



NO. CCXXIII.]

AUGUST, 1883.

[VOL. XIX., NO. 10.]

❖ IN THE GARDENS OF AMYTIS ❖

SWAYED by the softly stirring sultry breeze,  
 That creeps across long level miles of sand,  
 Warm with hot sunshine pouring on the  
 land,  
 Or burning o'er the sluggish Euphrates,  
 The tender branches of the Atheloe  
 Wave in the wind with melancholy sound.  
 Alone it stands mid ruin ; all around  
 A dreary barren waste : the ancient glow  
 And wealth of Babylon has passed away,  
 And here, where once gay gardens in the air  
 Were hung to please a queen beloved and  
 fair,  
 Where the Persian rose sweet bloomed, to-  
 day  
 Naught but the solitary Atheloe  
 Puts forth a leaf ! Hear how it moans and  
 sighs  
 Beneath the swooning heat of summer skies,  
 "Oh, Amytis," it murmurs soft and low,  
 "Oh beauteous queen, no more thy step I  
 hear  
 At midday, when it was thy wont to come  
 Beneath my shade to dream of thy far  
 home ;  
 No more the flowering shrubs and trees ap-  
 pear  
 To blossom at thy wish ; in crumbling dust  
 Lies Babylon, her mighty walls and towers  
 Are crushed beneath Time's ruthless powers,  
 Her wondrous temples, brazen gates, but rust !  
 Oh Amytis ! these desolate ruins prove

How frail and fleeting in each age, each  
 clime,  
 Are earthly joys ; how stern, relentless,  
 Time !

Yet, Death ne'er triumphs over holy love ;  
 The grave no victory hath proudly won  
 O'er thy sweet name ; for in my branches,  
 see !

To-day there blossoms still a memory  
 Of Amytis, beloved of Babylon !"

Thus moans the gently swaying Atheloe,  
 And all about the ruined spot, and bare,  
 Of the once famous gardens in the air,  
 A ghostly echo seems to whisper low :

"The handiwork of man shall pass away,  
 To dust shall dust return ; science nor art  
 May hold their own ; but in the human  
 heart  
 Love is ; Love was ; ay ! Love fore'er shall  
 stay !"

NOTE.—"High up on one of the terraces in the ruins of  
 the hanging gardens of Babylon, there stands a solitary tree,  
 called by the natives 'The Atheloe.' They maintain that  
 it flourished in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, for whose be-  
 loved queen Amytis the gardens were erected. Only one  
 side of its trunk remains, yet the branches at the top bloom  
 out fresh and green every season, and gently swaying in the  
 wind produce a melancholy sound. The tree is an evergreen  
 of uncommon species ; its trunk is large, its height fifteen  
 feet ; its great age is beyond question, and it is esteemed  
 without a doubt the last of the beautiful trees which once  
 adorned the famous gardens in the air."—*Babylon and  
 Nineveh.*

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

## AGATHE DE VALSUZE.

## AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH RESTORATION.

BY M. D'ÉPAGNY.

## CHAPTER I.

M. DE VALSUZE.

IT was the beginning of the year 1814. The events of this celebrated epoch are well known from the last efforts of the French against united Europe, and from the fall of the empire.

I mention the year because my story demands it; but I shall enter into no detail, hastening rather to carry my thought and that of my reader toward those who form the subject and the interest of this story.

It was noon; the weather was fine, and the citizens of the little town of Znaïm, in Moravia, walked out in numbers on the Place d'Armes to watch the parade, as was their custom. But on that day there was an air of unusual animation. People grouped together, joined around those who held newspapers, and bent attentive ears to their reading. It was evident that important news agitated all.

Noticeable among those walking was an amiable and refined looking old gentleman. His hair was gathered in a bag, and although perfectly white, was thickly powdered. He wore a crimped neckcloth of white lawn, instead of the modern cravat; a shirt-frill of lace fell over his breast, and his hands were half covered by lace ruffles, matching the frill. His coat was simple, and although of a rather rich Lyons material, was without embroidery, except for a narrow gold braid which encircled and bordered the buttonholes. This garment, still remarkably fresh, dated from the marriage of Louis XVI.

The quiet pearl gray of the costume had a sort of sympathy with the dignified and modest bearing of the wearer; and, while all appearance of luxury was avoided, the dainty exactness was suggestive of fallen fortunes.

Among the phlegmatic faces of the honest and good Germans, who wandered up and down the place, every one would have known this old gentleman to be a Frenchman of rank.

He seemed to be generally liked, and no one smiled because his dress was so different from that of the others. By an instinct which never mistakes they approved of him. They gave him credit, too, when they noticed that the buckles of his garters and his shoes were of steel instead of diamonds, and, above all, that he had had the red heels of his shoes blackened.

The old nobleman advanced with his hat under his arm as if he were passing through the Versailles gallery; but his hat passed into his hand politely whenever he approached a group of the news gatherers, and every one also made way for him, and saluted him cordially, and even with a certain deference.

"Well, sir, well! great news! excellent news for you, M.

de Valsuze," said a little fat man, dark-skinned, with green eyes, who carried a pen in the string of his hat, and was the burgomaster's secretary. "Yes, Monsieur le Marquis," he continued, "the Bourbons are in France."

"Returned to France!" cried the marquis in a trembling voice.

"Yes, monsieur, with the allied armies."

The marquis sighed profoundly, and did not reply.

The little man thought he had not understood. "But do not you hear?" he exclaimed. "I tell you the King of France is at Paris with all the foreign armies!"

"Ah, why is it not with a French army?" said the marquis to himself.

The fat secretary looked at him with his green eyes, and touched his arm to fix his attention:

"I congratulate you, Monsieur le Marquis; the exiled will have their property restored; you will see France again."

"Ah, my country!" murmured the old man, tears filling his eyes as he raised them to heaven.

At this moment a noise of drums sounded a little way off.

"Oh, ho! already?" cried the fat man, rubbing his hands; "it is a column of French prisoners, I must run back to my post. One is not burgomaster's secretary for nothing, and I must make out the billets. Your pardon for leaving you. French prisoners! ah! ah! it is our turn now. And time it was, by my faith!" He ran off, while the column passed into the place.



THE MARQUIS.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE COLUMN OF PRISONERS.

EIGHT hundred Frenchmen, the greater number of whom had scarcely recovered from old wounds, marched in order, marking step as if they were still in the ranks of their companies. Twenty men at the most escorted them. The French officers had kept their swords and still appeared to command; the escort seemed only there to guide them. It was not force; but confidence in the word of the leaders which guaranteed the submission of the vanquished; but on this occasion, to justify such singular conduct, there was another cause which will appear later.

Germans are honest and benevolent, and sympathize willingly with Frenchmen. This detachment, composed of soldiers of all arms, had already been more than a year in another part of Germany, and had thus been formed by the misfortunes of war. The men were those who had not been able to return sooner from the interior of Russia after the direful campaign of 1812, and whose fatigue and exhaustion had forced them to remain in Austria or Moravia. These had by short journeys and long rests gained the frontiers of



THE MARQUIS, THE OFFICER, AND THE SECRETARY.

their country, where the coming peace would soon allow them to be sent back.

The Marquis de Valsuze, in glancing sadly over this body of troops so despoiled of their first glory, noticed a very young cavalry officer already of an elevated rank, whose proud attitude, in spite of his pallor and his weary look, particularly attracted the interest of the numerous spectators.

"How handsome that young fellow would look at the head of his squadron!" thought the old exile. "Instead of walking, worn out by privation and sorrow, barely guarded from the chill air by his thin and faded uniform, I picture him brilliant, brave, courageous, upon a fiery horse with splendid trappings!" And while he thus reflected M. de Valsuze followed the crowd which was thicker and more alert near where the young officer was.

It was not only the beauty of his features which distinguished him; it was the character of his aspect, the profound and dignified sadness with which he supported his misfortune. One understood that it was not his personal position, but the reverses of his country which alone caused his trouble.

Meanwhile they had arrived before the burgomaster's house, and the column halted. By a sympathetic instinct the marquis had been drawn so far.

The little fat man was at his post, and began in an altogether arbitrary fashion to distribute his *billets de logement*, when the commander of the German escort approached, and in a severe tone ordered him to attend to the officer prisoners with whom the semblance of command had been left; at the same time he waved his hand toward the young commander, whom he saluted with a politeness which was almost deferential.

These extraordinary marks of respect augmented the surprise of the marquis, but it was destined soon to grow even greater.

The burgomaster's secretary, passing quickly from impertinence to obsequiousness, lowered his hat to the young French-

man, saying graciously: "Monsieur, choose, I beg, from this list of the best houses in the town. I hasten to inscribe your name upon the number of the lodging you may be pleased to designate."

This honeyed speech had no effect.

"When I am sure that all my comrades are well sheltered I shall think of myself," was the young man's reply.

The idea of offering him his own house suddenly struck the marquis. In a cordial tone he proposed his modest dwelling, adding that they were compatriots.

The little fat secretary interposed quickly. "You are not a citizen of Znaim," said he; "you are a French exile, and exempt from lodging military men." Then leaning toward the ear of the commander he slid out these words in a lower tone: "You won't find it comfortable—family in straightened circumstances, like all these exiles who depend on the help our government gives them."

"Very well," replied the young man, without paying attention to the

secretary's counsel, "I accept this gentleman's offer." And he wrote upon a *billet* not yet filled out: "Adrien de Chamberceau, commander of the squadron, lodged at the house of——?" he bowed interrogatively.

"At the house of the Marquis de Valsuze," said the old exile. "But pardon me, monsieur," he added, "your name is known to me. Are you one of the Chamberceaus of Champagne? I once intimately knew a Count de Chamberceau."

"It was my father, monsieur," replied Adrien, bowing again.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

"THIS is a happy chance for me," resumed the old man; "but there are things which I cannot understand. That monsieur, your father, an old exile like myself, should have a son—who!——"

The conversation halted for a moment. The old man, scrupulous in points of etiquette, checked himself, and refrained from showing the pain he felt in thinking that his old friend, his companion in exile, returned to France since the beginning of the empire, had probably accepted office under the usurper.

This supposition, although unexpressed, was divined by the young Chamberceau. He hastened to explain, proud of his convictions, and determined by the natural frankness of his character, to show himself as he really was.

Stopping, therefore, in his walk he said: "One moment, monsieur. Permit me to reply to the question you were about to ask me."

M. de Valsuze felt embarrassed. He dreaded that this explanation might compromise the hospitality he felt so happy to offer. He tried to evade the reply, and cried:

"Pardon, Monsieur le Vicomte de Chamberceau, we ought not to-day——"

"In the first place," interrupted Adrien, "I am not the Vicomte de Chamberceau. I am Adrien Chamberceau,

commander of the squadron, in the dragoon guards—that is my only title.”

“What! you are not the son of the count of that name?”

Adrien smiled quietly. “Certainly, Monsieur le Marquis, I am the son of the former Count de Chamberceau, who is no longer a count, according to the laws of the empire to which he cannot submit. Thus, as there are no longer in France under the imperial reign any other nobles than those who hold their titles from the Emperor Napoleon, and since he has not yet made me a baron, I am only the Chevalier de Chamberceau—that is all.”

M. de Valsuze could not help smiling.

“Eh! even when your Napoleon reigned in all his power, as well as now he is deposed, thanks be to God——”

“I still hope otherwise,” said the young man in a low altered tone, which expressed, in spite of himself, his sad conviction of the fact put forth by the marquis.

The conversation was cut short by a new silence. Each feared to enter into a discussion painful to both. The exile, feeling himself in the best position, held that delicacy forbade him to pursue the subject. Still he could not altogether stop questioning. His curiosity and surprise were so great that he presently came back to the point.

“I pass over the oddities of the imperial reign; I do not attempt to explain them,” said he; “nor to combat them any more than to—but it is useless at present. Only, I must ask how Monsieur le Comte de Chamberceau, whose principles I have known, could take part with—Buonaparte? could permit his son to serve Napoleon Buonaparte? for, in short, great man that he has been—France could never——”

“Monsieur,” replied the young man with emotion, “it is long since you left your country. Opinions have modified; diverse as they still are, all are tolerated. One may remain royalist if he please, as my father has done. In that case he has no longer rank or titles, because rank and titles only exist in France by the will of the emperor, when one has gained them, and as rewards for services rendered to the nation. And my father, not having wished to accept anything from Napoleon——”

“Ah!” said the marquis. “That is well, that is very well. So he made offers?”

“Many times, for my sake, whom he had deigned to remark,” replied the young officer, with a shade of impatience. “But, to end in few words the explanation of that which surprises you in the conduct of my father, he placed me at the École Militaire, which I left when eighteen. He encouraged me to embrace the military career under Napoleon, whom he felt himself unable to serve because he had sworn fealty to his king, Louis XVI., and an honorable man cannot take two oaths of fidelity in his life. ‘But I am too reasonable, and I love my country too well,’ added my father, in giving me my sword, and the commission of sub-lieutenant which he had asked for me, and which I had also merited by my course at the École, ‘I love my country too well, and I have too near at heart the sentiment of duty which she imposes on her dearest children, to deprive you of the honor of serving her gloriously. You have no binding oath upon you. I leave you free.’ You see, monsieur, how it happens that my father, remaining faithful to his oath and to his principles, can have no other distinction than a simple and honorable individual, and that I, his son, am a soldier of the empire.”

The marquis moved uneasily, his lips opened evidently to say: “You are no longer a soldier of the empire, since the empire is fallen.”

Adrien did not allow him to begin, but continued emphatically, “Yes, monsieur, whatever may happen, I am a soldier of the empire for life; for, like my father, I believe

that a man may take but one oath of fealty which shall last until death.”

M. de Valsuze felt his heart beat violently. He was not convinced (convictions do not easily change at his age); but he felt touched, melted; for all these noble words found an echo in his own soul. He replied: “I understand. It is an opinion—which may be sustained. But men like us have also the right to believe themselves pledged forever, they and their children, to their legitimate princes, above all if they are unfortunate!”

“That is also an opinion which may be sustained,” replied Adrien, employing the same expression the noble old man had used.

They had reached the exile’s little house. Before entering, Adrien stopped a moment to give kindly directions concerning the poor prisoners, to two non-commissioned officers who had followed him. After a march of three consecutive days, it was necessary to obtain permission to stay some time; for the men who were worn out by the fatigues of a long journey from the interior of Russia, and many who were still suffering from their old wounds, needed repose and care.

He sent these two officers to the best physicians, to the head of the hospital, and to the governor, to ask permission to present himself in two hours’ time to beg for the comforts, or the medical care his comrades might require. This request, made at every halt in the name of humanity and generosity, had succeeded almost everywhere. It was to Adrien’s oversight, his constant attention, that the column of sick and wounded owed their reunion; their hope of once more seeing France; in a word, their salvation.

The Marquis de Valsuze felt more and more touched.

This first quarter of an hour had impressed him so strongly in Adrien’s favor, that he showed his feeling by his looks, by a light pressure of the arm he held, and by the polite and cordial assurances of his pleasure in receiving a compatriot. But with this there mingled a regret, a grief which interrupted him in spite of himself, and an expression of pain passed over his face as he fell silent. Such thoughts as these were passing through his mind: “Oh, what a pity! such a noble character! Revolutions alter everything! This Buonaparte is a scourge of God—an instrument of divine vengeance. He seduces even honor, even the candor of youth! poor comte, after refusing the despot’s offers for himself—he has permitted his heir, the heir to his name!—Ah, dear! France is then changed.”

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE VALSUZE FAMILY.

THE marquis and his guest were received by a lady of about fifty years, and a young girl of fourteen at the most.

Mme. de Valsuze had a tall, majestic figure; she seemed in very delicate health, and her fine features, stamped with sorrow showed the ravages of a mortal malady. Traces of physical and mental suffering were evident, and the appearance of this lady, still beautiful by the grace of her bearing, and by the charming sweetness of her smile gave one a sensation of pain.

Her daughter Agathe was clinging to her mother, and holding one of her hands. The child resembled her, as a fresh spring rose resembles one faded and dying. She gave an idea of how winning the marquis must have been in the brightness of youth and early hope. There was the same rich, wavy brown hair; the same blue eyes, so purely limpid that the soul’s inmost thoughts seemed to show themselves; the same graceful lines of the figure, and over all a candid innocence full of modesty and confidence. She had, in short,

one of those happy angel heads which Raphael has placed around virgins whom they bear to the skies.

Adrien was presented as the son of an old friend. The marquis expressed his happiness at the fortunate chance which had brought them together.

Five minutes after the young man begged leave to retire for a short time to make himself better fit to appear before ladies, and to visit the authorities of the town in behalf of his companions in misfortune. He went directly up to the room assigned him by the marquis.

Mme. de Valsuze remarked upon Adrien's politeness and good manners. "One may easily see," she added, looking at her husband, whose ideas she wished to flatter, "that this officer did not at first submit to the imperial military education, and that without doubt he has followed this career against his own will and that of his noble parents, whose high breeding and good style he has retained perfectly."

"Hum! hum!" said the marquis, shaking his head, "there are strange things to observe in France just now, from what I hear. I cannot think what has come to her—our poor France! Yes, madame," he continued, "I almost fear that the revolution is not yet quite ended, and that there may be some trouble in getting things back in their places. However, we shall soon know; for we shall start in a fortnight. So it will be necessary, my love, to pack up and make ready. You have acted as steward for me ever since I have had none, that is, for one-and-twenty years! You have always been the one to put in order the little resources necessary to our existence, and I often think myself happy that the nature of your education rendered these details familiar to you; for I confess humbly that I have never known how to count money nor to regulate my affairs; that was the business of my steward or my notary. For my own part, I have only known how to spend my revenues which, thank God, could not have been small since the income of about three years which was advanced to me in the first month of our exile, has supported us until now by your economical care, if not nobly and according to our rank, at least without painful privation."

To these words Mme. de Valsuze replied only by an assenting sign; but a shade of paleness passed over her face, and a sadder look came to her worn countenance. Without seeing the change in her expression, the marquis, animated by a delightful thought, walked up and down the little parlor and went on talking.

"So, marquise, as I told you, we are going back to our dear country. It is time, at last, that you should enjoy a little of the happiness, the pleasures, and the consideration due to our rank, of which, alas! my love, you have never had the least idea." He pressed her hands in his as he spoke, and his eyes were wet. "Yes, Providence has ended this long and terrible trial. See you, my dear," he continued in a tender voice as he sat down beside his wife, "it is yet permitted to hope for some days of calm and felicity. We shall buy back one of my châteaux which will cost but little, except for necessary repairs. They say the lands of exiled lords were sold to peasants after confiscation; but that cannot be taken literally. There is honesty in such folk. Besides the old order being reestablished, of course they will restore the nobility its wealth since they restore the king his throne! Be glad, then, Antoinette! Why do you look so sad? And Agathe is crying outright! How can the hope of our liberation, of our happiness trouble you or bring sad thoughts? Come, come! let us bless God for His goodness; let us forget our past trials and live in the future which opens before us full of consolation!"

The marquis held out his arms to his wife and daughter who returned his caresses affectionately.

To calm the agitation caused by this little scene, which he was far from expecting, and the cause of which he never guessed, he went into the garden and walked around several times while waiting for his guests to come down. He had decided on accompanying him to divert his thoughts.

As soon as the marquise found herself alone with Agathe her tears, held back till then, flowed bitterly and freely. The sweet young girl wept also without understanding the cause of her mother's distress.

Mme. de Valsuze looked at her with extreme sadness in pressing her passionately to her heart. She stroked the pretty hair with hands yet damp with her tears. She seemed to pity and to sigh over her.

Agathe was already well grown, and very intelligent for her years. Her mind was quick and penetrating. Accustomed to see her mother's incessant care to insure the welfare of the family, and to keep up an honorable appearance, the young girl had at first suspected, and finally had quite understood, the precarious living of her parents, and her mother's efforts, mysterious by reason of their delicacy to conceal it all from her husband, who would have died of grief and shame had she revealed it. From that time, Agathe's character had changed; her gayety had given place to thoughtfulness, her innocently unreasonable girlish caprices had disappeared. She never afterward manifested any desire which was hard to gratify; she never complained of any privation. All the while she aided Mme. de Valsuze in this delicate task made up of personal sacrifices and attentive cares for her father. But on this day these two souls, united by so many ties and by such completely sympathy, melted in some way one into the other; the mother felt her heart too full, too miserable to resist expression.

"Poor child," she said, "I can no longer hide our deplorable situation from you, you must know all. I had intended to wait two years longer before telling you; but the alarming state of my health, and the new events which are passing in France with M. de Valsuze's intention to return, all force me to enlighten you as to our future. Alas! my poor girl, my hope, my pride! how much pain I foresee for you if Providence does not befriend you when I am gone. But I only distress you. It would be better to instruct you about our condition, make an appeal to your generosity, and perhaps you, my Agathe, may console me and give me back the courage which is dying with my strength. Listen then to me."

Agathe fixed her large blue eyes upon her mother, and pressed her hands tightly without speaking; but it was a form of questioning at once anxious, ardent, and confident.

This is what her unhappy mother told her:

## CHAPTER V.

### THE DAUGHTER OF AN ARTIST.

"I AM not of noble birth, Agathe; my father was an artist, without other rank, without other fortune than his talent. He was an engraver. He professed philosophical opinions, like many of the best men of the troublous epoch which preceded the reign of terror. His sentiments of generosity, of humanity, had caused him to be noticed; and from the commencement of the republic he received offers of employment which he thought he ought not to accept. His enemies (his merits had made him some despite the humbleness of his position), sought to injure him, and easily found means. My father was accused of having reproduced, by engraving, the features of the '*last tyrant of the French*,' and those of the members of his '*odious family*.'

"My father had indeed been chosen as engraver to the Academy, and as a skillful artist for these works which he

had executed with his usual taste ; and when he saw that it was brought up against him as a crime, he understood that they only wanted a pretext to ruin him. Indignant at the cowardice of his foes, he defended himself without bending to their will. The result was a criminal trial. My father, removed from all parties, loving the honest ideas professed by all commendable men, was accused of being a fanatical partisan of the '*traitor Louis Capet*,' a vile and infamous satellite, a courtier of this '*monster*,' in short, they imprisoned him.

"At this era the moment a man was in prison his life was in danger. I trembled for him. I begged and obtained the favor of sharing his captivity, but to gain that it was necessary to declare myself a firm royalist. I did not hesitate a moment. It was in our prison, where so many victims were sacrificed to their devotion, or, like my poor father, to a deplorable fatality, that we first met the Marquis de Valsuze, a prisoner like ourselves.

"I need not make a long story of how we were drawn together ; it came about naturally. My father, exasperated by the injustice of his enemies, disclaimed to defend himself, and seemed, to M. de Valsuze, a hero of fidelity and courage.

"Soon came the judgment that he had too openly defied.

"I shall never forget that evening. Our room was next to that of the marquis. Night was falling, and the prisoner's lamps were not yet lit. All at once the jailer entered and laid my father's death sentence on the table. He had been called that morning before the judges and the death sentence had not yet been pronounced, or at least they had not then notified the one condemned.

"When my father had read the paper, he made a violent movement which he checked instantly. Then he began to fold the fatal leaf over and over with an indifferent air, while he sang part of a popular song to reassure me. Still, in spite of his affectation of gayety and indifference, I saw his hands tremble as he doubled the paper which he finally slipped into his pocket with an angry gesture.

"'What is it?' I asked timidly.

"'Oh nothing ! nothing new for them—one rascality the more ! This is—well, it is a matter of a sort that can't be told to a girl of your age, and—in your position.' He kissed my forehead, in saying these words, and his lips as they touched me, felt like ice.

"Two minutes passed ; my father still sang. At last his voice failed, his head fell on his hands. He remained thus, as if absorbed, without saying a word. I dared not speak to him, although I never thought of any personal sorrow. I respected his trouble and emotion. There were new sufferings for every one each day, we shared it all, and I felt no surprise that more were to come.

"At the end of fifteen minutes I began to feel frightened.

"My father rose, breathing with difficulty, strode across the room, and knocked at the marquis' door.

"I thought that, according to our neighborly custom, M. de Valsuze would enter ; but it was otherwise, for my father went into his room closing the door behind him. I felt more than ever frightened, although still I suspected nothing.

"My principles of respectful obedience were too well fixed to permit me to listen to a conversation not intended for my hearing ; in spite of myself, however, sounds of sobs came distinctly to me with these words : 'It is not for myself that I care, but for her—poor orphan !'

"Then I heard the full deep voice of the Marquis de Valsuze, who replied : 'I will care for her. It is at once a humane duty, and the desire of my heart.'

"I never thought they were speaking of me, and the word orphan, which seemed only half true in my case, as my father was still left to me, prevented me from guessing the

awful truth that on the morrow at the same hour I should be the poor orphan of whom they spoke without my knowing.

"The door again opened : M. de Valsuze entered first. An extraordinary air of animation and noble pride shown in his face. My father himself seemed radiant. My head began to swim ; I felt weak from continued emotion and unexpected surprises that I couldn't understand.

"M. de Valsuze drew near me. 'Mademoiselle Antoinette,' said he, in a solemn tone, 'I have to ask your pardon for the step I am about to take concerning you. Monsieur, your father, excuses me in consideration of the painful circumstances in which we find ourselves, for they do not permit of different conduct. I shall think myself happy if you are as indulgent as he.'

"I bowed, not knowing how to reply.

"'Mademoiselle,' he continued in a gentle voice, 'I have not before dared to speak to you of my feelings. Monsieur, your father, authorizes me to do so to-day. He wishes to have you married as soon as possible, and he deigns to accept me as his son-in-law if you accord me the grace of complying.'

"I need not describe my embarrassment, my fear, at this sudden and unforeseen request. I remained silent, turning red and pale. I was growing faint when I felt my father's hand upon my head, and heard these words : 'I bless you, my dear daughter, for your care, your tenderness, and your virtues. I shall bless you yet again if you fulfill the wish I have formed for your happiness, in accepting the most generous heart that ever opened for the salvation and repose of an unfortunate family.'

"I turned and saw my father imploring, with his eyes now raised to heaven, now resting on my face, his arms opened to me, and showing me the young marquis whose eyes were lowered in awaiting my decision. I threw myself on my father's breast and held out my hand to M. de Valsuze.

"I will shorten the details of these agitated scenes in which, oh my child ! your mother made the terrible beginning of her stormy life. May yours, alas ! flow in a calmer time where your duties may be easier, and where you may enjoy more freely than I have, the happiness of fulfilling them.

"Without losing an instant the marquis went out. The prisoners had leave to go as far as a little common parlor where there was a keeper to reply to their different requests.

"He was absent during ten minutes, and returned with a respectable old man wearing the costume of an ecclesiastic. It was the Bishop of Saintes, then a captive like ourselves, and who later suffered a frightful martyrdom within the walls of that prison.

"This virtuous prelate thought himself called to converse with my father, as this was the pretext the marquis had used to induce the keeper to let him enter the chamber of one condemned to die on the morrow. My father having drawn the bishop aside, talked to him for some time with emphasis, as well as I could judge, for he spoke very low. No doubt he explained the fatal circumstance which decided him to have me married so suddenly, I mean the dread of leaving me alone in the world without help or protection. It seemed to me that the prelate was greatly touched, and that he approved the action, and praised the marquis.

"At the end of this conference several witnesses were called to the ceremony. They were chosen from our nearest neighbors in the prison. Even the daughter of the prison porter, a gentle, good young girl, assisted at this secret solemnization, authorized by the presence of her father. This porter was melted by the woe of a father, who, at the moment of losing his life, confided his child to a generous prisoner whose own safety was yet so uncertain. The incident seemed curious enough to attract his attention, and

another idea came to his mind which I shall presently tell you.

"The preparations were soon accomplished, and an altar was hastily made by dressing a chest of drawers. The Bishop of Saintes, after having drawn up a declaration, signed by six persons, of my father's intentions, and the urgent motives which determined this resolution, read it aloud, declaring that this marriage contracted as if *in extremis* (I did not understand this formula until long after), was perfectly valid, except that there should be added in time and place those formalities now unavoidably omitted, which should complete it in the eyes of the law. An hour afterwards I was married; all the others had gone excepting the bishop, who remained in the next room with my father and did not reappear until toward dawn.

"During this interview I remained with M. de Valsuze, who said to me in a grave but gentle voice: 'Madame la Marquise, I have given you my faith before God, because my honor, yours, and that of your excellent father demanded it, as you will learn too soon. It would be sweet and consoling to me, in this hour, to know truly from your own mouth, if this union, imposed upon you by filial obedience, is not against your own heart.'

"This question drew me out of the stupor in which I had remained. I awoke, so to

speak, and replied frankly: 'The idea of my union with you, monsieur, never could have entered my thoughts. The difference in our rank forbade such a dream, and I should not have dared to question my heart.'

"The marquis seemed pleased; but his manner was so sad, he was so pale, he watched the clock with such unquiet eyes, that his anxiety began to affect me. All at once he burst into tears, and I did the same; but this time it was my turn to question. Fright gave me courage.

"'You are hiding some mystery from me!' I cried. 'Is not it you, rather than I, who regret having given your hand, and having done too much honor to an obscure family by bending to its level?' I spoke thus, to force him to explain.

"'Too much honor!' he exclaimed, in a tone I shall never forget. 'No, no, Antoinette, your father has his nobility as I have mine. God knows I should never, for anything in the world, consent to deviate from my principles in regard to rank. But, in the first place, your father is a celebrated artist, and in all the books of peerage their names are in-

scribed with ours. And there is yet more: without being obliged by duty as we are, he also exposes his life to sustain his convictions; and you, his daughter, for love of him, for devotion, you have wished to share his fate. Oh! you are indeed noble, Madame la Marquise de Valsuze, and I am proud of you!'

"These words touched my very soul. Still they explained nothing of the reasons for the constraint, the coldness, the sorrow which were mixed with so many expressions of esteem and tenderness.

"This uncertainty was yet to be prolonged. The bishop then appeared and took his leave of my father who was fearfully changed. He looked as if he had been ill for months, and if I had not had, as it were, a veil over my eyes, I should have seen that his hair had whitened within a few hours.

"When we were alone I recommenced my questioning, and my father, having exchanged glances with the marquis, told me that he had not wished to say anything about our approaching separation for fear of grieving me, but that he was about to be transferred to another prison where I should not be allowed to follow him. That this separation, painful at first, was a favorable circumstance and promised the end of our captivity. I do not remember all the reasons he



THE DEATH WARRANT.

and the marquis added to make this explanation appear true.

"'This,' he continued, 'is why you have seen me so anxious since yesterday. Only think, my daughter, to leave you alone and unprotected! but Providence came quickly to my aid in sending the best, the most noble, the most loyal of men, to relieve me, and to guard your happiness. Oh my child, may your tenderness assure his own! May all your life be devoted to this sacred duty!'

"'It shall be my joy to fulfill it,' I replied, animated by the words I heard.

"We then fell into silence for about half an hour, each thinking his own thoughts. Mine were confused enough; for my brain was fevered, and every moment frightful presentiments passed through it, showing me the truth. But that seemed so horrible that I threw it from me with all my force, and tried to think only of the sweet hopes they had given me, and of my gratitude to M. de Valsuze. Thus we watched until daylight.

"At eight o'clock I gave way to my fatigue, and fell asleep

in my arm-chair. I dreamed that my father once more pressed his cold lips to my forehead as on the eve; but I did not wake, and when the noises in the prison drew me from what was a painful lethargy rather than a slumber, my father was gone. I was alone with the marquis!

"The daughter of the jailer, or rather of the porter, had provided me, by M. de Valsuze's order, with a bouquet of orange flowers, such as brides wear. It was still fastened in my white dress when I awoke. While I expressed my bitter regrets that I had not bidden my father good-bye, and while I reproached M. de Valsuze for letting me sleep, the deep alteration of his features enlightened me with a sudden flash. Unable to utter a word I dragged myself to the window which looked out on the court-yard of the Carmelite prison. I opened it hastily as if to follow with my eyes the last traces of my father. Below the window stood a group of people composed of men on duty, guards, and working men and women employed in the convent prison. As soon as I appeared there was a general cry: 'There she is! it is she!—poor little one!—still wearing her marriage flowers!—in her white dress!—my God! in her white dress!—poor woman—married last night! Eh well! all the same it is an honest man, this one, who has cared for so pitiable an orphan!' And the marquis having approached the window one of the guardsmen, who carried a pike, called to him: 'Citizen, I wish you joy!' M. de Valsuze acknowledged his salutation, and drew me back. At last then I knew all!

"For several hours I lay unconscious. Then I was ill, but in those youthful days my constitution was strong, and I did not die. M. de Valsuze never left me.

"My first words were: 'My father, oh my father! Alas! I have no longer a father!'

"The marquis drew aside the curtain. 'It is I who am your father, Antoinette,' said he, 'your father, your friend, your husband, your protector until death.'

"A strange circumstance was the cause of our salvation. Providence had not altogether abandoned me. The porter's daughter had had access to my chamber, thanks to the entreaties of my husband, and also to his liberality. Without this prodigal generosity we should have been lost. They separated me from M. de Valsuze to place me in a sort of infirmary which had been recently established.

"This young girl was touched with compassion for me. She had honest feelings, and her relations filled the painful places, one of jailer the other of porter, for they were two brothers.

"One morning she told me about her family, explaining that they were only held by fear in the perilous places they occupied.

"How many weak people in those unhappy days followed guilty ways against their will, or entered them without knowing, and afterward would have given all the world to leave them!

"'If Monsieur de Marquis,' said she, 'could realize a sufficient sum to assure my uncle and father a living for two years, they could easily enough get out of France, as they are Alsacians, and know the borders perfectly. They would then save your husband, who will, they tell me, soon be judged, and we two could join them. You would take me into your service, and I should be so happy!'

"This proposition gave me new hope. 'But,' I cried, 'how could we leave the prison?'

"'Oh, for that,' she replied, 'that's nothing if we can carry off my father and uncle. One being porter, the other keeper, it manages itself. As for you, I shall pass you off for my cousin from Boulogne, the laundress; who is like you, very pretty, and who would let you have one of her complete dresses. But we should need some money. It seems that your husband's estates are not all seized. They

have not burned his château in Bourgogne. They don't know either about his pasture lands in Normandy. My uncle has been in that country, and has heard of the great fortune of the citizen Valsuze.'

"I thanked Nanette, and I told the marquis. At first he suspected betrayal; but as he fully understood the increasing danger of our position he fell in with the plan, and we accepted Nanette's offer. He promised a worthy recompense.

"M. de Valsuze was always very disinterested. He never thought of attending to his affairs. These cares seemed below him. His revenues were more than sufficient to permit him to give, almost without counting, to those who merited his attention or his kindness, and to dispense nobly was his invariable rule. He interpreted the axiom, *noblesse oblige*, in the most charitable and magnificent manner. He considered himself as guardian of the wealth of his father's; to offer it first to his king should he need money; next to come to the aid of his tenantry, whom he wished to see as happy as he could possibly render them. As for counting the sums from his rents, his farms, his forges, mills, forests, etc., he never thought of such a thing. He has remained the same all his life, and he is the same to-day, despite the distance which separates him from his past position.

"It was the opinion of many great families of that time, that a gentleman who oversaw his affairs, to increase his revenues in his personal interest, entered a sort of commerce and degraded himself. These old ideas are no longer held, but they were in full force in the mind of M. de Valsuze.

"I return to our happy and almost miraculous escape from the Carmelite prison, through the barriers of Paris, and finally from France.

"My husband's steward was a man of very medium honesty. The revolution frightened him at first, because he saw in it not only the loss of his master's property; but also of his own easy and lucrative position; but like many unfaithful managers he examined the question to know whether he might not, while feigning to defend his lord's interest, adroitly associate himself with those who were enriching themselves by despoiling their victims.

"The marquis wrote to him. One of Nanette's relations carried the letter. M. Carey, that was the steward's name, no sooner understood my husband's intention than he entered into it with his whole heart. His plan was this: to give the marquis means to emigrate, with enough to enable him to live comfortably in a foreign country; convinced from his master's well known character, that he should not be required to render an account of sums, providing the marquis had money at his immediate disposal, and that he could live in a manner suitable to his rank. After that he meant to profit by his escape to have him put on the list of exiles, and so to have his property confiscated to the nation, keeping ready himself to buy in as much as possible at the lowest price. Finally he meant to sell the Normandy pasture lands, and to keep most of the money.

"M. Carey therefore replied that before a week passed he should have proved his devotion to M. de Valsuze.

"The excitement attending this plan of salvation by diverting me from my sorrow was the cause of my recovery; it gave me the strength necessary to the execution of these schemes. My poor father's dying words rang still in my ears, and God knows that the desire to save my husband, and to begin the life of gratitude and devotion that I had sworn to him, occupied me far more than my own fate.

"All succeeded almost exactly as we had expected. I had the happiness of saving my husband from the complete spoliation that M. Carey had intended, for the marquis trusted me to regulate all the details of this business.

"The possessions in Normandy were worth over twelve hundred thousand francs. Carey unblushingly wrote that



he could get but two hundred thousand for them. This sum was in gold, portable, but difficult to get to us. He alleged to decide my husband, that he had been obliged to resort to great sacrifices, and that he had not felt it his duty to balance under such grave circumstances, when the delay of a day might expose the life of his dear master. The marquis was about to yield, and let this land go for the sixth part of its value, when I showed him that by accepting this mean offer he put it out of his power to recompense the unfortunates, who, in exiling themselves, would assuredly count on his help.

"This reasoning seemed unanswerable to M. de Valsuze, who trusted me to reply to his skillful agent.

"You may be sure that I should not have wavered a moment in accepting the feeble sum offered by the dishonest rogue, if he had shown the least sign of resistance; but he was too anxious to conclude the bargain, and too afraid of the marquis discovering his other resources. I therefore let him see, in a little box which had belonged to my mother, some rolls of gold which were all our fortune, and after that a casket holding from four to five thousand franc's worth of diamonds, which had been given her by my father when we were well off. In short, I so well convinced Carey that we could leave without his assistance, that I immediately obtained one hundred and thirty thousand francs more.

"Thus we passed the frontier and arrived in Austria, provided with sufficient means to live in exile with that prudence which the uncertainty of our future advised.

"But, used to a brilliant life, and ignorant of the value of money, M. de Valsuze had spent, at the end of our first two years in Germany, nearly half of the sum gained from the sale of the pastures; and we had, besides, become certain that we had nothing to hope from France, where the property of exiles was now sold or converted into national estates. I could not, therefore, sufficiently congratulate myself on having constantly fought, by a persevering and rigorous economy, against the careless and fastidious habits of M. de Valsuze.

"I was even obliged to employ deception to obtain absolute control over our expenses. I had to remind my husband of his duty to the good people who had risked so much to help us, in leaving France, and to repeat that we ought to endure privation to keep our word to them (although all promises had long been fulfilled). This motive was sufficient. The moment I uttered the first word he promised to be careful. Alas! why had not I thought of this before! If I had I should never have come to the deplorable state which then alarmed me, and which now threatens us with inevitable ruin.

"Yes, my poor Agathe, we are touching our last resources, and it is to soften the coming blow that I have told you the history of our exile; for, my child, young as you are, you are about to inherit the sacred duty that I swore to my father to fulfill all my life. This life, of which you have been the consolation, my daughter, I believe to be near its end. Do not weep—listen to me, and understand what I expect from your courage."

Agathe gathered all her strength to hold back her tears and lend an attentive ear. She felt, from her mother's burning hands, that her painful confidence augmented the fever that had wasted her for six months; but her imperative demand that she should be heard to the end, the solemn tone of her words, the importance of the obligations she was about to impose on her daughter, all required the poor child to obey and to listen in silence. She resigned herself; but none can ever know her sufferings during the few moments necessary for Mme. de Valsuze to finish her recital, and to give her those instructions which were to follow.

She ended thus: "I saw from the rapid diminution of our

capital, after the second year, that we could never continue this manner of living. There was no help to gain from our country; on the contrary, as the days passed, our perpetual banishment became more and more certain. The marquis continued to open his purse and his table to all the unfortunate Frenchmen he met; it was impossible to prevent him; he was so sensitive and sympathetic.

"I cannot begin to tell you the expedients I was obliged to employ to prevent my husband (without wounding him), from giving so generously and imprudently. However, one day I summoned courage to say: 'Let us be careful, or we ourselves may fall into the pitiable state in which it causes you such pain to see your countrymen.'

"'That is not possible,' replied the marquis, smiling calmly, with a confident air which froze me; 'I should die of shame and despair. Do not let us suppose impossible cases. Providence is above us, and there is France—she will yet come out of her blindness. She cannot long deprive herself of her most faithful and devoted children. She will recall us. We shall regain our position, and that day, which must come soon, will make us forget all the sorrows of our exile.'

"So there was nothing to be done by reasoning. Men of M. de Valsuze's age and principles are not apt to change. I searched for other ways of saving what was left of our fortune.

"And first I persuaded your father to leave the expensive capital of Austria. We moved a distance of twenty-four leagues. Znaïm, in Moravia, seemed to me a suitable place for us with our feeble resources. Hunting, which the marquis enjoyed, offered him an inexpensive amusement. I studied how to make him love this quiet abode, and the walks by the beautiful banks of the Taya; but my chief reason for choosing this country was that here I could secretly gain a little money to keep away our distress. To this work, which has lasted eighteen years, and which should still go on if it had not wasted my strength and nearly blinded me, I have owed, my child, the power to economize what was left, or at least to retard its exhaustion; I have owed the means to prevent your father feeling any privation; I have owed the power to care for your childhood and render it happy; to train you, and to give you the most precious thing of all in my father's heritage: an art which has placed me beyond misery, and which, thank heaven! I have been able to teach you. You are more skillful than I, although you are so young. You already draw and paint most beautifully, so that one day—you could—but may God preserve you from being reduced to depend upon this alone!

"I am near my end, and now you understand me. Your eyes give me the courageous promise I hoped for. So if this separation, which we must expect, should come—although God may deign to defer it," added the marquise promptly as her daughter's face paled; "but should it come, you will swear to me, Agathe, will not you? to pay my debt to your father, my eternal debt of love, gratitude, and devotion!"

"I swear it!" cried the girl, falling on her knees before her mother, and clasping her in her arms.

"And above all," continued Mme. de Valsuze, still holding her daughter in a close embrace, but talking to her now as a friend and companion, "above all, never say the least word to the marquis, never make the slightest reflection which might wound him in that noble and fatal prejudice which founds his character and dominates over his whole existence. I mean the idea he has inherited from his fathers that in all lands there must be an elevated class, owing immense duties to king and country, and to the feeble: a class which is forbidden to work for gains it should leave to

the needy—a class only existing to aid and to defend. These are his views. To-day, my child, in 1814, these axioms of the old nobility may seem singular. Men who believe they see clearly into the future say that in twenty years they will be still more so, and they may even come to seem like folly: but all the worse for those who will never understand the sublimity of those customs which form the basis of our ancient civilization! And alas, for those who have perverted those noble obligations of the true feudality, and who have abused them! they are punished enough; for they have provoked the misfortunes of Europe, now overturned from end to end."

Then followed a conversation between these two which greatly comforted the mother.

To prove that she had long penetrated her intentions, in part at least, Agathe reminded her of a conversation with her father, when he had spoken of Louis Sixteenth's taste for the fatiguing occupation of a locksmith, and how he at the same time praised the prince's skill in this common work.

"I noticed," continued Agathe, "that you, mamma, hastened to say: 'Much happiness would result if the rich learned an art or a trade; not to mention the profits earned by well-to-do people (which they would willingly abandon to those in humbler circumstances, if the occasion presented itself), the labors of the people would be directed into more useful channels.'"

"Yes, yes, I recollect," replied the poor lady; "I made use of this expedient to establish the little studio where I have since engraved every day, and where I have taught you to hold the pencil and brush which already you use so well."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Agathe, with confidence. "I shall do better; for I must. God will help me, and I shall succeed!"

"My dear," returned Mme. de Valsuze, smiling as if to reward her, "I sent one of your paintings to Vienna."

"Well, mamma?" The girl's heart beat violently as she waited for the answer.

"Well, my daughter, you might already live by your pencil, if you were not the daughter of the Marquis de Valsuze."

The emotions of this interview colored Agathe's cheeks with a lovely crimson; but they increased her mother's suffering.

Mme. de Valsuze quickly hid her handkerchief, where blood stains announced the beginning of hæmoptysis. For several days she had had a presentiment that she was nearing her end. Without this fear, two well justified by her loss of strength, she would never have poured her sorrowful confidence in the bosom of her daughter.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A WALK BY THE TAYA.

THE marquis entertained his guest with well bred cordiality and with excuses for the forced privations of exile.

"I shall defer the welcome you merit until my reinstatement in France, which is now near," he said.

The old gentleman, delighted with his young companion, and above all with the morning's news, could not restrain his joy. His wife to please him concealed her distress and pain. She would not for the world have deprived him of his pleasure in doing the honors of his Moravian home. She even gathered courage to accompany them on a walk by the banks of the Taya.

"Perhaps," said the marquis, before they left the house, "perhaps I may even regret this good country and these kind Germans, in spite of all I have to regain in France!"

Adrien, without saying anything to contradict these pleasant ideas, replied: "Yes, Monsieur le Marquis, you may regret this quiet abode in Moravia, and it is possible that the new customs established in our country will make it seem to you at first, and for a long time, like a stranger land even than this."

"Ah, ah!" laughed M. de Valsuze, "my memory is too good to have forgotten Paris and its ways. Manners and customs may have changed, yet Frenchmen are still Frenchmen!"

The marquise, during this little talk, had observed the singular expression on Adrien's face. It was one reason why she had braved the pain it caused her and accepted the proposition for a walk out of town.

This evening was marked by several occurrences which caused Agathe's mother to grow so much worse that it seemed impossible for her to survive another day.

They started on the walk. The marquis sometimes giving his hand to his daughter, sometimes supporting himself on her arm, had naturally allowed M. de Chamberceau to escort his wife. This was just what she had expected.

She made many inquiries about Paris, and asked what means of existence could be procured for a family of exiles who had persisted in exile, and so had lost all chance of recovering any of the estates long since alienated.

"Alas! madame," said Adrien, "in the strife of parties what can be obtained by an old gentleman who is too proud to ask anything from those who will be in power from the arrival of the king? Can this king even have his will in the midst of strangers? I cannot see the future, but I believe it will certainly be most unhappy for the poor exiles."

Alarmed by these sad reflections, Agathe's mother could not hide her extreme sorrow; she plainly showed her cruel fears for the future of the poor child, who, pretending to join in her father's joy, still followed her mother with attentive looks.

Adrien noted all with sadness. "Alas!" cried the unhappy mother, "I am dying! and what will become of them? They are but two children." She looked with dim eyes at the young girl and the marquis, who, carried away by an excess of gayety, were laughing merrily.

At this moment two men who had been seeking them joined the party. One was the little fat secretary with the yellow skin and green eyes. The other was a doctor of the town of Znaïm, who wished to see the commander of the French troop, and who, not having found him at the house, had turned his walk toward the fields by the Taya.

There exist in the physical and in the moral world complete sympathies and antipathies. M. Wasernitk, the fat secretary, produced on Adrien such an effect as one feels on seeing a reptile, and indeed his yellowish face had much of that look.

How could this man of repelling exterior, coarse manners, and no education, without mind, or position, or fortune, find himself, if not in a sort of intimacy with the Valsuze family, at least tolerated by them?

Vile beings have an art of insinuation, a servile address, which disarms suspicion in fresh, honest souls. Wasernitk had played at benevolence and kindness until he had become the factotum of the house. He had penetrated its secrets, and the only reason that he had not made worse use of this knowledge was that he could not do so without laying himself open to suspicion. Each expensive commission of the marquis passed through his hands. He knew, from Mme. de Valsuze, of the increasing strain which distressed her and the efforts she had made to ward it off, and finally, he had offered to sell her casket, the last means of salvation which she had saved until now.

To-day her approaching death, her husband's determina-



DISCOVERY OF THE WITNESS.

tion to return to France, the conviction she had arrived at that the last capital of the marquis—at the most about fifteen thousand francs—would melt away without being replaced by any of the resources he expected, all these ideas had made her take her resolution to realize the value of the casket, fearing it might be lost or might depreciate in value, if confided to the inexperience of a young girl or a careless old man, perhaps at the very moment when the misery she foresaw might be pressing upon them.

Even supposing the sorrows she looked for were impossible, her own sufferings in the expectation could only be understood by thinking how great they must have been before she could confide in Wasernitk. But the miserable fellow, who had long deceived her, and who knew the profound mystery with which she surrounded herself, no sooner understood that they meant to leave immediately for France, than he resolved to possess himself of the casket, and of the money owing Mme. de Valsuze for more than a year upon two engravings which she had made from paintings.

He came, therefore, without pity on the evening of this walk, approached the poor woman who was burning with fever, and told her that she must not count on the funds she hoped for before a month. He had not, he said, been able to foresee this precipitate departure; but he would send all she ought to expect to Paris, or to any place she might designate. He then bowed and left her.

This speech developed terrible suspicions in the mind of the marquise. She had begun to conceive them for several months; this moment confirmed them all. Despite her efforts, the change in her face became perceptible.

The doctor was the first to notice it. He drew her arm through his, under pretense of talking about her health.

"Hide my suffering," she whispered to him; "hide it for the sake of my husband and child. Keep my arm; I am going to confess my mental tortures which are not less than my physical pains."

Since Agathe's birth this good doctor had been the family

physician. "Talk to me freely," he replied in a sincerely affectionate tone. "I wager that hideous visage with its fat hanging cheeks, and its little green eyes is in some way the cause of your present trouble. He never comes near you without producing some such effect."

"You are not mistaken, doctor. But one question about him. What do you think of his honesty?—his honor?"

"Madame, he is a recognized rogue who should have been driven from the burgomaster's offices last year, but that he said he had an infirm mother whom he supported. They then pardoned him; but the infirm mother whom I offered to attend, does not exist! I have proof of it. Judge of the man from that; and, above all, trust him in no way whatsoever."

The marquise wrung her hands. "It is too late!" she said with a long sigh.

Then she told him all. He was greatly moved, this good doctor, and Mme. de Valsuze had no reason to regret her confidence.

"Without answering for success," he said, "I am going to try a method which will at least show us if the rascal dare to rob you so audaciously. How high a price could you get for your diamonds?"

"Five thousand francs would be cheap."

"And the price of your engravings?"

"Three thousand."

"Very well. I shall tell him that I will advance this sum of eight thousand francs to you, and he shall return it to me in one month. If he refuses to give me his note we shall know he means to rob you, and we shall decide what next to do."

The marquise pressed the kind doctor's hand. But she added: "I should rather, if I must, lose all than make matters public, and grieve M. de Valsuze so sorely before my death. You cannot understand his principles and the ideas he holds, so little suited to our wretched situation."

She could say no more ; for as they reached the house the nervousness had doubled the fever, and brought on complete hæmoptysis.

The doctor left his patient sadly, forbidding her to utter a single word. Then he said to the young girl : " If your excellent mother should be restless or agitated, tell her that she must calm herself, for the doctor is busy about what troubles her, and he will not forget his word."

