-reaching improvements in Northern Africa and Western Asia are under way for the purpose of supplying new food-producing districts, a great wheat-growing region has been discovered in far-off Hindoostan. It seems the warm, moist valleys of the Gauges and the Indus are peculiarly adapted to the growing of wheat. Labor in that country is very cheap, amounting to less than a dollar a week of our money. For the last few years much of the wheat from this region has reached Western Europe through the Suez Canal. All that has been needed to make it a formidable competitor of the United States was an extension of the transportation lines and a reduction in rates. The under-Secretary for India in the British Parliament has announced that the necessary arrangements are being made, and that in a short time Western Europe will have a new and almost inexhaustible supply of cheap food from the East Indian peninsula. Then in our own country a region is opening up, which, it is said, is capable of supplying food enough to feed the world. This is the new Northwest, and the country to the north of it in the Dominion of Canada, known as Manitoba. The winters are long and the summers short in these regions, but they will grow no end of wheat, as well as potatoes and other roots and cercals. The vast extension of the railroad system in our own and other countries is constantly opening up new land adapted for grazing and agricultural purposes. For the next fifty years it is reasonably certain that food of all kinds will be very cheap, and that globe. Apropos of railway building and the opening of new territory, a very important invention is that of Paper Railroad Ties.

The wooden sleepers under the countries is constantly opening up and the opening of new territory, a very important invention is that of

Paper Railroad Ties.

The wooden sleepers under our railway tracks consume an enormous amount of wood every year; 70,000,000 railroad ties are needed annually in this country alone, and the life of this are needed annually in this country alone, and the life of this underlying lumber is only five years long. Three hundred thousand acres of forest are yearly cut down to supply the wood needed for railroad construction and repair. The railroads alone would in time strip the country of every tree. It has now been found that paper made from straw can be so manipulated as to supply the sleepers and ties now made wholly of wood. It will last ten times longer than wood, and does not cost much more originally. There is no end of straw and other fibrous materials, which can be used in the manufacture of paper, while our woods are disappearing, each tree of which it takes nearly a hundred years to mature. Paper has been used to make every part of a house, including all the furniture and utensils. Of late years it has very generally been used in the construction of car-wheels. Its employment for railroad ties will save our forests. Railroads, however, suggest the names of the capitalists who own or control them. Quite recently some very important events have happened in the railroad world.

William H. Vanderbilt,

William H. Vanderbilt,

Who owned more railway property than any other man in the country, Jay Gould excepted, has retired from the Presidency of all the various organizations with which his name and that of his father have been associated. He will no longer be responsible for the vast network which extends from New York westward, until it reaches the Pacific system. It is always difficult for a man who wields great power to surrender it voluntarily; but the position of a railway magnate in this country is not a happy one. The possession of great wealth gives a kind of distinction which creates envy; and Mr. Vanderbilt has been very roughly used by the press. The lot of the very rich is not always agreeable in the United States. Outside of business they have no public function. We do not choose them as legislators or chief executives. If active and energetic, they must continue in business or follow a life of pleasure; and in either case they are liable to public censure. Men with great business capacity ought to be our chief rulers, but experience shows that they cannot get the popular suffrage at the polls.

Jay Gould. his father have been associated. He will no longer be responsible

Jay Gould.

This railway magnate declares that for the two years past he has done nothing in Wall Street. He has, however, interested himself in the management of great properties; but even these he proposes to give up, as he intends to go on a trip around the proposes to give up, as he intends to go on a trip around the world in his own yacht, to be absent for two years. Gould is a strange personage; he first made his appearance at the World's Fair in New York in 1855 to dispose of a patent mousetrap. He has since accumulated a gigantic fortune by means not altogether creditable to his moral sense, but withal he is a man without any small vices. He never uses intoxicating drinks or tobacco, nor does he play cards. He has a large family, and his domestic life is a happy one. So far as appearances go, he looks like a Jew; but he professes to be a good Christian, though he attends no church. He is a sickly man, and is constantly under treatment. He is determined not to be forgotten in death, for he has bought a lot in Greenwood Cemetery, upon which he proposes to erect a great mausoleum, modeled after a Grecian lonic temple of the variety styled in ortis; that is, it has columns in temple of the variety styled in ortis; that is, it has columns front only, and the side walls are carried forward to help with the columns in forming the vestibule. Around are to be pilasters, built into the side and rear walls. The interior is be divided into two long blocks of arcosolia, the openings of which will be sealed up as they are filled, and there is a narrow passage between. At the end of the passage there is to be a line stained glass window, in which a crowd of angels and saints are represented singing. The interior roof of this part of the temple will sented singing. The interior roof of this part of the temple will be formed of bronzed rafters, with panels of glass mosale in classic designs between. Similar panels will occupy the triangular spaces above the door and window. When completed, this mausoleum will be the finest in America.

The Great Empire of Brazil.

A glance at the map will show how large a portion of the earth's surface is covered by the territory over which the good Dom Pedro rules as emperor. The greatest river and some of the Dom Pedro rules as emperor. The greatest river and some of the highest mountains on the globe, as well as vastest pampas or plains, are embraced within the limits of this enormous country. As yet, however, it is but thinly populated, having only 12,000,000 inhabitants, who occupy, for the most part, only a fringe of territory along the sea coast. Its backwardness in this respect is due to its limited railway system. The United States has nearly 120,000 miles of railway; in Brazil there are only 426 miles of completed road; but these have paid so well that linglish capital has been attracted, and the next few years will see many thousands of miles of new railroads opening up fertile regions of immense extent to European emigrants. Eight new companies have been formed in London, and when their work is complete, nearly a million of square miles of productive country will be brought in direct relation to the Atlantic seaboard and to the markets of the world. The last of the cheap lands are rapidly being taken up in this country, but when the soil has been absorbed here, we may expect the tide of emigration from the Old World heading for the South American coast. It will take a century at least to exhaust the available land of the South American peninsula.

Our March Through the Heavens.

It is difficult to comprehend that, in addition to the earth's motion around the sun, the latter is also moving through space at the rate of 160,000,000 miles in a year. The astronomers of the last century discovered that our solar system was flying through space in the direction of the constellation Hercules, in other words, if the spectator were to take a stationary point in the heavens, he would see our sun with its attending planets passing through the space at the rate of nearly 450,000 miles per day. Six thousand years ago, it is computed, our solar system was a six thousand years ago, it is computed, our solar system was a million millions of miles farther from the stars of Hercules than it is to-day. The region in which we are entering is more thickly studded with stars—that is, with suns of other solar systems—than the heavenly regions we have left behind us. What a marvelous universe we live in! When we travel on a railway car at the rate of fifty miles an hour, it makes our head swim; but when we call to mind that the earth revolves on its axis once in when we call to mind that the earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours and around the sun, 92,000,000 miles distant, in 365 days, and that sun is flying through space 160,000,000 miles in a year, human consciousness cannot comprehend the mad whirl of worlds by which we are surrounded. What fairy tale or Arabian Nights story is half so marvelous as the simplest and most ordinary facts in astronomy?

Jupiter's Spots.

Next to the sun, Jupiter is one of the most interesting members of the solar system. Compared with it, this earth is a small bers of the solar system. Compared with it, this earth is a small affair. In 1878 some astronomers were startled to find that there had appeared on the surface of Jupiter an immense red spot, thirty thousand miles long and six thousand miles broad. Immediately the spectators began to speculate as to what it meant Some thought it was the red hot surface of the planet which somehow had come to light through the vapors which surrounded it; for it should be borne in mind that it is generally believed Jupiter is an incandescent body, a vast globe of fire which is slowly cooling, and which will in time develop continents, an atmosphere, and oceans such as we know exist on this earth, and presumably on Mars. Then, again, there were those who supposed that the great red blotch was a huge mountain, and others that it was a red cloud. Observation showed that it had a motion of its own; that is, it made its revolution round the planet in a different period from other lighter spots near its equatorial surface. It was at the end of last year that this great red spot began to fade; it seemed to be slowly covered with a misty veil. To-day it is scarcely visible, and only few telescopes are powerful enough to observe it. Other changes are now taking place upon the body of Jupiter. Those who have fine telescopes are delighted with the varied splendors of the surface of this giant planet. Its disc is mottled and streaked with delicate tints of rose, sepia, and steel blue. There are evidently perturbations in Jupiter, and momentous alterations are occurring on its surface. Who knows but what some hundreds of millions of years from now that a planet similar to the earth, with all its varied forms of life, will take the place of the great fiery orb which is now attracting so much of the attention of astronomers? Perhaps, too, by that time life will have disappeared from this earth, which will wander darkly through space, and be ready to drop into the sun. Such, at least, is the fate which some astronomers predict for the beautiful affair. In 1878 some astronomers were startled to find that there for the beautiful planet in which we move, live, and have our

There were Giants in those Days.

In digging recently at Rockaway, L. I., a number of bones were found, making three almost complete human skeletons. On measuring them it was found they must have belonged to a race of giants. One was six feet eleven inches in height. The find was a most interesting one, as the other scattered remains were also evidently of a race of very tall human beings. Some pottery was found near the skeletons, some arrow heads, and near by were heaps of oyster and clam shells, showing that at the time the bodies were buried the surface of the land was far below what it is now. The remains of the teeth and skull would seem to indicate a somewhat lower mentality and different ing habits from the aboriginal race found in this country by the whites on their first landing. When this continent has been thoroughly explored, no doubt much light will be thrown upon the early races with which it was inhabited. Nations and inherite in stature quite as much as in habits and mental development. There is to-day a race of pigmy men in Central Africa and there have undoubtedly been tribes of very tail men among the savages who first peopled this as well as other continents.

France as a Great Military Power.

After Napoleon defeated Prussia at the best!

After Napoleon defeated Prussia at the battle of Jena, that nation determined to be revenged. It reorganized its military system, the basis of which was conscription, which trained every man, capable of bearing arms, to be a soldier. It took almost a generation to effect the transformation, but the result was seen in the overthrow of Austria, the consolidation of the German power, and lastly by the crushing defeat of the French at Sedan, and the final capture of Paris. France, therefore, determined to profit by the experience of its great enemy. It proceeded to reorganize its army so as to make it the mightiest engine of war fruit until 1891; but to-day France possesses about 2,500,000 able bodled, fully-disciplined, and well-armed soldiers. Of course the army actually enrolled is not so large, but the drill of all the able-bodied inen is constantly kept up, and it is said so far as mere numbers go, France is a match for Germany, Austria and Italy combined. Its chief deficiency is in trained officers, but these are fast being supplied. Aiready this great military republic is beginning to feel its strength. It recently conquered Tunis, and it is claiming the sovereignty over Madagascar. De Brazza is on the Congo with his French troops in order to possess himself of Central Africa. The news just reaches us that a French contingent is conquering Tonquin, China. But of course these are mere skirmishes before the great battles by which France means to repossess herself of Alsace and Lorraine. The one passionate aspiration of every Frenchman is that the German would be as deeply humiliated as the Frenchman was by the result of the last Franco-German war. Clearly the era of peace and good-will to men is still a far way off. Europe is a vast camp and the mightiest conflicts the world has seen are yet to be fought to decide whether the Teuton or the Gaul shall have the mastery in Central and Western Europe.

Wealth of Great Britain and the United States. man, capable of bearing arms, to be a soldier. It took almost a

Wealth of Great Britain and the United States.

It is generally believed that Great Britain is wealthier than the United States. The country is so much older that it is supposed its accumulated capital is greater, even though its population is its accumulated capital is greater, even though its population is much less. But Mr. Mulhall, an eminent satistician of the Royal Society of London, declares that the United States is not only potentially, but actually the richer nation. Counting houses, furniture, manufactures, railways, shipping, bullion, lands, cattle, crops, investments and roads—there is a grand total in this country of \$49,770,000,000. All he can credit Great Britain with is something less than \$40,000,000,000,000, or nearly \$10,000,000 less than the United States. Still he estimates the wealth per inhabitant in Great Britain at \$1,160, and in this country at \$905. This is complimentary to the United States, and of course our wealth increases much more rapidly than does that of the older country. Reforming England's Land Laws.

Reforming England's Land Laws.

Great Britain is reported to be prosperous. Trade is said to be active, there is a good deal of building under way, and mechanics are well paid. Yet the emigration of Englishmen, Scotchmen and Welshman to other parts of the earth was never greater than it is to-day; and this is because amid the general prosperity one class—the agricultural—is suffering severely. This is on account of American competition. Grain grown in Dakota can be sold at Liverpool cheaper than corn raised in Eugland itself. More than one-third of the population of Great Britain depends upon the wheat raised and the cattle shipped from other nations. upon the wheat raised and the cattle shipped from other nations. Mr. Gladstone's ministry now proposes to interfere in the English as it has in the Irish Land Question. The scheme is to enact in the law a kind of tenant right. The farmer can demand compensation from the landlord for the barns, drains, and fences which he has put up with his own money. This is the principle of the Irish Land Law, only the latter goes farther and allows the rent, if in dispute, to be fixed by a court. In this country we would never tolerate laws that interfered with the freedom of contract between landlords and tenants; but, who knows?—perhaps the time may come when the struggle for existence on the land may become so fierce that would-be tenants may bid up rent unnaturally, and government would be forced to interfere to save them from suffering. One point is worth keeping in mind. Great Britain may be prosperous while infarming class are suffering, but when our agricultural classes are poor in crops every interest in the country sympathizes.

Electricity Under Ground.

Electricity Under Ground.

A new tunnel is about to be constructed under the Thames, about two-thirds of a mile in length, through which passengers will be carried by an electric motor. The old Thames tunnel took eighteen years to construct, and cost over \$2,000,000. The new tunnel will be finished in less than two years, and will not cost over \$400,000. The length of time taken to convey passingers through the new tunnel will be about two minutes and half, the passages being lighted by electricity. If this subway is successful, we may expect to see it duplicated in a number of cases on this side the ocean. Now that the great Brooklyn bridge is opened, it is found that at several points along the East River there is need of swifter communication between the two shores. Electricity as a motive power is by no means as cheap as steam, but it is in every way preferable for tunnel travel. It is noiseless, and there is no steam to make the tunnel damp and noisome. The same power that is used to move the car will light the passage way. The tunnel under the North River is now under way. It is intended only for passengers. There is scarcely a doubt but what it will be so constructed as to admit of the use of electrical machines. The cheapness of the new tunnels will render them very popular in uniting the traffic and business of the two shores.

The Pope and the Irish.

the two shores.

The Pope and the Irish.

Pope Leo XIII. has delivered himself of an address to the Irish bishops and priests, which has excited no little commotion and may have far-reaching consequences. He orders the clergy in Ireland to have nothing to do with any agitation which tolerates violence and murder to bring about political reforms. He demands, also, that the rights of property should be respected. The response on behalf of the Irish and their sympathizers elsewhere has been wrathful. The Holy Father is reinfinded that he had better stick to theology and leave politics alone. Parnell, it seems, is a Protestant; indeed the more capable heads of the pro-Irish movement do not belong to the priestly party, and the pope has played into their hands in taking a side which seems to associate him with the British rule in Ireland. It is not unlikely that this action of the reigning pope may be one factor in putting literally millions of Catholies outside the pale of the Roman Church. There is no doubt but that the national fervor of the Irish people is just now directed towards politics rather than religion. Rightfully or wrongfully the Irish race the world over detest the British government and would do almost anything to overthrow it if they could. On the other hand, the religious zeal of the Romanists is not by any means as intense as in former years, when the interference of the British government in religious matters made the observance of the old faith seem to be a patriotic duty. The disestablishment of the Irish Church left the Romanists of that country without any religious grievance. Their complaint is now that they are misgoverned and the victims of brutal coercive laws. Should Pope Leo continue in his present attitude, the passionate hatred of English rule will be directed against him and the religion attitude of the Irish race, it would probably be in the direction of skepticism rather than Protestantism. In Roman Catholic countries, such as France, Italy and Spain, the dissentients from the pre

The Eyes from a New Point of View.

It has long been known that certain forms of diseases were associated with defective eyesight, but a leading New York physician makes the rather startling announcement that defective eyesight is often the cause of serious organic disturbances which may result in death. He declares that he has found in his practice that eyes which are maladjusted—that is to say, when they do not work in harmony, where one is strong and the other weak, do not work in harmony, where one is strong and the other weak, or where a continued strain is required, i. e., reading and work—that the result is often a deterioration of some internal organs, particularly the kidneys. This physician was originally an oculist, but he gradually began to treat his patients through the eye, with the happiest results. He gives medicines, but his first prescription is an order for lenses, so as to relieve the eyes from the strain, and bring them into harmony with the outside world. Great mishief has been done by wearing glasses of the same focus for both eyes, the fact being, that whenever there is any shortcoming the eyes differ in their needs. This physician insists that the kidney complaints so common in this country are, in a great degree, due to defective eyesight and improper glasses. This statement will surprise, and set many patients thinking if there are not other means of getting well than by taking medicine.

Another Inland Sea

The fact that the River Jordan and the Red Sea are below the level of the Mediterranean had suggested to certain English capilevel of the Mediterranean had suggested to certain English capitalists the scheme of digging a ship canal through the plain of Esdraelon, admitting the Mediterranean to the valley of the Jordan at a point a little south of the Sea of Galilee. Were this ever accomplished, the Jordan valley would be converted into a vast lake of from twenty to thirty miles wide, and engineers would then, it is said, be able to connect it with the Arabian Gulf, thus furnishing a new water way from Europe to India. Oddly enough, there are passages in the prophecies which seem to foretell the consummation of some such enterprise. It may nerhans tell the consummation of some such enterprise. It may perhaps be carried out some time in the next century. Just to think of traveling direct by water from New York to Jerusalem!

Manchester as a Seaport.

There has recently been a revival of the old scheme to build a ship canal to Manchester, England. The manufacturers of that city have long complained of the exactions of the Liverpool dock owners, and the tax put upon them by the railroads. It is claimed that the thirty-one and a half miles of ship canal would soon pay for itself in the saving that would be effected in railway freights and dock charges. Another great scheme is to construct a ship canal from Paris to the British Channel, so as to make the

French capital a scaport town, having a world-wide commerce of its own. This would be quite feasible from an engineering point of view, but it would cost a great deal of money. It is not likely that the rest of France will consent to still further aggrandize its capital. Such a project would almost ruin Havre, Brest, and its other scaports, and make Paris all there was of France. There is also a talk of building a tunnel from Paris to Rouen, a distance of seventy miles; but what advantage it would be if one were constructed has not been explained.

A Wonderful Structure.

were constructed has not been explained.

A Wonderful Structure.

An important event, to New York and Brooklyn at least, was the opening of the magnificent aerial structure that connects the two cities. This wonderful triumph of engineering skill was commenced in 1870 and completed in 1883. For many years the subject was agltated, and in 1867 a Bridge Company was formed with a view of carrying out the project. John A. Roebling, of Trenton, N. J., was consulted as to the practicability of the scheme, and to this distinguished engineer the building of the bridge was intrusted. Meeting with an accident which caused his death, his son, Washington Roebling, who was his father's assistant, took up the uncompleted work, which he brought to a triumphant close in 1883, losing his health in the cause, even as his father had lost his life. This magnificent structure, which spans the East River, is 5,989 feet long, the width is 85 feet, the total height of the towers above high water is 278 feet, and above the roadway 159 feet. The towers, two in number, are built of granite. At a height of 119 feet there are two arched openings in each tower, one of which is on the New York side and the other on the Brooklyn, and through these openings travel is effected. On the top of the towers are huge iron castings, on which rests the weight of the cables, four in number, the diameter of each being 15½ inches. The length of wire in the four cables, exclusive of wrapping wire, is 14,361 miles, and the length of each single wire in the cables is 3,579 feet. The total weight of metal in the bridge is 1,000 tons. The promenade will allow 45,000 persons to pass over every hour, and the roadway will admit the passage of 1,440 vehicles bourly. The cars are to be propelled by an endless chain, twenty cars being on the bridge at one time, each car being capable of accommodating 100 passengers. The bridge will be lighted by 100 electric lights. The cost of this structure is \$15,000,000, and another million will be expended before it is entirely kind in the world.

suspension bridges, this is the most remarkable structure of the kind in the world.

What makes Great Cities?

The opening of the Brooklyn Bridge has called attention to the possible creation of another great city, with over two millions of inhabitants. If New York, Brooklyn, and the surrounding towns were consolidated, it would create by far the greatest seaport in the world. It is worthy of note that heretofore cities have become populous above their rivals, because they were the seats of power. All the historic cities of the world were populous and wealthy on account of their being the residences of kings or rulers. Pekin, Moscow, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, Rome, Madrid, London—all are practically inland cities, and have been made what they are by being the capitals of the nations in which they were situated. In the United States we have not, so far, followed the precedent of the Old World. New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco, have not become populous or rich from being centres of authority, but have depended upon commerce or manufactures for their growth. There are those who think that the greatest city of the United States will be somewhere in the interior. We have now 55,000,000,000,000 dwelling on our territory. When that day comes the greatest centre of population will undoubtedly be somewhere on the Mississippi Valley, and not on the sea coast. Washington is a growing city, and one of which the nation may well be proud. Its vitality is due entirely to the fact of its being the capital of the nation, for it has neither trade nor manufactures. Were the seat of government to be removed to any point in the West, Washington would dwindle to the proportions of a Southern village. Business and natural advantages, not power, create the great cities of America.

