

NO. CCXVII.]

FEBRUARY, 1883.

[VOL. XIX., NO. 4.

Fifty Years Ago.

'Twas a December evening,
The moon was shining bright;
The bare-boughed elms and maples
Were quivering in its light;
The lonesome country turnpike
Lay sparkling white with snow—
I harnessed Jerry in the pung,
Just fifty years ago.

He jogged along sedately,
The bells made silvery chime:
And to their merry jingle
My throbbing heart kept time;
Sweet Mollie Lee was waiting,
Her shy face all aglow;
I tucked her in, and off we sped,
Just fifty years ago.

She was a farmer's daughter,
And I a farmer's son;
Our willing hands our fortune,
For riches we had none.
And on this frosty evening,
While Jerry's steps lagged slow,
I told the old, old story o'er,
Just fifty years ago.

And now our prancing chestnuts
Pace through the city street,
With coachman and with footman
In livery complete.
My Mollie sits beside me,
Her nut-brown curls are snow;
But ah! her heart is warm and true
As fifty years ago.

But when the wintry landscape,
Lies buried in moonlight's calm,
I dream I see it gleaming
O'er Maple Hollow Farm,
And long once more a plowboy,
Where mountain breezes blow,
To drive old Jerry in the pung,
As fifty years ago.

RUTH REVERE.

VOL. XIX., FEBRUARY, 1883.—16

Proposals of Marriage.

BY A BACHELOR.

Do you suppose it is all for the man's sake that you love, and not a bit for your own? Do you suppose you would drink if you were not thirsty, or eat if you were not hungry?—THACKERAY, in *Pendennis*.

Is it not more than a little curious that a subject which is scarcely second in magnitude to any other in life, gets no treatment in literature of a strictly serious kind? Of anecdotes and *bon mots* concerning it—which are always flippant or couched in a tone of distinct levity—there is literally no end. What, in fact, would the lively newspaper paragraphist do without either this or some one of the adjuncts to marriage? Can any one account for the circumstance that a topic in which the interest is confessedly enormous and universal should find its place in literature mainly in this way, or else as an episode in fiction? Why does it not appear sometimes as a subject for reasonable thought?

I do not know that I should be able to answer these questions were I to attempt it. Perhaps they are essentially insoluble. But in trying to throw a little light upon the field in which they lie it may be said of me as Mr. Ruskin said of himself, when he wrote a book upon an unusual theme, that I do it because I know nothing about it.

The proposal of marriage is a modern Eleusinian mystery, but with no organized society to give it a uniform ritual or to communicate its mode. There is no uniform recipe for it, nor can one be prescribed which shall be infallible, while another is uncertain. No one sees how it is consummated except the parties immediately interested, and if it is crowned with success they do not, I am told, remember a year later, the exact manner and phraseology of it. But he who tries it and fails is supposed to have a more retentive memory of the occasion, and probably always concludes that his failure has been mostly owing to some lack of timeliness or substance or grace in his address. It is clearly, whatever else may be true, not amenable to the ready-made letter-writer treatment. Perhaps it comes into existence in something like the way Topsy did, by growing, the time in which it began and ended not being strictly definable or known. A flash of the eye, a pressure of the hand, a tone of the voice, an exalted sense of admiration and welcome, these may do even more than any words to usher in and conclude the situation.

It would be an interesting study to turn over a hundred or more of the best novels and romances, and witness the way

this happy—or as often unhappy—event is described and set forth in them. But I do not propose to do this. In Mr. Howell's story, "Dr. Bruce's Practice," the real proposal comes at last from the heroine herself, in which she was justified, I make free to say, not perhaps by Mrs. Grundy, but by the soundest canons of common sense. If she had not been undergoing a long tutelage in a profession which is still mainly outside of the feminine field, she might not have been equal to this effort. At least, a good many others who should be are not.

What is most noticeable in novels is that no formula of a marriage proposal, as there exhibited, is very much as we suppose one to exist that is adaptable to real life. You feel sure that it has not at any time been used, and could not be employed in an actual or real emergency.

To all the various kinds of proposals—suggestive, point blank, or other—one maxim, I think, of the wisdom of the world applies, namely—that you must not, unless you are away from the object of your love, make the first declaration of regard and affection through pen and ink. Except in rare cases, nothing but failure comes of it, though when the subject has been properly begun, in a proper way, the employment of stationery may prove, in wise hands, a valuable auxiliary process.

But it is the conventional code rather which has solidified itself round this subject which calls for most remark. Doubtless if some genius of a tendency like Herbert Spencer should give us in a thorough, radical way its history with all the whys and wherefores, he would find himself the author of a most unique and wonderful treatise. The etiquette, as it now stands, seems to be not the product of the feminine mind, but its ideal of virtuous essence, and to find its most sturdy support on that side of humanity. And yet it places woman on an enormous inequality. I have been wondering all my life why it is that, in the matter of initiative, a coarse, unattractive young man should have the privilege to ask any unmarried woman in the whole world to marry him, while his refined and much more accomplished sister must make no motion toward any choice of her own, except to sit still and wait for some other girl's indifferent brother to make a proposal to her. If it be true, as I am assured, that the most attractive young lady cannot hope to have more than from six to twelve offers at the most in a lifetime, and practically must depend on much less than this number of eligible ones, then, while her field of secondary choice is pitifully small, her brother's is absolutely unlimited, amounting, in fact, to hundreds of millions. I believe I have asked nearly every prominent lady lecturer on behalf of woman's rights if this is not a state of things that needs as much reforming as anything else, and in every instance I got an affirmative answer. But ask almost all other women, and you will get the opposite answer.

It will be said that, as man is the band of the house or family—which *husband* etymologically means—and as it devolves on him to support the family, it should be his proper function to take the first steps toward forming one. But the fact alleged is not more than half the time true; and if it were always true it would not be large enough to lead to the suggested conclusion. It is not only often the case that the wife does as much in supporting the family by her inheritance or dower as the husband does, but even when she brings none she does the same or more by her administration and unexampled services. If she did nothing, is she not a human being to whom marriage is important, and who is to be as vastly affected by it as her husband possibly can be? The truth is, that to man it is simply an episode among a variety of things of great moment, while to woman, as society is now constituted, it is everything.

If this reason proves to be no reason, then may there not be one found in some natural ground or analogy? Without citing details, it is a sufficient answer to say that for any influence which can be quoted as an archetype in support of the popular theory, still another can be instanced against it. But, were it otherwise, there would be no propriety in conforming minds which reason after some model developed outside of, or without respect to, reflective intelligence.

I have long suspected—if the gentle feminine reader will pardon the heresy—that the present custom of masculine exclusiveness in the matter of marriage proposal is little less than a survival from Asiatic barbarism. It is a signal of a small remnant of that tremendous science of feminine disabilities, of which something more is left in Asia, which gives the European and Western man a partial kinship to the high pretensions of the Shah and Sultan. It pleases him no doubt, and why should it not?

I do not think it is a pertinent defense of this custom to urge, that women as a class are even better satisfied with it than men, and that men would consent not to a reversal of it, but to make the honors easy, much sooner than women would. This phenomenon is easily accounted for, and has its examples in other fields. A happy thing, and at the same time an unfortunate thing, is the well known and often commented-on fact, that any marked and extensive disability gradually creates contentment with, and reconciliation to it, on the part of those who are disabled. The Prisoner of Chillon, in Byron's hands, expresses revolt at what one would look to see call forth rapture, when he says

"Even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh."

Their plasticity of nature makes everything that exists tolerable to them. Their acquiescence is queenly. It is well known that woman's code for woman is as inexpugnable and as stern as Draco's. Never amended from within the ranks, and but slowly from without, it must at least never be violated. The exceptions to it are the fewest, and are only concerned where some other established code, by coming in collision with it, gives a seeming fortification. Queen Victoria was by royal prescription and etiquette compelled to take the initiative in marrying Prince Albert, because it would not do to have it possible that one of so much less rank could be supposed to have the right to even think of asking for her heart and hand. She was so slow in doing it, though, that she nearly lost him. Yet when the Baroness Burdett-Coutts was asked, after orthodox formula, and showed her sincerity by sacrificing more money for a husband than all her husband's relatives, of any one generation were ever worth, the queen turned her back upon her flatly on the first opportunity. The reason for this will appear farther on.

You will find no end of curious things written about the marriage proposal if you search for that purpose. For instance—that eccentric classical character, who goes into the kitchen of a neighbor some morning, and, finding the object of his regard at the wash-tub, proposes bluntly, then and there. Instead of emptying its contents upon him, as she should have done, she as bluntly accepts his proposal. There is the bashful suppliant who turns down a leaf about some passage—usually a sacred one—which tells his story for him, and the answer is returned in similar fashion. There is the proposal at a ball or dinner by a slip of paper sent across the room or table, and there is the one in which the reply is asked in the form of some specified and understood signal. In some book that I have read, an English gentleman who had several eligible daughters wondered, after waiting some years for some such event, why no one of them, not even the prettiest, got a proposal. When he in-

investigated the matter thoroughly he found that the failure arose from an architectural blunder. The rooms of his house were so connected together by a series of open doors and spacious mirrors, that the question could not be put without exposing it to almost as much specularity as it would obtain on a public thoroughfare.

But I must pass by these various incidents.

It is quite common for very young ladies to say that their first serious interest in any young gentleman is aroused by his previous interest in them—confessing, in other words, that they have no original feeling in the matter. They would not, probably, like to say, what amounts to about the same thing, that one gentleman is as likeable or as agreeable to them as another, though they must constantly act as if it were so, until some particular gentleman breaks the spell and gives them permission to say otherwise. But, what if the right one should never break the spell, as often happens? Or what, if neither the right one nor the wrong one does, and no opportunity ever comes? As the system is now arranged, this is not at all a rare circumstance, nor is the lady less worthy, necessarily, than her differently favored sisters. She may even be more worthy, but may have lived more quietly, or may be deficient simply in that peculiar art of fascinating which even silence cannot prevent from being powerful.

Not having a feminine mind, I do not care to say what it may be like; but the idea that it only wishes to choose when it is invited seems to any clear mind a position that is both untenable and unthinkable. If this be really so, then it is more curious still that this inability or law of choice is only applicable or operative in the matter of a husband. If silk dresses, old laces, and captivating velvets could talk, is it to be believed for one moment that any woman would wait till some very coarse fabric or common species should ask her to accept it before she would go shopping, or presume to make selections? If she steps in to the fruiterer's would she be willing in case the goods became loquacious to pass by the good oranges and grapes because they were silent, and welcome and praise the poor ones because they were demonstrative to her? It would seem as if a mere statement of the case ought to be sufficient to settle it. And if it does settle it, is it not pertinent to ask if the satisfaction of one's mind is not almost as important in the selection of a husband, as it is in the selection of dresses and knick-knacks?

The so-called leap-year prerogative has evidently grown out of the suspicion that the existing order of things has somewhere a defect, or a weak side; and has been offered as a make-weight against the injustice. But every one knows that all talk about it in society is only a part of that universal habit of joking and levity which surrounds marriage and the marriage proposal. It is true a joke may break the ice sometimes over deeper waters, and may prove the avenue to seriousness. Except in some such way it is not a matter that has ever essentially modified the system we are considering. We read sometimes of instances in which a lady has availed herself of the matrimonial privilege. One such case, cited by a writer in a late English magazine, is worth quoting here:—

"As the controversy has often been waged," says this writer, "as to whether it is competent for a lady to pop the question, even so far as the leap-year is concerned, an interesting example may be quoted, the heroine being no other than the wife of M. de Lesseps. This distinguished lady was at La Chesnave, when all Europe was astir about the achievements of the Suez enterprise. One day, in the garden, she saw De Lesseps walking on a terrace. She plucked a rose, and going up to the widower, begged of him, for her sake, to wear it at dinner. He asked her whether she did not mean it for his son. No; it was for himself. De Lesseps explained to her that he was on the wrong side

of sixty, while she was not yet nineteen. That did not matter; what his age was had never occurred to her. She had only thought of his grandness and his goodness. In short, he was her *beau idéal*. How was it possible for a man reared on the sunny side of a Pyrenean mountain to reason down the feelings this confession aroused? Time was given to Mademoiselle de Praga to reflect, and she was made to understand that no friendship would be lost were she to change her mind after the banns had been published. The marriage, however, was celebrated contemporaneously with the Suez *fêtes*. As the young lady referred to was reared under the French code of manners, which is one of almost Oriental strictness, the reader can judge whether this pretty piece of romance is likely to be founded on fact." The writer having seen the same account, told in the same way at the time of the event, hopes it may be.

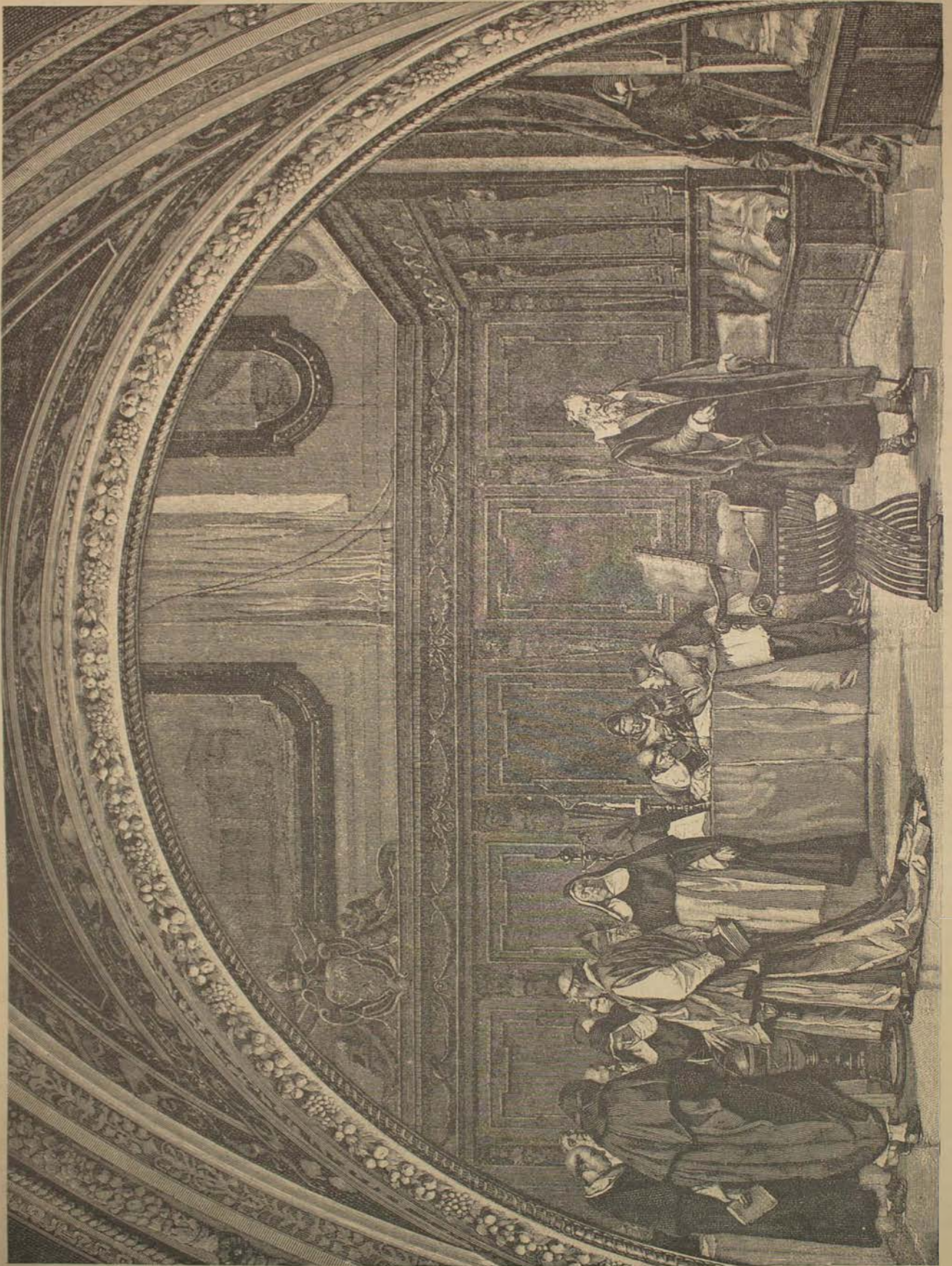
Admitting as one must, that there is a good deal of genuine love in the world, and that, in the multitude of cases, it levels down barriers and distinctions, and laughs at artifice, it is still true that the passions which mask themselves under its name are not unknown. I have spoken above of the Baroness Burdett Coutts's marriage. Probably not one in a hundred thousand persons, taking human nature as it goes and as it guesses, believes, or could be persuaded to believe, that Mr. Bartlett's wooing—for Mr. B. is a young man—was prompted purely by the tender passion. The baroness is an elderly woman, with marks of age, and without special personal attractions that any one, except Mr. Bartlett, has discovered. But she has immense wealth. "There," says society, "you see the reason." No one knows certainly that it *was* the reason, because no one can *know* this; but the case is practically the same when anybody supposes so. It was because the Queen of England supposed so, that she turned about at once on seeing her, and walked before a crowd of spectators in the opposite direction.

But disparity in wealth alone, if it be on the woman's side, starts a serious question in any matrimonial arrangement. What is an eligible heiress to do? The most sensitive men are loth to have the most momentous and serious step of which they are capable misconstrued, and hesitate to present themselves for her favor. Against the other kind, those who are not sensitive and serious, she must be continually on her guard. I am told that women of very great wealth scarcely dare to marry; but, if they were permitted to take the first step, might avoid, as completely as any human system could render possible, the dangers to which they are now subjected.

One of the worst features of this unmitigated silence which is imposed upon one sex alone, is the insincerity and hypocrisy which it not only inculcates, but places a premium upon. Nothing irritates a woman so much as to have any ground given for a suggestion that she has gone a step out of her way to secure a gentleman's interest or attention. She would rather be won by a peasant than move the least bit aggressively to win a prince. Her natural feelings are smothered and suppressed, and she accepts the artifice which she must put on, as if it were both reasonable and natural.

I still hear in reply—in fact, I have heard imaginatively between every two lines I have written—some such question as this, in the voice of Mrs. Grundy, "What? would you have a modest and delicate young lady go to a gentleman's house or office, and ask him to marry her?"

This question is always supposed to quash the antagonist, and close the discussion. But does it close it? Is there no such thing in this world as the middle ground—as an intermediate course? If a color is not white, is it necessarily black? May there not be a half dozen footholds and vacancies between extremes? If this performance which is believed to be the only alternative in the matter, is an absurd-



THE TRIAL OF GALILEO.

ity, on any other than conventional grounds, does it amend it any to entrench one's self in the shadow of another absurdity?

My impression is, that matters of detail will take care of themselves; and, especially wherever ladies are concerned, will shape themselves always into comely and graceful forms. The tact, the fine feeling, the artistic fitness of things, one may say, which have had a background of centuries for cultivation under bonds and disadvantages, will not fail any the less to show themselves when their field is widened and extended. I should as soon believe that water will cease to run down hill, or that gravitation will some day reverse the order of motion, as to suppose that the weakening or abolition of a rigid law of etiquette, would transform the nature of half the human race. For, not in these things, but far deeper, is the beauty of girlhood and womanhood. If it were not so, we might indeed despair of the continuance of beauty in the world, and all that belongs with it.

I do not remember whether Thackeray ever expressed himself directly on this subject; but, if he had, how he would have pierced the joints and weak places in the armor which fashion has encased it in. With what remorseless irony he would have penetrated all the futile pretensions that have reared themselves around it. If he has given us no thoughts on this theme, he has at least in several places jostled almost against it. On the general disabilities of women he says, in *Henry Esmond*: "'Tis a hard task for women in life, that mask which the world bids them wear. But there is no greater crime than for a woman who is ill-used and unhappy to show that she is so. The world is quite relentless about bidding her to keep a cheerful face; and our women, like the Malabar wives, are forced to go smiling and painted to sacrifice themselves to their husbands; their relations being the more eager to push them on to their duty, and, under their shouts and applauses, to smother and hush their cries of pain."

It is not very likely, I admit, that any such revolution as I have hinted at will occur in our generation, however grievous the disabilities of women may be; but, when we consider that some of the civilizations which are not Puritan and Anglo-Saxon, have mediatorial methods of bringing about marriage—in which third parties play the chief part—it is not lunacy to suggest that modifications may be produced in time, in our habits, when we become more in unison with the rest of the world. It is certain that, even now, the marriage proposal, as it exists here, is as shocking to French * ideas, as any other mode than ours is to us—so tyrannically do convictions rule us. If we can outlive this conviction, it will doubtless be by exceptions, and by degrees. Let us hope that some day, by the quiet and delicate intermediacy of some wise tribunal—if not otherwise—a young lady or a woman may secure a privilege of choice in matters of the highest consequence that can only now happen by a lucky accident. In this era, the poet's pretty test will have a positive value:

"Thou shalt know him, when he comes,

(Welcome youth!)

Not by any din of drums,

Nor the vintage of his airs;

Neither by his crown,

Nor his gown,

Nor by any thing he wears.

He shall only well-known be,

By the holy Harmony

That his coming makes in thee!"

* See Demorest's Monthly, Vol. 16, page 153.

The Trial of Galileo.



WHEN Galileo set out for Rome, to explain his discoveries to the influential personages of the Eternal City, he could not possibly anticipate the fate that ultimately overtook him. He had won a great fame, and was not astonished when the prelates and princes came forth to do him honor, as the most illustrious representative of Italian science.