Agathe seated herself by her mother's bedside. The marquis warned by the doctor that his wife was resting, and that it might be dangerous to disturb her, retired to his room with no idea of the truth. But M. Adrien de Chamberceau, despite the marquis' numerous questions, had watched the conversation between Mme. de Valsuze and the doctor, and although he could not hear a word, he guessed it was about bad news.

Agathe, too, as she walked beside the marquis, never took her eyes from her mother and the doctor, who were several steps in advance, so the young officer had been able to read much in her candid countenance of the private sufferings of this honorable family, the head of which, meanwhile, so calm and confident felt not the slightest inconvenience.

From the interest he felt in his compatriot and his father's old friend Adrien's curiosity was moved, and he longed to know more.

An opportunity occurred. As the doctor was going home, the officer followed to thank him for the service he had rendered his comrades.

Presently, having turned the conversation on the Valsuze family, he told the old doctor how much esteem and affection he felt for them ; but at the same time how he dreaded the hard reality which awaited the marquis in his changed country, especially if he should lose the marquise, whose noble qualities and maternal tenderness the young man greatly admired.

The doctor's opinions agreeing precisely with these, he felt drawn toward the young Frenchman, and whether it was that Adrien had by nature the gift of attracting confidence, or whether Providence inspired this sudden outpouring from the old doctor, who was still furious against Wasernitk, he related all that the marquise had just told him.

Interested by their conversation and by the conformity of their views they reached the doctor's house, and entered by a little garden gate at the back.

They were hardly indoors when they heard a violent ring at the front. Supposing that some sick persons had sent for him in a hurry, the doctor ran to open the door without waiting to call for a light.

It was Wasernitk, who had a reason for visiting the doctor at this late hour.

" I wish to have a word with you, monsieur," he said, " and I am glad to be able to speak to you at once. It is about those Valsuzes," he added, with his habitual familiar impertinence.

At these words the doctor brought a chair, and replied in a loud tone, so as to be heard by Adrien, who could not be seen in the dimness : " Sit down, M. Wasernitk. We need no lights, do we ?"

" Oh, no," replied Wasernitk, who believed the doctor to be alone in his office as usual. He seated himself, saying : " Between ourselves, I believe Mme. de Valsuze is not very well ?"

" On the contrary, she is very ill."

" Ah ! so that you think ?—"

" That she may yet escape this crisis in spite of her feebleness and loss of courage ; but it is more possible that she will not live three days."

" Ah ! so soon ?" he rubbed his hands. " She has charged

me with some little commissions ; of small importance, but which annoy me."

The doctor, wishing to make him talk, merely replied : " You are well known for your obliging disposition."

Wasernitk went on, and it would be useless to repeat all the lies he told. " She wants me," he said at last, " to sell a little cross and a ring for her. She calls that a box of jewels ! They are not worth a hundred crowns !"

The doctor nudged Adrien's elbow, who in return touched his arm. It was becoming clear that the rascal was disposed to carry out his swindle.

The doctor still feigning calmness, said : " My dear Wasernitk, if you will heed me, you will not undertake this commission. She values these jewels at about six thousand francs. Give them back to her rather than expose yourself to misjudgment."

" You are right, doctor ; still—still—" and Wasernitk fidgetted on his chair. " So she told you she valued these miserable stones at so much ? They are very common. Perhaps she also spoke of a commission she gave me to do at a painter's, about some work she executed for him ? I can easily believe it ! And yet she had that money long ago ! she forgets !"

" Perhaps her mind has weakened," said the doctor, still keeping back his indignation.

" Yes, that is just it !" replied Wasernitk vivaciously. " She may say what she will, I have nothing of hers. She is mad. If I chose now I could give her trouble ; for she worked for the painter secretly and against her husband's will. But I am not malicious. I will merely threaten."

" To silence her ?"

" Yes ; although no unpleasantness could result for me from the ravings of a sick woman."

" Certainly you have nothing to fear," replied the doctor, pretending to laugh. " You have given her no receipt for what she confided to you ?"

" Never. I am not so foolish."

" I understand. And there is no witness to the fact that she ever confided anything to you ?"

" O dear no. At least, when there was a witness it was only you, before whom the other day she handed me the little box, and one witness is not enough. The law requires two."

Adrien in his turn nudged the doctor, who went on to reply : " That is true ; you are in rule. But all the same, in your place I would rather return her the poor little box, on account of the scandal she might make, in her state of mind."

" Yes—that is so—or, well, I will give her what I got for it ; for the box is sold."

" Ah ! but I thought you wanted to return it to rid yourself of the care ?"

" Pardon me. If I return her the price it is the same thing ; for I did not promise to sell it dear. Besides, the poor woman has not long to live—as it seems, and—"

The doctor changed his tone. His moderation was exhausted. " Her critical state obliges you to give her all possible guarantees," he said severely. " I have undertaken to deal with you in the matter, monsieur. I reclaim, therefore, the box and its contents, or their value. You must understand that you are in debt to me ; for I shall advance the money to Mme. de Valsuze. As for the other sums owing—"

" Ah ! ah ! is it so ?" cried the rogue, rising. " I had a presentiment of treason. This is what one gets for helping those miserable mendicant exiles. One is well repaid. But all the same, do as you will, my little doctor, I laugh at you ; one witness is not enough. And no one would ever accuse me of losing my time to oblige *French* people. I am not afraid of you, and I defy you. One witness ! one witness is

nothing. And I beg you to believe, *Monsieur le docteur*, that you can do me no harm."

At these words Adrien made a step forward so that a ray of moonlight fell upon him, and as he did so, the doctor lit two candles.

The yellow face, the hanging cheeks, the glittering eyes of the little man, frightful when he was agitated, showed him in all his hideousness. He threw himself toward the door, opened it, and dashed into the street with mingled exclamations of threat and anger, evidently excited by fear. Still the situation was established, and doubt could no longer exist as to the evil intentions of Wasernitk.

Adrien reflected profoundly.

The doctor troubled, overcome by the man's audacity, talked out loud as he paced the little office. "No; I shall not tell this virtuous lady of the blow which threatens her. I would sooner pay from my own pocket the sum this miserable wretch has stolen from her, and follow up the robber later when these good people are returned to France. I must admit that if this poor lady's conduct were judged by the standards of reason and philosophy, she might be blamed for sacrificing her health, her repose, her existence to her husband's manias, prejudices, and out-of-date ideas. If she had acted like any ordinary woman she would have obliged the old *émigré* to conform himself to his misfortune. She had only to tell him the truth, to show him things as they were, and by so doing she would have kept enough to assure him a modest competence in his old age, and even to establish her daughter. Instead of this natural conduct, carried away by an exalted sentiment of gratitude and admiration, she has chosen to lose her life to keep her husband's vain illusions, or only to save him the grief of having them disturbed! But the poor thing is dying now for the loss of a miserable sum that she could once spend in two months, that her husband in his opulent days could spend in a week! And I—I who am rich, unmarried, owing nothing," continued the old doctor, still talking out loud, "I do not give much proof of benevolence or sincerity in submitting the conduct of this admirable woman to my cold calculation. It would be better to console her last moments than to criticize her conduct!" He brought his fists down on the table, crying: "I will pay her—yes, I will pay her. I will tell her that I have made an agreement with Wasernitk."

"No," said Adrien.

"What, no! what! You don't wish me to do my duty? for it is a duty——"

"I wish you to do your duty, and I am happy to tender you my admiration; but I also wish to aid in this. Not indeed with my purse, for that is empty; but—never mind. Only doctor, my good doctor, do make the burgomaster understand that my wounded soldiers need twenty-four hours of repose, so that I need not leave to-morrow according to my marching orders."

"What for? I do not understand."

"You will understand later, I hope,—at least if my design succeeds. Give me writing materials; and, while I write, you will please find me a messenger to carry my letter to Vienna."

The doctor opened a secretary at which Adrien seated himself, then he went out to find a good horseman who could ride to Vienna without needing rest. "I do not know," he said to himself, "what this young officer means to do; but without any reason for it, I have perfect confidence in him. There are moral and physical affinities, attractions and repulsions, and he is seldom mistaken who obeys an inspiration of nature. This young man attracts and pleases, as Wasernitk frightens and repulses me." Reasoning thus, according to his medical and philosophic system the doctor went his way.

## CHAPTER VII.

## A SORT OF MIRACLE.

THE morning was far advanced. The fever had left Mme. de Valsuze, but a feebleness, a mortal sinking had succeeded. Agathe, worn out by the fatigues of this sad night, slept with her head on her mother's bed.

A noise of artillery was heard. Cannon fired regularly at equal intervals made the panes tremble in the windows, for the house was near the point where the battery guns were placed.

The marquis knocked gently at the door. He did not even know that Agathe had been up all night, and he had no idea of his wife's danger. He came to ask how she felt, and to give her a piece of news.

As the young girl awakened, Mme. de Valsuze only had time to beg her to say nothing of her illness to her father. "He will know soon enough," she said. "Let him be happy as long as he may."

Agathe opened the door. The marquis scolded his daughter gently; he found her pale. He thought she had risen early to see how her mother felt. He did not see the great change in his wife's features, for the fever still left a tinge of color on her cheeks.

"I wished to take you to see the review," said he. "A prince of the imperial family, who was not yet expected for two days, arrived this morning. That is why you heard the cannon."

Agathe made excuses for herself and her mother, and the marquis, a little put out, but not uneasy, said he would come back. "You will have time to dress," he added; "for I have just been told that the prince will not appear before an hour."

"I will try," replied the patient wife.

As soon as the marquis had gone, Agathe went down to the garden to gather some herbs to make a drink for her mother. While she was thus engaged, she heard three horses stop before the gate of the little dwelling, and a voice said: "The chief of the squadron, de Chamberceau, is staying here. Go and tell him, colonel, that his companion in misfortune, the prisoner of 1813, awaits him here, and is come to his call—but do not name me."

The colonel obeyed. He hid his military decorations under his cloak after saluting respectfully in reply to the injunction given.

The one who gave the orders had not uncovered his head.

Agathe was surprised. "Who can this be," she thought, "who gives his commands thus to a superior officer? He must be a general. And what can he want with an unfortunate prisoner officer? If any new misfortune should come on him who seems so generous and devoted to his poor comrades! I will listen. God grant that it may be nothing." And drawn to this act of curiosity by honorable motives, she sat down on a little bench behind a vine-colored trellis, rather from fear of being thought indiscreet than with the idea of hiding.

Just then Adrien appeared. "Come," said the prince (for he it was) in a kind voice, "I have an hour to give you before my review. What is it you wish? I have not forgotten the sacred debt I owe you, which I should think myself happy to be able to pay." He held out his hand to the young officer, who pressed it to his heart as he replied:

"Yes, prince, I have a favor, an act of justice to ask of you for one of my compatriots who is very unfortunate—more so than he knows himself. His wife is dying of grief because a sort of thief has tried to rob her of the little means they had left to take them back to France. The gentleman is an *émigré*, an old friend of my father. Oh, if you could gain him your high and generous protection, prince!—it is not for myself——"

"Oh!" replied the prince, "I know you are too proud to be willing to let me aid you personally, and that is wrong in you Adrien—you see I remember your name. Speak, tell me all—I am waiting to hear."

De Chamberceau, surprised and pleased at this kind interest, told the story with warmth, and added that the first doctor of the town could attest the truth of all his statements.

"It is well," said the prince. "Follow me to the doctor's. You," he said, turning to the subaltern who held the horses, "you will bring or you will *carry* the man Waser-nitk, the burgomaster's secretary, to the doctor's without delay. He must be there at the same time with me. Let the burgomaster use force if necessary—go! And now, let us start."

It would be useless to try to paint Agathe's astonishment. Her admiration for Adrien increased with her gratitude. But how had he penetrated the secret griefs of her family? Why did he interest himself to diminish them? Why had he power to employ the protection of an imperial prince in her parent's favor? She could not understand it.

Adrien's influence with the prince came about in this way: On one of those days when victory cost us so dear and ended by leaving us, a prince imperial was for some minutes prisoner of the remains of a regiment of French cavalry, and the officer who commanded this squadron, De Chamberceau, in fact, saved his life without knowing his rank. Afterwards the Frenchman became in his turn prisoner of the enemy, and it was only then that he understood the value of the capture he had held.

Poor Agathe was so overcome that she could hardly move. She feared Waser-nitk would not give up the money; or, if he had spent the price of the objects confided to his unworthy hands, he might not be able to replace it. She concluded, therefore, that it would be most prudent to say nothing to her mother before finding out what she could depend upon.

But the sick woman, with a mother's quick eye, saw Agathe's agitation when at last she went back. She had no time, however, to question her before the doctor entered.

The review was over; all had gone well; the doctor was radiant. He began by placing the casket on the bed, then he laid ten pieces of money beside it.

"Madame," he said, "keep perfectly composed. I wish to have you know at once the favorable result of our attempts. I will put off details until another time. All this is yours—rightfully yours; and if you notice that it is more than you expected, do not attribute that to the honesty of your debtor, but to his bad faith, which has been punished. He has tried to cheat you out of the just remuneration for your work."

The doctor had good reason for not wishing to enter into details which he did not understand. All he knew was that Adrien had written to Vienna, and that perhaps the illustrious person who had come to his house had been brought by the letter; but as he would not have dared to affirm this as a fact, he said nothing. But when the following recital took place, after her mother had rested awhile, Agathe guessed all. To Mme. de Valsuze it seemed like an Arabian tale.

"I was fretting over the villainy of this infamous Waser-nitk," related the old doctor, "when I heard a loud knock at my gate. There I saw an under-officer of hussars who had been followed on foot, and at riding speed, despite his horse's steady trot, by—whom do you think? by M. Waser-nitk.

"The horseman had allowed the burgomaster's secretary neither reply nor delay. He had given him his choice either to be dragged to the place designated, or to appear to run there of his own will at the same pace as the horse.

"Waser-nitk's face was deathly pale; he trembled; but

as he did not yet foresee for what purpose the burgomaster had commanded him to obey and go to my house, he held himself ready to reply with audacity.

"He even looked at me with a defiant glance, as he said: 'I know what you want with me; but I do not fear you, and you can not injure me, even though you accuse me of negligence or forgetfulness in the hospital service or in military affairs.' In thus speaking his cheeks colored to the deepest purple, he had such a fierce and menacing aspect that I was positively frightened.

"As I had not been warned of the second visit I was to receive, I made no reply, and the little round green eyes lit up with a still more ardent and venomous fire. Just then the second knock was heard.

"Three other persons entered. The first was M. Adrien de Chamberceau, your guest; the second, bedecked with many decorations, appeared to occupy a superior grade in the German army. He brought forward an arm-chair and stood upright behind it; the third seated himself.

"This third was completely enveloped in his cloak. He saluted me with his hand, then placed his finger on his lip, saying: 'My presence here needs no publicity.'

"I bowed and remained standing. There was a dead silence.

"My eyes turned toward Waser-nitk. It is impossible to imagine a face more suddenly or completely changed. It was neither white nor yellow, but the color of a corpse, and his little eyes were as crossed and glassy as if he had been drowned for twenty-four hours.

"The man sitting kept his eyes fixed upon the little monster without speaking. This steady gaze produced such a terrible fascination upon the wretch that at the end of half a minute he tottered, his knees struck against each other, and he would have fallen but for the shelves of a book-case just behind him.

"The man in the chair silently extended his hand, making a sign toward the earth. Instantly, as if he had been dragged forward, the wretch fell upon his knees before him.

"The prince then spoke: 'I have power,' he said, 'but I despise arbitrary measures. I should feel ashamed to have to resort to them. Your fright forces us to severe conclusions; but I leave you free to defend yourself if you dare to do so, and I do not prejudge you. Still, pay attention before you deny anything; for, if after inquiries are made, it is found that you have, in a single case, abused the confidence of the exiled family, compatriots of this French officer, I warn you that you shall suffer all the rigor of the law. But if, on the contrary, I learn in an hour that your wrongdoing has been entirely rectified, I shall forget your past conduct.'

"Waser-nitk bent lower still as he stammered some words of excuse.

"'I forbid you to speak to me,' added the prince, in rising. 'You will obey, and that is enough.'

"And while Waser-nitk, his body trembling and contorted, seemed to call Heaven to witness that he would hasten to free himself from his dangerous position, the principal personage of the scene went out, repeating the sign of silence which he had made on entering.

"Quarter of an hour later Waser-nitk, his face still pale and upset, brought back the casket and gave M. de Chamberceau sums triple over what he had promised you. Yes, madame, and the fright which held him did not permit him to keep back any of the veritable price which without that you would never have received."

"It is a miracle!" said the poor marquise. "I would give a great deal to have the singular fact of this powerful and unexpected protection explained, and, above all, to know how and by whom Providence sent it."

Agathe drew near her mother, whispering: "I know mamma; and I shall tell you all when we are alone."

Thanks to this event, a serene quiet fell upon the worn features of Mme. de Valsuze. Her husband, deceived by this favorable change, decided to hasten the day of departure for France. In his impatience he contradicted the doctor (who put off for a much longer period the time when he said Mme. de Valsuze might be able to bear the journey), and said: "The happiness which awaits exiles, with the air of her native land, will be enough to cure all ills. Is it not so, Antoinette?"

And the poor wife, smiling, gently replied: "Without doubt, you are right, my dear."

"Shall you not rise to say good-by to our guest?" continued the marquis, still blind to her weak condition.

"I will try," she replied.

This night was the last to this victim to unselfish love.

Let us pass rapidly over this sad and painful scene.

Agathe's confidence was made to her mother with such an expression of admiration for Adrien that for a moment Mme. de Valsuze felt uneasy; but, assured by the child's candid innocence that she only admired de Chamberceau's noble action, and his noble character, she turned the conversation, after pressing a burning kiss on her daughter's brow.

Pleasure as well as pain must be paid for, and the emotions of the day had not been borne with impunity. Mme. de Valsuze felt a mortal chill. She did not deceive herself. With a strength she had not believed herself to possess, she gave her daughter her last instructions about using her personal resources; enjoining her solemnly to consider them as sacred to her father's requirements, if, as she believed and feared, he should find himself with no other support than his daughter, who should inherit, alas! only the sad lot and loving devotion of her mother.

Upheld by the providential help she had just received, and by the constant fever which she hid by strong effort, the marquise kept up until evening, when she pressed her daughter in her arms and bathed her in tears. She then became delirious till within a short time of her death. She could say good-by to the poor marquis, who was struck as by a thunderbolt; for he had had no expectation of this terrible calamity. When Agathe, borne up by patient resignation, broke it to him, he cried: "Oh my God! Let me never see France again!—My God, accept this sacrifice from me; but spare my dear and noble wife!"

Then, by her mother's request, Agathe brought in the venerable ecclesiastic, and Mme. de Valsuze received the consolations of religion for the dying. They softened her regrets, and her last sigh was breathed softly, while her features kept an expression of pure joy and confidence in the heavenly goodness.

Adrien was about to mount his horse; his troop awaited him. The thought of this old man and his daughter left thus alone wrung his heart. When he had taken his place at the head of his escorted detachment, and drew near the exile's home, he saw the old doctor. Dismounting, he passed the house and crossed the street beside him, on foot and with uncovered head. The greater number of his brothers-in-arms did the same, without knowing why, but certain of acting well in imitating their chief.

At the end of the street, in separating from the doctor, Adrien said to him, in pointing toward the marquis's house: "Watch over them in pity, my friend, as if you were their father; for, alas! they are but two children!"

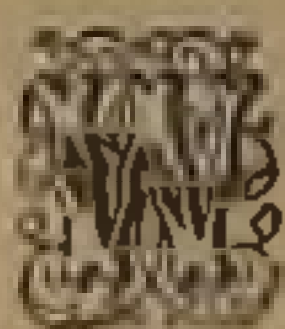
"God is my witness that I should have done so with my whole heart," replied the old physician, "if I had had a son, and if the old man had held different views on rank. I would have been glad indeed to call Agathe my daughter!"

"I can well believe it!" cried the young officer. "She will be the picture of her mother. A treasure—an inestimable treasure!"

These were their good-by words.

(To be continued.)

## Home Work.



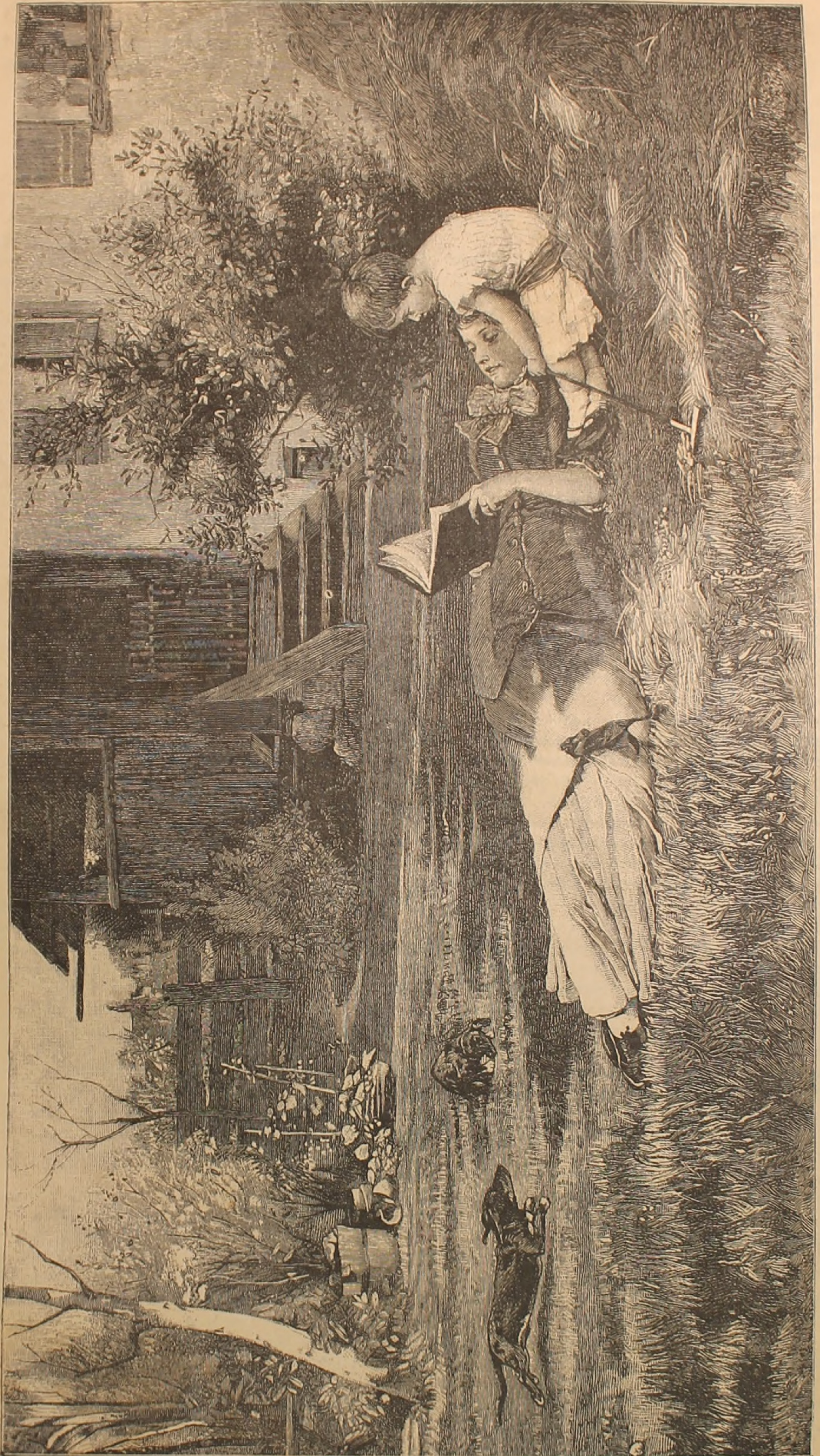
WALKING down the Boulevard Haussman, in Paris one morning not long since, we stopped to contemplate the gorgeousness of an upholsterer's window. There were the treasures of the Indies displayed even as we see them in New York; Persian rugs, draperies cunningly threaded with gold, etc., etc., and tucked away under a luxurious sofa, a small stool or cushion in keeping with all the rest. Our practical mind instantly set to work to duplicate this little parlor friend in an old hassock we had at home—not in the rich plush we saw before us, for silk, fashion drapery, jute, or even cretonne would do as well. About one yard would be necessary, of single width material. Place it diamond-fashion over the hassock, and tack securely underneath. The two points will be at each end. If these are too long, cut them shorter, or round them. Border with a narrow fringe—the Tom Thumb kind would do; tie the cretonne on each side of the hassock, tightly, with a bow of pretty ribbon, and the job is finished.

A very nice screen may be contrived to cut off an end of the piazza, or a sunny corner of the sitting-room, of the Roman or German ivy, morning glory, Madeira, or any quick-growing creeper. Two window boxes, containing a frame three or four feet high by about three wide, will be needed. Place each box on a low stand, the same height, beside each other. Plant the vines, and with a little care there will soon be a reward of interlacing tendrils and leaves. We saw such a screen in the corner of a bright room in London. Behind it stood a wicker sofa, a little table covered with books, and a work-basket; on the screen itself, against the rich green background, was hung a large plaque, representing the head of a kitten.

The making of a souvenir quilt is a new idea for the young ladies who have many friends. A large square of satin or silk forms the center. On this the monogram is usually placed. Around it a band of plain satin or silk of contrasting color. Then a border of squares, every other one painted or embroidered by some friend, the intervening one plain. Another band of satin around this, another border of squares, and still a third plain band, will bring the quilt to about the proper size, though of course much will depend upon the size of the center, which forms the basis of the whole. A bar of music, a verse of "Auld Lang Syne," a Japanese fan, a dainty figure of a young girl, are among the designs we have seen for the squares. The lining of the quilt must be of some soft silk or satin fabric; an old dress, dyed a bright, cheerful color, may be used to advantage.

A book-rack for one's favorite volumes may be manufactured of an ordinary six-pound starch box. Take out the two sides of the box. If it happens to be one that is mortised together it will leave a very pretty notched edge on the two ends. After thoroughly washing so that it is free from the particles of starch, just above the center of each end bore with a small gimlet two holes, an inch and a half apart. Paint the whole black or imitation ash. When dry, slip a piece of bright satin ribbon through the holes in the ends, and tie in a pretty bow outside. The inventor of this addition to the study-table calls it an Eastlake book-rack.

E. M. T.



THE SIESTA.



## The Siesta.

**T**HE beautiful picture, "The Siesta," is after a painting by C. Fröschl, and is a charmingly natural production. It is early afternoon; the sun is throwing its warm beams upon the earth, and the winds are whispering low and softly through the branches of the trees.

"All things are calm, and fair, and passive. Earth  
Looks as if lulled upon an angel's lap  
Into a breathless, dewy sleep: so still  
That we can only say of things, they be."

The young mother has wandered forth with her child, glad to exchange the heat and closeness of the cottage for the cool greensward and the refreshing breezes that sing their gentle song without. She has no idea of going to sleep, however, when she goes forth, for she carries her child's picture book with the intention of amusing him. She throws herself down on the grass, and the little one draws near, with rake in hand, to listen to the wonderful stories contained in the book. Fatigued with her household duties, and lulled by the calm, all the horrors of Bluebeard's outrageous conduct, and the shameful doings of Cinderella's sisters, have not enough interest for her to induce her to keep her eyes open; and yielding to the lullaby of the winds, and the quiet of the scene, she falls asleep. The little one, who has been listening with breathless interest, finds the voice of his mother suddenly cease, but does not imagine that she has traveled off to the Land of Nod, leaving him and Bluebeard and Cinderella far behind. Could she see the patient little fellow by her side, awaiting anxiously the continuance of the story, she would certainly feel reproached for allowing herself to slumber when she was at the post of duty. As it is, she sees him not, nor hears the noise of the dogs as they prance over the greensward, but takes her siesta and dreams pleasantly.

This is one of those quiet, domestic pictures that the Germans love so well, and which always please. The scene is portrayed with great fidelity, and every detail is rendered with strict accuracy, even the broken flower-pots that the dogs have destroyed in their sportive gambols.

## The Crystal Sea.

"For even a dream is from God."

I DREAMED that I sat with my love, my own,  
On the bank of a crystal sea.

And Evening her canopy fair had thrown  
Over my love and me:

She held none else in her azure zone,  
But only my love and me.

Our seat was a bank of flowers fair,  
The bank of the crystal sea;

They bloomed in beauty all 'round us there,  
Around my love and me:

But their fragrance 'twas given to none to share  
But only my love and me.

The air was balmy, the waters whist;  
Out on the crystal sea

'Twas the lightest of zephyrs the waters kissed  
In front of my love and me:

And what happened there, now hear if you list,  
To only my love and me.

The evening star had peeped out on high  
From the deep blue above,  
As though it were an angel's eye  
Watching us both with love:  
And to it I told, with many a sigh,  
The secret of my love.

In my heart it had struggled like prison'd bird  
Impatient to be free,  
And thus I told it, word for word,  
There by the crystal sea:  
By no one else was a whisper heard,  
But the star, and my love, and me:

"Thou star that on the brow of Eve  
A jewel bright art set,  
Fairest of gems that interweave  
To make her queenly coronet,  
Full sure to thee, thou wand'rer fair,  
To lead the starry choir 'twas given,  
When, on the world's creation morn,  
From realm to echoing realm was borne  
The matchless minstrelsy of Heaven!  
Nor art thou silent now. Ah no!  
There's a whispering heard with thine every ray,  
A voice so gentle, so soft, so low,—  
Like the murmuring sweet of an angel's lay.  
Thou speaketh the language the breezes speak  
As they woo the flowers fair,  
And in it again the flowers' reply  
As they yield their souls with a gentle sigh  
To the breezes to bear to the deep blue sky,  
Or fling on the summer air.  
'Tis the language that lies in laughing eyes,  
And speaks from soft curls of hair;  
The waves that leap, and the flowers that peep  
From out the green folds, where they love to sleep,  
In it their sweet thoughts declare.  
'Tis heard in the stream, whose wavelets gleam,  
And ripple, and dash, in the sun's soft beam,  
As it glides its green banks between.  
But 'tis sweetest of all in the eloquent rays  
That flash from thy jeweled sheen.  
Then wilt thou speak but a word for me,  
As thou watchest from above,  
And plead for me, what I dare not ask,  
This gentle maiden's love?"

There came no voice, but I saw the star  
Was watching us still with love.

I told my dream to my love, my light,  
How we sat by the crystal sea  
And what I said to the star so bright  
Watching my love and me;  
And behold it all came true one night  
To only my love and me.

For happiness now, before me and my own,  
Is spread like a crystal sea,  
And Content her canopy fair has thrown  
Over my love and me:  
And so blessed are none in her starry zone,  
Only my love and me.

## ✧ OUT ✧ OF ✧ THE ✧ WORLD ✧

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

### CHAPTER X.

ONE week later, as Frank Royall, feeling utterly depressed and saddened by the unexpected blow of Edith's continued illness, was walking very slowly and dejectedly along the road to town, for the double purpose of getting the mail and taking a little needed exercise, he came suddenly, at a bend in the road, in view of a small, dainty, swiftly-moving little figure, which was as familiar to him as it was dear. He knew it was either Linda Welsley or her phantom, and it seemed to him very much more likely that it was the latter. He drew his hand across his eyes and looked again, half expecting that the spirit would have vanished into air; but no, there she was, advancing rapidly and resolutely over the country road, carrying a small bag in her hand and wearing traveling equipments.

He stopped perfectly still, and waited for her to come up to him. He was afraid to speak or move lest she should vanish. As she reached his side she stopped also, and said simply:

"How is Edith, this morning?"

"I don't know how it is you are here," he said, "or where you are come from, and I feel you may vanish any instant. But I implore you not to. Since you are here, stay with us. I am in trouble, Linda, and I need you."

It was the first time he had ever called her by her name, the first time he had ever spoken to her in just such tones as these. She felt herself flush and grow suddenly confused, but she forced her voice to be calm as she answered:

"I shall not go away; I have come to stay. I am going to nurse and stay by Edith until she is perfectly well."

"How did you know she was ill?" said Frank, who had instinctively taken her bag and turned to walk back with her.

"Doctor Gerald wrote me," she answered simply.

It was the touchstone that changed everything. At that simple announcement Frank Royall's face grew instantly stern, and his heart, which was so perilously near betrayal, froze within him. Miss Welsley, all unconscious of this, went on, quietly:

"I determined that I would come the moment I got the letter, but I knew it would be an endless task to persuade mamma to consent; so I thought it best to make no such futile attempt, and I adopted the wiser plan of simply announcing that I meant to come. This was trying at first, but it answered admirably in the end. My will is really very much the stronger of the two, and I carried my point, as I had resolved from the first I would. Doctor Gerald's letter said that she had typhoid fever, and was very sick, though not in any danger at that time. Tell me at once how she is—the real truth."

"She is no worse," said Frank; "but she is no better."

"I did not expect to find her better," Linda said; "we must not look for that yet. It is a tedious thing. I have known something about typhoid fever before now. My father had it once, and I was a great deal with him; so I am much in hopes that I can be of some real service. I am so thankful it is no contagious disease, for in that case mamma would have tied me. Nothing short of that would have prevented my coming."

"It is a wonderful act of goodness," Royall said; "a

thing most women would never have dreamed of. What would any other habitué of Newport think of coming away in the season's height, to take a dreary journey southward—away from the water, the cool breezes, the charming associations, and coming to this distant, dreary, warm country simply to nurse a friend who needed you, and to cheer and comfort other friends whose need of you was quite as sore? I don't know what put it into your head to do it."

"Doctor Gerald put it into my head," she said. "Don't give me more credit than I deserve. He wrote and advised me to come—said he thought I ought to do it."

Once more the introduction of this name proved potent on the instant. He had been so impressed by her goodness in coming that he was on the eve of overflowing with some of the pent-up feeling that he had so long kept in strict abeyance, but when she answered his inquiry thus everything changed.

"Doctor Gerald said you ought to come, did he?" he observed quietly. "I must say I think there is such a thing as an attendant physician's exceeding his office. What earthly right had he to say what you ought or ought not to do?"

"He had the right of friendship and the right of simple duty and kindness. It was the most natural and proper thing, and, far from being angry with him, I shall thank him to my dying day."

By this time they had reached the house, and as they went up the steps together, Linda said gently:

"Will you go and simply say to Edith that I heard she was sick and came back to look after her? I know her too well to think that she will consider it strange or unnatural. It is the very least that she would do for me under the same circumstances. I am not afraid of its exciting her, and if it does it will not last."

As Frank preceded her up the steps, she went for a moment into the little sitting-room and quickly removed her hat and jacket and gloves. She stood before the mirror and smoothed the sides of the sleek little head that the simple coiffure suited so charmingly, and then she tripped lightly up the steps and entered the room in the very midst of the explanation that Frank was trying hard not to excite her with, but over which he felt himself bungling hopelessly.

"Go away, Mr. Royall," she said, quietly; "you talk as if you were breaking to Edith the news of some calamity, instead of the very natural and simple announcement that I heard she was sick and came to look after her. As for you and Mr. Anthony, you can both give place. Edith is mine, to nurse and to cherish, until she is quite well. How are you, dear? Have they been good to you or not?"

Poor Edith felt too ill and feeble to do anything more than look in reply. But that long glance of relief and satisfaction would have repaid her friend for coming had the trouble been ten times as great.

Miss Welsley showed herself a capital nurse, then and there, by the admirable self-control she displayed. Edith's wretchedly feeble look was a surprise to her and a great shock. She saw at a glance that she was very ill, and was more than ever glad that she had come.

That evening Doctor Gerald came while Linda was alone with Edith, and Frank Royall brought him up to the room and witnessed their meeting. Nothing could have been

simpler. He merely shook hands as he passed on to the bedside, and said quietly :

"I knew you would come."

And she answered as quietly, "Of course," and then the attention of both was turned to the invalid.

As for poor Edith herself, she lay there open-eyed and still, seeing and hearing all that passed, not even feeling sensation enough to be surprised at her utter lack of interest in a scene which, a few days ago, she would have observed as keenly—and with as good reason—as Frank himself. Bodily illness was master now, and the mental woes and conflicts which she had been lately undergoing were utterly passive.

For days and even weeks she continued in this dull, low state, tenderly nursed and cared for by brothers, physician and friend, and then there came a change. The fever rose, the delirium increased, the thin face grew wild and unnatural in its hectic tints. The doctor came three or four times a day ; and one evening, when her delirium was at its height and her pulse galloping furiously, he told them the crisis was upon them; and that this night would probably be the decisive one. He sent a penciled note to his mother to say he would not return, and told them he would watch beside the patient until there was some change.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten night. No one could think of sleeping, and each member of the little household prepared for the long night hours in his or her own fashion. Doctor Gerald took the large chair by the invalid's bed, and sat fanning her as she tossed from side to side in feverish and fitful slumber. Anthony lay on a lounge down stairs with his eyes closed, but sleep was very far from them. A look of pained distress had settled on his beautiful features, which, owing to their grave, severe molding, lent themselves naturally to such an expression. There was a slight contraction of the dark eyebrows, and it was evident that the chiseled, snowy lids had fallen over the saddest look those blue eyes had known for many a day.

Linda had left the sick-chamber and stepped out on the little porch outside, and was sitting there very still and silent when she was joined by Frank. He had come out without knowing she was there, but at the first glimmer of her white dress in the darkness he knew it was she, and came to her side.

"My poor child," he said, gently. "This is very hard for you."

"It is hard for us both, Frank," she answered ; "but I think it is something that we bear it together."

Neither of them ever knew who it was that made the first motion, but in a moment more they had clasped hands. They sat so for a long, long time communing with their own hearts in the stillness. They thought not of each other, still less of themselves, but they felt that they were side by side ; that their prayers for that dear life went up to God together, and they were thankful that it was so. In that sad hour all thoughts of their own hopes and fears concerning each other were very far away from them. But they thought solemnly of life and of death, and perhaps of the joy and comfort of a faithful love, God's best gift to His creatures here. Human obstacles could not weigh here—conventionalities had no sway. It was one of the hours when the iron restrictions and decrees of social usage seemed very small and feeble, and when things seemed to be what they really were.

They had placed their seats so that the interior of the room was in full view, and they could see Doctor Gerald as he sat by the bedside, his soul and his eyes awaiting every change. He was quite unaware of their scrutiny, and had thrown off the affectation of ease and cheerfulness which he always assumed in view of the others. Presently, as if

overcome by some unconquerable fear or anxiety, he dropped his head in his hands with a heavy sigh and hid his face from sight.

"Poor fellow !" whispered Frank, softly. "What a life he must lead with his ardent sympathies and intense feelings ! It is terrible to think how often he must have to undergo a strain like this. For us, thank God, it can come but a very few times."

There was a long silence following his words. The physician's attitude was unchanged, and Frank and Linda outside still sat hand in hand, in perfect stillness. Presently, in a tone as low as a whisper, Miss Welsley bent a little nearer toward her companion, and said :

"Frank, there is something I want to tell you—something I think it right you should know."

"Tell me," he answered, softly.

"You are wrong in thinking that Doctor Gerald is suffering now only what he would suffer in the case of any ordinary patient. I don't know how you can have been so blind. I saw, as soon as I came, that he loved Edith devotedly, and now I see that he worships and adores her. No wonder you say 'poor fellow,' for he suffers as much as any of us—no, much as we both love our dear one, he suffers most of all."

Frank did not answer at once. The utter amazement that he felt, together with the heavy load upon his heart, kept him silent. And yet this revelation explained some things that had been mysteries, and when he was forced to own it as a truth it came to look plain as day.

"I never knew it," he said, presently. "I never so much as suspected it. You speak as if you were very certain. How can you be ? You may be all wrong."

"I am not mistaken," Linda answered. "I have known it quite a long time. Doctor Gerald knows I understand it perfectly."

"Has he ever admitted to you that he had this feeling for her ?"

"Yes, he has. Not in the plain words, but in a hundred ways which he knew I understood. It has been the indirect subject of almost all the talks we have ever had together, the direct cause of all the sympathy that has existed between us."

"This is a revelation to me in more ways than one. I cannot tell you what I mean now ; perhaps I can never tell you ; but it has cleared away some of the clouds that have bid fair to overcome me lately. I do not know what Edith's feeling is, but now that you assure me of his, I feel the deepest compassion for him. We are wading through deep waters. God help the brave fellow ! God help us all !"

"If she lives to get well," said Linda, softly, "she will surely reward such a love as that. He is worthy of her—good and noble as she is,—and they would be happy. We have seen how he has watched and labored for her, and we must all plead his cause. Promise me you will."

His voice was strangely shaken as he answered :

"You ask me what I cannot give. If they love each other, it seems to me they are, and calculated for the tenderest married happiness, but—"

"Do not go on," said Linda : "there can be no obstruction if this is so. Oh, the weakness, the sin, the folly of letting little fancied obstacles prevent such a union as this ! It is criminal. Life's best and sweetest gift is held out ; it must not be rejected."

"You forget that we are doomed and faded people—we Royalls. We are not like other men and women, who may lay hold on joy and love and happiness when they come within reach."

"I forget nothing," she said ; "but I see that you are making a terrible mistake. The names of Frank and

Anthony and Edith Royall are unblemished ones. They belong to noble-souled and honorable people; they are the three friends I most respect and hold dear. I remember that and I never shall forget it. Doctor Gerald need have no fear to link his name with one of these."

Perhaps she suspected, perhaps she was quite ignorant, of the meaning of her words. She spoke with great seriousness and the deepest feeling. As she ceased, she made a motion to draw away her hand from his, and after clasping it tight for one second, he relinquished it.

"God bless you, Linda, my sweet friend," he said. "You, at least, are good and noble, and a man might well prefer the fate of having loved and lost you to having loved and won another woman. But, come inside now. Midnight is passed. We have watched it out together, and we will wait together for the dawn."

#### CHAPTER XI.

THE crisis was past; the great strain was over, and the dawn had come. That sad night when Frank and Linda had watched together was two weeks gone by now, and the dear patient was happily and thankfully convalescent. What a sweetness life had to her, how fair the face of nature was, how dear the companionship of friends, and how full of delight the mere fact of living, only those who have passed along the same road can ever know.

The little house on the hill was a happy place in those sweet summer days. Frank was like a new man, and even Anthony betrayed a gladness of heart that was unusual to his serious nature. As for Doctor Gerald, the good physician and friend, he was almost boyish in his exultation. The recovery of his patient meant something more than medical success to him. It meant hope for all time to come.

But in the minds of that group of young people who now assembled every evening in the porch that gave on Edith's room, while the sweet invalid sat within, weak and feeble still, but very, very happy, there was so much of unselfish joy and gratitude that the personal hopes and desires of each were in abeyance. It was a blessed time of tranquillity and ease, and each of them lived in the happy present.

"Does it ever strike you, Anthony," said Frank rather abruptly one evening, as they happened to be alone on the porch, "what an almost ridiculously unconventional life we are living here? Sometimes it comes over me with the greatest suddenness, and I feel that I could lift up my voice and shout, for the glorious rest and simplicity of living that this being out of the world allows us."

"You may well say out of the world," said Anthony; "I don't exactly know what the world would say to our proceedings in many points. Five young people at large, without the ghost of a chaperone, would probably make the world's hair stand on end."

"It is rather out of order, when one comes to think of it," admitted Frank; "but then there is no need for one to think of it at all, and it's altogether the most simple and rational way."

"For the five young people in question I think it is," said Anthony; "but then we must remember there are diversities in the species. It might not answer in all instances. Edith and Linda are women who would dignify any surroundings and ennoble any situation."

"I have never asked you what you thought of her, by-the-way," said Frank, speaking with a strange sort of trepidation. "She is very lovely, is she not?"

"They are both very lovely," Anthony replied. "Two such perfect types of womanhood as those do a great deal toward redeeming the race."

"I was speaking of Miss Welsley," Frank said. "Each of us knows what the other feels about Edith. It's odd the

dispassionate way you have with Linda. It is such a cool regard, unmixed with a tinge of tenderer feeling. Any other man with your appreciation and opportunity would have been over head and ears in love with her."

"Yourself, for example?"

"Oh, I've had my attack long ago," answered Frank, lightly; "I go without saying; but you have never had one approach to an emotion concerning her, I verily believe."

"I admire her profoundly. I think she is a girl of the greatest pluck and resolution. Her coming off from Newport to nurse Edith was a fine action, and it was performed with great simplicity, which made it finer. But if you ask if I'm in love with her, why, no."

When Edith was so far recovered as to be able to be carefully moved up and down stairs by her brothers, the dreaded summons came for Miss Welsley's return to Newport, where her mother was impatiently awaiting her. The letter was received when they sat at dinner one evening, Linda at the head of the table, facing Frank, and Edith in her big chair at the side. When she had glanced through the long letter, she looked up and found the eyes of her three companions fixed upon her in anxious apprehension.

"I know what it is," said Edith. "Mrs. Welsley has written for you to come."

Linda did not speak, but she nodded her head in assent.

"I have been dreading it," said Edith, "I knew it could not be put off much longer. Every day that it has not come has been such a blessed respite. I can't say a word against it, and yet it seems to me I shall never stop crying."

"I have a plan to propose—to urge insistently," said Linda, "and your brothers must help me to carry my point. Mamma says I must bring you at once to Newport, Edith; and you must make up your mind to go."

"Nothing would induce me," Edith said, decidedly. "I would not leave my dear boys for all the world."

"You must think enough of their happiness to care to restore your health for their sakes," Linda said. "It is what I have been planning for from the very first. You can be as quiet and private as you like in our cottage, and come you must and shall. Mr. Royall—Mr. Anthony, help me to persuade her."

It was such an obvious thing that the trip would be just what was needed to build up Edith's health, that her brothers began to second Miss Welsley's proposition at once. Edith saw this with such evident displeasure, that it was tacitly agreed among them that, for the present, the matter was to rest.

It was not left long in abeyance, however, and by dint of adroit persistence, they succeeded in getting her to think of it as a possible thing, and finally succeeded, almost against her will and judgment, in persuading her to agree to the plan.

Doctor Gerald was, of course, consulted, and seemed for a moment to find it difficult to give advice, but when he presently said he was sure it was what Miss Royall most needed, and had once begun to advocate the course, he was very energetic and resolute.

"It will completely re-establish your health," he said, "and make your cure very prompt and effectual. It might take you months to regain your strength in this climate."

He was sitting beside the invalid's chair, in the dusky little sitting-room, Miss Welsley and the others being outside on the porch.

"I cannot bear the thought of leaving you all," said Edith. "The boys will be so uncomfortable without me, and as for you, Doctor Gerald, you have made yourself so necessary to me that I feel positively babyish at the thought of doing without you. Suppose I were to be ill there, and should have to have some strange physician, what would become of me?"

"I would come to you, if you were ill and needed me," he said, slowly. "I would require of Miss Welsley, before parting from her, that she should promise to let me know if I was wanted, as I let her know. But is it only in case of illness that you will ever want me? There are times when it may pain the most devoted physician to be valued simply for his medical skill; and in your mind, at least, I crave a different regard from that."

Edith's heart was beating quickly, but she constrained her voice to be calm, as she answered:

"There is no sort of regard that is true and honorable which I do not give you, and I speak strongly when I say that I value your friendship every whit as highly as I do your professional service. You cannot think that I did not realize in such faithful attendance as you gave to me a stronger and nearer care and watchfulness than that of the mere physician! I felt throughout that I was tended by a dear friend."

She permitted herself the joy of saying this to him, because she felt assured that there could be no danger in it—he would be satisfied with this relationship between them. But his next words showed how mistaken she was in this.

"You are not quite right in what you say. It is true as far as it goes," he said, "but it does not go far enough. A friend might have served you as well as I, with as helpful hands and as watchful eyes, but no friend could have felt what I felt. No mere friend could have trembled at your danger, with a possibility of desperation and despair before him, as I did, or gloried in your convalescence with the hope of the deepest bliss, as I did. I don't believe you have had even a suspicion of this, but how you have been ignorant of it all these weeks I cannot comprehend. I heard it myself in the sound of every word I uttered. I felt it glowing in my eyes. I knew when my hands touched yours that they had never lent themselves so tenderly to any human contact. You have been strangely blind. It must come to the plain, bare words which have been used so often with lightness and insincerity that they will hardly carry my meaning, and yet you must see how it is when I tell you that with all my heart and soul I love you, Edith."

"O, I am so sorry for you," she said, breathlessly. "I would have borne any pain and disappointment forever sooner than have brought suffering on you. You must forget you ever said these words to me, or had these thoughts."

"That question," said Doctor Gerald, firmly, "is one too futile to enter upon. You do not know it, but you are wounding me keenly by suggesting such a possibility to me, feeling as I feel now. But that we need not speak of. There is one thing I mean to have decided here and now. Do you, have you ever in the past, could you ever in the future, answer this great need of my heart? Would it be possible for you to return my love? That is the point I must be satisfied upon."

"It is a point we need not touch upon," said Edith, "the future is immutably fixed for both of us. Our lives must lie apart. The settling of that question is quite out of our power."

"Don't evade me, Miss Royall," he said in a resolute, ardent tone, that it was hard to withstand. "A man has a right to ask one little favor at the hands of the woman for whom he would gladly spend his life, or yield it in sacrifice, if need should be. I ask you this one boon, to answer my question with the simplest and directest truth. Do you care for me in one tithe of the way I do for you?"

"It is hard to resist your appeal, Doctor Gerald," Edith said, firmly, "and I can only account for my doing so by revealing to you a sad and heavy family secret, which I never could own to you if I liked you less than I do."

"I know your secret," he said, gently; "Miss Welsley

has told me. She knows all that I hope and feel concerning you, and she thought it right to yield to my request that I should be informed of the hidden sorrow which I have known from the first that you and your brothers carried in your hearts. She has told me the whole thing, and it cannot surprise you to hear me say that it hasn't the weight of a piece of thistle down with me. When I say I love you, it includes a great deal, and if you felt for me one tithe of the devotion I feel for you, such chimerical fancies as these that seem to weigh upon your mind would never exist. I am waiting—not patiently, but with a fervid restraint which you can form no conception of—to have my question answered. Yes or no, Edith?"

"And you still wish to know in spite of all you have heard about me; the stigma, the tainted name, the dishonor? Oh, you are good and brave and generous! You are too noble for the sacrifice you would so willingly make. I will never accept it."

"Do you know you are guilty, during all these long moments of waiting, of an unexampled cruelty? I can bear to hear your answer, whatever it might be, but this suspense is intolerable. Answer me, answer me, Edith! Can you give me your love or not?"

"It is you who are cruel, to force me to this answer," Edith said, her bosom heaving, and the tears rising in her eyes. "I had resolved no power should draw it from me. It should lie in my bosom I said, along with its other secrets. Oh, it will only make things the harder for us both. It will yield a transient joy, perhaps, and then the sorrow that comes after will be ten times as hard to bear. You have made me own it."

"What?" he said passionately, clasping both her hands and drawing them to his breast. "I have made you own nothing, but I will before another moment has passed by. What is it? You shall tell me."