A Defenceless Nation. great cities of America.

A Defenceless Nation

At the recent gathering of the army of the Potomac, Rear-Admiral Rodgers responded to the toast of the navy, when he made the following remarkable statement: "So far as I know, we have not even one good gun of modern ealibre ashore or affoat, in the army or the navy. What is worse, I fear we have no trained artisans nor any forges to make guns. Our old cannon are as obsolete as are the flint-lock muskets of 1812, and we haven't one efficient ship of war." General Rosecrans, who sat near the speaker, suggested that this country depended on torpedoes. Admiral Rodgers immediately took issue with him, and said that while torpedoes were not implements of warfere to be said that while torpedoes were not implements of warfare to be disregarded, they were an utterably unreliable power. What amazing confidence the American people have in their latent power, that in this age of armored war vessels, gigantic cannon, and enormous armies, they can see no necessity for any defences! China, to-day, is better prepared for war than the United States, and one flotilla of gunboats, recently constructed on the Clyde for the Chinese Government, could, without any difficulty, take possession of our entire Pacific coast line, including San Francisco. The whole navy of the United States and all its guns could not defend the city of the Golden Gate from the attacks of the Chinese men of war.

Scrap-bag to Hang on Sewing Machines.

HE bag is hemmed and drawn up with green silk cord and tassels, so as to leave a little plaited heading. Round the outside is a vandyked lambre-



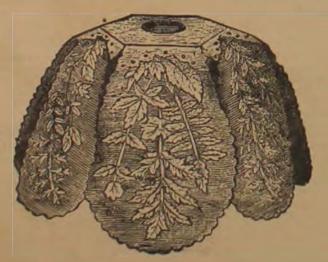
quin or white net worked with fileselle in Gobelin stitch from the pattern given. The diamonds are worked with red silk in two shades; the vandyked lines with light and medium olive filoselle. Round the outer edge are buttonhole stitches of dark olive, with tassels of pale olive, tied with red, at the point of each vandyke. The pattern at the upper edge of the border is also worked with olive silk, and a cord of the same color is sewn round the bag above the lambre-Draw the quin. bag together at bottom with tassel and cord like those at the top.

Lamp Shade.

A VERY pretty and simple design. The six flaps or sections are cut out of white, glossy paper, and lined with a pale

pink silk. The ferns are natural ones, pressed when young and green, and to keep them they should be pressed between blotting-paper. Fasten them to the paper with fine green sewing silk; then catch the lining to each section by a little fancy stitch at each scallop.

The top of the shade consists of two hexagons made of cardboard covered with pink silk and edged with lace. The flaps are fixed in between the two top hexagons. Care



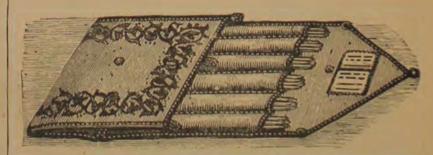
must be taken to have the opening at the top large enough, else the heat from the chimney will soon scorch it.

This shade can be made very effective with spatter work. Care must be taken to employ the colors for the spattering as dry as possible, so as to prevent their running on the paper, and be careful also not to lay one leaf above the other, as it would interfere with the transparency—in fact it would be advisable to arrange the work for spatter on tissue-paper or swiss rather than the glossy, stiff paper.



Pincushion, Embroidery.

IRCULAR cushion covered with blue corded silk, edged round with a ruching and box plaited frill of blue satin ribbon. The sewing on of the frill is hidden by a vandyked border of white flannel, in chain, knotted and feather stitch. The flowers are embroidered with three shades of pink silk, and the spray and tendrils with moss green and blue silks and with gold thread. For setting in the toilet bottle, measure the size round it, and of cardboard make a circle three inches high, and sew a bottom on it; cover it with silk inside; then cut the center out off the cushion, set the box shape down in and overhand the edge of box and cushion, finishing with a ruching of ribbon. Fill the cushion with bran, and add to the points of the embroidery silk and gilt balls.



Case for Knitting Needles.

outlined with red silk cord or ribbon. A small oblong of flannel for needles may be placed on the inside of top flap. The lower flap is embroidered in cross stitch, and the front can be ornamented with a monogram. The fastenings consist of buttons and loops of cord.



Dried and Candied Fruits .- We will give the rule for candying and drying cherries. The same process would be followed with other fruits. Candied fruit is prepared until it has cooled in the syrup. It must then be taken out, washed in lukewarm water, and dried in the mouth of the oven, not too hard; the syrup is then returned to the fire and boiled until it reaches what confectjoners call the "blow;" that is known when, by dipping a skimmer in the boiling syrup, and blowing through the holes, little sparkling bubbles are formed over them; the fruit is then put into it and boiled until it again reaches the "blow;" the preserving kettle is taken from the fire; the skimmer is rubbed against the side of it until the sugar begins to "grain"-that is to grow white; the fruit is then dipped in that part of the sugar, taken out with a fork, and drained on a wire grating over a pan; the fruit dries quickly, and is then ready for use or preservation by packing in boxes between layers of paper.

A New Way to Make Currant Jelly.—The currants are to be picked, washed and syruped in the usual way, and the juice placed in a stone or earthen vessel, and set away in a cool place in the cellar; in about twenty-four hours a considerable amount of froth will cover the surface, produced by fermentation, and this must be removed and the whole again strained through the jelly bag; then an equal weight of powdered white sugar added; this is stirred constantly until entirely dissolved, and then put into jars, tied up tightly and then put away; at the end of another twenty-four hours a perfectly transparent jelly of the most satisfactory character will be formed, which will keep as long as if it had been cooked.

Currant Jelly.—Put the currants in a stone jar and set them in an iron pot, with sufficient water to cover them, without running in while boiling; after they are douc, mash and strain the juice from them; add one pound of white sugar to a pound of juice; but first put the sugar into the kettle with a little water, and let it boil to a very thick syrup; then add the juice, and let the whole boil very rapidly, and without stirring, for twenty minutes.

Fruit Juices.—The juices of many kinds of fruits are so extremely delicate that they cannot be preserved by the ordinary methods of heating, so as to retain the flavor, this being especially the case with raspberries and strawberries. To meet this difficulty, we are advised to take perfectly ripe, dry, clean raspberries, and to mash them in an earthen jar, with a wooden pestle, so as to obtain a homogeneous mass. To this, five to ten per cent. of grape or cane sugar is to be added, and the whole then allowed to stand, being stirred occasionally. An alcoholic fermentation will before long take place, in the course of which the pectine will separate completely, leaving the perfectly clear juice, which will be found to retain all the peculiar aroma of the raspberry.

For preparing strawberries, two pounds of berries are to be selected, as directed for raspberries, and placed in a large-mouthed bottle without mashing, so as to fill the bottle one half to two thirds; two and a half pounds of finely pulverized sugar are to be added, and the whole shaken up frequently at the ordinary temperature, without heating. The sugar will extract the moisture from the berries, and form a clear syrup, possessing all their flavor and odor, which may be separated by straining. This juice will keep perfectly by the addition of one fifth of its bulk of alcohol.

Pickled Barberries.—Boil the bruised berries of a few bunches in salt and water; strain and put a gill of the liquor to a quart of vinegar, wi han ounce of salt, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, a quarter of an ounce of pounded ginger, and a little sliced horseradish; boil and strain it; then pour it hot over the barberries, the finest bunches having been previously selected and placed in jars; when cold, cover closely with a bladder. They

may also be kept in a jar with a strong brine of salt and water poured over them. When any scum is observed upon the surface, pour off the brine and add fresh.

Tomato Salad with Water Cress.—Take equal parts of peeled sliced tomatoes and water cress, and dress each in a separate bowl with salt, white pepper, a dash of cayenne, oil, and vinegar. Let the dressing reach thoroughly all of the vegetables, and after each bowl has stood for five minutes mix them well together and let the combination stand for a few moments before serving. The tomatoes being rather flat and the cress sharp, each supplies what the other needs. If pains are taken, the result is delicious.

A Good Way to use Cold Meat.—Take the remnants of any fresh roasted meat and cut in thin slices. Lay them in a dish with a little plain boiled maccaroni if you have it, and season thoroughly with pepper, salt, and a little walnut catsup. Fill a deep dish half full; add a very little finely-chopped onion, and pour over half a can of tomatoes, or tomatoes sliced, having previously saturated the meat with stock or gravy. Cover with a thick crust of mashed potato, and bake till this is brown in a not too hot oven, but neither let it be too slow.

Baked Fish.—A fish weighing from four to six pounds is a good size to bake. It should be cooked whole to look well. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, butter, salt, and parsley; mix this with one egg. Fill the body, and lay in large pan; put across it some strips of salt pork to flavor it. Bake it half an hour. Baste frequently.

Crtfish Soup.—Take two large or four small white catfish, cut off the heads, and skin and clean them. Cut each in three parts. Put them in a pot, with a pound of lean bacon, a large onion cut up, a handful of parsley chopped small, some pepper and salt. Pour in a sufficient quantity of water, and stew them until the fish are quite tender, but not broken. Beat the yolks of four fresh eggs, add to them a large spoonful of butter, two of flour, and half a pint of rich milk. Make all these warm, thicken the soup. Take out the bacon, put some of your fish in the tureen, pour in the soup and serve it up.

Cucumber Catsup.—Grate large cucumbers before they begin to turn yellow; drain out the juice and put the pulp through a sieve to remove the large seeds; fill a bottle half full of the pulp, discarding the juice, and add the same quantity of ten per cent. vinegar; cork tightly. When used add pepper and salt; salt kills the vinegar if put in when made.

Chocolate Blanc-mange.—To one quart of sweet milk use one ounce of gelatine and one cup of granulated sugar; soak the gelatine in the milk for an hour, then put it on the fire until it is dissolved; beat the yolks of three eggs very light, and beat in with them four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate; then mix all together and put on the fire until it reaches the boiling point; stir it all the time, or it is almost certain to burn; when it is cooked sufficiently let it get perfectly cool, then add the whites of the three eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, with two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Set it in the refrigerator and eat cold with sweetened cream.

Stewed Pigeons.—Unless pigeons are quite young, they are better braised or stewed in broth than cooked in any other manuer. Tie them in shape; place slices of bacon at the bottom of a stewpan; lay in the pigeous side by side, all their breasts uppermost; add a sliced carrot, an onion with a clove stuck in, a teaspoonful of sugar, some parsley, and pour over enough stock to cover them. Now put some thin slices of bacon over the top of the pigeons; cover them as closely as possible, adding boiling stock when necessary. Let them simmer until they are very tender. Serve each pigeon on a thin piece of buttered toast, with a border of spinach.

Chocolate Pie.—Take four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, one pint of boiling water, let it simmer for a few minutes, then take the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir this mixture together, and boil until thick, like boiled custard. Make a crust as for lemon pie, bake it and then put in the cooked chocolate. Beat the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth, beating in a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar; put this on the top of the pie and set it in the oven to brown. Serve cold.

Scientific.

Ammonia in Baking Powders.—The uses to which common ammonia can be properly put as a leavening agent indicate that this familiar salt is hereafter to perform an active part in the preparation of our daily food. The carbonate of ammonia is an exceedingly volatile substance. Place a small portion of it upon a knife and hold it over a flame, and it will almost immediately be converted into gas and pass off into the air. The gas thus formed is a compound of nitrogen and hydrogen. No residue is left from the ammonia. This gives it its superiority as a leavening power over soda and cream of tartar.

The Willow.—The Lancet calls attention to a fact which is of considerable interest and importance from a medical point of view—namely, that the willow is an old remedy for intermittent fevers. The remedy has recently been tried anew by an Indian assistant-surgeon, Chetan Shah. Among the lower classes of Cabul, and especially in women, quinine was found to irritate the bowels, while the juice of fresh willow-leaves, largely diluted with water, rarely failed to cure intermittent fever, and never caused irritation.

Water-cress has valuable medicinal qualities, and is excelfent in cases of eczema.

A Correspondent who has had practical experience of the nulsance of rats, says that caustic soda is the best and speedlest method of getting rid of them.

Weak soapsuds or aqua ammonia will clean bronze statuary or bronze ornaments in the fine lines of which dust has collected.

Dangers of Aerated Waters.—The Lancet once more directs attention to the dangers of manufactured aërated waters. The aëration has of course no effect on the quality of the water, and, as the consumer cannot judge for himself in the matter, he is exposed to most serious risk if, as sometimes happens, bad water has been used in the manufacture.

M. Pasteur is said to have taken the first step toward the discovery of a method for the prevention of rabies by inoculation. He mentions the case of a dog in his possession which, after inoculation, manifested the early symptoms of rabies, but then recovered, and is now proof against the disease; and he has three others which he asserts to be incapable of contracting the malady.



"Mrs. Jones," said a visitor, "Emma has your features, but I think she's got her father's hair." "Oh, now I see," said dear little Emma; "it's because I've got papa's hair that he is bald on the top of his head."

"Snsy, is your father at home?" said a bashful lover to his sweetheart, "I have something very important to say to him." "No, Clarence, papa is not at home, but I am. Couldn't you say it to me just as well?" And he did, with perfect success.

Our minister used to say to sister Sal (and when she was young, she was a rael witch, a most an everlastin' sweet girl), "Sally," he used to say, "now's the time to larn, when you are young; store your mind well, dear; and the fragrance will remain long after the rose has shed its leaves. The otter of roses is stronger than the rose, and a plaguy sight more valuable."—Sam Slick (T. Haliburton).

There are three companions with whom you should always keep on good terms :-

First, your Wife. Second, your Stomach.

Third, your Conscience.

A man should make life and nature happier to us, or he had better never been born. An old French verse runs in my translation:—

"Some of your griefs you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what torments of pain you endured
From evils that never arrived!"

Emerson

"What makes Mrs. Jones so popular? I'm sure she's very stupid. She can hardly see beyond her nose," said a lady to a friend, who replied: "My dear, sharp-sightedness is not what makes a person popular. It is what Mrs. Jones doesn't see that gives her such popularity."



Improvement in the daughters will best aid in the reformation of the sons of this age.—Margaret Fuller.

A house is no home unless it contain food and fire for the mind as well as the body.—Ibld.

My husband must be my superior, for since both nature and the laws give him pre-eminence, I should be ashamed of him if he did not in reality deserve it.—Madame Roland.

The disposition which can bear trouble, which, while passing over the lesser annoyances of life, as unworthy to be measured in life's whole sum, can yet meet real affliction steadily, struggle with it while resistance is possible; conquered, sit down patiently, to let the storms sweep over; and on their passing, if they pass, rise up, and go on its way, looking up to that region of blue calm which is never long invisible to the pure of heart—this is the most blessed possession that any woman can have. Better than gold, better than beauty, or high fortunes, or prosperous and satisfied love.—Miss Mulock.

To grow old is quite natural; being natural it is beautiful; and if we grumble at it, we miss the lesson and lose all the beauty.—Friswell.

What makes a fire so pleasant is, I think, that it is a live thing in a dead room.—Sydney Smith.

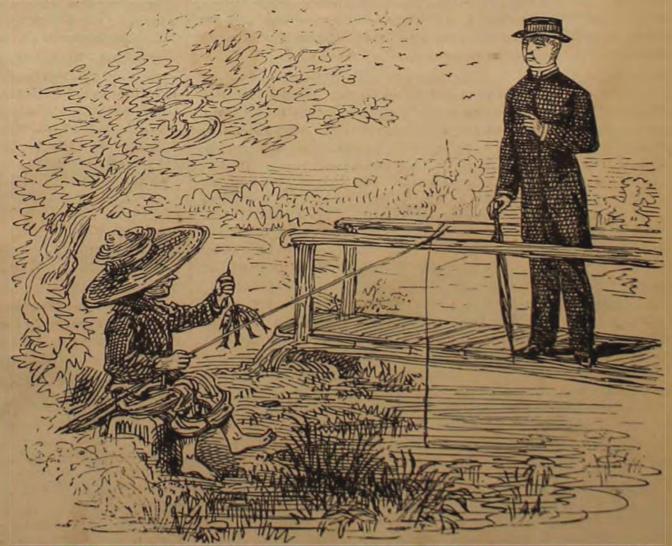
A deep, true love will lift a soul out of the shallows of selfishness and the mud of fleshliness when all other powers combined have failed to extricate it from the slough.—Rev. Heber Newton.

Man's deepest evil and his highest good are each in the love he bears a woman. It is his marring or his making forever. He marries her "for better, for worse," an infinite better, an infinite worse.—Ibid.

Life's harmony must have its discords; but as in music pathos is tempered into pleasure by the pervading spirit of beauty, so are all life's sorrows tempered by love.—George Henry Lewes.

Music is one of the most delightful and magnificent presents that God has given us. Satan is the inveterate enemy of music, for he knows that by its aid we drive away temptations and evil thoughts. He cannot make head against music.—Martin Luther.

When two friends part they should lock up one another's secrets, and change the keys.—Feltham.



Old Gent.—On you bad, bad Boy, why do this on the Sabbath? Bad Boy.—For fish, Sir.

O. Gent. -BUT BEING SUNDAY CAN YOU FIND NOTHING BETTER THAN TO PISH!

B. Boy .- (triumphantly) Yes sir-ee, four fish!

OLD GENT GIVES HIM UP AS LOST.



REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—JULY.

I was never more difficult to dress than now, when there is so much to choose from, and such an apparently endless diversity of materials and designs for dresses and garments. Never was it more easy to make mistakes, for what one woman can carry off successfully by the happy accidents of figure and style, another will find transforms her sober propriety into hopeless caricature. It is not an economical season-rich fabrics, costly trimmings, more elegant laces than the serviceable Belgian and simple Limerick, take the lead; and the majority do their best to follow. The result is not good, it has no well defined purpose, it is unreasonable, and too mixed to be harmonious or satisfying. Of course, every one cannot wear very costly materials, but the fashionable tints and colors are not to be obtained in the cheaper ones, and so there is a frequent combination, which almost amounts to the grotesque, both in color and fabric.

It cannot be too often repeated, that those who are limited in their amount of dress money should resolutely avoid fanciful styles, and high or striking colors and designs, and confine themselves to simple forms, and as much as possible to solid colors. It is true that most charming results are to be obtained by the blending of delicate modern tints—by the harmonious combination of rich and artistic designs in fabric with exquisite lace and embroidery, also that the picturesque element is not only attractive in giving character and variety to dress, but often highly becoming—still it must be remembered that, delightful as it would be to gratify a cultivated taste in this way, an attempt at imitation is both cheap and vulgar, and utterly fails of its object. In dress, as in other things, it is best to only do what is within the compass of one's means and resources.

The black Surahs have had a great and deserved success this season; they are so cool, so soft, so durable, so comparatively inexpensive, that they have largely taken the place of "summer" silks and of grenadines. The Surahs are usually made up with kiltings on the lower skirt, with a short shirred apron, and short drapery or kiltings at the back. The bodice may be a basque, or shirred waist with belt, and the costume is completed by a high pelerine cape, or visite trimmed with lace. A very effective finish is arranged by using a basque like the "Aylmar," attaching to

it a skirt of deep black French lace, and bordering a pelerine cut high on the shoulder, with the same, and arranging it as a very full fall over the arms and above the lace skirt of the basque at the back.

Drapery, as a rule, is short and high this season. Paniers are draped high and are laid close; back drapery is fuller than last season, but usually high, unless formed of a succession of flounces which forms the entire back part of the skirt. Short dresses are almost universal, except for wrappers and evening wear, and young women wear their dresses short even in the evening, and especially for dances. There is much black and white employed, both for day and evening, but especially for evening purposes, and those half toilettes which in the summer are so much more needed than in winter. A striped dress, for example, has a skirt of plaited twilled satin and runs' veiling, the folds laid so that only the satin shows plainly. The "Jersey" tunic worn with this skirt is of black stockingette, and the pelerine of plaiting arranged like the skirt, and set into a small yoke which fits the neck. Young, slender girls produce a very stylish effect by wearing, with a pretty skirt of black silk trimmed Surah, a white silk muslin waist, the belt encircled with black ribbon, with loops at one side, and the puffed sleeves tied upon the shoulder and upon the arms with Surah ribbons to match. More elegant dresses are combinations of black brocade, satin or grenadine, with white satin or twilled silk, the latter covered with ruffles of black lace. Another variation consists of black silk, Ottoman, or satin Surah made up as a bodice or basque, and trimmed with very wide black lace, which falls over a softly puffed skirt of nuns' veiling, India, or silk muslin.