When, in his discourses, however, he confirmed the opinion of Copernicus, the alarm was sounded, and Galileo was a doomed man. He had kindled the spark that afterward grew into a devouring flame. He returned to Florence, and gathered around him again his pupils, but the Inquisition did not lose sight of him, although he was not aware of it.

Becoming cognizant of the feeling against him, again he went to Rome, and in the presence of a large audience demonstrated the truth of the Copernican system. The Roman College, however, which undertook to decide scientific as well as theological questions, pronounced it absurd and heretical to say that the sun is motionless and that the world revolves. Galileo was summoned before the high church dignitaries and made to promise that he would not teach such an opinion. So deeply was the truth impressed upon his mind, however, that he found it impossible to keep his promise, and in the seclusion of his home in Florence, Galileo taught his belief to the pupils that gathered around him.

On the publication of his "Dialogues," he was ordered to appear before the commissary-general of the Holy Office in Rome, which was the preparatory step to handing him over to the Inquisition. Although seventy years of age and suffering from a painful malady, Galileo was compelled to leave his bed and journey to Rome. He was placed in a chamber of the Holy Office, and told not to leave it. On being questioned, he confessed that he, without meaning to do so, had expressed too forcibly the opinion of Copernicus, and was now ready to refute his opinion by all the means God might place in his power. Even this humiliating concession did not save him from the Inquisition, and while there is a doubt whether he was tormented bodily, he was mentally, and was forced to abjure, in the presence of his ignorant judges, the belief his heart held so dear. His memorable speech on the occasion of his unwilling abjuration is echoed by all science. "It does move, though."

Our illustration is from a fresco by the celebrated historical painter, Niccolò Barabino, and ornaments the Celestia Palace in Genoa. It obtained the prize at the last Exhibition of Fine Arts at Turin, exciting much interest by its vigorous execution in grouping and coloring. The artist has seized the moment when Galileo is hesitating whether to abjure his belief, or to brave the punishment in store for a refusal. Old and feeble, he is not prepared to resist the forces brought against him, and humiliated to the earth, he renounces his belief at the command of power and of ignorance. For, however versed in theology, his judges knew but little of science, and this made the humiliation so much the greater. The picture is a very striking one; and the contrast between the figure of the lonely old man, agonized with his humiliating situation, and the air of conceited self-complacency of his opponents, is admirably rendered. The subject makes this one of the most interesting pictures of modern times, and well merits the eulogiums passed upon it, the incident portrayed having, as has been said, settled the question forever, "What properly belongs to the dominion of science, and what to that of religious faith?"

✦ THE ADMIRAL'S ✦ WARD ✦

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

(Continued from page 162.)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IT was a source of the deepest pleasure to Mrs. Piers (the dowager, as she was generally called by members of her own family) to give a little dinner.

Social distinction was very dear to her soul, and as the merely tolerated, impecunious stepmother of Sir Gilbert Jervois, Bart., she had had a long fast from such agreeable experiences. She was a fairly amiable, well-intentioned woman, to whom the idea of existence beyond the pale of the "upper ten" was impossible and unendurable.

The fact that Laura bore the "bar sinister" in her scutcheon rendered her hopelessly averse to Reginald's project of marrying his poor relation. His present wife she considered far from his equal. Still she was the daughter of a rector who was a scholar and a gentleman. Her mother, too, came of a respectable family, and on neither side was there any doubtfulness of character.

Young Mrs. Piers was handsome enough to become the fashion—accomplished, graceful, well-bred, so that Reginald's strange disregard of his own interest in the matter of matrimony was a little more excusable in this second choice.

In fact, his mother felt it would only be to her own disadvantage if she opposed this fancy too persistently, so she gave way frankly and graciously, and she reaped her reward, for Winifrid was a pleasant, observant daughter-in-law. Perfect peace existed between them until shortly before the birth of the son and heir, when a difference of opinion on what seemed at first a trivial matter developed itself, though at the present state of affairs the slight estrangement was shown by occasional double-shotted speeches and veiled allusions, chiefly understood by the speakers themselves.

On the present occasion Mrs. Piers's pretty little house looked its prettiest. It was freshly and suitably furnished, and sweet and bright with abundance of flowers from the Pierslynn conservatories. The dinner (furnished by a neighboring confectioner) was irreproachable, as were also the waiters who accompanied it, and who might have been family retainers so far as almost feudal solidity and respectability of appearance went.

It was the first time Mrs. Piers had entertained Mr. and Mrs. Trent. Though she had wept over the degradation of putting her son in a solicitor's office, she could not deny that in taking him for a very reduced fee, Mr. Trent had done her and hers a substantial benefit, and she felt a fair amount of gratitude. Moreover, they were successful people, and Mrs. Trent a very presentable person, who, though ready to accept and return civilities, knew how to hold her own, and never sought anyone.

Nearly all the company were assembled when Mr., Mrs., and Miss Piers were announced, and as the room which looked due west was carefully darkened to exclude the too powerful rays of the setting sun, neither Laura nor Winnie could at first recognize the guests. Mrs. Trent soon came forward to greet them, looking handsome and well dressed as usual, and then stood talking and laughing with Reginald, near one of the open windows, while Mr. Trent

bestowed his efforts on Winifrid, throwing occasional crumbs of conversation to Laura. "I do not think you know Mr. Vignolles," said Mrs. Piers, leading a mild-looking man with a big forehead and an eye-glass to her daughter-in-law; "I had the pleasure of meeting him at Interlacken last year, as I think I mentioned to you."

Mr. Vignolles placed himself beside the sofa where young Mrs. Piers and her cousin were sitting, and at once opened on Swiss hotels and prices, the best methods of organizing excursions, and the mistake people make in going to the nominally best hotels, where everything is dearer and nothing better than in the more second-rate establishments.

"It is nearly half-past seven," said Mrs. Piers, coming across the room from where she had been talking to Colonel Bligh, "I do not think we can wait any longer. I expect a relative of ours who is anxious to renew his acquaintance with Reginald, an old diplomat, in very indifferent health, Sir Charles Dalrymple, and —"

Before she could finish her sentence the most imposing of the two waiters threw the drawing-room door open and announced:

"Madame Moscynski."

Laura felt that Winifrid started, but she could not see her face, for she turned quite away to ask Mr. Vignolles a question about pedestrian tours, which started him with renewed animation on a fresh branch of his favorite topic.

Meantime a little withered old gentleman, grey and bald, with a crush hat under his arm and a couple of decorations in his button-hole, glided in almost unnoticed in the wake of the princess.

Round her everyone seemed to gather as she stood for a few moments receiving their greetings with her usual quiet grace and low-toned speech. She was arrayed in clouds of black tulle, caught up here and there with gold cords and tassels, gold butterflies fastening the folds on her shoulders, a rich, peculiar-looking gold necklace, and deep red roses in her pale gold hair, and in the left angle of her square low bodice the dark green leaves resting on her snowy, velvety skin.

Reginald approached last, and spoke to her apparently with pleasant, unembarrassed cordiality, then Laura heard him say, as if in answer to some questions, "Yes, she is here," whereupon the group divided. Madame Moscynski walked straight to where Winifrid sat, and, holding out her hand said, "Dear Mrs. Piers, I am so glad to see you, looking so well too. I was very unfortunate to miss you when I called, though I came early."

Winifrid had risen from her seat, and after an instant's hesitation, perceived perhaps only by Laura, she touched the hand presented to her, answering coldly, "Thank you, I am quite well."

Madame Moscynski, nothing abashed, next turned to Laura: "I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Piers, though we met but once; you are not to be easily forgotten," she said, this time substituting the slightest possible curtsey for the offer of her hand, and accepting the chair presented by Mr.

Trent, sat down in front of the cousins, and proceeded to talk to Winnie with quiet, soft persistence, which, in spite of the former's monosyllabic answers, was calculated to give the impression that they were on the most friendly terms.

This was soon interrupted by the stirring announcement that "dinner" was ready, when Mrs. Piers presented the decorated old gentleman to Winnie as "My relative, Sir Charles Dalrymple," whereupon, with an elaborate bow and a little set speech, he offered her his arm; Reginald, acting as host, came forward to conduct Madame Moscynski, being the lady of highest rank present, and Laura found herself told off to the connoisseur of Swiss hotels.

She felt strangely chilled and disturbed by the unmistakable dislike which Winnie evinced to her former "guide, philosopher, and friend." She had always felt an instinctive distrust of this fascinating personage, and was not sorry to see Winnie able to withstand her charm, whatever it might be, but that was no reason why she should be almost rude to her mother-in-law's guest. She (Laura) feared that Winnie would in some inexplicable way injure herself by what looked very like a display of unreasonable temper, though she had faith enough in her cousin to believe that there was some better reason than she knew for her evidently irrepressible aversion to the fair Anglo-Pole. A vague uneasiness took possession of Laura; she seemed to see, as through a glass darkly, that the smooth course of life that appeared to spread itself before the bright young wife was not without its pitfalls, and that Winnie lacked just these qualities, circumspection and self-control, which would enable her to pick her way through them unharmed.

Reginald, too, required peculiar treatment. These thoughts coursed each other through her brain while the soup was being served, while the bland waiter whispered a confidential inquiry as to her choice of wines, and her cavalier gave her some curious information touching the *potage à la Cressy* at the Alpen König Hotel at Bâle. Then she looked around and saw Reginald at the foot of the table with Madame Moscynski on his right hand, Winnie between the ex-diplomate and Colonel Bligh, while she herself found Mrs. Trent on her right.

The dinner passed off very well; there was plenty of general talk, to which Reginald contributed his share, with not unfrequent asides to Madame Moscynski. Winnie was especially animated, her color rose, and her laugh was frequently heard louder than usual as she exchanged repartees and reminiscences with her respective neighbors.

Laura could do little beyond replying to the observations of the gentleman next her; an unaccountable uneasiness weighed her down; she watched Winnie with nervous anxiety. There was no true merriment in her laughter, and more defiance than enjoyment in the brilliancy of her eyes; she fancied, too, that Colonel Bligh looked at her curiously, if admiringly.

At length, after a fair amount of eating and drinking, after some dozen subjects were started and run sharply to death in a hand gallop, and every one seemed in good humor with themselves and their *convives*, Mrs. Piers gave the signal for the temporary separation of ladies and gentlemen.

Arrived in the drawing-room, Mrs. Trent bestowed her attention on Winifrid, and Madame Moscynski appeared quite occupied by a confidential conversation with her hostess, while for some minutes Laura occupied herself with a book of photographs, that refuge of the destitute.

She had scarcely finished examining it, however, when Mrs. Piers joined her, while Madame Moscynski calmly went across the room to Mrs. Trent and Winnie, who immediately lapsed into silence.

"Well, Laura," said the lady of the house, who had fallen into a certain condescending familiarity with her during

their residence together at Pierslynn, "what have you been doing with yourself since you came to town? why do you never come to see me?"

"I have been very busy, Mrs. Piers; I have had some fresh commissions—for copies only, 'tis true—and I have a new pupil."

"Really you are getting on. We shall see you on the line in the Academy yet. I am sure it is very fortunate you have so much talent; and how is Admiral Desbarres? I wish we could have persuaded him to join us this evening, he is a most interesting man; he is quite ruined, lost everything, Mr. Trent tells me. Is he very much broken by his misfortunes?"

"Not at all. Indeed, were it not for his mania for giving, he would be very well off on his half-pay."

"Perhaps so; but it is very unsatisfactory for *you*. Taking you up as he has done, he, of course, meant to provide for you. Now he will have nothing to leave, for of course his income dies with him. You ought to persuade him to save."

"Who? me, Mrs. Piers? I would not take so great a liberty; I hope to be able to provide for myself."

"That is always difficult for a woman. It is fortunate for you that art is the fashion. Work such as yours is by no means unladylike, according to modern ideas."

"I should think not," said Laura smiling. "Were I worthy the name of artist I should indeed be proud."

"That is all very well, but the life is precarious. Still, as I said, it is very fortunate that you have the gift you possess."

"Yes, it atones to me for the stigma I am told rests on my father's birth." Laura could not account for the impulse which urged her irresistibly to utter these words.

Mrs. Piers looked confused and uncomfortable. "Who has been so ill-natured as to rake up that old story, Laura?" she asked. "It does no good, and only pains you, though you really need not trouble yourself about it. No one can quarrel with you for what is not your fault."

"Nevertheless, according to the sublime injustice of the Decalogue, the sins of the fathers are almost always visited on the children," said Laura sadly. "And I dare say my poor father experienced this."

"I do not think so. He was very charming, and very popular with the family; a great favorite with old John Piers—the late man's father—and quite at home at Pierslynn."

"Is it possible?" said Laura, with a degree of sarcasm which quite escaped the notice of Mrs. Piers.

"Yes, I assure you. My poor husband was so much abroad, that he knew less of him than the rest; but when he was in England we always had him at our house."

Laura, with all her common-sense and cool judgment, felt moved to a kind of scornful indignation by the tone Mrs. Piers adopted as consolatory.

"What are you discussing so gravely?" asked Winnie, rising abruptly and coming to join them.

"Only my family history. Not a pleasant topic, let us change it," said Laura, as Winnie sat down on the ottoman beside her.

"Oh!" cried Winnie, disdainfully, "that is not of much matter. There is no shadow of doubt on the clearness and nearness of *our* relationship, dear Laura, or our friendship either."

Before Laura could reply, the door opened to admit the gentlemen.

Colonel Bligh and Reginald approached; the latter, taking his place on the opposite side of the ottoman from his wife, leaned over till his head nearly touched Laura's shoulder, and began to talk of Mrs. Crewe, of "that son of her's,"

and the Admiral, but in an intermittent way, evidently with an effort; while every now and then he glanced at Madame Moscynski and his wife. The former was speaking with much suavity to Sir Arthur Dalrymple as they stood together in one of the windows; while Mrs. Trent was listening with apparent interest to Mr. Vignolles, the words "route," "twelve hours from Strasbourg to Bâle," "Not more than five and sixpence a day, allowing for the exchange," occasionally catching Laura's ear.

Presently Madame Moscynski, accompanied by Sir Arthur Dalrymple, walked slowly across the room, and, addressing herself to Mrs. Piers, the former asked, "I think, dear Mrs. Piers, you might settle a question Sir Arthur and I have been arguing. You were a good deal at Stolzstadt, were you not? Tell me, was it the Princess Stephanie or the Princess Marguërite that went mad about one of her equerries, and always fancied everything was covered with dust?"

Mrs. Piers had an entirely different version of the old scandal to offer for consideration, and Reginald vacated his seat to make way for Madame Moscynski, who threw in queries and suggestions, sometimes addressed to Winnie, who never made any answer, though she ceased to converse with Colonel Bligh, and sat in silence with elaborate inattention. At length, at the first pause in the dialogue, she arose and went to speak to Mr. Trent, who was examining some water-color drawings which adorned the wall.

Reginald looked after her first with a slight frown and then with a smile, an unpleasant, mocking smile.

"Sing us one of your Polish songs," said he to Madame Moscynski, with a certain familiarity which struck Laura. "The one you used to treat us to when we lay off Fiume." She smiled, hesitated a moment, and then walked to the piano.

It was a wild, plaintive air, with a peculiar accompaniment, and she sang it admirably, dramatically.

"Isn't it expressive?" said Colonel Bligh to Winifrid. "It is so utterly unlike drawing-room music; I remember she used to charm us with those queer ballads of hers when we were in the Adriatic."

"Indeed!" said Winifrid.

"Winifrid, my dear, do play one of your German pieces," said her mother-in-law, sailing up to her.

"It is a long time since I played, but I will do my best," said Winnie, with something of her natural sweetness. The excited color had died out of her cheek, and Laura thought her voice unsteady.

She played, however—played well—though not with quite her usual spirit, and was of course much applauded.

"Do you play, Miss Piers?" asked Colonel Bligh.

While she was saying she did not, Madame Moscynski came up with a small piece of manuscript music in her hand. "Brava, brava, chérie," said she with an air of familiarity. "I wish you would try this little "Pensée" for me. It is a *motif* by a young countryman of mine in whom I am much interested," and she placed the leaves before Winnie. "I am sorry," replied the latter, "I cannot attempt it; it is so closely written I fear I could not read it correctly."

"Ah!" said Madame Moscynski, with a subtle smile and a little contemptuous shrug, "the *caro sposo* and I know you do not always interpret notes aright."

"Do you?" said Winnie, rising slowly and turning to face her. "Are you sure I was wrong?"

"Come, dear Mrs. Piers, you are so bright and quick, I am sure you must have Southern blood in your veins; do play us another of your charming morceaux. Mr. Piers, persuade her to play to us."

"Oh! people get tired of long pieces," said Reginald, who had not heard what passed, and coming across the room

at Madame Moscynski's summons. "As we are all here, let us settle about Goodwood; we have no time to lose."

"Pray do not include me in your party," said Winnie, low but distinctly. "I do not feel equal to the fatigue; I have been doing too much, I am overdone now; if the carriage is here I will leave. You do not mind coming, Laura, do you?"

"But, Winnie, you were dying to go last week."

"I prefer staying away now. Will you ask about the carriage, Reginald?"

"Yes, if you really feel too unwell to stay," and muttering something about "an infernal bore," Reginald rang the bell.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Mrs. Piers, hastening up.

"Only that London is a little too much for me, and I am not quite so strong as I thought," said Winnie, smiling bravely. "It is later than you think."

"Indeed, you look very tired, you will be the better of a good night's rest," said Mrs. Trent kindly.

"Will you come with me, Reginald?" said his wife, as having taken leave of the company and openly disregarded Madame Moscynski's offered hand, she paused beside him.

"Sorry I cannot; I promised to look in at the club with Bligh. Our good friend Laura will see to you, I'll not be late."

"Will you take a glass of wine before you go, Winifrid?" said her mother-in-law, following her down stairs to the study or book-room where the cloaks were left.

"No, thank you," said Winnie. "I must say I am infinitely surprised you should have asked that woman to meet me! I may be foolish, wrong, suspicious, but I have a right to choose my own associates."

"And I mine," said the elder lady haughtily.

"Certainly, but not to force them on me."

"I should be sorry to so——" checking herself and evidently trying to soothe. "I had no idea your prejudices were so strong and so unjust, Winifrid! You are wrong, and ill-advised to treat Princess Moscynski with such unmerited rudeness. For your own sake you should exercise more self-restraint. Just think how vexed Reginald must be. You are very foolish. Do you think that I should invite any one to my house whose correct conduct I could for a moment doubt?"

"I am sure you would not *if* you doubted; but you do not," cried Winnie, softening and taking her mother-in-law's hand in both her own. "Why do you not see the truth, that it is a battle for life I have to fight with this woman?"

"I am afraid, my dear, that you are not yet quite free from your feverish wanderings," said Mrs. Piers severely. "Do, pray, Laura, try to bring her to reason."

Winifrid, with a slight despairing gesture, turned abruptly away and walked to the carriage, and her mother-in-law, saying in a low tone, "This is a pleasant outlook for my son," went back to her guests.

Laura, stupefied with surprise and distress, followed her cousin.

"Tell them to drive to the Hotel," said Winnie, in a strange, stifled voice. "You will come with me, dear, will you not? You take the carriage on afterward." There was a moment's silence, and then Laura said, "Winnie, dear Winnie, what is the meaning of all this? I am afraid you are very unwise."

"You do not know, you do not know!" exclaimed Winnie, with a cry of anguish. "I cannot tell you all now, but I will. I thought never to have told you. I hoped that I had beaten off the foe, but the battle is still before me, and I cannot fight her with her own weapons; yet I fear any others are nearly useless," and she threw her arms round her cousin, who was shocked to feel how she trembled and sobbed.

"But you cannot doubt your own husband, who loves and

admires you! You cannot fear a woman so much older, so much less beautiful than yourself! I think you must have let some morbid fancy get possession of you; try and clear your mind of it. These suspicions are too horrible."

"They are," returned Winnie more calmly. "And if you, too, turn against me and re-echo the cry that I am foolish, morbid, mistaken, I shall not keep my senses. I have striven hard enough against my own convictions, now they have come back upon me in an overwhelming tide. I am not angry with Reginald. I do not so much doubt him, as I fear *her*; for he is weak, or—or something like it, and she is merciless, unfathomable, and my implacable enemy."

"My own dear Winnie," said Laura, more impressed by her cousin's words than she liked to own, "you surely must exaggerate. Of course till I hear your reasons I cannot judge whether you do or not. Yet it is impossible Madame Moszynski can be so deliberately wicked; one rarely meets with such characters. You are excited, you are not yourself, to-morrow you may feel differently."

"Heaven grant it," said Winnie, with a low, shivering sigh, "for to-night I despair."

Leaning her head against Laura's shoulder she kept silent for the few minutes that intervened until they stopped at the hotel.

Then Winnie started up. "I will come and have a long afternoon with you to-morrow, if you can give me the time. When may I come?"

"Not before four; I will make it a point to be at home then, and take care to be alone. And, Winnie, try, dear, to be more prudent; conceal your feelings; it will not do to irritate Reginald, or so dangerous a woman as you believe Madame Moszynski to be."

"You do not understand," replied Winifrid mournfully. "I must defend my outposts, or all is lost. Good night, dear Laura; good night."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MRS. CREWE and Denzil were sitting in the dining-room with both windows open, for the latter was indulging in a cigar as he read, and his mother was busy arranging her letters, a very confused pile of ragged papers, making many comments and explanations respecting the writers for her son's information, to which he occasionally replied by inarticulate utterances that nevertheless quite contented her.