There was no resisting the stern tenderness of that hand-clasp; no eluding the deep and yearning gaze of those imperious eyes. Thrilled to her finest fiber, Edith ceased to struggle. She let him draw her so close that her lips were at his ear, and then she murmured fervently and passionately the words:

"I love you," and then she could say and think no more. She felt his arm press her closer; she felt his lips on hers; the lingering tenderness of his embrace for a moment overmastered her, and then, with the exertion of her small stock of strength, she wrenched herself from his arm and sank backward in her chair.

"Go away," she said, brokenly. "If you have any pity leave me to myself. In my weakness I have betrayed myself. If you are generous, if you are merciful, if you are kind, go away from me now."

"Do you really mean to send me from you at such a moment of fruition and fulfillment as this?" he said, "I will go if you bid me; but not without saying that I think you strange and hard."

"Think anything," she said, "I am hard and cruel and ungrateful. I know I am, but have pity on my weakness and leave me. If, indeed, you love me, I charge you by that to go."

He turned from her quickly then, and stepping through the open window, made his escape, unobserved by the others, who were talking softly on the porch together in the pleasant summer moonlight.

## CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Gerald left Miss Royall that night he scarcely knew whether to feel happy or wretched. The admission that Edith had made, that she returned his feeling for her, made

him full of the deepest joy, which was yet tempered by the recollection of the resolute renunciation which had followed, and which, in spite of her weakness and excitement, she had somehow contrived to make very decided and strong. He was hopeful, however, that the obstacles in the way might be overcome, and, with the consciousness that she really and truly loved him, everything seemed possible. So he took heart and felt very brave and hopeful.

The very next morning, when he called to inquire for Miss Royall, as he always did in passing, he was told that she desired to see him. He went into the little quiet, shaded sitting-room and found her entirely alone.

She greeted him kindly, but with the calmest self-possession, and told him she had asked to see him in order that he might be made to understand, definitely and explicitly, that the admission she had made the night before had been an involuntary one, and only given under the greatest stress and pressure which she had then felt herself too weak to resist. It bound her to nothing, she said, and it bound him to nothing. He must forget that she had ever made it, as she would try to do.

It was in vain that he told her he did not choose to be freed from the bond; in vain that he urged her to put aside the considerations that seemed to him so trifling and to her so important. He plead with all his soul, but he plead to no purpose. Miss Royall, now that she was acting with forethought and determination, and that the emotions of last night were kept resolutely under, was like adamant. She would not yield an inch. She told him that what he must make up his mind to was a renunciation, absolute and complete. He must hope nothing whatever for the future. She would never be anything more than a true friend to him, and she added that, unless he should show himself to be satisfied with that, even this friendship must be withdrawn. The interview ended very sadly. She left him no ray of hope, and he thought her very hard and cruel, but the hardness and the cruelty she decreed for him she also accepted for herself, and when he had gone she surprised Miss Welsley by fixing an early day for her departure for Newport.

"I am so happy that you are really going with me, Edith dear," Miss Welsley said. "It will make me much better reconciled to going myself. It may seem strange to you, but both times that I have been leaving this quiet simple natural life, I have had the greatest regrets about it. I am so satisfied here, and that is what I am not elsewhere."

"I quite believe what you say," said Edith, "and yet I can't help wondering at it. We are so utterly isolated here."

"I think that is just the reason," Miss Welsley said. "I like being out of the world, as I have never liked being in it. The world is pretentious and superficial and disappointing; I have never found that it gave me any happiness."

"Our world is always where our loved ones are—what they make it," Edith said, rather wistfully, and here the conversation ended.

There were only three days that intervened between Doctor Gerald's visit to Edith just described, and the latter's departure for Newport with Miss Welsley. In that interval the young physician did not come to the little house on the hillside at all. Frank and Anthony observed and commented upon his absence, but Edith said nothing. Linda, who was all the time watching her friend with quiet scrutiny, was silent also. The evening before the day fixed for the departure of the two girls, Miss Welsley was taking a little solitary stroll along the river-path when she encountered Doctor Gerald. He stopped her rather eagerly, and said he was glad of the chance that enabled him to say good-by to her, and began hastily, but with extreme cordiality to express his farewell hopes and good wishes, but when he

encountered the girl's questioning eyes, his calmness all forsook him, and he told her in a few broken, excited words of what had happened.

"You must not give up," she said, with great energy and spirit. "If you only persevere, you will succeed in overcoming an obstacle which has no existence except in an overstrained imagination. There is nothing to prevent your using your utmost efforts to overcome this. You have the future before you in which to labor to this end. If you love each other as I am convinced you do, things must come right by-and-by. Don't give up, Doctor Gerald. Success and happiness are ahead; I do not doubt it."

"You speak confidently, Miss Linda," he said sadly, "but you do not take into account the fact that she has bound me in honor not to persevere. Put yourself in my place for a moment."

"Ah, with me it is all different," she said, "I am a woman."

"But if you were a man—" he began, when she interrupted him excitedly.

"If I were a man," she said, "I would persevere in spite of every obstacle that could be offered. I would never give it up. I would keep on until success was really reached. I tell you, Doctor Gerald, when two people love each other purely, truly and unselfishly in this hard world of ours, it is sheer folly and madness for them to allow any superable obstacle to separate them. Such a love as yours for Edith and hers for you—for I hold them to be like and equal—is a means of happiness which you are wicked to cast away. It is a kind of love that does not come every day, and if you allow yourself to be thwarted here, you may—indeed you almost certainly will—discover that you have let your one chance of the highest and truest happiness go by. Take my advice and persevere. You are sure to win in the end."

Her enthusiasm quickly imparted itself to the young man, and he thanked her most ardently, for the hope she had implanted in him, and promised to consider and act upon her advice. He left her greatly cheered and comforted, and when they parted and went their different ways he was feeling almost gay again.

And Linda? Alas, poor little dainty, tender thing! She was far, far from feeling in her own bosom a tithe of the hope she had managed to impart to his, for her heart was bruised and bleeding. The indulged and petted darling who had had her way in life made so smooth and easy for her heretofore was now feeling bitterly and acutely that it was to be her fate to be denied the one only thing that she had ever greatly longed for. She had done her utmost to dispel the clouds of doubt and misunderstanding that surrounded her. She had believed, at first, that these were only slight and transitory in their nature, but had been forced to think at last that they were settled and abiding. This conviction made her very wretched indeed, and as she thought of this as being her last evening in this dear and isolated place, where she had felt such joy as she could not know elsewhere, her heart was full to bursting, and she turned toward the house feeling lonely and weary and dejected. But courage, true and tender little heart! The darkest hour is just before day!

Frank Royall slowly turning homeward, after some rather wearing farm business at the mill, came suddenly upon that little lonely figure, and with hurried, eager motions reached her side.

"Turn and take a little walk with me, Miss Linda," he said gently. "It is the last time, you know."

She said nothing, but, at his bidding, she turned round and began to retrace her steps by his side.

For a moment they walked along in silence, and then his

voice smote gently on the sweet noises of the calm summer woodland, as he said :

"I love this place. I love the isolation and the quiet of these lonely river-paths. We seem so far away from the noise of the great world. The sky seems nearer; the face of nature kinder and more beautiful; the airs of heaven purer. Don't you like it Linda?"

He reached out his hand, as he spoke, and softly clasped hers, which hung limply at her side. She yielded it passively to his hold, but she said no word in reply.

"In a quiet, leisurely existence like this," he went on, still keeping her hand, as they walked slowly forward, "the standards and judgments and rewards of the world seem very unimportant and trivial things. I think everything looks more as it really is—as God intends—don't you think so, Linda?"

She was looking downward, with an expression that he could not penetrate, and still she spoke not a word.

"Don't you think so, dear Linda?" he repeated, speaking very calmly and quietly, but oh, so tenderly and caressingly!

Still she did not answer. She seemed to be making no effort to speak, but walked on, with an immovable face and gliding motion, like some pale little dream-lady.

"Talk to me, dear," he said, with gentle insistence. "You are going from me so soon now. I shall think of you very often, my friend Linda, and you will think of me, too. Sometimes, not often, you will remember our quiet life here, and that we were, in some strange unexplained way, happy in it. I ask no more than this. I wouldn't have you think of these days too often. I have an indefinable feeling that such thoughts will bring you, perhaps, a shade of sadness, and that I would not have, though the price of immunity from it were to be forgotten by you. What's the matter with you Linda? Why have you grown so silent and immovable?"

He held her still, as he spoke, and placed himself before her in the path. But still her lids were sedulously lowered and she spoke not a word.

"I don't understand this mood in you, Linda," he said, "it is not like you. Look up and let me see you."

Seeing that her head still drooped, he put his hand beneath her chin and lifted the sweet face upward. For one moment the pleading blue eyes met his, and then sudden tears suffused them, and, hastily snatching her hand from his, she covered her face and sobbed aloud. He spoke to her soothingly and gently, clasping his own hands tightly together that they might not overmaster his will. He forced his voice and words into calmness, but he was growing intensely excited; his eyes flashed, the color surged to his face and he felt himself trembling.

"Tell me what it is that worries you," he said; "if there is something that I do not know of, tell me."

"Why did you come?" she said, speaking through her sobs. "You ought to have let me alone and then, at least, I might have gone quietly and without this. You have no right to treat me so. You ask me to tell you what *worries me* when my heart is breaking."

It was very still and lonely in the quiet, summer wood. The sun was long since gone to rest and the shadows of twilight were gathering. As the young man stood there facing her, with a set face and close clasped hands, a sudden light of hope shot into his heart, so fierce and swift as to cause a pang of pain. She was still crying softly, with suppressed and rapid sobs, her face buried in her hands and her bosom heaving and swelling. She could not see the swift current of emotion that passed across his face. The patient sadness, that had given place to earnest solicitude, was followed next by a severe and resolute look of renunciation, and then by a

gleam of hope. His clasped hands fell apart, his brow cleared, and he took a long breath. Then he moved a pace nearer to her and gently caught her arm.

"Come and sit down, Linda," he said, seriously; "we must talk together truthfully and plainly this once—heart to heart and soul to soul."

He led her to a seat on some moss-covered rocks, a little back from the path, and then he placed himself beside her and took her hand in his. By this she had grown calmer. She dried her eyes quietly and sat waiting for him to speak.

"I will ask you a question, Linda," he said, "which I have often told myself I would never ask. But I believe it cannot be helped now. At one time I might have held back, but now it is too late. Whatever consequences may follow, I will make a confession and ask a question: I love you, Linda; do you love me?"

"Yes," she said, speaking slowly and very calmly now.

A long, deep-drawn breath escaped him, but for a moment he did not speak.

"In many cases," he said, presently, "this would be the seal of a life-long happiness. With us it is very different."

"Not with me," she said, with a touch of quiet pride; "where I give my love, I give all."

"If loving you had been a lighter thing with me—if it had not ennobled and elevated me, I should simply clasp you in my arms and call you my own at once, and the world might go. But I love you too well for that. I love you so well that I can leave you—let you go—can even wish you joy in linking your sweet life with some happier and brighter fate than mine."

"Frank, this is nonsense, or else it is madness," she cried. "For once I will speak out, happen what may after! You and I love each other dearly and faithfully. We have tried to live and be happy apart from each other, and we have both proved, I think, that though the living is possible, the happiness is not. Our one chance of happiness is being together, and oh, why may we not be happy? There is no harm in it. We would injure no one, and we would try to make our lives good and useful ones, and help other people. While I was not certain that you loved me I could bear to suffer silently, but I have known now for some time that you needed me as I needed you. Why not let us simply and naturally join our lives together, and pass through the journey of life hand in hand? It is a road laid out before us; we must walk in it whether we will or not. If we choose, we can make it a happy and peaceful journey. If we choose, we can also make it a weary and lonely pilgrimage. There is no duty, no principle of right and wrong concerned. How blind, how guilty we would be to hesitate!"

"I do not know," he said, confusedly. "At one time it seemed very plain to me what my duty was, and I felt that I should be unmanly and weak to hesitate. That was at the first, when the world's glamour was still around me, and when I measured things by its standards and accounted its rewards. Since we have been far away from the world I have sometimes looked at it differently, and wondered if after all, love were not enough. I hardly know what I ought to think."

"Think that," said Linda, eagerly, "think that love is enough."

"It is enough for our happiness, perhaps," he said, "but there is something more important than happiness."

"There is," she said; "right is more important than happiness. But this is right. It would be wrong to act against these impulses of true and faithful love. What is it that stands between us? Tell me in plain words what these dreaded obstacles are that you have allowed to weigh upon

you so. I know them well. I have considered them in every phase, but I want to hear you state them."

"There are two," he said. "First, that your name is a spotless one, and mine is dishonored. Second, that you are among the rich and great of the earth—and I, among the poor and humble."

"Humble!" she cried, with a fond mockery in her voice, "Frank Royall, poor and humble! My brave one, my proud one, my noble and dear one. I look far up to a great height of strength and goodness before my poor eyes rest on you. It is the glory of my life to have loved you—the pride of my being to have won your love. Love is the pearl of great price, and that is ours if we will only take it. Oh, Frank, you are mad to let these little petty things deprive you of it! They are too small to be accounted of."

"Linda, you are right," he said, lowly. "Your love is of a nobler fiber than mine. You have shown me this plainly now. Love is indeed enough."

He held his arms outstretched, and she came to them quickly and gladly. She was most modest, most maidenly, most sweet; but this had been the one love of her pure heart, and she was not ashamed to own it.

"I hesitated too long," he said as he bent above her and kissed her lips and eyes and cheeks. "I weighed against love such trifles as could never have the power to turn the balance. But it has all come right now. We are to spend our lives together; nothing else can matter much."

An hour later, when Miss Welsley returned to the house, she flew to Edith's room and told her that Frank and herself were engaged, and were to be married almost immediately. She was entirely confident of her mother's consent, as it had never yet been persistently withheld from any design that her only daughter had really had at heart. So she spoke of it in a calm and assured way as an entirely settled thing.

Miss Welsley, then in the fullness of her happiness, naturally longed that the clouds overhanging Edith's way might be brushed aside as hers had been, and she put forth all her arguments in pleading Doctor Gerald's cause. But it was of no use. Edith persisted in the course she had marked out for herself, though she did not condemn Frank and Linda. She even admitted that their wisdom might be superior to hers. Still the hard and difficult path had seemed to her so long the way of duty that she could not see things differently all at once. Miss Welsley, however, from some subtle and indefinable indications, found some ground for hope, and before setting out on her travels next morning wrote a note to Doctor Gerald, telling him to be patient and cheerful, and promising him that when Miss Royall's visit was at an end he should come and bring her home himself. "It seems a bold thing to say," she wrote, "but I am not afraid to promise it."

Doctor Gerald waited very bravely and patiently for his summons, sometimes in hope and sometimes in great fear, but at last it came. Miss Welsley wrote, on her mother's behalf, and invited him to Newport to pay them a little visit. In a little postscript she added, "It would do you good to see Edith. She is well again, and so cheerful and bright. She knows I am writing to ask you to come."

Frank Royall and Doctor Gerald set out for Newport together, and before the first week of their visit was over arrangements were going forward for a private and quiet double wedding to take place very soon.

Anthony, of course, was summoned, and came on interested and pleased in his dispassionate, impersonal sort of way. He shared as little as ever the hopes and fears that agitated the hearts of most men, but he cared greatly that the happiness of those he loved best was fixed and secured.

In order that he might have a share in the general congratulations he informed that he had recently been the suc-

cessful competitor for a prize offered for the best designs for some great public building in a Western city, and he hoped soon to realize his dream of going abroad for a time to study architecture in its more practical forms.

After the marriage Edith and Linda both preferred to go at once back to the little hillside home where in quiet and natural and pleasant intercourse the happy result of all their hopes of joy and love had come about.

"We must spend a part of every year there, Frank," said Linda. "It was the influence of that sweet, healthy, unconventional life that finally overcame all obstacles, and gave us to each other. If the time spent there had been passed in gay social surroundings our happiness would inevitably have been frustrated. I have always felt that it was brought about by the fact that we were out of the world."

THE END.

## A Celebrated Beauty.

(See Oil Picture.)

**B**EAUTY is said to be in the eyes that see it. Love, friendship, and the partiality of friends often create the beauty that they see. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, all have their ideals, and none seem to have answered the question, "What is beauty?"

Tennyson sings of "a daughter of the gods divinely tall, and most divinely fair," and, again, we find him in raptures over "Adeline:"

"Beyond expression fair,  
With thy floating flaxen hair,  
Thy rose lips and full blue eyes."

Byron dwells on

"Her eyes' dark charm, 'twere vain to tell;  
But gaze on that of the gazelle,  
It will assist thy fancy well;"

and Dr. Oliver W. Holmes declares that he cannot decide between the black and the blue eyes,

"The bright black eye, the melting blue,  
I cannot choose between the two."

Pope sums up the whole matter in the declaration,

"Tis not a lip nor eye we beauty call,  
But the full force and joint effect of all."

The celebrated beauty whose likeness we give may not correspond altogether with our ideal of a perfect beauty, yet she has borne off the palm from many an aspirant. Like Venus of old, society awarded her the golden apple, and mounting Beauty's imperial throne, she has ever since reigned the Queen of Love and Beauty.

She has youth, which itself is beautiful; health's roseate charms diffuse themselves over her cheeks; and the happiness of her heart is reflected in her eyes. Like Tennyson's Maud, she is "queen lily and rose in one," and fully answers to Byron's description of the beauty

"Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands  
Would shake the saintship of an anchorite."

The world is a pleasant place to this young beauty. Few are the thorns and many the roses that bloom in her garden of life. Her skies are blue, her clouds golden, and her shallow sails gayly over a sunny sea. No gift has been withheld from her; wealth, beauty, the sunshine of a sweet temper, and the crown of life, love, are all hers. She looks the happiness that she feels, and in her face we can trace no foreshadowing of a sad future

It was said of Sully that he painted his lady sitters as

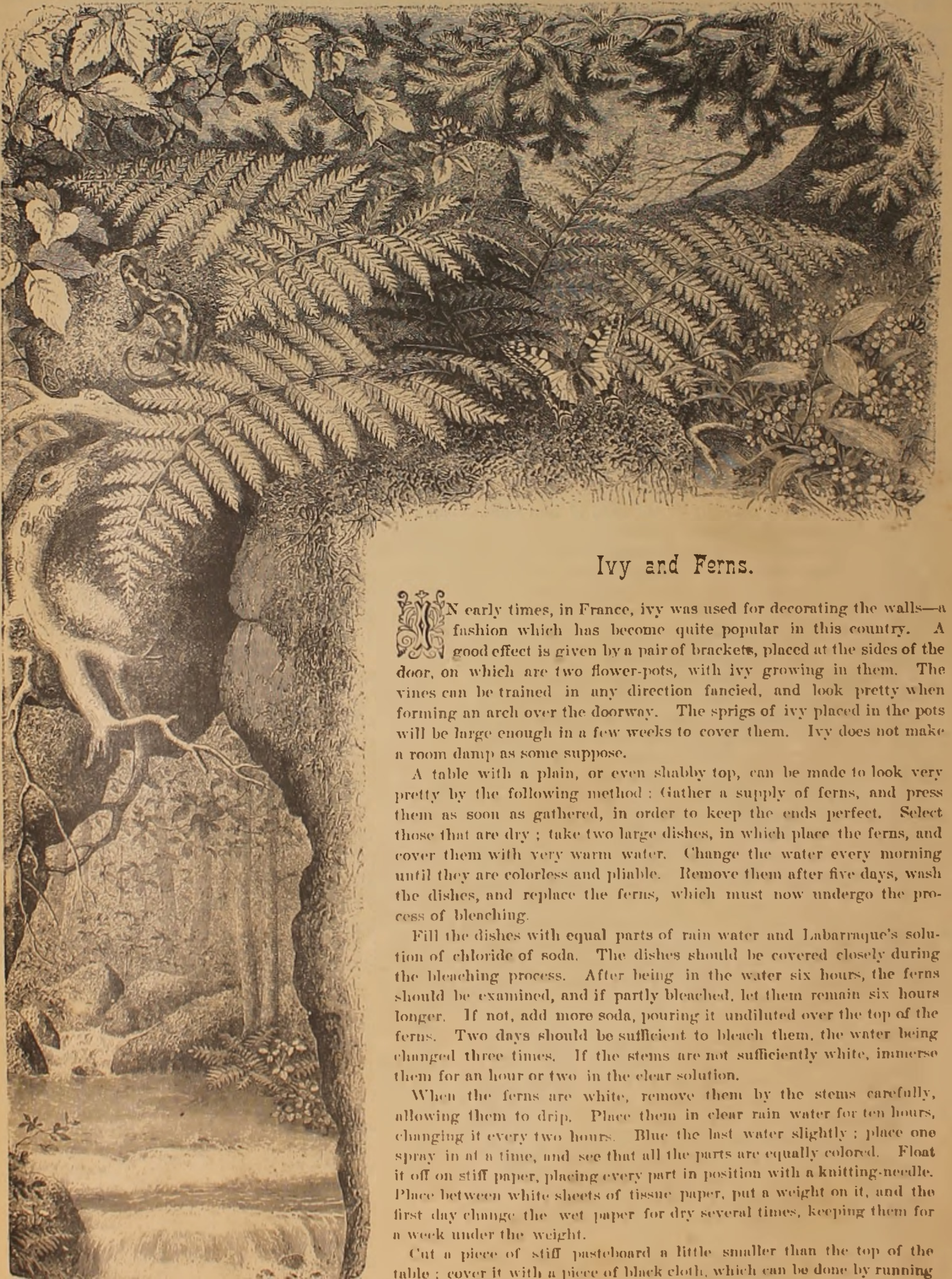


angels ; and if the painter of this celebrated beauty has not transformed her into an angel, he certainly has made her

“ A form of life and light,  
That seen becomes a part of sight.”

The artist has succeeded admirably in reproducing the original painting, not only preserving the likeness, but faith-

fully copying all the details. The flowers in the hair and the pearls encircling the neck are beautifully and skillfully rendered. The refined beauty of the subject, the warmth and richness of tone pervading the picture, and the careful manner in which it is worked out, combine to render this a charming and attractive production.



### Ivy and Ferns.

**I**N early times, in France, ivy was used for decorating the walls—a fashion which has become quite popular in this country. A good effect is given by a pair of brackets, placed at the sides of the door, on which are two flower-pots, with ivy growing in them. The vines can be trained in any direction fancied, and look pretty when forming an arch over the doorway. The sprigs of ivy placed in the pots will be large enough in a few weeks to cover them. Ivy does not make a room damp as some suppose.

A table with a plain, or even shabby top, can be made to look very pretty by the following method : Gather a supply of ferns, and press them as soon as gathered, in order to keep the ends perfect. Select those that are dry ; take two large dishes, in which place the ferns, and cover them with very warm water. Change the water every morning until they are colorless and pliable. Remove them after five days, wash the dishes, and replace the ferns, which must now undergo the process of bleaching.

Fill the dishes with equal parts of rain water and Labarraque's solution of chloride of soda. The dishes should be covered closely during the bleaching process. After being in the water six hours, the ferns should be examined, and if partly bleached, let them remain six hours longer. If not, add more soda, pouring it undiluted over the top of the ferns. Two days should be sufficient to bleach them, the water being changed three times. If the stems are not sufficiently white, immerse them for an hour or two in the clear solution.

When the ferns are white, remove them by the stems carefully, allowing them to drip. Place them in clear rain water for ten hours, changing it every two hours. Blue the last water slightly ; place one spray in at a time, and see that all the parts are equally colored. Float it off on stiff paper, placing every part in position with a knitting-needle. Place between white sheets of tissue paper, put a weight on it, and the first day change the wet paper for dry several times, keeping them for a week under the weight.

Cut a piece of stiff pasteboard a little smaller than the top of the table ; cover it with a piece of black cloth, which can be done by running

it around and gathering it over the pasteboard. On this arrange the ferns, cutting away all stems that project. They can be kept in position by a small drop of glue on the under side. The glass to cover this will be put on by the cabinet maker who supplies the narrow molding of wood which secures it. It should be tightly pressed down over the ferns, so that no dust may reach them.

To print ferns, soak writing paper in salt and water, then dry it, and float for a few seconds in a weak solution of nitrate of silver. Dry again; now the fern to be operated upon must be placed upon the paper and pressed firmly with a piece of glass. Expose this to the sun till the uncovered part of the paper is of a dark brown or black color. Take off the fern, and immerse the paper until soaked through in a strong solution of hyposulphite of sodium for fifteen minutes, wash it then well, and soak in water for twelve hours, changing the water several times, and dry. A photograph of ferns will be found in white on a dark ground.

Very pretty fern-leaf transparencies can be made for the windows by covering a pane of glass with sheer Swiss muslin, drawing the edges over it, and securing them with stitches from side to side, seeing that the threads of the muslin run straight. On this arrange the ferns in any shape desired, with the under side of the leaf on the muslin. Confine them by a little gum or glue on the under side of the leaf, moisten the edge of the muslin with the same, and let it dry on the glass. Lay another pane of glass on this, bind them together by gumming on a strip of linen, trim off the edges of the Swiss, and cover the binding with ribbon. Gum on a loop, and hang in the window.

Pretty articles, that come under the head of fern work, are made by pinning ferns, in any form desired, upon white cloth, and drawing a comb through a small brush of indelible ink, so that minute particles will be scattered upon the cloth. Upon removing the ferns, their impression, uncolored, is seen.

A writer says it is not unusual to see, in the houses of persons who do not give their minds to the matter, fern cases without ferns, or with a few deplorable bits that we are assured will be very fine some day, but too evidently will rather grow smaller, and soon disappear. That the planting and managing of fern cases is a very simple matter need not now be insisted on. It is a fact, that thousands of persons start fern cases and aquariums only to fail in some way or other, and it is more of a moral than a scientific question as to why and how it all happens. We would point out to all who possess fern cases, and can make nothing of them, that they make capital ivy gardens, and ivy will generally live in them without any management at all, provided they have light always, and water occasionally. As a matter of course, the smallest-leaved ivies should be planted, and they should be nicely trained on wires. When a case filled with small-leaved ivies is doing well, it is a charming object, and much to be preferred to one occupied with two or three dying ferns.

## The Seven Borax Villages of Italy.

**W**HERE the river Arno winds its way through Italy, pouring its waters at length into the blue Mediterranean, lies a group of villages known as the seven borax villages of Italy, remarkable not alone from the immense quantities of boracic acid extracted from the numerous "lagoons" therein abounding, but from the fact of the proprietors having reduced the workings of these lagoons to such scientific basis that the villages in question constitute a little world to themselves.

As far back as the year 1777, two chemists of the ducal

court, Pietro Hoeffler and Paolo Mascagni, discovered the wonderful properties of the strange looking earth, but until early in the present century no systematic working was attempted. These villages lie in the province of Pisa, and in their center is the mineral water and bath establishment known as "Bagni a Morbo."

The whole district is owned and controlled by the De Larderel family. In 1824 the grandfather of the present proprietor, together with Lamotte, a Frenchman, conceived the plan of working the springs, evaporating the water which rose laden with acid, and crystallizing the deposit so obtained by wood fires.

For some while this plan continued in operation, until it became apparent that unless a new method was devised the by no means too verdant hills in the neighborhood would be left entirely bare of timber. So for awhile the precious yields were allowed to remain idle, and it was due entirely to accident that the observant eyes of the present Count Larderel should have seen the mode which has since been pursued with such abundant success.

Noting the fiery little jets of steam issuing from the "lagoons" themselves his ready mind was quick in turning this to advantage, utilizing them in place of the wood fires to evaporate the water and crystallize the borax deposits.

Nature having here given so unstintingly of her stored treasures, and at the same time the very means of obtaining and deriving profit from the same, art was not slow in coming to her aid, and the judicious adoption of artesian wells throughout the springs was the result.

The plan is simple. After digging a shallow pond an artesian well is bored which almost immediately strikes the borax bed; then vapor begins to arise, but the machine instead of being withdrawn goes steadily on until water is struck, when, its purpose being accomplished, there is no further need of its services.

Water being let into the artificial pond, the upshoot of the boring in a few moments heats it to boiling point, which extends to the borax shot up with hot water from the artesian well.

Every twenty-four hours this is drawn off and evaporated. A number of shallow metal pans—from fifteen to twenty being arranged in order two to three inches apart—the water so drawn off falls from one to another like a cascade.

These pans being laid directly over hot steam pipes generate an intense heat so that the cascade at length reaching the last of the metal receivers is in a very nearly solid lump of borax.

After being pumped into vats arranged for the purpose, the deposit cools when the surface bears the appearance of a muddy, insecure film of ice. The floor of a drying-house warmed by pipes from beneath next receives this film, and thus it is crystallized.

Nothing further remains to be done save packing the boracic acid in large casks for exporting. The aid of stout porters is needed to move these unwieldy things, as they weigh from fourteen to sixteen cwt.

The color of the acid is by no means uniform, varying from an unclean white to almost black, which is mixed in the stores previous to packing.

An observer will find much to interest in watching these "lagoons" which at times have the appearance of being one vast boiling caldron from out of nature's laboratory.

When full of water the boiling is incessant, large bubbles rising a foot above the level of the water, this aspect changing where an artesian well has been introduced, the water then shooting up to the height of some three or four feet.

By no means pleasant is the vapor, this being clammy and heavily charged with sulphur.

After exhausting the "lagoon" of water by means of a

pump, the bottom presents a muddy appearance, marked here and there with round, unsightly spots as if left by some dread disease. These spots, from one to several feet in depth and diameter, are the springs, and now give off vapor in small quantities. Gradually, the water working its way into these pits, a turbulence begins, until, the water continuing to rise, the boiling increases in violence, and nature's unseen chemists are again hard at work.

Of the seven villages, Larderello, Tasso, Lago, Monte, Rotundo, Lusignano and Sevazzano, the first named is the most important and largest in its operations, though even here the scarcity of water is often a serious drawback. In summer it is a rare thing for any of the villages save Larderello to be in operation, owing to this great lack. The deficiency in this case is remedied, in a measure, by carefully drawing off and storing in the Larderello reservoir water which has previously served in the baths at Morbo.

At the close of a long, hot summer, the visitor, unless on business intent, is not apt to tarry long, owing to the well-nigh overpowering odor of sulphur pervading the atmosphere, and the continuous vapors suspended over the place.

As a matter of course, residents, being used to this, fail to observe it, but a stranger is rendered peculiarly alive to the fact. The effect of sulphur on metal is well known. All the instruments belonging to the brass band of the village present the appearance of veritable antiques, since, no matter how recent their acquisition, they become immediately black and covered with a greasy coating. Only gold of the purest quality can keep its color against this all-pervading sulphur; silver assuming the look of platinum.

I have before spoken of the wonderful system everywhere observed throughout these villages, rendering them miniature worlds; and such is indeed the case. This system has been organized by the De Larderel family, so perfectly organized and sustained that only the raw materials are taken from the world outside the province of Pisa.

The male portion of the villages being engaged in working the borax, the females do the housework, spin and weave. Large buildings with looms have been erected, and the goods manufactured here, being of fair quality, are put into store and then used by the population as their needs require, in exchange for a reasonable sum.

There is a resident physician, chemist, priest, school mistress and master, band-master—in fact, nothing requisite to the comfort or pleasure of the inhabitants has been overlooked.

Should a workman fall sick, he is sent to the baths of Morbo, Count Larderel bearing all expense, and his wages continued until health being restored enables him to work. The other villages are like that of Larderel, save an inferiority in point of size.

It is impossible to obtain any great degree of accuracy in regard to the quantity of boracic acid produced daily, as even the workmen refuse information on this point. However, the nearest calculation brings it to about eleven tons a day, and of this Larderello produces nearly one-half.

Of the 1,800 laborers employed, 800 males are occupied exclusively in the production of boracic acid.

The baths of Morbo were formerly used by no less celebrated a person than "Lorenzo il Magnifico," of Tuscany. The waters, which are hot and cold, possess the qualities of Vichy, Montecatini, Carciano, etc., and are, indeed, wonderful in some of their cures. The American Consul at Leghorn writes of having been eye witness to seeing persons afflicted with chronic rheumatism, literally carried in arms to these baths, who, after a few weeks' cure, would walk away with a most buoyant step. Wonderful, indeed, in every respect are these borax villages along the Arno.

KATE E. THOMAS.

## The Maid of Orleans.

(See page Engraving.)

**T**HE story of Joan of Arc is one of the most wonderful that history records, and seems almost to justify the young girl's assertion that heaven itself inspired and led her on.

Living in the village of Domremy, in France, was a husbandman and his family named D'Arc. They were ignorant and simple people, but pious and reputable. Joan, the daughter, was a pretty and modest girl, fond of going to church and ministering to the poor, devoted to animals, and the beauties of nature. Fond of solitude and prayer, she seemed unlike other young girls, and in the seclusion of her hours of meditation she fancied that mysterious voices spoke to her.

At this time a large portion of France was in possession of the English; the horrors of civil war prevailed; and the young dauphin was friendless and powerless. Young as Joan was, her heart was filled with sorrow for the wrongs of France and the dauphin. One day, when in the garden, she heard a voice say, "Joan, arise! Go to the succor of the dauphin. Restore to him his kingdom of France." Falling on her knees, she exclaimed, "How can I do this, since I am but a poor girl, and know neither how to ride, nor to lead armies?" The voice replied, "You will go to the Lord of Baudricourt, the king's captain at Vaucouleurs. He will send you under escort to the dauphin. Fear nothing. St. Catharine and St. Margaret will protect you."

Still Joan hesitated about undertaking her mission, as well she might. She continued to see visions and to hear mysterious voices, and she wept and prayed over her own reluctance to obey what she believed to be a command from heaven. The delay lasted several years; and at length she told her parents her experience, but met with opposition and ridicule.

Joan had an uncle whom she succeeded in persuading to go to the Lord of Baudricourt and inform him of her wish. "Go home," was the answer, "chastise your niece, and return her to the house of her parents." Nothing daunted, in company with her uncle, this simple peasant girl of seventeen visited the Lord of Baudricourt, and succeeded in impressing him by her words. "I come to you in the name of God, my lord," she said, "to tell you to send word to the dauphin to remain where he is, and not give battle to the enemy at this time, because God will send him succor by the middle of Lent. The kingdom does not belong to him, but to God, his Lord. Yet God wills that he shall reign. Notwithstanding all his enemies, he shall be king; and it is I who shall lead him to be crowned at Rheims."

It was only a firm faith that her mission was divinely appointed, that sustained this young girl through the dangers and horrors of her subsequent career. The faith, too, she had in herself seemed a faith in the impossible, yet it bore her on and on, until Rheims opened wide its gates, and standing beside the altar, with her standard in her hand, Joan saw the dauphin Charles crowned king of France.

Before this was accomplished, she had inspired others with her faith, the dauphin himself, his courtiers, soldiers and the people, the dauphin going so far as to intrust to her guidance the army which was to raise the siege of Orleans. Wearing a suit of white armor, and carrying a standard, with the white lilies of France, she went forth. She bore a sword marked with four crosses, which she had seen in a vision hid in a church near Chinon, and was accompanied by a knight, two pages, two heralds-at-arms, and a chaplain. Thus she reached the army, and then began the march to Orleans, and in three days they arrived before the city. Entering the

gates, men, women and children came forth to greet her, hailing her as the deliverer of France.

Desperate fighting ensued, and Joan was badly wounded. She had performed prodigies of valor, and came very near falling into the hands of the enemy. The English finding the impossibility of contending against this "virgin leader" whose very presence incited their opponents to heroic deeds burned their fortresses and raised the siege of Orleans.

Joan did not cease her efforts here. City after city was wrested from the enemy, and the dauphin and Joan proceeded to Rheims where the coronation took place. In a battle that ensued this intrepid girl fell into the hands of the enemy, and thus her doom was sealed. Consternation seized the cities, where she was regarded as more than mortal, and the stern warriors, whose inspiration she was, were filled with dismay.

Confined in an iron cage, her arms, ankles, and neck loaded with iron chains, thus for six months remained this wonderful girl. Tried and condemned to be burned, it was not long before the sentence was put in execution. A statue in Rouen marks the spot where the Maid of Orleans yielded up her life. As bravely she lived, as bravely did she die, leaving a memory that will last as long as time itself.

Gabriel Max, the painter of "The Maid of Orleans," is a German artist of great repute. He is distinguished for uncommon power and originality, choosing generally tragic scenes for his subjects. Among his most celebrated pictures are "Gretchen," "The Melancholy Nun," "The Christian Martyrs," "The Lion's Bride," and "Light," which is owned by Mr. E. B. Haskell, of Boston. "The Maid of Orleans" is considered one of his best efforts. She is represented seated on the pyre, which is raised far above the crowd. Through the smoke the tower of the cathedral is visible. The cap at the side of the martyr bears the accusations against her—"heretic, apostate, heterodox, idolatry." Above her is the sentence of death. The maiden wears a look of trust and resignation, and we seem to hear again the words she said with rapture, as the flames rolled around her, "Yes, my voices were from God."

### Hints for Furnishing.

It is not economy to buy the inferior matting offered at the tempting price of four dollars for forty yards.

It does not wear, and a much better quality may be had in the mixed strands for a very little more. The Kensington rugs give a combination of style and durability, and fill the gaps between the ordinary three-ply and the Brussels carpet. They come in most beautiful designs and artistic shade, varying in price from eleven to thirty-five dollars according to size. A border of the old gold or dark red matting, and one of these rugs in the center would make a good effect. For curtains there is an endless variety of material from which to choose; lace, Madras and muslin, but the most inexpensive fabric is the well-known cheese cloth, which falls into soft creamy folds and makes a graceful drapery. The wide kind comes at eight cents a yard. Bands of blue silesia or Turkey red are sometimes stitched along the front, but fluffy little worsted tassels of different shades make a more delicate finish. A neat double-bed, Eastlake style, may be bought for from four to six dollars, at some of the stores where a specialty is made of the manufacture of inexpensive furniture. The washstand and chairs are correspondingly low in price, but the bureau to match is made in hard wood only, prettily carved, and is, therefore, much higher. However, a tasteful dressing-case, which will fill every need, may be arranged of an ordinary set of

drawers, no matter how old and shabby, and a mirror, the usual size for toilet tables. A bold young housewife of our acquaintance metamorphosed a faded bureau of the old cottage style by unscrewing and dispensing with the upper part, leaving the drawers and mirror free to work upon. Paint the drawers and mirror frame black, imitation mahogany, or any color that may be desired. The painter who mixes it will add a little varnish and turpentine, if requested, so that it will dry in three or four hours. Small brass or nickle-plated handles with rings are sold at the hardware stores quite cheap, and these, screwed in to take the place of the knobs, add a good deal of style. About three yards of cretonne, a pretty summer pattern, will be needed for the toilet decoration. Take from the side a strip the width of the bureau top and long enough to overhang about a foot at each end. Finish these ends and the front, if desired after trimming, with short, worsted tassels made of crewel, and combed out until soft and fluffy—red and blue, pink and yellow, in shades to match the cretonne and tacked on at intervals of two inches. Cut the remainder of the cretonne in two pieces and sew together. Make a hem at the top, deep enough to allow a ruffle above a casing, through which is passed a tape; a similar tape is put through the hem at the bottom. Draw the whole the width of the case of drawers. Cut out a piece in the center large enough to admit the mirror; hem the opening around; across the top only where it will hang over the mirror, finish with tassels to match the bureau cover. Fasten the piece against the wall behind the drawers, taking care to let the lower edge slip below the top at least a couple of inches. Hang the mirror in position. The draping at each side may be looped back with a band of ribbon finished with a bow. When the dainty white mats and ornaments are added, this makes an effective and decorative piece of furniture. For a splasher, the latest—equal in beauty and utility to other English ideas that have been adopted—is a piece of Canton matting to be put up lengthwise, the selvage at top and bottom. Ravel out the strands for about two inches at each end, and tie the cords, every other one firmly together. A bold branch of dogwood; a trailing morning-glory vine, or, the absence of artistic talent in the conventional web and spider stamped as for embroidery and traced over with India ink are good designs. While speaking of matting, we will mention that a strip tacked beside the bed, if it stands in the corner, and finished at the top with a wooden molding, is a great protection to the wall, which is apt to get much soiled by repeated contact with the dress of the maid while making the bed.

An absence of sufficient closet-room is often a great drawback to the perfection of the Elizabethan or Queen Anne villa as well as the humbler apartment. What is to be done with the dainty muslins, running over with frill and ruffles, and numberless yards of *dentelle plissée*, to say nothing of the more expensive reception costume that has been kept out from the winter wardrobe, in case of need—where shall these find resting-place? Certainly not in the shallow drawers nor hanging on the half-dozen pegs that alone offer themselves for the purpose. This question has found an answer more than once in a home-made couch. Indeed, we have seen this convenient and deceptive article of furniture which we shall describe hold the place of honor as the parlor sofa. Have the carpenter to make a wooden box of the following dimensions: Five feet and a quarter long, by two feet and a quarter wide, and one and a quarter deep. This includes the lid of the box, which is attached to the bottom by hinges, and must not be made solid; a frame about four inches wide, and tacked across with interlacing strips of upholstery webbing, makes it much lighter and easier to lift. A light mattress stuffed with moss or Excelsior filling is needed for the top, and a couple of large square pillows; upholster the

whole with cretonne. It will take eight yards single width. A box-plaited ruffle around the box itself, and a double box-plaiting narrow on the edge of the lid. The mattress is covered with cretonne above and cambric beneath; the pillows covered also with cretonne. If possible, the couch should have a place where the pillows may rest against the wall. A couple of tidies or anti-macassars add much freshness. Into this receptacle may be laid a half-dozen dresses, and they will rest as free from crease or crush as though packed in Paris by a professional *emballeur* for a journey across the Atlantic.

E. M. T

Architecture.

THE accompanying designs are by Geo. H. Blanden of Springfield, Mass., for frame cottage houses of moderate cost.

DESIGN No. 1.—Cottage to cost \$3,000. First floor consists of a parlor, 13' x 13', and sitting-room, 13' x 15', connected by folding doors, with bay window to sitting-room, and fire-places to each; dining-room, 13' x 13'; kitchen, 12' x 13', with pantry, 6' x 9'.

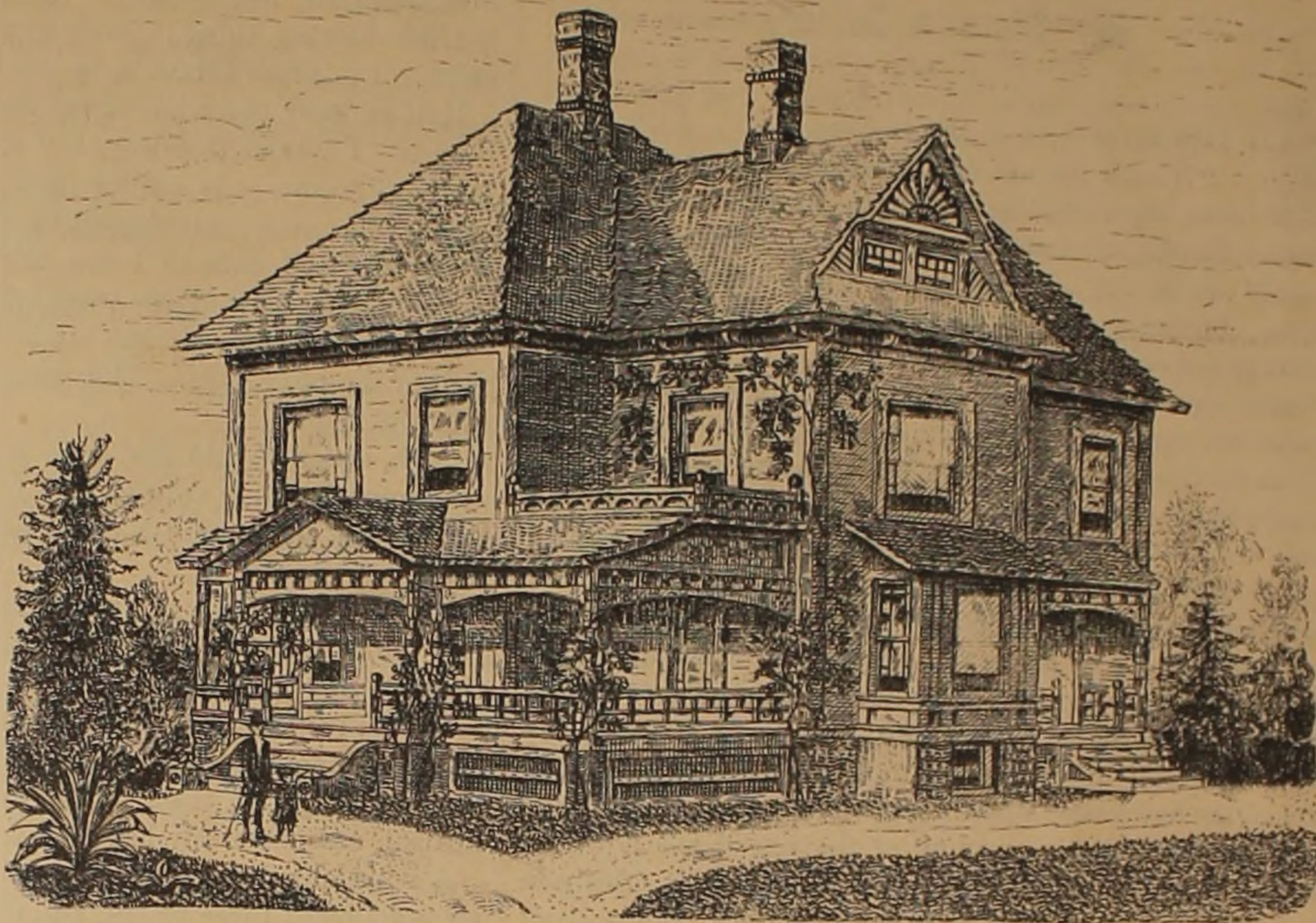
The main staircase ascends to a landing at the top of which is a stained glass window, affording light and ventilation to upper hall.

The second story has four large chambers, with ample closets, bath-room, and also a large linen closet fitted with drawers, cupboards, and shelving in cedar wood.

There is also space in the attic for two chambers, and storage room.

DESIGN No. 2.—This cottage has been recently erected, and cost all complete about \$1,000. In plan it is a modification of design No. 1, with a much simpler exterior. It contains eight conveniently arranged rooms, *i.e.*, parlor and sitting rooms, connected by folding doors, with bay window, and fire place to sitting-room; dining-room, kitchen and pantry, and rear stairs to cellar and to second story. The second story contains four chambers with closets, bath-room, linen-closet, and stairs to attic.

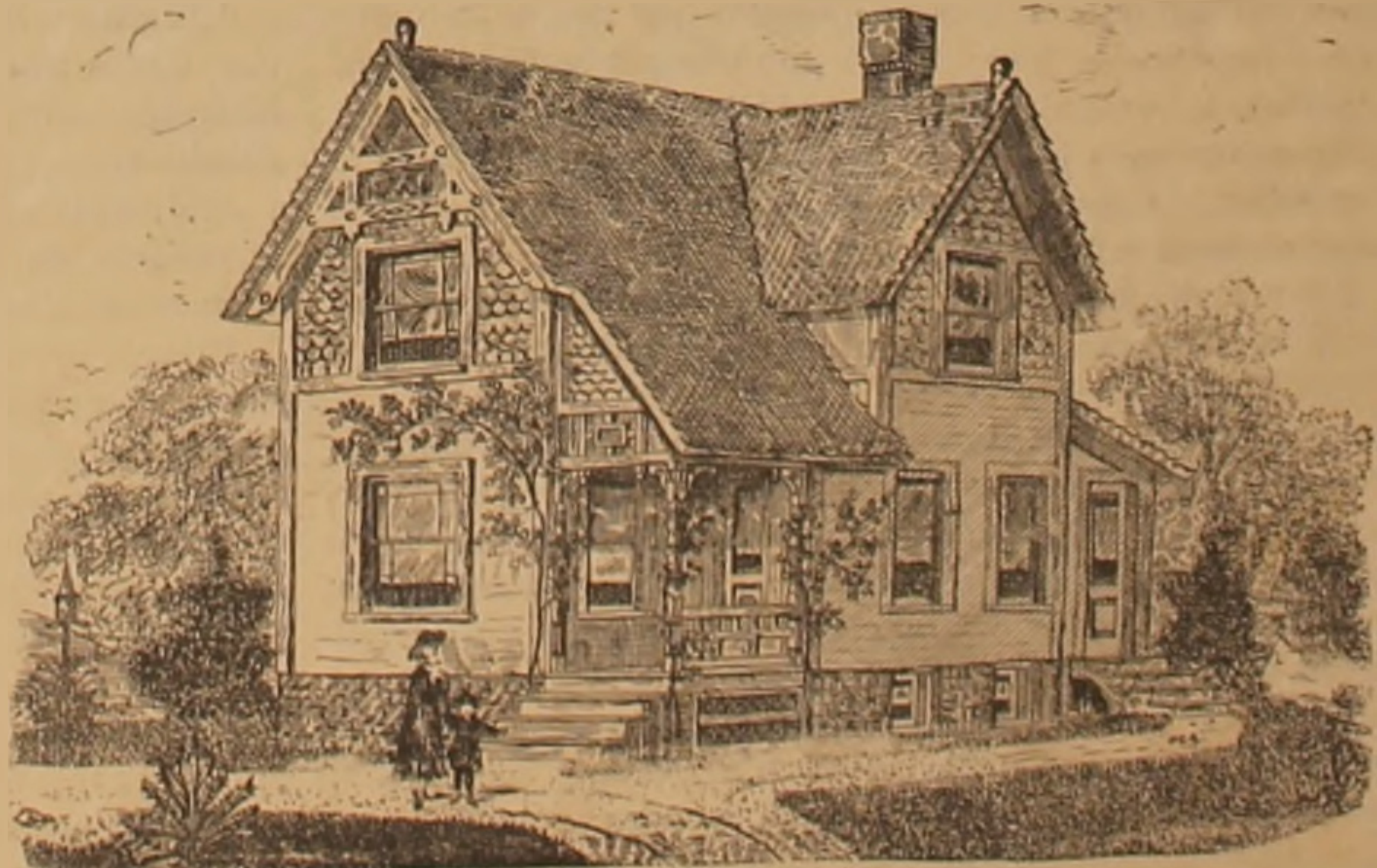
DESIGN No. 3.—Cottage to cost \$1,200. The house contains seven rooms, *i.e.*, parlor, sitting-room, bed-room, kitchen and pantry on first floor, with three good chambers in second story.



DESIGN No. 1



DESIGN No. 2



DESIGN No. 3

## My Sister's Guitar.

**E**LVIRA loves to be in the fashion.

"What's the use of making yourselves odd?" she often says, reproachfully, to Ricardo and me, although I am sure we don't mean to do so in the least. "I'm the only one of us," she continues, "who is just like other people. I observe what is going on in the world, and adapt myself to the *mode*."