The pretty chintzes have been made up largely for summer wear in the country, and trimmed with fine torchon, which is found to be so durable and, also, more effective than lighter laces upon colored cottons. They are made in various styles, but in none more effectively than walking skirt trimmed with two kilted flounces, and the "Jersey" tunic. For young girls the "Leonora" design is often followed, while the "Janthe" polonaise, and one kilting (deep) upon the skirt, is liked by many ladies who consider the "Jersey" tunic too youthful for them.

The tailor-made dresses maintain their supremacy for traveling and all useful purposes. The plain woolen cos-

Vol. XIX.-July, 1883.-43

tume has, indeed, become an institution which nothing can displace, and all that is needed is, that it shall be well made in the neat, close-fitting forms which are alone adapted to solid, sober materials. A very pretty basque for a tailor-made dress is the "Fleta;" and it looks well over a skirt with drapery and draped apron, rather than entirely plain lengthwise plaits or kiltings. The fashion of last year of using figured or checked materials for the skirt, and plain for the basque or jacket, is still retained, but is principally adopted by young girls; and is seen in the large checked and plaided summer silks as well as in woolens, as formerly. The favorite mode is to choose a plaid in which there is some slight preponderance of a dark or bright color, or a new shade, such as raspberry, or strawberry red, and select that for the jacket, in satine or silk; as house and seaside costumes these rather striking combinations are very effective.

Paris Fashions.

PARIS, May 20th, 1883.

DEAR DEMOREST.—The opening of the Salon in May is always one of the events signaled by a display of the latest creations of millinery and dressmaking skill, and all the world of Paris goes to see and be seen, either on the first day of the exhibition, or on the Fridays during the entire exposition.

Étégantes, who have little to do save to "kill time" as best they may, are to be seen at the Salon in toilets of such extravagance that old residents of Paris say the boasted grandeur of the Empire paled before these gorgeously-arrayed representatives of the modern Republic, and they predict the speedy overthrow of a régime that countenances such elaborate toilets. But the wearers of these costumes serenely pursue their way and strive to outdo each other in the originality or grotesqueness of the designs.

A pale blonde appeared in a costume of all the shades of crushed strawberry. The short skirt was composed of satin faille of the palest shade, made quite plain, with an apron, of the darkest shade of strawberry, of lace, over which were strewn strawberry leaves wrought in coarse silk floss in every shade of green; a long habit-coat, of the darkest shade, was cut very short in front, forming two points, and so short on the hips that it scarcely concealed the band of the skirt, thence it descended to the bottom of the skirt in full, natural folds at the back, the deep plaits being laid underneath so as to give the plainest effect possible at the waist line; a lining of pale satin faille was puffed, in the most intricate manner, inside the skirt of the habit-basque : the sleeves were laid in fine side-plaits from the shoulder to the elbow, and were composed of the satin faille, shaded from the crimson of the heart of the strawberry to the pale flush of the fruit shining through flukes of cream; at the right side of the skirt there were about twenty long loops and ends of velvet ribbon, satin faced, each loop being of a different shade of color; at the left side there was a large cluster of artificial strawberries, nestling among immense leaves, which were laid upon a foundation of the velvet ribbon cut in points. The hat worn with this costume was of wicker gilt braids, a close capote form, with a border of pale pink Valenciennes lace placed very full around the face; the small artificial berries were gracefully intermingled with the foliage forming the crown, and the strings, of narrow velvet satin-faced ribbon, were tied in a quantity of loops directly behind the right ear. Black finished-kid gloves, embroidered on the back in pale pink, reached to the elbow sleeves, and were completed by a full ruche of velvet ribbon with feathered edges.

A young tourist, of some sixteen summers, was attired in an electric-blue cachemire costume. The lower skirt was trimmed with three rows of No. 5 velvet ribbon of the same shade, and the upper skirt was, apparently, a duplicate of the lower one, and was caught up high at the right side, far back of the hip, under endless loops of the velvet; while the left side was raised slightly, only so as to produce the effect of having been lifted by the hand and allowed to fall naturally but had caught in a pin in descending. Both skirts were gathered very full across the back and formed all the tone nure necessary to give a graceful curve to the short skirt of the shirred blouse-waist, which was confined with a belt of the velvet tied in loops at the left side, where a pretty Marguerite reticule of cachemire, satin lined, was suspended An Amazon hat of blue straw, adorned with one long and five short blue ostrich feathers, and Dent gloves of pale lemon color completed this simple toilet.

A fashionable beauty, whose portrait hangs upon the walls of the Salon, posed before it, the centre of an admiring group, clad in a short costume of ecra Ottoman, hand-wrought in golden pansies of immense size, the centre of each pansy being made to represent the face of a hideous poodle wrought in brown, black and gray. The skirt had a plain apron front. with numberless narrow ruffles of satin and lace overlying each other underneath the lower edge; the sides were formed of a hollow plait, six inches wide across the face, and at the back of each plait écru lace formed a series of cascades from the waist to the hem; the back was a mass of irregular drapery, so arranged as to display the hand-wrought pansies : the corsage was cut square in the neck and round at the waist, a half-girdle of golden velvet forming a finish at the bottom and serving to display an antique square buckle of silver studded with brilliants; a full, high chemisette of white mull filled in the neck, and was clasped about the throat with a broad band of antique silver links, above which rose a full fraise of inch-wide old Malines lace; the closefitting elbow sleeves were put in high and full at the shoulders and finished at the elbows with frills of lace corresponding to that worn in the neck. The capote was composed of a black velvet crown laid in loose plaits, and three frills of the old lace fell softly over the dark, waved hair of the wearer; three golden tips of marabout plumage were fastened at the right side under a full rosette of golden velvet. Long Fedora gloves of black finished-kid, with the crest of the wearer wrought in gold near the top, gave the final touch of elegance to this costume.

Were I to attempt a description of all the elegant, novel, or remarkable costumes on view, my letter would have to extend far beyond its ordinary limits. Models are as varied, indeed, as the tastes of those who wear them, yet there is a certain uniformity extending through all varieties by which an observer may see at a glance whether the costume is the "last creation" of the modiste or an indifference of several models assimilated by an inexperienced manipulator. For instance, rather plain skirts are always seen in unison with the blouse corsage, or the slightly draped polonaise, whereas the rest-corsage may be appropriately worn with a very elaborately plaited lower skirt and voluminously draped overskirt.

French ladies who find it necessary to practice economy have two corsages made for the same costume, be it either wool or a richer fabric. The corsage of the same material as the costume is quite dressy, pointed, puffed, slashed, or garnished with passementerie or lace; the other is more of a cont basque made of Jersey goods, matching in color, and is used for the less dressy occasions, while the other is reserved for church, ceremonious calls, the races, or the salon. For dinner, evening, and full dress occasions this custom is also creeping into favor, a low-cut bodice and a high one often being made of the same fabric, or if two or more fabrics or

colors are employed, the low bodice is made of the one and the high bodice of the other. An attachable train, combining all the colors, shades, or fabrics, or made of one only, is always arranged with these dual costumes.

In extremely fashionable circles, however, an evening or ceremonious costume must be arranged with a Princess train, and the corsage may be high, V shaped, square, or meeting at the throat and open in a species of triangle bows on the breast. Absolutely low-cut corsages are not strictly enforced in Paris; they may or may not be worn, as suits individual taste.

This brings me to the topic of all fashionable gossip, the marriage of Mademoiselle Beatrice Rothschild, which is to take place in June, just after the Grand Prix. The bride is the only remaining daughter of the Baron Alphonso Rothschild, and the groom is a Russian, said to be of quite a paternal appearance in comparison with the lady, who is scarcely out of her teens. Every day, since the announcement of the engagement, the happy pair drive together under the matronly eye of the lady who has superintended the education of both the Baron's daughters. Each day the expectant groom sends choicest flowers to the lady, each day she meets him arrayed in a new costume of becoming simplicity and elegance, her fair shoulders and well moulded arms exposed to view, her dark, abundant hair dressed as becomes one emancipated from the school-room and soon to assume the rôle of mistress of her own household.

By the way, I may just whisper that the bridal dress is to be of white satin, so simply made that its extreme cost is not to exceed \$400. The veil is to be of old point, and will cost \$2,000, but this is looked upon as a probable heirloom, and the Baroness has consented to what she would otherwise deem extravagance.

The robe for the contract will be of the palest shade of crushed strawberry, but at this moment the material has not yet been decided upon, neither is the trousseau yet commenced, but it is anticipated that it will correspond in quantity and quality with that of the sister of the bride who was married six or seven years ago. Notwithstanding the difficulty of getting a "card" for this proposed wedding, I hope to see it all, and give your readers a faithful account of it in my next.

M. T. K.

Illustrated Designs.

MONG the illustrated designs for the present month will be found the "Fontenoy" costume, a suitable model for figured foulard, or brocaded grenadine, combined with plain Surah for the plaitings. The pattern consists really of a basque upon which the drapery is mounted, so as to give the effect of a polonaise, and a skirt, walking length, trimmed with a full drapery above a deep, shirred puff. The front of the basque is outlined with folds of Surah, or the plain material used for the plaitings, whatever that is. The model is very suitable for soft checked or striped summer silk, for pongee, nuns' veiling, or any softly draping fabric which does not require washing, but we do not advise it for cottons or linens.

The "Brenda" has several elements of novelty. The short apron, basque, and drapery at the back, form a tunic above the skirt, which has all the effect of a "princess," and is very graceful as well as simple in its arrangement. The design is adapted to soft summer wools, nuns' veilings, and gauze flannels. It is made up in gray, with black velvet ribbon upon the flounces, and in navy blue, with lines of stitching. It is a useful model for the seaside, and also for short trips, when something between a cotton and thin summer silk is needed.

The "Trenna" is suitable for either wool or cotton, and particularly adapted to embroidered dresses, whether of batiste, cambric, cashmere, or gingham. It may also be used for embroidered pongee, and if made in a pretty chintz, with needlework ruffles, will look almost exactly as in the illustration. It is a very simple design, consisting only of a skirt with two ruffled flounces, a short draped apron, and a basque, which extends into a polonaise at the back.

The "Clayton" walking skirt is stylishly made up in a combination of soft Surah with flowered grenadine, over twilled foulard; the figured fabric being used for the long over-skirt, the plain for the plaitings and paniers. The figured is also employed for the basque, for which the "Aylmar" was used in the instance described.

The "Lorna" over-skirt is a style very much admired by many persons, and which never really goes out of fashion. It is becoming to tall women, is easily adjusted, does not require much trimming, and takes on irregular and graceful lines, which are artistic, and not disturbing.

The two basques given are both very pretty. The "Fleta" is perfectly plain, well adapted to the best class of all-wool materials, to fine cloth, to velvet, and other solid and handsome fabrics. The leaf forms in which it is cut out are more graceful than the squares and turreted edges, which have recently been employed, and are becoming to somewhat full figures, who find the plain outlines of the "tailor"-made dresses—not necessarily made by tailors—so well suited to their requirements. The "Ermen" is less strict in its demands. It is a model specially intended for house-wear, and may be made in any pretty tinted or bright colored flannel, with plaited silk front, or in satine, with silk muslin front, or any other combination, or, in fact, in no combination, but with a plaited front of the same as the body, and a flat trimming, as illustrated, of antique lace.

The "Watteau" house dress will win the hearts of tasteful housewives who want a neat companion design to the "house-keeping dress," and will find in this a suitable model for prints, satines, figured wools, or pretty "afternoon" lawns—the country, thank heaven, still has its afternoons. It will also be found an equally good style for autumn cashmeres, and all wools in gray or wine color.

The "Arundel" mantelet is one of the latest and most stylish designs in elegant summer wraps. It has long plaited tabs, a short back, plaited so as to adjust itself to bouffant drapery, and is cut so that the shoulder pieces form the most graceful of sleeves. The lace and passementeric trimming impart style and the necessary finish to the distinction of the design.

The Tourist's Veil.

EILS are now very little used except by tourists, and, therefore, the choice has very much diminished, manufacture not being stimulated in the direction of novelty. A few ladies still risk their eyesight by buying and wearing an occasional strip of lace dotted with beads or chenille; but the majority have their faces uncovered, except when subjected to more than the ordinary amount of heat, or dirt, or wind, and then they take a long strip of gauze which they place over the brim of the bonnet, cross behind and knot on the shoulder.

THE KNOTTED SILK HANDKERCHIEF is as much used as ever. It is now produced in soft China silk in all the art shades, and serves in the country as sufficient finish to a morning dress of gingham, or satine.

Shade Hats.

ARGE garden hats, and that class of summer headgear designed specially for protection from an unrelenting summer sun, seems likely to acquire and retain a character of their own. For one thing, the requirements are always the same, and they are of an informal and unconventional character. So long as a "shade" hat does shade the face, and make a picturesque object in the landscape, it does not make much difference whether the braid is fine or coarse, the crown high or low. There is a sense of fitness, however, in making it as light-looking as possible, and the trimmings of white lace and India muslin, therefore, which have been in vogue for several years past, aided by chrysanthemums, or yellow field flowers, such as mustard, cowslips, or buttercups, have at least seemed highly appropriate, and suggested refinement without any great cost. But the fashionable shade hats of this season, the large Leghorns and basket straws, have dropped the simplicity of muslin, and ignore the buttercups; they have restored the white plumes, the black velvet ribbon, and the pink roses, and make the shade hat as costly and elegant as if it were a dress bonnet. Of course they can be worn for finer and more formal purposes than the simple muslin trimmed hats; but they cannot be used so conveniently, and are a source of anxiety in case of a sudden shower; while, in the first instance, a "tie" would make the most saturated hat as good again as new. Still, nothing can dislodge the coarse straw hat, with its muslin and flower trimming; it is pretty, and cheap, easily remodeled, and universally becoming; and while it will do for some ladies, to whom money is no object, to indulge in country reminiscences of Versailles, and the court of the Grand Monarch, yet, to the majority, summer is a season of release from a too burdensome environment, and the less difficult summer requirements are made the better.

PRETTY DRESSES for girls are of gray-blue lawn with fichus to match; the whole trimmed with white lace, and accompanied by hats trimmed with white muslin, and yellow buttercups. A bunch of buttercups will, of course, be carried at the belt.



Fteta Basque.—A plain but stylish basque, with a simulated vest. It is tight-fitting, with two darts in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. Close sleeves and a narrow straight collar complete the design, which is adapted for any class of dress goods, and is especially effective with the vest made of a different material from the basque. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



Brenda Costume.—An extremely novel design, composed of a gored walking skirt trimmed with four side-plaited flounces; and a basque to which is attached an apron front and a back drapery that is looped in a very unique manner. The waist is fitted 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. This design is suitable for all but the heaviest varieties of dress goods, the trimming to be chosen to correspond. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

The Bonnet of the Season.

T is hard to say which or what is the bonnet of the season; but the general average seems to be best struck by a black, or red straw, rather small, with an upright brim and cap-shaped crown. This may be, and usually is trimmed with velvet, or satin Surah to match, and with a contrasting color in an aigrette-like bunch of feathers or flowers, which, however, is not set very high, but fills up a space against the brim, with very good effect. A red straw looks well trimmed with velvet, and red, white, and black currants. The strings are of narrow velvet, and are duplicated in satin, but do not contrast in color. A brown straw trimmed with brown satin is enriched by a beautiful bunch of horse-chestnuts, pods, and blossom; the former simulated in brown satin. A gold straw is trimmed with ruby velvet and gold embroidered lace; and a softer little bonnet is of cream lace in waves encircled by a wreath of wood violets. A great many black chips are trimmed with black velvet and white daisies, or chrysanthemums; others with white lace only, and long gold needles or pins, the latter having small heads.

The hats are very large, and show every variety of style and color; but the white or black are still the most effective, although the pale ecru, turned up with velvet, and trimmed with long ostrich feathers of the same shade, are considered highly distinguished. Large garden hats are made entirely of white muslins, shirred, and trimmed with lace, and lilies of the valley. Others are of the coconflower braids, and are trimmed with scarfs of white muslin knotted about the crown, bowed and fastened down so as to give them a droop, with long pins.

Summer Woolen Materials.

HE thin woolen materials which have been produced in such variety of late years, are among the most delightful of dress materials, lovely to wear, and very durable. They are, too, not only good, and comparatively inexpensive, but they have a sanitary value in the touch of warmth which is a defence against chill, and in the softness and ease of wearing, which soothes tired nerves, or at least does not add to the sources of disquiet, and irritation (unless indeed the material is spoiled in the making). Taking it for granted, however, that our readers know how to select good patterns, and that those of them who do not make their own dresses choose intelligent, well-informed dress-

makers, the pretty summer woolens can be nothing but a source of pleasure. In solid colors, the fine camels'-hair and armures are perhaps the most available; the nuns' veiling, which is really only a lighter quality of the old-fashioned "all wool delaine," requiring too much plaiting and trimming to relieve its insipidity to be widely available; but the nuns' veilings with the new and tapestried designs, which look like woolen madras muslin, are very distinctive, and particularly good and pretty for over-dresses, with silk skirt, and also skirts of the plain material with two kilted flounces. There is nothing new under the sun, but certainly they are the most novel-looking of summer inexpensive costumes, and well adapted for morning wear at the seaside, and at summer resorts.



COIFFURES À LA MODE.



ered with ruffles of black Spanish lace, and having a large bow of yellow satin ribbon at the top Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

THE COMPETITIVE EXHIBITION of the Rational Dress Association, in London, offers silver and bronze medals, with prizes from five pounds to fifty, for the successful invention of models of dresses, combining,

- 1. Freedom of movement.
- 2. Absence of pressure over any part of the body.
- 3. Not more weight than is necessary to warmth, and both evenly distributed.
- 4. Grace and beauty combined with comfort and convenience.
- 5. Not departing too conspicuously from the ordinary dress of the time.

A CHARMING new fabric is brought out as cashmere gauze. It is firmer than mull, but all silk, and is useffor draping over silk, or satin. The patterns are palm leaves, and others suggestive of shawl designs, and it is accompanied by lace the ground color and all silk for trimmings. It is expensive and but few patterns have been imported.

THE TOILET of a recent bride was enriched by three strings of Oriental pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. These were fastened round her neck by two immense diamond and sapphire clasps, presented by her two brothers, while the veil of old point lace was attached to her dress at the shoulders by enormous diamond aigrettes.

COACHING PARASOLS are of red, blue or cream silk, with bamboo handles, and very gay ones are striped in the same colors.

BRIDESMAIDS' DRESSES are now often made of tinted silk mull—ecru, yellow, pale-blue, or cream, each one different, but all trimmed with white lace.—and accompanied by a bouquet of favorite white flowers, lilies of the valley, roses, or white lilac.

VERY PRETTY NEW FANS are leaf-shaped, veined and shaded in natural tints, with natural wood sticks,

SUMMER BONNETS are fashionable trimmed with the linen canvas ribbon, with a gilt cord on each edge. It combines well with dark velvet ribbons

Fontency Costume.

MHE full drapery on the front, the graduated puff, and the moderately bouffant arrangement of the back render this design, the "Fontenoy," especially desirable for summer fabrics. It is here represented made in black brocaded grenadine combined with black satin Rhadames, the latter forming the plaitings on the bottom of the skirt and the panier plaits on the basque, and the grenadine the remainder of the skirt. While the front represents a deep pointed basque over a trimmed skirt, the drapery at the back is disposed to give a polonaise effect, being sewed to the basque in a line with the upper edge of the panier drapery, and falling thence in graceful folds nearly to the bottom of the skirt. A full ruche of black Spanish lace, the pattern outlined with gold thread, encircles the throat, and is continued en jabot to the top of the bust. The bonnet is made of the same kind of lace arranged in frills; a cluster of bright yellow roses ornaments the right side, and two pairs of narrow strings, one of black velvet and the other of yellow satin ribbon, are tied at the right side. The parasol to be carried with this toilet is of yellow satin, entirely cov-

Street Garments.

THE street garments of the present season are small. but rich, and exceedingly graceful. The solid styles are usually of thick, satin-finished Ottoman silk, short upon the back, but with leaf-shaped ends in front, and magnificent finish of twisted chenille fringe. Other styles have a basque finish, and trimming of handsome thread lace, and passementerie. The lace are all-lace, that is, body part, and trimming. The latter is sometimes arranged in a full double fall upon the shoulder, and a double flounce below the strip that constitutes the garment proper. In the small summer garments there is an infinite variety in lace, netted chenille, netted silk with jet, lace embroidered with beads; and the richer real lace, which is seldom ornamented in this way. The simplest of all the small out-door garments is the cape, and this is so convenient that it will not be easily relinquished. At present it is almost universal; few ladies but possess one or more in black chenille, or lace, and others made to be worn with dresses en suita; the latter are particularly adapted to gingham, and woolen dresses for young girls.



No. 1.—Gentleman's ring of solid gold, set with a pure white stone sunk so as to show only the upper surface. The ring is a flat band raised at the top to form a square box, where the stone is set with a patent foil back, greatly increasing the natural brilliancy and giving it all the appearance of a fine, genuine diamond. Price, \$5.25.