"You are early, my dear," said Mrs. Crewe as Laura entered. "I did not expect you for an hour yet."

"Winnie was tired, so we came away a little sooner than the rest," said Laura, throwing aside her cloak, and standing by the table in her long black silk dress, which, with her white lace fichu and ruffle, suited her unusually well. Her gentle dignity of bearing struck Mrs. Crewe as though she had never noticed it before. She felt, as most did who knew Laura, that there was something in her to trust and lean upon, an inner light and force which, though not easy to fathom or define, would never fail or mislead. Thinking thus, Mrs. Crewe did not speak immediately, and looking from mother to son, Laura said with a smile: "How home-like and happy you seem, sitting comfortably together. Your mother is quite ten years younger since you settled down at home, Denzil."

"Yes," he returned, a soft, gratified look stealing over his face, and a slight increase of color, perhaps at Laura's unconscious use of his Christian name, perhaps because he knew that his mother's halcyon days would not last long.

"We are all the happier and more home-like now you have joined us," said Mrs. Crewe, holding out her hand to Laura. "You are looking uncommonly well, my dear. You have quite a color, hasn't she, Denzil?"

"Of course I have, if you notice it," returned Laura, laughing and blushing vividly. Denzil made no reply, but placed a chair for her, and threw his cigar away. Laura sat down with a sigh, thinking of the terrible possibilities her conversation with Winnie had disclosed, and contrasting them with the safe and happy atmosphere she then breathed, the ingredients in which were so simple.

"Well, dear, and what had you for dinner?" began Mrs. Crewe, hastily tying up a parcel of selected letters, and tearing up the refuse with much energy. Laura replied to the best of her ability, but acknowledged that many items escaped her memory.

"You should always try to notice and remember dishes," said Mrs. Crewe gravely. "The ideas they suggest will be of use to you when you have a house of your own, and give dinner parties."

Laura laughed low and pleasantly. "Could you fancy me giving dinner parties?" she said. "All that sort of society seems quite far away out of my reach and capacity; my world will never stretch beyond a studio and a few friends."

"You by no means know what your capacities are yet," said Denzil, as if to himself.

"What did Mrs. Piers wear? I mean the dowager," resumed Mrs. Crewe, and a severe examination as to the toilets of the company ensued; then, after a slight break in the dialogue, Mrs. Crewe remarked, "I suppose young Mr. Piers still seems very attentive and taken up with his wife?"

"Yes, of course! Why should he not?" cried Laura, with a slight start; the question jarred strangely upon her. Could Mrs. Crewe divine that there was any reverse to the bright picture of their lives? "That is, as attentive as good manners permit, why?"

"Oh! I have no particular reason, only it strikes me that Reginald Piers will not be the most constant man in the world. He was very nice and pleasant, but I always thought him unsteady. The fancy of the moment is all and all with him. I do hope she will know how to manage him."

"Come, come, mother!" cried Denzil, smiling, "you are an awful Cassandra sometimes."

"I am nothing of the kind, Denzil; and even in joke, my dear boy, you should not call your mother names, these nautical allusions are quite beyond my comprehension."

"I beg your pardon, mother," quite gravely.

"Is it necessary to manage?" asked Laura. "Surely with truth and tenderness one might venture to keep a straight course."

"And win the goal," said Denzil in a low tone.

"I am not so sure," exclaimed Mrs. Crewe. "You see one can never know what a man thinks, or what crotchets he may have taken into his head. It takes two to make truth of any use, one to speak and another to hear it; and most men are vexed when a woman *is* true and reasonable; it does not amuse them; they are so fond of nonsense they can correct, and mistakes they can smile down at."

"I protest, mother, you are ferociously severe! Why, I flattered myself that you were fond of your son's sex."

"So I am," she returned eagerly. "I always like to have men about me, that is the reason I understand them so well; they can be very kind and useful, but the best of them require management; they like it too, so much the better for us."

"You must not let your son too much behind the scenes," said Laura; "he will be quite unmanageable when he marries, if you initiate him into the mysteries"

"Oh, Denzil is different from other men," cried his mother. "Do you know he has been making such a delightful plan? I hope you will agree to it. There is a cottage belonging to a friend of his to be let for two months, down somewhere on—on what coast, Denzil?"

"Dorsetshire."

"Yes, Dorsetshire. It seems that his friend wants to take his little girl away to London for medical advice, or some operation to be performed, so Denzil proposes that we exchange houses. You and I and the Admiral (if we can persuade him) will go down there the week after next, and Denzil will come down when he can, from Saturday till Monday (it will be holiday time then), and you can take your paints and things and work away. Think of the fresh air, and the sea beach, and the wild flowers, the eggs and the milk, the cliffs (Denzil says there are splendid cliffs), and cheap fish. When can you manage to start, my dear Laura?"

"It would be very delicious," exclaimed Laura immediately, seeing refreshing visions of blue waves and changing cloud shadows; "but I must arrange so much, and oh! I cannot go while Winnie and Reginald are here."

Her face changed as she spoke, and the dread of Winnie's promised disclosures came like a gray mist wreath wrapping her heart in a chilling vapor and chasing the color from her cheek. Denzil looked sternly and steadily at her as she spoke, but she did not heed him.

"It is growing late," he said abruptly, "we must not keep Miss Piers up; I shall wish you good-night, you can discuss the question at Barton's cottage to-morrow; he wants to come up here the first week in August."

So saying he arose, kissed his mother's brow in passing, and wishing Laura good-night, left the room.

"Dear me! how very sudden Denzil is sometimes," said Mrs. Crewe. "That is the misfortune of not having been in 'the service.' Nice and good as he is, he cannot help a certain amount of the *je ne sais quoi* which men in the mercantile marine contract."

"I am sure," cried Laura heartily, "there are Royal Navy sailors not comparable to Denzil in manner, or indeed in any way."

"You are a dear, kind, discriminating girl. But just think what a chance this is of going out of town, my love; without a shilling of expense beyond the railway fares, and at this season we can get excursion tickets. Indeed, I expect to make a considerable saving, for of course milk, butter, eggs, vegetables, and I imagine butcher's meat, will be considerably cheaper than here. I believe there is a vegetable and fruit garden, and a boat—we might fish for ourselves. Collins will remain here, and I wish them joy of her! She behaved shamefully to-day, and sent up the new potatoes perfectly raw," etc., etc.

After careful consideration Laura decided not to mention Winnie's intended visit to Mrs. Crewe, and trust to the chapter of accidents to secure them an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête*, and accident befriended her. The midday post brought a note from Mrs. Crewe's cousin, requesting her help and counsel in a severe day's shopping, as she was leaving town the next day.

Mrs. Crewe, therefore, made a hasty luncheon, and departed full of importance; so when Laura returned, flushed and eager, almost fearing she was late, she found the coast clear, and had hardly divested herself of her outdoor attire when Winifrid arrived.

She was looking very pale, and her eyes had a pained, fixed expression which, to Laura at least, bespoke mental strain. "How nice to find you all alone, dear Laura. Since I made up my mind to tell you everything, I have been thirsting to begin," she cried, as she embraced her cousin.

"Mrs. Crewe is out for the whole afternoon; I think we may stay in the drawing-room."

"Oh! no, no," said Winifrid feverishly, "I can only tell all I have to tell in your own room, with the door locked.

To think that I am but fifteen months a wife, and have such fears, such doubts. Is it not cruel?"

"Come then, dear," was Laura's only answer, and they ascended to her chamber, where the owner installed her guest in the only comfortable chair she possessed, locked the door, and composed herself to listen.

"I must begin a long way back—a long, long way back," said Winifrid, drawing off her gloves and removing her bonnet in an absent, hurried way.

"Tell me," put in Laura, as she paused, "was Reginald very, very angry and cross?"

"No, I have scarcely seen him since. He was very late, and this morning he was odd and cold, and—a little contemptuous. He asked how I was, and when I tried to tell him that he did not know how I had been provoked, he laughed, and said: 'I daresay Madame Moscynski could manage a dozen of you! When you are more a woman of the world, you will not make so much ado about nothing. However, you must smooth down my mother the best way you can. *She is the belligerent party in this instance,*' and then he went out. I am more distressed when he is like *that*, than by his anger."

"Now tell me everything," said Laura.

"When we first went to Paris," began Winnie abruptly, and then broke off to exclaim, with a quiver in her voice, "oh! what a happy, happy time it was! When I look far away to those days I feel how great, how gradual is the change that has come over our life. And we might still be so happy if only—yes—in those days I was selfish in my enjoyment, I scarcely ever thought of you; and if I did, I put it away, because it was so painful to remember that my gain was your loss. Well, when we arrived in Paris, Madame Moscynski called immediately. I had heard Reginald speak of her, and I was quite pleased to know any friend of his. I thought her charming. She seemed so charmed with me; she used to put me in such good humor with myself, and she used to discuss what dresses would suit me with Reginald, as if she were a loving elder sister. Then in some way I cannot describe, a little cloud came between us, I scarcely know how. I grew frightened at the costly things she wanted me to choose, and would not be persuaded to have them, and sometimes Reginald sided with me. Then I used to feel a little left out when they talked for hours of their adventures in that yacht, though I was ashamed of myself, and tried to seem interested, and *was* sometimes. Then we went away, and did the Italian lakes. Ah! how delightful that was, until poor Reggie was ill at Florence. He has never been quite, quite the same since. We came straight back to Paris, and found the Princess just arrived, from I do not know where. She was very kind and helpful, and certainly managed to amuse Reginald wonderfully. She dined with us every day, and then she wanted still to buy everything for me. But I resisted. I was not cross, indeed I was not; I only said I must learn to act for myself. Reginald hated so to be left alone just then that she was very useful."

"Well?" asked Laura, as she paused, "an indefinable estrangement had grown up between you?"

"Yes, yes; I am dwelling too long on this time. One evening we were sitting after dinner, and they were talking of their travels. I had got my old piece of lace-work, to be doing something; the Princess had just said, 'You remember that night we lay off Istria,' when I turned to find my needle, and caught a look from her to my husband, a look I cannot describe; it made my heart stand still, it haunted me, but not for long. Reginald, who was very changeable, was so good, so tender, so taken up with me, that I put away my doubts, yet I never felt quite the same again to Madame Moscynski.

"Then we came to England. She happened to be coming too, and gradually I began to feel that she was like an evil spirit, bringing misfortune to me. I cannot describe how she pervaded everything, how she charmed everyone; Mrs. Piers was fascinated by her. But for a long time Reginald did not mind her much; she used to spend two or three days with us now and then, but she was chiefly at her uncle's, Lord Dereham's, and we met at all the dinners and parties; and as certain as we met, she did or said something that made me look foolish or awkward, or *bête*. It is impossible to tell you the effect she produced upon me, and how no one perceived it save myself. I felt she hated me. One day I dared to open my heart to Reggie, and told him how she affected me. He was not cross, or unkind, but he laughed and kissed me, and exclaimed, 'Jealous already, Winnie? If you take *that* view of our friend, there is no use talking reason to you.' Then I felt I was fighting the air, and all the time the air was poisoning me. I tried to think myself foolish, morbid. Oh! the pain, the struggle of that time. And Mrs. Piers openly sided with Madame Moscynski, and in a covert way rebuked me for my bad temper, narrow jealousy, want of consideration for my husband's comfort. Then Reginald began to have a way of looking round as if he wanted somebody when he came into a room, even at home. But in April last we had gone to a great dinner at Dairysford, and I noticed that Reginald nearly cut the Princess. There was a Polish cousin of hers there, Graf somebody, a very handsome, wicked-looking man. He and the Princess were always talking unknown tongues together. After that I was very unwell, could not go anywhere. Mrs. Piers had gone back to town, and Madame Moscynski was talking of going to Poland; she was always hinting of plots and politics, but Reginald was very kind, and stayed much with me.

"One afternoon I had gone into his dressing-room to put a new pair of braces I had worked for him on his table. It was very untidy, papers and things scattered about. His man had not been in to arrange it, so I began mechanically to put it right. I gathered up the letters, most of them on business, I knew, and went to put them into a little box or case that closed with a spring, and stood on his table. The key was out, but evidently had not been turned, for when I touched the spring it flew open, and on the top lay an open note. It had no address, but I knew the writing, and I remember every word of it."

"Can you repeat it?" asked Laura, deeply, painfully interested.

"Yes," said Winifrid, slowly, with a far-away look in her eyes, as though reading something at a great distance. "It was this: 'You were wrong to doubt; circumstances have been very hard for me; nevertheless, I will give you the assurance you demand; more, I promise all you wish in future provided.' Then a long dash. 'I have struggled with an untoward destiny all my life; must it overtake me now? I shall be in town on the 25th, when I can see you safely. You have cruelly misjudged me. If only you will hear me, all may be as it was before, when there was yet hope for us both. Let me see you, as usual, on Wednesday.

"'Ever yours, H.'

"I knew the H. was for Hedwig.

"When I read this, everything seemed to stand out before me in clear, blazing light. 'Before' meant before he married me. I was the obstacle, and by some means I was to be effaced. I cannot say how I felt; deep, black despair seemed to wrap its cruel arms round me. What was life to me without Reginald and love? And I was so young." She covered up her face, as if she could not bear the memory of that terrible moment.

"I did not feel angry with Reginald," she resumed. "I

felt sorry for him, as if we were both in the hands of some merciless executioner. I think I lost my senses for a moment; then I remembered it was Wednesday. I shut up the box, and put the note in my pocket, went back to my own sitting-room, and rang the bell: 'Where is Mr. Piers?' 'He went out about an hour ago to fish in the Dairysford pool,' said the servant. 'Ask him to come to me when he returns.'

"I did not know what I was going to do or say. I was desperate, determined to end this state of things, to know what I had to dread, what to renounce, before another day had gone over my head."

She stopped for a moment, her breath came quickly, she seemed parched and fevered. Laura pressed her hand between both her own, and rose to bring her a glass of water. Winnie drank it eagerly, and recommenced.

"I do not know how I lived through the time till Reginald came back, and I could not tell if it were two hours, or twenty minutes, or a lifetime, before I saw him come into the room. It was so terribly long, so frightfully short, I only know I ran to him, for, as I said, I did not feel angry with him, but wildly frightened, and burning to free him and myself from some evil spell. I could not believe he preferred anyone on earth to me. I ran to him, and cried, 'Oh! Reggie, dear, what is this? What can it mean?' holding up the note before him. 'Oh, Laura!' I shall never forget his face. He looked at me so that I shrank away. He grew darkly red, and then hissed out as if every word were a curse, 'Where did you find this?' snatching it from me. 'In your dispatch box,' I said, for his tone roused me. 'I went to put away some letters that were lying about, and I found Madame Moscynski's note open.'

"'How dare you pry into my private papers. Have you a false key, or how did you manage to open the box? By heaven, she will think I have betrayed her,' and he began to pace up and down furiously, tearing the note into a dozen fragments. I was stunned. Not a word to soothe me, not a syllable of apology or explanation; his only thought appeared to be of *her*. I watched him silently; at last he exclaimed, 'Have you talked to anyone else of your insane suspicions?' Then my head seemed to give way, and I just remember holding out my arms to him and crying, 'They are foolish and insane, are they not? No, no, I would not say a word of them to anyone but you, and you will put them all away out of my head.' He turned to me with a changed expression, and then I think he caught me as I was falling, and I can remember nothing more till I came to myself in mortal agony, and Reginald was beside me, and the doctor, and I thought I was dying. It was not death, however, but a new life that came to me."

Again she stopped, and a few tears relieved her.

"I was very, very ill; I scarcely cared to live; only as the days went by, and I saw Reginald constantly near me, so kind, and anxious, and tender, I began to hope and to revive, and then I recovered slowly. I could not put any questions to Reginald, but I used to look at him, I know, with my soul in my eyes, and one day, almost the first I was able to sit up, he said, 'Now you are stronger, I want to explain all that stupid affair of Madame Moscynski's note;' and I, with my hand in his, listened, glad to believe anything rather than break the delicious calm of that moment of repose. He went then to say that he feared he had been very brutal, but that when a lady confided her difficulties to a gentleman, it was too provoking to have it discovered by another woman, and that an unfriendly one. He said that the truth was Madame Moscynski had asked him for a loan of money some time before; that he had hesitated to give it because he thought it was to help her cousin, who was a scamp. The Princess was deeply offended, and did not speak to him for several

days; then she looked so miserable that he sent her a little line to say he was willing to oblige her. The note I found was an answer to this, and as it was difficult to find an opportunity for private conversation at Dairysford, and my jealousy cut her off from Pierslynn, she was obliged to make a *rendezvous* in the grounds, and then he tried to remember the words of the letter. I helped him. He explained it all as bearing on this loan. The 'hope for both of us,' he said, meant for herself and her cousin, both of whom were much embarrassed. The 'seeing him safely in London,' was safe from the interference of Lord Dereham, as Madame Moszynski was always afraid of her uncle, knowing the state of her affairs."

"Was not that a very natural explanation?" asked Laura, thoughtfully.

"It seemed so to me," said Winifrid; "it may be so still. I was too glad to believe it then, only Reginald said nothing explanatory about seeing him as usual on Wednesday, and I would not be so exacting as to allude to it, yet I did not quite forget it. But I was glad to be quiet and to believe. He was so dear and kind. Ah! he loved me, he still loves me, I have not lost him yet! I began, in my returned happiness, to believe I had been unjust to the Princess, that a condition of nervous excitement had disposed me to exaggerate. Reginald told me she was going away on a long visit to some relations in Poland, and that he wished me very much to receive her before she left. I consented, I was so glad she was going.

"She came more softly calm, more soothingly pliable than ever. I felt in an instant that she was determined to win me,—as, before, I felt instinctively that she deliberately set herself to cross and neutralize me. I was wonderfully keen, and feared nothing. After she had looked tenderly and thoughtfully at the baby, as if divining his future (I know she detested infants), and talking of the interest every one took in me, etc., she said, gently raising those queer green eyes of hers to mine, 'Before I go I must confess my sins to you, dear Mrs. Piers, and tell you how generous and kind your husband has been;' so she went on to say, that both her cousin (who was like a brother to her) and herself had got into difficulty in consequence of being mixed up in some political schemes; that at the present moment they were greatly embarrassed, and she had ventured to ask Reginald for help, which he had kindly and readily accorded. I said I was glad he could be of use, and then added, 'He has, I see, told you that your note on that subject fell into my hands, and probably that I misinterpreted it? I was foolish, perhaps, but, dear Madame Moszynski, you should not write so ambiguously.'

"She looked surprised, but did not change countenance, and paused a little before she replied: 'Have you not always misinterpreted me, *ma belle amie*? I have felt it deeply. Nevertheless, I shall not offend again, I am on the point of returning to my own dear unhappy land for a long sojourn.' Then my mother-in-law came in, and they talked till they tired me, and I had great difficulty in getting composed and comfortable after she had gone, so much had her 'confession' disturbed me.

"Though I blushed for my own suspiciousness, I was always wondering if they had arranged her visit, and what she should say, between them. I was not so well after this, and then I began to yearn for you. I knew Reginald was a little reluctant about sending for you, but I was determined to overcome that. I had a sudden bitter conviction that nothing and no one was quite true and real but you. I think so still, dear, dear Laura!"

A sudden choking sob stopped her utterance for a moment. "At any rate," she resumed, "Madame Moszynski went away, and I began to forget her. Reginald was so

dear and good; and, though I knew Mrs. Piers thought me jealous, exacting, narrow, she was kind enough, so I began to dream of happiness again—and yet—and yet, the same complete love and trust I once had never quite came back. There were looks and tones of Reginald's that in some way always set me doubting, I did not know what."

"I fear you tormented yourself ingeniously," said Laura with a sigh.

"I tried hard not," returned Winnie, "but I felt more exacting, less even-tempered than I used to be. Then you came. That did me a world of good. The days you spent with us were the best I had had for a long time; and Reginald was very nice, was he not? more at ease with you. And it was so nice when Mrs. Piers went; even when Reginald went away, until one morning, do you remember? probably you do not, you mentioned accidentally that Madame Moszynski had not gone abroad. It gave me a great shock. However, Reginald came back so soon, and everything looked so fair, that I did not disturb myself much till I came up to town, and found that dreadful woman here; found that she had laid her plans, that she had got everyone on her side, and that she was resolved to force herself on me, resolved to keep fast hold of Reginald. Laura! I do not know what witchery there is about her; but I fear as much as I hate her, and I strive to deliver my husband from her, as much for *his* sake as my own. But, ah! he is slipping from me. The moment she appears, there is a subtle change in him. Indeed, he is greatly changed. He is so much more "on guard" than he used to be. Yet, Laura, I do not, will not despair. If only I had Reginald to myself, all might yet be well; but, dearest, you must never let her win *you* over; never let her persuade you that she is a simple, well-intentioned woman, not quite stiff enough for English ideas, and that I am jealous, exacting, crazy."

"She shall never do that!" cried Laura, warmly. "I have always had an instinctive distrust of her; yet, dear, dear Winnie, I do think you have tormented yourself unnecessarily. Try not to worry yourself, and things will mend."

"Not if I am off my guard. She shall never display herself to the world as my intimate friend, and yet I almost tremble to think how she nearly defied me last night; that showed she felt pretty sure of her ground. And she is going down again to Dairysford, Laura, where I cannot escape her without a fracas! I am going to get Dr. Prior to order me to Carlsbad or somewhere, and once away I shall feel safe; Reginald cannot refuse to come with me."