And so she was talking one day after dinner, when we had finished all our little duties, and were free to follow our own devices for the rest of the day. Our apartment—but when I say apartment, pray don't imagine that I want to make you think we live on a French flat, or anything of that description—is only one modest second-story floor in a large house, where all the rooms not needed by the owner herself are let to lodgers; and the house is always full. Our landlady is no gossip, and we are just quiet home-folk ourselves (one of our oddities, perhaps), and so we know very little of the other lodgers. Our parlor, bedrooms and little impromptu kitchen are down here where I am writing; but our brother's bedroom and studio is away up at the top of the house—I should say in the attic, but for Elvira's sake will substitute the word "mansard," which certainly sounds better. And occasionally Ricardo gives us a little news, such as: "The front-room man sent down his trunks this morning"; or, "The German violinist next to me played most ravishingly yesterday afternoon," or some such scrap as that; perhaps if we had taken more interest in the people on his top floor he might have told us more, but for a long time we felt indifferent about them.

But I have wandered flights away from what I was saying.

Elvira talked so much about fashion that, after listening patiently for a reasonable time, I answered:

"What especial idea do you wish to adopt now, that you harp so on this one theme?"

"Your expression is most happy, Marcia," she returned, urbanely beaming on me; "for it concerns music. In short, banjos and string things. I am going to buy one."

"One what, Elvira? Not a banjo, surely?"

"They are the most fashionable," she hesitated, "and I enjoy the extreme height of what is in vogue; but—I fear I could never become proficient, and I shall buy a guitar; a second-hand one, of course."

And so, donning her hat and drawing on her long gloves, she went out to make her purchase, returning in an hour elate with success.

Ricardo entered a moment after, carrying a small parcel. "Well, 'Vira," he cried merrily, "where's the guitar? Don't you know that it is the fashion for people to carry such objects now? Why didn't you bring it home?"

"It wanted stringing, and one of the frets was broken."

Ricardo gravely placed his parcel in her lap. "There is something for your dinner to-morrow—a little tribute, a small concession to style."

Elvira took off the paper and disclosed a can of string beans.

"String things are so fashionable," began Ricardo, meekly, "that I thought"—

He broke off suddenly and ran up-stairs, Elvira pursuing, and as I heard their scampering feet on the oiled stairway, a very firm knock sounded at our other door, and I opened it to see a foreign-looking man bearing an enormous instrument in a dark and heavy-looking case. He raised his hat, muttered something unintelligible, placed the case carefully inside the door, made another obeisance, said some more outlandish words, and departed swiftly, leaving me circling around the weird object in dazed wonder. *Could* such a ponderous instrument be used by a lady, and was Elvira so

infatuated by her desire to be *a la mode* as to buy the horrible-looking thing! And would she *never* come down-stairs. I felt half afraid to be left alone with it.

Half-an-hour passed, and my impatience could no longer bear it. I locked the door, and mounted the stairs to my brother's studio. As I went up I heard strains of the most enchanting music, interrupted by loud talking and impatient tones, and as I entered I saw Ricardo standing before his easel, looking now at his work with an air of satisfaction, and now at Elvira, as she stood with her ear against the wall of the next room. The can of string beans was rolling over the floor.

"Oh, sister!" said Elvira in a loud whisper, as she saw me approach, "it is delightful! I think Ricardo might have told us that there were musical meetings and rehearsals up here."

"I did begin once or twice," retorted our brother, "but you didn't take any interest. But why don't they begin in there, 'Vira?"

"I can't exactly make out," she replied; "some fuss about an instrument that hasn't come, or a wrong instrument left, or something like that. They are going to defer the rehearsal, and somebody has gone to make inquiries."

A noise of a door opening and closing, and descending footsteps followed these words, and then the door opened again and a voice cried down: "Tell Raphaelo that we'll send back this tuneless old guitar when he sends us the 'cello; we have enough kindling wood on hand without it. Ha, ha, ha!"

The meeting then seemed to break up, and the people dispersed; and then I told Elvira that a large case had arrived, and was on the floor down-stairs.

She could hardly wait for the musicians to get out of the way, she was in such haste to go down, and in a moment or two we were all in the room where the huge instrument lay.

"Ye powers!" exclaimed Ricardo, aghast at the sight of the case.

Elvira's eyes were wide with astonishment. "What is the hateful thing anyway?" she asked, touching it delicately with her little foot, as if she thought it might bite. "And where *did* it come from?"

"A foreign-looking man, very respectful, but wholly incomprehensible, left it about half an hour before I went up-stairs," I replied. "It looks like those monstrous affairs they use in the orchestras. Are you sure it is the fashion, Elvira dear?"

"I should hope not," she replied, looking wrathfully at Ricardo, who was chuckling over her discomfiture. "I wonder why they didn't send me a brass horn or a trumpet," she added, impatiently.

"Or a bass drum," suggested Ricardo.

"Mightn't it possibly be the missing 'cello that caused the disturbance up-stairs?" he observed, thoughtfully, after his mirth, and 'Vira's wrath, and my surprise had subsided.

And, as if in reply, came a distinct rap at the door, and I believe we all started, as if we thought it had come from something inside the black case.

Ricardo opened the door. There stood a large, fair gentleman, whom he introduced at once as Professor Felix. The latter bowed, as he said, "There has been some mistake about a musical instrument, and this man here," pointing to the unintelligible foreigner, who stood grinning and bowing behind him, "says he left a valuable 'cello here to-day by mistake for this guitar. Will you tell me if this is true?"

Explanations followed, and the gentleman was about to take his leave, when his eyes fell on Elvira, who was hugging her recovered treasure with unconcealed rapture.

"That pleases you?" he asked, with surprise.

"Delights me, enchants me, *satisfies* me," she returned,

valiantly braving his scorn. "But when I know how to play, perhaps I shall use it for 'kindling wood!'"

"My sisters were in my studio," said Ricardo, apologetically, "and heard your remark. You were talking pretty loud, you know."

"And besides," added Elvira, recklessly, "I had my ear against the wall, so as not to lose a note of that heavenly music."

"Ah!"—he looked mollified. "Have you a teacher?"

"Not yet."

"I am a violinist myself," he said, smiling, "but I understand the guitar as well. If you require my services at any time I shall be happy to become your instructor."

"But, professor," blundered Ricardo, "you refused half-a-dozen pupils the other day, and you told me you didn't mean to teach any more!"

"That was for the violin," he returned, quickly, while the color deepened in his fair cheeks; "it will be a novelty and a rest for me to teach the guitar, and—and, in short, I make an exception." He bowed himself out.

"Well, Elvira," cried Ricardo, "you will have every chance of being in the *mode*, for fashion kneels at the feet of Herr Professor Felix."

"His charges will be too high," said Elvira decidedly, and for awhile the matter dropped.

One day, however, the professor handed Ricardo a card for his sister, on which he had written his terms. He offered to give her lessons for the sum usually asked by ordinary teachers, and his kindness was gratefully accepted. Thus it was that he became first her instructor and then the friend of us all.

"Elvira," I said, one day, "I never should have believed so small an instrument could groan, and twang, and shriek as that one does. Why do you make it give that weary wail?"

"That," replied my sister loftily, "is the glissando—the slide, if you prefer English. I am practicing it, and although it hurts the fingers a little, it is very pretty when well done—like a scale with the notes all melted together. But whatever is the matter with the rubbishy thing," she continued; "I have tuned and tuned till my ear is confused. I wish I might have had a more modern guitar,—these old-fashioned tuning screws must have been invented when sin first entered the world. I ought to have a guide to help me about tuning. Go out and buy me one, Ricardo; won't you?"

Ricardo laid down his book good-naturedly, took up his hat, and said, "What do you want? a tuning-fork?"

"Tuning-fork!" returned Elvira, disdainfully. "Tuning-fork indeed! A pitch-pipe in A."

"Oh!" and he departed.

Elvira fussed over her instrument until he came back, which he did very shortly with heightened color and an amused expression.

"Only think what I did!" he exclaimed. "I must have been mixed-up between my fork and your pipe, for I marched into the music store around the corner, and asked the young lady who waits there for—you'll never believe me, but I really did it—for a *pitchfork!*"

"You didn't!" What did she say?"

"I verily did. She looked at me for a moment, and then gravely asked me if it was the name of a new piece of music or a song. She hadn't heard of it if it was. I managed to explain what I meant, and I hurried out, but not quickly enough to avoid hearing a smothered giggle from behind the counter. There's your pitch-pipe; catch!"

We laughed a good deal over Ricardo's mistake, so much indeed that he became rather grumpy about it, and took himself off to his own room, whither we followed him later in the afternoon, with a peace-offering of delicate cake on a lovely painted plate.

The professor was playing in the next room, and Elvira stepped softly up to the door to listen.

"Better not lean too heavily against the next door," cautioned our brother, "it has no fastening on this side at all, and I have an idea it isn't very safe."

Elvira, I must admit, is a trifle willful; but whether Ricardo's warning came too late, or whether she leaned her whole weight on the slight partition to test it, I'm sure I can't tell; all I know is, that the next instant the door burst open and she executed a flying leap into the German gentleman's room, landing in a heap in the middle of his floor.

We were all three by her side in a moment, but she rose at once and though quivering with fright and pain began to laugh nervously and apologize for her unceremonious intrusion.

The professor, gently pushing her into his most comfortable chair, gallantly declared himself too much honored by her presence to quarrel with her method of effecting an entrance. "At the same time," he added, "I could wish for your own sake, my dear young lady, that you had managed to introduce yourself in a fashion less painful and exciting to your own nerves."

He placed chairs for Ricardo and me, and lit a spirit-lamp on a side table.

"What is that for?" asked Elvira, furtively rubbing a bruised elbow.

"There is nothing better than a cup of good coffee for shaken nerves," he replied, "and we Germans like coffee at four o'clock. I make myself a cup every day at this hour, and to-day I am going to make four."

He managed everything with neatness and skill. When he had filled the percolator he produced dainty cups and saucers, and pressed his hospitality so warmly and gracefully that we began to feel less ashamed of ourselves and to think better of Elvira's eccentric performance.

"I wish," said Elvira, very timidly for her, "that I dared to suggest that music as well as coffee—especially after coffee—is extremely soothing to a shocked system. Marcia insists on my observing strict etiquette with you, Mr. Felix, and because you are a celebrity and a professional, she has positively forbidden me to ask you to play; but as I have had a very bad fall from trying to steal this delight, perhaps you—"

"With all the pleasure in life," he answered, as she hesitated. And then followed one of the most delightful hours we had ever spent.

At last, with many thanks, we took our leave. When we reached our own rooms Elvira confessed that she had twisted one ankle, and bumped her elbow, and felt sore from head to foot. She hobbled about for awhile, and then gave up and went to bed, where she had to stay two days before the soreness passed.

The professor stopped in the mornings to ask after her. The third morning he did not call, and my sister, for some reason or other, was so nervous and irritable that I was ready to lose patience, when the familiar knock sounded, and there stood Mr. Felix beaming at me, his violin in one hand, and a bunch of fragrant, dewy violets in the other.

"I am come to beg a favor, Miss Marcia," he said to me. "I have half an hour to spare; pray allow me to sit in your parlor and play for you. Perhaps Miss Elvira might leave her door open and find it a relief from the monotony. And these violets I beg her to accept."

Elvira's crossness had vanished by the time I gave her the flowers. She sent back a pretty message, and the next day she got up and declared herself well.

Professor Felix was glad to see her when he called the next day. This time he was carrying a growing plant in a pretty flower-pot.

"What is it?" asked Elvira.

"Myrtle," he replied. "We Germans attach a significance to this plant, and if you will keep it and cherish it I will perhaps one day explain the meaning."

"Marcia," said Elvira, as soon as he had gone, "find out in some of those flower-language books of yours what this means. I can't wait. I must know at once, this very minute!"

I hunted my books over, and at last I read aloud: "Myrtle is often given as a token from one who loves another. German maidens cultivate this plant to wear when they are wedded. They look upon it much as we do upon orange-blossoms, as the flower of love and marriage."

"Oh!" cried Elvira, faintly. "Indeed! Thank you." Then she blushed very prettily, and I must frankly avow that she did not look in the least displeased.

EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

### A White Lily.

BESIDE me, on my table, stands  
A vase of exquisite shape and hue,  
Modeled by most artistic hands,  
With delicate tracery of blue  
Forget-me nots; while golden bands  
Relieve its cry-tal clearness too.

A vase like this should never hold,  
Not even for a single hour,  
Aught but rare blooms of heavenly mold,  
Or gathered from a fairy's bower;  
Or like the fabled ones of old,  
Some maiden turned into a flower.

Back to the past my memory hies,—  
I see a girl so wondrous fair,  
Pale, pearly skin, and luminous eyes,  
With heaven's own blue reflected there,  
And on her forehead pure there lies  
The glory of her golden hair.

Like some tall flower upon its stalk,  
Her regal head half bent she held;  
A queen among her mates she walked,  
Whose loyal subjects ne'er rebelled;  
She listened to their girlish talk,  
And all their petty quarrels quelled.

This peerless blossom in my vase,  
With waxen petals pearly white,  
Tall, slender, stately,—in its place  
A queen among all flowers by right;  
Oh! in its majesty and grace,  
Is it my friend that greets my sight?

The daisies o'er her grave have grown,  
There birds their sweetest songs have sung;  
And many, many years have flown  
Since the glad days when we were young;  
But in this lily fully blown  
Her spirit may again have sprung.

As I inhale its perfumed breath,  
And to my lips its petals press,  
I scarce believe the angel Death  
E'er clasped her with his cold caress,  
But think, with old-time, simple faith,  
'Tis she returned, my life to bless!

LOUISE CAPRON CURTICE.

### Morning-Glories.

SWEET Morning-glories, many hued,  
That greet the bright sun's rising,  
That twine about the walls so rude,  
The senses still surprising  
With some new-mingled color, wove  
Like a fair bride's adorning  
When she goes forth to meet her love—  
Fair Glories of the Morning!

O rosy pink, and azure blue,  
And royal purple chalice,  
Which brighten with each radiant hue  
The arbor like a palace,  
And weaving o'er our rustic hall  
A many-colored awning,  
O welcome to you, one and all,  
Bright Glories of the Morning!

When first in yonder eastern sky  
The sun comes forth in splendor,  
You turn to meet his radiant eye  
With glances sweet and tender;  
But, all too weak to bear his gaze,  
Which tells the old, old story,  
You fold within your heart his rays—  
Sweet modest Morning-glory!

And though you know he looks upon  
Some flaming, flaunting beauty,  
The whole day through—each coming dawn  
You offer your sweet duty—  
The duty of a loving heart,  
Though he should give but scorning;  
Acting a woman's better part—  
Fair Glories of the Morning!

But soon your power shall win him back—  
Your warm but truant lover;  
For every wind that sweeps his track  
Or bends the summer clover  
Full well he knows into *their* ears  
Pours out the same old story:  
So he will come and dry your tears—  
Sweet, constant Morning-glory!

In childhood's hours I loved you well,  
And now, in life's declining,  
I gather up each brilliant bell  
And dream I still am twining  
The fair frail wreaths of olden days,—  
Telling the same old stories,—  
Hearing my mother's dear voice praise  
My plumes of Morning-glories.

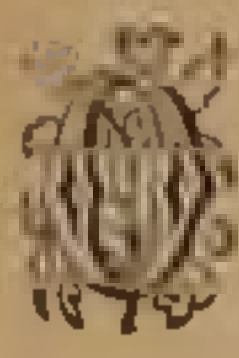
Wherever Nature's form is rude  
Your garlands bring her beauty;  
You wreath o'er fences, stones and wood  
Your flowers of love and duty:  
You brighten darkness and decay,  
And fling o'er ruins hoary  
Your rainbow colors, day by day—  
Fair, lovely Morning-glory!

MRS. MARY E. NEALY.



## Home Art and Home Comfort.

"We'll all take tea."

UR grandmothers were accustomed to make their tea at their own tea-tables. The making of the tea was not a kitchen affair for the servant, but dainty, womanly work for the mistress of the home. This pretty custom is still common in England, and in many old families in this country.

The kettle with boiling water, with the lamp below, the teapot filled with hot water ready to be emptied, the two tea-caddies, with their two kinds of tea, are placed ready for the tea-making. The mother of the household, or sometimes the oldest daughter, presides at the tea-tray.

The hot water is poured from the teapot; the tea, carefully measured from the caddy, is put into the steaming pot, the water from the boiling kettle poured judiciously over it, and then the teapot quickly covered with the useful and ornamental tea-cosey, and left for a few moments to draw.

Now, if we cannot make our tea at our own tables, which is really the better and safer way, if we wish good tea; if we cannot do this, still the tea-cosey is none the less useful, ornamental, and suggestive of comfort.

We give in this number a design for a tea-cosey. Below is a border of scattered tea flowers and leaves, above Japanese figures. In the center one a Japanese gentleman is seriously arranging branches of tea blossoms in a vase, his tray of flowers and scissors being close at hand. Above is the motto from Mother Goose, and again scattered tea flowers. This cosey can be made of satine or of soft Indian silk, with the border embroidered on a plush ribbon in gold thread, or on the material itself, only in heavier silks. If the border is embroidered on the silk or satine, the flowers, leaves and border lines can be done in heavy twisted silks, or the whole border can be done solid in twisted silks. Then the spaces for the figures can be left in the material itself. The dresses can be embroidered in various colors and stitches. When darned, the darning should run in the direction of the folds of the garments. French knots or a simple cross-stitch can be used. A variety of stitches hints at a variety of texture for the garments, and is of course better. The heavy strong outlines can be done in stem or split stitch. The faces and hands are simply outlined. There is little drawing in most of these faces, still, if you can persuade any friend accustomed to drawing faces to take these few stitches, the faces will probably have a more human expression. These figures are taken from Japanese books, and others can be selected for the other side of the cosey, or these can be repeated. The border lines around the figures can be darned each in a different color, the borders also being in different widths. A good Japanese effect can be had if you draw a line above and below the motto, and darn with two threads of filose, these spaces above and below, leaving the flowers of the material itself simply outlined with color, the stamens being in French knots, in yellow. Darn also from the sides toward the motto in irregular shapes, like the clouds in a Japanese picture, leaving the space for the motto of the material itself, the letters being embroidered on it in a simple back-stitch in a dark color.

The tea plant belongs to the Camellia family. The flowers are white, but may be embroidered in pale yellows, yellow-greens or pale pinks. The leaves should be in a dull green. The shades of color must depend on the color of the material used. A simple cosey can be made of fine duck, the border below being a plush ribbon of an olive color, the flowers and leaves embroidered in solid stem (Kensington) stitch. The figures should be simply outlined in stem-stitch. The


making up of the cosey after the embroidery is done is somewhat troublesome.

A lining of chamois skin shorter than the outside must be cut, and on to this is tacked wadding (wool wadding is best) an inch and a half thick. This must be neatly sewed inside the embroidered cover so that the cosey stands firm and upright. The seam over the top and the bottom edge can be bordered with a silk cord. This design can be easily adapted for a square tea-cloth, or for a tea-tray cover. For a square linen cloth the border can be used in outline or darned work, and a Japanese figure in stem-stitch can be put in three of the corners above the border, while a few scattered flowers can be used in the fourth corner.

With the darned border-blues, pinks and yellows can shade into each other with a charming effect of color. With simple outline work, two shades of the same color are enough.

HETTA L. H. WARD.

## Summer Work.

HE heat and consequent lassitude of midsummer do not naturally associate themselves with physical exertion, or with much effort of any kind; yet occupation really enables one to endure, or rather to forget, the discomfort which grows out of high temperature as well as any other, and work and quiet are infinitely to be preferred in the hot glare of an August sun to laziness, exposure, and noise. Traveling is not at all agreeable during the very warm weather, at least not in this country, or in those parts of it where the thermometer has a way of getting up into the nineties. Closed blinds, shade, the comfort of cool, light, washable clothing, and bills of fare adapted to the season, are the elements that make this "heated term" endurable. But ladies who seek these in the country do not always know how to associate them away from home with usefulness, and we propose a few suggestions which may help to while away the summer hours and give interest to a country holiday.

The first, simplest, and most natural of these is a piece of needle-work. There are so many charming ideas nowadays, so many things to make, for which the housekeeper and mother of a family, or even the young girl, cannot possibly find time in the midst of home cares and social routine, that it is an immense comfort to snatch the opportunity in connection with summer rest and pleasure. A lady whose drawing-room, guest-chamber, and family rooms are the delight of artistic eyes, from the beautiful work that they exhibit, has executed every detail of it—from the painted tiles of the fire-places to the dainty table-scarfs and embroidered satin covers of the pretty chairs—with her own hands during her periods of summer "rest." Table-cloths illuminated with old German text, toilet sets in outline work—innumerable articles—attest her industry; which, however, she insists has not been at all disagreeably or onerously systematic. She does not waste time on inconsequent and impossible things—handkerchief cases which are never used, boxes which do not hold anything—or in ornamenting that which is not intended to be ornamented, and is only made ridiculous by covering, or patches of paint or embroidery.

If fancy work is out of the question, take plain and useful work—a piece of flannel and a piece of fine unbleached muslin—and make up articles to give away, if they are not needed for home consumption. Many women of means, who are accustomed to paying for their sewing, or who buy clothes ready-made, would reap a degree of comfort beyond computation by the very simple plan of providing them-

selves with material and suitable patterns, and utilizing the summer hours in making children's school dresses, warm petticoats, combination underwear, and aprons. In this way the best and simplest styles will be selected, the fit and adaptability made superior to such designs as are ordinarily available, and the satisfaction in wear is doubled. If there are no children in one's own family to be provided for, there are always plenty in the mission schools, or in the families of relatives or dependents. An intelligent lady in New York who is accustomed to making the best use of her time, and doing the most and the best in her power for others, took remnants of material into the country with her once upon a time, and in working upon them attracted the attention of a young girl staying in the same house. She became interested in the stories told of the children, half orphaned, and the hard-working mothers who were to be benefited by this clothing, and begged permission to assist. Gradually others came in, a cutting and sewing class was formed, material was contributed by subscription, and boxes of serviceable garments were made and distributed later in two mission schools and among various needy persons. The class, too, was of use in more ways than one: several girls learned to cut and sew whose acquirements in that direction had previously been very limited; and all felt that the time had been usefully spent, which is not always the case at summer resorts.


A most interesting biographical class was once formed at a watering-place under the following circumstances. A lady had brought with her a piece of work of extraordinary size and beauty. It was an afghan of large size, and it was intended as a gift to a young couple who were to be married in the autumn and go to the frontier, the prospective bridegroom being an army officer. The afghan and its maker became a center of attraction; ladies, young and old, gathered about it and its assiduous maker, and one morning, as most of them were engaged in executing some kind of needle-work, she proposed that several of the younger women should take turns in reading a book she was interested in, "Grimm's Life of Goethe." The proposal was accepted with avidity. The readings, and the little discussions that grew out of them were anticipated with interest. Occasionally gentlemen joined the group; and one, a scholar, finally wrote a paper, summarizing conclusions and stating facts, which was read upon an evening in the large parlor of the hotel, and excited enthusiasm. This gentleman advised the taking up of the life of any person, man or woman, who clearly influenced the thought and life of their time, and find out how and why; studying antecedents, history, the drift of public opinion, and all the conditions that could have exercised a formative influence. This led to serious study, and subsequently to the formation of a society by correspondence; many of whose members met for years every summer in the pleasant spot which had witnessed their first meeting.

In England there are "Dairy-Farm" schools, where young women can spend their summers, paying a small sum for board and learning all about dairy-farm work. It seems a pity that there are not some such opportunities in this country; so many parents who cannot accompany their children into the country would be glad to have them spend the holiday months in acquiring experimental knowledge of country life and work under thoroughly good and happy auspices. But though this cannot usually be attained, still there are many ways in which time may be put to good purpose, and we advise our readers who are spending the "heated term" away from city homes, to provide themselves with occupation, and pursue it, notwithstanding the state of the thermometer, if they would make their holiday really enjoyable and pleasant to look back upon.

## How we Live in New York.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

### THE CO-OPERATIVE HOME.

T is rather curious that the very largeness of possibilities in this country, the boundless resources which have led to profuse living and much wasteful expenditure of means and force, should have so complicated our domestic and social economy as to render actual existence a much more serious problem with the working, business, and professional classes than it is in many parts of the old world. It is curious, too, that while labor here is high, it is far from satisfactory, and the laborer appears to live with less contentment, not to say enjoyment, than in places where less than half the amount of money is paid for the same kind of work; some of the reasons being that while the laborer earns more money, he also pays more for all that he consumes, for all the necessaries of his life, and is, therefore, less benefited by the total result; while his sources of dissatisfaction increase with the number and attractiveness of things placed apparently within reach, yet as far removed by invisible barriers as heaven from the waiting Peri.

We do not suffer the loss of a joy that we have never known; and the millions of sturdy men and women whose strength has been gained from bread, cheese, oatmeal, soup, coffee, and the like, are better off than with all the fruits of the earth at their doors, yet beyond their reach.

The greatest problem of all in New York City is shelter, how to pay rent, how to earn money enough to live in as good a house as one's neighbors, how to accomplish that most desirable of all objects to a family man, a home of his own, where he will not be, as the phrase goes, "at the mercy of a landlord." Quite as frequently the case is reversed and the landlord is at the mercy of the tenant, but it is the fashion, naturally, among tenants, to speak of landlords as cruelly unjust, because rents are high, when in reality the landlord finds it as difficult to make a percentage on his capital as if they were lower, because labor, cost of materials, repairs, taxes, and other liabilities, are all high in proportion. Mr. Henry George, a somewhat noted labor and land reformer, believes that the most important social problems could be solved by a new adjustment of the land question. He thinks that ownership should not be vested in land, that this should be free to all, and that property rights should exist only in the improvements put upon the land in the shape of buildings, and the like; but it is difficult to see how values can be adjusted which properly exist in man,—in individuals. A barren plot of ground has of itself no value. But let some enterprising man or woman build up a village or city about it, put commercial, or industrial, or educational, or all of these activities into it, and every square inch becomes valuable, increasing the fortunes and prosperity of the neighborhood and entire community. If there was no certainty of ownership there would be less incentive to effort, and material development of all kinds would suffer in consequence. Those who own, and those who hire, houses, know how it is with what is merely held at the "mercy" of others: it is not cared for, it has little personal interest for us, and if land was the property of everybody, and therefore of nobody, people would cease to care for its improvement, would cease almost to sweep their own door-yards. The ownership of a "bit" of the soil is one of the earliest and strongest of the natural instincts of man, and those countries are the happiest where it is divided up into small parcels, and every inch of it cultivated and loved.

But I have wandered away from the "rent" question,

which is, however, so terrible a problem because the ground upon which New York stands has become by the aggregation of wealth and enterprise so valuable that, were each stone covered with gold coin, it could hardly more than represent its present price to those who would possess a few feet of it. The advance has been very rapid within the past thirty years, and it has destroyed the hopes of many families possessed of small incomes, who looked forward to the possession of a home, but found hope fail, and expectation diminish, as years rolled on, and prices and expenses of all kinds increased in a ratio that bore little relation to the increase in wages or income. In fact, in the latter case, the income has been reduced, if dependent on interest from capital, as that of many women and children is, in an almost corresponding degree with the advance in prices, leaving many poor who formerly considered themselves rich; and many hopeless of permanent improvement of their condition who once thought that time, and patience, and persistent effort would accomplish their utmost desires.

We hear so much of the doings and the wealth of the very rich, so much of the poverty of the very poor, that we fail to take into account the myriads whose lives are marked by constant struggle, who are not rich, because they have only their own hands and brains for a dependence, yet cannot be called poor, because they possess will, determination, and the energy required to put these to their best use. It is this intelligent, industrious class who suffer most from the transition periods of society, from the changes which are constantly occurring in the material and social world, from the growth in what we call civilization, which makes the rich richer, and the poor poorer, and places still heavier burdens upon the shoulders of those who are willing to bear them. This class, with its cultivated conscience, and its developed tastes, whose existence is a never-ending struggle, whose daily prayer is a cry for strength and patience to the end, whose daily life is one of devotion to the duty of the hour, and who oftentimes see death before them in the shop, or at the desk, and brave his steady companionship, knowing it could be avoided by casting aside consideration for others, and living for self alone.

It was this class, so noble, and so heroic, that was to be benefited by a scheme initiated within the past five years, but which has since grown into large proportions, known as the "Co-operative Home Club," by which the apartment house was to become the property of the tenants; each owning their "flat," just as smaller individual houses are owned. The plan grew out of the eagerness with which the apartment house idea was taken up and adopted, the growing necessity for utilizing space, the narrow area of city ground, and the desire to lower the regular apartment rates, and bring respectable ones, in size and accommodations, within limited means. The initiatory idea was formulated by Mr. Hubert, an architect of repute, but others have since followed his lead, and there are now a considerable number of co-operative apartment houses, and more are projected; still it has not provided the earthly Paradise that was anticipated, at least for the class of people that expected to profit by it, although it may have done so for others.

In building a co-operative apartment house, the usual plan is for ten or a dozen persons to form a "home club," subscribe a certain amount of capital, divide the property into "stock,"—of which each one takes a given number of shares,—and contract with a builder who is also an architect, or an architect who is also a builder, to put up the house at a given price. The expectation, in the first place, was to give to professional people an opportunity to obtain a home of their own at half the price of a small isolated house. It was calculated that from eight to twelve families, by "clubbing" together, could save not only all the cost of

private hallways, doorways, and the like, but all that the landlord makes of profit out of each individual dwelling; that, in other words, all the accommodation found in a house costing from ten to twenty five thousand dollars could be obtained for little more than half the sum, with the advantage of better location and more imposing exterior. No house large enough for a family of even the most moderate pretensions can be found in any convenient locality in New York City at a less cost than an average of fifteen thousand dollars; and this sum will not supply space enough for any purpose, such as the disposition of one or more rooms, by which the sum invested, or represented by a yearly rental of fourteen or fifteen hundred dollars, can be reduced. It has, therefore, been the frequent custom for people who could not even afford this amount to take still larger houses, pay two or three thousand dollars per year, and then try to "wipe out" the larger part by renting to lodgers, or boarders, some of its most desirable rooms. The burden in these cases, of course, largely fell upon the wife, and the privacy, the comfort of the home, departed.

The temptation, therefore, was great to try a scheme which promised such desirable results as the Co-operative Home Club sketched out. The apartment houses already in existence, several of which had been "made over" from large, old-fashioned, private houses, were said to bring fabulous profits, and why not save such profits to the tenants themselves? But one important fact was overlooked; it was this: that novelty alone constituted the chief attraction of these first flimsy, inconvenient, and unsafe structures. Fires, accidents, tenants leaving on account of noise and bad odors, soon taught builders and owners that apartment houses must be built on principles of their own, and that art and science applied to dwelling houses, even on the co-operative plan, are not cheap, at least not in New York City. Thus, plans were made, and improved upon, until the cost, in most cases, doubled on its primeval basis; the originators, however, chiefly artists and literary men, did not lose heart nor enthusiasm, but they became fired with the spirit of speculation: the project had got into the newspapers and had been widely written about; had caught the attention of hundreds who wanted to improve upon their mode of living, and had created would-be purchasers, who eagerly seized an opportunity of buying at an advance, with, in many cases, but a slight knowledge of the liabilities involved in the purchase. Take a house on Fifty-ninth street, as an example. The original liability to each owner of apartments in this building was five thousand dollars, cash down, and the individual share of a hundred thousand dollars of mortgage. But changes and improvements in the plans brought the cash cost up to seven thousand five hundred dollars to each individual representing an apartment, and this sum was not the whole cost by any means. Wall-paper, grates, gas-fixtures, and much other finishing still remained to be done after the builder's contract was completed, involving a cost of at least five hundred dollars more. Add to this first cost of eight thousand dollars the division of yearly expenses, the interest on mortgage, the taxes, the insurance, the water rates, the janitor's fees, and bills, and the lowest annual average that could be calculated upon, in the way of liability to each individual, was eight hundred and fifty dollars. It does not take a vast amount of arithmetic to show that eight thousand dollars down and a yearly liability of eight hundred or more dollars would leave but small margin between a co-operative apartment and the cost of an ordinary house, and that margin on the side of the house. There are taxes, to be sure, on the house, and there are certain hall and sidewalk liabilities that do not enter into the calculations of "apartment" holders, but a house of one's own has also advantages over an apartment. It is by

itself, it does not interfere with other people, nor other people with it,—as the best managed apartment must, more or less; particularly as the American habit of profuse living and profuse cooking does not harmonize strictly and kindly as might be with the apartment idea. These considerations, and others, obtruded themselves on original owners, and the principal one was, that if they could not afford a house at fifteen thousand dollars, neither could they afford an apartment at a sum which meant that amount of invested capital—and more. This practical view induced many of the original members of “home clubs” to inspire imaginative persons of larger capital with an enthusiasm for the idea, and then sell out to them at an advance on the cost to themselves, this being the surest method of reaping a profit from the plan. Some few sanguine ones maintained their hold, but the scheme, in consequence of the cost, proved of so little advantage to the class it was intended to benefit that few original holders can now be found in the “home clubs.” Doubtless time and experience will demonstrate ways in which houses may be built on co-operative principles at less individual cost than the isolated dwelling, and with great advantages over it in point of convenience and comfort. Some of the latter have, indeed, been obtained. But as yet we are in the experimental stage. It has been found indispensable to use fire-proof materials, hard-wood finish mainly, and the best workmanship—all of which are difficult and dear in a community where ill-prepared material and sloppy construction are the rule. It is easy to see, however, that we have not, as yet, reached a point where a “co-operative home” can be obtained in New York by any family that is not prepared to yield, at least, five thousand dollars for annual expenditure. If it is large, and includes several children, whose school and other expenses are to be considered in addition to the living and personal expenses of the adult members, this sum will be found sufficiently meager. Calling the rent

\$1,500 per annum,  
1,500 table expenses (inclusive),  
500 servants' wages, light, fuel,

only fifteen hundred dollars remains for education, dress, wear and tear of furniture, and household belongings, personal expenses, books, papers, summer trips, doctor's fees, and other contingents.

Fifteen hundred dollars per annum, or thirty dollars per week, may be considered too much for the table, but those who are accustomed to cater for a family of six to nine persons in New York, where butter ranges from thirty to fifty cents per pound, beef from twenty to twenty-eight, and fruits and vegetables in proportion, the family being presupposed intelligent and sanitary, while always accustomed to such good things as a market affords, will not think an average of three dollars per head per week an undue estimate, or more than is necessary to cover the emergencies of Sundays and holidays, of birthdays and Christmas, of visitors and occasional gatherings, even where the hospitality is of the simplest. In placing the rent at fifteen hundred dollars, of course the interest on the invested capital has been taken into account; if that is left out of the calculation the surplus may help to solve some of the problems which will remain when the final fifteen hundred dollars has been divided between “papa,” “mamma,” and “the children,” or it may be laid away as the proverbial “nest egg” against that “rainy day” when the accustomed income does not make its appearance, and when assumed liabilities are in force, and must be met, or degradation and the lowering of all the standards that make home and social life happy and honorable must follow.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the co-operative

apartment as here given, and its list of requirements, represents the high-cost apartment by any means. Home Clubs were not started for the rich, but for workers earning a living, and there are individuals among them whose earnings are large who have found a satisfactory solution to their domestic problems in these modern hives. The object in buildings of this kind is to keep down cost, rather than to add luxuries, and therefore the plans are always made with reference to getting safety, comfort, and as much beauty as possible within certain limits, but the constant improvement in architectural plans and ideas, while suggesting infinite possibilities for the future, does not reduce cost, but adds to it. What is known as the “duplex” system of apartments is the latest of these improvements. An apartment has heretofore been a “flat,” all on a level, which was, and is, one of its objections, the air of kitchen and bedrooms more or less permeating the whole. The rooms are also comparatively and almost uniformly small; these objections are obviated by the “duplex” system. These apartments consist of two sets of rooms, one being on the front, and including parlor, dining-room, library, sitting-room, and kitchen, connected with the dining-room, and separated from the other rooms by it, and service rooms, butlers' pantries, and the like; and the sleeping-rooms, which are reached by a short flight of steps, and occupy another and distinct rear elevation. The ceilings of these are lower than the front rooms, parlor, library, and others, and there is less massiveness in the finish of the wood-work; constituting a separate suit there is no longer a necessity for uniformity, while an immense advantage is gained in having the bed-rooms on a different elevation from the day rooms, and inclosed so as to be less accessible and less open to intruders.

Such a home apartment, though far beyond the reach of the more moderate and modest class of trade and professional workers, is insignificant indeed compared with the proportions and elegancies of the apartment houses built for the wealthy, or at least for persons of ample means. One of the most notable of these is the “Dakota.” This is a magnificent building of brick and Nova Scotia stone, ten stories high, and occupying upwards of four hundred square feet of ground, at Seventy-second street and Eighth avenue. There is a large court in the center, and under this a tunnel for the delivery of grocery and other stores. There are seven elevators in the building, four for the occupants and general public, three for servants, every family being expected to require from four to six. There are eight apartments on each floor, sixty-four in all, and each of the larger apartments has a private vestibule, a hall thirteen feet square, in which is a fine tiled fire-place; a parlor twenty-four by twenty-nine; a dining-room twenty-four by twenty-five, and nine bed-rooms. The building is fire-proof throughout, but the rentals, some of the apartments being much smaller than those mentioned, range from twenty-five hundred to six thousand dollars per year; to occupy the latter an income of twenty-five thousand dollars per year would be necessary, and persons possessing this amount may be regarded “as well off as if they were rich.”

It will be seen that this modern system of apartment living is revolutionizing ideas in more ways than one: it is not only bringing people of different grades and conditions under one roof, as in Europe, an idea that has been scouted as impracticable in republican America, but it is destroying the narrow lines of demarcation which have heretofore existed in New York city, making it reputable, and even desirable, to live east and west of Fifth and Madison avenues. This is a surprising result to have been accomplished within five years, and it has been largely brought about by modern science, which enables builders to put electric, telephonic, steam elevators, heating, and other improvements in apart-

ment houses on Eighth avenue, which are not possible in the majority of private houses on Fifth and Madison avenues. Science and industry are the only true republicans and equalizers, but it is rather too bad that plans intended for the good of those who earn their livelihood by their hands and brains should simply add to the ease and comfort of those who toil not, nor spin.

## Nan's Wedding Gift.

BY DOROTHY HOLROYD.

**T**HIS is just the quaintest and prettiest thing in china painting that I ever did see! Where in the world did you get all your ideas from, Nan?"

"Evolved them from my inner consciousness—begged, borrowed, and stole 'em! *This* is from one of Lotte's own sketches," answered Nan, holding up a plate with a carefully executed little sepia drawing on it. "I ought to have thrown a branch of dogwood across behind that panel, but my study of those blossoms has disappeared, and I had nothing to work from."

"Oh! these cherry-blooms are just as pretty."

"Yes, but the dogwood has a sentimental little association. However, Lotte and her future lord and master will find quite enough memories of that sort among these designs. We made this sketch one night up the river, and the wild roses round the rim are drawn from those we brought home. Such a boat-load of sweetness as it was! *That* is a drawing of Uncle Tom's old mill; and *this* was a ridiculous pen and ink illustration in one of Phil's letters. Those two little owls that are having such a good time together on that butter-plate will make Phil laugh, I fancy—he's seen them before!"

"I wish I were the bride who is to have all these pretty things," said Miss Woods, examining one after another of the bewitching little bird and butterfly decorations on the cups and saucers. "How she will enjoy them."

"I hope so." There was a very loving and tender inflection in Nan's voice. "I wanted Lotte to have something from me that could not possibly be duplicated. There are so many people to give her beautiful and elegant things—but no one loves her as I do, and no one else *could* have done just this, for they don't know all her little love story as I do."

"You and your cousin have been very dear friends, haven't you? But it will make a difference now, of course."

"I suppose so," Nan answered ruefully, "though I don't know—it hasn't as yet. Phil *has* been so good and kind, and they have shared their happiness with me as I verily believe no two people ever shared it with a third before. Phil Durant is just about good enough for my Lotte, and I couldn't say anything more."

"What an idyllic state of affairs!" laughed her friend. "It seems to be a triangle of lovers. But to turn to a practical side issue, how will you ever get all this china from New York to Washington? Aren't you afraid it will be broken to pieces?"

"That is the question that puzzles my mind. I shall weep, I'm convinced, if anything is broken—but I'll pack as carefully as I can, and leave the result to kind providence."

"Good luck to you!" said Miss Woods. "I really mustn't keep you any longer, for I know you have lots to do, but I did want to see your breakfast set before you carried it away."

"My dear, you certainly have no time to lose," said her mother, as Nan came back to the dining-room after saying

good-by to her visitor. "Is the express-man to call for your baggage to-night or to-morrow morning?"

"In the morning," Nan replied; "so you see I have time enough. Come and help me pack my breakables now, that's a darling! Mothers are a very nice institution! Whatever shall I do without you? I wish you were going to the wedding, too, mamma."

"I think Lotte's wedding has turned your head a little. When do you expect to be my sensible daughter again?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Did they send the packing-box that I ordered?"

"Yes, but I don't believe it will hold the whole set. It looks small to me."

Nan sat in the middle of the kitchen floor that evening looking disconsolate. Round about her was a wild *débris* of straw, shavings, raw cotton, and old newspapers; a pile of plates stood on her right hand, and a collection of cups and saucers on her left. Mother, brother, and sister looked on sympathetically.

"It's no use," said Will at last, "you can't get 'em in, and you needn't try. Haven't you got a bigger box—or a barrel?"

"Oh, a barrel would never do," interposed Mrs. Ashley. "They'd roll it over and over, and everything would be smashed."

"I'll tell you," said Alice, "pack them in that big basket. They can't turn a thing of that sort upside down so easily."

"Happy thought," cried Nan, "book it!"

And so it was packed finally; but when the time came to give it over to the tender mercies of baggage-masters her heart failed her.

"Can't it come right here in the car with me?" she asked, when Will came back to inform her that it was impossible to pay any one man to take charge of it all the way through, because brakemen and baggage-men were changed at Philadelphia.

"I don't know." Will looked doubtful. "You won't have to change cars, and the carriage will meet you—but it's such a big basket, and will be an awful nuisance."

"You'll look as if you were a backwoods country woman!" This from Alice, who had insisted upon going to the depot with her sister. "The idea of going round with a great hamper tied up with bedticking. Won't she be a sight, Will?"

Will regarded his elder sister critically—the severely simple and stylish traveling dress, the well-gloved hands, the perfectly correct silk umbrella, and hand-bag of Russia leather. He approved of it all, and in his heart of hearts he admired his pretty sister, but he only replied with true brotherly indifference, "Oh, Nan's all right!" Then to her, "I'll put the basket here in the car with you if you say so."

Nan did say so, and a certain young man, who was to be Miss Annabel Ashley's nearest *compagnon du voyage*, watched the whole performance with amused interest.

"Good-by," said Alice; "don't forget to bring me a piece of wedding cake!"

"Take care of yourself," from Will, and in another moment the train was moving slowly out of the Jersey City depot.

Miss Ashley settled herself in a corner with a book. Mr. Richard Venables folded his newspaper and devoted all his attention to her. He shifted his position that he might see more of her face than the curved line of her cheek. He wished she would stop reading and look up—he wanted to see that pair of clear hazel eyes once more; but the tantalizing fringe of dark lashes that shaded them held their downward curve steadily. He wondered what she was reading, and when he had strained his eyes to make out the words, "Through One Administration," he devoted Mrs. Burnett and her writings to various Dante-esque depths. He watched

for the opportunity to render her some little service ; but she was on the shady side of the car—there were no blinds to be raised or lowered, and her traveling impedimenta were all satisfactorily arranged. Then he laughed at himself for a fool, and opened his newspaper again.

The closely-printed columns seemed to contain nothing that was not "flat, stale, and unprofitable," so in despair he wandered off into a sort of wide-awake dreamland, in which the girl in the pretty traveling suit, just in front, somehow became the central figure.

At Elizabeth he came out of his dream-world with a suddenness which surprised two other people no less than himself. A tall, burly figure lurched into the car, paused with vicious unsteadiness by the vacant place at Miss Ashley's side, succeeded in kicking her precious basket till the dishes rattled through all their wrappings, and was about to seat himself when he was arrested by a hand laid upon his shoulder.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Venables, quietly, "but you cannot take that place."

"I'd like to know what business it is of yours?" retorted the man with husky anger.

"The young lady is traveling under my escort," explained Mr. Venables with unblushing mendacity. "I will change places."

Miss Ashley's hazel eyes were opened wide enough now, as she regarded the gentleman at her side with a look of half-haughty, half-puzzled astonishment. She dimly comprehended the condition of the new-comer, but was at a loss to understand the reason of her deliverance.

"I beg your pardon," Mr. Venables was saying, with low-toned emphasis, "but it was out of the question that that fellow should be allowed to annoy a lady. I acted on the impulse of the moment, and there seemed no other way of doing it quietly. Will you forgive me?"

"It seems I have to thank, rather than pardon you." Miss Ashley spoke with the gracious reserve of a lady who is not quite sure of the position in which she is placed, and Mr. Venables concluded that he liked this girl's reserve better than the effusiveness which might have met him.

"You will allow me to remain here then?"

"I have no right to prevent it." The words were made gracious by the ripple of a smile which accompanied them. Womanly intuition had told her that this was a man to be trusted, and she met his eyes with a frank look of welcome as she added, "I'm afraid you will be uncomfortably crowded ; I can't make this basket take up any less room."

"It doesn't trouble me in the least, I assure you."

"It troubles *me* very much," she returned, comically.

"How so? Can I move it for you?"

"Oh! it is not that; but that man who just came in kicked it so hard that I'm afraid everything is broken."

"It is unsafe to travel with breakables in a railway train."

"I know it, but what could I do? I was afraid to send it as freight."

"Yes?" said he, with a slight upward inflection. "I have been interested in the contents of that basket ever since I saw it brought in; there was an air of importance about it that stimulated my curiosity."

Nan laughed. "It is too bad to make fun of me, but I was forewarned, and so am forearmed. Would you like to know what I have there? There is no earthly reason why your curiosity should not be gratified."

"Indeed I should," he replied, with a more intense interest in the young lady than in her basket.

"Well, it is a set of china, painted by myself, and designed as a wedding gift. Now you will understand my anxiety for its safety."

"I don't wonder you are anxious; a gift of that sort could

not be replaced. So you are going to a wedding? Why is it that one is always interested by every bridal suggestion? Now I shall be taking part in a performance of that sort before long. Oh, no! don't make me the hero, if you please. I'm only to be 'best man.'"

"That's a pleasant office, I'm sure."

"Yes; the bridegroom is just the best fellow in the whole world, and he's so thoroughly satisfied with his luck that I'm convinced the young lady must be a paragon."

"That goes without saying, doesn't it? People always say such things when one is going to be married or buried."

"I'm afraid you are taking gloomy views of life. Isn't that remark just a trifle cynical?"

"I think it was, so I'll take it back. *My* bonny bride could not be over-praised, of a verity."

"Nor could my friend. Do you think I mean to let the virtues be heaped upon your sex, and mine forgotten?"

"If he is your friend, I won't quarrel with you for praising him."

"Well, he is a good fellow—I don't know a better one—but he's just a trifle *tête montée*, as our French friends say, over this affair, and thinks no one can be happy in any other way. His letters have alternated between eulogies of his bride and eulogies of his bride's friend who is to be first bridesmaid. I've never met the young lady, yet my fate is predicted."

"What a chapter of coincidences," said Nan, with an amused laugh. "I, too, am to meet a great unknown. Now, if we were in a novel, *you* would be that 'best man' I have been hearing of, and *I* should be the bridesmaid your friend has written about."

"Who knows but what it *is* so?" he retorted.

"Oh, I know that it isn't," asserted Miss Ashley, having seen that his ticket carried him all the way through to Richmond, and jumping to hasty conclusions. "If I hadn't known that it could not be, do you think I would have matched your confidence with mine?"

"Couldn't you trust me?" he asked.

"Why should I?" she replied. "Though it occurs to me that I *am* trusting you instinctively, in that I have entered into conversation with a stranger."

"I am honored by the unconscious confidence," said he, so simply and gravely that her half-formed self-accusations were silenced. Yet she led the conversation into other channels after that, and through the long hours of the journey they discussed music, books, and pictures, finding innumerable meeting points. It was almost a surprise when she caught the first glimpse of the Capitol dome, and knew that she, at least, had arrived at her destination. She even said good-by to her unknown companion with a feeling of regret, and was conscious of a personal interest as she expressed the hope that his friends would be as happy as she believed hers would be.

When the basket of china was hoisted up to the box of the coupé by Mr. Palmer's sable coachman, Nan felt that her troubles were ended; she could resign herself to brief anticipations of Lotte's pleasure.

It was a busy household that she found, but her welcome was none the less warm. Through the next three days Nan was her cousin's "right-hand man" through all the turmoil of preparation; clinging to her all the more closely because of the ever-present sense of coming loss. There was to be a rehearsal of the ceremony on the night before the wedding, and Nan and Lotte were waiting in the library for the coming of Mr. Durant and his friend. The room fairly sparkled with costly and beautiful gifts. The shifting fire-light gleamed and glanced over frosted silver and cut glass; it was reflected in mirrors, and threw back burnished rays from the brass sconces, and plaques, and candelabra. Nan's

china was set out in shining array upon one of the tables, telling its own story of loving memories in the past and hopes for the future.

The two girls were resting and waiting, talking half-idly upon the surface of things because of the depths in both hearts that they did not dare to sound.

"I wish I knew who he was," Nan was saying. "Don't you wish, Lotte, that you knew something about that other wedding?" And Lotte, to whom all the world was a garden of Eden in which new Adams and Eves were to roam, wandered off into a vague wonder as to whether any two people *could* be as happy as she and Phil were.

The gentlemen came in unannounced, and for a moment unnoticed. The room was lighted only by the shifting glow of the wood fire, but when Nan turned to meet Phil's friend, Dick Venables, she found no stranger.

"You were so very sure it couldn't be," remarked that gentleman teasingly, "that I hadn't the heart to undeceive you."

"How did you know?" she demanded, flushing into an uncomfortable fear lest she had been too communicative. If she could *only* remember what she had said!

"I didn't know at first," he confessed, "but later in the day I happened to notice the card on your basket—that told the tale. Then I was everlastingly sorry I had to go on to Richmond instead of getting off at Washington with you."

"It was your ticket which misled me," said Miss Ashley. "Lotte and I had just been speculating about that Richmond wedding as you came in."

"I'm glad it's in Washington," remarked Mr. Venables, significantly. "Is this the china that I had the honor of protecting? May I not see it now?"

"Of course." Miss Ashley turned toward the table with him. Phil and Lotte were absorbed in their own affairs, and only one person heard Mr. Venables' low-toned speech:

"I am convinced now that Phil's eulogies are always to be believed."

"I told you that my bonny bride could not be overpraised," said Nan, choosing to ignore the fact that she, too, had been praised.

"Your memory is too good for you to have forgotten what I told you of Phil's letter. Miss Ashley's name has been a very familiar one to me."

"It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways," she answered, in some confusion. "Mr. Venables certainly does not lack admiring friends."

"If Mr. Venables' friends have told as much truth as Miss Ashley's, I'm afraid you will be much disappointed as I am the reverse."