No. 2.—Serpent ring for a gentleman. The circlet is solid gold, representing a coiled serpent with ruby eyes, holding in its mouth a large white stone set in diamond mounting, with patent foil back which greatly enhances its beauty and gives it the fire of a pure white diamond. Price, \$5.

No. 3.—An elegant bracelet of highly polished "rolled" gold. The circlet is of heavy tubular wire, closing at the side with hinge and clasp, the ends overlapping on the outside of the arm, and finished with elaborate filigree ornaments. The center is set with a stone in a flower of frosted gold on a plaque of polished gold, encircled by a raised rim highly polished, and a cable surrounding the whole ornament. Price, \$6.50 per pair.

No. 4.—This beautiful finger-ring is of solid gold, set with a large white stone in a low setting. The ring is a grooved circle with raised shank, and the stone is set with a patent foil back which gives it a much-increased brilliancy and the showy effect of a genuine diamond. Price, \$5.75.

No. 5.—This stylish bracelet is of heavy tubular wire in "rolled" gold, the ends overlapping on the outside of the arm, and between them two inclined crescents of engraved and polished gold supporting a small flower in the center set with a single ruby. The bracelet opens at the side with a hinge and clasp, and has rings for guard chains. Price, \$6.50 per pair.

No. 6.—A dainty finger-ring, representing a clover leaf of gold set with three stones, two pure white and brilliant, and one a garnet contrasting beautifully with the others, which are set with patent foil backs, giving them all the light of genuine diamonds. The ring is of pure gold, divided into a triple band, and prettily engraved around the setting. Price, \$4.25.

No. 7.—An exquisite bracelet of "rolled" gold, composed entirely of hammered gold beads, in bangle style, with overpassing ends opening with a spring to slip easily over the arm. The beads which terminate each end of the bracelet are considerably larger than the others. Price, \$7.50 per pair,

No. 8.—Solid gold ring, suitable either for lady or gentleman. It is a flat circlet set across the top with three brilliant white stones in diamond setting, with patent foil back which gives them the luster of genuine diamonds. The

stones are sunk in a box-shaped setting, and the ring is finely engraved at the shanks. Price, \$5.

All of these goods are of the best quality of material and workmanship, and many of the "rolled" gold designs are fac-similes of those made in solid gold.

When ordering finger-rings the measure of the finger should be sent. The best way to obtain it is to put a fine wire round the finger and twist the ends at the required size, being careful to leave room enough for the ring to slip over the joints of the finger easily. By sending us the wire ring thus procured, for a measure, a ring that will fit accurately can always be obtained.

The bracelets can only be furnished in pairs, not singly.



Watteau House Dress.—This stylish and practical model is a short princess dress, with a double Watteau plait at the back imparting a graceful fullness to the skirt. The dress is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A round collar and turned-back cuffs complete the design, which is adapted to any class of materials, including washable goods. The skirt may be trimmed with a gathered flounce, as illustrated, or in any other suitable style. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



Summer Costumes.

Fig. 1.—The "Ermen" basque, a back view of which is illustrated elsewhere, the "Lorna" overskirt, and a short, gored skirt are combined to form this stylish and practical costume, which is made of plain, dark blue satine, and satine with a ground of the same color on which large disks, of a darker blue shading to a lighter on one edge, are shown. The figured material composes the back and sides of the basque, which is completed by a plaited vest of plain satine, and the entire overskirt, which is draped in a simple but especially graceful manner at the back. The skirt is finished at the bottom by a flounce of plain satine, arranged in triple box-plaits, and the overskirt and basque are trimmed with white embroidery in a guipure design. Bows of blue satin ribbon are at the throat and waist, and ornament the red The hat is a full turban crown of the plain satine, trimmed with frills of Oriental lace, and a bow of blue satin ribbons in several shades. Tan-colored gloves Basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Overskirt pattern, thirty cents. Skirt patterns, thirty cents each size.

Fig. 2 .- The "Trenna" costume, made in organdie having a fawn-colored ground on which is a design of thistles in pale pink and blue. The trimming is Swiss embroidery in a daisy pattern, which edges the flounces, the draped apron and the front of the basque; the back of the design forming a polonaise with graceful drapery turned under at the lower edge and attached to the skirt. A long scarf of black Spanish lace is tied at the throat and fastened at the waist with a cluster of pink and red roses; and the hat, which has a low crown and a broad brim turned up at one side, is made of Spanis's lace, trimmed with pink and red roses and a bow of black velvet ribbon. The gloves are of pale blue silk, in "Jersey " style. Price of costume pattern, thirty cents cach size.

WILLOW WICKER HATS are worn at the sea-side for boating, driving and the promenade.

QUAINT EGYPTIAN DESIGNS appear on the handles of parasols and are beautifully carved.

INSTEAD of bracelets, narrow ribbons matching the chief color in the costume, are tied around the wrists.

A PRETTY CONCERT in children's parasols is a Kate Greenaway design, printed on Surah or foulard, portraying the games of a party of lively youngsters. A novel design on a percale, is about half or three-fourth inch high figures playing at tennis, but standing without regularity or regard to numbers, and intently watching for a chance to strike.

Summer Wraps.

NE of the latest style of ulster gives the effect of a suit, but the only object in improving it in this way is to make it take the place of a suit; which it cannot do, for in that case it ceases to be itself, and becomes something else. The objection to it lies in this; that massing more folds above the draperies of the dress increases the weight without adding anything to the use or the beauty; for an ulster is not intended to be beautiful, and in summer, particularly, requires to be as light as possible. The dust cleak in which the cape forms the sleeves, and which is held in to the back, is perhaps the most desirable summer wrap. It does not crush the sleeves of the dress like the tight-fitting ulster; is easy to put on, or take off, and may be made in cloth of light weight, in dark linen, or in summer silk, small check or hair stripe. Where a little warmth and very light weight is required, cost not being so much of an object, the gathered cloaks in fine camels' hair, with lining of twilled silk, and facing down the front of striped moin, are very good and useful, either in black or ecru-

A Beautiful Trousseau.

N elegant trousseau made recently for a lady still young and handsome, but who is taking her second husband, was remarkable for the exquisite taste and refinement of its materials and workmanship. The bridal dress was of cream white satin with long train, and drapery drawn under an immense rosette to one side. The bodice had very long points, front and back; the sleeves high puffs, which extended up over the shoulders and were caught to one side under miniature bows like the one on the skirt. A small outstanding collar, made of fine folds and supporting a thick triple ruff of crepe plaitings and lace, finished the dress at the throat. The high, puffed sleeve, the deeply pointed bodice, and the side effects of the drapery were conspicuous in several dresses, notably one of black satin, another of pale blue moire antique, and still another of dark green velvet. The morning dresses were all of real India muslin, with belted waists and trimming of Mechlin lace; the wrappers were of exquisite tints in cashmere, with wide real-lace jabots and narrow ribbon run in its edge; and there were also several in mull, trimmed with ribbons and a profusion of beautiful lace. A charming afternoon dress was of pink satin Surah, made in soft puffs covered with Oriental lace, and gathered waist, with guimpe very daintily tucked. Another was of white cashmere and satin, with half front of satin covered with narrow ruflles of white lace, and soft puff of cashmere above, side panels of satin and short drapery at the back of cashmere. The traveling dress was of changeable Louisine, with bonnet to match, and duster also of Louisine. There were shoes, and half a dozen pairs of silk hose to match every dress; parasols for use with every dress; fans, and bonnets, or large hats; some of the hats were of immense size, but these all white, or all black. The underwear was fine French batiste, made in clusters of the finest tucks, and trimmed with wide, lovely torchon, or Valenciennes lace. There were skirts with flouncing half a yard in depth of fine needle-work, or ruffling of deep lace headed with insertions, with clusters of fine tucks between. Among the gifts was a back comb, made from an historic design, of eighteen carat gold.



Arunde! Mantelet.—Unique and elegant in design, this stylish wrap is cut with short sacque fronts, to which long plaited tabs are added to complete the length, open mantilla sleeves or shoulder pieces falling gracefully over the outside of the arm, and a narrow back fitted to the figure by a curved seam down the middle and laid in full box-

plaits below the waist. Any of the goods usually selected for demi-saison or summer wraps, Surah, Ottoman silk, cashmere, Sicilicane, grenadine, and many varieties of dress goods, may be employed for this garment, and it may be trimined as illustrated, with lace and passementerie, or in any other appropriate style, according to taste. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Ermen Basque.

or various summer fabrics, especially foulard, summer silks and the lovely satines, this design, the "Ermen," is especially suitable. It admits of an effective combination of materials, the front being completed by a plaited vest, which can be made of a different fabric; and the ribbon sash, proceeding from the side seams and tied in front, makes it especially becoming to slender figures. A front view of this stylish design is shown on Fig. 1 of the plate of "Summer Costumes." It is here represented made in fine satine with an ecru ground, on which are strewn tulips in yellow and red, to complete a costume made in the same material combined with plain red satine. The trimming is Irish point embroidery of an écru tint, and bows and sash of red velvet ribbon. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



Clayton Walking Skirt.—A stylish and novel design, arranged with a short gored skirt trimmed with fine plaitings, over which is a long overskirt short in the back and disposed in a triple box-plait, which is surmounted by paniers and a bouffant back drapery. The model is suitable for all but the thinnest and heaviest of materials, and is well adapted for a combination of fabrics, as illustrated. The trimming can be selected to correspond with material chosen. This design combines nicely with the "Fleta" basque illustrated elsewhere. Price of patterns, thirty cents.

Yachting Costumes.

toward a return to the blouse styles. Some very pretty ones have been made of navy blue and dark green flannel, with blouse waists over kilted skirts, and very deep sailor collars embroidered in the corners with emblematic devices in strawberry or terra-cotta red. Others are trimmed with many rows of very narrow cream or pale gold braid, the front of the skirt having lengthwise rows (five or seven) forming three broad bands to match. The most expensive blouse dresses are mounted with écru kid, cut out in designs and appliqued on the collar and cuffs with embroidery stitch.

Braided jacket dresses are used somewhat for yachting purposes, but they are heavy, and not so soft or adaptable as the blouse costumes. They consist of a skirt attached to a lining waist, faced in front with braided cloth to form a vest, and having a small braided standing collar. With this is worn a jacket, braided heavily, which completes the suit. The interior collar and cuffs are of striped cambric. The jacket of the skirt is half-fitting, and has pockets. "Tailormade" suits, that is, close-fitting suits, especially in the skin-tight shapes that are at present in fashion, are not desirable for yachting purposes; and they lack ease and freedom. For the same reason the close-cut ulster is not desirable, any more than the circular wrap, which embarrasses movement. The best covering is a lady's Mackintosh, of India-rubber cloth, lined with thin flannel; a sort of long paletot which can be buttoned, with loose sleeves.

VERY DRESSY TOILETS for young and middle-aged ladies are made of black China crape, and trimmed with French or Spanish lace, and velvet ribbon bows.

Black Chip Bennets.

HERE is a fashionable rage for black chip bonnets this season, which are not all black. The shape is a stylish and becoming poke, and the interior of the brim is lined with a color, not in silk or satin, but with thin braided Tuscan or Leghorn straw, so that it looks as if the chip were black on one side and pale yellow, or, perhaps, strawberry tinted, on the other. For trimming there is only a group of feathers the color of the lining, and a double velvet ribbon placed across the back, and fastened with small gold-headed pins.

Next to these, perhaps, the lace bonnets are the mest distinguished, the chief being black, and ficelle colored. The crowns of these consist of spotted lace over silk, the brims of gathered rows upon a thin foundation. The garniture is tulips, in striped satin, or large French cherries, or bunches of small fruits in different stages of growth, and with leaves and blossoms. Some crowns differ in being formed of plaited gilt, or silver straw, with ficelle lace brims, and upon these are employed the small gilt pompon and other ornaments which constitute a fea-

ture of the season's decorations.

THE NARROW CANVAS RIBBONS have been revived, seen many years ago, when velvet ribbons were used. The two are put together exactly as they were "in the old time."

BEETLES in colored silver are the rage, and as they are sold in coarse imitations for fifteen cents each, they possess the merit of being within the reach of almost every one.

GRADUATING DRESSES of white India muslin are cut walking length, the skirt trimmed with two flounces, the apron short, shirred and trimmed with lace,—the drapery short,—and the V-shaped bodice shirred, and belted in with white moiré, or satin Surah ribbon, twelve inches wide at the back—but made up into folds for the waist; sleeves half long, shirred, puffed, or plain, with lace ruffles.

FINE UNDER-WEAR is cut square, made of French batiste, and trimmed with handsome real torchon, or Valenciennes lace, arrayed in full jabots, or in clusters of plaits, round the neck and down the front of the night-dresses, which are further enriched with insertions and tinted satin ribbons.

BLACK GRENADINE dresses are not fashionable unless of silk, enriched with much lace or embroidery. The fronts of the skirts are arranged with deep puffs, over which are flounces of lace, or exquisite embroidery costing from ten to twenty-five dollars yer yard. The back has an irregular puff of grenadine, outlined with embroidery, and an embroidered flounce.

THE EFFORT to introduce lace insertions in silk hose has been a total failure, so far as making a fashion of it is concerned. A few extravagant women, of doubtful personality, have exhibited them, but the majority, even of rich women, discountenance them, as detracting rather than adding to the beauty of the foot and its covering.

PUFFED SILK MITTS.—Some of the new long mitts exhibit silk puffings in soft, dainty tints which are very becoming to the arm, and particularly to those which are rather deficient in roundness. They are an imported novelty, and, therefore, high priced.

FRENCH BATISTE is now made in several colors besides ecru, but the favorite is a lovely shade of light blue, which makes up exquisitely, with lace under ecru open embroidery, for fête and garden party dress; large hat of Leghorn with white ostrich feathers, and pink and cream roses.



CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A charming little dress, arranged to be worn over a guimpe, or separate waist with sleeves, which is most effective if made of a contrasting material. The dress proper hangs perfectly loose and is plaited back and front, the deep founce contributing the necessary fullness to the bottom of the skirt. It is represented with the dress made in dark blue Chambery over a guimpe of white nainsook, the bottom and neck of the dress trimmed with Hamburg embroidery, a puff of Chambery around the armholes, and narrower embroidery finishing the neck and sleeves of the guimpe. The hat is of coarse blue straw, trimmed with pompons around the edge of the brim, alternately blue and red, a bunch of field flowers, and a scarf of red Surah. The pattern of the dress, the "Elsie," is in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.

Fig. 2.—For misses of from twelve to sixteen years this design, the "Leonora," is especially desirable, the waist, plaited back and front into a slightly pointed yoke, being very becoming to slender or undeveloped figures. It is confined by a belt, which may be of ribbon or velvet, and the skirt portion is divided into tabs between the plaits. The skirt is trimmed with a flounce of embroidery resting on a narrow plaiting of the dress material, and surmounted by a deep puff; and the overskirt forms a draped apron, and sash drapery at the back. It is illustrated as made in pale pink Chambéry, trimmed with open Hamburg embroidery and black velvet bows. The pattern is in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Fig. 3.—The "Cora" dress, made of white nainsook and trimmed with Carrickmacross embroidery. It is in blouse style back and front, shirred to a yoke, and confined just below the waist line by shirring ornamented with bows of black velvet ribbon. The hat is of Leghorn, in sailor shape, faced with black velvet and trimmed with a large black velvet bow. The dress pattern is in size for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.

Fig. 4.—This dress is in the favorite "Molière" blouse style, arranged in exactly the same style back and front, the blouse laid in broad box-plaits and the skirt trimmed with ruffles alternately of embroidery and the dress material. It is illustrated made in satine with a cream-colored ground strewn with blue and pink flowers, and trimmed with Hamburg embroidery. The hat is made of a piece of broad embroidery laid in side-plaits and finished at the top with a velvet bow. The pattern of the dress, the "Beulah," is in sizes for from four to ten years. Price, twenty cents each.

The prettiest cottons, ginghams and cambries are printed with red or blue "wafers" upon white or tinted grounds. These make pretty esthetic dresses, or "holokus," with square tuckers of clustered tucked muslin, and embroidery, and muslin sleeves, below a single high puff of spotted cambric. The body part of the dress is all in one, and nearly straight, the upper part guthered to the yoke. The "holokus" is a very desirable dress for a hot climate.

Children's Styles.

but little change. The gathered dresses introduced last year for little girls find much favor, and are comfortable and easy, as well as picturesque-looking. Pretty dresses are also made which answer for cloaks as well for little ones between two and five, as for instance a fine strawberry wool, double-breasted, with two rows of buttons the entire length, and a cape trimmed with white work. A blue cashmere dress has a double row of work round the cape, while a stone color has a double cape, piped and trimmed with chenille. Pretty frocks made in blue, pink, or white wool, entirely of double crochet, trimmed with white woolen crochet lace, are intended for children from one to two years.

Large collars, large hats, and poke bonnets are still disfinctive features of children's costume, and colors are used which were formerly considered only suitable for "grown ups." Black, red, stone-color, and "biscuit," a pale shade of ecru, are most fashionable for children; and combinations are not considered desirable, excepting so far as putting white, red, or ecru with black. Tight-fitting dresses have long since Leen discarded for little children, and measurably so for the older ones; the styles are cut almost uniformly in one, with sometimes a yoke at the top into which the body part is gathered, sometimes a flounce at the bottom. Cottons, such as ginghams, seer-sucker, and linen and summer wools. are most in vogue; silk ought never to be used for the summer, or any other dresses of children, but it is. More attention ought to be paid to the summer underwear of children than is usually the case, and now it can be done with ease, since gauze underwear is graded in sizes for children as well as adults. Many days are damp and chilly, even in the warmest summer months, and a combination suit of thin wool under the sailor suit of flannel, or thin blouse of cotton or linen, would save many an attack of illness.

Our illustrated designs furnish some very pretty and useful models for girls' summer wear, and emphasize the preceding remarks. The "Beulah" dress, for example, is a suitable design for fiannel or linen, and may be made also in cottons. If made in fiannel, narrow braid may be used upon plain ruffles, in place of embroidery, and indeed the embroidery may be omitted from any material, if economy renders it necessary. It is very reasonable in price, however, now that is made so easily and in such good styles by machinery, and looks particularly well upon cashmere, plain glugham, linen or piqué.

The "Elsie" and "Cora" dresses are not strictly novelties, but they differ from similar styles heretofore presented in several particulars. The "Elsie" is laid in side plaits instead of gathered into a plain yoke; but the sleeves are full, and the yoke may be plaited, or gathered if preferred. "Cora" is shirred, and is a suitable style for white muslin, or striped goods, or for hair-striped ginghams, or any thin pretty material; and may be used in winter as an apron after having done duty through the summer as a dress; this is a useful possibility where there is no younger child to inherit the outgrown clothing. The "Mona" apron is pretty enough, and finished enough for a dress, and excellent for either country, or fall school wear. It may be made in narrow striped nainsook and trimmed with madeira-work, or in seer-sucker, or gingham, or linen, or alpaca; in the latter it would look well trimmed with red embroidery. The plaited front is a desirable feature.

The "Leonora" costume will awaken longings in the breasts of many girls on the verge of young ladyhood, for it is indeed very graceful and attractive. Its softness and

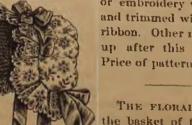
grace exactly adapt it to such fashionable materials as numer veiling, muslins, satines, pongee, grenadine, summer Surah, and dainty foulard; and if they have been trained to be expert with their fingers they will be able to make up a costume of this description at comparatively slight expense. Girls, be your own dressmakers, and you can revel in pretty costumes, for materials frequently cost little in comparison with the making.

The "infant's cap" will suggest to many puzzled aunties a charming present for the "baby," which may be made in a few minutes with a lace crown; a scrap of silk for lining, a plaited ruffle of lace, and three yards of narrow satin ribbon.



Mona Apron.—A very pretty and dressy style of apron for little girls of from eight to twelve years of age. It is cut low in the neck, without sleeves, and is slightly fitted by side forms in the front that extend to the shoulders. The front is box-plaited, and a shirred flounce is added to the back and side forms to give the requisite length. This model may be made up in washable goods, silk, black alpaca or other suitable materials, and trimmed with embroidery, or any other appropriate trimming. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, fifteen cents each.

Infant's Cap.—A charming little cap, to be made of lace



or embroidery with a lining of silk, and trimmed with bows and strings of ribbon. Other materials may be made up after this design, if preferred. Price of pattern, ten cents.

THE FLORAL FAN has superseded the basket of flowers and other ornaments usually carried by brides and their bevy of fair, girlish attendants.

White and yellow, and black and yellow are very much used this summer, and often, also, black, white and yellow. For example, a costume for a young lady is of white lawn, trimmed with very deep embroidery. The bonnet is of black chip, lined with corn-color and trimmed with a bunch of buttercups and black Surah strings. Black lace fichu over the surplice waist, and in its belt another big bunch of buttercups

BLACK spun or "raw" silk hose are the rage for children, and for wear with black or rich toilettes.