"Yes, perhaps that would be well," returned Laura, and fell into deep thought. How should she add to Winnie's burden by disclosing the facts which had lately come to her knowledge? How shatter their home, their prosperity, and yet, might not the revelation of her knowledge, the assertion of her claim, rouse Reginald to repentance, to a sense of duty. They surely might arrange between them so that he need not be impoverished, and yet that her rights should be acknowledged. While she thought, Winnie was saying that Reginald seemed to have taken up his idea of a public career again, especially when their member, Mr. Challoner, was dangerously ill about a fortnight ago; but now she was happy to say that gentleman was recovering rapidly, so there would be no necessity to remain at Pierslynn for any political reason. How Madame Moszynski would revel in an election, and how indefatigable she would be about it! It is a direct intervention of Providence on my behalf that poor Mr. Challoner is better," added Winnie, rising, and looking at her watch. "Dear Laura! I have been talking to you for more than an hour, and it has been a relief. I do not seem so hopeless as I was. You do not think things so bad. What do you think, Laura?"

"Oh! Winnie, it is impossible Reginald can care for any one but you. Be as resolute as you like against Madame Moscyński, but be patient and careful, control yourself, and Reginald will respect you all the more. He is only amused with a clever companion; you see as soon as she is out of sight he forgets her."

"He seems to do so; but I am growing to distrust him and every thing; and, as to self-control, that woman has the most diabolical power of stinging me with words no one else can understand. Now last night no one save ourselves, or perhaps Reginald, could understand why I grew so angry; but her audacity in reminding me of my not always interpreting notes aright, was more than I could bear. Now I must run away. I have several visits of ceremony to make. Come to me soon—the day after to-morrow."

"Yes, if I can. Good-bye. Be patient, dearest Winnie, patient and strong, these evil days will pass away."

"Adieu, my own wise Laura." A hearty kiss, and she was gone.

CHAPTER XL.

A FEW days passed during which Laura was too much occupied to seek her friend often, and Winnie too much engaged to visit Laura.

The long history which Winnie had recounted of her strange struggle with Madame Moscyński haunted Laura.

It was like the plot of a bad novel put into action; she could not believe that poison so loathsome could arise from anything within the circle of lives pure and natural as Winnie's, and, she had hitherto believed, Reginald's. Did Winnie exaggerate things? Was it possible that Reginald would vex his own dear wife rather than give up the second-rate pleasure of being adroitly flattered. Certainly she had good reason to doubt her cousin, her supplanter. Nevertheless, if she perceived that he was weak, illogical, unprincipled enough to rob her, she still believed that his heart was loving and considerate. Even toward herself his intentions had not been so bad as his conduct finally proved.

It was marvelous even to herself how she shrank from exposing him. By degrees she made up her mind to let herself drift with the current of circumstance to some yet undiscovered anchorage, some opening in the difficulties that hemmed her in, through which she might steer her course.

Meantime the stream of events rolled on not visibly affected by the heart histories being enacted beneath or beside it.

Mrs. Crewe was deeply engaged in preparation for their sojourn at the sea-side. The Admiral, who had been looking ill and worn for some time, was persuaded to join them, after a short visit to his brother. Laura had to use some persuasion to induce her patron to wait for a month or two for his bespoken copy. For schools were breaking up, and families leaving town, so that she had not much difficulty in arranging her holiday.

She looked forward with a great sense of longing to the repose and entire change of scene which her visit to the coast promised.

As regarded Winnie, she would soon be leaving town; and even were she to be always near her, she could do little to help her. A wife must fight her own battles and "dree her own wierd." No third person could interfere without doing more harm than good. Surely the present clouds would blow over, and Winnie's sky be blue and bright as it ought to be.

She herself, despite her doubts and cares, felt, in some unaccountable way, a fresh interest in her life; a vague, quiet hope, such as she had not experienced for many months, and under this influence was working at some nearly finished

designs with new energy one morning, intending to call on Winnie in the early afternoon to tell her of their approaching departure, and learn her plans. She had almost put the last touch to her drawing, and had paused, pencil in hand, seeing a vision of the beach with the rippling waves stealing up, when the door was suddenly opened, and Winnie flashed in upon her, radiant, smiling, lovely in sapphire, blue sateen, and Breton lace.

"Winnie, dear! What has happened?" cried Laura, starting up to meet her.

"All that is good and fortunate," said Winifrid, embracing her. "Last night Mrs. Piers dined with us; she was wonderfully pleasant and amiable, and brought a letter from Helen. It appears that Sir Gilbert is recovering so slowly, and is still so weak, the doctors insist on his going to one of the German or Austrian spas. Franzensbad, I think. You may fancy my delight when Reginald exclaimed, 'What do you say to trying the waters, or the air, Winnie? It would set you up for the winter, and we might take baby too, if you liked.'"

"I hugged him on the spot. Think, dear, of him proposing the very thing I wanted! I am sure I have done him injustice. He wants to escape Pierslynn while that dreadful woman is at Dairysford as much as I do."

"I am delighted to hear this!" exclaimed Laura, with most genuine sympathy. "All will go well now!"

"Yes, I hope so; I believe so. I was so delighted, I felt as if I trod on air. We went to a dance at Lady Delmaine's. She and her husband are Saltshire people. It was charming, and I know I looked well. Colonel Bligh and a heap of men quite surrounded me. Oh! it was great fun, and I think Reginald was pleased. I wish you had been there, it was such a nice party. This morning Reggie and I have been busy making out the route and our plans. We are to start on Tuesday, and Mrs. Piers is going down to Pierslynn for a month or two with a cousin of hers who often stays with her. So the place will not be quite deserted."

"That is well arranged. How glad I am to see you so happy," said Laura, embracing her. "Now you must banish all suspicion and uncomfortable thoughts."

"Oh! I will, I will, indeed. I am too glad to renounce them all. And it will be nice to have dear Helen Jervois with us. Sir Gilbert is always horrid, but if he is weak and ill he will be more manageable. Sybil is to come to her grandmother at Pierslynn. Now, dearest Laura, tell me what are you going to do? I trust you will soon escape the heat, and dust, and noise of London. Oh, dear, I want you to be happy; happy as if I had never come across you; you know I do, Laura; and I think—I think you are looking like your own self—only better. Are you happy, Laura?"

"I am," said Laura, quietly, but earnestly. "I am at rest; I have plenty of congenial occupation; I have hope of independence in the future, and kindly companionship in the present. Ought I not to be thankful and content? If I have still an anxiety, why, I trust to the great Guide to make it right. Do not trouble yourself about me."

"You deserve all good," said Winnie, tears rising to her eyes. "You must, you will have happiness and success."

"To know that you are relieved from your fears will give zest to my holiday."

A few more descriptions of their plans, a little more dilating on her own heart's delight, and restored confidence, a pressing invitation to dinner on the last day of their sojourn in London, and Winnie left her friend nearly as much excited and overjoyed as herself.

After this interview Laura did not see Winifrid alone, save for a hurried moment, when bidding her good-bye the evening she dined with her and Reginald.

She was, as usual, ill at ease with the latter, in spite of all her own efforts, and his careful, almost successful attempts at friendly unstudied cordiality. She was always imagining how he must feel looking at her, hearing her voice, and knowing that he had robbed and deceived her; that he had sought her only to secure his plunder, and but for her accidentally overhearing his avowal to Winnie, he would have sacrificed them both unrelentingly. Whatever his passion for the latter, it had evidently been his intention to marry herself.

Winnie was all bright anticipation, and with Colonel Bligh, the only other guest, kept up the conversation and animation of the *partie carrée* without pause or effort.

Reginald tried to second her, and sometimes succeeded, but Laura observed a peculiar tone of repression—of indifference, perceptible, she thought, through his amiable, ready acquiescence in all his wife's projects and suggestions. It seemed to her that he was enduring something with as good a face as he could.

"I must say it is rather hard lines to be carried off to a German Bad a week before the twelfth," said Colonel Bligh. "Why, you missed the Pierslynn partridges last year."

"Oh, I shall come in for the grouse and pheasants," returned Reginald, "and reap the reward of my conjugal devotion, eh, Winnie?"

"You ought, indeed; it is too bad to drag him away," said Winnie, with a loving smile. "But I do not think Reginald dislikes the idea of Germany, or rather Austria."

"I have long ago resigned myself to my fate," remarked Reginald, with a slight laugh, yet with a sound as of reality in his voice, "and I try to get as much enjoyment out of life as my circumstances permit."

"Hear him!" cried Colonel Bligh. "His circumstances, indeed; the luckiest dog in Great Britain!"

"When do you think you will return?" asked Laura.

"Oh, when the spirit moves us," returned Winnie, evasively; "and when we come back, I expect you to pay us a long, long visit at Pierslynn. We can give you a studio, and you can paint lots of pictures before the Academy opens. Can't she, Reginald?"

"Of course she can," said Reginald, wearily.

Laura wished them good-bye early, and went with the young mother to look at her sleeping baby.

"He is looking well and greatly grown," said Laura, looking earnestly at the boy; "a very different creature from the shadowy infant he was when I first saw him."

"Yes, thank God! Do you know the little darling holds out his arms to me now. I sometimes wish there was nothing to take me from him; but I enjoy going out, and being seen, too. Ah! Laura, if I am but safe from one fear, life will be only too delicious. Do you see how ready Reginald is to forego the shooting, rather than return to Pierslynn? Trust me, all will go well."

"God grant it, dear! When do you start, to-morrow?"

"Oh, some time in the afternoon. We sleep at Dover, and take the Ostend and Brussel's route."

"Good-bye, dear Winnie; write often."

This last interview comforted Laura greatly. If Reginald's heart was true and steadfast to his wife, he might yet retrieve and atone for the past. She was glad he was gone away safely for some months; when they returned, she would have a confidential explanation with him, and so arrange matters that her rights should be acknowledged and Reginald's reputation saved.

"After all," she thought with a slight natural sigh, "it would be a divided kingdom only for a lifetime. I shall never marry, and after my death Reginald's son shall have his own again," so for the present she put aside painful

thoughts and doubts, and determined to enjoy the rest and change which her visit to the seaside promised.

The village of C—, although within five or six hours of London, had as yet escaped the overwhelming tide of autumnal cockneys.

Its sea-bathing qualifications were only known to the neighboring gentry and farmers, with a sprinkling of artists whose visit did not vulgarise the picturesque seclusion of the place.

Denzil's friend, an ex-sea-captain, had married a C— girl, who inherited a small farm and cottage. This formed a delightful retreat to the tired mariner, who had added considerably to the quaint residence, and generally improved its surroundings, until it became the boast of the village, and the captain's house was considered a type of all that was luxurious.

The days previous to their departure were a trial, mental and physical, to Mrs. Crewe, and through her to Laura.

The anxious discussions as to what ornaments were to be left and what put away, the sudden recollection that it would be better to have kept out something which unfortunately was already packed at the bottom of the largest box, the long exordiums and injunctions to Collins, the terrible uncertainty whether Topsy was to be taken or not, the impossibility of starting by a mixed train at 11:30, and being at home to give up the house at half-past five. These were a few of the difficulties which exercised Mrs. Crewe's mind. But all finally arranged themselves. Topsy, it was decided, would be happier in her own home, with Collins, who promised and vowed to watch over the beloved animal, to sustain her with mutton and occasional fish, and to comfort her with a bed of hay renewed every week. Denzil promised to receive his friends, and advised a clean sweep of all decorative articles, as the expected inmates were bound on an errand which did not incline them to regard trifles.

"It is a downright mercy that the Admiral went away to his brother's. What we should have done with *him* in the house I can't think; not that *he* would grumble, dear good man; but the idea of having things topsy-turvy when he is with you seems in a way—sacrilegious."

So said Mrs. Crewe when they had fairly started from Paddington, and waved their last adieux to Denzil, who stood looking after them on the platform.

The Dingle, as Mrs. Crewe's temporary abode was called, was a most tempting retreat, seen, as Laura saw it for the first time, on a fine summer's evening. It stood a little way west of the village, in the opening of a dell or dingle which ran inland from the sea, sheltered by the high grounds, at each side; some oaks and chestnuts gave shade and beauty to the little plot, half garden, half pleasure ground, which intervened between the partly thatched cottage and a low wall or embankment separating it from the stretch of sandy beach which spread from one dark reef and mass of shingles to the other.

At high tide the water touched the embankment, and when it ebbed, left a wide margin of shining gold in the sunshine. The garden was sweet with roses, *seringa*, and heliotrope; great bushes of fuchsias and lauristinas testified to the balmy mildness of the air, while on the western slope of the brae behind the house, where the fruit and vegetables caught the fructifying rays of the morning sun, lay a delightful kitchen garden.

The road from Northport, the nearest town, ceased at the gate, which was at the junction of the grounds with the beach, and as the travelers reach it, a rosy-cheeked, countrified, but neat servant-maid came running from the house to set wide the portal, bobbing curtsies as she held the gate, and then collected the unavoidable small parcels from the omnibus conductor with evident hearty good-will.

The tea and stroll in the garden which followed were very delightful and invigorating. Mrs. Crewe was loud in her praise of the air and scenery. "Really this charming place will make me ten years younger," she said to Laura. "I am quite impatient for Saturday, that Denzil may enjoy something of this invigorating air; it will do him a world of good, for I do not think he has been looking at all well lately. Have you observed it?"

"I cannot say I have," said Laura, who was gathering some flowers, and not especially heeding Mrs. Crewe.

"Perhaps not," returned that lady severely. "You have been so much occupied with Mr. and Mrs. Piers, that I am not surprised you overlook my poor boy, who, I must say, never forgets anything in which he can oblige you."

"Indeed he does not," said Laura, with a frank, sweet smile. "You must not be cross with me because I answered you carelessly. You know quite well that I am nearly as impatient for his coming as you are."

"Well, well, I believe so," returned Mrs. Crewe; "and though I say it, you ought, Laura, for the pains and trouble he takes about you, is—is—quite remarkable."

"I am most grateful to him, I assure you," said Laura, resuming her flower-gathering undisturbed, well aware that Mrs. Crewe's weak point was her adored son, and the observance due to him.

In spite of this slight breeze they watched together, in restored harmony, the glories of a beautiful sunset, and retired to rest delighted with the happy chance which gave them so sweet a resting-place for their brief holiday.

Time fled swiftly at the Dingle. Laura was away, out with pencil or brush, before the morning dew had breathed its last under the sun's kisses. It was a time of purest enjoyment to her; she steeped herself in the fresh beauty of the scenery, and learned endless color lessons in the inexhaustible studio of nature.

On all sides she found material for pictures—the fishing-boats with their load of gold and silver "treasures of the deep;" the brown nets hung out to dry against the blue of sky and sea; the cows standing luxuriously knee-deep in the pool, into which the burn that flowed through the Dingle widened in one place; the little sturdy urchins, in queer, old-fashioned garments and "clouted shoon," trudging home from school, their slates hung around their necks, and books under their arms, with happily a bright blue frock or pair of vivid red stockings to lighten up their figures; the great placid farm horses, with shaggy fetlocks and flowing manes; the patches of pine and oak wood, which lurked in sheltered hollows. Above all, the never-ending variety of the sea; its lights and shadows; the coast line, the cliffs, graceful if not bold, the long sweep of glittering yellow sands. It was a continual feast of beauty, enough, when accompanied by the balmy health-giving air to account for the delicious tranquil happiness which seemed to radiate from her heart.

Could she have hoped six months ago, when, still bruised and aching from the cruel blows of fate, she sought rest and found none, that she should so soon taste contentment deep and pure. Even six short weeks ago, when those terrible letters of Holden's reached her, and she felt for a while stunned, her faith wrecked, her hold on all things relaxed, how little she anticipated this after-glow!

Did she forget too quickly? Had her nature grown shallower? Were the inner depths of her heart silted up with the gritty sands of disappointment? Even her tender conscience answered "No." The tree of life had put forth fresh leaves for her, hope beamed anew. Somehow, even Reginald's shameful conduct had ceased to humiliate her, as the knowledge of it did at first. He had erred, but while

time still existed it was never too late to mend; and she hoped to manage that Winnie should never know his baseness.

Saturday, on which day Denzil was expected, came quickly, and Mrs. Crewe was early a-foot to make elaborate preparations for the expected guest's breakfast, dinner, and supper, as it was market day.

Laura, taking a small sketch-book and a large basket, accompanied her into the village, and to the little pier where the fish-wives spread out their spoils.

"Denzil is fond of fish, let us get him some nice mackerel for tea. Fried mackerel split open, with just a small lump of butter in the middle, is one of the nicest things for tea; and there are some good jargonelle plums; he is sure to like plums."

"Yes, Mrs. Crewe; he is very fond of fruit and vegetables."

"Sailors always are, my dear; and no matter what splendid things they get in other climes, they always enjoy the humbler productions of their dear native land. How much are your eggs a dozen, my good woman?—one and twopence? Monstrous! I could not think of giving such a price. Say tenpence, and I will take two dozen. (*Aside*) Hens are not laying well just now, Laura, and we had better lay in some," etc., etc.

The day passed in the pleasant occupation of making all things ready for the favored guest. The little parlor they occupied—not liking to use the best drawing-room—was sweet and pretty, with flowers carefully arranged by Laura; the tea-table was set forth by Mrs. Crewe's own hands. The cosiest of the garden seats were placed under a spreading oak tree, the largest in the neighborhood, and all things were in the highest state of preparation by six o'clock. But no Denzil made his appearance.

Mrs. Crewe was half crying with vexation and disappointment. "What can have happened, Laura? for something must have happened, I am sure. It is so unlike him to be late in any way."

"No, I do not think anything has," said Laura, rising to look for and examine the Great Western time-table. "I fancy he did not like to start as early as we did, and lose a whole day. Here, there is a train that leaves at 5.40, express to Darlsford reaches at 8.30; then there is a slow train that reaches Northport at 10.20; depend upon it he will be here by half-past eleven."

"I hope so; I am sure it is a mercy I had nothing hot for tea, it would be utterly ruined. Thank you, Laura, dear; you always have your wits about you."

The hours wore on; Laura took a book and retreated to the garden; Mrs. Crewe went to look at the poultry and enjoyed a long gossip with Mercy, the neat little servant. In truth, this was a favorite amusement of Mrs. Crewe's, and the amount of information she thus acquired respecting the histories of the surrounding families was more remarkable than useful.

At length Mercy was sent to bed, and after a careful inspection of the kitchen fire, Mrs. Crewe also took a book and very soon fell asleep over it.

Laura read so long as the light lasted, and then sat thinking or dreaming till the night air felt chill, and she went indoors to find a shawl; then seeing that Mrs. Crewe was asleep, she closed one window gently to save her from the draught, stepped out upon the lawn again, and strolling down to the beach wall. The tide was in, and lapping gently against the stones, and a young moon was silvering a long line across the bay, over part of which the shadow of the western cliffs lay softly. Laura stood long, listening to the murmur of the sea, drinking in the briny odor of the waves,

and lulled by the sweet influence of the hour into a half unconscious condition of reverie.

Suddenly a distant sound struck her ear. She listened. It was the sound of wheels and horses' feet, which drew rapidly louder and nearer, and then stopped at the gate.

"I am afraid they will all be in bed," said a voice she recognized.

"No, no, sir, they baint. I sees a light. Thank you, sir. Shall I carry in your traps?"

"No, thank you, I can take them in myself." Another good-night and the gate opened to admit Denzil.

"I am so glad you are come!" exclaimed Laura, advancing to meet him as he stepped out into the moonlight. "We expected you about six or seven, and Mrs. Crewe was quite uneasy."

"Laura!" he dropped the small valise he held, on the grass, and took her outstretched hand in both his own with more than usual cordiality. "It is delightful to find you here with a kind welcome."

Laura felt for an instant startled by his warmth, and the next vexed with herself for noticing it.

"How is my mother?" was Denzil's next question.

"Oh, so well; and looking so well! She was tired waiting for you, and has fallen asleep. She will be delighted to see you," said Laura, turning toward the house.

"Wait a moment," returned Denzil. "It is such a heavenly night, let us go around by the beach wall; I like to have a look at my old friend the sea. This is glorious! Doesn't it seem to lift one clean out of the common cares and mean things of life?"

"It does, indeed; as if there was a soul in inanimate nature that was casting some spell upon you—as if she tried to explain herself to you."

Denzil did not reply, and they walked together to the place where Laura had been standing when she heard the sound of Denzil's conveyance.

"And are you pleased with the place? You are happy here?" said Denzil, suddenly breaking the silence, and turning to look at her.

"Perfectly pleased; quite happy," she returned. "Very thankful, I assure you, for the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with nature in all, or any, of her moods; though as yet we have only had sunshine."

"I wish you were never to have anything else," said Denzil kindly, and there was a pause. "Yes, this is a delightful resting-place for a wayworn mariner," he resumed. "I remember visiting my friend Ritson when he first came here, some seven years ago. I thought it charming then; but even by this light I can see he has made great improvements. It has always been a dream of mine to have a leafy nook to retire to when I have done enough, and made enough to entitle me to rest."

"You are too young to think of such a thing for years to come."

"No doubt; but it will take all those years to make fulfillment possible; even with good chances—and I have had them—it is a task of time to create even a moderate competence."

"And if so for you, how much more for me; only I want so much less. But come, let us go to your mother," and Laura again turned towards the house.