"Oh, what piece of mock modesty!" Nan had recovered from her confusion enough to put an end to such barefaced compliments, and she proceeded to give the conversation a less personal tone as she bespoke his notice for one after another of the articles of "bigotry and virtue" with which the room was filled.

"It's all right," Phil was saying to Lotte; "you never saw a fellow so hard hit in such a short time before in your life! He's just been raving about her all the afternoon, and trying to pump me as to what she has been told about him. She can't help but like him, and I believe your little bit of match-making will come out to suit you without any intervention of yours, after all. How is it, Mistress Lotte?"

"My match-making!" retorted Lottie. "I like that—as if *you* weren't the very one who suggested it. And, besides, I wonder what right you have to suppose she likes him? A man she never met but once before in her life!"

"Bet you she does all the same," insisted Phil. "And I'll bet you anything you like, from gloves to diamonds, that it's a wedding before next year."

"Done!" said Lotte. "I'm pining for a diamond locket." "I guess it's a safe bet, little woman. You needn't hope to get your diamonds *that* way, my dear!"

Nor did she, for before the next twelvemonth had rolled round pretty little Mrs. Durant helped to dress her cousin in robes of bridal white, insisting, as she did so, that she had been the cause of Nan's happiness after all.

"For you see," she said, "if it hadn't been for that china in the ridiculous big basket with the bedticking cover, Dick would not have noticed you any more than any other ordinary girl."

Whereat Nan smiled serenely, feeling that she would have met her fate even if there had never been any wedding gift in question.

### From a Far Country.

TO-DAY a little message came to me  
 From one who lives not three days' space away;  
 And yet, I know full well, that far Cathay,  
 The farthest island of the farthest sea,  
 Is not so far from me as the far land  
 From whence that message came. With her own hand

She wrote, who dwells therein, sweet, tender words:  
 Strong, helpful words, that pulse with love and ruth.  
 With all the glad enthusiasm of youth  
 She wrote of simple things: of singing birds,  
 Of rippling waters; with heart high and true,  
 She wrote brave truths—old truths forever new.

It came to me the while I sat where wine  
 And jewels flashed together; where red lips  
 Spoke 'wildering words, and velvet finger tips  
 Clung lovingly, but cruelly, to mine;  
 Where soul and sense in rapturous slavery  
 Hated their chains, yet wished not to be free.

My lady questioned, lifting shining eyes,  
 "Whence comes your letter?" and I answered low,  
 "From a far country—one that long ago  
 I also dwelt in." With a slow surprise,  
 She asked, "Will you return?" "Nay, 'tis in vain;  
 Who leaves that land goes never back again."

With flashing eyes—"Will she not journey thence?"  
 "Now God forbid; you have no cause to fear;  
 I hold her over all so fair and dear,  
 She shall not leave her Land of Innocence!"  
 The red lips trembled, and I heard them say,  
 "Oh, sweet fair land! Oh, land so far away!"

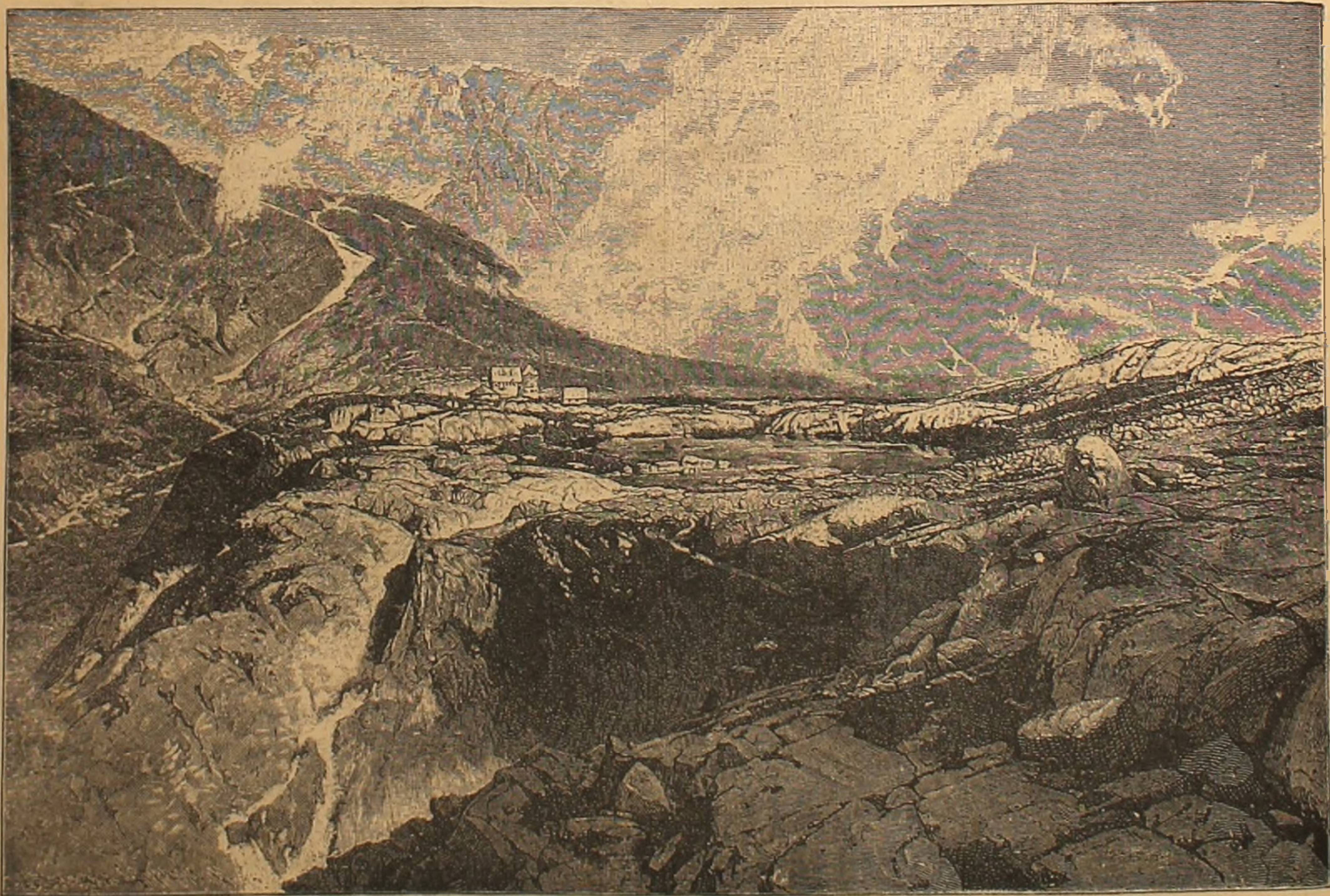
We heard the ocean beat and moan and roar;  
 We heard the billows, broken, sobbing, creep  
 Back to the bosom of the unknown deep,  
 Only to seek again the unheeding shore.  
 We spoke not, thinking of the eternal bar  
 Between each and that country fair and far.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

# THE ST. GOTHARD AND MONT CENIS.



THE MONT CENIS, GOTHARD, BRENNER, AND SEMMERING RAILWAYS.



THE ST. GOTHARD PASS.



## The St. Gothard and Mont Cenis Railways.

HERE are few countries more attractive to travelers than Switzerland. Imbedded among the mountains, it abounds in the most charming scenery, smiling valleys, quaint villages, sparkling cascades, and wooded slopes greeting the eyes everywhere.

The Alps, whether clad in ice and snow, or dressed in flowery verdure, prove a great attraction, luring innumerable visitors to their fastnesses. Some of the passes over these mountains present a succession of beautiful panoramic views, each one seeming lovelier than the last.

One of the most famous of the Alpine passes is the Gothard, through which a railway has been recently run. It was not until 1851 that the idea of a railway through this pass originated, and it was not until 1872 that the work was begun, being finished in 1882. This railway is a remarkable specimen of engineering skill. The great tunnel is more than nine miles long, twenty-six feet wide, and the height of arch nineteen feet. It is the longest tunnel in the world. There are fifty-two shorter tunnels, and in one place three tunnel openings, one above the other, can be seen at once. In addition to these tunnels there are viaducts, bridges, and covered passages. The cost of this railway was £9,500,000 sterling—a large sum, but not when the nature of the work is taken into consideration.

This railway starts from the Four Cantons, at Lucerne, proceeds along the bay of Uri to Flüelen, and terminates at the Lakes Maggiore, Lugano, Varese and Como. This route is the straightest across the Alpine chain, and is not only more expeditious for travelers than the old route, but much more comfortable.

Along the whole pass the scenery is varied and beautiful. The views near Göschenen are full of wild sublimity, and those of the Devil's Bridge and the Canton of Schwyz are very fine. Beyond the Devil's Bridge there is a tunnel, bored through a solid rock, called Urner Loch, through which the traveler passes into the lovely valley of Urseren. The travel through this tunnel is by means of carriages; formerly it was by mules, and at one period the only way of passing the projecting part of the mountain was by boards suspended over the torrent.

The Glen of Stalvedro is most picturesque and lovely. It is near Airolo, and the small chapel seen in the picture was erected at its entrance by King Desiderius, together with a watch tower, which is now in ruins. Not far from this glen are several cascades, adding greatly to the beauty of the scenery.

Bellinzona, surrounded by mountains, and with its old castles surmounting a lofty hill, is a charmingly picturesque place. The view from the Castello Corbario, which is the highest of the castles, is very fine, everywhere luxuriant vegetation meeting the eyes. Bellinzona is situated at the junction of four roads, leading from the St. Gothard, the Bernardin, and Lugano and Locarno on Lake Maggiore, and is one of the principal towns of the Canton Tessin.

The ultimate termination of the St. Gothard Railway is Locarno, on Lake Maggiore.

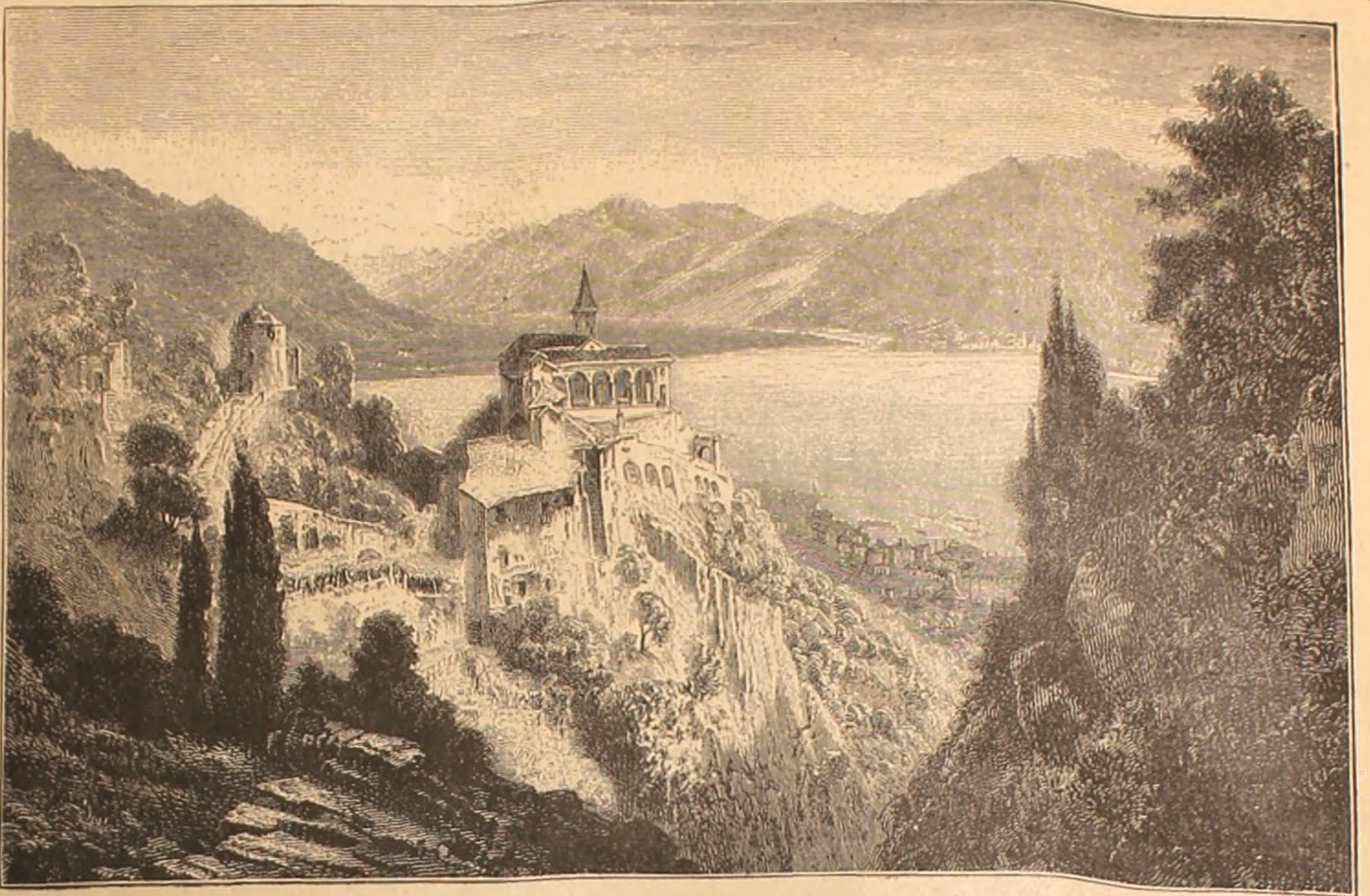
Its charming situation can be seen from the illustration. The Church of Madonna del Susso is on a rocky hill, and contains some fine paintings and bas-reliefs.

The Mont Cenis pass is exceedingly steep, and for a long time all travel was performed on mules. In 1803, Napoleon made a carriage road over the pass, so that communication could be formed between France and Italy—two countries under his sway. Comfortable diligences, subsequently, were put upon the road, and the horses were changed all along the line. In some places resort was had to mules to drag the diligence up the steepest parts.

The idea of the Mont Cenis Railway originated with Mr. Ericsson and the eminent engineer Mr. Vignolles, but it remained for Mr. Fell, a great many years after, to make it an accomplished fact. The line runs from St. Michel to Susa. Starting from the former place, the traveler reaches the Lanslebourg station, which is 2,220 feet above St. Michel. The rise continues to the summit of the Mont Cenis pass; there is a run over the summit, and then commences a formidable descent to Susa. Here the engine, as it turns and twists through innumerable curves, rocks like a cradle. Part of the section is covered in, and when the traveler emerges it is to look down upon precipices several thousand feet deep.



THE URNER LOCH.



MADONNA DEL SASSO, NEAR LOCARNO.

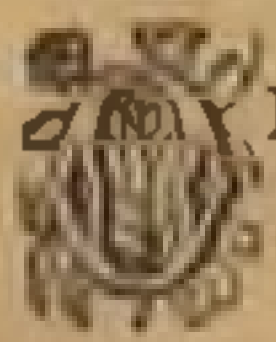


BELLINZONA.

### Souvenirs of Travel.

ONE of the happiest souvenirs of travel is a book of photographs. People who cross the ocean almost always bring home such a book, but the less fortunate who travel in their own country only, and even those

who go but a short distance from home, will find there is great pleasure in arranging and classifying these mementos, and afterward in recalling the pleasant places and the incidents connected with their seeing them for the first time. These books need not be expensive; far otherwise. Unmounted stereoscopic views may be obtained from the photographer's





GLEN OF STALVEDRO.

for seventy-five or fifty cents per dozen, and one can usually find among them very pretty views of the principal buildings, churches, monuments and parks of a city, and sometimes the photo of some distinguished citizen is desirable. The stereoscopic views are, when unmounted, a very good size. A small scrap-book may be purchased for eighteen or twenty cents, and makes a pretty book for this purpose. Or one can use a drawing book that costs about fifteen cents and add a tinted bristol board cover, tied with a bright ribbon. The photographers use for mounting these pictures boiled starch, such as is used for domestic purposes, made, perhaps, a little thicker. My experience has been that when the views were purchased they were very ready to give or sell a small quantity of the starch already prepared, and this can be very easily carried in a pasteboard box. After pasting the views in the book, either iron the leaves until they are dry and smooth, or place the book under some heavy weight. If traveling place it under your trunk. Of course whatever is written under the views is optional, but a little reference as to how and when they were seen adds much to the interest. A visit to the capital is especially pleasant to memorize in this way. The stately and elegant public buildings, the beautiful Capitol, and Mount Vernon, dear to the hearts of

all Americans, the delightful parks and "circles" about Washington, afford many pretty views, and interest one and all. It gives one a realizing sense to stand in the East Room of the White House, and looking out at the celebrated Potomac River, remember that this is always the home of our Presidents, and here is the center and heart of our government and our American history. H. P. R.

### The Lemounier Schools in Paris for the Professional Education of Women.

BY N. D'ANVERS, AUTHOR OF "SCIENCE LADDERS," "ELEMENTARY HISTORY OF ART," ETC.

**N**OW that such gigantic strides are being made in the United States, Great Britain and the colonies in the cause of female education, it will be interesting to note the progress recently made in France, so long behindhand in recognizing the claims of women to anything beyond an elementary training. In this great cause the palm must certainly be given to the Society for the Professional Education of Women, now under the presidency of Mlle. Toussaint, thanks to whose courtesy I spent a pleasant hour last week in the class-rooms of one of the technical schools now doing such pre-eminently useful work in Paris. The *directrice* to whom Mlle. Toussaint had introduced me, as she led me from room to room full of bright young girls mastering the mysteries of dressmaking, drawing, etc., explained to me the details of the grand scheme inaugurated by the lady whose name is as well-known as the founder, in 1856, of the Society for the Maternal Protection of Young

Girls, the aim of which was to provide gratuitous instruction for as many young girls as possible, and to teach them a profession by which they might earn an honest livelihood. At first, I was told, children were placed out in Paris and in different towns of Germany; but the founders of the society were not satisfied with the working of this plan, and in 1862 it was resolved to found special establishments for the reception of the pupils. The field of action of the society being thus widened, it took the title by which it is now known, namely, the Society for the Professional Education of Women. At the same time (1862) the first professional school for women in France was founded at 9 Rue de la Perle, Paris, and placed under the care of Mlle. Narchef Girard, one of the original founders of the Society, who has, however, since been replaced by Madame Raimbault. When it was opened, there were but six pupils in this school, but before the close of the scholastic year it contained forty girls, and when it reopened in October, 1863, these numbers were just doubled. As the number of applicants for admission continued to increase, the school was presently transferred to a larger building; and as it outgrew that also, it was moved again before very long to a spacious house, 7 Rue de Poitou, where about 140 pupils are now

under instruction in large, well-ventilated class-rooms, connected with which is a good-sized playground. The pupils have the use of a library of 500 volumes, given by the chief publishers of Paris, and by some few of the best French authors. Several new schools on the model of the first have since been opened, namely, one at 24 Rue Duperré, containing about 220 pupils; a second at 70 Rue D'Assas, containing 110 pupils; and a third at 41 Rue des Boulets, containing over 200 pupils.

In these useful schools daily pupils only, who pay on an average eleven francs a month, are received. These pupils must be over twelve years of age, and are submitted to a preliminary examination before admission. The courses of study extend over three years, and are of two kinds—general and special. The general course includes the French language, arithmetic, geometry, history, geography, applied science, writing, and needlework; while the special course includes book-keeping, the English language, geometrical drawing, dressmaking, engraving on wood, painting on porcelain, and painting on glass. For the last three subjects an extra year is required.

In the general course, the first year is devoted to spelling, grammatical and logical analysis, the metric system, fractions, linear drawing, the elementary history of France to 1789, ancient history, the geography of France, the first principles of chemistry and natural history, physics, and the acquisition of a good English handwriting.

In the second year of this course the study of analytical grammar and logic are continued, and style is taught. In arithmetic the pupil is carried through compound interest, discount, proportion, square root, etc. A course of geometry is also begun in this year, by the study of analytical applications. The history of France is taught in detail to the year 1648, the general history of the Middle Ages (1453) is given, with that of ancient Greece. Advanced geography of France and of the rest of Europe is taught; physics, chemistry, and natural history are continued, and special handwritings, such as that called running, etc., are cultivated.

In the third year of the general course the pupils are taught further intricacies of style and composition, and the elements of general literature; the course of arithmetic is completed, as is that of geometry; the history of France is carried on to 1848, general modern history and Roman history are taught; the study of the geography of France, Europe, and the rest of the world is completed; and special lessons are given on the commerce and industries of France. Practical chemistry, zoology, anatomy, botany, physiology, and the laws of health complete the special science teaching of the last year of the general course.

In the special course the first year is devoted to the elements of book-keeping, to the drawing of geometrical figures, ornaments, flowers, and human figures from busts or the life, to descriptive geometry, and to learning the mysteries of cutting out.

During the second year the pupils learn the elements of account and book-keeping, and study the details of exchange, coinage, banking, etc., whilst their artistic education is carried on to the elements of perspective. In dressmaking they learn to make-up, trim, and reduce patterns.

The third year of the special course is devoted to a review of the principles of book-keeping, accounts of complex transactions, the balance-sheets of debtor and creditor, sums in foreign coinage, notes of discount, accounts current, the opening and closing of books, etc., the survey of mercantile property, and the general principles of civil and commercial law. In the art sections the students learn to apply the laws of perspective, and to make original designs; while the study of dressmaking is carried on to the making, designing, and cutting out of patterns.

In the Lemounier schools the morning is devoted to study, and the pupils are divided into three classes, according to age and proficiency. The instruction given is in accordance with the programme laid down by law for primary schools of the second degree. In the afternoon the pupils are divided into different groups according to the profession for which they are in training. There are at present nine professional courses going on; namely, a commercial class, a class for industrial drawing, and for drawing on wood, one for painting on porcelain and china, one for painting on glass, one for the manufacture of artificial flowers, one for dressmaking, one for making underclothing, and one for embroidery. The number and the nature of the special courses varies in the different schools, according to the needs of the quarters in which they are situated.

Children of every religious profession are admitted; the wishes of parents in matters of creed are always scrupulously respected, and the greatest care is taken by the superintendents to avoid wounding any one's religious susceptibilities. At the same time, the highest moral tone prevails in every department, and no interference is allowed with the religious observances of students of different creeds.

In order that families of every position in society may share in the benefits of a professional education, the council of administration has founded a certain number of full, half and quarter scholarships. The *directrices* of the schools and all the members of the society have the right of presentation of these scholarships. Full or partial scholarships can be founded at option, and their founders can name those who are to benefit by them. A special committee is appointed to watch the careers of the young girls who have been educated in these schools, whose business it is to place them in positions best calculated to insure their moral and physical well being. The members of this committee are always ready to give their protégés advice and assistance in fighting the battle of life.

In 1866, a Mutual Assistance Society was founded by girls who had been trained in the Lemounier schools, and from this self-constituted institution the best results have ensued. In 1870, the Society for the Professional Education of Women was formally established as a society, with a variable capital. Shares are issued at fifty francs each, but annual subscriptions of a lower or higher sum are received. The usual subscription is twenty-five francs a year.

A council of administration, consisting of ladies elected from among the honorary members, administers the affairs of the society, selecting professors, etc.; and, the circle of action having greatly widened of late years, this council has recently created several committees to help in the work, each committee taking one branch.

In the last report issued by the council of administration it is stated that in the Rue de Poitou school twelve pupils hold full scholarships, one a three-quarters scholarship, ten half scholarships, and eleven quarter scholarships. Of the 140 pupils actually under instruction in this school, fifty-eight are to get their livelihood in trade, sixteen as dressmakers, ten as painters on porcelain, and twenty-eight as artists. The rest are still going through preparatory courses. Six pupils of the Rue de Poitou school obtained certificates as teachers last year. At the last examination of the Society for Elementary Education, pupils from this school were awarded three first-class certificates with bronze medals, fourteen second-class certificates, and thirty-nine third-class. Three pupils competed for the medals of honor, and two of them received second and third class medals. Three pupils have also been received in the Ecole des Beaux Arts to study painting on porcelain.

In the Rue Duperré school, containing 220 pupils, thirty-eight hold full scholarships; five, a third of a scholarship

each; three, three-fifths of a scholarship each; twelve, half scholarships; and four, two-fifths of a scholarship each; so that, on an average, there is one scholarship to every four of the sixty-two pupils.

In this school seventy pupils are destined to a commercial career. Sixteen are to be dressmakers; twelve, engravers on wood; twenty-four, painters on porcelain and pottery; forty-eight are learning mechanical drawing, and fifty are still going through preparatory courses. Eleven pupils from this school now hold certificates as primary teachers; two pupils hold appointments as teachers of the first degree, and one holds a post in a telegraph office. Twenty pupils from this school have been received into the Ecole des Beaux Arts; fifteen as painters on porcelain and pottery, and five as engravers on wood. Two pupils have obtained appointments as teachers of drawing in the Ville de Paris schools, and one has received from the ministry of the Beaux Arts Society the rank of a first-class professor of drawing.

In the Rue D'Assas school ten pupils hold full scholarships; two, three-quarter scholarships; eleven, half scholarships, and one, one-fifth of a scholarship. In this school fifty pupils are studying commerce, fifteen mechanical drawing, eight dressmaking, and seven painting on porcelain. Four ex-pupils hold appointments as teachers, and one holds a diploma as professor of drawing at the Ville de Paris schools. Two pupils from this school have also been admitted to the Beaux Arts as students of drawing and of painting on porcelain and enamel.

In the Rue des Boulets school eight pupils hold full scholarships, and fifteen half scholarships. Of the pupils in this school, twenty-six are studying commerce, five dressmaking, ten mechanical drawing, and eight painting on glass. Three pupils from this school have been admitted to the Beaux Arts as painters on glass.

These facts speak for themselves, and are the best proofs of the need which existed for the foundation of the schools under notice. The success of the pupils in various branches of design has been especially marked, and shows that the art-feeling for which the French are so celebrated is not by any means confined to the male sex. The number of certificates as teachers of drawing obtained by pupils from the Lemounier schools has led to the recent addition of an anatomy course to the special subjects taught; and the well-known doctor, Lemercier, has lent a set of anatomical drawings, subjects, etc., to the Rue des Boulets school. Other additions and developments, not yet fully matured, are also in contemplation, including the founding of a fund to provide annuities for the teachers and other employés on their retirement from active service. Every year the good results of the higher education of the women of Paris become more and more marked, and the demand for workers who have passed through the Lemounier course is steadily on the increase. The work produced by them during the term of their studies is also greatly appreciated, and the annual sale of drawings, dresses, etc., which takes place in March, contributes largely to the funds of the society, which have also been swelled by many a munificent gift of money, books, models, materials for chemical experiments, for dressmaking, etc., etc., from various persons interested in the cause of female education in France. The extension of the privileges of free—or nearly free—technical education to the women of the provinces, as well as of the capital of France, is but a question of time; and if only the seething elements of discontent among the working classes can be kept from breeding fresh political troubles, we may hope in our own day to see the "liberty, equality and fraternity" which is the motto of the French Republic—the valued possession of the daughters, as it is of the sons of France.

## The Costumes of Some of Rossetti's Dream-Women.

**S**UCH a mass of newspaper, magazine and book literature has sprung into existence upon the art of Rossetti that probably not a phase or shade of it remains unchallenged or unadmired. It is scarcely too much to say that never, in our time, has popular opinion divided itself into more violently hostile camps and exhausted itself with contentions, both literary and artistic, than over the dead painters' work lately exhibited at Burlington House. It is the old, old wrangle over again between the apostles of the absolutely ideal and those of the absolutely real, those who swear that all art is but the voice or expression of the spiritual element of humanity, and those who swear it exists completely in itself, and its perfect purpose attained when it pleasantly titillates the nervous sensibility, the eye and ear, of man. Ever since the idealism of Leonardo and the magnificent sense of the Venetians the wrangle has been incessant, and we may be even sure that when Giotto bloomed out into a flush of color and roundness of form strange to his times, there were wranglers who swore the Virgin Mother defiled by a sensuousness of aspect so different from the green pallor and lank, elongated forms which mediæval centuries had made sacred.

Rossetti was pre-eminently a painter of an ideal, pursuing that ideal even into depths of sensuous ugliness, into ways almost of grotesqueness, even as Leonardo followed that subtle mystic smile into labyrinthine ways of hideousness. Rossetti struggled to express the poetry of certain phases of mortal suffering and sorrow shadowed in woman's beauty; and one familiar with his work as represented by successive years may note his type of ideal beauty growing picture by picture into exaggeration and mannerism, into ugliness and gracelessness, which act like red rags to the mad bulls of the opposing artistic camp. The short upper lip, parting and curved like Cupid's bow, in later years becomes a cankered, swollen mass almost touching the nose; the swan-like neck becomes giraffe-like and *goître*, while the bushy Florentine hair becomes a furious mane blotting out every hint of forehead from the unhuman, unearthly, unheavenly being into which his poetic ideal has lapsed.

Thus the eye-servers, the apostles of sensuous beauty, have in this apostle of the ideal a strong argument for their own cause, and seeming proof that not poetic and spiritual ideals are the painter's natural inspiration, but the positive facts of nature, chosen simply for their picturesque arrangeability, color and form.

With all his overbalance upon the so-called "literary" sides of art, Rossetti had sometimes almost a Venetian sense of deep, rich color, and one may see also an almost tropical and Oriental fervor of taste in the manner he clothes his dream-women, and decks them with rare gems, head ornaments of precious metal, and chains, ear-rings and bracelets of curiously chased and wrought silver and gold, burning coral, and sunny amber. This sense of jeweled richness among these strangely fair and strangely unlovely women is so all-pervading that even the livid looking Pandora, with furious hair and impossibly ugly hands, gives the impression that the gems she does *not* wear are contained, instead of woes, in the wrought casket she holds in her hands.

Rossetti's ideal type of beauty seems either to have been a memory, or else he was so dominated by it that its peculiar forms of low brow, sharp chin, and long thin nose impressed themselves even upon what was intended for a portrait. His picture called *Beata Beatrice*, intended to represent the death of Dante's Beatrice, is a half-length figure representing the Beautiful Lady in a trance, seated at a gallery

overlooking the city of Florence ; in front is a sun dial which points to the hour of her departure ; a crimson bird is hovering toward her bearing a poppy in its beak, emblem of the sleep of Death ; Dante and his Angel of Love watch her from the background. The head of Beatrice is thrown back, the face marble-like in death's pallor, the mouth slightly open, showing the edges of delicate teeth. It has the same type of all Rossetti's women, and yet was painted in 1863 from the dead face of his young wife.

Oftentimes Rossetti's dream-women give merely an *impression* of rich and rare sumptuousness of raiment, an impression impossible to analyze into forms, because they have none. Thus, "The Damozel of the Sanct Grail" is swept about by a vagueness or shapelessness of opulent drapery such as the old Florentines sometimes tossed about their saints and Magdalenes. The general effect is of royal purple, embroidered in large white applique flowers, veined with gold and outlined with black, the ensemble a sort of orientally barbaric splendor, almost Byzantine, yet as little *real* as the Damozel herself. One of the Vita Nuova pictures depicts the meeting of Dante and Beatrice in the streets of Florence. In this picture the Beautiful Lady is arrayed in a magnificent robe of dull old-gold velvet, such as seems the inspiration of much of the æsthetic dressing which made the literary and artistic society of London picturesque before the vogue and the word "æsthetic" became vulgarized by fashion. The robe of golden velvet has a plain narrow yoke into which the fullness of the drapery is gathered. This yoke has a narrow rolling collar open just enough at the throat to show a slight indication of light lace. The peculiarity of the garment is the immense flowing sleeves of rich maroon velvet, which, slightly gathered into the golden yoke at the shoulder, flow away in sweeping voluminous grace to the ground. With all its graceful amplitude of lines, and splendor of effect, the simple truth is that the old-gold velvet robe is made very like a modern yoke night-dress, and its gracefulness is due principally to the regal sleeves.

A favorite manner of sleeve with the artist was one largely full in at the shoulder, almost balloon-like above the elbow but for its wrinkling, crinkling, and folding into all sorts of vagrant and shadowful creases. Just below the elbow the fullness is absorbed into a sort of graduated system of plaitings, which reduces the largeness by a judicious slope of outlines, till at the wrist the sleeve is only large enough for the hand to pass through. A pair of these sleeves belongs to a superb dress of green velvet in the picture called "Veronica Veronese." The body is one of the loose sort, defining the figure somewhat more than an absolute blouse, but yet very wanton in lines, such as are sometimes affected by modern hygienic reformers as well as corsetless "æsthetes." Below the natural boundary of the waist the flowing skirt is largely full in, the lines of plaits on the hips covered with a red silk knitted girdle, tasseled with gold, and loosely knotted. A loose fichu or scarf—also a favorite decoration with Rossetti, and appearing in a large proportion of his pictures—is wound carelessly about the shoulders at the edge of the half low-cut neck. This vision-woman wears a flat necklace of Genoese frosted silver, and bracelets of the same.

Almost the deepest point of Rossetti's decadence was touched in a picture of the year 1878, entitled "A Vision of Fiammetta." The subject is taken from Boccaccio, and represents a three-quarter length female figure in ashen red drapery, standing surrounded by apple-blossoms. Rossetti had scarcely more skill in textures than in draughtsmanship ; therefore it is probably merely an accident of brush-work which gives this drapery the appearance of plush. The form is eminently graceful, and somehow gives a more modern impression than the generality of the artist's draperies.

Whether by pictorial license merely, or by some invisible arrangement of seams, the dress, while very loose and wrinkling, like Sara Bernhardt's long gloves, yet follows the lines of the figure below with sinuous, subtle grace. A loose princess dress, with outer materials laid carelessly over a lining as flexible and easy-fitting as a jersey or Langtry, gives the best idea that work can of the perfect grace and ease of this garment. The same sweeping angel sleeves that make graceful the old-gold velvet night-dress of Beatrice add a flowing grace to this one of ashen crimson plush. In front these sleeves are open to the shoulder, leaving the whole arm bare and relieved in sculptural definiteness against the flow of drapery behind it. The princess-like character of this robe ceases at the hips, where it expands into massive, statuesque folds with which the drooping angel sleeves meet and mingle, all one billow-like flow. The usual white scarf or fichu is loosely wound about the neck, while jewelry of filigree silver adorns neck and arms. Decadence almost complete is shown in this picture in the pitifully absurd exaggeration of the ideal the artist loved all his life. The diseased mouth, the want of space between the eyes, the oblique drawing of the upper lids—by means of which the artist felt for that introverted, yet mournfully outward, gazing expression which is so fascinating while yet his women *lived*, even although only as dream-women, and not a mannered repetition of a settled type, like the cut-and-dried Madonnas of the Byzantine decadence,—become here without power to attract any other feeling than pity for genius in decay. Nevertheless, the costuming remains always brilliant, just as in the Byzantine decadence, when faces became imbecile and forms wooden, the utmost splendor of human skill was exerted upon golden and jeweled raiments and ornaments that beggared the glory of the sun.

MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

## Dost Thou Ever Think of Me?

I THINK of thee in the day,  
When the tide of life runs high ;  
'Mid the dashing foam and spray  
The thought of thee doth lie  
Asleep in bloom and balm.  
Fair isle in a tossing sea !  
Sweet spirit, folded in heavenly calm,  
Dost thou ever think of me ?

I think of thee in the night,  
When the stars are out on high,  
And beneath their tender light  
All the world in sleep doth lie ;  
But the heavens hold no star  
So pure as the thought of thee !  
Sweet spirit, dwelling in light afar,  
Dost thou ever think of me ?

Are the joys of heaven so rare,  
Is that world so lost in bliss  
That thou hast no thought or care  
For the loved and left in this ?  
All its unforgotten love  
My heart still holds for thee !  
Sweet spirit, at rest in realms above,  
Dost thou yet remember me ?

L. L.

## What Women are Doing.

"Women in the Musical Life of the Present," by a lady named La Mara, has been published in Leipzig.

The women students at Cornell are only about one-tenth of the whole, yet out of nine elections to the Phi Beta Kappa three were of women.

Pittsfield, Mass., will owe her new park, it is said, to the persistent efforts of Miss Dawes, daughter of the Senator. She talked and wrote in favor of the scheme, and finally the town voted in favor of it.

Mrs. Jeanie C. Carr, of Pasadena, California, has received from the Governor the appointment of Silk Commissioner for the State.

Lady Abingdon is said to be the owner of a domain known as the White Farm. All the domestic animals on the place are white—cows, horses, dogs, cats, pigeons, geese, fowls, etc.—and all the farm servants have light hair.

Mrs. Kendal and Mrs. Arthur Stirling have been elected teachers of elocution in connection with the Royal College of Music. The *Era* says the college may be congratulated on having secured the services of two ladies so distinguished in their profession.

Two gorgeously bound volumes of Mrs. Lamb's "History of the City of New York" were deposited in the corner-stone of the new building of the Mutual Life Insurance Company.

"A History of Sculpture" by Mrs. Lucy M. Mitchell, who has just returned from a severe course of study in the art museums of Germany, is announced. The book will be published in London and Berlin simultaneously with its appearance here.

Lady Goldsmid has again presented to the Royal Academy of Music, London, a scholarship for female pianists for the years 1884 and 1885, the last named being the tenth year of her ladyship's donation.

Mrs. Anandibai Joshi, a native of India, is on her way to the United States for the purpose of fitting herself for the practice of medicine in her own country.

The new volumes in the Famous Women Series are "Mary Lamb," by Mrs. Gilchrist; "Maria Edgeworth," by Miss Zimmermann; "George Sand," by Miss Thomas, and "Margaret Fuller," by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Charlotte von Kalb, the friend of Schiller, Herder, Fichte, and especially of Jean Paul Richter, appears again in literature by means of a volume of her letters to Richter, lately published in Germany.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who has been active in schemes for the advanced education of women, has been made Examiner for Scholarship in Spanish by the curators of the Taylor Institution at Oxford, England.

Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, the favorite niece of her uncle, is to write more reminiscences. This lady is the wife of the head of a boarding-school near Wimbledon, and has two sons, one named after her uncle, and the other after her uncle's favorite hero, Oliver Cromwell.

Miss Thomas, daughter of one of the trustees of Johns Hopkins University, has recently taken the degree of Ph.D. at Zurich, after an examination lasting five weeks, and is now going to study five years in the British Museum.

The offer of \$10,000 by Dr. Jenny K. Trout as a gift for a woman's medical college in Toronto has been declined because Dr. Trout insisted as conditions that it should be in reality a "woman's" college, and that the majority of the Board should be women.

**More Technical Schools Needed.**—There were 1,400 applicants for admission to the Woman's Art School of the Cooper Institute last year, and out of this number only 300 could be received. At the close of the present year 955 pupils received certificates in telegraphy. Thirty-six teachers were employed.

Miss Phoebe Couzins, the lawyer and advocate, has been made the recipient of a beautiful token of regard from friends in Omaha. The gift is a magnificently executed gold medallion, having the initials "P. W. C." in three different colors of the precious metal on its face, while on the obverse side it bears the inscription, "From a few Omaha admirers, 1883."

Miss Jennie Carson, who is called "the Montana shepherdess," owns a finely located sheep ranch between Martinsdale and Oka, Meagher County, with all the required and necessary

appurtenances. She paid \$11,000 for the ranch. Miss Carson is a bright, intelligent young lady of fine executive ability. She is manager-in-chief of the business, and the success already achieved shows she is fully equal to the task.

Ocean Grove boasts that it contains the best educated little girl in the United States. Miss Lina Hayward, daughter of J. K. Hayward of New York, is only thirteen years old; she reads seven languages, and speaks and writes five with the fluency and accuracy of a native, besides spending four hours a day on music. It is said she has never been crowded; never been to school; never been out of the country; never been sick a day, and has spent every summer of her life at Ocean Grove.

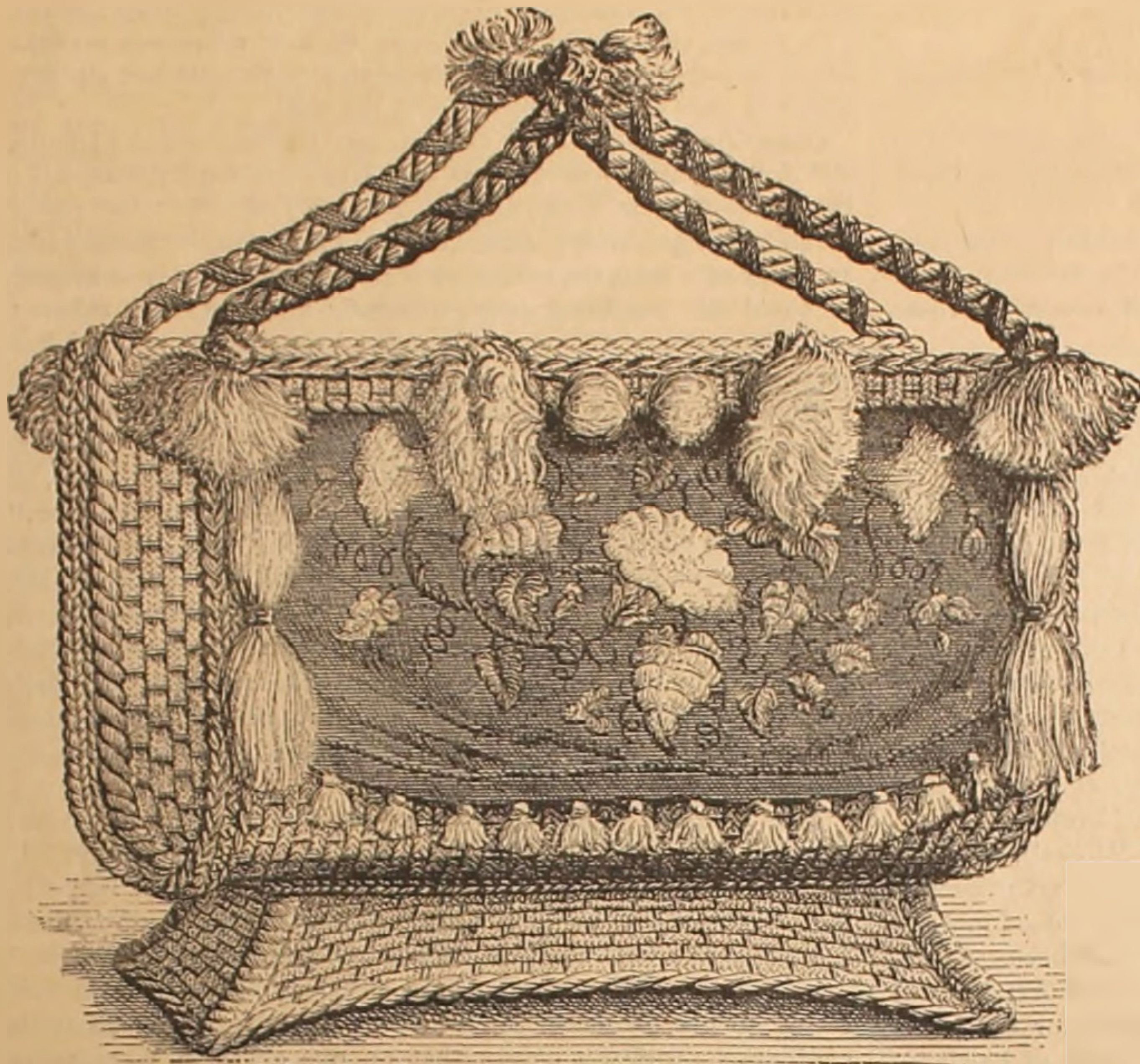
Miss Ella Wheeler was the recipient recently of a novel reception and a magnificent testimonial, on the occasion of the presentation to the Public Library of her native city, Milwaukee, of a volume of her lately published work, the "Poetry of Passion." The United States Attorney, G. W. Hazleton, made the presentation, and on behalf of the board of trustees, the president, Mr. Joshua Stark, received the book, which was the first completed copy. Addresses were made complimentary to the young authoress before the large gathering which crowded St. Andrew's Hall, and the proceedings terminated with the gift of five hundred dollars to the poetess in a beautiful casket, in addition to unnumbered floral tributes.

Miss Augusta Stowe, of Toronto, recently received the degree of M.D. from the Victoria University at Coburg, Canada. In presenting it to her, Dr. Ogden said she was the first lady who had ever taken a medical degree in the Dominion of Canada. Although she had received instruction in a mixed class of both sexes, there had never existed the slightest difficulty in the class owing to her presence. Indeed she had endeared herself to the students to such an extent that on one occasion, when an attempt had been made to create some disturbance, the entire class had come forward in her defense, and championed her cause so successfully that the interference of the faculty had not been at all necessary in her behalf.

At the recent examination for the house staff at Mount Sinai Hospital, Dr. Josephine Walter was a successful candidate and received the appointment over twenty other applicants all of the male persuasion. Miss Walter is a graduate of the Woman's Medical College, and after receiving her diploma spent six months in further studies with Dr. Dawbarn of the Nursery and Child's Hospital before venturing her examination. It is only a short time ago that another woman, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, achieved an honor unprecedented not only in this country but in the world. She lectures on the diseases of children before the post-graduate school, which is composed of physicians who wish to perfect themselves in their profession.

**Female Clerks in Paris.**—The editor of the *Voltaire* publishes some interesting statistics furnished him by the Administrators of the Crédit Foncier and Bank of France on the employment of women in these establishments. M. Jansen, the head of a department at the Crédit Foncier, states that he has always had full reason to be satisfied with the lady clerks. They are chiefly employed in writing letters, as cashiers, and, when they are good accountants, in striking balances. There is a feminine division in a separate wing. Nothing is so rare there as errors of inattention. At the Bank of France the highest character is given of the lady clerks. They have been found scrupulously honest and obedient to necessary discipline, though more quick in getting through business which is not in the ordinary routine than the other employees.

Dr. Alice Bennett, who has charge of the Female Department of the Pennsylvania Asylum for the Insane, at Norristown, gave a paper recently before the New York Medico-Legal Society on the subject of "Mechanical Restraints in the Treatment of the Insane." Dr. Bennett has charge of about 800 patients, and in her treatment of them she has abolished all forms of mechanical restraints, and by doing this she has subdued the most violent patients that have come under her care. Insane people, she said, are human, like other people, and degradation irritates them and provokes them to violence, while kindness touches and subdues them. She related a number of very interesting cases which have come under her observation which demonstrated her theory. A vote of thanks was passed Dr. Bennett, and several members of the society spoke approving the views expressed in the paper.



### Paper Rack.

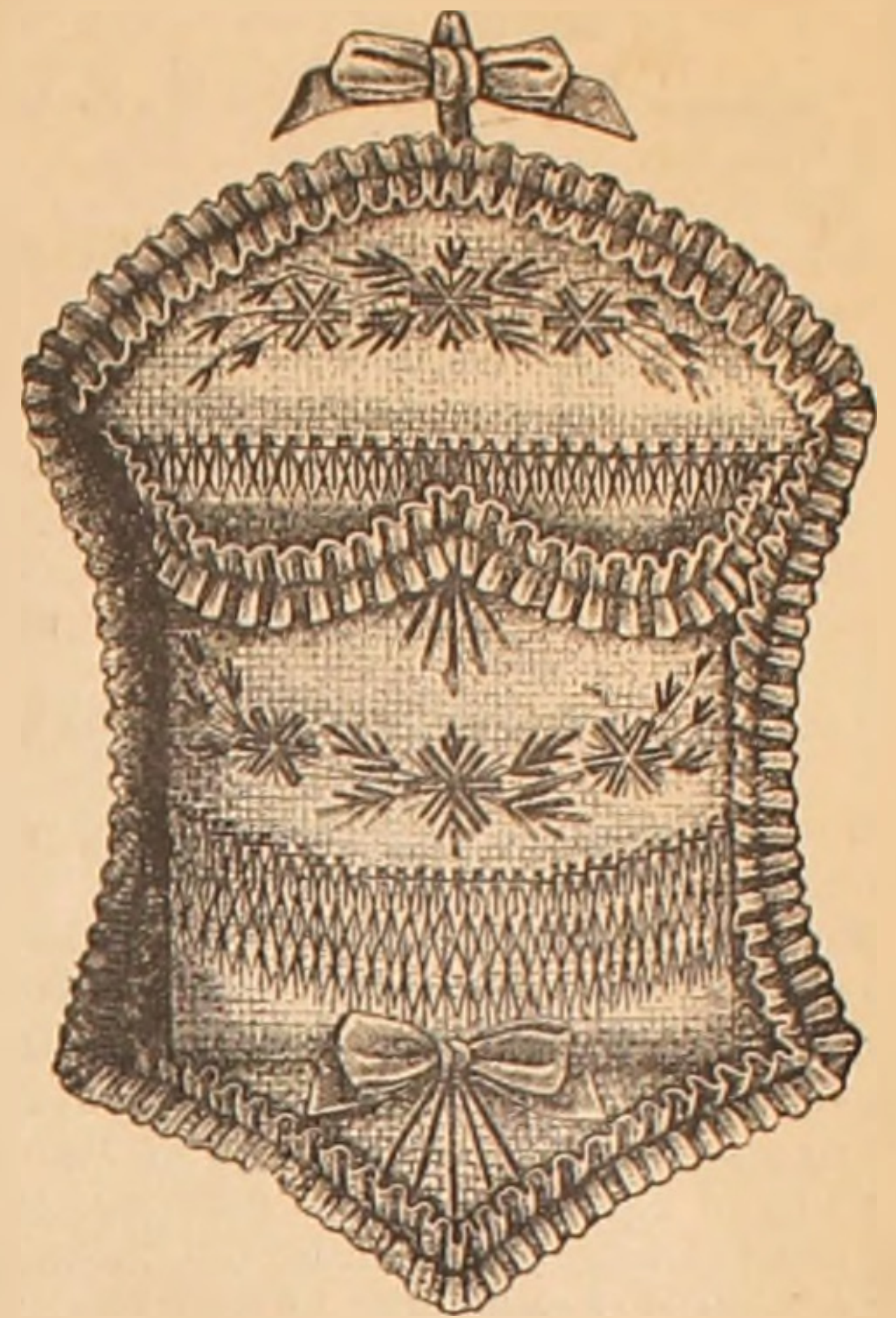
**T**HIS novelty for holding papers will be found very useful in a sitting-room where newspapers, pamphlets, and magazines are in constant demand.

The basket can be procured almost anywhere.

The sides of the basket are covered with dark olive plush, embroidered in light colors, the pompons being red and gold. The arrangement of the handles is different from the usual designs, reaching from end to end instead of crossing the top, making it much more convenient for laying in the different articles. The edges and handles of the basket are gilded, and then wound with chenille or fancy cord.

### Bed Pocket.

**T**HE back of this pocket is cut out of white card-board, 15 inches high by 11 wide, and rounded at the top, as shown in illustration. It is then covered in front with brown Panama canvas, and at the back with brown cashmere. The canvas is worked with blue and pink chenille and purse silk in point russe and in cross



BED POCKET.

and plain stitch with dark olive wool and brown silk. The front is cut out of cardboard, 8 inches high and 12 wide, and is covered with canvas and lined with cashmere. The canvas is embroidered as above described, with chenille, wool, purse silk, and embroidery silk. The pocket is then edged with a ruching of blue or pink satin ribbon. At the top a loop is fastened by which the bag is suspended, and finished with a full bow top and bottom.