The increased number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, renders it necessary to urge upon them First—Brevity. Second—Clearness of statement. Third—Decisive knowledge of what they want. Fourth—The desirability of confining themselves to questions of interest to others as well as themselves. Fifth—Consideration of the possibilities of satisfactory answers to the queries proposed. Sixth—A careful reading to see if the questions are not already answered in separate articles and departments of the Magazine. We wish the Ladies' Club to be made interesting and useful, and to avoid unnecessary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a certain amount of space, and we ask for the co-operation of our intelligent readers and correspondents to further the objects.

"N. CAROLINA."-Galley-lee-oh, Jeen In-gy-low.

"E. V. H."—Make after the "Idalia" costume, kilting the lower part of the skirt if you choose, and using the lace to edge a ruffled front.

"Mrs. W. O. T."—Soak the mackerel all night; in the morning fold it in a piece of cotton cloth, pin or tie it, and put it in a long or oval saucepan in cold water, put upon a brisk fire. When it comes to a boil it is cooked. Turn it out upon a hot dish, put a few small bits of butter upon it, place in the oven for a few minutes. Serve hot with sprigs of water cress round it. It is a mistake to put mayonnaise dressing upon plain lettuce; it should be dressed simply with mustard, oil, a little salt, pepper, and vinegar. Mayonnaise, that is, dressing with eggs, should be reserved for salads of a heavier description, chicken, lobster, and the like.

"FLORIDA."—A china kiln costs a great deal of money, and the work of firing china is among the most delicate and difficult of manual operations. Mr. Bennett, formerly of the Doulton (Lambeth) Works, England, has one in New York, and would perhaps give you the information you seek. Address him care of Tiffany & Co., Union Square, New York.

"ELLEN."-Bonnet No. 5 in the May number is \$12 as illustrated.

"S. A. M."—Your fingers have either been poisoned by the paint getting under your nails, as you suggest, or, as your swollen hands indicate, you have a tendency to salt rheum. In this case we should advise a course of sulphur and salicylic acid. White spots upon the finger nails seem to be beyond individual control. In old times they were called "gifts," and an old rhyme says of them,

"Gifts upon the finger linger.
Gifts upon the thumb come."

White and unbleached hosiery are now not worn fashionably in or out of mourning unless it is to match dresses. A young lady could wear all white linen lawn, untrimmed, except with a plaiting of the same, and with black shoes, stockings, gloves, hat, and ribbons in mourning in warm weather. The arrangement of the crape vail in attaching it to the back of the bonnet would have to depend on the shape of the latter, and on whether it was simply appended to it, or made a part of it; it could be either.

"MARGARETTA."—The New York Silk Exchange, 27 Bond Street, publish Silk Culture for \$1 per year; each subscriber receives one thousand silkworm eggs free.

"H. B. M"-Send to S. W. Tilton & Co., Boston, Mass. It will cost you fifty cents.

"Mrs. R. B. H."—The crystals of which you sent a specimen, have no value; they belong to a common species, and would not bear cutting.

"A New Subscriber."—Mrs. S. Kuhne is our agent in Dayton, Ohio. Brocaded velvet would make you a handsome basque to wear with your black satin skirt, and would have the advantage of being suitable for fall and winter. You could make one of tinted batiste trimmed with lace to wear on hot days—this summer.

"Mrs. B. C."—Blouse-aprons, of plaited linen, are the best wear for boys under five at the seashore, over sailor suits of dark blue flannel. On warm days they can be worn over knee-pants and shirt; on cooler days the flannel waist can be added, under the linea blouse. When dressed in a preity, "best" suit, no outside garment is needed in summer.

"Country" writes: "Since I have been living in the country I have had to use my own taste and skill in many instances, and have learned to be not only my own dressmaker, but milliner also. With the aid of your excellent Magazine I get along nicely. Your patterns give a more perfect fit than any I have ever used. Until last year I employed a dressmaker, but I find I can, with a good pattern, suit myself better; if I can't give a dress the stylish set, I can get a perfect fit."

Pongee would be the most suitable material for your polonaise, with

embroidery upon the material, and narrow black velvet loops in clusters for trimmings. "Open" embroidery means simply a pattern that has holes in it—that you can see through. It would be rather a waste of time to use hand embroidery upon cotton; but you are quite right and wise in your selection of materials for a girl of twelve—wool in winter, cotton or linen in summer, unless flannel should be needed for warmth. You could ornament the pink Chambery with "pearled" braid, combined with flat pointed linen braid, in a simple pattern that would be good and easy to accomplish. Shades and textures are lovely this summer; pity you cannot enjoy them. Should you not like pongee for a polonaise, there is nuns' veiling upon which tapestried effects are produced; that is novel and effective over black.

"RUBAL FELICITY."—If you want a successful menu for your picuic, have pienty of nice cold chicken, buttered biscuit (raised), and pickles. Make your sandwiches of chopped veal and ham, and keep your salad cool and crisp. The fresh fruit should be carried in a crate, and the cake be home-made lemon cake, jelly cake, orange cake, and good, but not black, plum cake. Olives and half a dozen jars of current or raspberry jam and jelly will be welcome additions.

"Soldier's Widow."—Mrs. Garfield's fortune was stated some little time ago, by the Chicago *Times*, to be, from all sources, four hundred thousand dollars, which gives her an income of sixteen thousand dollars per year. In addition to this, she receives a pension of five thousand, which makes her income twenty-one thousand dollars per year.

"BRIDE-CAKE."—The following is a good formula: Beat one pound of sweet butter and one pound of granulated sugar to a cream. Beat up twelve eggs, add them to the sugar and butter a little at a time, so as to insure thorough mixing. Stir in lightly and gradually 1 lb. of dried and sifted flour, 1½ lb. of currants, the same quantity of raisins, ¾ lb. mixed candied peel, all minced, 2 oz. each of sweet and bitter almonds, powdered, the grated rind of an orange and lemon, and lastly, a gill of any fruit extract preferred. It will take two hours to bake. It is fashionable now to make two cakes of the same size, and to spread a layer of almond paste between them. Spread also on the top of the cake another layer of almond paste, from half an inch to an inch thick, and over this and round the sides a coating of sugar icing. You can ornament with a border of myrtle, and a center of myrtle and lilies of the valley.

"White Pansy."—White linen lawn makes the most serviceable white dresses, and is easy to make, because it lays in fine plaiting so readily, and is more successfully laundried than muslin. It should be trimmed with needle-work bands. The Newport scarf should be of the same shade of blue as the cashmere. You can get the silk or kid gloves to the shoulder at Harris' Glove Emporium. Broadway, between Eighteenth and Ninetcenth streets. Dancing slippers are cut with mere tips, which are hollowed in at the toes; they have high heels.

"RHEA."-Your shade of silk is "ashes of roses." It should be combined with cashmere, and made up after the "Mirielle" pattern.

"Querist."—A plaited skirt and polonaise would be excellent. We should advise box-plaits the entire length in front, and kiltings at the back in a tier of three, the polonaise forming draped sides. Guipure lace is coming in again; needle-point Spanish is very good and durable. Small silk or black enamel buttons. Thanks.

"JERSEY SUBSCRIBER."—We can furnish November and December numbers for 1880. We do not supply extra pictures that are given with the Magazine. \$3.50 for Shakespeare, complete.

"FANNIE."—Do not try to match the muslin in tint, make a basque of claret-colored velvet, velveteen, or plain satine, and trim with tinted lace to wear with the skirt,

"Mtss F. P."—You have some very handsome things; utilize them and save your money for your trip. Make your green silk and wool into walking-dress; put the guipure over Surah, or satin Rhadames, and make handsome complete suit with your black silk skirt. Get the deep claret velvet basque instead of the Jersey jacket; it will be infinitely more useful. Trim your Chambery with fine torchon.—Boston, if you can get into the School of Oratory.—We could not venture to say. The Chesterfield Ragian would make you a capital "ulster."

"Mrs. A. Y. L."—Floor stains in different colors cannot be bought; they depend for their excellence on the skill and knowledge of the mixer. Venetian red is the principal ingredient in red floor stain, but the subject requires technical knowledge, and more space than we can give it.

"A READER,"-Our Purchasing Bureau can supply stamping patterns with directions.

"IDAHO."—The "Fontency" costume is a good design for your Japanese stripe. Your black rep-silk should be made up with the "Fernandina" walking-skirt, and "Aylmar" basque.

"Zulu."—Make your brocaded grenadine over satin Surah, or French twilled satin. Arrange the front in alternate flat puffings and rows of French thread lace. Drape the sides, and kilt the back in a series of three or five flounces, with satin ribbons tied in clustering loops between. Make the bodice high, but V shape in front, and arrange the sleeves high on the shoulder, but close and short on the inner arm. Finish with profusion of lace.

"LEONA."—A wine-color or terra cotta would be better suited to your bronze green skirt,—the shrimp pink would look better with tinted white skirt. Observe, it is *Shrimp*, not "Scrimp" pink. The shade is supposed to be that of the little English member of the fish family. Trim with lace, and embroider also if you wish, in the same color. Surah silk, crepe de Chine, and for the darker one, velvet, are good materials. It is quite proper for young ladies to invite young gentlemen to call, if they know who they are, and what they are, and their parents have no objection; but it is not necessary to repeat it every time they have the opportunity. You could, with perfect propriety, invite a gentleman to call under the circumstances, and in the terms you mention. You should send an acknowledgment, and some dainty and small, but not sentimental card in return.

"F. S."—Hat, No. 4, and poke bonnet No. 5—made as illustrated, would be \$12 each.

"Mrs. H. C. W."—New Conservatory, East Seventieth Street, between Lexington and Third Avenues. We do not know the address in Boston, but Boston, Mass. Conservatory of Music, would probably find it.

"Mrs. M. P. L."—12 West Thirty-third Street. It is not necessary in addressing a publisher as well known as Henry Holt, to have an exact address; "New York," would find him.

"A Dressmaker,"-Widows do not wear shawls now a days, not as much even as ladies who are not in mourning. A quiet dolman, as you suggest, or a mantle trimmed deeply with crape, and made of the same material as the dress, is the correct thing. In very warm weather a fichu of crèpe de Chine may be used-but, many ladies select for summer wear Tamise cloth, or thinnest black mourning material, have a small mantelet, or fichu, or visite dolman trimmed with crape, and wear it through the warmest weather. The crape veil could hang at the back, and answer the purpose of an outside garment. It is usually one yard long. The all-crape veil and bonnet are obligatory in widows' mourning for six months; the crape bonnet may be worn six months longer, if the wearer chooses, but it should be brightened with a little effective, but not showy ornamentation. As during the period of all crape, widows do not go out or receive, no jewelry is worn until six months is past, then solitaire diamonds may be put on, upon occasions, or black enamel, or onyx, or dull jet, ordinarily. The widow may take her own name, or retain that of her husband; it depends upon which she is best known by in business, and among her friends.

"CARRIE."—Opera cloaks have taken the form of dolmans for some years past, the variation consisting simply in length and shape of sleeve. Thanks.—We desire truly to make this Magazine "useful, and valuable," to conscientious, good women.

"R. H."—Write for packages of samples to your nearest dry-goods stores; they sell them for patch-work.

"Mrs. G.W. N."—Is your brown poplin silk, or the imitation "French" poplin? The latter would not be worth making over with any material that would cost money. It would be best made up as a skirt, a wrapper, or dress for a child. If it is silk, we should advise you to make it up with pongee, using the brown for the skirt, the pongee for the upper part of the costume. With this, wear a large hat of fine brown chip or straw, face the brim with brown velvet, and trim with folds and loops of velvet and Surah, combined with your brown, and cream plume.

"An OLD FRIEND AND SUBSCRIBER."—The "Oriana" is a good style for a velvet walking-dress, the back arranged either in lengthwise box plaits, or in kiltings, one above another. Should you want to use it as a dinner-dress, make a demi-train and use the "Fidelia" basque, facing the revers with black, or primrose satin, and arranging the style of the train to correspond. The front might be cut out over satin, something like the "Oriana." If you make it up as a walking dress, use heliotrope satin for the front and wear with it a black lace bonnet, trimmed with violets. French twilled lining is the best, because it is light in weight and has a silk finish. Enameled buttons would be suitable, with colored satin for facing, interior front, or revers.

"Southerner."—There is nothing presumptuous in doing work that you are fitted to do, and feel that you can do. Correspondence is hardly the sort of writing that would seem suitable for an invalid, because it requires constant observation of what is going on and knowledge of what is being done. But you might write a letter or an article for your local paper first, and then try a larger field. Competition is great, but the best is always needed.

"L. F."—Strained tea (cold) is good to clean black silk or black cashmere, if very dirty, as yours is. Wash first with potato water (grated raw), and then clean off with strained tea. Water in which ammonia has been dissolved is useful for cleaning colored silks, or take benzine to remove the worst stains, and then wash off with ammonia water. If the black silk has become brown and shabby, soak in a decoction of logwood, putting it in while the mixture is hot. If the color is faded from dark silks, make a tea of ivy leaves, and soak the pieces in it. Clean velvet with bread-crumbs and powdered French chalk, using a brush. Raise the nap by steaming on the under side and holding the flattened spot over a heated iron.

"MRS. L. E. D."-Fine glugham is thirty-five and forty cents per yard.

Make with very deep basque, and kilted or ruffled skirt, or have polonaise instead of basque, cut in princess style and without paniers. The embroidery that is executed upon the gingham makes a suitable trimming. "ENQUIRER."—High shell combs are now made only to order, or met

"ENQUIRER."—High shell combs are now made only to order, or met with by accident. There is one manufactory in New York for the amber, shell, and ivory goods, but the cost of such an article would be great, and of course the carving would not be at all equal to some of the old ones, because the work is now so little demanded in this line, that it would have to be done in a special and perfunctory manner.

"H. T."-The receipt for a fine physical development is, good ances-

try, good health and good habits.

"Leonora."—The reason, probably, why you were not answered, was because your letters were indefinite, and could not be answered. The present one has this fault. Sending a long distance, and buying, and having clothes made to order, is not a "cheap" way to obtain them. A better plan would have been to decide on the material, get a pattern, and make the dress yourself early in the season. As for gloves, it is by accident that good gloves can be bought cheap, because they have become suddenly unfashionable, or some such reason, and then they are probably shopworn, and damaged. Good gloves are pretty costly, and commission and expressage must be added if you buy them at a distance. Still, it is very often a good plan to send for a complete suit of a kind you need and that you cannot find in your own neighborhood, but you must not expect it to cost you less than something poor and ill-made that you can buy on the spot.

"NEW SUBSCRIBER."—You had better look for some old-fashioned book of instructions in shell work, and the like. They used to be included in parlor annuals for young ladies. We could not give space to the reprinting of directions in regard to matters that are now obsolete, or only for individual amusement. A small album would be a very suitable receptacle for locks of hair.

"New Lover."—You write truly, and sensibly, and pay a deserved tribute to Miss Harvey's vigorous article. William Morris is a poet and painter. He is the author of "An Earthly Paradise," and some years ago formed an association of artists in London who devoted themselves to the endeavor to raise the standard of industrial art and household decoration. His patterns and designs, his combinations and colors in carpets and wall-papers, have become household words, and are now used almost universally; they have created a new departure in articles of household use and ornament. To be sure, there is much false imitation of his work, which he always insists must be true, first of all, to be good; but all the same his gospel has sunk into many minds, and horne splendid fruit. Embroidered cashmeres and pongees are sold in dress patterns at from twenty to forty dollars each.

"AMY CLYDE."—Address Secretary "Training School for Nurses," East 26th street, New York City, and inclose stamp for reply.

"M. A. K."—Pin the seal sacque in a pillow case, or old sheet, and lay in the cedar box. This is sufficient to keep it safe. Reduce the swelling by a poultice of raw lemon kept on all night, and then apply Mustang liniment.

"A. P."—Pongee trimmed with black velvet would be the most useful as well as the coolest material for a polonaise to wear over black velvet skirt. Ribbon velvet is revived as a trimming this summer, and is even used to trim ginghams and chamberys. A standing ruffle, with velvet band, and jubot in front, is the fashionable neck finish. Little girls wear gathered cloaks like the "Milkmaid," of pongee, gray, or strawberry foulard, trimmed with lace and narrow satin bows.

"LIMBRICK."—The "Gudula" walking skirt furnishes a very good model for your nainsook. Use the deep embroidery for the lower flounce, and, if you choose, flounce the back with embroidery and drape the front lower down. Flounces at the back are very fashionable this season, and are very effective in handsome embroidery.

"Mrs. O. G."—A white suit would do for country or morning wear in the city, but we should advise a costume of black or colored Surah,—one of satine, flowered over a plain skirt, and one of embroidered gingham or chambery.

"Mabelle."—The most fashionable driving-cloak is the long pelisse or redingote of figured silk and wool, in a cashmere pattern. These stuffs are rich-looking, but light in weight, and are lined with raspberry red or old gold twilled foulard, or with satin Surah. Tall, slender women look well in Mother Hubbard cloaks of fine cashmere, or gathered Surah, or black lace, lined with colored or black foulard, and trimmed profusely with rich ruchings of lace and loops of narrow satin ribbon. Certainly, a lady of thirty is still young enough to wear her natural curled hair. Baby boys wear soft caps consisting of crowns gathered into bands, and also quaint three-cornered caps, which are very pretty. The lace caps are composed of narrow gathered rows of lace on India muslin, some having satin cords or piplings between. For your embroidered Swiss, use the newest and most fashionable lace, known as Pompadour, a fine kind of Oriental or darned lace, with the most exquisite flowers in gossamer muslin, fastened upon them with lace stitch.

"C. C."-Your outfit is very good, and quite sufficient with the additions you suggest. Make up the red silk basque by all means, and trim

with white lace. We should not advise brocaded velvet for the second; it is too heavy; but a gold brocade in a small pattern would be handsome, and useful next winter. Make it up with a standing ruffle at the neck of lace, and jabot in front. For a best dress, get either a black satin Surah, and trim it with black French thread lace, lined with white lace, and black lace bonnet trimmed with white marabout feathers and aigrette, or an apricot Surah trimmed with white lace, or a fawn Surah lined with apricot and fluished at the neck and sleeves with Oriental lace (interiorly). Bonnet of lace-apricot, tinted crépe de chine and small tinted flowers in a mass. Either of these will make a charming costume; and for gloves, long, undressed, very pale-tinted apricot kid for the last-mentioned, or ivory with the black and white. Long pale tan or lemon-colored gloves are still the most fashionable for the street, and you will find the wash-leather gloves best and cheapest for traveling.

"LA. P."—We advise you to let the gray lock alone; you will be more likely to mar than mend by disturbing it. To those who love you it distinguishes you—is a mark of individuality, and its absence would only render you more common-place. Ride, dance, enjoy your life—have friends. Do all that you can with honor and dignity, without reference to any comment, save the suggestions of your own conscience and sense of propriety; but if you have the smallest doubt in regard to the wisdom of a step, give yourself the benefit of it, and don't do it.

"AN OLD-TIME SUBSCRIBER."—Make a gray polonaise to wear over your black cashmere skirt, and trim it with black velvet. For your boy of four, make knee pants of linen, duck, or twilled jean, and plaited cotton waist to button on them. Linen blouse aprons, belted in, a remost useful for wearing over. For best, there is nothing better for a child of his age than suit consisting of deep "polka" or battlemented jacket, and short kilted skirt, long, dark red hose, and high-cut boots.

"Hope."—Send your articles to periodicals and publishers until you have obtained a test of their merit. If they are printed you have a right to payment, and if they find an appreciative public, editors will only be too glad to pay for them.

"Miss P. R."—As you want a wedding dress that will be a useful dress afterward, we should advise a pretty pin-check or hair-striped summer silk, with interior facing of strawberry or peach-blossom Surah, and a white Neapolitan bonnet trimmed with white lace and white pink-edge daisies. Your flance is quite correct and sensible in regard to his dress. The wedding-ring is always a plain gold band, with the initials of the parties and the date of the ceremony engraved on the inside. The engagement-ring may have a stone in it; the wedding-ring, never.

"Cora."-We can furnish the numbers for Feb., Nov., and Sept. of this Magazine for 1875. Price, twenty cents each.

"Constant Reader."—Embroidered nainsook is the most fashionable material used for white washing dress. Both nuns'-veiling and albatross cloth are employed, and are made up with satin, the satin covered with ruffled lace. White crepe de Chine (figured) is the great rage, however, in unwashable goods. You may use Spanish lace, but very good imitations of thread are newer, lighter, and more worn. "French thread" it is called. Jetted passementerie of a light netted kind is much used.

"Pearl."—Your black brocaded polonaise would look better with black than anything else. A fine black cashmere made up in kiltings, and an overdress of gray twilled wool trimmed with black velvet to wear with your velveteen skirt, would give you two suits instead of one, of which you are tired. A Newport sash would be hardly the proper addition, unless you choose a black one to drape over your gray polonaise, which might also be improved by the addition of the tie at the throat.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—We do not know any way of utilizing your green moiré, except by first having it dyed a darker green, or black. There is "transparent" cloth, but we do not know any way of skeletonizing thick cloth.