"One moment," said Denzil, in low quick tones, "let me thank you for all your kind thought for my mother; all the pleasant companionship we both owe you."

"It is but little I can give anyone," said Laura, with simple, unaffected humility, struck by what appeared to her the uncalled for emotion in his voice and manner. "I owe more to Mrs. Crewe than she does to me; she has made a home for me when I should have otherwise been homeless. Let us go to her now."

Of course there was a rapturous greeting with Mrs. Crewe, and then a pleasant cheerful gathering round the supper table, and some light-hearted talk before the party separated for the night. Denzil delighted his mother by telling her that he was going to stay till Tuesday, and intended to see if he could not give both ladies a sail on Monday to some rocky islets that lay a few miles south-east from the bay.

"By the way," he said, as his mother was leaving the room, "I quite forgot I have a letter for you from the Admiral. It seems he has mislaid your address, and so wrote to my care."

"I wonder at that, he is always so methodical," said Mrs. Crewe, opening it. "Oh, he says he will be with us on Thursday. His brother's house is full of company, and it is too much for him, he wishes for the well-ordered quiet of my house. What a dear discriminating saint of a man he is. He shall have everything he likes here. Good-night, Denzil, be sure you put your candle out. Laura—Laura, my dear, I am coming. I have a letter from the Admiral to show you."

(To be continued.)

Too Far Away.

I THINK of thee, my darling May,
So far away—too far away.

In this cold world, how brief our bliss is.
In vain I touch my finger tips
Against my closed and silent lips,
To bridge the space with winged kisses.

Philosophers and poets say,
Though far away—too far away,
The soul is vaster than all space is.
If that be so, our hearts can meet
Though mountains rise, and oceans beat
In distances that veil our faces.

Some future day—with golden ray,
Too far away—too far away;
Though it should come with smiles to-morrow,
We hope to meet—yes we shall meet;
True hearts that beat, with hopes so sweet,
Will find sweet drops in cups of sorrow.

Speed on bright day—fair golden day,
Too far away—too far away;
Speed through the space that interposes,
For it will bring a wedding-ring—
Beneath its wing—that's sheltering
A fragrant wreath of golden roses.

The bells that day, my dearest May,
Too far away, too far away,
Shall waken echo, with their ringing.
On vibrant wing, a bird shall bring
In the sweet spring, soft caroling,
A song that chimes with love's low singing.

O fairest May, O darling May,
So far away—too far away;
Nor time, nor space, can true love sever
As truth is true, it must be true,
Sweet May to you, sweet May to you,
To you, forever and forever.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.



The Baptismal Service of the Prussian Royal Family.

THE baptismal vessels belonging to the royal house of Prussia, of which we give illustrations, are exquisite pieces of workmanship. The basin is made from gold found in the arsenic mines in Reicheurstein, Silesia, the value of which in the ore was over \$900.

The font which had long been in use in the royal family, and in which all Queen Louise's numerous children had received baptism, was of silver, extremely thin and shabby, the holes being repaired with tin instead of the precious metal.

The present font was made by request of the elder brother of the present Emperor, the Crown Prince at the time, who had just married and who hoped to found a family of his own, a hope which was destined never to be realized. The order was given in 1823, but for some reason it was not executed until 1831. At the very hour the cannons announced the birth of the present Crown Prince, October 18th, the court goldsmith was beginning his work. But when the royal infant was presented for baptism a month later, the basin was ready for use.

The bowl of the font measures forty-one inches in diameter, and is surrounded by a rim eleven inches in width, upon which are forty-three allegorical figures in relief. In the center of the bowl is a dove, shooting out rays of glory, and in the middle of the rim is the boy Jesus kneeling to receive baptism, the basin being held by an angel. A row of twelve angels in remarkably graceful and varied grouping, some bearing children in their arms, others leading them by the hand, encircle the rim. The countenances of children and angels are very expressive, the whole being an illustration of the Master's words, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

On the other side of the basin are the names of those who have been baptized in this vessel, beginning with Frederick William Nicolas Kowl, November 13, 1831, and closing with his grandson William, May 6, 1882.

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In 1855 a water jug to correspond was made from gold, also found in the same mines. It is of Etruscan form and is decorated with reliefs from drawings by Peter Von Cornelius. The group on the front represents the baptism in Jordan, the dove floating above and kneeling angels on either side. On the left of this group the Jewish covenant is brought into remembrance by the seven-armed candlestick and a sitting figure holding in her arms the tables of the law, while on the right, standing among rushes, wearing a wreath of reeds upon her head, and pouring water from a pitcher, is a symbolical figure of the Jordan,—a type of the new covenant of grace. The neck of the pitcher is covered with arabesques of vines, leaves, and blossoms in embossed work. The handle consists of a grape-vine in fruit, symbolical of Christ's second sacrament. On the apex of the handle a kneeling figure pours the consecrated water into the pitcher from a jar of antique form.

Hawking in Algiers.

(See Page Etching.)

THE engraving, "Hawking in Algiers," is after an etching from a painting by Fromentin. Eugene Fromentin was born in Rochelle, France, in 1820. In early youth he showed his talent for painting, and devoting himself to art, soon gained a lasting renown. He won several medals, and was decorated with the Legion of Honor. He visited the Orient for the purpose of sketching, and, like Fortuny and Regnault, took especial pleasure in Algerian subjects.

From his early youth he evinced decided literary talent, and during his sojourn in the Orient made many notes, which he worked up into several interesting volumes. His romance "Dominique" met with great success, as did his work "The Old Masters of Belgium and Holland," a most interesting study of Rubens, Rembrandt and others. Fromentin died at Rochelle in 1876.

Among the most celebrated pictures of this gifted painter are "Audience with a Caliph," "The Quarry," "Heron Hunting," the picture we give, "Falconry in Tangiers," and two in possession of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, of this city, "Crossing the Ford," and "Arabs Watering Horses."

"Hawking in Algiers" shows all the characteristic manner of the painter, his careful study of the horse and its movements being evinced in a masterly way. The "movement" of the animal is very fine, and the limbs full of energy and strength. It was said of Cuypt that "he enveloped brutes with the mantle of his genius;" and the same can be said of Regnault and Fromentin. The pictures of Fromentin are full of fire and freedom, and the costumes accurately and carefully painted.

A Visit to the Home of Paul Hayne.

THE Indian summer had attained its utmost perfection upon the November day on which we set out to make a pilgrimage to the home of the Southern poet.

Our road lay over the sandy plains and ridges of Eastern Georgia. The horizon was bordered by a blue line of distant hills, and the blended hues of the landscape, the golden brown of the sedgy grass, the vivid green of pine and cedar, and the dull deep red of the oaks yielding up their summer's life gloriously, formed an ever-varying feast of color to the eye. Now and then we passed a cotton field, with many a boll left untouched by negligent pickers, and likely to fall utterly to waste, unless put to practical use by some thrifty and care-taking little bird; sweet potato kilns also, buried deep in sand, and protected from stress of weather by a temporary shed, covered with pine boughs; and negro cabins, desolate enough to outward appearance, but doubtless sheltering inmates whose happy, careless temperament neither poverty nor toil can visibly depress or cast down.

It would hardly be stating the case too plainly to say that the road was lonely. One negro upon a mule was the only human creature we met, and he saluted us with the pleasant courtesy and drawling intonation of the South. In course of time we left the main road, composed of hard white sand, and plunged into the woods. Here overhead the boughs hung low, and struck us in the face unless we warded off their approaches; and underfoot the ground was washed into deep gullies, and half-filled with the drifted leaves. We arrived by a gradual ascent at the summit of the hill upon which stands the poet's residence, a simple frame cottage, with a flower-garden in front, gay with chrysanthemums, and adorned with a white rose tree, which is never entirely out of bloom for a single month in the year. Two dogs rushed out hospitably to greet us, and fairly overwhelmed us with their attentions; and in the doorway stood the poet himself, ready to welcome us. He is a man of fifty-one years of age, with a refined, regular, sensitive face, and brown eyes, soft, yet brilliant. His hair, slightly touched with gray, is worn rather long, and falls upon the collar of the dressing gown he wears when in the house. In manner he is gentleness and modesty itself, and not a trace of arrogance or self-consciousness is visible in him. He asked for the opinion of his guests upon literary matters in the conversation which ensued, and advanced his own with a courteous deference for the tastes and prejudices of his listeners.

Nothing could be more quaint and charming than the interior. A wood fire snapped and crackled upon the hearth; and easy-chairs made a pleasant circle about it. The walls are entirely papered with pictures taken from newspapers and magazines, and simply pasted on, with about an inch of

margin around each engraving. Odd as this seems, the effect is extremely good, and as the subjects are well chosen, would repay close and careful examination. Mrs. Hayne called our attention with pride to her husband's desk, which she had made herself out of the carpenter's work-bench, in those bitter days after the close of the war, when the former owners of the soil returned to what remained of their patrimony, to live or to die, as they succumbed to the struggle with poverty, or came out of it victorious. This desk too is covered with pictures, and furnished completely in the same way with book-cases, pen-racks, etc., all made of the simplest and homeliest materials.

There were books everywhere—beautiful English books, sent by English authors and publishers, among which were a copy of "Tristram and Iscult," inscribed by Swinburne's own hand, and a volume of lovely sonnets, by the blind poet "Philip Bourke Marston," from whom also we were shown a letter written by an amanuensis, and another printed by his own hands with the "American Type Writer," and sent as a specimen of his skill and the excellence of the invention. Everywhere we saw tokens of esteem and appreciation far from this secluded nook; the poet holds lofty intercourse with the rarest spirits of our time, and receives from afar the sympathy and encouragement which few among his immediate country people know how to bestow. Let me not forget to mention that in the array of books which grace his shelves and center-table, his literary co-workers at the North are fully represented. Here is seen Mrs. Burnett's fine blooming hand in an inscription on the fly-leaf of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," and Whittier sends to "Friend Hayne," the poems which are familiar to every school-boy in the land.

Naturally enough the conversation turned upon the edition of his poems recently published by D. Lothrop & Co., and he was prevailed upon to read to us several fine selections, unconsciously rendering with voice and gesture the fire and spirit of the theme. From his own poems he passed naturally to those of other authors, and read some extracts from Swinburne, notably one which portrays the sensations of Proserpine in Hades, with the exquisite perception and feeling which only a poet can give to poetry.

In all he said and did, Mrs. Hayne watched and listened with wifely adoration. She has merged herself completely in him with a devotion which is rare certainly, but only rare perhaps because few women in marriage find a companion who thus arouses the purest and highest emotions of their nature.

Seldom has a visit passed more quickly and profitably, or left behind it finer food for reflection. We left with regret, and received at parting, in earnest of our host's good-will, a handful of white roses from the tree which graces the poet's door-yard, and which is surely endowed with some especial virtue of its own to enable it to offer this perpetual tribute to genius, when all others of its kind, even in this sunny clime, are obliged to bow to the stern decree of the frost, and yield to the laws which rule the varying year.

Looking back upon the scene we had left, we saw the sunshine resting upon the house through the smoky haze of the November day. From the chimney a thin blue wreath of smoke ascended, and dissolved insensibly in the tinted air. All around in the crimson foliage, the russet sod, and the azure sky, nature seemed to be holding a quiet carnival for the benefit of him who is so fit an exponent of her choicest moods, and inspired by the scene we quoted the words of another poet, who once enchanted the world with his melody, and said:

If there's peace to be found in the world,
The heart that is humble, may hope for it here.

C. B. F.

POEMS
DEDICATED TO
❖ ST. VALENTINE. ❖

Love's Hour.

LOVE'S most delicious hour
Is when the world is near,
So near that all would hear,
Should even a whisper part
The lips with passionate message from the heart.

So near all eyes would see
If hand yearned unto hand,
Could see and understand
Each tell-tale crimson streak
The pulse might paint upon the open cheek.

For then Love has a voice—
A subtle undertone—
To lovers only known,
Which through prosaic speech
Goes tinkling like a silver bell to each.

The face may keep its calm,
Yet so o'er written be
That only one can see
The sweet mysterious signs
Traced like a fiery script on all its lines.

Thus, while the world's constraint
Forbids the encircling arm,
And kisses close and warm,
Demanding lip and eye,
Betray not either hope or ecstasy.

Yet, like invisible air,
Love's magic mesh enfolds
The seeming-sundered souls,
With web so deftly spun,
That where the world sees two, Love counts but one.
CLARA DOTY BATES.

Fanny Fay.

WHAT is fairer, I ask, than the light of the sun?
What is lovelier, tell me, than the day?
Of the things of the earth I will tell you one—
The life and the love of the fair Fanny Fay.

Light is her step, as the step of the fawn,
Gentle by nature, and of fairy-like mien;
Sweet is her smile, as the sunlight of morn,
And as welcome and free as the smiles of a queen.

She is true and confiding—virtues too rare,
A friend to the poor, and a joy unto all;
With a heart that is noble and form that is fair,
She labors and pleads at humanity's call.

Hopeful and trusting, in seasons of doubt,
Oft turning the darkness of night into day;
The sunlight of Home, within and without,
Is the angel-like presence of fair Fanny Fay.
ISAAC W. SANBORN.

Jealousy.

THEY stood upon the wide veranda, and
Before he left her side, I saw him turn
And take for her from out the vine-hung urn,
A crimson rose, and with a deferent hand
He placed it in her soft hair's silky strand.
Then in my heart did a fierce longing burn,
And a new madness swift, and keen, and stern,
Arose and held me in its strong command.

And then, ah, blessed then! I saw her take,
A white rose from the white breast where it slept,
And with a proud but timid courage, lift
It to her lips; then did a great light break
Upon my heart, for joy I could have wept,
For joy hath tears, the white rose was my gift.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

A Dream.

LAST night a bridge of dreams was thrown
Across the gulf, our lives between;
The weary years which intervene
Were for a little while unknown.

As in the summers long ago,
The moonlight nights beyond recall,
I seemed to see the soft light fall
Upon the river's tranquil flow.

Again upon the fragrant air
Familiar garden-scents arose;
As in that far-off daylight's close,
When we, together wandered there.

Once more, while seated at my feet,
I read in star-depths of your eyes,
The wordless love which bade you rise
And draw me to your heart, my sweet.

Oh, close, so close, each pulse's beat
I felt within your warm embrace;
I felt love's kisses on my face
While sorrow passed with silent feet.

But lo, I woke! through shadowed ways
The sighing South-wind softly grieved,
As if the voice of one bereaved
Were singing songs of other days.

Night's never-failing mystery,
The sleeping world did still unfold;
The crescent, passionless and cold,
Sailed slow through heaven's tranquil sea.

Yet, when the night had passed away,
The crescent faded from my sight
The dream which glorified my night
Still blessed and sweetened all my day.

GRACE S. WELLS.

Fairy Flirtations.

INTO the forest of fairy distractions
Oberon wandered to flirt with a queen
(Who shall be nameless) of wondrous attractions,
Starry of eyes and filmy of mien.

Nightingales sang in his ears, and the falling
Of waters, by moonlight, made melody sweet,
Drowning the voice of fair Titania calling,
As fast fled away from her Oberon fleet.

"Come back, come back to me, darling ! Remember
Absence to love is as frost to the flowers ;
Too brief is its summer that ends with December—
Come back, oh, come back to Titania's bowers !"

But the nightingales sang, and the moonbeams shone
brighter,
The leaves of the forest with glory were spread ;
And far down green aisles to the queen, to invite her
To sup on a rose-leaf, gay Oberon sped.

There's delight in a flagon of dew for a fairy ;
A sandwich of ant-eggs goes far for a feast ;
The derelict Oberon, handsome and airy,
Could offer the lady such viands at least.

Swift through the tremulous shadows they flitted,
No longer Titania's cry rang in their ears ;
The lamp of the glow-worm soft radiance emitted,
As flame of fond fancies banished all fears.

Titania at home (with musk-rose attending),
Wept passionate tears for the space of an hour ;
Then airily forth her wanton way wending,
From forest and fairy, and blossom-built bower.

She sought a rude plain where mortals were playing,
And wooing by witchery one from the throng,
Soft whispered : "Come, Bottom, my liege lord is
straying,
My bower it is empty ; the hours they are long.

"While Oberon plays at a passion, in weeping
I'll ne'er spoil my eyes that the glow-worms outshine ;
A reasonable sylph—a gay vigil keeping,
We'll away to the banks of the sweet Eglentine.

"We'll sup, and I'll smile (you forgive my coquetting ?
'Tis an art of you mortals learned but of late) ;
And when my liege lord grows tired of strange petting
Forgive him, and calmly relapse to my fate."

Two sensible spirits these were, I conjecture,
No superfluous sentiment troubled their lives ;
They flitted and flirted, exchange a light lecture,
Then Titania relapsed, mild, sweetest of wives.

And Oberon, handsome and airy as ever,
With every convenience for flying away—
Did never the nightingale's love-sick endeavor,
Or moonlight, or fairy tempt him to stray.

Methinks the old tale of mid-summer's distractions
Is oft told of mortals, with this trifling change :
Titianas are apt to resist new attractions,
While Oberons ever continue to range.

MARIE LE BARON.

A Lost Hour.

A GOLDEN hour on a summer morn,
When half the world was still,
The dew was fresh in the new-mown hay,
And the bridal wreath of a fair young day
Hung over the purple hill.
The sheep-bells tinkled across the slope,
Sweet as an elfin's chime ;
Butterflies flitted athwart the down,
Bees went murmuring, busy and brown—
Over the fragrant thyme.

A languid calm and a dull content—
Silence instead of speech ;
The wind sighed low and the lark sang high,
But the golden hour of our lives went by
And drifted out of reach.
We both went back to an eager life,
But in its pause to-day,
The dream of that golden hour returns,
And my faded spirit frets and yearns,
For *one* chance swept away.

The years creep on and the heart grows tired,
Even of hopes fulfilled ;
With fevered lips that must ever pine
For that pure draught we spilled.
And yet, perchance, when one long day wanes,
(Age hath its joys late born !)
We shall meet again on the green hillside,
And *find*, in the solemn eventide,
The hour we lost at morn.

R. S. P.

Excess.

SOMETHING I miss from out your love's completeness,
Dear heart, despite its fervor and its glow,
Despite its strength, its beauty and its sweetness,
I miss what I scarcely know.

'Tis like a July day, whose royal splendor
Wilts the fond flowers that turn to its embrace,
Ardent and amorous, but oh ! not tender—
It lacks one priceless grace.

The more you woo me in such fervent fashion,
The more your chances weaken of success ;
A woman's life has no great need of passion,
But much of tenderness.

I would not be the ship upon the ocean
Tossed here and there by its tempestuous wave,
First rising high, the queen of its devotion,
Then sunk in an angry grave.

I'd rather be the simple floweret, growing
Upon some garden border, fresh and fair,
And day by day, in sun or shadow, knowing
The gardener's tender care.

And so, dear heart, I cannot take the measure
Thou offerest me, heaped high with love's excess,
In the long run I shall find more true pleasure,
With one who loves me less.

ELLA WHEELER.

So Near.

With feelings sad, and yet as fond
 As when you stood beside me here,
 I stand beneath the stars; beyond
 The stars, in skies celestial clear
 You are; and yet to-night,
 In silence and in light,
 You seem so near—so near.

I seem to see your eyes, as when
 Mine sought their depths so pure and clear;
 And, thrills of joy to me, again
 Your soulful voice I seem to hear.
 Strange, though you are as far
 As yonder Heav'n-lit star,
 You seem so near—so near.

'Tis only seems; I know, alas!
 You have been gone from me a year,
 And only in the magic glass
 Of my heart-memories you appear.
 I grateful am for this
 Imaginary bliss
 That brings you near—so near.

And yet, so real your presence seems,
 I wonder, half in awe and fear,
 If, in my waking, as in dreams,
 Some unknown Power permits you here,
 Though you have gone above,
 You, whom I only love
 Be near, be ever near!

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

Mea Culpa.

Oh! turn not away, for most dearly I prize
 The smile of thy lips, and the light of thine eyes;
 The sun must not set in the brilliant noon-day,
 Nor beauty be frowning—then turn not away.

Our moments are passing so swiftly, alas!
 'Twere folly to tinge them with grief as they pass;
 I meant not to wound thee, I would not offend,
 Thy friendship is dear to the heart of thy friend!

Then smile once again, and as kindly the shower
 Adds sweetness and bloom to the beautiful flower,
 E'en so shall thy smile in its freshness display
 New light and new lustre—then turn not away!

NOMA.

A Thought.


If you might always have, love,
 The sunshine and the flowers,
 And I the cold and loneliness
 Of dreary winter hours:—
 If any sweetness in my life
 Could answer to *your* claim,
 And I might bear whatever loss,
 Whatever wrong or pain
 Would otherwise fall to you, love,
 As falls the summer rain—
 I think I could not ask, love,
 For any happier hours,
 Than just to know God sends to you
 The sunshine and the flowers.

LILIAN WHITING.

HOW WE LIVE IN NEW YORK.—No. 2.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

A NEW HOME.

T the foot of the long flight of wooden steps which leads to and from one of the up-town, east-side elevated stations, passengers often curiously observe after dark—anywhere between five and six o'clock of an afternoon—a little girl, comfortably clad, and patiently waiting for the appearance of some one among the many hurrying men and women who hasten down this common stairway and out into the wintry darkness. Sometimes three, four, five, and six trains will arrive, and still the person she seeks does not come,—but she waits patiently, and by-and-by a quiet-looking woman in a dark business dress makes her appearance, presses eagerly forward, says, "My darling, are you there?" and the two vanish together.