### Velvet Frame for Mirror.

**HAVE** a frame of wood made the desired size. Measure the length required for velvet, and mitre the corners, turning in the edges, and overhanding together on the wrong side. Our design represents the pattern embroidered with forget-me-nots interlaced with white and pink flowerets. The color of the velvet is garnet, but the same flowers will look well on black, dark blue, or old gold. A more simple way of embroidery is to have the material of plush; the pattern stamped on the wrong side, and stitch it on the machine, chain stitch up.



## The World's Progress.

CURRENT TOPICS, NOTES AND COMMENTS ON EVENTS OF THE DAY.—INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH.—CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR POINT OF VIEW.

### The Future of Hindostan.

There is a young Hindoo now sojourning in New York city who has made some interesting statements about the possible future of the 250,000,000 people who inhabit the peninsula of Hindostan. Amrita Lal Roy is a graduate of the College of Calcutta, and has studied medicine in Edinburgh. Although in appearance almost a black man, he is a very intelligent and cultivated gentleman. He states that all classes of Hindoos detest their British rulers. A revolt cannot be far distant, and when it takes place, it will be found that the people are practically unanimous in preferring native rule to foreign domination. Of the £60,000,000 annually raised by taxation in India, but little over £20,000,000 is expended for the Hindoos themselves. Nearly £40,000,000 is distributed among English military and civil officers, who are in India simply to keep the country in subjection. In other words, that vast sum is a tribute annually paid by the East Indians to their conquerors. There is scarcely any middle class of native Hindoos. The Englishman is the banker and the merchant. Hence the native is cut off from all honorable and lucrative pursuits. He cannot be a high officer of the army. The Englishman also almost monopolizes the civil service; the higher judges are all imported. There are some few rich native landowners. The Hindoos have, however, their own physicians and lawyers; but the vast mass of the people labor continuously for the merest pittance. Now, the Hindoos are quick-witted and intelligent; indeed, their language shows them to be a variation of the Caucasian race. They keenly realize the humiliating position which they occupy, and are only waiting for an opportunity to drive the handful of foreign invaders from the soil. Mr. Roy further says that the contact with Europeans has unsettled the belief of the educated classes in the Brahminical faith. But still there are practically but very few Christians in Hindostan. The educated and intelligent are what is known as "agnostics" here in the Western World. In other words, they do not believe in anything. This, however, does not much trouble the priestly class, who pay little attention to religious philosophies or creeds. Brahminism is a secular religion, and aims only to order the lives of its votaries. It instructs the people as to what they shall do in their social and family relations. From what Mr. Roy says, it is evident that at any time we may hear of a revolt of the myriads of Hindoos against the power of the British Empire. The whole peninsula swarms with secret societies having in view the inculcation of patriotic ideas. When the crisis comes the sympathies of the United States will naturally be with those who are trying to rid themselves of a detested foreign yoke.

### China as a Warlike Power.

While all India is in a ferment, and a great national uprising is possible, there is also a determination on the part of the Chinese people to assert their independence of foreign interference. Since the occupation of Peking by the armies of Great Britain and France, the Chinese Empire has been steadily preparing itself for possible future conflicts. It has reorganized its army, and bought or constructed a rather formidable fleet. Nearly 2,000,000 of Chinamen can be put into the field, armed and equipped as perfectly as any European army. Its fleet is of the best, comprising sixty-three vessels. To say nothing of ten unarmored corvettes and thirty wooden gunboats, the Chinese navy comprehends two heavy ironclads, two steel-plated corvettes built at Stettin and armed with twelve-inch Krupp guns, one monitor and two steel cruisers, built in England, and furnished with Armstrong and Gatling guns, six steel and six iron gunboats of English construction, and four steel torpedo boats purchased in Germany. To these vessels will soon be added the Ting Yuen, an ironclad which is admitted by French experts to be one of the most perfect embodiments of naval science. China could easily take possession of the west coast of the United States, and occupy San Francisco and the other harbors on the shores of California and Oregon. The whole fleet of our contemptible American navy would not be a match for any one of the Chinese gunboats. Happily the genius of the Chinese Empire and the precepts of their religion forbid any but a defensive war; but the Mongolian has been cruelly ill-treated by England, France, and Russia. Probably the most infamous war in history was the one in which Great Britain forced China to open its ports to the opium trade. Then the claim of extra-territoriality is an intolerable one. Under it the consulate of any foreign power in the Chinese ports is recognized as a court

superior to the native judiciary. Any difficulty or dispute between the Chinaman and a foreigner is tried by the consul of the power whose subject is a party to the action. This, of course, brings into contempt the native courts, and the Chinaman is practically denied all justice. Let us put ourselves in the position of the Chinaman. Suppose, for instance, in San Francisco, that every dispute between a Chinaman and American was to be settled by the Chinese consul, who would inflict all the penalties for any transgression of the law. An American community would resist to the death; they would prefer to be exterminated rather than submit to such a humiliating state of things. Yet this is the system which all foreign countries demand of China, Japan, and the other Asiatic nations. The French invasion of Tonquin, China, seemed at one time likely to bring about a war between China and France. Of course anything like equal numbers of the Chinese army would be no match for a French force. But the Chinamen would have the advantage of overwhelming numbers and defensive positions. Four hundred millions of people could supply myriads of soldiers, who now have the advantage of European arms and the military discipline of the Western World. The Chinaman does not fear death, though he is not aggressively warlike.

### What may happen.

Let us take a look into the future. Suppose the 250,000,000 of Hindoos should rise and drive out the foreign invader; suppose also, which is not impossible, that the Chinese, with their superior numbers and reorganized armies, should defeat the French in the event of a war, might there not follow a marvelous change in the relations of Asia to Europe? The Hindoos and Chinese would have one common foe left—Russia. That power now dominates Central Asia, and menaces both China and Hindostan. Suppose the people of these two empires should unite against Russia. Their combined populations comprise about half the human race; why should not their enormous armies not only reconquer Central Asia, but occupy Siberia, and menace the very existence of Russia? The conquering armies of Central Asia have more than once swept over the Western World. It was the Turcoman who, in former ages, conquered China and India, and formed the rank and file of the Mohammedan armies which overthrew the Eastern Roman Empire, conquered Spain, and placed the independence of Western Europe in peril. Who knows but that some time during the twentieth century history may repeat itself?

### The Papacy and the Modern World.

It now turns out that the anti-Parnell manifesto of the Papal propaganda was inspired by Mr. Errington, an English Roman Catholic, who was accredited by Lord Granville to present the facts, from a British point of view, to the Papal authority at Rome. Of course, the mission was intended to be secret, but in the long run very few diplomatic secrets remain untold. The Parnell fund has not suffered by this interposition of the Pope, but Roman Catholicism itself has been injured, for the act has alienated a large section of the Irish people the world over. It is reported that the "Peter's Pence," which are collected in all countries for the support of the Papal power, have fallen off very greatly since the issue of the manifesto. But in this the Pope is consistent with the traditions of the Catholic Church in the past. It has always favored the powers that be, and, as a religion, never sanctioned the cause of the people. Parnell will continue to be the leader of the Irish in their conflict with the British Government. An important development of the Papal policy is the effort which is to be made next year to bring the Roman Catholic adherents in this country into closer relations with the Roman Papal authorities. A Papal conclave is to be held some time in the year 1884, for the purpose of disciplining the Catholic hierarchy on this side the ocean. The priesthood here, under the influence of our free institutions, have modified the severity of the Romish regime. Should the Papal power assert itself in matters of doctrine and discipline, it may lead to a serious revolt of liberal Romanists in the United States. In every other country in the world the Catholic priesthood is a political power. It interferes directly in elections, and dictates who shall receive the votes of the faithful. Should any such attempt be made here, it would be bitterly opposed, not only by the Protestant community, but by many Catholics, to whom the temper of the Papal Church in the old world is practically unknown. When our government was first established the Catholic Church was among the weakest of religious sects. It was without any wealth, and had very few adherents. It has grown mightily in the century of our national life, and is exceeded in numbers by only two denominations. It is so wealthy and influential that, were it disciplined into being a political power, it would cause a crisis in the politics of the country. The meeting of the conclave will be watched with eager interest.

### Our Millionaires.

It is a curious circumstance that wealth concentrates in few hands more readily in this than any other country on earth. We have followed out the traditions of Jefferson in this country, and given every one an equal chance in the making of money, upon the theory that this would result in an equalizing of fortunes. To help to bring about this desirable result our laws call for an equal division of property on the death of the parent. But unrestricted competition has not borne out the claim of the Declaration of Independence that "all men are equal." The facts of the last fifty years show that opportunity, brains, and unscrupulousness will enable individuals, within a short lifetime, to gather

to themselves enormous sums of money, which, under different institutions, would be diffused among the masses of the people. France, for instance, is a very rich country, but, outside of the Rothschild family, has very few millionaires. It has a poor and frugal working class, but the great bulk of the French people belong to what is known as the "middle class," and are well to do. In Great Britain there are greater contrasts of wealth and poverty, but facts recently published go to show that the number of very rich is not large. It is safe to say there have been more millionaires created in the United States since the beginning of the Civil War than have been developed by a century of banking, manufacturing, and trading in Great Britain. There are no single fortunes in England comparable to those of Vanderbilt, Gould, Mackay, Flood, the Astor and Stewart estates, and probably fifty others which might be mentioned. The great fortunes in England have been aggregating—some of them—for centuries; ours date back to the first year of the Civil War, when vast accumulations were rolled up in contracts for supplying our armies. Then the Jeffersonian theory, which said to the government "Hands off," left the transportation field open to the monopolist. Our railway magnates have taxed the public, the government declining to interfere until very recently; but our highest Court has at length decided that the nation is supreme, and has a right to supervise railway passenger and freight charges. The freedom of our institutions had been vastly more advantageous to the capitalist than the poor workman. Should the present tendencies continue, the middle of the twentieth century will see the United States with a vast laboring population, a small middle class, and a few hundred millionaires, who will monopolize the great bulk of the property of the country. But the signs of the times indicate that before the close of this century the people of the United States will make such changes in our institutions as will discourage vast accumulations of property in a few hands.

#### About Swift Yachts.

Yachts, in the past, were intended for rich amateur seamen, who wish to sail the stormy deep in beautiful vessels commanded by themselves. They were costly toys, for sailing vessels in this fast age are practically obsolete for the larger interest of commerce. Our millionaires are now building themselves steam yachts. Jay Gould, to be in fashion, has had one constructed for himself which is said to be the finest of the kind afloat, and will make seventeen knots an hour; that is, as much as the swiftest ocean steamers. He says he intends to take a trip around the world, to last two years. Mr. Barnes, the well-known Glasgow ship-owner, has built for himself the largest steam yacht in the world, which he calls the "Capercaillie." It has not yet been determined whether she will equal in speed Mr. Gould's "Atalanta." A great English Tory capitalist is having a large steam yacht built to be called the "Primrose," in affectionate remembrance of Lord Beaconsfield and his favorite flower. Steam yachts cannot very well be used for racing or regattas, but they have at least the merit of not being behind the age. But, after all, the greatest private fortune cannot hope to compete with the steamship lines which run such superb vessels as the "Servia," "Alaska," and "City of Rome." No individual, however rich, can hope to compete with a great corporation or a nation.

#### A Pass in the Mountains.

A discovery has recently been made in South America which promises a most important change in the future of that monster peninsula. As is well known, the Andes Mountains are a barrier between the west coast and nine-tenths of the territory of South America. This has kept back the progress of the interior, which is inaccessible except from the Atlantic coast; but now a pass has been discovered in the mountains between Chili and the Argentine territory, near Lake Nahuelhaspi. This will open up an immense fertile territory, heretofore one of the most neglected corners of the globe. By this pass a railroad can be built from the western outposts of the Argentine Republic, across Chili at its narrowest point, where seventy miles has to be occupied, to a Chilean port at the head of the gulf which lies between Chiloe Island and the mainland. This pass opens up a country with the temperature very much like the United States, that is, on a latitude with New York. The middle of the next century will see myriads of human beings occupying the fertile pampas east of the Andes. The commerce will be conducted through this newly discovered pass, and perhaps others may be found equally available for the dense population yet to be developed south of the Equator. Who knows, perhaps the eccentric suggestion of Rowan Helper to build a railroad from the extreme North to the extreme South on the tops of the Rocky and Andes Mountains along the whole length of North and South America, may yet be realized.

#### Another Great Tunnel Projected.

And now it is proposed to join England and Ireland by a tunnel. The distance, by way of the small island on the coast near Port Patrick, is nearly fourteen and a half miles. It will be an immense advantage to Ireland to be connected directly by railroad with England, and, of course, of still greater advantage if the tunnel under the British Channel is ever constructed.

#### The Great British Channel Tunnel.

The English liberal public have recently been paying high honors to John Bright. The great Quaker orator has now been

in Parliament a quarter of a century, and unlike other public men, he has not grown more conservative with advancing years. He is as ardent a liberal as he was when he first entered public life. He resigned from the Gladstone ministry because he could not conscientiously approve of the bombardment of Alexandria and the unprovoked war upon the people of Egypt. In his answers to the congratulatory addresses of his admirers, he took occasion to refer to the project for uniting Great Britain to the Continent by means of a tunnel under the channel which separates England from France. The enterprise, which would be of incalculable benefit to the business interests of all Western Europe, and most of all to Great Britain herself, has been opposed by all classes of public men in England, because they fear that the tunnel, if constructed, would put the British islands at the mercy of the various armies of the continental nations. Mr. Bright ridiculed these fears as being chimerical, and pointed out the immense commercial benefits which would follow the connection between the British railway system and that of the Continent. Sir John Hawkshaw, a famous engineer, states that there are no engineering difficulties in the construction of the tunnel which could not be easily surmounted. It could be finished in eight years, and the cost would not exceed \$40,000,000. He estimated there will be 2,000,000 of passengers passing through it annually, and that the freight business would not be less than 1,200,000 tons. The income, he estimates, would be nearly \$5,000,000 annually, and allowing forty per cent. for working expenses, there will be a profit of nearly seven per cent. The tunnel will be nearly one hundred and eighty feet below the bed of the channel, and in case a war should break out it would be an easy matter to make it useless to an invading force. It does not require any great amount of imagination to show how important would be the practical annexation of England to the Continent of Europe. True, a vast amount of shipping would be rendered useless, but then the transportation of passengers and merchandise would be cheapened, and much valuable time saved. The powerful material interests involved will necessitate in time the construction of this tunnel, and when completed, it will be one of the wonders of the world.

#### A Right Royal King.

The sovereign of Bavaria has been regarded as a half crazy misanthrope. He was the patron of Wagner, and is an enthusiast on all matters affecting art. He now comes before the world as an author, and his book deals with the duties of the rulers of Europe to their subjects. He wants the kings to consent to a federation, which would put an end to wars and reduce the expenses of the government and the burdens of the people. The monarchs, he says, are Christian gentlemen, and the peoples they rule are highly civilized, yet the energies of all the nations are employed to wage barbarous wars upon each other. Europe is a vast camp; the armies absorb the entire able-bodied population, and wars for the past thousand years have been incessant. The Bavarian king proposes a scheme to bring about a federation, which would practically make Europe one country. But the project is too complicated to be given here. It has been the dream of some of the foremost philosophers and poets of this century that Europe should become a federal republic not unlike the United States of America. But it is doubtful if King Ludwig's well-meant plea will lead to any practical results. The great unifier of nations is the sword. The welding has always been effected by some superior force. Sardinia conquered Italy, Prussia Germany, and some mighty power, probably Russia, will, in perhaps the not distant future, overrun Europe. Then, but not until then, will the various armies be dispersed. The republic will come in due time, and all the quicker because of the forced union of the various nationalities of the Old World.

#### Why Judge Lynch?

We have fallen upon evil days, so far as the administration of justice is concerned in this country. Our courts have become inefficient. They waste time and money, and do not punish evil-doers. A scoundrel named Dukes, after cruelly wronging a young woman and murdering her father, was declared not guilty by a jury. Whereupon the son of the murdered man, goaded by public sentiment, kills the slayer of his father. A syndicate of scoundrels deliberately rob the Government by what are known as Star Route Mail Contracts, but after two wearisome trials and the expenditure of over \$700,000, the rascals are declared honest men by a so-called intelligent jury. So tardy and wasteful are our courts, that all over the country the people are taking the law into their own hands. Lynching has become popular. Every such occurrence is a rebuke to our courts. The whole modern world is intent upon saving time and money. The inventions of this century have these ends in view. We are impatient of any unnecessary delays in travel, production, or the transaction of business. But the dispensers of justice in this country stubbornly refuse to reform any of the old methods known to court procedures. No new case before the Supreme Court of the United States can get even a hearing until three years have elapsed. The Star Route trials occupied five months. One government lawyer consumed nine days in making his final speech. As General Sherman well said, a lawyer who cannot tell his story in one hour, and say all that is necessary in that time, should be banished from the bar. The trouble is that courts seem to think the community exists for the benefit of the lawyer, and that the fees of the latter are of far more consequence than the protection of the community and the punishment of the criminal. Judge Lynch makes mistakes, of course, but his charges are

moderate and his aim is always to inflict swift punishment upon the guilty. Our lawyer caste embraces more able men than all the other professions put together, but the monopoly they now control of making, expounding, and executing the laws, will certainly be taken from them unless they mend their ways and make justice less expensive and far more certain.

#### The Last Great Eclipse.

The astronomers of all nations who went to observe the eclipse of the sun at the Caroline Island in the Pacific on May 6th, had the rare good fortune to have a cloudless day on which to make their observations. The results are said to be very important. They found no trace of a planet between Mercury and the sun, which it was suspected existed, and which had been named Vulcan. The outer corona of the solar photosphere is now found to be due to refraction. It is said the spectrum revealed lines which were undistinguishable by the astronomers, and this means that there are metals or other material substances in the body of the sun which are unknown to our planet, at least so far as the discovery has gone.

#### Other Worlds than Ours.

An incredible story is seriously given in some of the journals about the discovery of a sword which was found in an aerolite. A certain physician in the State of New York was attracted by a very brilliant shooting star which fell in the bed of a creek near where he was riding. Subsequent investigation on the spot where it fell discovered a sword of peculiar shape, which had evidently been wielded in battle, and which must have been used by one who would have been deemed "a giant among the sons of men" in this world. Of course the presumption would be that this sword had fallen into the clay of a river, which was subsequently metamorphosed by heat into solid rock. In the course of ages a volcano developed under this rock, which projected the imprisoned sword into space beyond the attraction of the planet from which it came. In the course of time the wandering aerolite in the interstellar spaces became entangled in the atmosphere of the earth, and fell into the creek, the impact breaking and setting free the sword. This reads like another Cardiff giant story, but it is very ingenious; and it is barely possible that some day or other we may have positive proofs of the existence of life and intelligence in some of the myriads of planets which inhabit space. A microscopic examination of meteoric stones at Berlin revealed the fact that they contain some sixty varieties of the outer shells of coral insects, which, of course, establishes the fact that they were attached to coral insects which lived in warm oceans of salt water. The water must have contained lime, and islands must have been built up above the ocean as they are on our globe. But that is, so far, the only trustworthy indication we have that there is anything on the other worlds approaching to the same kind of life we have on this.

#### About College Honors.

There was some trouble at the last commencement of the Vassar Female College at Poughkeepsie, due to a protest from the members of the senior class against the system of college honors and awards. It is the custom in many institutions to mark the students for their proficiency at the end of each recitation, as well as in the closing examinations, and the honors are given to the students having the highest number of marks. The Vassar seniors contended that this system is wrong, that it places the girls in hurtful competition, puts a strain upon their nerves, often injures their health, and in the end does injustice to some of the best students. This view is held by many distinguished educators, and in the best universities of Europe and America there is no marking, nor are these so-called honors given. The students who make the greatest success in their professions and in life are rarely those who achieve distinction in college. A good verbal memory, and a certain nimbleness of wit, often puts a shallow student at the head of his class. The Vassar seniors were quite right. Speaking of this institution, by the way, how strange it is that after seventeen years its faculty should be composed almost entirely of men. All the officers are of the sterner sex. Yet Vassar graduates more teachers than it does any other profession. They must seek employment, however, outside their *alma mater*. But the only distinguished member of the faculty is a woman—Maria Mitchell, the astronomer.

#### Torpedo-proof.

As we have neither guns nor ships in this country to defend the cities upon our sea coast, we are depending upon the torpedo system to protect our harbors in case of possible war; and this in spite of the fact that torpedoes have proved ineffective in all modern wars to defend assailable harbors. Admiral Farragut showed his contempt of the torpedo in Mobile Bay in his attack on New Orleans. Sir Edward Reed, the eminent naval constructor, has invented an improvement on armor-plated men-of-war which he thinks will make them absolutely safe against the explosion of a torpedo. In his design for a warship the magazines and engines are placed in the upper part of the hull. To the vessel he gives great breadth above the water line, and he covers her with a dome-shaped turtle-back deck, intended to be entirely shot-proof—partly in consequence of its thickness and partly in consequence of its inclination. The hull of this vessel is intended merely to float the armored upper part, and is not to be used

either for engines, stores, or quarters for the men. It is to be furnished with a vast number of small water-tight cells, and even if the whole of it is blown to pieces by torpedoes, the upper part of the ship will float like a vast raft. The hull can be made with lines adapted for great speed, and no matter what breadth of beam may be given to the vessel above the water line it cannot affect her speed, except by the resistance its surface may offer to the wind. With a few such vessels as these in the navies of other nations, what a ridiculous figure the United States would cut in a foreign war! According to General McClellan, our war vessels "enjoy the unique distinction of being unable to fight or run." In fact, if we sold off the old hulks we would save a great deal of money, and be quite as well protected. To fight other navies we are as helpless to cope with them as are our savages, who offer battle with spears and arrows against trained troops using rifle, cannon, and *armes de précision*.

#### Great Expositions.

Chicago has just been holding an exhibition of railway machinery and appliances. It has been successful in every way. We could not begin to enumerate the marvelous features of this unique display of the devices employed in our great railway system. It is safe to say that no such exposition could have been held in Europe. We have to-day more miles of railway than all Europe, and more ingenuity has been expended among us in providing means of luxurious travel than in the Old World. There is now under way at Louisville, Ky., an exposition of the industries of the South, which is to last for one hundred days. It will surprise Northern people to learn of the progress in the industrial arts which the South has made since the abolition of slavery. Its cotton fabrics now compete with those of Old and New England, its iron and the tools made therefrom are beginning to sharply contest the supremacy of Pennsylvania and Ohio, while its miscellaneous industries have made the most surprising progress. The South deliberately entered upon a war to extend slavery, but that institution, happily, is no more, and no section of the country has greater reason to rejoice than the region south of Mason and Dixon's line.

#### Undue Speculation.

Since the Civil War there has grown up in this country enormous speculative dealings in cotton, grain, provisions, petroleum, and other articles of commercial consumption. For every one bushel of wheat actually grown there are probably two hundred bushels dealt in. This trading takes the form of bets on the future price of the article, the better settling the difference of the quoted market value when the contract expires. Now, dealing in options is not in itself immoral; indeed, it is indispensable in the transactions of modern commerce. The cotton planter in the South rarely has money of his own. He is forced to borrow in order to buy seed or hire labor to work his cotton plant. This he does by selling a contract to deliver a certain quantity of cotton eight or ten months ahead. Then the Lowell manufacturer or the Manchester spinner, to insure himself a full supply of cotton at a low price, purchases the option of receiving the cotton often a year ahead from date. All this is speculation, but it is perfectly legitimate, and serves a useful purpose. But here step in the great speculative gamblers, and they sell, or agree to receive, what has aptly been termed "phantom" cotton, that is an option to buy or sell that article at a definite figure. In the New York market the actual amount of cotton handled does not much exceed 500,000 bales per annum, but on the Exchange the sales annually amount to over 35,000,000 bales. Only once in our history has over 7,000,000 bales been grown in this country. This speculation does not really enhance the price of the cotton permanently, although it occasionally brings about "corners" in certain months. Take the year through, it is supply and demand, production and consumption, not speculation, which determines the market value of cotton. This illustration, drawn from that fiber, is also true of grain and provisions, as well as petroleum. In the month of May last, in New York, 330,000,000 barrels of petroleum were dealt in speculatively. Yet the total production of coal oil since first discovered would not reach that enormous figure. Chicago, however, is the great headquarters for the speculation in food products. Millions of bushels of corn, wheat, and oats are traded in, where not more than a hundred bushels are actually handled. "Corners" are the natural result of this wild dealing, which frequently results in the ruin of the cornerers. A person named Geogh undertook to "corner" all the lard of the country, that is to say, to artificially enhance its value. He was ruined in the attempt, as he deserved to be. His operations were so gigantic that his fall produced a partial panic in the wheat and provision markets, and even affected the stock exchange. While these speculative dealings do not on the whole advance the price of food, they give birth to many evils. They lock up money which could be more productively employed in general business, while they tempt our whole mercantile community to become gamblers. The great exchanges of the country have become converted into huge faro banks, where business men bet their money, not, indeed, on cards, but on the price of the products in which they are interested. Congress ought to tax speculative sales, and public opinion should everywhere frown upon these intrinsically illegitimate and immoral transactions.



**Grape Catsup.**—Five pounds of grapes ; boil and press through colander ; two and a half pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and cayenne pepper, and half a tablespoonful of salt. Boil until the catsup is rather thick.

**Tomato Catsup.**—To one peck of ripe tomatoes put one teacupful of salt. Cut the tomatoes in small pieces over night. Lay them in an earthen or porcelain vessel.

Sprinkle the salt well through them. In the morning put them into a preserving kettle and boil them two hours. Take them off and strain through a fine sieve or net ; then return the juice to the kettle and boil it half away. Flavor to taste with powdered cayenne pepper, allspice and cloves.

Do not add spices until half an hour before it is done.

When cool bottle, corking with new corks, and scald the corks before using.

A teaspoonful of sweet oil poured into the top of each bottle will assist in keeping the catsup.

**Tomato Catsup.**—One peck of tomatoes, half a dozen onions chopped fine. One tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, two tablespoonfuls of allspice, two tablespoonfuls of cloves or mace, two ounces of celery seed, a quarter of a pound of salt, one pound of brown sugar, and one quart of strong vinegar. The proportions used in this receipt are particularly recommended, and it may be relied upon as being generally palatable.

**Tomato Savoy.**—Boil four pounds of the fruit peeled and sliced with one pint of vinegar and two pounds of sugar. Season with cinnamon, cloves and mace. Boil half an hour and bottle, corking tightly to exclude the air. If not exposed to mold, will keep for years in a dry closet.

**Green Tomato Sauce.**—Take full-grown tomatoes while yet green, cut out the stems, and stew until tender ; press through a sieve ; season highly with cayenne pepper, salt, ground cloves, allspice and nutmeg ; boil the pulp until thick. Worcestershire sauce may be added if liked.

**Tomato Sauce.**—Take any desired quantity of ripe tomatoes, put them into an earthen jar and place them, covered over, in a hot oven till perfectly soft ; then rub them through a fine sieve to keep out seeds and skin. To every quart of juice add a clove of garlic, or if preferred, two shallots ; bruise a quarter of an ounce of ginger, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cayenne ; boil twenty minutes, bottle, cork and wax. Vinegar or lemon juice may be added if liked.

**Sauce of Tomatoes.**—Two gallons of tomatoes sliced and peeled, add five tablespoonfuls of mustard seed, one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, two teaspoonfuls of allspice, two teaspoonfuls of cloves, a gill of salt, one quart of onions chopped fine, three pints of brown sugar, five pints of vinegar. Beat the spices together, and boil all together in a porcelain kettle until of the consistence of marmalade, stirring frequently while boiling. Bottle, pouring into the mouth of each bottle a little sweet oil, and cork tightly.

**Tomato Sauce without Sugar.**—Cut into pieces two quarts of tomatoes and sprinkle them over with salt, and let them remain over night ; then squeeze the juice from them, and boil with a quarter of a pound of shallots, some whole pepper and bruised ginger. Boil the mixture slowly for half an hour, and strain it ; pulp the tomatoes through a strainer, and add them to the liquid, and boil again slowly for half an hour.

**Cold Tomato Sauce.**—Half a peck of ripe tomatoes, peeled and drained through a colander, twenty-four hours, then made fine. Put to them one small teacupful of salt, one cup of sugar, one cupful of white mustard seed, one gill of nasturtium seed, four tablespoonfuls of horse radish, two dozen stalks of

celery chopped up fine, or half ounce celery seed, one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, one quart of good vinegar. It must not be boiled. Stir well and bottle for use. This sauce is fit for immediate use.

**Mustard Pickle.**—Half a peck of small cucumbers, half a peck of green string-beans, one quart of green peppers ; two quarts of small onions. Cut all in small pieces ; put cucumbers and beans in a strong brine for twenty-four hours ; remove from brine and pour on two pounds of ground mustard mixed with one pint of sweet oil and three quarts of vinegar.

**Sliced Cucumber Pickle.**—Two dozen large cucumbers, sliced, and boiled in vinegar enough to cover them one hour ; set aside in the hot vinegar. To each gallon of cold vinegar : one pound of sugar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful each of ginger, black pepper, celery seed, mace, tumeric, horseradish, scraped garlic, sliced ; one teaspoonful of allspice, mace, and cloves ; one-half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Put in the cucumbers and stew two hours.

**Pickled Onions.**—Take off the outer skin of small white onions ; let them lie in salt and water for a week, changing it daily ; then put them in a jar, and pour over them boiling salt and water ; cover them closely ; drain off the pickle when cold. Put the onions in wide-mouthed bottles, and fill them up with strong vinegar, putting in a little sliced ginger ; cork the bottles closely.

**Saratoga Potatoes.**—Take white peachblow potatoes ; peel and slice very thin with potato-slicer ; let them stand in cold salt and water for half an hour ; dry them with a napkin and fry in boiling hot lard, taking out as soon as they rattle against the spoon ; salt while hot.

**Chicken broth,** both delicate and nourishing, is made by cutting in parts the wings, legs and neck of a fowl, and simmering in a quart of water for three hours. Then strain the broth, and add to it a dessert-spoonful of farina, blended with a cup of cold cream. Season with celery, salt, but no pepper.

**Pikelets for tea or breakfast.**—Make a quart of milk warm, and stir into it a tablespoonful of yeast with a little salt. Add a sufficient quantity of flour to make it into a batter. Set it to rise ; then add a cupful of melted butter. Stir it well in, pour it into iron rings previously placed on a hot plate, and bake them very lightly on both sides. When required, toast them on each side, taking care they do not burn ; butter them nicely, cut them across, and put them upon a hot plate, serving them quickly and hot.

**Barley Soup.**—Boil half a pint of pearl barley in a quart of white stock till it is reduced to a pulp ; pass it through a hair sieve, and add to it as much well-flavored white stock as will give a purée of the consistency of cream ; put the soup on the fire ; when it boils stir into it, off the fire, the yolk of an egg beaten up with a gill of cream ; add half a pat of fresh butter, and serve with small dice of toasted bread.

**Duchesses.**—Take mashed potato, work into it a little butter, a gill of cream, the yolk of an egg, pepper, salt, and chopped parsley ; make it into small cakes, which should be lightly manipulated, rolled in flour, and fried a delicate brown in hot butter.

**Quick Tea-cakes.**—One cup of sweet milk, one egg, a spoonful of melted butter, prepared flour enough to make a stiff batter, and a little salt. Have the oven hot, and the gem pans warm, and the tea-cakes will be light and delicate.

A very easy way to poach eggs is to get boiling water in your muffin tins and set them on the hottest part of the stove ; break the eggs in a saucer, then drop one in each tin ; in two or three minutes they will be done, and can be taken up one at a time in good shape with the help of a small strainer ; season with butter, pepper, and salt.

**Turnip Soup with rice.**—Two ounces of butter, six turnips, two onions, three pints of stock and seasoning ; melt the butter in a stewpan but do not let it boil ; wash, drain, and slice the turnips very thin ; put them in the butter, with a teacupful of stock, and stew very gently for an hour. Then add the remainder of the stock, and simmer for another hour. Put it through a tammy, put it back into the stewpan, but do not let it boil.

Serve much warmer than soup usually is served. A half-cup of cream is an improvement. Serve the rice, boiled, very cold, and in little pyramids in a plate to each member of the family.

**South Carolina Patter Budding.**—Beat up four eggs thoroughly; add to them a pint of milk and a reasonable pinch of salt. Sift a teacupful of flour and add it gradually to the milk and eggs, beating lightly the while. Then pour the whole mixture through a fine wire strainer into the tin in which it is to be boiled. This straining is imperative. The tin must be perfectly plain and must have a tight-fitting cover; the least bit of steam getting at the pudding would spoil it. The potful of boiling water in which the pudding pan is placed must not be touched or moved until the pudding is done. It takes exactly an hour to cook. If moved or jarred, so that the pudding can oscillate against the side of the pot, the pudding inevitably falls and comes out heavy. Slip it out of the can on a hot dish and serve with rich sauce.

**Trifle.**—Peel, core, and stew till quite tender half a dozen or more apples; sweeten, and flavor with a little chopped lemon peel. When cooked, let them cool a little, then pour up into a glass dish; it should be barely half filled. Now make a boiled custard in the ordinary way, but without flavoring; let this also cool; then pour on the apples when they are quite cold. Strawberry or raspberry jam may be used instead of apples.

**Luncheon Cake.**—Wash a teacupful of rice, and simmer till tender in about a pint and a half of milk; sweeten it to taste. Place a thick layer of Sultana raisins in the bottom of a dish, pour on them the boiled rice; place two or three tiny bits of butter on top to prevent burning, and bake for three-quarters of an hour. When quite cold, it should be firm; gently disengage it with a knife from the sides of the dish, and turn out, when, if the rice was carefully poured in, all the Sultanas will be on the top. The dish should be buttered before using.

**Baked Tomatoes.**—Take a deep pudding-dish, and butter the inside of it well; first put a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of peeled sliced tomatoes, then a small onion cut very thin; dredge on a little flour, pepper and salt; now begin with bread crumbs again, tomatoes, onion and seasoning, till the dish is full; the top layer must be bread crumbs, with salt and pepper and a few small bits of butter over it; put this in the oven; keep it covered with a tin plate for an hour, then remove the plate and let it brown. It does not require too hot an oven. It will take at least two hours to bake.

**Mutton Cutlets and Tomatoes.**—Trim from the cutlets all superfluous fat, and dip them in an egg beaten up, and some pepper and salt; then roll them in bread crumbs, and let them rest for a couple of hours. Fry the cutlets a nice color in plenty of butter; arrange them in a circle on a dish, and put baked whole tomatoes in the center, with their gravy.

**Shirley Sauce.**—Twelve good-sized ripe tomatoes; two bell peppers (large ones); two onions (many omit these and like the sauce better); scald and skin the tomatoes; chop the peppers and onions (if used) very fine. Then add one cup of vinegar and one-half cup of sugar, and boil two hours; then put another cup of vinegar and boil one hour—or until the mixture does not separate. Then stir in one teaspoonful of cloves, one dessert spoonful of cinnamon and a teaspoonful of pimento.

**Peach fritters,** served with cream sugar, are excellent, and may be made of canned fruit as well as fresh. Make a batter as for ordinary fritters—of sweet milk, flour, and baking powder—add one egg to each pint of milk. Peel and halve the peaches if fresh, and put two halves to each fritter, as the peaches shrink in cooking. Drop by spoonfuls in hot lard, fry till brown, and serve warm sprinkled with powdered sugar.

**Pink Jelly.**—Take two ounces of gelatine and dissolve it in a quart of water: put this in a saucepan with the juice of two lemons, a glass of pure currant jelly, the juice of three and grated rinds of two oranges, two whole eggs, whites of two eggs, a few egg shells, and three-quarters of a pound of sugar; mix well and add another quart of water. Put the saucepan on the fire, stirring occasionally to make clear; when it boils, put the pan on the side of the stove and let it remain without boiling for fifteen minutes; then remove it and run the jelly twice through a flannel strainer. Pour into molds and set on the ice to harden.

**Cream Pie.**—For the crust, take three eggs, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of flour, one-third of a teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Beat the whites and yolks well separately; stir all together quickly as possible, and bake in two pans (if rather small—if large use only one), the batter three-quarters of an inch thick. For the cream, take two and a half cupfuls of sweet milk, four even tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour and one egg. Boil this a few moments until it has thickened, and flavor with vanilla or lemon. When the crust is cold, split it and put the custard between. This cake is much improved with a boiled icing.

**Lemon Dumplings.**—Take half pound of bread crumbs, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, quarter of a pound of suet, freed from skin and finely chopped, a small cup of sugar, two eggs, half a pint of milk and a little salt. Mix and beat all well together and divide into six parts. Boil in squares of cloth or small molds, without stopping, for one hour and a quarter, and serve with a hot liquid sauce flavored with the juice and grated rind of a lemon.

**Jellied Chicken.**—Soak an ounce of gelatine in a teacupful of cold water for twenty minutes, squeeze it quite dry, and melt it in a pint of clear stock, in which a large tablespoonful of marjoram and half the rind of a lemon have been simmered for ten minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper and strain the liquor; cover the bottom of a mold half an inch thick with the gravy, and, when nicely set in a jelly, place upon it slices of hard-boiled egg, prettily cut beetroot, and green gherkins, in ornamental shapes. Mince together a 2-lb. tin of chicken,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of cooked ham, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of tongue; season and press this into a compact lump, and put it into the mold in such a manner that it leaves an inch of space round every side, this space being filled with the gravy, which should not be poured in until quite cool, so that it may jelly quickly, and preserve the shape of the meat. This dish can be made to look very pretty, and, in cold weather, will keep for a week.

**Old Virginia Pickle.**—Put all the articles desired for the pickle in a jar—tiny cucumbers, onions, cauliflowers cut in pieces, ears of young corn, about an inch or two long, etc. Cover with boiling salt and water, allowing them to remain in it for forty-eight hours. Then take out of the water, place in a thick cloth, and expose to the sun to dry, turning them over occasionally. When thoroughly dry, place them in a jar, covered with cold vinegar, to which has been added a small quantity of tumeric, to color them; let them stand in this for two weeks to drain out the water and plump them; then pour off this vinegar and add that made by the following recipe. In three months they will be fit for use.

**Vinegar for Virginia Pickle.**—One pound each of ginger, celery seed, horseradish, and mustard seed; one ounce each of mace, nutmeg and of the long red peppers used in pickling. Put these spices into a stone jar, or put free from grease or anything that will impart an unpleasant odor to the vinegar; pour over them two gallons of strong vinegar; stir frequently, and allow to stand a year before using. After pouring off the vinegar for pickles add more spices, and fill again for future use. Keep well covered. A superior pickle that repays time and expense of preparation, and will keep any length of time.

**Pickled Lemons.**—Cut the lemons in quarters, not entirely apart, and put a teaspoonful of salt in each one; put them where they will dry, either in the hot sun or by the stove; when they are so dried that they are black, and look good for nothing, prepare the vinegar with cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger-root, onion, and a little mustard seed, and pour it boiling hot over the lemons. Keep a year before using, when they will be found equal to the West India lime. They require more vinegar than other pickles, as the lemons swell to their natural size.

**Leisure-hour Pickles.**—Take a jar with a close lid or bung, and half fill it with the best and strongest cider vinegar; then as spice vegetables of any kind come to hand, such as small beans, cauliflowers, radish pods, young cucumbers, onions, etc.; throw them in, taking care always that there is sufficient vinegar to cover them. When nearly full add mustard seeds, bruised ginger, shallots, whole pepper, etc., to taste. Tie down tightly, and place the jar in a vessel of water over the stove until the articles are soft enough.

## Scientific.

**Wash** matting with salt and water, grained wood with cold tea.

**Clean** bedsteads with strong salt and water, and after drying, saturate all crevices with kerosene oil.

**To cure** sneezing, plug the nostrils with cotton-wool. The effect is instantaneous.

**Spermaceti** or cetaceum, is a substance much used in pharmacy as a basis for ointments, &c. It is obtained from the head of the sperm-whale.

**If an artery** is severed, tie a small cord or handkerchief tightly above it until a physician arrives. Broken limbs should be placed in a natural position, and the patient kept quiet until help arrives.

**A correspondent** of a medical contemporary states that he has found the application of a strong solution of chromic acid three or four times, by means of a camel's hair pencil, to be the most efficient and easy method of removing warts. They become black and soon fall off.

**The paper manufactories** of the world employ, it is stated, ninety thousand men, and one hundred and eighty thousand women; and besides these, one hundred thousand persons are engaged in collecting rags.

**Milk** is now recommended by the medical faculty in all cases of scarlet fever. Give all the milk the patient will take, even during the period of greatest fever. It keeps up the strength of the patient, and acts well upon the stomach.

**The peculiarity** of Edelweiss milk consists in its being quite free from sugar or other substances foreign to the milk in its original state, and the addition of which was, though at one time requisite, a great disadvantage to many consumers of condensed milk.

**A mode** of hanging paper on damp walls, not long since patented in Germany, may here be mentioned. Lining paper coated on one side with a solution of shellac in spirit of somewhat greater consistency than ordinary French polish, is hung with the side thus treated towards the damp wall. The paper-hanging is then proceeded with in the usual way with paste.

**Among the recent uses** to which fisherman's twine has been put is the making of hand-bags, which are knotted in an ordinary pattern, and then stretched over a foundation of cardboard, and rendered perfectly stiff by the application of gum water; then they are varnished or gilded, and lined with light colored silk. They are pretty and have been very salable.

**The manufacture** of effervescing lemonade sugar is said to be as follows. Five parts of powdered sugar are treated with oil of lemons, and mixed with one part of bicarbonate of soda. This mixture is filled into moulds, and pressed by means of a stamp. Within the mould a cavity is produced in the mass by pressure, and into this there is put one part of powdered citric acid, which is pressed down, and then a fresh layer of aromatic sugar is added and pressed, after which the article is finished.

**Dr. Maudsley** accounts for the breaking down of stomachs as well as minds by the too intense commercial life of the race, and the great desire to be rich, which leads to speculation, and wearing anxiety. As a result of all this men are not well, and the doctors charge it to coffee. The fact is that any well man can drink coffee and any sick man can drink a certain amount with benefit. And this is what a medical journal has at last had the courage to admit.

**How to Select Flour.**—In selecting flour, first look to the color. If it is white with a yellowish straw-color tint, buy it. If it is white with a bluish cast or with black specks in it, refuse it. Next examine its adhesiveness—wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Then throw a little lump of dried flour against a smooth surface: if it falls like powder, it is bad. Lastly, squeeze some of the flour tightly in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that too is a good sign. It is safe to buy flour that will stand all these tests. These modes are given by all old flour-dealers, and they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody.

**It has been found** that the true tint of old Riga oak may be given to new furniture by the use of ammonia in a dark closed room. The instruction is to place the furniture in a small air-tight room, so much the better if without a window, but if one, having it blocked up, and also, should a fireplace exist, causing the chimney to be blocked. Half a gallon of aqua ammonia (proof 800), is then to be poured into three soup plates placed on the floor of the room. Paper must be pasted over all the cracks and the keyhole of the door when closed, as both air and light are unfavorable to the chemical operation. With these conditions carried out, the work will be found accomplished the next morning.

**Professor Feser, of Munich,** has been making experiments on animals with a view to establishing the connection which exists between diet and liability to infection. In the trials he has made on rats inoculated with the poison of cattle distemper, he demonstrated the fact that the animals which had been fed on vegetable diet were quickly attacked by the disease, while those which had been fed exclusively on meat resisted the effects of the inoculation. In recording this fact, a leading journal in connection with the Continental leather trade attributes to the greater amount of vegetable diet, in the shape of bread, beer, etc., taken by wool-sorters between Saturday and Monday the greater frequency of cases of outbreak and aggravation of disease during that period.



FROM AUERBACH.

**Music** is the universal language.

**To cease** doing evil is not doing good.

**A dialect** proves poverty of resources.

**Love** and labor are the body and soul of mankind.

**Every day** affairs are the highest that can engage us.

**Freedom** and labor are the noblest prerogatives of man.

**Our highest** joys and our deepest sorrows are closely allied.

**Most men** would like to win virtue, but do not care to earn it.

**Love** is the crown of every life, a diadem even on the lowliest head.

**Your worth** depends upon what you are; not upon what you have.

**Consciously** or unconsciously, we are formed by those with whom we associate.

**The demonstrative** are always flattering themselves that their irrepressibility is simple honesty, whereas it is nothing but weakness.

**In spite** of all life's contradictions and enigmas, there is yet the one glad thought that every child bears within it the possibility of the highest human development.

**Just** as the stars above are separate and distinct from each other, so is every human soul solitary and alone.

**The great mark** of a strong character is to prevent the world from knowing every change and phase of thought and feeling, and to give it naught but results.

**To walk** about with one's child is to have a fountain of love with you: one from which you can drink pure happiness at any moment.

**Those** who despise the world's laws, and have soared above them, had better cease to live.

**Unhappiness** is necessary in order that we may appreciate happiness just as we need shadows to help us distinguish the light.

**Every clear** perception of truth, every conquest over pain, is a transformation.

**Each** must learn to be monarch of himself, even though he wear a kingly crown.

**He** whose thoughts dwell in the infinite, regards the world as the mighty corolla from which the thought of God exhales.

**The best self-forgetfulness** is to regard the things of this world with love and attention.



**An ounce** of good cheer is worth a ton of melancholy.—*Samuel Smiles.*

**To confide** too much is to put your lemon into another man's squeezer.—*Dovee.*

**What** piece of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as it is finished?—*A-gate.*

**A new** book is entitled: "Short Sayings of Great Men." Now we are to have "Great Sayings of Short Men."

**"Mamma,"** said little Daisy, "who was Charlotte Russe?" "Oh, she was one of those old queens that was always making trouble," answered mamma.

**"Why,"** said a lady to a judge, "cannot a woman become a successful lawyer?" "Because she gives her opinion without pay," replied the judge: "and also without being asked," suggested the lady's husband.

**A pretty** girl won a musket at a lottery. When they gave it to her she asked: "Don't they give some one to carry it?"

**Eli Perkins** classifies his audience thus: The "fidgetyites," the "interruptives," the "all-attentives," the "quick-responsives," the "hard-to-lifts," the "won't-applauds," and the "get-up-and-go-outs."

**"Is he honest?"** inquired a banker of a friend who recommended a man for janitor. "Honest?" he echoed. "Well, I don't know what you call it; but he returned a borrowed umbrella to me yesterday." The man was engaged instantly.

**Truly Polite.**—Lady reading items of doctor's bill.—(Amiably). "Certainly, doctor, it's all right as to medicine, and I shall gladly pay that part of it, but we will return the visits."

**"Anything** new or fresh this morning?" a reporter asked in a railway office. "Yes," replied the lone occupant of the apartment. "What is it?" asked the reporter eagerly, whipping out his note-book. "That paint you are leaning against." That railway man is now in the hospital, and that reporter is in jail.

# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE  
THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE  
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

## REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—AUGUST.

ONE of the most common forms of compliment from our subscribers and contributors is conveyed by such expressions as the following: "I never examined your Magazine until lately; I always thought it was only a fashion Magazine"—or, "I was surprised to find so much good sense in a fashion Magazine." Sneers at the subject of dress and fashion have become the stock in trade of small wits who know nothing about dress, and never had an idea upon that or any other subject that would be worth repeating. It is considered an evidence of superior wisdom by many women to decry dress, and announce (quite unnecessarily) their own entire ignorance of the art of clothes. Doubtless contempt of what is "contemptible" is inseparable from nobility of mind; but is it not best to be sure of what we despise—to know something of what it means, and what it is to others? Else the effort to display our taste may only serve to show our ignorance.

The subject of dress is too important to be contemptible in itself; its value must depend upon the way in which it is treated; and if an individual does not make him or herself acquainted with the treatment it receives at different hands, the conditions of its existence and growth, such a person is not justified in holding or expressing any opinion whatever. There are no greater enemies of progress in this world, nor of anything that is really good and true, than those persons who make sweeping assertions or cherish unreasoning and necessarily vulgar prejudices. The broadly educated and liberal man or woman accepts what is, especially the conditions that have grown up and become part of the world and its environment, as inevitable, as at least not chargeable upon any particular individual or class, and as possessing something that is good, or that is perhaps capable of improvement. Since dress is a necessity and a comfort, and capable of conferring pleasure, it is at least in this catholic spirit that it should be approached, and then perhaps it would be found to contain as many elements of useful and interesting inquiry and suggestion as any other.

At any rate, it will usually be observed that those persons who affect to despise dress are very bad dressers, from a sanitary and every other point of view. The principal reason, indeed, why they hold it in such low esteem is because they know so little of it—because they are naturally lacking in taste, and have not been educated to supply the deficiency. There is no doubt that the subject of dress may be and often

is treated in a puerile and frivolous manner. The mere record of its conventionalities, filtered through an inaccurate and untrained mind, is not elevating or calculated to ennoble the subject, or satisfy a refined and cultivated taste, but it is not right to put all that is written under this head; there is an almost equal amount of rubbish written upon every other subject nowadays, and to balance it there never was so much fine culture and earnest thought put into the subject at any period in the social history of the world as now, nor was there ever a time when dress was more practical or allowed so wide a range. At present, to dress well and in accordance with the needs of each individual, demands thought and an intelligent comprehension of the different aspects and requirements of the complex machinery we call society. The American woman has passed through many transitions during the past twenty-five years, some of which she has shared with the rest of the world, but some of which are peculiar to herself. She has been dowered with wealth by the rapid rise in property, and forced from positions of ease into the arena of struggle and conflict by the sudden depreciation and reduction of values. What was property has suddenly become part of the great stream of human life, and with all the cry that the Dixies of the world make about "protected womanhood," it is found that in a crisis women must be either able to take care of themselves or go to the wall and be crushed by it.

The dress of the day partakes of the character and circumstances of the day—it is diversified; it exhibits enormous extremes; it ranges from the simple and useful to the magnificent and showy. But it holds the possibility of good things for those who want them and have sense enough to seek and find them. It is not the business of the chronicler to restrict information within the narrow limits of a class, but the sensible and intelligent will select their clothes as they do their dwelling or their food—from what is offered that comes within their means and is adapted to their circumstances—and understand that "fashion" for the wife of the "millionaire" cannot be fashion for the school-teacher, the struggling young artist, or wife of a poor man who has his way to make in the world. A little common sense will solve most of the problems in this life—the dress question among others—and it would be much more creditable to women who consider themselves "cultured" to bestow thought upon it, than to ignore or affect to despise it.

## Paris Fashions.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR DEMOREST: Sunshine gleaming on palace, park and promenade, breezes blowing in balmy breath athwart the boulevards and sighing in soft cadence through the verdant boughs, seem fitting frame for the smiling month of June, which bears in its rose-wreathed hours the palm of pleasure. Truly there was a concentration of delights for the fashionable world during the week that ushered in the summer.