"Miss J. H."—Dark green would be very becoming to you, and you could choose nothing better for your autumn traveling dress than a fine, dark green cloth, braided and frogged. The set of trimmings would probably cost ten dollars.

"Mrs. McC."—The combination would depend the shade of gray, and complexion of the wearer. Some shades of granadine and peacock blue, and some of strawberry, terra-cotta, or raspberry red, go well with blue.

"Primrose."—Curtains of mixed raw silk in dark colors, mantel lambrequins of plush and embroidery, tidies of Turkish embroidery, of embroidered plush, of plush with beads of embroidery, and antique lace combined with embroidery, are all highly fashionable.

"Marie."—You mfx colors altogether too much. You could wear embroidery upon a church dress if it was all of a color; or in some pretty shaded colors upon black; but when you come to put two colors in striking contrast, and then embroidered flowers in mixed colors upon one or the other of them, it requires genius, and the very finest shades and combinations to present a regular result. In ordering from the "Purchasing Bureau," it is best to state for whom, and what purpose the articles are wanted, and within what limit the price must be kept. You can then trust to the experience and taste of the "Bureau" to get you the best possible within your limits. Put Surah with your cashmere. Linings

are not now cut out at the neck, but short sleeves may be worn, though they would look odd, and half, or "elbow" sleeves would be better for an ordinary grenadine. Gentlemen wear rings upon the little finger only. A handsome cameo would be a very suitable gift from the bride to the groom.

"Mrs. E. M. S."-Cleanse it first with potato-water; then sponge with ammonia and water,

"Anxious Reader,"—We should recommend some engrossing occupation, and an out-door life. Take up a homestead claim in Dakota; you will quickly get rid of your "nervousness" and "self-consciousness," Your writing is pretty fair, but too school-girlish for business purposes. It could probably be easily improved by rapid practice.

"Mrs. L."—You are quite right. Your silk is very fashionable just now; the true crushed raspberry tint; make up by itself, and trim with ruffles of the same, and lace. A velvet waist, or basque, in addition to the dress basque would render it useful longer in the fall. A "Kensington" rug is something like a drugget, but more durable, and is made in very good dark colors and of large square size, with bandsome border. It costs nine or ten dollars.

"APPRECIATIVE."—If you can get some plain blue to match the shade in your check, you might combine the two effectively by making trimmed skirt and plain basque, the latter trimmed with the check, or with folds of muslin. Get a white straw bonnet, and trim it with white muslin, and blue and white flowers. Line with shirred white muslin.

"Snowdrift" asks if some one will inform her how curtains are made from silk rags. What is used for warp, if they are woven a pretty way to arrange the colors, etc., etc.?

Can any correspondent of Demonest tell me where I can get a song, the words of which begin thus:

"I've just been learning the lesson of life;
The sad, sad lesson of loving;
And all its powers for pleasure and pain
Been slowly and sadly proving."

IGNORER

"A Lover of Art."—Apply to the "Woman's Exchange," 4 East 20th Street, New York.

"Mrs. O. M. W."—Apply to the New York Silk Exchange, Bond Street, New York City, where you can get all information. There is no doubt of the excellence of Osage orange trees in furnishing food.

"Mrs. H. F. C."—Apply as above. All information is gladly furnished on application from authorized sources.

"JANETTE L."—An ivory nuns'-veiling embroidered on the material would make you a pretty wedding dress, and for the rest, an apricot-tinted Surah, a black silk combined with velvet brocade: a pongee, or gray-blue wool for traveling. If you do not like nuns'-veiling, get white India muslin, and trim with deep, fine needlework, or a delicate chine silk, which can be made useful as a summer church dress. Should you decide on the nuns'-veiling, you might get the chine instead of the Surah for a colored silk. There is nothing more useful in bonnets or hats than black or white straw, and nothing more fashionable. Trim the black with Surah and a wreath of moss leaves, and wooded fiber with a bird upon a nest in it, and the white with creamy silk muslin and pale yellow cowslips or flowering mustard. These hats or bonnets you can wear with everything. A gray-blue straw with feathers would suitably accompany your traveling dress of gray-blue wool.

"Mrs. M. H. H."—There is nothing you could get for the sum mentioned that it would be worth while to send for. The best you can do is to get some silk to make a pretty contrast, but we should suggest satin ribbon in two colors instead of buttons. Loop the apron with a cluster of them on the left side, and put a smaller cluster to the left of the throat. To "trust from day to day" is the most and the best that any of us can do; have patience, and the fragments weave themselves into mosaic.

"HOUSEKEEPER."—Any house-furnishing store can supply cake molds, and any cook-book directions for icing.

"Mrs. W. A."—The brown silk would make up into a trimmed skirt, but would not have value enough to make it worth while to spend much money on something to wear with it. You might wear a batiste waist with it, or a polonaise of linen or pongee. The latter would be more expensive, but you could wear it with the black silk skirt also. The gray-blue wools are very pretty for summer suits; but if you want something darker, get wine-color, the cool shade, or dark myrtle green. Make the drapery short and rather high.

"Yours in Sorrow."—You need very much to improve your spelling and writing, and you are wise in thinking that it would take your mind from your grief to set yourself to the task of repairing these deficiencies. No book—only patience and perseverance—can help you. Get a blank book, and copy scraps, sentences, verses, whatever you find that you admire. Observe the spelling and punctuation, and do not write the briefest note without consulting the dictionary for every word, except those you are quite sure of. Read Dickens, he will interest you; and get Tennyson's "In Memoriam;" every word will seem to have been written for

you; and occupy yourself with whatever you can that will make you think of others. Only the double English crape is worth buying. You can wear your veil and crape trimmings for twelve months. Wear all white in the house in hot weather—untrimmed. You had better consult the marble-cutters in regard to the stone, but select a solid, plain style, and a simple inscription.

"LOTTA."—A change of climate, to high, pine regions, is the best remedy for catarrh; also use a very weak solution of salt, and sulphur and vinegar to clean the head, and to suuff up the nostrils.

"ETHEL."—Why cannot the bridesmaids wear Surah in colors, such as strawberry or apricot, trimmed with cream lace and white flowers? The arrangement of the hair is very simple, waved, and low behind. Certainly, over-dresses of ladies are fashionably worn trimmed with needlework. There is nothing improper in young ladles inviting young gentlemen to call if they know them, and their parents sanction the acquaintance. Parents frequently give presents of jewelry to daughters when they are brides.

"QUESTIONER."—Will some of our experienced correspondents inform the Ladies' Club as to the "best" method of drying pampas, and other grasses? The lady always should take the inside of the sidewalk. You should extend the invitation. The call would be enough if it was a friend. No, it would not be expected.

"DAISY."—Certainly, there is an Irish peerage. It would occupy too much space to give the list.

"FLORIDA."—There are no works specially devoted to the building of kilns and the firing of pottery. There is not enough of a public to purchase them. Better visit a consulting library and examine the authorities in transmiss.

"A. M."—Your brocade: polonaise would look well over a skirt of black cashmere, or silk. Wear it in-doors if you do not find it suitable to wear abroad. We do not remember at this moment in regard to "Infelice." An illustrated article upon Miss Evans in this Magazine some three or four years ago gave all information. Thanks for your good opinion.

"South Alabama."—Your outfit is extremely well considered, and could not be improved within its limits. You do not require veil, but white slippers would be appropriate. It is not necessary that your sister should have slippers, and she can wear white silk mitts if she wishes, though long, pale gloves would be more correct.

"MRS. E. R. S."—Wear plain black wool, and silk. Not any ornaments, and finely plaited India muslin ruffling in neck and sleeves. Nothing shining, no jet, no flowers; but whatever you have that is black and quiet, black hats and the like. This will not be antagonizing his wishes, yet it will serve to break the force of busy tongues that must occupy themselves with what does not concern them.

"H. S."—We do not charge for answering questions, but we do not answer them by letter unless they refer to orders, or are sent in connection with orders for goods or garments. "What to Wear" is specially valuable for dressmakers and home-dressmaking.

"Soo-TASH."—Cannot give prices of braid and passementerie, the diversity of styles and quality is so great.

"Hannah."—The mosses are lovely, but we fear there is no paying market for them. Write by all means, and tell the readers of the Club of the 166 acres of land you have "homesteaded," and all about "Hazelnook Ranch."

"Mrs. W. G."—We do not understand it any more than you. Such an "advertisement" would be the work of a lunatic. Where did you see it? Rev. Heber Newton is the pastor of an Episcopal church in New York City, a man of high character, and a friend of women, though his views on the inspiration of the Bible are peculiar.

"INQUIRER."—A "kettle-drum" is an afternoon reception with tea. The table is set in an extension parlor, or dining-room, with biscuits, cakes, thin bread and butter or rolls, and tea, coffee and bouillon are served in cups,—the hostess, her daughters, or some of her young lady friends pouring the tea, which is available all the time within the hours announced on the cards—say "three to six." or "four to seven."

"COUNTRY GIRL."—Make a plain walking-skirt with a flounce, and a removable apron over-skirt with a short drapery at the back, like that upon the "Naomi" coetume. With this you can wear white blouse waists. Make, also, a polonaise of black brocaded grenadine, which you can wear with the single skirt, and, with an August suit of linen lawn, or summer silk, you will be provided.

"E. H. V."—It is hardly fair to discriminate, you can find nice underwear at so many of the furnishing houses at prices that certainly do not pay for the labor. The Staten Island Dye House is the most reliable. Use your check slik for a traveling dress; the sleeves will not hurt it. Get a brown satin Surah-trimmed skirt, or an Ottoman silk to wear with the seal brown velvet. Get a pretty chiné silk, trimmed with lace, for a summer costume, and a straw bonnet trimmed with white silk musling lace and a shower of small blossoms. The strawberry and raspary tints are a rage, but if you have been wearing black you had better a quiet color, mouse, or fawn, and line with strawberry and finish with laterior lace. A gray nuns'-veiling (embroidered) with raspberry and drab ribbons in clusters for garniture would be pretty and useful.

Fichus with summer dresses are fashionable this season and save expensive outer garments.

"TENN."--Get stripe or check, but not combination. Linen lawns are made with trimmed skirts or over-skirts, and flounced with very deep embroidery. For house wear in summer they may be made simply with apron over-skirt and walking-skirt full at the back, belted (surplice) waist. Put gray wool (light texture) with the blue and gray silk. Thanks for your good opinion.

"A FRIEND OF DEMOREST."—You can get carpets and rugs for almost any price you choose to pay. See reply to other correspondents for curtains. We would advise several kinds of chairs in a room of that useful character—a red wicker one, a chintz-covered arm-chair, a sewing-chair, an "Oriental" chair in Indian or Persian stripe, and the like. Get a pretty écru silk, lined with apricot or crushed raspberry and trimmed with white lace for your wedding. Anywhere from seven to nine P. M. Better have refreshments instead of a supper, and invite all your friends. It would save you much trouble to order salads, pickled oysters, sandwiches, etc. You could buy your own cake, or make it, and order your own ice-cream.

"EMMA S."—Books of masquerade costumes have to be imported, and are very costly.

"Peg."—You cannot renovate silk lace so that it will be good for anything, unless it is handsome enough to make it worth sending to a French cleaner. Our "Home Art" and "Home Comfort Department" is filled by a South Kensington graduate and teacher, and has original embroidery patterns. Painting on satin and mull is not altogether a matter of fashion; it is a form of decorative art, and when well done is superior to the caprices of fashion.

"J. T."-We could furnish a suit of the description named for about \$75.

"Subscriber."—You could best learn by corresponding with some intelligent friend, but we should advise you also write to Mr. George Putnam, of Putnam's Sons, Twenty-third Street, New York City. He could supply books that would help you. Have patience with yourself. You write intelligently in English even now.

"Westfield."—Back numbers of 1876 and 1881 can be procured at twenty cents per number. The "binder" is self-adjusting. Ella Wheeler is a Wisconsin poetess; at least she resides there. Her address is Windsor, Wis. Jean Ingelow is a Scotch-English poetess. She was originally a factory operative, or at least a worker for her daily bread, but she has made a handsome competence by her literary labor. She resides in England.

"KIND ARMS."-A correspondent writes:

DEAR MME. DEMOREST.—* * * * "If one must wear a corset—and it seems as if one must in order to dress with any degree of comfort, not to say elegance—I, for one, never wish to be deprived of yours. I have tried others, but I always come back to yours with longing, and gratitude. They clasp one like kind arms; holding, but not hurting; and I consider them one of the greatest luxuries of my life.

M. C. R."

Royal Wedding Presents.—The Princess Maria Isabella of Bavaria (now Duchess of Genoa) received a great quantity of costly jewelry as wedding presents. Some of the principal gifts were a necklace, bracelet and brooch of pearls and sapphires, gift of his Majesty the King of Bavaria; a diadem and necklace of brilliants, gift of his Majesty the King of Italy; a brooch and bracelet of sapphires, containing the portrait of the Duke of Genoa, gift of the bridegroom; a brooch and bracelet also of sapphires, gift of the Princess Albert; necklace in the Renaissance style; necklace and brooch of rubies, gift of the Duchess Dowager of Genoa; necklace and comb of turquoises, bracelet of brilliants, a brooch composed of large pearls and brilliants, a brooch of jewels in the shape of a bird, a bouquet and bracelet in the form of lilies, composed of diamonds, bracelet and locket of pearls, ear-rings of fine brilliants, three pins for the halr in jewels. The total value of the jewelry presented is put down at 297,000fr.

Metropolitan Museum of Art .- The spring and summer exhibition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is the most interesting since its beginning. There is a large and interesting loan collection of pictures, mainly by American artists, which is genuinely representative; and there is the gallery of old pictures in addition to the Raphael, the Della Robbia Room. the collections of glass, engraved gems, and the remarkable objects which look as if they came out of the green vaults at Dresden, and which are part of the Phænix collection. The addition to the permanent art treasures of the Museum is the L'attentat d'Agnant, a large and strikingly dramatic picture, presented to the Museum by Wallis & Son, of London. The Museum is also shortly to be enriched by a set of the electrotypes of gold and silver articles selected from Russian art museums and from the private collections of the Czar and other distinguished individuals. These electrotypes are duplicated for the South Kensington Museum, for which they were originally ordered, and the Cincinnati Art Museum, and the cost to each lessened. A generous friend donates them to the Metropolitan Art Museum, and thus renders its collection of casts and models the largest in the country.



"Dust."—The title of Mr. Jalian Hawthorne's novel gives no hint of its character, unless the reader may remember the old proverb, that "a peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom;" or have lived long enough in the great and far West to know that "dust" may be almost pure gold, and a precious possession. "Dust" is indeed far beyond the average novel. As a romance it is brilliant enough to be more than a reminder of the author's parentage; while behind its sufficient plot, and clever characterization, there is philosophy enough, veiled in cynicism that is not bitter, and persiflage that is not shallow, to set up several modern novelists. There is the whole career offliving in the career of Sir Francis Bendbow, and the great house he founded; there is deep insight into human nature, and the woman nature, in the career and final ending of Perdita. Mr. Julian Hawthorne has not yet, we believe, done his best work, but "Dust" is among those for which he will have no reason to feel regret or shame. Fords, Howard & Halbert are the publishers, and it is gotten up in handsome form with silver lettering upon an artistically tinted ground.

Fanchette."-The latest of the "Round Robin" series is one of the best,-which is not saying much; still, they are pleasant reading, and this one particularly is full of bright dialogue, and has a charming heroine in Fanchette. There are two features inseparable from the modern "society" novel, the "reception," and the working journalist who seems not to have anything to do but attend such gatherings. With a curious illusion, too, in regard to the facts, the authors insist upon their being society reporters, and at the same time placing them on intimate terms with their hero and his friends. Now, it is very well known in society that the reporters of balls and receptions do not attend them. Information of this kind is gained from servants, florists, caterers, and the like, with difficulty, and under by no means pleasant circumstances. Names of guests are often guessed at, from general knowledge of the particular "set" in which the host and hostess move; and this is the reason why they are so rarely authentic or correct. This want of reality is not perhaps so obvious to the general reader, who finds the gay and dashing newspaper writer, always armed with his dress suit, and capable of getting along with hours for play, and moments for work-quite a fascinating personage. Such as he is, he is in full feather in "Fanchette," and if not the hero, is the hero's next friend. "Fanchette." tries hard to be mysterious, but does not succeed very well; but it succeeds perfectly in being amusing.

"Health Hints to Women."-If women are not healthy it is not for want of books telling them how to become so; but, unfortunately, the majority are written to advance a theory, to air a hobby, or charge upon existing customs or habits all the evils women are heirs to without discrimination, and without reflecting that women are born to them as they are born to certain kinds of dwelling and food, without volition of their own, or the power to greatly change their conditions, or the character of those conditions. In many respects, "Health Hints to Women" is free from the faults of some of its predecessors. It is sensible and discriminating; it enforces the use, in a proper way, of articles which it has been the fashion for so-called reformers to condemn unhesitatingly and ignorantly. The chapters on Food, on the Hair, on the care of the Feet, on Nursery, and the rearing of children are of great value; instead of being a mere resume of commonplaces, they show the result of actual knowledge and original investigation into the causes of ailments, particularly as they affect women. The author, Mrs. W. D. Schott, is a representative of the "Danish Cure" system, a trained physician. On page 89 corsets are treated in a style very unusual, and very creditable to Mrs. Schott's good sense. She says: "If corsets are properly made, and judiciously worn, I believe them to be not only harmless, but beneficial, furnishing needful support and protection to certain delicate organs. The truth is, most women buy corsets because they are cheap, without reference to their structure, and are injured in consequence. There are many directions, sizes, or simple remedies which will be found useful in a family. Charles P. Somerby, 121 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. City, is the publisher.

Inebriety from a Medical Standpoint.—It is so common to judge drunkenness or a tendency to indulge in intoxicating liquors from a standpoint of sentiment and prejudice, either as something to be regarded as optional, injurious only to the individual, or responsible for every evil—that a logical statement by a medical expert from a medical point of view is very much to be desired, and deserves respectful consideration. If, in spite of the strong sentiment against it, drinking and drunkenness are on the increase, as proved by statistics, then it is time to take up the subject scientifically, and see if by treating it as a disease any better results would be obtained; at least it is satisfactory to have medical science interested and aroused on the subject, for not a few drunkards have been made by doctors' prescriptions. P. Blackiston & Co., Philadelphia, are the publishers. The author is Joseph Parrish, M.D.

"Whom Kathie Married."—Miss Amanda M. Douglas is well known as a writer of stories for girls which are at least pure and womanly in their tendencies, and specially deal with the interests which grow out of household affections and domestic duties. The readers, and there were many, who were interested in Kathie Alston's girlhood will find her here a young lady, enjoying her first trip to Europe, and subsequently passing through some of the conflicts and struggles that are the lot of all whereever and under whatever circumstances it may happen to be cast, in this case ending, as might have been expected, in a happy marriage with the first and quite ideal lover. There are two drawbacks to the pleasure of reading nearly all the works of this author, and the first is the confusion and multiplicity of commonplace incident; the second, the purely conventional character of the personages, who become for this reason somewhat monotonous and wearisome. They have a sweetness and refinement, however, which is all-pervading, and an absolute freedom from dangerous opinions and ideas, which render them "safe" in the strictest of Sunday-schools and families.

"The Real Lord Byron."-A book has been written lately by John Condy Jeaffreson, and published by J. R. Osgood & Co., which has excited much talk, and revived indeed much of the gossip and scandal excited years ago by an article in reference to the same personage written by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. It was a great misfortune for Lord Byron's fame and the true estimate of his genius that his personal character and habits were such as to create intense prejudices and keep the busy tongues of rumor and gossip perpetually at work. It is still more unfortunate that this pernicious spirit has outlived several generations, and seems to be as active as ever. Mrs. Stowe's article, whether true or false, was a mistake. Mr. Jeaffreson's book is a mistake also, for the reason that it really adds little to the sum of facts known-disproves nothing that has been alleged but, on the contrary, makes the worst seem possible. When we are asked to consider the shocking license of the time-when we are assured that the vileness of certain married women with whom he associated, and whom he seems to have tempted from their duty, is responsible for a "poison" that "rendered him capable of satirizing his wife with satanic malice and absolutely appalling vulgarity," why, one feels that even Mrs. Stowe's charge might have had foundation in fact, and that at least his wife had good reason to suppose that his attraction and devotion to his half sister was not wholly free from a shameful sentiment. That any part of this should have been revived is only matter for regret; the best estimate that could possibly be formed by the incoming generation of Byron would be from his own works, and as a poet only. As a man he was weak, as a husband a failure, as a father loving possibly, but contemptibly using his daughter to revenge himself upon a wife and mother. This is the estimate naturally drawn from a work which is a most industrious and faithful statement of the best that can be said for the author of Childe Harold, in whose behalf ancestry, environment, and the women whom he made his victims are all sacrificed. In fact, one of the most curious features of the work is the masculine unconsciousness with which women are regarded only in the light of the influence their association had upon Byron's career; his influence upon their lives seems to be considered a matter of as supreme indifference to the world as it was to the biographer. Unconsciously, too, a very different impression is created of Lord Byron's mother than has been commonly entertained. Heretofore she has been thought of as a termagant and a scold; in the light of this veritable history Catharine Gordon, the defrauded, cruelly-neglected and abused wife, the shamefully wronged heiress, the poor struggling woman striving to live honestly within the pittance left from her fortune, is not without claims to respect, and this bit of unintentional justice is one of the best things in Mr. Jeaffreson's "Real Lord Byron."