Many who have seen the serious, womanly little face, under the deep brim of the quaint beaver bonnet, have wished to become acquainted with the history of the mother and child, and would gladly have followed them to their home and learned something of their daily life and surroundings. This privilege, which is not shared by many, I have gained permission to extend anonymously to my readers,—for this woman is, in a sense, a typical woman, and her life has been full of struggles which with less of the opportunity that modern progress affords to intelligent effort, and less of persistent courage and devotion on her own part, would have wrecked her and those depending on her. Knowing nothing, however, of the road by which she has traveled to present comfort, a stranger would be likely to marvel at the appear-

ance of a home which this woman leaves and returns to daily, and would still more curiously inquire why she needs to absent herself from it, and how she can sustain it by daily labor. We are accustomed to think of women as sewing for a pittance and living in a garret,—when they have to work for a living,—and we are not accustomed to think of women as obliged to work at all, when they have a home, and a husband, and especially when they have children to care for. But this woman has all of these, and her home,—which, however, is a recent acquisition,—is as pretty a one, and as well provided, as can be found of its size and kind in the city of New York. Let us follow the mother and daughter down the side street, round the corner of which they so quickly disappeared.

"I hoped you would not come to-night," says the mother, fondly clasping the little hand as they walked swiftly along, "it is so cold; you must have nearly frozen standing still and waiting so long."

"Oh, no! I did not, mama," cheerily answers the maiden. "I thought it was a little long, but that did not matter, and, mama, Ina has a surprise for you."

"A surprise," repeats the mother; "dear me! I wonder what it is." She is evidently used to the little one's somewhat rose-colored statements, and does not build too much on the nature of the "surprise."

They have reached their home at last, and the gaslight enables us to see that it is one of a group of very pretty

houses such as are new to New York, and are the outcome of the recent attempts to combine in a home of modest size and moderate price, comfort with artistic sense and taste. There are perhaps thirty dwellings in this one group, and though they are built of red sandstone, brick, and terracotta, in a style that might be called "Queen Anne," yet they are not Queen Anne by any means, but a combination of styles,—the corner houses having turrets that might have come from Brittany, and all of them massive stone-work, wide, latticed windows, and often two entrances grouped under a fine stone arch. In various ways the monotony of repetition of even a picturesque design is broken. There are Dutch stepped gables to relieve the line of cornice, and in the center of the front that faces the avenue three of the houses run up to three stories, the third consisting of slated attic with balcony front. The stoops are of rough-hewn red sandstone,—and simple in design,—but ample and imposing in their low curved lines for houses which rent only from six to nine hundred dollars per year, and sell for less than ten thousand dollars. The interiors differ, we learn later, principally in the size and appearance of the hall, some of them having the modern refinement of a wide, open fire-place, more as a decoration, however, than for use. But the house we enter has not the fire-place, nor the turret,—still it looks very bright and pretty, with its open interior, from which the portière hangings are drawn back, showing the dining-room, which is an extension of the parlor, in which a bright fire is burning in an artistic grate, and an Argand burner connected with the brass-mounted gas-lights, shedding a soft radiance over the pleasant, home-like scene.

There is a large pantry, and a dumb-waiter connected with the dining-room, and above are two floors,—one containing two pretty rooms, and a well-lighted bath-room, the other four small chambers. The rooms are rather restricted in size, they are not suitable for receptions, or large companies, but for a small family of intelligence the house seems perfection. The windows are of stained glass, the detail and finish are such as are found in the best and most costly dwellings, and suggest the most charming effects at very small cost. One marvels why there is not a rush for these wonderful little palaces; and we are met with but one answer, they are "too far over," or "they are several blocks from the station."

"Ina," is a studious girl of sixteen. She is in her second year at the Normal College, and the surprise is a lemon-pudding for dessert, of her own making. While the mother removes her wraps, a servant places the dinner upon the table, and a boy comes in from some unknown region, and seems to complete the family circle. But this is not so, there is a "man of the house," but his hours and his habits are irregular, and it is one of the peculiar circumstances of the case that his family, almost without knowing it, have learned to live without him.

Twenty years ago this woman was a bright, rosy girl, the youngest of the large family of a country minister and his hard-working wife. Her husband was the rather aggressive young schoolmate of the district, a prominent figure at the weekly "Lyceum," and an individual with decided ideas on the subject of capital and labor, which "Madge" Rivington was too honest, and too inexperienced to see meant, so far as he was concerned, a desire for capital without the labor necessary to obtain it. He was plausible, and sincere so far as he was capable of being so. He had immense confidence in himself, and firmly believed that all he needed was opportunity to become a great man. Madge had a dim consciousness of his superficiality, and the want of true manhood in one who only talks, and expects other people to make his opportunities; but her circle was narrow, her chances for comparison few, and her great desire was to reach the outer

world, and enter upon a life of busy activity herself. She was not needed at home, but she did not know exactly what she could do away from home. The school-master (a very unsatisfactory one, and likely to lose his place if he did not leave it) was full of the want of appreciation of an intellect like his own in a small neighborhood, and his desire for a larger field. Madge sympathized with him, and felt that if she could not do much alone, she could help another; so when Fred McAllister, with five dollars in his pocket, and his usual reckless confidence, proposed matrimony, and an immediate removal to a large city, where his talents would have more scope and a better chance for recognition, she accepted him, feeling no sort of doubt, that with youth, health, and the willingness to work hard and live on little, which she felt within herself, and believed existed in him, they should be able to make a place in the world.

That was twenty years ago. The history of her life since that time would fill a volume; and is not intended to form any part of this sketch. It is sufficient to say that she soon discovered that she had married a selfish egotist, who could sentimentalize over his own woes, and those of others in public, while his wife was undergoing continuous strain and privation to keep a home with some show of comfort, that seriously impaired her health, and lost her more than one of her children. From the very first she had taken upon herself the responsibility which he had neglected, or declined to assume. In order to help at the start she obtained a situation as assistant in a millinery store, where her painstaking industry and conscientiousness, her politeness and lady-like manners soon made her a favorite; her first small weekly stipend of three dollars was raised to five, and afterward to ten, and the effort made in the beginning to temporarily tide over the early difficulties of their position, became a settled and accepted fact, one that neither weakness, nor illness, nor maternal liabilities were allowed to disturb. For Mr. McAllister was an "agitator," and "reformer." He believed in the rights of women, so long as they took the form of being allowed to work, and did not interfere with male privileges. He talked, he attended meetings, he made speeches, and took great credit to himself for not taking possession of his wife's earnings, but allowing her to expend them for his benefit, and that of the family. In fact, he believed himself a model husband, because he did not beat his wife, and forcibly take from her the money she earned. This will show what his standard of manhood was—and he did not try to improve it.

But detail is unnecessary as well as impossible in this brief sketch. At one time, assurance, and some real ability—for the man had ability, which if it had been coupled with thorough honesty and industry, would have made him a success—had placed him in a very fair, and somewhat lucrative position, but while this lent stability for a time to his contribution toward the support of the family, it did not raise its social status, for his individual doing for its benefit was limited to what he could not help—the rest of his means was expended in "agitating" reform questions, exposing monopolies, running caucuses, attending dinners, and playing the rôle of a public-spirited man generally.

Meanwhile his wife had had her own business difficulties, the house she was with had broken up, and the lady proprietor had gone West. She gave her, however, so high a testimonial for ability and faithfulness that she found no difficulty in obtaining another situation. A strong determination to acquire a home, and provide for the future of her children was the inspiring motive. She did not dare intrust the welfare of the family to her husband. The change which was the cause of so much anxiety proved a beneficial one to her; she obtained a more responsible position in a larger house at an increased salary, and observed for herself

a system of the most rigid economy in order to lay the foundations of the future home. Day after day, month after month, year after year, without relaxation or rest, she has performed her duties at home and abroad,—until at last her desire is accomplished, and she has a home which is so modest that it does not frighten her with the fear of not being able to sustain it while her health lasts, and so cosy and pretty that it gratifies in a measure the starved taste and desire of her whole life. Her husband did not retain his lucrative place, but he has another, a small one under the Government,—one of those dry crusts that politicians throw to the dogs whose barking they fear may annoy them; and the man is so constituted that he retains his airy, self-complacent manner, and boasts of his wife's accumulations as the result of his own foresight, and the home she has gained as the happy result of her work while he gave himself to the care for the family.

This view of the case does not trouble his wife; she gladly accepts it, and anything else that will assist him in maintaining his own self-respect and his place in the family and in the hearts of his children. But she depends upon herself, and is not sure of anything but what she can accomplish with her own hands. She is cashier and manager now of a ladies' large furnishing house at a fair salary; she has two weeks' vacation in summer, which is spent in house-cleaning and home duties, while her children are enjoying a holiday in the country; but she is happy and thankful in their growth and progress, and in the fact that her earnings every week enable her to buy them good food and clothes and keep them at school, the oldest girl having the best prospects of becoming a valued and valuable teacher. The apparent cost of living in the family is greatly reduced by the mother's management, and by the assistance she receives from the oldest daughter. All hats, bonnets, and dresses are trimmed or made at home with the utmost economy. The living, too, while healthful and wholesome, includes few luxuries. The cost is divided up in this way:

Interest on two thousand dollar mortgage,	
taxes, and insurance, per week.....	\$4 50
Table expenses, per week.....	12 00
Servant's wages, gas, fuel, per week.....	5 00
Dress and extras, per week.....	7 50

The servant's wages are twelve dollars per month, she doing the washing; the gas, being used with great moderation, averages three or four dollars per month; and the table, of course, sees few superfluities upon an average expense of twelve dollars per week—two dollars each for six persons.

But this is a very liberal outlay compared with what was formerly indulged in before the acquisition of the nine-roomed "Queen Anne" house, as friends will persist in styling it, gave them larger opportunities. The average cost per week is put at twenty-nine dollars; this without rent, unless the small sum paid as interest can be counted as rent; this leaves little or no margin upon the fifteen hundred dollars per year, or about thirty dollars per week, which Mrs. McAllister receives as salary, and which she pays out as regularly. Mr. McAllister's contributions to the family funds are not counted in with these essential incomes and outgoes, they are drawn upon for the unexpected, which so often happens, for emergencies, for occasional payments; and it may be said that they purchased the house, or made the payments which placed it in the possession of the family, for of late years, since her earnings have enabled her to depend upon herself, the money from this source has been put away, as far as possible, as savings, that it might be put into the acquisition of a home.

This is reversing the usual order—but it is not so rare

nowadays—and the ability of women to control their own earnings, and apply them as they please to the best interests of the family, is a vast improvement on the old methods, which bound them to hard labor very often in their husband's shop or vocation without pay or acknowledged interest in the results of the united work, or compelled her to hand over to him whatever she might earn, to be spent or wasted according to his pleasure. Between women and men there is now more equality of position and responsibility; and when it happens that both are employed, and both contributors to the family funds, the sum total of comfort is greatly increased. But in the case which I have used to illustrate the possibilities of life in New York upon an income of fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars per year, the circumstances have been exceptionally hard, because the husband was lazy and selfish and a braggart, who all his married life has been held to the shadow of respectability by the steadfastness, faithfulness, and devotion of his wife. If she had faltered, everything would have been lost. This, as before remarked, is not usual; it is more common to find men struggling to make the best of small incomes, or throwing all into their wife's hands to be managed or mismanaged, and accepting her irregular methods without question or complaint; and it is more natural and true and creditable to women to find them assisting by such efforts as they can make at home or abroad to lighten a burden which in these days is often more than a man can carry alone.

But I give this as I have found it, and as an evidence of what can be done under adverse circumstances. As a rule a young woman can do more and better for her husband and family by staying at home and making the most and the best of what he earns, by stimulating him to his hardest work and strongest efforts, than by stepping out herself and dividing the responsibility. The little she can add may be gained by the loss of comfort, by the failure to make a home-life for husband and children, and must always stand in the place of much of the mother care that is the right of infancy and childhood. On the other hand, modern appliances and modern inventions and discoveries have so far modified old habits and methods that living may be simplified, or elaborated, according to the means or tastes of different people. It is possible to live with almost entire freedom from household care, if there are no children in the family, or if they have reached an age that makes them helpful rather than a hindrance; in such a case there is no reason why a woman should not contribute substantial help if she can, and find as much pleasure in doing so as her husband. The question only becomes one to persons of moderate means. The rich find sufficient occupation in the detail of a social life that is as arduous in its demands as the labor that earns a living. But people of less means are mercifully exempted from this species of slavery, and more at liberty to follow their attractions both in regard to occupation and mode of living.

Living, now, is undoubtedly very different from the living of even twenty-five years ago, but earnings are different also, and it is still possible to live and save on a comparatively small income, if two people are willing to do so, and do not wish to begin where they should leave off. Many go abroad to live, who could do it equally well at home, if they were willing to live in the same way at home, and with no more reference to special localities. A central or fashionable locality is the Juggernaut to which half our people sacrifice health and life, and the other half are haunted by a fear of being obliged to "take trouble" for something or other. This fear is undermining the manhood and womanhood of the nation. We can cultivate it until the effort to perform the feat of dressing and undressing becomes a burden.

The Dakotah Indians.

It is estimated that there are 300,000 Indians in the United States, and that all of the tribes, with the exception of the Dakotahs or Sioux, are rapidly decreasing in numbers. These Indians, who are the most uncivilized and warlike of all the tribes, are divided into the Santees, or Upper Bands, and the Tetons, or Lower Bands, these being subdivided into other bands, all of whom live in Wyoming, Montana, and Dakota. The entire Sioux tribe numbers about 53,000. Among their chiefs are "Sitting Bull," "Little Crow," "Spotted Tail," "Red Cloud," and "Red Dog."

The war against the Northern Sioux, under "Sitting Bull," which resulted so disastrously to General Custer and his men, is fresh in the minds of all. Never was there a sadder sight than that which greeted the searchers for the missing men of the Seventh Cavalry. In one spot lay one hundred and fifteen soldiers, among whom were eleven officers. General Custer lay as if sleeping, near by were the bodies of his two brothers, Thomas and Boston, his nephew, young Reed, a youth of nineteen, and his sister's husband, Lieut. Calhoun. Mrs. Calhoun lost in this battle her husband, three brothers, and a nephew. In this terrible death group was the body of Kellogg, the *Herald's* correspondent.

While these Indians are very fond of scalping their enemies, they stand in great dread of being scalped themselves, for no Indian who has either been scalped or hung can enter "the happy hunting ground." Consequently, the friends of a fallen warrior make every effort to secure his body, performing prodigies of valor to bring it off the field. In some cases, an Indian will remove the entire scalp, even bringing away the ears attached to it. We are told of a man, an employé of the Union Pacific Railroad, who lived after he had

been scalped, and who was a terrible object to look at. When the bullet of the Indian felled him to the earth, he feigned death, and was conscious when the scalping was going on. His friends found him in a wretched plight, and also the scalp, which the Indians had dropped. A surgeon made every effort to replace it, but without effect. When the capture of a scalp involves considerable danger, the Indian will content himself with a piece to which the hair is attached. Sometimes a night dance is performed in honor of taking the scalps. The sticks on which the scalps are extended are planted in a circle on the ground, and, at a given signal the warriors join hands and dance around them, singing a low dreary chant. A scalp was presented to a traveler by a Dakotah Indian who, in securing it, had received many wounds. It is stretched on a frame which is attached to a pole, and is adorned with feathers, and various curious ornaments.

The word "medicine" among the Indians, has a significance unknown to ourselves. Every thing lucky or healthful means "good medicine," and what is the contrary, is "bad medicine." What is called "making medicine" is to mix together in a dish with a stick, a quantity of earth, sand, bones of beasts and birds, and other ingredients, which mixture is put in small pouches of dressed deer skin, and tied around the necks and in the hair of the men, women, and children. Should some peculiarity be developed during the mixing, it is called "bad medicine" and is buried out of sight. The medicine pouch is regarded as a sort of talisman against evil.

The illustration is a curiously painted buffalo robe, which was presented by an Indian warrior to the same traveler. The scene represents the captures of the chief, which appear to have been horses and women. It is a very curious affair, and is said to be very well painted, though, of course, it is not exactly our own ideal of art.



DAKOTAH PAINTING ON A BUFFALO ROBE.



LITTLE DUCKLING MOTHER.

(SEE PAGE 228.)

The Little Duckling-Mother.

(See page 227.)

THE little ducklings of our picture are evidently orphans, deprived by some unfortunate event of the tender ministrations of their devoted parents. There is a look of bereavement about them which betokens the loss of the heads of the family—a loss which throws these feathered orphans upon the charity of the cold and unfeeling world. There is no proud mother to encourage their aquatic feats, or happy father to watch the dawning of their prowess. What has become of this respectable couple we know not, whether they died a natural death, which is doubtful, or whether they were beheaded like many other illustrious personages. It is enough to know that they have gone, leaving behind them an interesting family of tender years, not too tender, however, not to appreciate their loss.

They are fortunate in not being consigned to an orphan house, instead of to the fond arms wrapped lovingly around some of the little family. The tender-hearted young girl, with that charming sympathy which characterizes so many of her sex, comes to the rescue of the bereaved ones, and pours out upon them, like precious perfume, the love and tenderness of her warm heart. Whatever yearnings they may have for the love gone from them she stills; and, in the care she gives them, they are reasonably happy.

Chanticleer, who, like a great many people in the world, knows every thing, is instructing the young foster-mother in her new duties. She listens pleasantly to his counsel, as it is best to do with such people, even if their advice is not taken. She looks down at him more in sorrow than in anger, regretting that he should see fit to make so great an exhibition of his ignorance and conceit.

The original of this charming picture is one of the best paintings of Rosa Schweninger, and has been highly commended for its effective grouping, picturesque details, and finished execution. The golden charm of sunlight falls upon the group in the foreground, and lights up the dark rocks and the stream of water; while the rich, soft coloring tends further to light up the picture.

Our Club.

PROBABLY in other villages, as well as my own, the young people often anxiously inquire what "fun" can be arranged for the long, cozy winter evenings.

Let me tell you our plan.

A knot of the girls, inspired by an older friend (as beneficent a Fairy-godmother as ever took a group of young folks under her wing), determined to start a literary club. We were in a buzz of excitement for many weeks, discussing, planning, drawing up a constitution, and choosing the other members. When the preliminaries were arranged, our guiding genius called a "business meeting," and the constitution was read. The main points were these:

- 1st. Each meeting was to be under the supervision of two members—a lady and a gentleman—chosen by lot. They were to arrange the programme and take the chief parts in it.
- 2d. No member being appointed to read should shirk, except for very good reasons given.
- 3d. The young ladies must wear afternoon dress.
- 4th. The refreshment provided was to consist of coffee and cake, or something equally simple.
- 5th. Any plan suggested was subject to veto from our chaperone.

6th. Each meeting should be held at the house of the girl in charge for the evening.

These rules, along with others, were drawn up in much more imposing style, and were listened to with great attention. Then two sets of paper slips, marked each 1, 2, 3, as far up as there were *pairs* of members, were put in two waiters, which were handed, one to the ladies and the other to the gentlemen. The lady who drew No. 1 and the gentleman who drew No. 1 had charge of the first meeting, which was to be held at that young lady's house, those who drew 2 taking the next evening, and so on. By this means each set knows when their time will come, and can begin at once to put their wits to work on some clever device which shall distinguish their entertainment above every other.

The number of conferences held by Nos. 1 during the succeeding fortnight, the appeals they made for advice, the raids upon libraries, public and private, the hesitations, the despair, the final settling upon Shakespeare and dividing out of the parts—why, it was all quite delightful. Julius Cæsar was the ambitious choice made, to be rendered by giddy, "provincial" Young America. But we were content, and our few critics were kind. And so, clasping the fat volumes to our beating hearts, and inwardly repeating the first lines of our individual parts, we took our places around a long table, ready to begin. The gentleman in charge having read the *dramatis personæ*, glanced smilingly at the first victim and asked, "Are you ready, Mr Dickey?" And as Mr. Dickey, after a tremendous cough, rolled out:

"Hence! Home, you idle creatures, get you home,"

our little enterprise was fairly launched.

The entertainments may be endlessly varied. For instance, a short account may be read of some author, and then extracts given from his works. Perhaps our greatest success was a Dickens evening. If your town boasts writers of its own, let a meeting be given up to them. The programme may be divided into different heads—the pathetic, the comic, the descriptive, etc. Then an easy way of providing is to let each choose his own subject. A Mozart evening, an art evening, a ramble through London or Paris, would all be of profit.

Or you might vary it with a quotation party. Let every member come provided with a quotation written on a slip of paper. The hostess collecting these, puts each into a blank envelope, and they are then handed around in a waiter. The gentleman in charge opens his, reads it aloud, and, if he can, names the author; if not, he says, "I pass this to Miss Smith," or "Mr. Brown," and so it is banded about until recognized. The same process is gone through with the whole budget. Then, as this may be too soon accomplished, every one may be called on for a verbal quotation, for which all should come prepared. Each successful guesser is entitled to a *boutonnière*, knot of ribbon, or small favor of some sort.

If you are ambitious, try some of Racine's or Schiller's plays, read in the original, or translated—perhaps into meter. Have an occasional essay from your rising young lawyer or graduate from Smith. I warn you that for this last a great deal of special pleading will probably be necessary. No one will like to lead the way. But make up your mind to succeed, bring to bear your blandest smiles and most artful manœuvres, be content with a page or two of commercial note for a start, and, the ice being broken, others can be persuaded to pass on to glory.