Our Minister, Mr. Morton, gave a ball, at which all of the best of the American residents were well represented, and the toilets of the ladies vied in splendor with those of the Russian Capital during the coronation.

At the Minister's ball there were many white costumes, some of which were relieved of monotony by the accompanying jewels only. A charming American young lady wore a robe of white tulle over a dull white Surah foundation. The high corsage and elbow sleeves were of tulle finely plaited; a peasant bodice of embroidered white veiling was laced about her slender waist, below which were gracefully draped full, short paniers of the veiling; her white Suède gloves reached to the elbows, and her blonde hair was dressed high at the back in figure 8 loops, the front falling in a softly-waved fringe over the forehead.

An American lady, who is quietly preparing for a lyric career, was arrayed in black tulle arranged over black Surah in Fedora puffs with narrow bands of black velvet ribbon forming the heading of each puff; the high corsage was of tulle, with velvet ribbon placed perpendicularly, forming a square-shaped yoke back and front, the ends of the ribbon falling in loops about one inch long; in lieu of sleeves loops of velvet formed a ruche all around the arms at the shoulder, and the long black Suède gloves reaching nearly to the ruche. The auburn hair of the wearer was softly waved on the temples and confined in a Grecian coil, low down, with amber-shell pins. No jewels whatever were worn.

Many of the elderly ladies wore rich old laces completely covering the elegant silks or satins of which their costumes were composed; while the younger matrons, who were just ushering their rosebud darlings over the threshold of society, sought solace in the more juvenile addition of tulle to the less heavy fabrics composing their own toilets, and thus afforded an agreeable contrast to the girlish costumes of their daughters, many of whom were lovely in silk, muslin, or tarlatan of pale rose, blue or crushed strawberry tints.

In this connection it may be observed that all *débutantes* are allowed the fullest license as to puffs, flounces, plaitings and paniers, while their mammas adopt panels at the sides, and full-flowing draperies at the back supported by a small tournure or petticoat fully ruffled or flounced. No party dress is considered complete, be it long, short or demi-train, unless a *balayouse* finishes the inside of the skirt, and one sees these garnitures in every stage of simplicity or elegance from the plain *plissé* of simply hemmed book-muslin up to those made by hand of the finest lawn and embellished with insertings and edgings of real Valenciennes lace.

From three to five ruffles of very narrow fine knife-plaiting is still used as a garniture for the lower edge of all light textured costumes; but those of the heavier goods introduced for early fall have a hem only of from five to six inches deep, and the garniture of laid-on embroidery, passementerie or self-trimming falls within one inch of the edge of the skirt; no braid is used to protect the edge, but the *balayouse* is so placed that while it does not project the fraction of an inch, it guards the dress perfectly.

This style of finish is observable in the fourteen dresses composing the *trousseau* of Mlle. Rothschild, or rather now, Mme. Ephrussi, as the marriage took place June 6th. The

civil contract was celebrated the last day of May, when two thousand five hundred guests offered their congratulations, listened to the exquisite harmonies of a select chorus from the Conservatoire of Music and the melodies of the finest orchestras in Paris, partook of elegantly served refreshments and admired the choice gifts displayed in the perfectly appointed dining-room.

The gifts were so choice, rare and costly that the superlatives of the French language have failed to describe their excellence, and I must fain content myself with a hasty glance at the unrivaled display. The air was laden with the perfume of flowers, the mind in an ecstasy of delight with pleasant sounds, and the sight almost dazed with the glitter and glow of precious stones that greeted it. There was a diadem of diamonds with the fond affection of a doting grandmother scintillating in every flash of the pure gems; beside it was a brilliant mate, the gift of the Baron Lionel Rothschild, of London; the father's bounty was displayed in a *parure* of pearls, rubies and diamonds which he had spent eleven years in collecting. One uncle sent a bouquet of diamonds for the hair, another, a true lover's knot for the throat, and a third offered a *parure* of diamonds of purest ray serene.

The groom presented his bride with a *parure* of sapphires, clear and pellucid as an Italian sky mirrored in the depths of a crystal lake; there was a strand of pearls perfect in tone as the tints of a twilight horizon, where fleecy clouds are fading and fainting in flitting shadows toward the misty realms that gave them birth; there were laces that might have decked the fair form of some Venetian beauty whose charms still linger in glowing colors on the canvas touched by the hand of one of the mighty masters of old; there were furs that suggested the giant palaces of snow and ice that rear their pale, cold pinnacles in the frozen regions of the North; there were curious coffers wrought and inlaid with the cunning skill known only to the ancients; there was every appliance of modern luxury that art can devise and ingenuity execute, and crowning all a prayer-book so superbly finished that one wonders if the human mind is capable of any higher degree of perfection in adorning and engraving the solemn words of Holy Writ contained therein.

Each messenger who arrived with a gift for the bride was dismissed with a kind word and a smile by the life-long friend and educator of the fiancée, who was authorized to place in the hand of each one the sum of twenty francs. To this amiable lady the bride gave an order for the dresses necessary to appear appropriately costumed for both the civil and religious ceremonies; to each of her young companions, three or four in number, she was equally generous; while the groom gave to each maid of honor (six in all) a horse-shoe of sapphires with the initials of the bride composed of diamonds in the open space. The sum placed at the disposal of the poor has not transpired, but it is stated that over one thousand applications by mail were received, not one of which was refused.

For the civil ceremony the *fiancée* wore a short robe of white faille (having first chosen crushed strawberry she decided finally upon pure white), over which were scarf draperies across the front of white tulle, the draperies at the back full and straight; the ornaments, Easter daisies; corsage low, of faille, with bertha garniture of tulle and corsage bouquet of Easter daisies; no jewels. I should not omit to mention that the fiancée distributed all the jewels worn during her girlhood among her friends, companions and faithful servitors.

The bridal dress was of white satin, draped *en tablier*, with garland upon garland of orange flowers; the princess train fell in three large points, the center point being completely covered with orange flowers and buds, the same simple gar-



nituro appearing on the corsage. The only lace worn was the point lace veil of which I spoke in my last letter, and instead of the usual bouquet the bride carried the prayer-book given by the groom in the *corbeille*.

The six bridesmaids were all dressed in embroidered white India muslin, over cream-white faille, with paniers of the silk caught up with satin and finished with baby sashes of broad faille ribbon tied in great loops and falling in long ends at the back. Three of these young ladies were sisters to the groom, and the other three were cousins to the bride.

The mother of the bride wore a dress of cream tint, the texture being lost in the hand-wrought crevette pink roses that strewed the surface, and partly veiled by cascades of rare old Flanders lace; her bonnet was of *café-au-lait* straw ornamented with coral roses.

The mother of the groom was robed in a Havana *broché* of such elegance that it required no ornamentation to enhance its beauty; her small bonnet of white was so completely hidden beneath its mass of graceful white plumes that the casual glance failed to discover whether the material was straw or lace.

The only sister of the bride, the Baroness Albert Rothschild, wore a salmon-tinted under-robe completely covered with hand-wrought cream-tinted tulle and ornamented with vari-colored velvet. Her bonnet was of gold lace with tulle brides flushing to a rosy tint, roses of the same hue and marabout plumes.

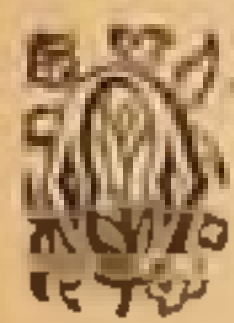
The entire *corps diplomatique* attended this celebrated wedding, and with the other guests who thronged the temple offered a scene of variety and elegance not often to be viewed in this splendor-loving city.

Two hundred choristers selected from the opera and the conservatoire sang the hymn "Praise God" in the Hebrew tongue. Lasalle sang a nuptial hymn written expressly for and dedicated to the bride by Mr. Samuel David.

The bride received \$240,000 from her father with which to furnish her residence, and starts on her matrimonial voyage with the snug little income of \$5,000 per month.

The trousseau, which was not finished until the last moment, was not exposed to view, but the *manteaux* chosen by the groom were of unsurpassed elegance, and were a fortune in themselves, while the fans embrace all that is known of superiority and novelty, ancient or modern. M. T. K.

### Illustrated Designs.



OUR illustrations furnish some very pretty styles for the present month, most of which suggest the extent to which the polonaise idea has been revived during the season. The "Idalia" costume consists of a tight-fitting polonaise draped in festoons upon the front, but long at the back over a gored walking skirt, and well adapted to plain gingham with embroidered border, to a combination of plain with checked materials, or to any fabric to be trimmed with needle-work or lace. The skirt is finished in a way to which particular attention is called, because it is new and highly popular. This consists of a very narrow plaiting above which is a deep shirred flounce edged with embroidery, which the plaiting preserves from contact with the ground. The style is particularly becoming, as is the whole design, to a rather tall, slender figure. The festooning may be lowered if preferred, and the curtain drapery made deeper.

The "Ilonka" costume is more dressy and adapted to a richer class of materials, yet the polonaise still prevails. In this case it forms paniers at the sides and graceful irregular drapery behind, which springs from the center, assisted by loopings at the sides. The vest is simulated by a covering

of the plain fabric, satin or velvet, of which the skirt is composed, and it is outlined with a flat trimming of the lace which borders the paniers. For summer wear plain and figured grenadine may be used, or plain and embroidered nun's veilings. Plain silk or satin and brocade would look well, or the design would look well in any of the pretty checked silks, and particularly in the new checks brocaded with small velvet flowers, and employed with plain silk, velvet or satin.

The "Olaneta" costume furnishes a third variation of the polonaise and skirt as forming the dress, but this is quite different from either of the others. It is especially suited to early fall materials, and is a combination of polonaise with trimmed skirt and basque. The basque front of the overdress, for example, falls over an apron which belongs to the skirt, and which is supplemented by bias bands of velvet put on in squares; or, if the material has large wafer spots, as illustrated, the trimming may be velvet, matching these in a piece fabric, and cut on the bias.

Besides the costumes, there are two independent designs for polonaises, which illustrate the diversified uses to which this always more or less fashionable garment can be put, and supply a reason, if one were needed, for the permanent hold it has upon the affections of the majority. The "lanthe" is youthful, simple, graceful, a charming design for in-door wear, excellent for school, easily arranged, the very thing for the overdress in bronze, gray, garnet, or black wool, which every one wants early in the fall, which costs so little if it is home-made, and is such a comfort if the material is the right shade, and pure wool. The "Rowena" is practically a walking suit, requiring only a skirt with an edge of flounce or thick material. It forms a walking skirt and jacket, most useful and desirable in plain or checked wool, for mountain wear or excursions by land or water. It could be utilized as a morning dress and made very effective with a trimming of embroidery instead of braid, or it could be made handsomely in cloth and trimmed with gold braid in different widths.

There is a very stylish and graceful overskirt, the "Angelina," a walking skirt, the "Yolande," which combines the fashionable features; the draped apron above the plaited flounces, the side panel and opposite drapery, whose interior finish shows the rich figured fabric of which the panel is composed. There is also a very handsome and becoming basque, the "Viviette," which we strongly recommend to young ladies who can embroider upon cloth, or velvet, or a handsome solid material of any kind, a pretty design with their own hands, as an excellent model for either an independent basque or a part of a fall cloth suit. It is just enough double-breasted to break up the monotony, and the double row of buttons prevents it from seeming lop-sided or out of proportion.

The "Dorcas" night dress will be liked by those who prefer a roomy, ample gown to the restricted style of the princess forms, although the young may not admire its sacque shape and box-plaits. It is a good design, however, for "Dorcas" gowns of red flannel which poor old women like to receive at Christmas, and cut short, it furnishes an excellent winter in-door sacque pattern. The design must not be supposed to be baggy; it is well-fitting and makes up handsomely in either cotton or wool or linen batiste.

A good house jacket is an indispensable item in a wardrobe, and the "Euretta" gives us the latest touch in the shape of the gathered panel over the hips. It is very effective, and we advise a trial of it in white lawn, satine, or figured foulard.

Cloth coats trimmed with gold braid, laid on flat, overskirts of satin or velvet of the cloth shade, dark hunter's green, wine-color, or deep bronze, will be fashionable for fall wear.

Cuffs and collar will be turned over flat and trimmed with straps of gold braid, fitting so close that no edge of white

will be permitted or required. Instead, a gold dog-collar and bangles will constitute the finish at throat and wrists.



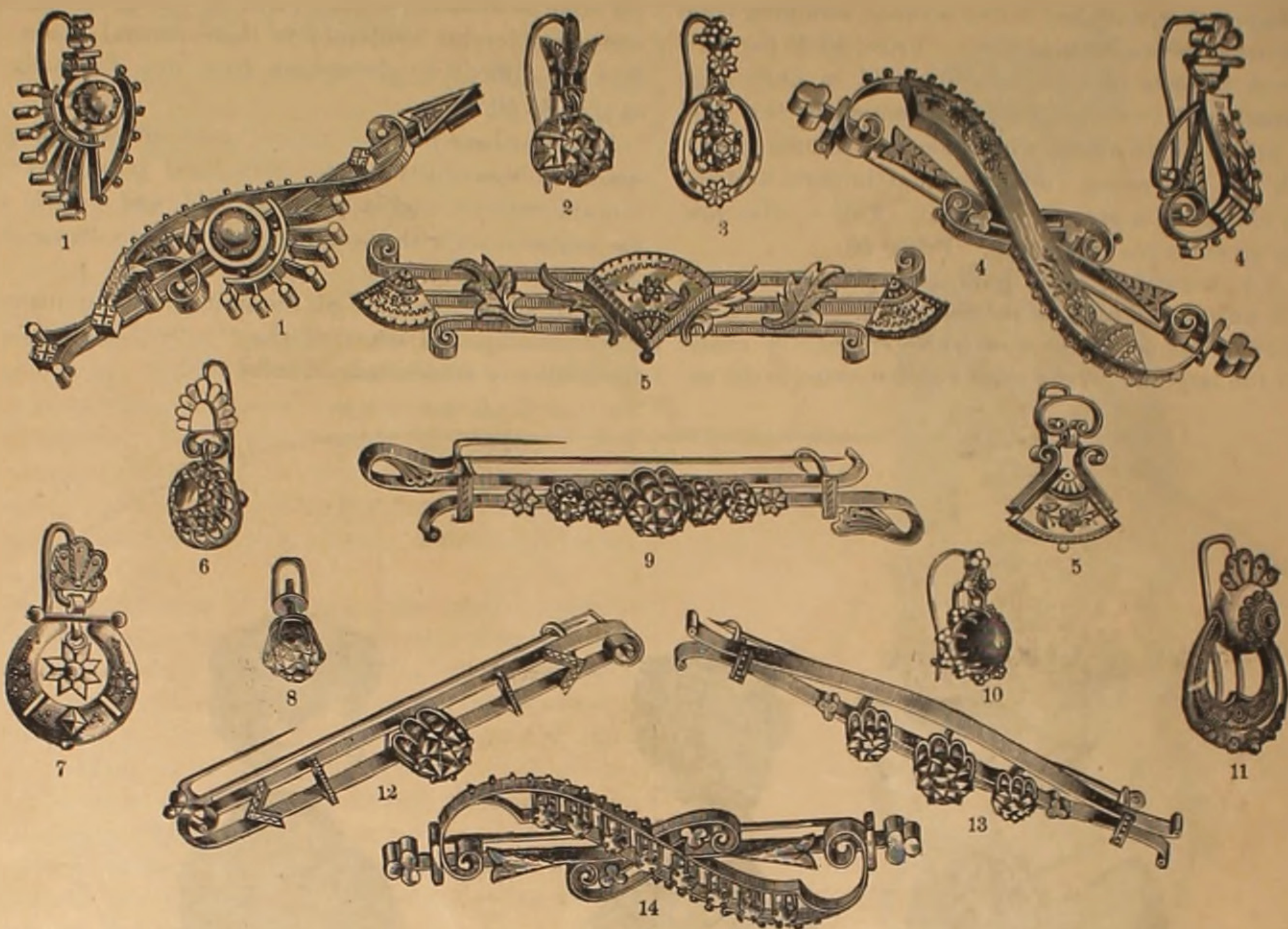
### FASHIONABLE HAIRDRESSING.

#### Novelties in Summer Capes.

**T**HE little shoulder cape which has been a feature of out-of-door attire in summer for several seasons past, has graduated into a charming little garment which has a sleeve piece fitted at the top of the arm, and forming a small talma, high cut, and well defined on the shoulder, a necessary feature of a stylish dress or garment nowadays.

A very useful cape is often made to accompany cloth or

serge dresses for yachting or mountain excursions. It consists of a double cape of water-proof cloth, the upper one caught up with a rosette in a Colleen Bawn fashion, and the whole finished with a practical hood edged with satin upon the inside, that can be drawn over the head if needed. Ladies, however, who wear cloth hats to match suits, usually prefer the cape without the hood. Very pretty small shoulder capes have been made recently, of shirred Surah, black, and trimmed with a ruche and border of black lace, that may be worn with any dress.



LACE PINS AND EAR-RINGS.—(Actual Sizes.)

No. 1.—This beautiful set, composed of lace pin and ear-drops, is of "rolled" gold set with pearls. The pin is a shaft with engraved arrow head of highly polished gold, and a feather-shaped ornament crosses it with tiny radiating plaques, while in the center is set a large pearl in diamond mounting. The ear-rings correspond in design, and have solid gold wires. The pearls are pure white, and all the polished gold that is seen on the surface is solid. Price, \$6.50 for the set. The pin can be furnished separately for \$3.25, and the ear-rings for \$3.25 per pair.

No. 2.—Solitaire white stone ear-rings, set in solid gold, with patent foil back, which imparts to the natural brilliancy of the stone the luster of a genuine diamond. The upper part of the ear-ring represents a catkin and flags of green and copper-colored frosted gold. Price, \$6.

No. 3.—Solid gold ear-rings set with solitaire white stones in diamond mounting. The stones are set with the patent foil back, which gives them all the brilliancy of genuine diamonds. The setting swings in an oval rim of polished gold with tiny stars of frosted gold at the top and bottom. Price, \$4.75 per pair.

No. 4.—"Rolled" gold set, comprising pin and ear-drops of entirely unique design. The lace pin is a bar in knife-edge polished gold, with a broad scroll of engraved and polished gold, and lighter scrolls and ornaments in knife-edge work at the ends and across the center. The ear-rings correspond in design, and have solid gold wires. All the polished gold that is seen on the surface is solid. Price, \$6 for the set. The ear-rings and pin can be furnished separately. Price for the pin, \$3.50. Ear-drops, \$2.50 per pair.

No. 5.—Set of "rolled" gold, consisting of lace pin and ear-rings. The design is singularly pretty and unique, composed of fans in highly polished gold and oak leaves of frosted gold alternating on the triple bars of knife-edged polished gold which form the pin. The fans at the ends are inverted, and the ear-rings are simply inverted fans with engraved floral design. The wires of the ear-rings are solid gold, and all the gold that is seen on the surface is solid. Price, \$5.25

for the set. The pin can be furnished separately for \$2.87, and the ear-drops for \$2.38 per pair.

No. 6.—Pear-shaped solitaire ear-drops of pure white stones set in solid gold. The setting swings from a frosted gold ornament, with wedge-shaped medallion of polished gold forming the top of the ear-ring. The stone is set in the latest style of diamond mounting, with patent foil back, which greatly adds to its natural luster, and makes it appear the fac-simile of a genuine diamond of finest water. Price, \$6 per pair.

No. 7.—Delicate and pretty ear-rings of "rolled" gold, in a novel design. The lower point of the ear-drop is a swinging horseshoe of Roman gold, ornamented with filigree and tiny bars of highly polished gold, and set with a single turquoise. In the center swings a tiny star of highly polished gold, set with a pearl. The upper part of the ear-ring is a shell-shaped filigree ornament. The ear-rings have solid gold wires, and the polished gold on the surface is solid. Price, \$2.25 per pair.

No. 8.—Screw ear-knobs of solid gold, set with solitaire white stones in diamond mounting, with the patent foil back, which greatly increases their brilliancy and gives them the beautiful effect of genuine diamonds of purest water. Price, \$2.87 per pair.

No. 9.—Solid gold lace pin, set with five white stones in graduated sizes. At each end of the bar are delicate engraved ornaments, and tiny stars of frosted gold enrich the design. The stones are set in diamond mounting, with the patent foil back, which increases their original luster to an extent that renders them practically undistinguishable from genuine diamonds in appearance. It is provided with a short pin at the upper edge, which renders it more secure. Price, \$8.50.

No. 10.—These beautiful ear-rings are hematites, which closely resemble black pearls, set in solid gold, in diamond mounting, the setting swinging from the ornament to which the ring is attached. Price, \$4.50 per pair.

No. 11.—A pretty ear-ring of "rolled" gold, with ball and shell of Roman gold and filigree chasing at the top, and a

crescent-shaped ring, enriched in like manner, swinging from it; the ear-rings have solid gold wires. Price, \$2.25 per pair.

No. 12.—A delicate lace pin of solid gold in knife-edge work, consisting of two upright edges crossed by tiny gold chevrons, and set with a large white stone in diamond mounting, which has the patent foil back, that imparts to it the fire and brilliancy of a genuine diamond. This is also provided with an extra pin like No. 9. Price, \$6.

No. 13.—A beautiful solid gold lace pin, the design wrought in knife-edge work of polished gold. Between the two knife-edges are set three pure white stones, the center one rather the largest. These stones are mounted in the lat-

est style of diamond setting, with the patent foil back, which adds considerable brilliancy to their natural luster, so that they are difficult to distinguish from fine diamonds. Price of pin, \$7.50.

No. 14.—Lace pin of "rolled" gold, set with pearls. The design is beautifully ornate, with light scrolls, trefoils and minute balls of highly polished gold, and a scroll crossing the center is set with a row of eight pearls in diamond mounting. Price, \$3.75.

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.



SUMMER COSTUMES.

Summer Costumes.

FIG. 1.—A charming summer costume of cream-tinted Pompadour satine, figured in a robe pattern with natural tinted roses. The design is a tight-fitting polonaise draped in panier style over a short gored skirt, and cut after the model of the "Idalia" costume. Two deep shirred flounces of the bordered satine trim the skirt, and the polonaise, of the same fabric strewn with smaller figures, is trimmed around the front drapery with a full ruffle of Pompadour Oriental lace, which also ornaments the falling collar and turned-back cuffs. Velvet ribbon bows, of faint purple in the shade known as "lilac of Japan," are placed at the throat and drape the paniers. Cream-tinted straw hat, trimmed with a tuft of summer violets and two cream-white plumes. Lilac satin parasol lined with white silk and trimmed with a cream-satin bow. Cream-tinted *Suède* gloves. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—Morning dress of Russian green percale, printed with white lozenges. Our design illustrates a combination of the "Euretta" house jacket, "Angelina" overskirt, and a plain gored skirt trimmed around the bottom with three narrow, overlapping gathered ruffles. The jacket is nearly tight fitting, and is trimmed, as also is the overskirt, with several rows of black velvet ribbon in two widths. Crimped muslin frill at the throat. The hair is dressed moderately high, and adorned with a jet comb placed a little at the side. Price of jacket pattern, twenty-five cents each size; overskirt and underskirt patterns, thirty cents each.

FIG. 3.—Illustrates the "Ianthé" polonaise of fawn-tinted nun's veiling draped over a short skirt of amber foulard with chintz figures. The skirt is trimmed all around with four overlapping gathered flounces of foulard trimmed with a wide band of ruby velvet ribbon on each. Velvet of the same color is used for the cuffs and collar and to form the loops at the side where the polonaise is draped. Price of polonaise pattern, thirty cents each size; skirt pattern, thirty cents.

The Long Wraps

**W**RE not likely to go out of fashion, although so few of them are seen at present, because they meet too great a want, and are found altogether too useful to be summarily dismissed. The long coat so often confounded with the ulster, differs from it in being tight-fitting, and suitable for street wear, while the ulster is loose and only suitable for a wrap, or for informal protective purposes. The "Hamilton," "Russian," and "Jersey" redingotes, are all examples of the "coat" style, as distinguished from the ulster, but the "Windsor" possesses the coat seam below the waist line, which is the distinctive sign of the English "Newmarket." These coats are too warm for summer wear except for cool days in the mountains, or as some ladies display them, made in fine claret or dark green summer cloth, stitched and faced with silk, like the Jersey redingote, but without heavy bordering or ruched finish.

The most popular wrap, however, is the new cape cloak, the cape coming only to the shoulder, and forming the sleeve. It is made in linen, and also in louisine, and is very becoming.

Jackets are very close fitting, and are braided in military style; for this reason they are more formal, and less suitable for wraps. Dark tones, such as smoke grays and browns, are more fashionable than black. Light biscuit cloths are faced with silk, and prettily braided, or embroidered with gold.

YOUNG GIRLS who wear half short sleeves should wear very long gloves or mitts; bare arms in the street look vulgar, and soon become roughened and red.



Ilonka Costume.

**N**O more appropriate model could be selected to be made up in grenadine than the "Ilonka." It is represented in the illustration made of plain black sewing-silk grenadine combined with black brocaded grenadine in a floral pattern, the skirt made of the plain material, and the polonaise of the figured, with a vest of black satin Surah. The skirt is gored and escapes the ground all around, the bottom is trimmed with three narrow box-plaited flounces, and the grenadine is draped on the front and side gores, the back being covered by the drapery of the polonaise. The polonaise has full paniers, and full drapery at the back proceeding from the middle seam and draped in a decidedly unique manner. Black Spanish guipure lace ornaments the front, paniers and sleeves of the polonaise. The hat has the brim covered with plaitings of écreu crêpe lisse, and the crown is of Tuscan braid surrounded by a *rouleau* of ruby velvet and ornamented at the left by a cluster of yellow roses with foliage. A bunch of similar roses is worn at the throat. Old gold silk gloves. Costume pattern, thirty cents each size.

## Traveling and Country Hats.

**D**RESS bonnet is an absurdity in the country in summer, and most ladies recognize this fact. A few take the small bonnet for church wear, that matches a dark or black costume, but the bonnet for traveling is one that protects the face, or a large hat, that is at once picturesque, and saves, as does the poke bonnet, the fussy annoyance of a veil, and much of the need of a parasol, for short distances. An English firm has introduced a sample hat for ladies this season, for traveling purposes, which is very pretty and very becoming. It is of soft, fine felt in all shades, and is ventilated by small perforations under the trimming, which is of rich silk or weather-proof galloons in the shade of the felt, claret, myrtle-green, brown, and biscuit shades. The felt hat is always felt to be the best hat for traveling purposes, and a shape should be selected that either admits of the use of a veil, or is so protective as not to require any. Hats for traveling purposes are very simply trimmed, or should be. Several rows of galloon or narrow leather with small buckles for fastening, for girls and for ladies silk with a wing or large buckles, but not feathers or flowers, as these crush and are spoiled by a sudden shower.

Imported novelties, of which a very few have been seen, consist of a bonnet of Swedish kid, stitched on the edge with embroidery silk, and trimmed with a panache of feathers the shade of the kid. There is also a charming lawn bonnet, in white or pale pink silk, for girls, with a small close wreath of white flowers round the crown. New yachting hats are made of wash-leather, which bend and twist into any shape, can be outspread or crushed down over the eyes in a nor'wester.

The leghorn hat, as we have before stated, is the approved

style for garden parties, lawn tennis, and the like. It is not heavy, and the wide flexible brim is becoming to almost every one. Many young girls, however, prefer the very light hats of glazed straw, with the twist of muslin round the crown, and the spray of lilies of the valley, or forget-me-nots or buttercups, or primroses at the side, they are very pretty, and still better, cheap, and easily replaced.

## Ribbons.

**T**WO kinds of ribbons are used—the very narrow satin ribbons for garniture, and the very wide for sashes; there is a medium width employed for belts, but these hardly count. The “happy thought” of clustering very narrow satin ribbons in different shades and colors as rosettes, bows, and groups of loops with ends, has revived that formerly highly favored kind of garniture, and given it a stimulus unknown before. Four hundred yards has been put, it is said, on one dress, and that may not represent the maximum, since the *furor* has only just set in. It is more than probable, however, that it will soon expend itself, as the violence of a storm is its own prophecy of speedy abatement.

In sash ribbons are some new styles of unexampled beauty. The exquisite lace patterns seen in brocaded silk and velvet upon some rich fabrics, have been transferred to elegant ribbons with great success, entirely covering ruby and rose pink or wine-colored surfaces with a frost-like tracery which perfectly reproduces the rarest fabrics. There are other ribbons which are brocaded so as to represent the finest hand embroidery of a conventional kind; and still others in duchesse satin with a striped center of moiré in the solid color.



**Yolande Walking Skirt.**—Elegant and original in effect, this stylish design consists of a short gored skirt trimmed with plaited flounces, and a drapery composed of a short draped apron, a long back drapery, and a broad, box-plaited side panel of contrasting material. This design is adapted to any class of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials, as illustrated. Any other style of trimming may be substituted for the flounces on the skirt, if preferred. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



**Olaneta Costume.**—A novel, stylish costume, composed of a tight-fitting polonaise with basque front, and back draped in a graceful manner, over a short walking skirt trimmed with a pointed apron front and bias bands. A broad, turned-over collar, and close sleeves trimmed with bands complete the costume. The design is adapted for any class of dress goods excepting the lightest, and is most effective with the bias bands of a contrasting material. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Costumes for Summer.

HERE is great variety, as well as great beauty, in this summer's dressing, but there is a very marked difference between the costumes as prepared for the young, and those for the older members of a family. The most elegant dresses worn by married ladies are black; black thread lace, over satin, with basques of flowered velvet in large, rich, raised patterns, made with narrow outstanding collar, and full lace vests. These alternate with the handsome fancy silks in showy patterns, which, however, are exquisite in color, and always subdued about the neck and wrists with a profusion of fine lace, Duchesse or Pompadour. The thread lace is a reaction from the influence of the Spanish, which has become so common, and an impetus has been given by the designing of new and beautiful patterns, and the manufacture in lengths, and pieces with finished edges, adapted for drapery, for bonnets, and for the full shirt vests.

The velvet brocades with raised figures are the most distinguished fabrics of the season. They are largely used, both with solid and grenadine grounds, and no costume is considered complete for a lady of mature age without a touch of velvet in it. The most delicate batistes and nun's-veilings are bordered with velvet, or ornamented with clusters of very narrow ribbon velvet loops and bows. The large vine leaves are used in the velvet brocaded gauze, with striking effect, the patterns being used for the points of dresses and mantles, principally in combination with satin, upon which is draped quantities of rich lace.

Lighter dresses are of foulard, with dark blue, or cream grounds, and small figures, irregular dots upon the blue, tiny red or bronze moons, sickles, crescents, and the like, double or with dots in the spaces, upon the tinted grounds. These are all made in simple, graceful designs, and trimmed with creamy lace, imitation Mechlin or Oriental. A new style of dull écreu batiste has stripes of brocade upon a satine ground. These are made up over a plain skirt, the front of which is trimmed with ruffles of écreu linen lace. The later pongees are very lovely; they are almost covered with an exquisite embroidery in colors, executed in small leaves and flowerets, above a conventionalized border. The embroidery is not unfrequently a half a yard deep, and is employed for the front of the skirt above the flounce, and below the short apron; it also frequently reappears as paniers.

The wafer-dotted materials are much used for polonaise dresses in combination with the plain fabric of the ground color. Dark blue, with dark red spots, appears in conjunction with a dark blue skirt, trimmed with two knife-plaited flounces. The apron polonaise will be belted down with the dark shade of red, and a red straw hat complete the costume, which is not showy, because the red is dull and not conspicuous. With brown spots upon cream, or écreu, a brown skirt will be worn, and a hat of brown straw with feathers of the two shades.

Inexpensive, but very useful costumes, are made of thin wool, twilled, and of pure quality, but not fine—a kind of summer camel's-hair cloth. Complete suits are made of this, consisting of deep basque (Jersey) and trimmed skirt, two kiltings, apron, and draped back, which are light, yet more useful for excursions, water parties, and the like, than cotton or linen. The width of these materials is fifty inches, and they are only from forty to fifty cents per yard. But of course they do not long remain upon the market, and are not duplicated when the stock runs out, because the looms are engaged upon thicker materials, in anticipation of an approaching season.

Chintzes and flowered satteens are largely employed for

over-dresses in the country, and nothing can be conceived more useful and better adapted to morning walking, riding, or household duties. The designs of these modern cotton fabrics are so far removed from common-place that they give character to the costume, and render it suitable for diversified occasions. Shaded leaves, with lanceolated edges on dark and black grounds, dark red cherries in couples on one stem, upon cream ground, and bursting pods, showing the treasures within, are some of the patterns that challenge admiration.

In silks, Surahs and foulards take the lead for all secondary purposes, and have largely superseded grenadines. The black Surah, and the black nun's-veiling; the former made up with lace, the latter with embroidery on the material, are the favorite "church" dresses, black being a sort of uniform for church wear in New York, and no summer or winter wardrobe being complete without a black dress.



**Rowena Polonaise.**—Exceedingly simple and graceful, this polonaise is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The front has the trimming arranged to produce a basque effect, falls perfectly plain, and is buttoned all the way down; while the back is very gracefully draped. Any class of dress goods may be made up after this design, although it is specially to be recommended for light woolen fabrics and materials which drape gracefully. It may be trimmed as illustrated, with rows of braid, or in any other style, according to the material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

The "Jersey."

It is not at all likely that the Jersey will remain a fashionable garment, for it has already become common; but it has made a certain place for itself, and will remain through fluctuations of fortune, as the basque and the polonaise and the blouse waist have done. The Jersey is easy and delightful wear for a good figure, and for informal occasions. It fits like a glove, yet admits of much freedom of movement; its elasticity does away with all sense of binding or pressure; but for this very reason, a round, flexible, graceful form is an indispensable qualification in the wearer, and no angular or made-up figure should ever attempt a "Jersey."



**Vivette Basque.**—Slightly double-breasted, and tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The back forms postilion plaits below the waist, while the rest of the basque is cut off quite short and the required length furnished by square tabs joined on. Any class of dress goods is suitable for this design, and the tabs may be elaborately braided as illustrated, or left plain. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

### Dress for the Mountains.

**C**OTTON is out of place in the mountains; starch and washable dresses are a nuisance. "All wool" is the thing—light or heavy according to temperature. The simpler the dress, the fewer flounces and furbelows to flop round the ankles and catch and be left in the bushes, the better. Ladies who have been there year after year know how to adapt themselves to their surroundings; but the starched and much-ruffled, lace-trimmed and be-ribboned occasional visitor, with yards of streamers and not a single warm dress or jacket, is really a pitiable object. A good mountain dress is made by adding only to the short gored skirt a narrow kilt-plaiting and attaching to it a lining waist, over which a tunic or polonaise (not too long and not at all fanciful) may be belted. A plaited blouse waist is also a useful and very becoming finish to a mountain dress for slender figures. An Alpine climbing dress exhibited by a lady at the exhibition of the Rational Dress Association in London, as worn by herself in all mountain excursions, consists of brown serge, the short skirt arranged with tabs, buttons and elastic so that it can be shortened at will. Narrow trousers fastened on a circular band, plaited blouse bodice with belt, stocking suspenders from waist. The whole weight of the dress, underwear included, four pounds nine ounces.

For mountain climbing and wear, the drawers, which is all that Lady Harberton's "divided skirt" amounts to, might very well be substituted for an underskirt, and made of the same material as the dress. If the costume in addition were composed of walking skirt and tunic, the skirt could be omitted on occasions when extra climbing was to be done, and the tunic belted down over the drawers, which would form trousers. Dark navy blue and claret-colored flannel and twilled wools are preferred to the gray blues this season; but shades of strawberry-red flourish, though they are not likely to outlast the season, being too garish and running too readily into the *chaudron*. The weight of woolen dresses is of the greatest importance; and neither linings nor trimmings should be added to make clothing a burden. To the dress of light-weight wool a cape of water-proof cloth may

be added, that will render it almost perfect for use and ordinary walking wear. Boots should be broad and low-heeled, stockings fine, pure merino, for walking purposes, where sudden showers are apt to overtake the pedestrian.

### How to Dress for Lawn Tennis.

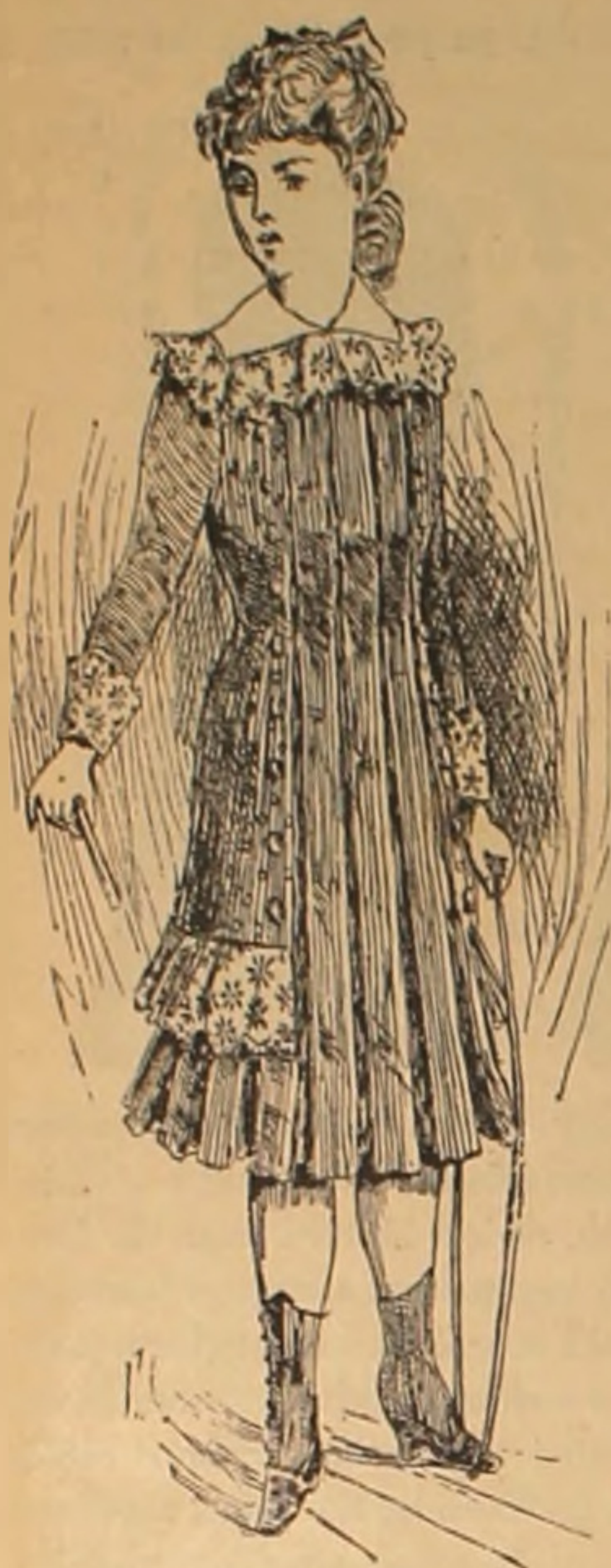
**L**AWN tennis is the most fashionable game of the season, and a great improvement on croquet; but it requires more vigorous movement, more exercise of muscle, and a dress adapted to these requirements. It is too much the habit of the fashionable young lady to stand upon her privileges whenever and wherever she can—to do whatever she does in a listless way, and as a favor to her young gentlemen associates, who fetch, and carry, and do the running, while she stands still, surrounded by her ribbons and ruffles, which she is mortally afraid of disturbing. This is absurd and idiotic. In a game, a girl that is worth anything will endeavor to hold her own, and ask no favor. In the field she is on equal terms, and she will endeavor to maintain this position, and arrange her dress to be as little of an obstacle as possible.

The tennis dress, whether of linen, cotton, or wool, should consist of a single rather short and gored skirt, attached to a round bodice by a broad belt, and having sleeves set high into a long arm-hole, and either full, or with a very deep but not very full puff at the top. The regular lawn-tennis apron, with pocket, forms an overskirt to this simple gown, and may be made of figured or flowered chintz or satteen, or of striped gingham, or seersucker. The reason why the sleeves should be set high, and be full upon the top, is, that this cut facilitates freedom in the use of the arms, and prevents the bodice from "hitching up" in striking out or making an upward movement. Very pretty dresses are made of dark blue linen, with aprons of cream linen embroidered with dark blue and trimmed with cream lace. The "Sutherland" is a suitable design for a lawn-tennis costume, in Scotch plaid gingham (checks small), with apron of linen in the predominant color of the check, and trimmed with a border of it stitched on flat. Lawn-tennis aprons of brown linen, neatly braided or embroidered with blue or red, are suitable with dresses of all colors and fabrics; but, as before remarked, a lawn-tennis dress should be simple, and cool, and light weight; and cotton, or wool, or linen, according to temperature, are the most suitable materials. White may be worn, and looks very well with an apron of colored chintz or red cotton trimmed with white lace or embroidery. Low-cut shoes are best, and fine striped hose, or hose to match.

**BLACK LACE FICHUS** are more popular than ever this season; they are worn over white and black dresses, over blue and gray, over the spotted foulards and the checked summer silks. Perhaps it is because they are so convenient as well as so much improved in quality that they have obtained so marked a degree of favor. The present styles of handsome Spanish and all-silk Spanish guipure, are an immense advance over the "French" laces, and are more suitable than real thread for ordinary wear. Of course, with a thread lace dress a lady would require a thread fichu, if it was worn in the street, but thread lace dresses very seldom are worn in the street, and therefore a fichu is not needed. The Spanish guipure are perhaps the most serviceable of the secondary laces, and now that guipure is coming again to the front, and is combined with Spanish, and even with Chantilly in the production of some novel and beautiful patterns, these Spanish guipure fichus are a desirable purchase.



Clio Dress.



CLIO DRESS.

**T**HIS stylish little dress is made in percale, having a pale blue ground strewn with polka dots of a darker shade, combined with plain percale of the darker shade of blue. The plain goods forms the box-plaiting in front and the flounce at the sides, and the remainder of the dress is of the figured material. A ruffle of embroidery surmounts the flounce, and the cuffs and collar are trimmed with embroidery. The arrangement of the back is similar to the front, and the collar is a modified sailor shape. The pattern is in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, twenty cents each.

Boy's Costume.

**T**HOROUGHLY practical style, made in twilled blue flannel, for a boy of eight years. The patterns used are the "Gerard" waist, laid in three box-plaits back and front, and knee pants plain at the top. The pants are without ornamentation of any kind, and the waist has the sailor collar, cuffs and middle box-plait in front finished with rows of machine stitching, and the latter laced with a red cord. The waist is quite as appropriately made in high qualities of cloth, linen and cotton goods, and suitably worn either with a kilt skirt or knee pants. The waist pattern is in sizes for from four to ten years of age. Price, twenty cents each. The pattern for the pants is in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, twenty cents each.



BOY'S COSTUME.

Lingerie.

**T**HERE are many small novelties in linen for summer wear, and many dainty trifles to add to the simple morning or country toilets, which do not require expensive fichus of lace and embroidery. There is a decided reaction in favor of narrow turn-down collars, and some lovely ones are made to turn over the small standing collar of the dress, in colors, ornamented with the most delicate embroidery. The favorite shades are pale gray, blue, or dull pink, or buff, and the tiny rim in white linen forms an almost imperceptible border above the edge. There are others made in white linen lawn, single, but worked in delicate blocks of square hem-stitching, which also form a border instead of being detached, as formerly. Still others are worked in graduated dots, and all can be matched in handkerchiefs for the pocket if desired.

New collars for street wear are composed of straight bands edged with an upright plaiting of lace or lisse, and covered with a ruche which terminates in a jabot in front. Small black lace fichus are in great demand to knot at the throat, in place of the dotted lawn with scalloped and button holed edge, which, however, are still fashionably worn.

A RIM of lace, turned down flat at the neck and wrists, is a frequent finish to simple gowns.



**Elsina Costume.**—A stylish model, somewhat unique, although simple in arrangement. The front is cut in princess style, but the back is a polonaise draped over a full skirt formed of plain breadths. A draped scarf crosses the front, producing a panier effect, and a plaited falling collar and cuffs ornament the waist portion, while the skirt is trimmed with three plaited flounces. Any class of dress goods is suitable for this design, and some other appropriate style of garniture may be substituted for the plaitings on the skirt, if preferred. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Summer Fashions for Children.

**T**HE short frocks are pitiless in exposing the spindle legs of little girls, as the tight sleeves are in displaying the thin arms of their sisters. This fashion, which only needs the hoops of a few years ago, or a little stiffness in the skirts which they often possess, to make the most sedate and sober little girls look like ballet dancers, is difficult to bring within the sphere of conscience, because it is sometimes convenient. Girls grow rapidly in this country, and though their dresses are made a reasonable length in the first place, yet when they are outgrown, it is a great

COTTON PARASOLS are this season not at all cheap; they are made of satine or spotted cambric, and finished with heavy, knotty handles in natural wood, which give them "style," but make them hard to carry.

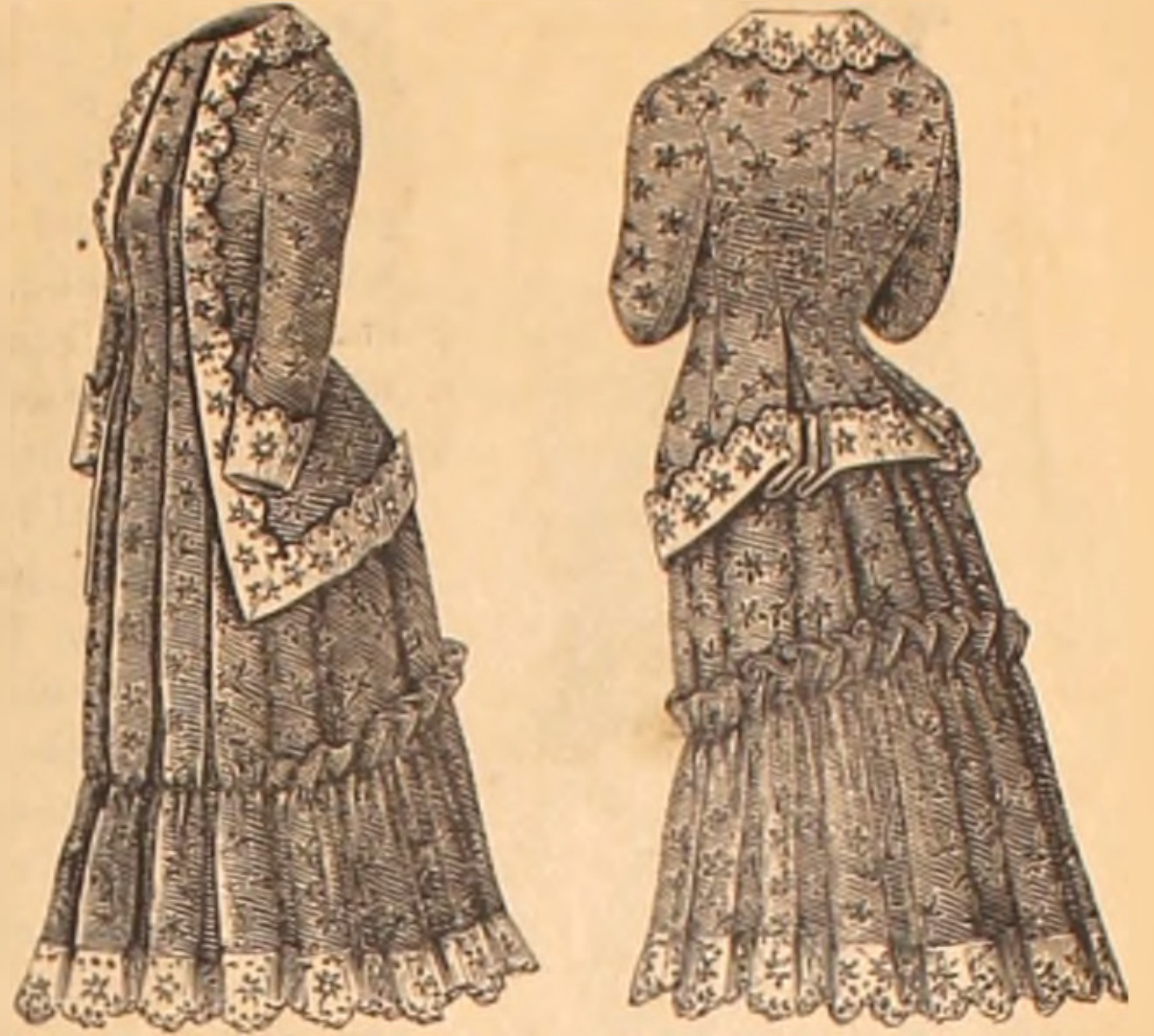
temptation to "save trouble" by letting them remain short, particularly if a thoughtless and wanton fashion sanctions it. It is not according to usage now for even the ruffles of drawers to be seen, and there are only the hose as a covering for the legs from the ankle to the knee. If they are well shaped they are the subject of remark on that account—remarks which cannot tend to the cultivation of modesty; if they are mere pipe-stems as is the case quite frequently, the sight is painful, and not the more delicate on that account. Girls are subject to enough of disadvantage on account of their dress, without having its perils unnecessarily exaggerated. It may be said that the pants of little boys are as short as the skirts of little girls, but even so, the cases are not parallel. A boy's pants close round his legs, a girl's skirt does not, and its suggestive shortness seems to say that the body ought to be covered, but is not.

With this exception, which indeed is not the rule by any means, the fashions for girls may be admitted both pretty and picturesque, convenient, and sanitary, yet diversified by a thousand bright fancies and ideas. We have quaint "Joans" everywhere with square frock, and tucked tucker, skirt hanging loose, and hair flying under a round Chinese hat of satin straw, with top formed of loops of satin ribbon. We have Corries and Susies and Maries, piquant and saucy, or sober and staid, in full blouse frocks or princess dresses, the latter redeemed from plainness by the plaited flouncing at the back and the outline trimmings of lace or embroidery. The princess has held its own now for girls for about ten years, and it promises to hold its own for ten years longer; it serves so many purposes, and is so easily arranged that it is no wonder it keeps its place. The "Jersey" dress is another useful design, which appears and reappears, and will probably continue to do so, because it is so difficult to improve upon it. This is adapted to girls of fifteen or thereabout, and is specially suitable for flannel or solid woolen materials of any kind, with hip sash laid in folds, and made of some contrasting fabric or color. It has almost become a uniform for school and for the street, garnet and navy blue being the leading colors.

White is less worn than formerly by little girls, probably because of the pretty light cottons, lawns and gingham with embroidered borders, which make up so well for little girls, and wash so beautifully. Still white has not lost its prestige; there is plenty of it showing masses of needlework, and there are odd-looking little girls, at least we should have thought them odd some years ago, wearing these richly wrought skirts a good deal curtailed, and showing long continuations of black spun silk stockings.