"A Mingled Yarn" is by Harry Edwards, better known as an actor than author, and is dedicated to the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, whose "High Jinks" called forth many of its lucubrations. The important and interesting—to the general public—parts of the handsome volume, which is issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, consists of "Three Weeks in Mazatlan," and an instructive article on "Iron, and its Relation to Civilization."

"The White Nun and other Poems."-This charming book bears the name of a new aspirant to honors in the first of all the fields of literature-that of poetry,-and though she has not as yet struck those noble veins which announce the advent of great genius, yet the most cultivated, as the most thoughtful, can read these verses with real pleasure, for they are musical in rhythm, tender and delicate in sentiment, graceful in expression, and pervaded by a vein of sound and wholesome thought, which will preserve their pleasant flavor. An example of the author's best vein will be found in "A Lesson by the Wayside," which we would gladly copy entire. It is a practical lesson poetically and beautifully conveyed. Those of our readers who remember the story of the "Class Ring," published in Demorest's Monthly Magazine, will be glad to know that they can renew their acquaintance with the author by obtaining the "White Nun, and other Poems," and will learn for the first time that ber name was Agnes L. Carter. The first poem ever offered by the author for publication, and which was sent to and accepted by this magazine, is included in this volume, which is from the press of G. P. Putnam's

"Through One Administration."-If this work of one of the great novelists of our time, if not the greatest now that George Eliot is gone, is not equal to the one which brought her fame, "The Lass o' Lowries," it is because it deals with elements which are essentially unheroic and unpicturesque, or that have been moulded into commonplace, and can only be shocked out of their conventionality. Nothing less promising could be imagined in material than the ordinary office-seeking, office-holding life of Washington; and though it has its tragic side, doubtless, yet it is not permitted to come to the surface, but is as carefully concealed as pimples, or the ravages of time and late hours by a society belle. In such a life incidents do not occur except to shock. Change from the routine means displacement; it means getting out of the life altogether. It cannot deal very much with incident, therefore, and thus the work has been called "too talky," but the talk is so good that one would not lose a word of it; it is bright from beginning to end, and has other virtues in developing plot and character, and of holding the reader enthralled till the last. The ending is also said to be unsatisfactory; it should be called heroic, for Mrs. Burnett has had the courage, which scarcely any other novelist has had, to make her heroine suffer the consequence of her mistakes of ignorance which are none the less vital in their results from being done in ignorance. In fact, our mistakes and those from which we suffer most and longest are always those which are made from ignorance and inexpe-There is an evident disadvantage in having written the story as a serial, but the fine old professor, the refined man and true gentleman Arbuthnot, the lovely Mrs. Sylvestre, and the brave, honest-hearted heroine, are as good as gold, and shine out of their setting. Tredennis, oh, well, there are no such men as Tredennis; if there were one such it would make amends for thousands of the Amorys who are unfortunately plentiful enough. "Through One Administration" is a brilliant picture of the perpetual procession of greed and folly redeemed by the presence of unrecognized virtues known as Washington official society, and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has furnished another proof of the possession of the highest order of talent if not of genius. J. R. Osgood, Boston, is the publisher.

"The Led-Horse Claim."—Mary Hallock Foote, the author of the above volume, though still a young woman, has already won her spurs both as an author and artist, and work of either her pen or pencil is certain to be worth respectful consideration. Her characteristics are truth, insight, delicacy, felicity of expression, and strong sympathy with whatever is honest and pure in speech and action. Mrs. Foote is the wife of a mining engineer, and that will account for the intimate and accurate knowledge which is found in her latest work, "The Led-Horse Claim," in regard to mines and mining regions. The story turns on a tragedy which grew out of "jumping" a claim, and the author has the unusual courage not to permit two good lives to be sacrificed to one bad one, which is what sentiment would demand. The book is charmingly illustrated, and has been put in a tasteful typographical dress by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.

"New England Bird Life."—This famous work, begun several years ago, is now completed by the publication of the second part, and forms a complete encyclopedia of New England ornithology. Two well-known names are connected with it—Mr. Winifrid A. Stearns, member of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, and of the Smithsonian Institute; and Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., member of the Academy, and a brilliant as well as careful writer. The work is, in every sense, a trustworthy manual; it aims to be so exact and accurate in its descriptions and classification of specimens, that students will be able to identify any they may have in their possession by reference to its pages. Great pains and research have been bestowed upon its pages, and a great want has been met in its publication, which does infinite credit to the enterprise of Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"Joan of Arc."-If there is any one who has read and studied the brave and high-souled character of the Maid of Orleans, and would like to see the portrait carried in the soul, etched in verse, we advise the purchase of this charming narrative poem by George H. Calvert, an author whose insight is too fine, whose feeling is too earnest and true, to make him a popular writer for the million, particularly in these days and when "poetry is a drug" scarcely worth, in the market, the paper upon which it is written, and the test of all things is their money value. "Joan of Arc" was first written in 1860, and printed for private circulation only. It has since been withdrawn, altered, and amended, and is now issued in the only form by which the author desires to be judged. It is in four parts, and deals with its subject at Domrency, Orleans, Rhelms, and Rouen. We advise it for literary class-reading by young girls, and assure them it will arouse in them enthusiasm and a deeper admiration for one of their own sex who occupies an elevated place in history. Lee & Shepard are the publishers.

"The Battle of Moy." or how Ireland gained her independence, is an imaginative description projected into the future of suppositious events to take place between 1892-94 through which Ireland is to become a free and independent nation. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

"Leading Men of Japan."-No man is better qualified to write upon Japanese subjects than Mr. Charles Lanman, the author of the above work, or he was several years a resident of the empire, and a student of its political, social, and religious elements and characteristics. During the past dozen years Japan has taken Immense strides in what we call The customs and beliefs of many centuries have been overthrown: the form of government has been changed, and methods which have until now been peculiar to Western nations have been introduced. It is not to be supposed that all this has been accomplished without effort. The men who have played the rôle of reformers have had many obstacles to contend with, and even now there is no lack of opposition to the introduction of foreign civilization. Mr. Lauman gives an interesting account of the changes made, and of the prospects for the future, in these sketches of the leading men of the coun-The volume is divided into two parts, the first being devoted to biographical sketches of modern Japanese statesmen, authors, and scholars, who have contributed in a greater or lesser degree to the bringing about of the late reforms in the empire. The second part is historical in character, and gives a description not only of the empire proper, but of its dependencies. An exceedingly interesting chapter is devoted to Corea, a nation whose power and importance are just beginning to be properly understood by the civilized world. An account is also given of the origin of the American expedition to Japan, and there are copious notes, and a list of works which have been written upon the country. It is a book which every one who wishes to keep abreast with the times ought to read, and which a great many will read. What makes it peculiarly valuable is the fact that it is the only work of the kind which has ever been published. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, are the publishers, and the price is \$2.00.

"The Housekeeper's Year-Book" is an account-book, with bills of fare and opposite pages left blank for memoranda of things to be got—or things to be done. The difficulty of memoranda, for the majority of housekeepers, is that it takes longer to write, and remember, and find the memoranda, than to give it right out of their heads, the danger of forget-fulness being lessened by the urgency of the need, before the good wife can get the good man of the house to remember her commissions, or take sugar into account, when he exchanges eggs for tobacco. If the majority of women had regular incomes for housekeeping, account-books would be more useful and more general. There are many useful scraps of information scattered through the leaflets, which, though not new, need frequent repetition; and there is also, in addition to a calendar, a slate leaf, from which memoranda may be rubbed off. It is arranged by Mrs. Helen Campbell, the author of several excellent books on household economy, and is published by the Our Continent.

"A Preliminary Discussion" (before giving a tea) is a clever little brochure, "by a member of a society of lady artists," charmingly tinted and covered. The author is understood to be Miss Hartley, sister of J. S. Hartley, the sculptor.

"Deep Breathing" is a little work translated from the German of Sophia Marquise A. Ciccolina, by E. S. Werner, and printed here by Messrs. L. Holbrook & Co., which can be highly recommended. It teaches the science of breathing, with special reference to its effect upon the lungs and the singing voice. It is familiarly and charmingly written, and conveys most useful and practical information to all women, and particularly to young girls, as well as singers, and those striving to cultivate and train their vocal organs.

"How we Feed the Baby" gives practical experience in feeding and rearing babies from birth. It also treats of other matters incident to the period of infancy, collected from the contributions of C. E. Page. M.D., to the *Phrenological Journal*, and issued in paper covers by Fowler & Wells.

"Introductory Lessons" in drawing and painting in water colors is the attractive title of a most useful and well-written manual by Marion Kemble, lately issued by S. W. Tilton & Co., Boston. The book is intended to be self-instructive, and almost any child can take it, and from its simple lessons and illustrations learn to draw and paint fairly. It is invaluable as a practice book.

"Angeline,"—The latest work by Mr. George H. Caivert, known as a thoughtful writer and student of the best modern literature, is a little work of fifty pages, the study of a young life, from the spiritualistic point of view. Angeline is a gifted and angelic child, whose clairvoyant sight reveals to her many things shut out from less-favored mortals. Her little sister returns from the other world to play with her; her mother only passes from her earthly sight when she dies. Of course, the philosophy which underlies all this is a mooted question; but Mr. Calvert has put to refined and delicate use a lovely and poetic conception, and makes one feel if 'tis not true, 'tis pity 'tis not.

"The Woman Question in Europe," a book about to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, is a series of essays by representative European women on the status and progress of woman's work in connection with suffrage, education, medicine, and industry.

"In a Nutshell."-It is almost fatal to be known as a man with a This is the case with Dr. Dio Lewis. The Doctor has had many valuable ideas, and he has endeavored to embody them in a scheme of education; but they have failed to make as deep and wide a mark as they should on our time, because they were limited by their application to a few only, and by the display of an undiscriminating prejudice. "In a Nutshell" is a beautifully printed and gotten up work, issued by Clarke Brothers, 63 Bible House, and containing so much that is good that it is a pity to be obliged to qualify approval by pointing out what is mislead-The Doctor fires away at his old windmills without any knowledge, apparently, of the lapse of time, the growth, the changes, the requirements of a constantly advancing civilization - requirements which must be met, and which, if not directed with whatever sense and judgment can be brought to bear upon them, will be met unwisely and disastrously. The numerous heavy skirts, and the nunatural compression of the waist, are things of the past with sensible, well-informed women; and though there are a few foolish ones who draw themselves in a few inches, yet the average of waist measure, which for a medium-sized woman is twenty-three inches, according to an experienced corset maker, shows that, with the majority, compression is very little resorted to. As for clothing, it takes time to adjust habits to new methods, and there are many things recommended by zealous dress reformers that have been found upon trial to be injurious, and against which fashion itself has stepped in and taught a better way. This is the case with straps from the shoulders for the support of heavy skirts. These straps were found to bear upon the most delicate part of woman's anatomy-the breast-and only removed the weight to another spot, not taking it away altogether. The gradual introduction of warm merino (whole) underclothing, has distributed warmth and equalized it all over the body, and has gotten rid entirely of all skirts, even in the coldest weather, save two, one of which may be chemise and skirt in one, and the dress skirt, which, if not made in one with the bodice, is hooked on to it. The Doctor's strictures on eating are good, but his estimates are not true, and his receipt for a six cent dinner, even if a possibility, would not do for 865 days in the year. Besides, if every one applied for that one pound of beef in the neck which is to be had for four cents, it would soon go up to forty, on the principle that makes salmon cheap in San Francisco and dear in New York, while the gentle porgie is precisely vice-versa. The chapter on tobacco ought to be read by all those who indulge in this injurious practice, for here the Doctor knows what he is talking about,-and there is much true philosophy in "How Much We Should Eat."

Hybrid Literature.—A distinctive type of literature has sprung up within a few years. Begun as a presumed art, it has degenerated into a trade. Entered upon ostensibly as a study of human nature and of social combinations, it has gradually fallen into a reportorial record, more or less graphic, and with greater or less force of taste in its sense of selection. . . Let us by all means assign it to its legitimate place among the vanities of life. But let us not degrade literary art by including this hybrid, this mushroom growth of the day, as a branch of our literature, nor number among the honored names of its workers the society novelist.—Lilian Whiting, in Boston Traveler.

"The Benefit of the Doubt."—This story, if it can be called one, which has more musical phrases in its composition than literary skill in its construction, or literary finish in its execution, is still brightly written, and will please many young readers. It is like some minor opera—a curious reminiscence of music you have heard all your life; and so "The Benefit of the Doubt" suggests places, people, the society novel, and various other things, without gathering them up and formulating them. It is very nicely bound and printed by Putnam for the author, Mary Clare Spenser.

"The War of the Bachelors" is a story of the Crescent City, by "Orleanian," which is bright, witty, and full of social allusions, and the record of a social life which is full of "contemporaneous interest," and ends happily.

"The Art Amateur" for May is lavishly illustrated, and contains half a dozen supplementary designs for wood-carving, jewelers' use, china painting, and the like, and is full of novel suggestion and information for art workers. It is still unrivaled in the field which it was the first to enter.

"Mastery."—A new publication with this strange title, intended for young people, is at least timely. Its object seems to be to tell how to do things—a most useful function, when one considers the very small opportunity that exists for boys and girls to learn anything of a really practical character. "Mustery" seeks to impart real knowledge and make it interesting, and it succeeds. It is well illustrated, and its articles on flower growing as a business, Explorations in the Modern Wonder World, and Mr. Barnard's story, are either of them worth the cost. "Mastery" is a weekly, and miles ahead of the magazines made up of slang and fiction. We wish it could be taken by every family in America.

A New Magazine, bearing the title of "Dio Lewis's Monthly for our Girls," and devoted to sanitary and social science, will soon be published by Clarke Brothers, New York.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb is to edit, henceforward, the Magazine of American History, which has been sold by A. S. Barnes & Co. to the Historical Publication Co., 30 Lafayette Place (North American Review Building). Mrs. Lamb's masterly and successful achievement, "The History of the City of New York," long since placed her in the front rank among authors, and she now brings her executive ability, good taste, literary skill, broad and minute scholarship, conscientiousness respecting historical truth, and unparalleled enthusiasm into a field where she is perfectly at home; thus the future of the magazine under her administration can hardly fail to be brilliant and prosperous. It will be illustrated, and the best talent employed. The parties associated with Mrs. Lamb are well known, and abundantly able to make the only historical magazine in the country what it ought to be-a complete success. first issue under the new management is an admirable specimen of editorial judgment and typographical art, and gives rich promise for the future. The opening article, "Wall Street in History," is the first of a series of three articles by the new editor, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. with fourteen illustrations, embracing maps, portraits, and original drawings by Alfred The Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis contributes a suggestive article, entitled " Landed Gentlemen in the United States." "President Buchanan Vindicated " is from the pen of Honorable Horatio King, who was in the Cabinet for a time, and will command attention. One of the special attractions of the number is an "Unpublished Letter of Edmund Gibbon, the historian, concerning the fight at Concord," which comes to the magazine from General Meredith Read. In the department of Original Documents appears the gem of the famous Franklin collection, "The Petition to the King by the Continental Congress of 1774," illustrated with the fac-simile of the signatures, which now first appears to the reading world. An announcement of considerable interest promises, in early issues, the MSS. volumes contributed by Dr. T. A. Emmett, of the original secret record of daily intelligence conveyed to Sir Heary Clinton during the war of the Revolution.

"The Magazine of Art" for June has a charming article (illustrated) on "Out-of-Doors in Surrey," a leading one which is valuable on Bastien page and his works, a frontispiece which is a copy of Rosetti's "Rosa Triplex," an illustrated paper on the modern "Cosmopolis," San Francisco, and many other features of interest, including a resume of the principal women art workers in Rome, and a delightful little illustrated poem of Austin Dobson's.

"Outing" is a new journal of recreation very ably edited and representative of the best in sports, travel, and the like. It is written with care and judgment, made up with taste, and commends itself to a refined and intelligent class of readers. It hails from Albany, N. Y., and is ten cents a number.

Our readers will find the inside view of Smith College furnished by Miss Kate Sanborn in the current number of this magazine very interesting. Miss Sanborn is professor of English literature in the famous Northampton Institution.

Art Notes (Illustrated) of the Spring Exhibition at the Academy.—It is to Mr. Charles M. Kurtz that we are indebted for the happy idea of doing for us what Mr. Henry Blackburn does for the art world of London—fix, arrange, and put in neat form illustrated notes of the important Spring Exhibition of the Academy of Design, which is the Salon not of New York alone but of the entire country. The issue for 1883 contains nearly one hundred pages, and about the same number of excellent reproductions of pictures in the Academy exhibition. They are admirably-made, well-balanced, and fair. The cover has a picture of the Academy, and is well printed in blue, on gray. The cost is thirty-five cents only, and it contains a list of American artists with their addresses, which is of itself valuable.

The American Kindergarten Society has established a depot for the sale of American Kindergarten material at 23 West Union Square, N. Y. Also such articles as are most valuable for the education and entertainment of children—books, pictures, and all appliances necessary for Kindergarten, primary and home schools.

The "Electric" Brush is now so well known for its stimulating and restorative qualities that it is a matter of public interest that Dr. Scott, the inventor, has reduced its price to a lower range, beginning at \$1, and advancing, according to size and finish, to \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, and \$3.00. Dr. Scott's electric corsets have had a success equal to his brushes, and the prices ranging the same as above quoted for brushes, no great loss is incurred in making a trial of one.

Our readers will find at the establishment of Charles L. Hadley, whose card appears in another page, a complete assortment of fine English and French china, including dinner, tea, and chamber sets, which are offered at reasonable prices. On receipt of P. O. money order, or check, or by express, C. O. D., goods will be sent throughout the country. Parties desiring anything in this line will do well to send for a catalogue and price-list, which will be furnished free,

A New Departure.

Two of the three brothers of the old and well-known house of LE BOUTILLIER BROTHERS, in East Fourteenth Street, have recently taken possession of new and commodious premises at 81 and 83 West Twenty-third Street. This change enables the new firm to meet the demands and wishes of an important and rapidly increasing clientele by adding to their premises accommodations greatly needed in New York, especially by out-of-town customers. The well-known character of the firm for honor and integrity, for faithful and prompt attention to the interests of patrons at a distance as well as those who are able to select goods in person, has built up a very large and diversified Mail Order department, and made their fine store the resort of a considerable proportion of ladies from out-of-town who do occasional shopping in New York. For the benefit of these a parlor has been fitted up, furnished with writing materials, and every convenience for ladies who are spending the day in shopping, and who wish an opportunity for rest, the care of parcels, postal facilities, the making out of lists, the meeting of friends, or the examination of samples. The perfection of the MAIL ORDER Department obviates many of the difficulties of ladies in remote places who want new and fashionable fabries, fine French wool dress goods, best makes of black and colored silks, French or domestic underwear, gloves, hoslery, ribbons, linens, and embroideries, or handsome mourning materials such as silk warp Henrietta cloth, armures, French cashmeres, Tamise, nun's veiling, silk and wool grenadine, and We recommend old friends and new patrons to avail themselves of the facilities offered by this enterprising firm at their new quarters, 31 and 33 West Twenty-third Street, and call or send, as the best test of the truth of its claims to public favor.

The Best Refrigerator.

A GOOD Refrigerator is of so much importance in a household that we feel justified in calling attention to one that we have tested, and that is really so admirably constructed as to leave nothing to be desired in the attainment of its various objects-which is the preservation of food in a perfect condition.—an economy of labor, and the utilization of the means employed for as many purposes as possible. It is not necessary to enumerate all the failures which have vexed the house-keeper's mind, and depleted her purse, in experimenting on refrigerators during the past twenty or thirty years. A refrigerator is not an article for a day, but for a considerable part of a life-time; and when it has been wanted, and waited for, and finally purchased with money that was needed for other things as well, it is more than annoying to find that it is a mere sweating machine, and condenses moisture in which your summer fruits and vegetables dissolve, as in a heated temperature; and in which every fresh and distinct flavor is lost. Roloson's Refrigerator condenses nothing inside the cool chambers, but keeps them charged with a dry, cool, equal air current, which saves the consumption of ice, and reduces it to a minimum. It is recommended heartily as combining all the best qualities of the best refrigerators with some special ones of its own, which can only be appreciated by using.

Swindlers.