After the literary part of the entertainment is over, a little time may be left for fun, pure and unadulterated. But for this I don't know that any hints are needed where a dozen or so of young people are met together.

S. S.

Menu Cards.

BY DOROTHY HOLROYD.

THERE were two letters lying on the table when Adelaide Van Wyck and her mother returned from their afternoon constitutional.

"That looks like an invitation," remarked Mrs. Van Wyck as Adelaide opened a square envelope of heavy cream-laid paper.

"It is a dinner-party at the Chichester's. How I wish it were possible to accept?"

"Why impossible?" inquired Mrs. Wyck placidly.

"Simply because I haven't a thing to wear, and have no money to buy anything," answered her daughter with an impatient accent. "I wish to heaven we were Smiths, or Browns, or anything but Van Wycks, or else that we had the means to be Van Wycks decently. I loathe genteel poverty."

"My dear," said Mrs. Van Wyck, serenely avoiding the last issue, "might not your going be managed? Why can't you wear the mauve silk?"

"Because the front breadth is hopelessly ruined by ice-cream stains—even if I were not known by it already. And if I *could* wear it, where are my gloves and shoes to come from? You see the state of my portmonnaie! She flung the poor little empty purse down on the table, and then walked over to the window, though she could hardly have expected to find consolation in the eminently proper and monotonous view of brick houses across the way. She knew the state of the family finances much better than did her mother. In fact since her father's death, nearly five years ago, she had taken the management of affairs into her own hands. Mrs. Van Wyck calmly expected to be taken care of. She always had been, and so she fell into the way of leaving everything to Adelaide, as she had left everything to Adelaide's father. The girl did her best. No one knew how many anxious hours she spent in planning ways and means, in balancing accounts, and in trying to keep the bills from "the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker" within the narrow limits of their quarterly income. There was very little surplus for new dresses—to say nothing of car-fares and postage-stamps! They were Van Wycks, too, as she indignantly complained (though in truth she was rather proud of the fact), and as such, had a certain social position to maintain. Invitations came still for dances, dinners, receptions. Sometimes they were accepted, and at other times if regrets were sent, no one knew that poverty was the cause.

Lately, however, it had occurred to her that she might turn one of her talents to account. "It is the craze nowadays," she said to her mother; "why should not I decorate things as well as anybody else?" And her mother said, "Certainly, my dear," as she would have assented to any proposition Adelaide could make. So with a queer mixture of hope and fear she had painted her quaint and artistic little designs upon a dozen pale-tinted satin cards, and sent them down to Tiffany.

"Why don't you open your other letter?" asked Mrs. Van Wyck.

Adelaide turned slowly. She was disappointed—she was human—she was a girl, and she liked to have good times, and pretty dresses, and attention just as well as any other girl. It was pretty hard to be forever hampered by such sordid restrictions.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a change of accent, "it is from Tiffany, and—yes, actually! they enclose a check for twelve dollars, and request me to send them other cards as good. Hoop là! motherling—your daughter *is* of some account in the world after all."

"I never doubted that, my dear; but I certainly am glad you were so successful."

"Well, I always have thought I could get up prettier and more artistic menu cards than any I have yet seen—even at the Stuyvesant and Chichester tables—but I hardly thought I should find any one to bear me out in that bit of conceit."

"Can't you go to the Chichesters now?" asked Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Buy an evening dress with twelve dollars?" laughed her daughter. "I don't know—more unlikely things than that have come to pass. Good-bye, I'm going to investigate the state of my wardrobe."

Up-stairs she ran, singing blithely as she went. "'Lace your bodice blue, lassie, lace your bodice blue'—only I think it will have to be a bodice mauve again. Let us see," as she pulled down the garment that had fallen under condemnation so short a time before. "Stained it is—and that waist always was horrid, but I believe the dress has possibilities still. With three yards of velvet, I can make a new basque—cut square at the throat, and with the old point lace (I won't abuse my Van Wyck ancestors again—they knew how to buy lace of a verity!) wired into shape, what more could I want? Then these skirts—the train must come off, and that will give me material to freshen the trimming in place. And the stains—why, of course! what a goose I was not to think of it before—I'll have a painted front. Lots and lots of purple pansies in every direction, and a big butterfly to cover this highest-up spot. What a blessing it is that elderly ladies can wear their black silks and black laces over and over again, and nobody expects them to make much change. Mamma's toilet being in order, I can buy my velvet with a clear conscience, and still have enough money left for gloves and slippers. Blessings on menu cards! I *did* want to go this time, because—and because"—she smiled a happy little smile as she bent over the ruffles she was ripping.

"No one would ever dream that was an old dress." Mrs. Van Wyck surveyed her daughter critically. "I don't know how you have managed it, but you are quite as well dressed as any one you will meet to-night, unless Lily Chichester makes a new departure."

"Trust Lily for recognizing 'Adelaide Van Wyck's everlasting lilac silk.' I don't care though; it does look well, and is becoming."

Becoming it was, certainly. Even Lily was obliged to confess it was an exquisite toilet, casting a dissatisfied glance at her own lace and satin draperies, and wondering why it was that Adelaide Van Wyck's dresses always had such an air. More than one pair of eyes followed the slender, graceful figure admiringly that evening, with half-unconscious appreciation of the charm of face and manner that rendered her so attractive. She made a pretty picture, Thorp Westlake thought, as their hostess led him toward her. The blaze of light from the chandelier overhead discovered no blemish in the clear, soft complexion, as fair and creamy as one of the tea-roses that clustered among the pansies at her throat. It was not the first time he had been conscious of a welcoming gleam in the great dark eyes that were now raised to meet his, but he had never before realized how keen was the thrill of answering pleasure. He had met Miss Van Wyck in society again and again, had danced with her, and talked with, and helped to swell her collections of German favors, yet somehow he had known very little of her, after all. She was in his eyes one of the prettiest of all the society girls, and one of the best dressed (to masculine eyes), therefore an impossibility to a young lawyer who had still to make his reputation. He would have denied, with a laugh at the absurdity of the idea, all thought of being in love with her; yet as he sat by her side at the dinner-table that night he found himself wondering what it

would be like to have his own home, with such a gracious, graceful woman as Adelaide Van Wyck to preside over it.

These wandering thoughts made him for the nonce a rather silent companion, and the young lady by his side might have missed the ready *persiflage* and quick repartee which was wont to characterize his conversation, if she had not been occupied in studying out the design of the menu card which lay before her.

It was a pretty trifle, and a quaint conceit. The sheeny pale-tinted satin made an exquisite background for a graceful, white-robed, girlish figure that leaned against what seemed to be a fence wreathed with vines. Closer examination, however, discovered the fact that the fence was in reality a representation of a line of music, the treble clef sign being twisted around a gate post, and every vine-leaf standing for a musical note.

"Clever, is it not?" asked Mr. Westlake, recalling his wandering thoughts. "Mine must be the companion, it's on the same order," and he held up one similar in design, but with the girlish figure supplemented by a masculine companion. "How pretty they make these things nowadays."

"Yes," assented Miss Van Wyck simply.

"This music must stand for something," he continued, "but I can't make much out of these bass chords; perhaps yours is clearer. Oh! I see now! It is the opening strain of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Well I wonder what manner of brain it might be that conceived such an idea, and carried it out so charmingly. Don't you sometimes feel a curiosity, Miss Van Wyck, concerning the people who do things?"

"Yes," murmured Miss Van Wyck again, feeling excessively foolish, and wondering at the curious chapter of coincidences. "Suppose he knew," she thought, "that I painted them myself, and that if I hadn't sold them I couldn't have come here to-night—and oh! what ever possessed Mrs. Chichester to pick out those two particular cards for Thorp Westlake and me? Who would have thought of her selecting them from all Tiffany's stock, anyhow?"

"This is a decorative age," said Mr. Westlake, with the air of one who makes a profound statement. "One can't help speculating as to what it will occur to the mind of man—or should I say, woman?—to decorate next." As he spoke, his glance rested on Adelaide's pansies and butterflies.

"I painted them myself," said she inconsequently, flushing up the next minute as she thought how abrupt and uncalled-for the statement might seem to him.

"Did you? I had no idea you possessed such a charming accomplishment. In fact, I have always thought of you as one of the lilies of the field. It seemed as if you had to take no more thought as to how you should be arrayed than they do."

"How little men know of us," she exclaimed involuntarily.

"What we know is very attractive," he answered with a smile.

"That goes without saying, considering the situation. You think us dolls to be pleased with compliments as a child is with sugar plums; to be dressed by reason of a father and a dress-maker; puppets who dance at night, and dawdle through the days in elegant idleness. Who dreams that a society-girl may be an eager, earnest woman, with a daily round of hopes and fears and anxieties?" Miss Van Wyck spoke with a sudden vehemence which surprised herself quite as much as her companion.

"I think you do us injustice," he replied gravely; "we are not all incapable of appreciating true womanliness, but you must confess that the dresses, the dancing, and the compliments are the materials of which the society fabric is composed."

"Why should it be?" she demanded; "of what good is an institution so flimsy?"

"Oh, if you come to the *cui bono* question in such a mood,

you will hardly be content with the *pro bono publico* answer. It is as well sometimes simply to accept the existing order of things. At present it is for you to take such enjoyment from the evening as it affords; for me, though I fear my part is a failure, to entertain you; it was for others to work to-night that we may play. The cook has flavored the soups, the confectioner prepared the ices, the florist has contributed flowers, and somebody has painted charming menu cards,—why shouldn't we enjoy it all? 'Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die!'"

"Does it strike you that we have been indulging in very unusual table-talk?" inquired Miss Van Wyck suddenly. "Why did we do it? You observe my conversation is largely composed of interrogation points to-night."

"The menu cards did it, I think; and no wonder, they are too suggestive to be passed over in silence."

Miss Van Wyck surveyed her card for a moment, then lifted her long, fringed eye-lashes slowly. "I think," she said deliberately, "I think I mean to surprise you by a confidence."

"You would honor me," he answered, meeting her look with a grave earnestness which reassured her.

"You say you feel a curiosity concerning the people who do things—see here," she pointed to three tiny letters in one corner of the card, twisted into an almost undecipherable monogram. "A. V. W. stands for Adelaide Van Wyck."

"Is it possible that it is your work?" he exclaimed with unfeigned interest.

"Yes," she replied, bent upon finishing her surprise, "it is the only way I know of by which I can earn money; so you see I am not one of the 'lilies of the field who toil not.'"

"I see more than that," said Thorp Westlake, with a look under which the long dark lashes drooped again.

"Will you tell me?" she asked softly.

"Some other time—if you will let me."

"Did you know that Adelaide Van Wyck was going to marry Thorp Westlake?"

"I had heard no formal announcement of the fact," answered Miss Chichester, "but after the way she flirted with him at our house one night, I am not surprised. I shall tell mamma the menu cards did it."

"How was that?" inquired her friend.

"Why, it was a rather clever little set—arranged in pairs, you know—bits of music cut in half. The treble clef card for the lady, and the corresponding bass for her partner. Adelaide happened to get a bit of the Wedding March, and of course Mr. Westlake fell heir to the companion card. They found their cards so significant that Mr. Westlake took possession of the pair, for I saw him ask and receive."

"And since then he has asked for and received even more," laughed the other young lady. "May they be happy!"

Tiffany has bought much more of Miss Van Wyck's dainty handiwork since that first set of menu cards; she says they were her silver *luck-penny*, but no one knows the story of the cards as it is known to the two for whom the Wedding March means a triumphal entry into the enchanted land of love and happiness.

The Tower of London.

THE famous Tower of London stands on the banks of the Thames at the eastern extremity of the city. The fortifications occupy twelve acres of land. The belief is that the tower was founded by the Romans, and was designed to defend the city against a maritime assault.

In later times it was used as a residence for kings, and still later as a prison. Adjoining is Tower Hill where so many distinguished persons were executed for real or imaginary crimes.

It was in the Tower that the Duke of Clarence was said to have been drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine; and here, also, the two young princes were murdered by their Uncle Richard. Among the distinguished prisoners of this gloomy abode were Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, Anna Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Sir Walter Raleigh, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, Lord George Gordon, Jane Shore, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, and many others "too numerous to mention." In fact, during many reigns it was something of a distinction *not* to have been incarcerated there. It was much easier to get in than it was to keep out. Even Queen Elizabeth herself, when princess, had some experience as a prisoner. She was accused by her sister Mary of being privy to Wyatt's insurrection, but the confessions of Wyatt himself proved her guiltless. She boldly protested her innocence on ascending the Tower steps, saying, "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs, and before thee, O God, I speak it."

There is nothing easier than to accuse persons of "treason;" and it is often as difficult to disprove as to prove the charge, owing to the varied definition given the word. Thus we find that the majority of those who were incarcerated in the Tower were charged with this indefinite offense. Among these was Lord de la Ware who was sentenced to be drawn and quartered, but was pardoned. Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, was placed there for aspiring to the hand of Mary Queen of Scots. Lady Arabella Stuart was the victim of Elizabeth's cruel injustice. Having a claim to the crown, there was an attempt made to prevent her marriage so that she could leave no heir to succeed her. She married privately Sir William Seymour, which Elizabeth discovering she threw her into the Tower. Here she lost her mind, and after languishing in that condition for several years, died, and was placed in the same vault with her more unfortunate relative, Mary Queen of Scots. Grace, Countess of Lennox, thus records on the chimney-piece, the cause of her captivity: "Upon the twenty daie of June, in the yere of our Lord a thousande five hundred three score and five, was the Right honorable Countess of Lennox Grace commettede prysoner to thys lodgyng for the marreage of her sonne, My Lord Henry Darnle and the Quene of Scotland."

The Tower appears to have been graced by the presence of many ladies of high birth as well as by others of the gentler sex, some of who only left it for their execution. Queen Margaret (wife of King Henry who died a prisoner in the Tower) after having escaped from the battle of Tewkesbury, was discovered in a convent, arrested, and thrown into the Tower, where she endured a long captivity until ransomed by her friends. The old Duchess of Norfolk, grandmother of Catharine Howard, wife of King Henry, and Lady Rochford were not only consigned to the Tower, but the latter was beheaded for concealing the ill conduct of the queen before her marriage. The Duchess of Gloucester was committed to the Tower on the absurd accusation of sorcery, that is, making an image of wax to represent the king, which when placed before the fire would melt, and cause the death of the king. She was tried, and although it was not proved that she had such an image, she was sentenced to do public penance, and to be confined a prisoner for life in the Isle of Man.

The weary prisoners of the Tower have left many evidences of their captivity in the way of inscriptions on the wall. One of these is an epitaph on a goldfinch which died in the prison, and which concludes with this couplet:

"But death more gentle than the law's decree,
Hath paid my ransom from captivity."

Another is on "a cat named Citizen, buried in the Tower wall;" and whose presence, doubtless, had been a source of comfort to the prisoner who thus commemorated its death.

But the Tower was not always used for a prison. At one period kings lived there and held their courts. When Henry VIII. married Catharine of Aragon he and his court moved to the Tower. On the day of their coronation a gorgeous procession set out from the Tower. The king wore a robe of red velvet and a coat of gold cloth, his garments being profusely decked with gems; while the queen presented an equally glittering appearance in white embroidered satin and coronal of flashing jewels.

One of the various "towers" of the building is known as the "jewel tower." Among the valuables here stored are the five royal crowns. The imperial with which the kings of England are crowned, the crown of state worn when the king or queen goes to parliament, the queen's circlet of gold, the queen's crown, and another called the queen's rich crown. Here, also, we find the orb which rests in the king's right hand at his coronation. This is a ball of gold adorned with precious stones. The ampulla, or eagle of gold, which is among the royal regalia, contains the oil used at the ceremony of coronation. It is in the form of an eagle, the head screws off, and the oil is poured in, making its exit from the beak. Attached is a gold spoon, ornamented with pearls. Here, too, are the swords and St. Edward's staff; also the scepters, bracelets, royal spurs, and the salt-cellar of state.

An attempt was made in 1673 to steal the crowns from the Tower, by a man named Blood. The keeper was secured while the men making the attempt, headed by Blood, obtained the booty. Blood made off with one of the crowns, but was arrested in the street, and the crown regained with the loss of a few jewels. The king (Charles) pardoned the audacious offender, much to the astonishment of every one.

The Tower also contains the armory, many public records, and a menagerie, the beasts and birds of which are mostly presents to royalty.

Society at the Capital.

BY MARGARET PICKERING.

PROBABLY no other city in America, or even in the world, if we except Paris, is so thoroughly independent, in a social sense, as Washington. It does not matter in what street one lives, or what income one possesses. Recognition is insured much more certainly by real merit than by style and wealth; and it is an acknowledged fact that a man or woman possessed of literary or artistic talent can enter the very highest circles, when those possessed of money alone must be content to dwell upon a lower plane.

It is true that we have a "West End," and among "German Clubs," this term has a formidable meaning. The first dancing and society clubs for young people certainly originate in this quarter; and all ultra-fashionable parents who desire to marry their daughters well, prefer a residence in this charmed circle. Here also, in the vicinity of the British Legation, many members of other foreign Legations gather; so that the diplomatic element may be said also to dwell in the West End. These inducements have drawn permanent residents of means and retired merchants to build in the same region, until it teems with palatial homes.

Yet, in the region east of Fourteenth Street called the Northeast, and also upon Capitol Hill, are found hundreds of families of the highest refinement and often of great distinction. Mrs. Mary Clemmer, the very first journalistic writer of our land, has a pretty home on Capitol Hill, which she thoroughly enjoys. Mrs. Lander, the distinguished *tragedienne*, has a cottage home near, and Grace Greenwood, when not abroad, makes her home also in the same neighborhood. Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren, once a society, and later a literary leader in Washington; Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the distinguished novelist; Mrs. Mary E. Nealy, poet and journalist; Dr. J. M. Toner, the distinguished medical and scientific writer; Major J. W. Powell, scientist and explorer; Professor Simon Newcombe, and Professor Hall, both great astronomers; Mr. Charles Nordhoff, author and journalist; Professor Hoffman, of Georgetown College, and a great many other writers, artists and other people of distinction reside in the northwest section. In Georgetown, on the bank of the Potomac, is the simple brown wooden cottage in which Mrs. Southworth has dwelt for many years, and in which nearly all of her sixty novels have been written. This cottage is quite a Mecca for novel-readers visiting the city; and all who see the gentle, quiet author are astonished to find so unassuming and gentle a woman the writer of so many sensational books. But, as she says well, it is the literature that pays best, and she was obliged to do that which would bring the most money. She brought up and educated well her son and daughter, both of whom are well settled in life.

Society, twenty years ago at the capital, meant merely calling, receiving, and attending receptions in high official life, with balls and dinner-parties between. The President's receptions were first, and after them those of the Cabinet. Indeed the latter were considered the more *recherché*, as an invitation to them was necessary. The writer remembers the receptions of Speaker Colfax as the most popular and enjoyable of any during the administration of President Lincoln. The Speaker was at first a widower, and was of course "interesting" to ladies. His mother, Mrs. Matthews, was fond of receiving, and all who met her will remember the old-fashioned "curtsey" with which she received her guests, in the place of the modern bow. His wife, who occupied the place of hostess during the second term, was also a pleasant lady, and their parlors were always thronged. Hundreds during that gay time would attend three or four receptions in a single evening. Dancing was indulged in to excess during this and General Grant's administrations.

As the city grew in wealth, and many went abroad for the summer, bringing home treasures of art, this taste gradually developed. Mr. Corcoran's fine private gallery, with Powers' "Greek Slave" for its nucleus, together with the beautiful building "dedicated to art," were donated to the city by the great philanthropist. Several art schools were already in a prosperous condition when the Centennial exhibits fired all hearts already alive to the refining influence, and from that time we became an art-loving people. The Washington Art Club was organized, and the art receptions became a great attraction to people of culture. The taste grew by what it fed upon, and artists from other cities and from Europe came to pass their winters at the capital. Hundreds of young people took lessons from masters, and many availed themselves of the privilege accorded of copying the statuary and pictures in our much-loved gallery.

Meanwhile, and in an equal degree, the tastes for music and elocution were developed, and, as a natural result, literary, dramatic, and musical entertainments followed. About fifteen years ago Hon. Horatio King organized a series of literary re-unions, which met with immediate favor, and were destined to a great success. It was the very thing we

needed, and for eight or ten winters they were held weekly during the greater portion of the season. All who were so fortunate as to have *entrée* to this now classic home will cherish to their latest days the memory of the true and refined enjoyment of those evenings. Every gentleman or lady of distinction in letters or art visiting the city during those years was invited, either to assist in furnishing those feasts of reason, or in enjoying them with others. Essays of half-hour length, readings, music, and conversation were the order of enjoyment, a good hour being always devoted to the latter, so that the atmosphere of a delightful and intellectual home life was enjoyed by all. It would be impossible to recall the many distinguished people met in these pleasant old parlors, in the central one of which (the library) the speaker stood or sat, so that those on either side could readily hear him. This was the starting point of literary entertainments in Washington. After this many other weekly, fortnightly, or monthly receptions were given by dramatic, art, and literary clubs. Among these the Shakespeare and Schiller clubs were notable—many of their members becoming famous for dramatic talent, and finding their true positions upon the dramatic stage. The two most distinguished of these are Miss Anna Story and Miss Annie Ware, both of whom have constant engagements. In musical circles, Miss Eva Mills, daughter of the sculptor, Mr. Morrell and Mr. Pugh have won distinction.