There is one good thing we do, and keep on doing; we cover the necks and arms of our children, and we are learning to equalize the clothing over their bodies so as to preserve warmth, and strengthen all the organs of their bodies. When we have once learned the importance of this, perhaps we shall know enough not to make the essentials to a healthful dress for growing girls matters of changing fashion. Our illustrations furnish some pretty models for dresses for girls from six to ten years of age. The "Clio," which is a princess plaited front and back, with flounce at the side which lengthens the side forms to the required depth, the "Gretta," which is a "whole" dress with a lining back, and jacket cut-away from the plaited front, the "Elsina," which is a combination of princess and polonaise, and the "Edma," which is a good design for early fall in checked wool or flannel. The "Gerard" waist for boys is a novelty, and looks exceedingly well either with an open jacket. It may be made in dull amber, or ceru flannel, and embroidered with a little vine down the central plait, in crimson, or garnet. It is an excellent waist for the present time in the country or at the seaside, to be worn

with pants only, and for this purpose it may be made in dark gray and navy blue.

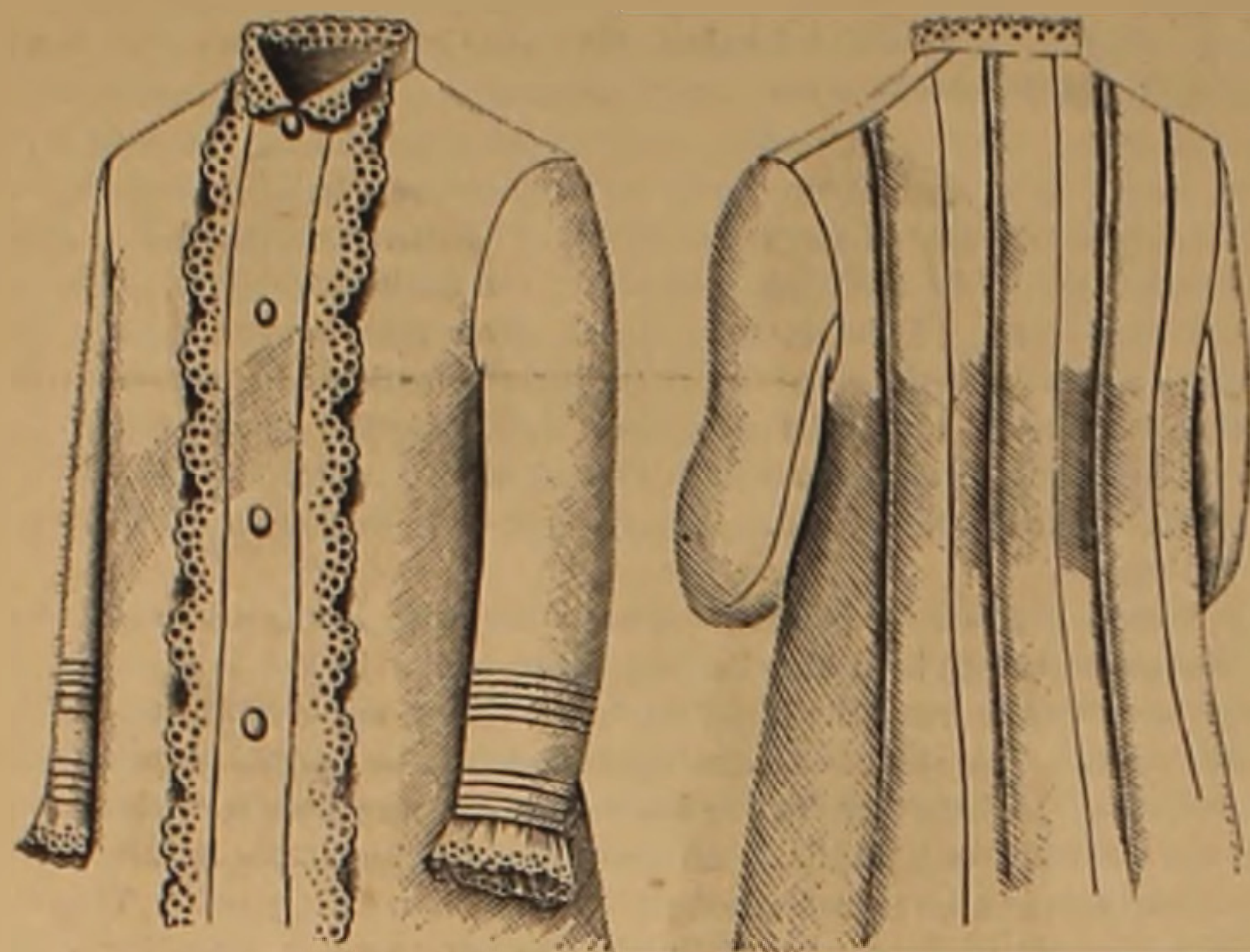


**Gretta Dress.**—A dressy costume, introducing several ideas which are novel in their effect. The long, box-plaited front has a Gabrielle effect, and is shirred near the lower edge where it hangs loosely to represent a flounce. Cut-away jacket fronts falling over the box-plaited front give a jaunty character to the model, and a short gored skirt trimmed with a gathered flounce, graduated in depth, completes the design. The jacket has side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The design is adapted to almost any material, and is particularly desirable for washable goods to be trimmed with embroidery. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



**Edma Dress.**—A decidedly practical little dress, with cut-away jacket fronts over a plain sacque front, which imparts a jaunty effect to the design. It is half-fitting, and the requisite length is provided by a double side-plaited flounce sewed to the bottom. A deep round collar completes the model, which is adapted to almost any class of goods used for children's dresses; and it may be trimmed with rows of velvet, as illustrated, or with any other flat trimming that is preferred. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.

**Dorcas Nightdress.**—A very simple and pretty style of nightdress, and a great favorite because of its comfortable shape. It is cut in sacque form in front, and the back has three wide box-plaits laid lengthwise to a little below the waist, thus leaving the shoulders as plain as the simple sacque shape, but adding considerable fullness to the back and at the same time doing away with the necessity for a facing, the plaits giving the necessary thickness. It may be trimmed as simply or elaborately as the taste of the wearer dictates. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Thirty cents each.



DOI CAS NIGHTDRESS.

### Hygienic Dresses.

THE Exhibition of the Rational Dress Society in London was followed by the Exhibition of the Hygienic Society, in which the daughter of the Premier, Miss Gladstone, and many distinguished ladies are interested. Among the "honor" dresses—those that won medals—are the following: A decided novelty in the way of lawn tennis dresses, in the shape of a clever adaptation of a Russian peasant's dress. The shirt bodice made of dark blue velvet, with shoulder straps, the chemisette and long sleeves formed of white linen, prettily worked with Russian embroidery. The skirt of blue gingham, with bands of red superposed. A linen apron, also ornamented with Russian embroidery, is worn with this costume—the lawn-tennis apron *de rigueur*—and the costume is completed by a red sash knotted at the side. A second dress is a handsome and well-designed costume of rich terra-cotta plush, with trimmings and petticoat of embroidery. The bodice is cut square front and back and trimmed with a band of embroidery: the sleeves are full to a little below the elbow, and finished with a deep cuff of the same embroidery; the skirt is slightly puffed and trained at the back; the front is arranged in draped folds, not very closely placed, which break the straight line of the skirt into graceful curves. At one side the skirt is raised about a quarter of a yard, to show the embroidered terra-cotta plush petticoat which matches the embroidery on the bodice. A third is a very useful, pretty, and ingeniously contrived walking dress of gray shepherd's plaid; the bodice consists of a jacket with basque back and waistcoat front in the present fashion; the skirt is plain in front, and kilted from the side breadths round the back; some bows of ribbon to match the dress, one of which has a long loop, are placed on the left hip: through this loop the end of a Scotch maud or plaid to match the dress is drawn; the maud is draped gracefully round the dress, and the other end fastened to the loop of ribbon with a Scotch brooch. Although this arrangement forms a graceful scarf drapery, that is not its primary intention, which is to carry the maud as a wrap to be folded round the shoulders if the wearer find herself cold, or as a protection from rain. As a light and slightly walking dress, this costume is said to have no equal in the exhibition. A remarkably pretty dress by Mrs. Pfeiffer is intended to illustrate how dresses can be adapted to modern use on classic Greek principles. The dress is for morning wear, is made throughout of Tussore silk, with an embroidered border in Russian stitch. The under dress is a simple princess dress, with an oblong shawl or scarf arranged over it in a graceful but quite practical manner. The simplicity, elegance, and lightness of this form of dress are admirable. It is well

adapted for evening wear, when the skirt can be made of some beautiful fabric, and the scarf ornamented with colored and gold embroideries, giving endless scope for delightful ornamentation. A contrast to Mrs. Pfeiffer's graceful gown was afforded by Mrs. Baxter's mountaineering costume, which has the merit of being adapted to its purpose, but to that purpose only.

### Costumes Worn at Various Places.

AMONG the pretty costumes seen at various places and upon different occasions lately were, at a summer wedding, one of electric blue Surah trimmed with light beaded fringe and passementerie to match. Fichu with ends, and bonnet of beaded lace.

Another dress worn on the same occasion was of primrose-tinted and satin-spotted gauze over silk, belted waist, and scarf of polka-dotted blonde, arranged as a plastron in front and a panier draped upon one side, the end fastened with rosettes of narrow satin ribbon. Bonnet of white lace, with small wreath of primroses.

A very handsome dress was of bronze satin Surah and brocade velvet in a very large pattern, the latter forming the jacket, which was ornamented in front with a wide plastron of plush-spotted bronze lace, with a trail of nasturtiums at the throat. The hat was a large one of bronze straw faced with velvet, and trimmed with feathers shaded in dark bronze tints.

A charming dress at a garden party was of silk in an infinitesimal check of different colors, so blended and composed of such minute quantities that it had the effect of "changeable." The general tone was peach-blossom and pale gold, and the lovely trimming of cream Mechlin lace; and the same, with crown of plaited gold, for bonnet, harmonized perfectly with it. A black thread lace dress over satin Surah was worn upon the same occasion; bonnet to match, trimmed with yellow thistles.

In a boating party were two sisters; one wore a complete costume of crushed strawberry, hat included, the feathers showing several different shades of the color; the other, a bronze suit, the hat trimmed with bronze silk and shaded cherries from unripe red to black. A pretty combination dress at an afternoon reception in a country-house was of French gray silk, with battlemented edges and pink lining; gray straw bonnet, with pink feathers and soft pink shirred facing.

### The Sanitary Exhibition in London.

EDITORS DEMOREST'S MONTHLY:

IT is difficult to say what may have been the mental attitude of the masses in past generations with regard to that future which is now our present, but it would seem that Miss Mulock's beautiful little poem is especially needed by this generation:

"Why do we heap huge mounds of years before us and behind,  
And scorn the little days that pass like angels on the wind?"

In our time, pre-vision is not confined to the "music of the future"; the human race is in a state of expectancy with regard to all things; the prophetic enters not only into the highest spiritual outlook, but also into the small details of daily living. Thinking people everywhere are looking for a readjustment of life; the present seems a make-shift until something more permanent can be established.

It is a pleasure when we find this vague unrest turned into practical effort; in fact, practical effort is the main panacea for unrest; and, though the labor may consist of tiresome minutiae, though the little days "each turning round a small, sweet face," may be commonplace little days, they form a part of a scheme which is not commonplace.

The reform work we wish especially to consider in this letter is the work being done in this country with regard to the welfare of the natural man. The tendency in the past has been to overlook the claims of the body. Mankind has divided itself into two main classes, those who indulged and those who mortified the flesh. Both saints and sinners have

felt war to be inevitable between the soul and the body, and that either the one or the other must suffer and yield. It is beginning to dawn upon us that God made the body as well as the soul, that He made them to work together in harmonious unison, and that we are as responsible to Him for the one as for the other, the responsibility being like in kind, if not in degree. Some among us are coming to realize that it is useless to kneel in prayer asking that God may save our souls while we are maiming the body He has given into our keeping. Neither the saint in sackcloth and ashes, nor the lady of fashion, nor the man of the world with unclean flesh, are serving God while they are seeking to destroy the wonderful mechanism He has fashioned; a mechanism which no sin has been able utterly to corrupt, no folly utterly to annihilate.

It is gratifying to know that here, where old habits are so jealously adhered to, leading men and women are successfully working to bring about a change, not only in dress, but in the sanitation of the home.

I had the pleasure, a few evenings since, of attending a conversation where the main feature of the evening was an animated discussion on dress reform and kindred subjects. Lady Harberton read a concise and sensible paper; the arguments used were much the same as those urged by the reformers I have heard in America, but the freedom with which she spoke of the injuries done the various parts of the body by injurious pressure, heavy skirts, etc., was unique in its refreshing freedom from cant and shame. Her ladyship was dressed in the celebrated divided skirt, a combination suit of pale blue brocade and chocolate silk, ornamented with diamonds. Her waist is of natural proportion and outlines, unhampered by stays. Lady Harberton is more fortunate than many reformers, in the fact that her own appearance is testimony sufficient to prove her theories. She is the embodiment of exuberant health.

An interesting exhibition of the "National Health Society" has just been opened, in which many of the readers of Demorest will be interested. Humphrey's Hall was well filled at an early hour on June 2d, awaiting the arrival of the Lord Mayor. A stir amongst the crowd announced the coming of the dignitaries, and the procession was observed with much interest. Among the patronesses, officers, and committee of the society we find many influential names: Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Princess Mary Adelaide, the Duke of Westminster, Earl and Countess of Derby, Lady George Hamilton, Countess of Pembroke, Sir Stafford Northcote, Viscountess Harberton, and a number of others. The introductory address of the formal opening was made by Ernest Hart, the scientist. He gave cheering accounts of the success of the society, stating that since its organization in 1871 it has done much practical good, the gain to life having been two to one thousand. The next speech was by the Lord Mayor. He complimented every one, the lords and ladies present, the society, the world in general, and the Lady Mayor in particular. He said that on the subject of ladies' dress there were divided opinions as well as divided skirts, but all agreed that it was the "duty of ladies to look as natty as was compatible with health." He closed with a few remarks on the advantages conferred upon the lower classes by free lectures, one being given almost every day in some part of England, and also by the circulation of hygienic literature, and the well-attended annual exhibitions of the society.

The ceremonies closed with a vote of thanks to his lordship, and the crowd dispersed to examine the display. The exhibition, as now conducted, is a *multum in parvo*, for the hall contains specimens of nearly everything that may be said to come under the fostering care of the society, foods and dietetics, the sanitation of the home, under which head we find everything, from the building of the house with proper ventilation, heating, etc., down to an improved potato steamer. I confined my attention principally to the new styles of dress.

The hygienic underwear is much the same as we have in America, consisting of various styles of combination garments. There were several kinds of underwaist. The porous elastic bodice, no steels, buttoned transversely, and laced on the hip. A dress corset in white *moiré*, no steels, and laced down the front. Among the curiosities was a corset said to have been worn by Queen Elizabeth, in old gold satin, and a stomacher dated 1630, formerly belonging to the Gisbournes of Derby.

The gentlemen's corsets attracted attention. We find them made for various purposes, corpulency being the main one. They are manufactured in various materials, satin among the rest. It is said that one establishment confined to the making of gentlemen's corsets does a large business.

"The Waukenphast" shoe department was well supplied with shoes the natural shape of the foot, shoes for deformed feet, and for feet that wished to be deformed.

Among the dresses the distinguishing features were: 1st, the various forms of divided skirts; 2d, the garments made of perfectly straight, ungored widths, the shaping being done by draping and the needle; and 3d, the smock-frocks for ladies and children ornamented with smocking work.

The divided skirts were made in every style and material; one very pretty costume was in drab Tussock silk dyed in China. A box-plaited yoked waist, worn loose or with a belt, a slimy apron front draped quite high, and an entirely divided skirt made in double box plaits. Lady Harberton wore a dress in nearly the same style. The division in the skirt was not seen when standing still, but was perceptible in walking.

Another was a walking suit of sage green beige. A divided petticoat was worn underneath, to which a round skirt made in the ordinary style was fastened just below the waist. This seemed very little improvement on the old style. The third, and, to judge from appearances, the best style, was shown in a lawn tennis suit. The shirt was in large double box plaits, a pretty shade of navy blue satin. The skirt was divided in front, but undivided in the back, thus securing the desired freedom, with little or no appearance of the divided skirt. Over this is worn a navy blue cambric smock-frock, the smocking stitch worked in scarlet. The entire shaping of the waist was done by laying the goods together in very fine plaits, over-worked with the smocking stitch. This stitch is very elastic, the bodice yielding several inches, and adjusting itself neatly to the figure.

A tricycling dress for ladies (which, by the way, is a fashionable mode of locomotion here) is in blue Saxony serge. The jacket is tight-fitting, but is so cut as to leave the hips free for working, while affording support to the body. The skirt is admirably suited for the special requirements of tricycling, giving room for the knees to work the pedals without raising the skirt in front, and is so arranged that by the simple adjustment of one button it can be transformed into a stylish walking suit. The costume is completed by a pair of knickerbocker trousers, affording ample room for work, and buttoning at the ankle. A ladies' Highland costume consists of Tartan kilt, velveteen jacket and vest, a pair of Knickerbockers and white Highland gaiters.

A pretty lawn tennis suit is copied from the Prussian peasant dress. An embroidered white linen blouse waist, a wine-colored velvet bodice, a short skirt of pale blue, trimmed with richly embroidered bands, and a linen apron trimmed with torchon insertion and embroidered bands. A charming boating suit was in white camel's hair trimmed in bands of green embroidered in gold, a blouse waist, a sailor collar and a knotted scarf of golden green about the waist. A wrapper in sage green embroidered in old gold was exceedingly artistic. The front is in straight widths, the yoke formed with smocking-work, the sleeve is a straight piece of goods shaped to the arm by smocking-work at the shoulder and wrist, leaving a puff between, the back a wateau fold train.

Among the children's dresses I noticed a number of pretty elastic smock frocks, made reversible by opening both in the front and back. One in myrtle-green and old gold had a square neck formed by smocking work, the sleeve gathered close at the shoulder and wrist ornamented with the smocking stitch.

Among Liberty's Art fabrics was an old-gold china silk. The straight ungored widths were shirred into a yoke and formed into a blouse waist and short full skirt.

Mrs. Pfeiffer's classic Greek dress attracted much attention. The underdress is a simple, unshaped princess; the draping worn over it, an oblong scarf artistically draped and fastened gracefully on the shoulder.

The ladies' "*sauve qui peut*" sleeping costume is a life-saving suit for sea voyages.

Among the novelties in material is a cloth manufactured from the pine of the Thuringian forest. It is made up into underwear, house shoes, blankets, etc., and has the reputation of being efficacious in all neuralgic and rheumatic affections. The color is a rich brown. An oil for embrocations and a wadding to apply it with are also made from the cones and needles.

The bewildering variety of exhibits is apt to distract the eye, but one leaves the hall with a sense of satisfaction; for though the exhibition is complex, the object is simple—the amelioration of the ills of mankind, to discover the maximum of healthfulness and beauty, combined with the minimum of expense and labor. Good results have already been achieved, and better will no doubt follow; for the English, although not so inventive as our own countrymen, have a genius for patient research which we Americans rather lack.

ROSAMOND DALE OWEN.

## A New Decorative Art.

THE July number of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE contains a plaster paper bas-relief of the head of the famous Greek demi-god Perseus, which has elicited much admiration. It has been asked, "How can we show the bas-relief to the greatest advantage?" This question can best be answered by our repeating the suggestions already received from some of our subscribers who have been successful in producing very fine results. They are in substance as follows:

Buy what is known as a table easel, which can be procured in any furnishing or frame store (it is not necessary that it should be costly), place the bas-relief on this, and take some dark purple, red, blue, maroon, or any dark-colored velvet plush, cloth, cashmere, or soft draping material which may probably be in the house, and drape around the bas-relief, covering the edges entirely with the material, which will produce an effect of depth or thickness. By using an easel somewhat taller than the bas-relief and covering the edges of the latter, it is made to appear larger than it really is. This arrangement will be found very graceful and satisfactory.

The bas-relief is also capable of being decorated so as to produce the effect of bronze, majolica, etc., which greatly enhances its value. For all who would like to try this pleasant work the following directions, if faithfully carried out, will produce excellent results.

To bronze the bas-relief, give the entire surface two coats of shellac, allowing the first coat to dry perfectly before the second is applied. This is to prevent the other liquids from being absorbed by the spongy surface of the tile. When the second coat is perfectly dry, apply a coat of copal varnish, and when this becomes "tacky" (sticky) dust on evenly by means of a tin pepper box, or a similar method, bronze powder, shaking off the surplus and brushing with a soft brush when perfectly dry. In this way a bas-relief is obtained that cannot be told from real bronze, and conveys the impression of an elegant and expensive work of art. There are various shades of bronze powders, which can be purchased at the drug stores or paint shops. This bronze bas-relief can be framed in a wood frame, or in one of plush or velvet, or it can be draped, as before described, on a table case. A plush or velvet frame can be made by cutting pasteboard into the required form, placing layers of wadding over it, and covering with plush or velvet.

Another very beautiful method of decoration is as follows: Apply two coats of shellac all over the bas-relief, allowing each to become perfectly dry, then give one coat of copal varnish to the head and letters only. When "tacky," dust on gold bronze. When the bronze is perfectly dry and the surplus shaken off, cut in, that is cover the flat surface surrounding the head and letters, with Indian red and oil, etc., mixed. Dust this over with maroon flock, or any other color preferred, care being taken not to destroy the outline of the head or the letters. This forms a beautiful back-ground for the head, which will show in relief, the gold contrasting very beautifully with the groundwork of maroon. The color of both bronze and flock may be varied to suit the taste.

Or if you desire to imitate a beautiful green majolica tile, with the head of Perseus in relief, it can be accomplished by following these directions: Apply three coats of white shellac, letting each dry thoroughly. Obtain a paint composed of Prussian blue, raw sienna, oil, etc., which any painter can furnish, flow this on the tile allowing it to settle in the deep places. Do not use a brush except to direct the flow to deepen the shades where it is required. Then with a soft cloth wipe some of the paint from the prominent parts in order to produce the very light shades seen in majolica ware, being careful not to make it streaky; after this part is thoroughly dry flow copal varnish on evenly. In all these processes the use of a brush should be avoided, as it will leave a mark and destroy the perfectly smooth effect as seen upon the surface of majolica. Different shades can be obtained by varying the proportions. It would be as well to have a piece of majolica in view in order to adjust properly the lights and shadows.

This work will be found very pleasant, is not difficult of accomplishment, and the result is charming. Doubtless many of our readers have sufficient ingenuity to invent other styles of decoration, as the bas-relief is capable of receiving various kinds of adornment.

## Solar Heat, and Storing it for Use.

THE great motive power of the future—the recent development of a simple, efficient and very inexpensive method for securing accumulations of the sun's rays on given surfaces, by which any amount of heat can be obtained—promises to be the most important discovery of the age and that its results will far surpass anything that has yet been achieved in the history of inventions. The method has been fully covered by patents in this country and in Europe, and a company formed under the name of the Universal Heat and Light Company for its development and introduction.

The results already show what marvelous power can be obtained from the sun's rays with but little labor or expense, and clearly indicate that for all purposes for which heat is desirable, all other methods now used for producing heat will be useless and unnecessary. The stupendous force that can be obtained from the sun's rays may be estimated when it is stated that a full one-horse power in a boiler can be secured from every square yard of sunlight; thus the sun's rays that fall on the top of an ordinary house, when properly utilized, would produce two hundred-horse power. A house can be set on fire or an iron pillar melted down at a distance of several hundred feet, or as far as the eye can see to converge the reflections.

The new method is simply a duplication of common mirrors or other reflecting surfaces, in numbers in proportion to the heat required, and not by the usual method of focalizing it. The mirrors are so arranged that they throw their several reflections at any distance required on a common surface, from which they can be again reflected in any direction. By this simple means any required degree of heat can be secured; that is, several reflections combined will set wood in a blaze. A few more reflections turned on the same surface will melt lead; another addition zinc; then copper; then gold; then iron, until a heat is produced that

will far exceed that of the hottest blast furnace; in fact a degree of heat far beyond any ever known, and yet it is so easily arranged and controlled that any amount of space or surface required can be heated, or the heat can be stored in water, or by other simple means, for days, and even months, for future use, or as long as the sun remains obscured.

One of the most singular facts connected with the sun's rays is that the heat is greater in winter than in summer, as the sun is then nearer the earth, and also more easily secured for this effect in the morning and afternoon, so that what is lost in winter by radiation and declination from vertical position at noon is equalized by these advantages. A part of the patented arrangement consists of an automatic and inexpensive method for keeping the reflecting surfaces in their relative position with the movement of the sun, so that it requires no attention, and no one, however unskilled, can fail to understand its operation. The wonder is, why was not this very simple method for securing heat discovered before? Why left to this age and stage of the world's history to develop a principle that would seem to be within the grasp of almost any child? For all there is of this invention consists of the combined reflections from a duplication of common flat mirrors, and yet we have in this very simple arrangement the means of securing an abundant and inexhaustible supply of heat for motive power for all kinds of machinery which will extend to irrigation, mining, smelting, including cooking, heating, etc., and which can be made portable for transportation; also including an abundance of light to ill the remotest and darkest chambers with sunlight direct, or to produce electricity, either stored or otherwise, for all purposes, almost without cost, and certainly without labor or friction. Surely the world moves!

What next?



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.

"COUNTRY."—Make a "Jersey" basque of fine black camel's-hair to wear with your blue and white striped skirt, the effect will be better and more stylish than any color. A black skirt would also look best with your drab polonaise.

"A COUNTRY MOTHER."—A shade of raspberry, or wine-colored red, would look well; and upon the first might be embroidered a vine pattern in natural shaded leaves, white blossoms, green and red fruit. It would look most charming. Or you could use white cherry or almond blossoms, with dark leaves upon wine color, carnations upon gray or stone color, or primroses upon gray-blue. Warm colors, as a rule, look best in winter; but a pattern of holly-leaves and berries would look well upon stone-gray, and also upon cream-white.

"OUT OF THE WORLD."—The rustic woodwork for ornamental purposes in drawing-rooms, halls, and conservatories is made of zinc covered with bark and cork, skillfully arranged so as to be partly concealed by growing plants and the like. These can be watered without danger, and perfectly imitate branches and small trunks of trees—the more rude and irregular in form the more desirable—the smaller plants and vines growing from the apertures, or from pots, for which the branches are used as standards.

"MARY B."—There is no such thing as a "harmless" dye for hair, and do not dream of doing anything so silly, not to say wicked. Keep your hair its natural color, and make it as bright and beautiful as possible by thorough cleanliness and brushing, but do not lend yourself to falsehood, trickery, and deceit by attempting to do what is sure to end in disastrous failure and unavailing regret.

"WELL WISHER."—We cannot afford the space for a detailed statement of the maceration of leaves, which is to be found in every little manual of household arts, and which we have given in previous numbers at the time skeletonizing was a hobby. Skeleton leaves are occasionally to be procured, not often—there is no demand for them. The cost of a woolen dress depends upon material, and the work put upon it.

"OREGON GIRL."—The Newport scarf is very handsome in black. We can send you samples of Nonpareil velveteen for twenty five cents.

"ESTHER."—We do not know what the business possibilities of San Antonio are, but your idea is an excellent one, and we advise you by all means to carry it out. It would be invidious and unfair for us to mention one house at the expense of all others, and, indeed, there is no one to be relied upon in every department. Besides, business is now specialized, and you will require to find out the tastes of your patrons. We should advise one of you, if possible, to make a visit to New York and establish relations with several houses. Can you not freshen up the grenadine polonaise by retrimming (with lace), redraping, and putting on ribbon bows?

"MRS. H."—The Ottoman silk for middle-aged lady would be made with plaited skirt; a folded drapery carried across the front, and fastened at the left side under a large bow of ribbon. Deeply pointed basque, hollowed up on the hips, and sleeves rather short, close, set high, and full on top; high at the throat, with outstanding collar. Black Surah for young girl should be made with two kilted flounces, a short shirred apron and continued kiltings—or short drapery at the back; an open bodice, with surplice folds crossed; a belt of fine folds; and full sleeves, set high, plaited in at the top, and terminating in a deep, antique cuff. A large lace collar and deep lace cuffs complete this dress for the street. The elderly lady will find a single skirt plaited at the back, draped slightly in front, edged with a handsome ruche or thick plaiting, and a plain, well-made basque, with a little good black lace outlining a jacket or collar—or merely forming a ruche at the neck and sleeves—the most becoming. The entire plaitings should be crêpe lisse. The bonnet for the elderly lady should be a capote of silk to match; for the middle-aged lady a fine black chip, with Surah lining and trimming of Ottoman ribbon, and white daisies or chrysanthemums; for the young lady a white "clove-pink" bonnet of fine straw, trimmed with white Oriental lace, and a close wreath of small white flowers; trimming of white fluted lace. Cost, about \$10.00 each.

"K. E. S."—You can get light figured satins at any first-class dry-goods house.

"JULIE."—It is probable that the explosion which marked your face destroyed, to a certain extent, the cells in the skin which contain the coloring matter. This will account for the white, lightning-like lines, which are not scars. The skin following those lines is inactive, and we know of no remedy for the appearance they produce.

"COUNTRY MAUD."—It is not customary in "society" to address a married lady by her own name, as Mrs. Emma Jones, but it ought to be. The reason is because in society women are not acknowledged as having any distinction but that conferred upon them by their husbands. It is quite common and highly absurd to say, Mrs. "Dr." Jones, Mrs. "Professor" Brown, because the husbands of these ladies are known as doctor and professor. It is always silly and vulgar to try to ape a style of living only attainable by persons of larger means and household resources. So far as menus are concerned, however, they are becoming very much reduced and simplified, and, in the country or household, where service is performed by the ladies of the family, when the one servant is unattainable, it is a greater mark of refinement to get rid of unnecessary dishes and fussing than to multiply both. Where there are trained servants they always pass the dishes of vegetables from one person to another, the guests helping themselves—only one accompanying each course, or perhaps itself forming a course; therefore, side dishes are not required, except in rare instances. Cream nun's veiling or pongee are, either of them, suitable for church dresses; but we should omit the red velvet waist for such a purpose. You could wear tinted silk, or pale tan-colored undressed gloves. There is nothing new in the method adopted by the bride and groom, who walked into the church together arm in arm. It would be very much more unusual to remain with locked arms during the ceremony.

"LOLA P."—We do not know anything in regard to the skin compounds you speak of, but we are doubtful of all of them, and would not experiment with any. Use borax in the water in which you wash, and apply pure rice powder occasionally, taking it off before retiring with vaseline, this will keep your skin in good condition.

"MRS. J. W. L."—The tan-colored shade of your French poplin could not now be matched in dress goods; it is not made, not having been fashionably worn for many years.

"B. H. R."—The laces are hardly worth using, No. 2 especially. No. 1 might be used as an edging for silk net, and No. 3 as a trimming for a lace scarf or in millinery. You write a pretty, rather refined hand, but one without distinctive character.

"READER."—Make an arch of vines over or in the narrow door-way, and let the couple be married under it, as under a bell. In this way the persons assembled in both rooms can witness the ceremony—or at least see the performers. Have for a traveling dress handsome camel's hair and satin; felt bonnet, or hat with feathers to match. A fine dark shade of wine color would be most useful for fall. For a cloak choose India camel's hair in palm pattern; line with crimson or old-gold plush and border with feathers or broad silk plush in a very dark shade. Use your fur for redingote as you suggest. Call again? Certainly. Wish you much joy.

"GENEVIEVE."—"Comin' Thro' the Rye" is the title of a song by

Robert Burns, the well-known Scottish poet; and also of a novel written by Helen B. Mather.

"FANNIE E. R."—You can find patterns and all information at any first-class fancy needle-work store.

"MARGARET."—The principal difficulty in regard to Cooper Institute is this, that there are five times as many applicants as can be accommodated. This does not prove, however, that we need five more Cooper Institutes. Doubtless there is room for one or more in every city, but we need still more urgently industrial schools in every city, where the principles of drawing, of proportion, should form the basis of practical instruction in millinery, dressmaking, embroidery and the useful every-day arts. A cook who understands her business can to-day earn more money than a woman cashier, and they are indulged and pampered until they make life a burden in many households. Let intelligent young women acquire the best education they can get, and then become cooks or dressmakers; the craze for the kind of "art" which has been furnished of late will soon die out, but the demand for food and clothing lasts forever.

"LILIAN."—A dark green cloth suit trimmed with gold braid, hat to match, is as suitable as anything for fall travelling, or instead of green use wine color. Trim flat collar and front of coat with straps of braid put on in military fashion, and have skirt box-plaited at back with braided panels and kilted front.

"HAZELRIGG."—Any book-seller will procure Fanny Kemble's Reminiscences for you.

"DANDRUFF," is often produced by some disease of the scalp that requires treatment. If troubled with it much, treat the skin of the head to a dose of castor oil, let it remain several hours, then remove the scaly portion, which will have become loosened, with a comb and brush, and apply vaseline; take that out after a night's rest, with solution of ammonia, and finish up with a vigorous brushing, and application of bay rum. Whatever hair wants to come out after that, let it come; it is rotten and ought to come out. Keep the hair clean and alive by brushing, put a few drops of ammonia in the water in which you wash it, and apply bay rum occasionally; this is all the treatment that hair usually needs. Gray hair is a matter of temperament and heredity; you cannot "keep it" from turning gray, if it has an inclination that way. Clean sponges with hot water and soda, apply a raw lemon poultice to enlarged toe joints, hold them under running water and then bind them up in a band of linen one end of which has been dipped in salt and water; wear soft hand-sewed boots and shoes made to fit your feet.

"COUNTRY COUSIN."—The Ladies' Art Association offers just the opportunity you want. At its rooms 24 West 14th Street, you can have studio-room during the summer months, draperies and casts, etchings and water-colors and oil paintings and lithographs to copy from, and you can practice by yourself, or with a teacher. The cost to you will be ten dollars per month.

"MRS. B. M."—The address of the Society of Associated Artists is 115 East 23d Street. Mrs. Candace Wheeler is the head of the embroidery department, which is conducted in the interests of a true and elevated standard of work. Mrs. Wheeler has her fabrics made to her own order, and many of them from her own designs. Some of them are of extraordinary beauty and richness; nearly all are of American manufacture.

"MRS. G. W. R."—For the information you want address Mrs. John Lucas, president Woman's Silk Culture Association, Philadelphia. This Association, which has done so much for the advancement of the silk interest in this country, will hold a fair in Philadelphia next May, and exhibit growing trees for food, and silk and silk-worms in every stage of growth and progress.

"HAND-EMBROIDERY."—There is a great demand for embroidery just now and an immense stimulus has been given to this most beautiful of all handiwork, but it is not the regular conventional forms of embroidery, for these are now so well executed by machinery, that handwork of the same description does not "pay." The new movement is in the line of art, or decorative embroidery, and requires more or less of an art training. If you can draw from nature and embroider designs of your own making from natural objects, address Mrs. Candace Wheeler, Society of Associated Artists, 115 East Twenty-third Street, New York City; if not, address the "Woman's Exchange," East Nineteenth Street New York City.

"MRS. W. A. J."—We do not give the private addresses of individuals, nor would it be of any use; the lady, we believe, is in Europe.

"LADY JANE."—Very careful trimming of the eyelashes of an infant or young person will assist in making them long and thick. There is no wash that will make hair curly if it is not curly, as this condition depends upon the formation of the hair; the only change in this respect is, that it grows more round or more flat as the individual grows older. Pears' is much the better of the two.

"ELEANOR."—Your questions are most of them inadmissible. It is not trouble, it is that we cannot give space to the names and addresses of trades firms, or private individuals. Suggestive direction we can give, but we cannot make the "Club" an Employment Bureau. The demand for art work is as great in proportion throughout the country as in New York.

"MRS. J. P. L."—"M. G. H." is now in Europe. When at home, letters addressed care *Furnisher and Decorator* will find her.

SEVERAL SUBSCRIBERS inform "Ignorer" that the lines she quotes are in a song entitled "Under the Daisies," by Mr. H. Millard—one of our best song-writers. It may be added.

"PAMPAS GRASS" is informed that "Plumes of pampas grass, when cut, are fastened to the inside of a window sash facing south, so the light and heat come through the glass to them. They are left there till perfectly dry. They should never be packed in bunches or compressed in a trunk before drying."—CALIFORNIA.

"JENNIE."—Will not the above from "California" furnish a hint in the use of ferns, which could be dried upon transparent material, covered with it, and by this simple process arranged to form pretty and useful blinds for the lower part of windows?

"NUISANCES."—The organization known as the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association owes its existence—and the nation the gift of Mount Vernon in perpetuity—to the energy, enthusiasm, and perseverance of one woman, an invalid, unable to leave her bed, and not strong enough to hold in her hand a large sheet of paper—Anne Pamela Cunningham, of South Carolina. In 1858 Mount Vernon was in danger of being sold under the auctioneer's hammer. A project was formed, which she perfected and from her sick bed carried forward with singular zeal and success. It was for the purchase of Mount Vernon, and its maintenance by an association of ladies representing every State in the Union. Miss Cunningham interested Edward Everett, Mrs. Ritchie, Mme. Le Vert, and many others in her plans, and in 1860 the house, the tomb of Washington, and 200 acres of land, had become the property of the association. Miss Cunningham died some years ago, but her work lives, and Mount Vernon continues to be managed upon the practical plan she inaugurated. The list of regents is too long for publication, but Mrs. Townsend is the member from New York.

"FARMER'S WIFE."—The very best thing you can do is to cut your "Vienna" jacket over into a close-fitting basque, using the "Adrienne" or "Fleta" basque. The former has plaited (simulated) vest, and position back; the latter is simpler, the back forming leaf shapes. Use the demi-train skirt to trim upon a lining, walking length, making a plaited back, draped front, and paneled sides. Make up the brocade as a dinner and evening dress, with V shaped and rounded basque, deep front and back, close half long sleeves and demi trained skirt, draped in front, and laid in one large triple box-plait at back. Narrow plaiting round the edge. Trim with lace at neck.



"Old Ocean"—A most delightful book for boys, and a revelation—to any one who loves the sea—of its many and diversified forms of life, and interest. Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, the author, writes with knowledge, and appreciation of his subject. He presents the ocean in all its aspects: he dives down under it, and he rides at ease over it; he tells all about those who frequent it, whose lives are bound up with its shifting tides and currents and tempestuous passion, just as those of the majority are with solid land. All his statements are exact, and under a style more interesting than romance he conveys the facts in regard to the phenomena of the Gulf Stream, of tidal waves, of winds, and also of the sea forms, of animal and vegetable life. The famous voyages made upon it, the great battles fought upon it, come in for a share of attention, and complete the history of its marvels. D. Lothrop & Co. of Boston, print the work in a style uniform with their handsome Magna Charta series.

**The Triple Wedding**—Mr. Charles Barnard, the author of the charming operetta in one act, "Too Soon," for children, has produced an exceedingly bright play in three acts, designed for a small company, or for amateurs, and entitled "The Triple Wedding; or, The Forging of the Ring." Mr. Barnard has long been known as the author of what may be called scientific stories, he has recently struck a new vein in the Child's Drama, which is really an adaptation of natural phenomena, and truthful ideas presented dramatically, and clothed in charming language. "Too Soon," has won a triumph wherever it has been produced, usually under the auspices of literary societies and churches; and it is a subject for congratulation that an author has been found to discard all the old sentimental and lying rubbish which has been put into children's stories and plays, and present the far more curious facts and phenomena of the natural world in an original, because truthful, and highly felicitous style.

**A Midsummer Lark**.—One of the very jolliest books of the season, the best to take into the country, to read aloud to those who are sick, and those who are blue, and with much sense, wisdom and pathos beneath its wit and humor, is entitled "A Midsummer Lark," and is by the very clever New York correspondent and brightest of poets and humorists, Mr. William A. Croffut. The "Lark" is an account in rhyming prose of a trip to Europe, and, as the author candidly confesses, is an offense chargeable to himself alone. He says: "I'm not like those who print

their lucubrations because their friends advise and drive them to it. When I consulted friends, and near relations, they all jumped up and shouted, 'Don't you do it.' Entire chapters are quotable, but we must refer our readers to the pretty volume, which has been very tastefully printed by Henry Holt & Co.

"**What to Do First in Emergencies.**" is the title of the most recent of the excellent series by P. Blakiston & Co., of Philadelphia, of health manuals, and contains admirably clear and concise directions for the treatment of persons in cases of sudden attack, illness, or accident. These include effects of water, heat, the presence of foreign bodies in sensitive portions of the organism, wounds, machinery, and railroad accidents, hemorrhage, poisons, and others. Charles W. Dulles, M.D. is the author, and his work has been well done.

"**Three Score and Other Poems.**" by George H. Calvert, will please a reflective class of readers, who sympathize with the refinement and high endowments of the author. The leading poem should be read by all who have reached the three-score milestone on life's highway, for there is courage, and insight, and sympathy, and conscience in it, and we should gladly quote it entire, instead of confining the extract to the opening verses:

*"I am not old, and will not be;  
I daily grow, and joys are piled  
About my life, as when a child  
I bloomed into Eternity."*

*"And still for me the sunny day,  
Outleaping from mysterious night,  
With dew of God's fresh-breathing bright,  
Glistens in all its primal ray."*

*"Each morning is a buoyant birth:  
Daily I rise up from the deep  
Of bounteous, broad, prolific sleep,  
The only death man knows on earth."*

Lee & Shepard, Boston, are the publishers.

**New Music.**—We have received from George D. Newhall & Co. Cincinnati "Little Chris' Letter to Jesus," song and chorus by J. Goldin Bushey. "Down in de Co'n Fiel," song and chorus by Will S. Hays. "One Summer Night," by Charles Kinkel. "Meg Merriles" a characteristic sketch for the piano by H. L. Schouacker. "Once I Loved Her," a ballad by James G. Stewart, and a "Message to the Old Folks," words by Frank Dumont, music by W. S. Mullaly. "Sing me to Rest," a ballad the words of which are by Charles Temple, music by H. Marum; "Keep Your Roses, Little Darling," song and chorus by Charles A. Williams; "Maybe," song by Katy Randolph Sheets, and the "Duckworth Club Quickstep," intended for small orchestra.

"**Too Soon.**"—The music of this charming operetta is by Alfred Cellier, said to be one of the best things he has ever done.

**The Magazine of American History** for June will interest all readers. It is profusely illustrated. Mrs. Lamb's second paper in the series "Wall Street in History" covers the exciting period of the Revolution, together with the six memorable years while Wall Street was the seat of the National Government. One of its pictorial features is an original sketch, a winter scene, by Alfred Fredericks. Theodore F. Dwight, Librarian of State Department, Washington, contributes an able and authoritative article describing the recently purchased Franklin papers. George Carey Eggleston discusses the Historical Status of the Indian Territory. Dr. David Murray, Secretary of the Board of Regents, contributes a paper on the University of the State of New York. The Original Documents are singularly full; the curious Will of Count Frontenac, from George Stewart, Jr., F.R.S.C., of the Quebec Historical Society, and two unpublished letters of John Adams, will attract wide attention.

"**Co education.**"—A clever rhyming sketch with the above title, written by Josephine Pollard, and illustrated by Walter Satterlee, has appeared between very pretty covers, and will repay a perusal. E. F. Birmingham & Co., are its publishers; and it describes the woman with pencil and pen as "helpmate," "slave," "toy" and "equal."

"**The Reading of Books**"—Of books there is no end; there is almost as much trouble now from mental as there is from physical dyspepsia; would be quite if memory was as tenacious as the stomach of what is committed to its keeping. Fortunately a great deal of the rubbish, as well as a good deal better worth preserving, passes through the mental consciousness of many as through a sieve, leaving hardly a residuum; and so a little of the danger of over-reading is averted. The present work, by Mr. Charles F. Thwing, is not too scholarly for popular use and comprehension, but is able, thoughtful, and most timely. We wish it could and would be read carefully by those who most need it, and might profit by its wise teaching. We recommend it to reading and literary societies, particularly those of young girls, and also to families for reading aloud. It contains excellent suggestions for the selection of books for a small library—a boy's or girl's library—and the lists indicated would also form a good basis for a village or Sunday-school lending library. "How to form a library" is a valuable chapter; and indeed, though not a bulky volume, "Reading of Books; Its Pleasures, Profits and Perils," holds much wisdom within its pages. Lee & Shepard are the publishers.

"The Natural Cure," by C. E. Page, M.D., published by Fowler & Wells, gives a remarkable case of self-cure, that of a young but determined girl, whose disease (consumption) had passed to the "last stage." It is vouched for as an actual fact. The work is designed to illustrate the "food and fresh air cure" for "dyspeptic starvation," which is Dr. Page's definition of the disease under consideration. With relation to the dreaded Bright's disease, while agreeing with the most eminent physicians of all schools that this is a disease resulting from excessive or ill-conditioned diet, still, unlike all practitioners, Dr. Page holds that this, too, is a disorder which is readily amenable to "natural treatment." The consideration of the other diseases named is somewhat unique in character, and the author maintains that a strictly natural regimen is not only preventive, but curative of all disorders, so long as a restoration to health is possible; and this, too, at stages subsequent to what are, in general practice, held to be incurable. The book is written from a somewhat radical standpoint, but it relates mainly to a disease whose treatment, judged by the mortality reports, has been radically wrong; and if, as we are led to hope, we have here a treatment that is *radically right*, a grand advance will have been made. The work, as a whole, will well repay a careful perusal even by those who feel obliged to dissent from some of its conclusions.

"Tobacco. Its Effects on the Human System," is a manual of the weed and its effects, by Dr. William A. Alcott, which is recommended to smokers. The original work was written and published many years ago, but Mr. Nelson M. Sizer has added much new matter, including the veritable experience of inveterate smokers and chewers, showing how fallacious is the common impression that it lengthens and strengthens the hold upon life.

Very handsome lithographic plates of the Southern Exposition Buildings have been issued by the Compton Lithographic Company of St. Louis, showing the extent of the main building (thirteen acres under one roof, and the situation, which is unsurpassed for beauty.

"Hot Ploughshares."—American readers are well acquainted with Judge Tourgee's force and grasp of style, and his method of dealing with the problems presented by a republic composed of a people drawn from every nation under heaven, and representing every shade of thought and opinion. "Hot Ploughshares" is a novel of that active transition period between 1840 and 1860 when the public mind was wrestling with some of the most difficult of human problems and questions, and when the splendid exhibitions of mechanical genius which have marked this century were beginning to express themselves in such wonder-workers as the telegraph, sewing machine, and agricultural implements that would do the work in reaping and mowing of a hundred men. Topics that represented facts destined to change the entire aspect of the world, and modify the destinies of the human race had begun to find their way to work-shop and farm-house, presaging the mighty conflict that was so soon to shake the nation from center to circumference. With such materials Judge Tourgee loves to deal, and in "Hot Ploughshares" the story is as nothing, though it has an interest of its own, compared with the graphic description of scenes and incidents, persons and characters that found their opportunity in the developments of the time, and its stirring and exciting events. Fords, Howards and Hulbert are the publishers. New York City.

"Hagar," the remarkable story by Mrs. Charlotte M. Clark, has reached its fifth edition. It is a work of powerful interest and unusual vigor and insight. We never remember one in which the real heroine is silent, is not permitted to appear in her own proper person, but only influences the action of the drama and its actors. It is also worthy of note that the maternity of the woman lifts her out of herself, and to the height of a self-sacrifice that induces her to relinquish all claim on its affection that it may not be injured by her past. Mrs. Clark has produced a novel far superior to the average.

"Woman's Place To-day"—The little work of which the above is the title, consists of four lectures delivered by Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake in reply to the famous Lenten Lectures of Dr. Morgan Dix, the rector of Trinity Church in New York City. Naturally, the book is at a disadvantage in comparison with that in which the sermons of the reverend gentleman have been printed, because Mrs. Blake delivered her lectures *con amore*, in the "heat," as she expresses it, and excitement of hearing sixteenth-century opinions pronounced solemnly before a nineteenth-century audience, and her

replies were given in free-spoken style, without elaborate preparation and without the remotest idea of subsequent publication. The interest she aroused, however, the demand for the replies in permanent form, induced her to write them and print them substantially as delivered. As they are, they need no apology; they are clever, bright, vigorous and witty, and certainly logical enough to meet and disarm so illogical an adversary as Dr. Dix, whose presentation of his subject has been the strongest argument for the opposite side that has been presented this many and many a day. Mrs. Blake's recapitulation and arraignment of the "man-made church" is true, and displays her knowledge of the history of her own sex to be better than that of her clerical adversary. Every woman should have a copy of "Woman's Place To-day," and those who can afford to do so should help to circulate it. It is very neatly printed and bound in cloth, and sold by John W. Lovell, Vesey street.

### 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.

A "NEW subscriber" writes:—"I have not heretofore been a subscriber to your Magazine, because I thought it exclusively devoted to fashions. I do not care for many of these fashions, but I like a healthy, moral tone in a magazine, and persons and events written about truthfully. I like your method of writing of people and occurrences, and find much satisfaction, and much that is interesting, as well as great diversity. I have been particularly interested in some of the notices of new books, "The Modern Nagar," for instance, which I thought showed much insight, and indeed I find the tone of the literary articles equal to any Magazine, and I wish to atone for my former injustice by saying so."  
R. H.

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 loss is incurred in making a trial of one.

"If you want to be truly happy, my dear," said one lady to another, "you will have neither eyes nor ears when your husband comes home late from the club."  
"Yes, I know," answered the other wearily; "but what can I do with my nose?"

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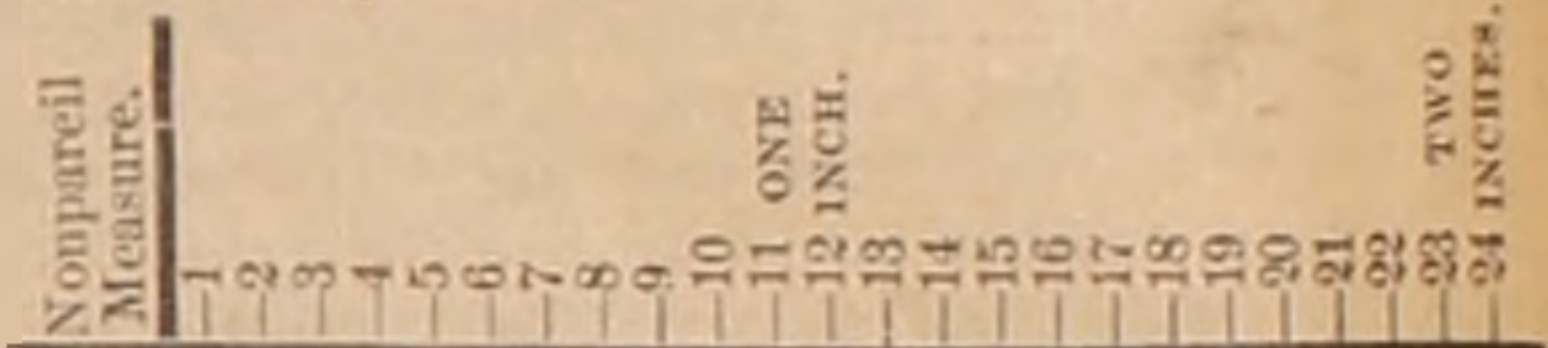
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