You should be on the lookout for all kinds of traveling swindlers, prominent among whom are the bogus book peddler and subscription agent. The latter is, probably, the meanest of the tribe, his victims being generally needy persons who desire to enrich their homes with a magazine or family paper. This impostor avers that Shark & Grabem are the authorized agents for a particular territory, and have contracted with the publisher for ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand copies each month, and are thus enabled to take subscriptions at half price, and give one or more chromos, of large dimensions, in addition. He is generally supplied with current copies of the leading publications, which he has purchased from some newsdealer, and will leave one number on payment of the reduced price, or one half, the other half to be paid on delivery of the second number; and that is the last seen of the self-styled "subscription agent," the magazine, or the money.

Subscription swindling was common in years past, but direct communication with the publishers through the facilities offered by the modern postal system is so easy that these swindlers meet with but little success, unless some special inducement can be offered to the expected victim, who parts with a dollar, often more, sometimes less, because the opportunity is at his door of obtaining, as he thinks, a two or four dollar magazine for half the publisher's price. This inducement and the oily, lying tongue of the applicant, blind them to the fact that if the publisher could afford to sell his magazine for less money, he would immediately put it on his publication, that all the world should know it, and not send out a special fraud to undersell him in his own market.

Good Words.

An esteemed correspondent writes:—"I have been a constant reader of your magazine for several years, and permit me to say, not from the desire to flatter, but because I can think of no less complimentary expression which would be true, that I believe 'Demonest's Magazine' meets a greater number and variety of wants than any other periodical published. It has been the means of so much pleasure and profit to me that I have felt I must give utterance to my appreciation; though I fancy you have heard the same thing from so many different sources that you must grow very weary of the theme, were it not that kindly sentiments will bear a good deal of repetition. 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.' Are not the words of encouragement and appreciation which nerve us for fresh efforts, as joy producing and enduring?

A WOMAN writes :- " I wonder if publishers realize what a hearty welcome the magazines they send receive sometimes? How like a glimpse of another and more beautiful world they seem to the poor, hard-working woman who stints, and saves in order to subscribe for her favorite periodcal. When it is time for its appearance how anxiously she awaits the return of her husband from the post-office, and how eagerly it is first looked over, and then carefully read, and laid away to be read again. will tell you of one such woman. She is not a regular subscriber, she is too poor for that; she buys a copy as she has a few cents to spare. They are very poor people, and being poor in California means a hard uphill struggle, but this woman thinks they must have a little beauty, even if it is cheap; so she saves her rags and sells them at one cent per pound; this she divides equally between magazines and house plants; she always has flowers in bloom, no matter how much work she has to do. She has one large medley picture made from the steel engravings she took out of her magazines; she has two smaller ones, pictures she has made out of the colored plates, and with great pride she exhibits the 'Fisherman's Children,' and 'Rose Time,' which she intends framing in a style of her own invention. As it may be interesting to others, I will write the directions. Have a smooth, well-seasoned board two inches larger than your picture; cover it with fine brown paper pasted smoothly on; then after your paper is dry, paste upon it the picture, being careful to get it in the center of the board. Paste velvet or plush around the edge-the velvet should extend from the edge of the picture-and turn over the edge of the board, so as to be hidden at the back edge. Framed in this way they look quite well."

"Mrs. M. E. S." says: "Your magazine is a gem; gives me more real pleasure than all my other magazines."

"Mrs. F. P. M." writes from Texas: "Your magazine is an educator, and we think no woman can read it for long without becoming intelligently informed on a wide range of subjects. It surpasses anything of the kind we have ever seen."

Madame de Stael.

On the stirring events of the epoch covered by the first French Revolution and the first Empire, the influence of the remarkable woman whose name heads this paper left an undoubted and enduring impress. In early womanhood she saw a nation throttled in the grasp of anarchy, and witnessed the overthrow of Legitimacy and the erection upon its ruins of the Republic and the Empire. Above the sordid jealousies and the self-ish ambitions of the political and military leaders of the time her voice ever rang out clear and true, and she preserved pure and unsulfied her grand ideas of national liberty, which neither the threats nor the displeasure of an emperor could drag from their lofty pedestal.

Anne Louise Germaine Necker, Baronne de Staël-Holstein, was born at Parls, April 22, 1766. Her mother was Susannah Curchod, the daughter of a Swiss pastor, whose humble cure was in a charming valley in the heart of the Jura Mountains. Mademoiselle Curchod was educated by her father in a manner more befitting a masculine than a feminine mind. He aimed to prepare her to undertake the highest grade of teaching, and to this end she became proficient in the principal modern and classic languages, and well versed in science, economics and literature. It was said of her that she was one of the best informed women in Europe; and to a well-furnished brain she joined a face and form of great personal beauty, and a physique as perfect as a quiet, studious life amid pure mountain air could produce. She was, while yet a girl, inducted into the highly intellectual atmosphere of society in Geneva and Lausanne, where her wit, no less than her beauty, won for her hosts of admirers. The romantic passion conceived for her by the future historian, Gibbon, is a bright incident in her exceedingly brilliant youth. At her father's death she removed to Paris (in 1763), where she met her future husband, who said of her that "to render her perfectly amiable she only needed some fault to pardon in herself."

James Necker, the father of Madame de Staël, was, like Mademoiselle Curchod, a native of Switzerland. Born in Geneva, of Caivinistic stock, eminent alike for their intellect and their social position, he was, at an early age, placed in the banking-house of Vernet, in Paris; he evinese such great financial talent that he finally attained a parinership in one of the largest moneyed institutions of the day—Thellerson's—and amassed

an ample fortune. His well-deserved reputation as the greatest financier of his time led to his being appointed Financial Minister in the cabinet of Louis XVI.

In this position, however, his integrity was too inflexible and his patriotism too pronounced to suit the corrupt courtiers by whom the weak Louis was surrounded. Again and again was Necker dismissed only to be as often recalled in response to the clamors of the people and the urgent needs of the fast-sinking ship of state. But his unaided efforts were unavailing to avert the impending crash. The storm of popular rage broke over the monarch's head, and the monarchy went down amid the Revolution's upheaval.

From these two brief biographies it will be perceived that Madame de Staël belonged unmistakably to the aristocracy of intellect. Necker and Mademoiselle Curchod were married in 1764, he being thirty-two and she twenty-five years old. Their married life, we are told, was one of singular felicity and happiness. To Mme. Necker, her husband being engrossed by affairs of state, fell the task of educating their daughter, and it is not greatly to be wondered at that, herself educated for a teacher, she early began a system of mental and physical training based upon attentive study of the peculiar temperament of the little Anne. There is but little doubt, however, that only the child's exceptionally brilliant powers of mind prevented her from coming out of this ordeal a hopeless idiot. Mme. Necker literally "crammed" her with information on every imaginable subject; even her hours of recreation were made to subserve the one great end-education; everything childish was repressed, and the girl was early inducted into adult society. As a result, we are confronted with the somewhat painful spectacle of a female Crichton not yet in her teens, though we are rejoiced to learn that "her ardent nature was ever spontaneously breaking away from this bondage so foreign to its instructs."

It is said that she looked upon her mother with great respect and awe, but regarded her father with an effusive affection and a playful familiarity. Simond, the famous traveler, relates an anecdote that aptly describes her attitude toward her parents:

"Madame Necker had no sooner left the room after dinner, one day, than the young girl, till then timidly decorous, suddenly seized her napkin and threw it across the table at the head of her father, and then, flying around to him, hung upon his neck, suffocating all his reproofs by her kisses. Then, seizing his hands, she drew him into a dance around the table, and was arrested only by sounds of the returning steps of her mother, when they resumed their seats at the board with the utmost sobriety."

The salon of Mme. Necker was one of the most brilliant in Paris, and Anne found in her admission therein some relaxation from the severe mental toil that aftended her education. At the age of twelve she essayed to write—her efforts, it is said, even then commanding the attention of her friends. Some of her dramatic productions were at this time acted with applause, by herself and her juvenile companions, in her parents' drawing-room. At the age of fifteen her mother regarded her education as finished, so far as the mere routine of study was concerned, but it is certain that she continued to acquire knowledge till the day of her death. At this time, too, she composed several essays upon philosophical themes, "but her father wisely discouraged these immature efforts."

The peculiar life she had led hitherto, so stimulating in its mental excitements, aroused her brain to an abnormal and unhealthy activity, followed by a serious decline in health. Her system was only restored to its wonted tone and elasticity by a cessation from all systematic study, accompanied by plenty of open-air life at her father's country seat at St. Ouen. At this period the loving care and tender criticism of her father, himself a litterateur of no mean attainments, did wonders for the brilliant girl. While Necker estimated at their full value his daughter's mental abilities and admired with all a parent's pride her ready wit and vivacity, he sought to restrain and guide her intellectual growth, lest it should become choked in its own luxuriousness. Though Madame Necker viewed with disapproval these sedative efforts, it is doubtless true that to her father's wise discernment and gentle criticisms at this epoch is largely due Madame de Staël's subsequent literary successes.

Her personal appearance, lacking much of the beauty of her mother, is thus described at the age of eighteen: "She was graceful in all her movements; her countenance, without entirely satisfying the eye at first, attracted it and retained it by a rare charm, for it quickly displayed a kind of ideal or intellectual beauty. No one feature was salient enough to determine in advance her character or mood, except her eyes, which were magnificent. . . . A kind of exterior indolence characterized her; but her vigorous frame, her firm and well-adjusted attitudes, added to the great force and singular directness of her discourse."

Mademoiselle Necker, at the age of twenty, became the wife of Eric, Baron de Staël, the Swedish ambassador to the French court. The baron was seventeen years her senior, and the match was in every sense a mariage du convenance. The baron was a staunch supporter of M. Necker's financial and political ideas, and the marriage undoubtedly strengthened the latter's position in the affairs of the time. Subsequent events proved that there was little love—on the lady's part, at least; M. de Staël was content to obtain so brilliant a wife, and, withal, one so richly endowed

with this world's goods. He was a man of parts, of generous character, and of enlightened political opinions, but a great spendrift; he was popular at the French capital, and his marriage gave undoubted pleasure to his sovereign. The fate of Mademoiselle Necker was too common a one for her to regret it; she only stipulated that she be not parted from her parents while they survived. So the daughter of the friendless Swiss emigrants was now a baroness and an ambassadress, and assured of a position at the French court commensurate with her rank, wealth, and intellect. It has been remarked that the negotiations preceding her marriage were more appropriate to the nuptials of a princess of the blood royal than to those of the daughter of untitled parents. From this period until her exile from Paris at the hands of Napoleon, she was the brill-lant queen regnant of the Parisian salon.

As might be expected, her title and her talents brought Madame de Stael into intimate relations with the court and its king and queen, Louis and Marie Antoinette. But her republican spirit revolted from the pomp and magnificence of royalty, and she turned instinctively to more intellectual enjoyments. The Swedish Legation became a rendezvous for the representative men and women of the day. "Men of letters, foreign diplomats, members of the legislature, and even the brothers of Napoleon, were among her guests and were proud of her friendship." All through that period of ferment which preceded the Revolution the momentous questions of the day were debated in her salon, and she herself became an acknowledged leader and a power in the politics of the day.

But Baron de Stacl's tastes and aspirations led him to take no part in these intellectual delights, and his wife could not fail to contrast him unfavorably with those master minds by whom she was surrounded. During the extreme youth of their children, Auguste and Albertine, parental affection held them together; but ultimately an anicable separation was arranged, and this ill-assorted couple parted. The Baron did not long survive this event, and died in 1802.

The candid chronicler is forced to admit that Madame de Staët's conduct as a wife was far from being irreproachable. She allowed many admirers to hover around her shrine. Anong these may be named Talleyrand and Benjamin Constant. Madame de Remusat, referring to this subject, says: "Her nature was too passionate for her not to love strongly, and her imagination too vivid for her not to think that she loved often." The caustic and sparkling wit of the arch-dissembler, Talleyrand, appears to have completely enthralled this brilliant and not unlovable woman. Hence, when he deserted her for Madame Grand, she was prompted to ask him an unfortunate question, the reply to which has become historic: "If Madame Grand and I were to fall into the water, Talleyrand," inquired Madame de Staël, "which of us would you save first ?" "Oh, madame," replied the minister, "you swim so well!" The remembrance of this slight probably prompted her famous summary of Talleyrand's characteristics as a politician: "He is such a dissembler that if you kick him behind he will smile in front!" Coarse as this saying undoubtedly is, it was true to the life.

During the blackest horrors of the Reign of Terror the patriotism of Madame de Stael caused her to view with sorrow and anguish the distracted condition of her beloved country. She made constant and courageous efforts to save the lives of proscribed and suspected persons, and in more than one instance her humanity caused her motives to be questioned. She was even denounced in the Assembly by Legendre, but Barras successfully vindicated her patriotism. In 1793, however, she retired to England, where her social and intellectual triumphs in the French metropolis were repeated.

In 1795 she returned to Paris, and her great influence was exerted in favor of law and order and the Directory. She believed implicitly that the Republic was the only government possible for France, and her influence was so great that the then rapidly rising Napoleon conceived a bitter distike for her. At first she had been captivated by the young general, and thought that in him she saw the Liberator of her country. When he became First Consul Madame de Stael fully shared the popular enthusiasm. But she soon saw that France had much to dread from his ascendancy, and distrust took the place of admiration. Napoleon, on his part, feared her influence, and was jealous of her social power.

Cajolery and threats were alike powerless to convert her to his views, and what he could not bend he strove to break. In 1802 she was banished from Paris, and forbidden to reside within forty leagues of that capital; other petty persecutions were added, even her friends being sent to share her exile because they upheld her opinions. As a recent writer has well remarked, "Napoleon conquered all the continent of Europe, but this one solitary woman, whom he affected to despise, and upon whose integrity he exhausted all the arts of persuasion and the terrors of persecution, he could not conquer "She remained in exile till after the Dictator's abdication.

During this period some of her most brilliant literary works were penned, and they amply fulfill the bright promise of her early years, They evince a genius, a power of analyzation, and a breadth of mind unequaled among the works of women. Even Napoleon declared of her; "This woman teaches people to think who never thought before, or who had forgotten how to think." According to the same authority (Madame de Rémusat) he sald, further; "Madame de Staël is a machine in motion, which will make disturbance in the salons. It is only in France that

such a woman is to be feared, and I will not agree to it." And when all his vast dreams of empire had fled, and he himself was tasting that exile to which he had condemned her, he said, after reading her noble works, "No one can deny that she is a woman of grand talent—of extraordinary intellect; she will last!"

Among her many admirers, during her husband's lifetime, was a young Genevan officer named Rocca. That Madame de Staël loved him it is impossible to doubt, and that her passion was returned is also well attested, This being so, there was neither sense nor reason in her secretly marrying, at the age of forty-five, this youth of twenty-three. The marriage was not arowed until her death, and during all the intervening years Rocca appeared to the world in the capacity of an exceptionally favored lover. This course placed both the parties concerned in a false position, and caused much sorrow and mortification to the relatives and friends of all concerned. This marriage was productive of much happiness to the couple most nearly interested, but it is difficult to perceive what motive, aside from romanticism carried to excess, could have prompted Madame de Staël.

Great as was her fascination for the brilliant men of h r time, it remains a fact that her female friendships were many and lasting. Schiller and Goethe, also, were her stanch admirers, and the philosopher Fichte owned her power. In Ticknor's Life and Letters is preserved the following ancedote, which illustrates, perfectly, her acute habit of mind : "When Madame de Staël was af Berlin she excited a great sensation, and had the men of letters trotted up and down, as it were, before her, to see their paces. When Fichte's turn came, after talking a little while she said, 'Now, Monsieur Fichte, will you be so kind as to give me, in fifteen minutes or so, a sort of idea of your system, so that I may know clearly what you mean by your "I" and your "me;" for I am entirely in the dark about it.' The notion of explaining, in a little quarter of an hour, to a person in total darkness, a system he had been all his lifetime developing from a single principle, was quite shocking to the philosopher's dignity. However, being much pressed, he began, in bad French, to do the best he could. But he had not gone on for ten minutes before Madame de Stael, who had followed him with the greatest attention, interrupted him, with a countenance full of eagerness and satisfaction, 'Ah! it is sufficient: I comprehend you perfectly, Monsieur Fichte. Your system is illustrated by a story in Baron Munchausen's Travels. For, when he arrived once on the banks of a great river, where there was neither bridge nor ferry, nor even a poor boat nor raft, he was at first quite confounded, until at last, his wits coming to his assistance, he took a good hold on his own sleeve, and jumped himself over to the other side. Now, Monsieur Fichte, this, I take it, is just what you have done with your "I" and your "me," is it not?" There was so much truth in this, and so much esprit, that, of course, the effect was irresistible on all but poor Fichte himself. He never forgave Madame de Staël."

She died in her beloved Paris in July, 1817, and thus passed away a wo can who united in herself "the graces of society and literature with the genius of philosophy."

HENRY F. REDDALL.

Pet Paragraphs.

From DR. HOLLAND'S BITTER SWEET.

THE fountain of joy is fed by tears. And love is lit by the breath of sighs; The deepest griefs and the wildest fears Have holiest ministries.

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the mannikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Bhad and wailing and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitful agony.—
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls—
Speckled with the backs of little souls—

Barks that were launched on the other side, And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide; What does he think of his mother's eyes? What does he think of his mother's hair? What of the cradle-roof that flies Forward and backward through the air ? What does he think of his mother's breast-Bare and beautiful, smooth and white, Seeking it ever with fresh delight-Cup of his life and couch of his rest? What does he think when her quick embrace Presses his hand and buries his face Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell With a tenderness she can never tell, Though she murmur the words Of all the birds-Words she has learned to murmur well? Now he thinks he'll go to sleep ! I can see the shadow creep Over his eyes in soft eclipse, Over his brow, and over his lips, Out to his little fluger tips ! Softly sinking, down he goes ! Down he goes! Down he goes! See! he is hushed in sweet repose.

I know
That care has fron crowns for many brows;
That Calvaries are everywhere, whereon
Virtue is crucified, and nails and spears
Draw guiltless blood; that sorrow sits and drinks
At sweetest hearts, till all their life is dry;
That gentle spirits on the rack of pain
Grow faint or fierce, and pray and curse by turns;
That Hell's temptations, clad in Heavenly guise,
And armed with might, lie evermore in wait
Along life's path, giving assault to all—
Fatal to most; that death stalks through the earth,
Choosing his victims, sparing none at last.

God forgive me! but I've thought A thousand times that if I had His power, Or He my love, we'd have a different world From this we live in.

Be careful of your words! 'Tis no light thing To take the guidance of a straying soul.

'Tis not the lightly-laden heart of man That loves the best the hand that blesses all; But that which groaning with its weight of sin, Meets with the mercy that forgiveth much.

Old tunes are precious to me as old paths In which I wandered when a happy boy.

When men get loose in their theology
The screws are started up in everything.

Hearts, like apples, are hard and sour,
Till crushed by pain's resistless power;
And yield their juices rich and bland
To none but Sorrow's heavy hand.
The purest streams of human love
Flow naturally never,

But gush by pressure from above,
With God's hand on the lever.
The first are turbidest and meanest,
The last are sweetest and screnest.

Life evermore is fed by death, In earth, and sea, and sky; And that a rose may breathe its breath, Something must die.

Thus is it over all the earth:
That which we call the fairest
And prize for its surpassing worth,
Is always rarest.

All common good has common price;
Exacting good exceeding;
Christ brought the keys of Paradice
By cruel bleeding.

-Demorest's Monthly,-

THE BEST MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISERS,

THE BEST IN FORM AND THE LARGEST IN CIRCULATION

Please remember that for 6 lines, costing \$3, is at the rate of 22 cents for 11,000 cards, and most efficiently distributed to the best families in this country.

We aim to make our advertising columns the vehicle only of what is best calculated to promote the interests of our readers—to exclude whatever is permicious, at whatever sacrifice—and render them so absolutely reliable, that they may be consulted with a certainty that everything therein stated will be found precisely as represented.

The advertising columns of Demonest's Monthly furnish the most reliable, cheapest and best advertising medium in the world. Goes everywhere. Read by everybody. A book of reference for the family, and sometimes the whole neighborhood; especially for the enterprising, and for all those who can afford to purchase. For advertising purposes, no other one medium covers so much ground, or is so universally read and sought for as Demonest's Monthly.

ADVERTISING RATES, EACH INSERTION.

ORDINARY PAGES	PER LINE.
PAGE OPPOSITE READING 60	NONPAREIL
FOURTH PAGE OF COVER	12 LINES
Business Notices, Next Reading, .75	1 rscu.

Remember that Advertising at the above rates costs only one cent a line per 1,000 copies.

FIVE LINES OR LESS WILL BE CHARGED ONE LINE

ADDITIONAL, OR THE SPACE FROM RULE TO RULE.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

Advertisements for insertion should be forwarded not later than the 23th, for the next issue. No medical, questionable, or ambiguous advertisements will be admitted on any terms.





This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength in wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in connectation with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum and phosphate newders. Sold may be cann. Royal Barine Powder Co., in Wall St. New You.

SEE PAGE TWO