About eight years ago a small literary society, formed probably of a dozen members, was organized, and met alternately at the homes of Miss Esmeralda Boyle, the Maryland poet, and daughter of Commodore Boyle, and that of Miss Olive Risley-Seward, the adopted daughter of ex-Secretary Seward. Chief Justice Drake, of the United States Court of Claims, and in his younger day a Cincinnati poet, was president of the club, and among other members were Professor Tyler, of Columbia College; Dr. Toner, medical and scientific author; Professor Hoffman, of Georgetown College; Professor Theodore Gill, of the Smithsonian; John J. Piatt, the poet; Hon. John J. Nicholay, Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren, Mrs. Jean Davenport Lander, Mrs. Mary E. Nealy, Madame Boulligny, since married to Mr. G. Collins Levy, British Commissioner from Melbourne, Australia, to several of the world's expositions; Mrs. Chapman Coleman, daughter of the late Senator Crittenden, of Kentucky, and one or two others. For about two seasons this society met pleasantly, quietly and enjoyably, the refreshments consisting of tea and coffee, cake and biscuit, served on a tray. Circumstances rendering it necessary that the society should have a regular place of meeting, Mrs. Dahlgren offered her large and elegant home for its accommodation, and at its first meeting a regular roll was signed and a constitution adopted. The membership was limited to forty, with the privilege of each member being accompanied by his or her wife or husband—which would extend the regular meeting to eighty—thirty of the members to be people of acknowledged literary ability, six to be artists, and four musicians.

The hostess was to have the privilege of inviting a limited number of her own individual guests, and the high standard of the society was soon noised abroad. It was esteemed a high privilege to obtain an invitation, the society having rapidly arisen to the highest point of excellence. Gentlemen and ladies who had enjoyed *entrée* to the first literary *salons* of France and England, pronounced this equal in every respect; and a membership in the "Literary Society" was a consummation devoutly to be wished. Envious people who could not obtain invitations soon gave the society the title of "The Immortal Forty"—a name which still clings to it, like the odor of the vase after it is shattered. For, after eight beautiful years of prosperity and fame, the jealous ambition of two or three third-rate mem-

bers caused the resignation of its generous hostess. Several others followed, and although a number of the best members yet remain, there seems to be a desire to renew the membership by admitting an *official* influence into the club, rather than by keeping up the old standard of literary excellence. It certainly was one of the first, if not the *very* first, literary organization ever perfected in America, and it would be sad to see it deteriorate.

Among those not heretofore mentioned who are or have been members of this society, are Mrs. Southworth and Mrs. Burnett, novelists; Hon. Charles Nordhoff, author and journalist; Professor Hilyard, U. S. Coast Survey; General Albert Myer, of the Signal Office; Mrs. Cary-Long; Mrs. Clara H. Mohun, journalist; Mrs. Dorsey, author; Hon. A. R. Spofford, Congressional Librarian; Mrs. Mary Clemmer, journalist and poet; Mrs. Dr. Lincoln, author; Dr. C. C. Cox, late U. S. Commissioner to Australia; Mrs. S. M. Fassett; Mr. E. H. Miller; Miss Henry; Mr. Ulke; Mr. Kaufman; Mr. Mener; Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Weyl, all artists; Madame Hegerman de Lindencrone; Mrs. Camp; Miss Goode; Mrs. Comptroller Knox, and others, musical members; Dr. Welling, of Columbia College; Professor Dwight, of the State Department, and General Garfield, who was President of the club during the last two years of his life.

Through these refining influences of literature, science, music, and art, the entire tone of society at the capital has been vastly improved during the past ten years. It has grown the fashion to be cultivated; and, as every one knows, whatever is fashionable is successful.

Admission to a tea-party given, ever so informally, by a lady of literary or art distinction, is prized much more than a card to a Cabinet lady's reception; for every one knows that the latter can be obtained merely by calling or leaving a card, while to the former there is no *entrée* but recognized ability.

To parties given in official life, certain journalists have no hesitation in asking for invitations. This custom is quite common in Europe, even in high circles, as I could illustrate by copying a note in my possession written by a Russian Countess asking the Minister from America for an invitation for her son to his forthcoming ball. But the idea is a repugnant one to us, or at least to all save the society journalist, whose anxiety to obtain news overcomes much genteel snubbing. After all, it is their support, and we should possibly feel charitable toward them; and there is no doubt that they are much encouraged by a majority of wealthy people. But I am very sure I would much prefer teaching a country school, and "boarding around," to following Senators' families around to get news for a watering-place letter, or penetrating a President's home for sensational mince-meat, wherewithal to fill pies for marriageable ladies of uncertain age.

After all that is said and done, however, society in one city where court circles meet, is much the same as in others. You have, if not the extremely high-born lady and gentleman, the refined and highly cultivated, which is as good in a republican government. You have the vulgar and loud family, who have suddenly grown rich. You have the timid and shrinking wife of the new Congressman, who is often well versed in book lore, but who is new in what she considers "high society," and who dreads at every turn lest she should make a mistake, and thereby shame her Theophilus, but who never does, being a lady by nature and home culture. We have the crawling, cringing snob, who will kneel to a man in power for the slightest notice; and the toadying penny-a-liner, who, for a smile or a bow from one of the great ones, will exchange a column of sickly praise. We have bold and truthful men and women who

will speak out, though the heavens fall; and all of these, mingled in the kaleidoscopic vision at the capital, make a mass of color which goes to form society in Washington. Toward the brave, truthful journalist, such as Mary Clemmer and a few gentlemen I could name, it is amusing to notice the sycophancy of some of our law-makers. If said journalists had applied for their favor a few years since, they would have been ruthlessly snubbed. Now they court their good words, and invite them to their parties. A little lady artist, who was slandered by a jealous competitor of the other sex until she met Pharisaical glances on every side in former days, now that she has lived it down and bravely won her way, is invited and *fêted* by those who once slighted her. "There is nothing so successful as success." And yet perhaps this is all only the cropping out of the original evil of human nature. Let us be charitable.

The etiquette of society at the capital is as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. One would think that the Cabinet was socially higher than the Senate; but it is not so. A Cabinet lady must call first; and it was amusing to note the social tetering between the wives of Mr. Blaine and Mr. John Sherman at the close of the preceding and the beginning of President Garfield's administration. First, Mrs. Blaine was Senator's wife, and Mrs. Sherman Cabinet lady; then Mrs. Sherman was Senator's wife, and Mrs. Blaine Cabinet lady; and soon, ah! how soon! the sky seemed to fall, and Mrs. Blaine, for the present, is neither. When Senator Christiancy married the pretty Treasury clerk, Mrs. Fish was wife of the Secretary of State, and one of the first triumphs of the poor girl's elevation was a call from Mrs. Fish, who never, perhaps, in her life made a mistake in a matter of etiquette. The wives of Congressmen call first upon those of Senators, and also first upon any resident lady whose acquaintance is desired. This last rule, however, is not strictly followed. The President and his wife are exempt from paying calls, though in the early days they were not. Mrs. Adams records in one of her letters: "Yesterday I returned fifteen visits," which was more labor surely than returning three times as many now. In another she says: "Mrs. Otis, my nearest neighbor, is at lodgings half a mile from me; Mrs. Senator Otis two miles." I quote the latter sentence as a precedent for the use of "Mrs. Senator," etc., to distinguish a lady's position, and the use of which has been so much condemned of late, though I do not see how they could do without it. Our Cabinet ladies have always returned visits of ladies giving the city address until last season, when the rule was abandoned by some. Mrs. Brewster, however, and the wife of the Speaker, observed it as far as possible.

Mrs. Dahlgren's "Book of Etiquette" is an invaluable aid to any lady fresh in Washington society. There are so many small points upon which a lady should be well informed, to enable her to sail smoothly along free from projecting stones. The etiquette of invitations and of cards, of dinner-parties, which are the most difficult entertainments to carry out successfully, and of a thousand little matters besides, must inevitably occupy the attention of those just entering a circle which is formed within and without other circles. And, as many ladies come to Washington fresh from their quiet domestic duties at home, such a guide is a great boon, relieving them from all fear of going wrong.

As for the scandalous phase of society in Washington, it is no worse (if as bad), according to the number of population, than it was in the days of Gen. Jackson and Mrs. Eaton. The majority of cases of scandal originate in the occasional giving positions under the government to questionable persons. And, as this is a subject unfit to touch with a cleanly pen, it is therefore left to the Civil Service Reform.

A Feathered Architect.

AMONG the curiosities of Nature there are none better worthy of study than the nests of birds. The skill displayed by these little architects is simply wonderful, and one is lost in wonder at the knowledge, patience, and perseverance of these feathered builders. Especially is this the case of pensile birds, that suspend their habitations on branches, sometimes even hanging them over the water.

The Weaver-Bird, which embraces several varieties, is one of the most ingenious of the pensile birds. It generally hangs its nest on a twig over the water, and so low down that if a monkey attempts to steal the eggs, which it is apt to do, the twig bends with its weight, and a cold bath is the consequence. The Mahali Weaver-Bird of South Africa is a very small bird with an ambition to live in a very large house, and industry enough to build it for itself. The shape of the nest is similar to an oil flask, but, of course, greatly magnified in dimensions, and very rough on the outside. The Sociable Weaver-Birds unite their efforts, and make a kind of thatched roof, under which, or rather in which, they build their nests. Sometimes this structure is ten feet square. Each nest is shut out from every other, although all are under the same roof, and while the whole community join in building the roof, each pair builds its own nest. The commencement is interwoven with the branches of the trees, the whole structure being very neat and compact.

The Palm Swift of Jamaica, so called from its rapid flight, builds a curious nest, which it hangs to a spathe of the cocoa-nut palm. The exterior is of cotton and the interior of feathers, the walls being very strong and compact. Sometimes it builds several nests and glues them together, leaving an opening between them like a gallery.

The Lanceolate Honey-Eater builds a nest in the shape of a hammock, and suspends it by the ends to a small twig. It is made of grass and wool mixed with the down of certain flowers. This nest is very deep and comfortable, and may probably have suggested to man the hammock.

Another most remarkable nest is that of the Little Hermit, a species of Humming-Bird. It is a sort of pouch, very open, from which depends a long cone, and is attached to the end of a leaf. The nest is made of the fibers of plants, and a woolly substance, supposed to be a fungus, which is interwoven with spider-webs, by means of which it is also attached to the leaf. Another species of Humming-Bird, the Sawbill, builds its nest like open network, through which the eggs and lining can be seen. This curious nest is suspended at the end of a leaf.

The Baltimore Oriole gives great attention to building its house. It is always pensile and is hung on a slender bough, the shape being that of a long, round bag, open at the top. It is built of flax, wool, bits of silk, and even strings, all of which is compactly sewed together with horsehair. These nests are sometimes five inches in diameter, and seven inches deep.

The White-Eyed Fly-catcher has a strange fancy to use a great deal of old newspaper in building its nest. To this it adds bits of bark, dried leaves, hornets' nests, hair, and flax fibers, and joins all together with the silk threads produced by a caterpillar. This pensile nest is very strong, and when deserted by the builder, it is taken possession of by some other bird, or the field-mouse.

The Tailor Bird, which is a native of India, is quite expert in sewing. It makes a long nest of leaves, which it sews together with the fiber of a plant, first piercing holes in them with its beak. In the hollow formed, it deposits a quantity of cotton, thus preparing a soft, warm nest for its young.



The nest of the Colius Passer, of which we give an illustration, is one of the most curious of pensile nests. This bird is found in Western Africa, and hangs its nest on the ebony tree, selecting the highest branch. It is made of bits of twig, interwoven with chips of wood, and all secured together with ribbon-like grasses. It is very strong and impervious to the rain, and being placed high, is out of the way of dangerous animals. The skill with which these little feathered architects build their houses gives us a high idea of their sagacity; and their unwearied industry in putting the materials together is most admirable.

An Image of Buddha.

ABOUT the sixth century, B. C., there lived in India, at the foot of the Himalaya range, a young man named Gotama, who was the son of a rājah, or chief of a clan. He was happily married to his cousin, and, up to the age of twenty-eight appears to have been satisfied with his religion and his surroundings.

At this time the religious faith of India was neither hopeful nor inspiring. The belief was that the souls of men had previously inhabited the bodies of other men and animals, and that when these souls left their present abodes of flesh, they would enter other bodies, and thus keep up a never-ending and weary pilgrimage. The Brāhmans, or priests, had great supremacy; they conducted the ceremonies by which the gods were to be propitiated, and through them all favors of a spiritual nature were expected to come.

After due consideration, against all this Gotama revolted.

Leaving his home he became a student under teachers of distinguished learning, and after undergoing a warfare with old beliefs and traditions, at Buddha Gayā he attained a state of mind which happily solved all his doubts and soothed his distresses. To proclaim his new views was his next step, and for forty-five years he went from place to place preaching and expounding the better way he had found. Many converts were made and an order was instituted, and at length Gotama, afterward known as Buddha, died peacefully, in his eightieth year, at Kusi-nagara in Vesāli.

It was not his fault that, after his death, he was deified; that images of him were multiplied; and that a supernatural origin was attached to him. His followers threw around Gotama all the romance that their imaginations could conjure up, until in the ideal they lost the real, and the man sank out of sight as the god rose to view. However great the delusions of Buddhism, the aims of the reformer himself were elevated and pure. He aimed at priestly tyranny and overthrew it; slavery, polygamy, caste, bloodshed, were condemned; and woman was elevated to the position of the equal of man. Animal sacrifice gave way to purity of heart and life, and justice and mercy took the place of wrong and violence.

Certainly no better precepts can be found than are in the books of the Buddhists. Here are some of them: "If one man conquer in battle a thousand thousand men, and another conquer himself, the latter is the greater conqueror."

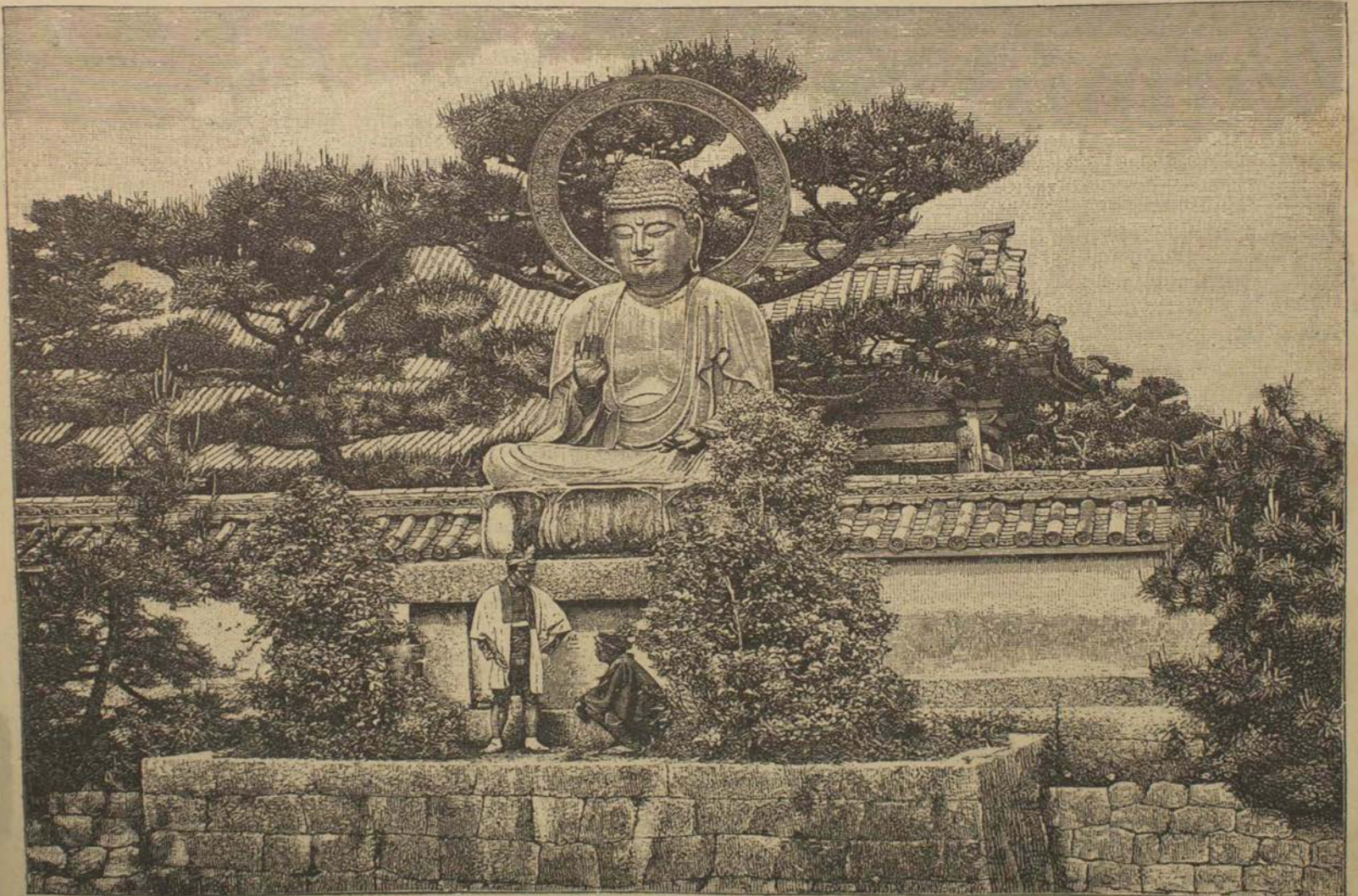
"To abstain from all evil, to do good, to purify the heart, these are the commandments of the Buddhas."

"There is no alms and no loving kindness comparable with the alms of religion."

"The discontinuance of the murder of human beings and of cruelty to animals, respect for parents, obedience to father and mother, obedience to holy elders, these are good deeds; so likewise is attention to the law."

Nevertheless, there was something discouraging about the early Buddhist doctrine. No encouragement was given to look beyond this world; and though Gotama did not teach the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, he taught what was equally hopeless, and that is, that the soul of man has no future existence, in fact, he did not admit the presence of a soul in the human body. Man was to strive after goodness here, for goodness' sake, and not with the expectation of reward hereafter. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the Nirvāna of Buddhism means annihilation. It does not refer to the future of the soul at all, but to a state of mind which is to be attained here—a state which restless, aspiring, money and honor-grasping mortals seldom reach—a state of perfect peace. This state, this Nirvāna, Gotama thought could best be reached by a withdrawal from the world, with its loves, its pursuits, its cares. Without desires, without hopes, no outward conditions could reach him who had gained Nirvāna, and resting on the heights of a supreme tranquility, he could look down upon the unsatisfied multitude below, all hurrying in different paths after the happiness and peace which ever evaded them.

Buddhism, which, originating in India, spread into many countries, is not the same everywhere. That of China differs from that of Japan, while both differ, in many essentials, from that of India, and all modern Buddhism differs from the ancient, in several respects. They all, however, have their sacred books and their idols of Buddha, though even




AN IMAGE OF BUDDHA.

these vary greatly. The image of Buddha given in the illustration was drawn from one found in the Easter Islands, a lonely spot of the Pacific Ocean. The bronze circle around the head is rarely, if ever, seen in the images of Buddha found elsewhere.

"Amour."

OUR VALENTINE.—(See oil picture.)

ONG years ago there was born a boy who received the name of Cupido. His mother was the beautiful Venus, of golden-apple fame, and his father was the renowned Jupiter, "king and father of gods and men." This son of distinguished parents was no ordinary boy. He was as powerful as he was vivacious, and as dangerous as he was seductive. The Greeks, among whom he was born, represented him sometimes riding on the back of a lion or dolphin, or snapping into pieces the thunderbolts of his father Jupiter, thus showing his great power. Sometimes they depicted him as a conquering warrior marching victoriously with a helmet on his head, a buckler on his arm, and a spear in his hand. Again, he was shown as a winged boy, bearing a bow and arrows with which to shoot his victim, and, being a sure aim, he never failed to lodge his weapons in the heart of some unsuspecting mortal. So universally was his power acknowledged and felt, that he received the same worship as did his lovely mother, Venus, whose constant attendant this dangerous boy was.

This Cupido or Cupid was the god of love; and Sir Walter Scott, in his "Last Minstrel," gives us a very good idea of his power, and the extent of his dominion. He says:

"In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And man below, and saints above."

Shakespeare speaks of him as "a purblind, wayward boy," "subtle as sphinx," "a mighty lord;" and one of his characters is made to swear by "Cupid's strongest bow; by his best arrow with the golden head."

Thomas Moore, the poet, who sang many a song of love, says of this powerful boy:

"Love is a hunter boy,
Who makes young hearts his prey,
And in his nets of joy,
Ensnares them night and day.
In vain concealed they lie,
Love tracks them everywhere;
In vain aloft they fly,
Love shoots them flying there."

At all seasons powerful, Cupid is supposed to be especially so this month, when, as Tennyson says, there

— "is a song on every spray,
Of birds that pipe their Valentines."

The charming picture shows him taking aim at some unsuspecting heart. He has already half emptied his quiver, and another arrow is about to take its flight. The face of this mischievous boy wears a look of archness and satisfaction, as if "there was nothing half so sweet in life" as the pastime in which he is engaged. His silvery wings glitter against the somber sky that overhangs him; his golden hair is bound with a blue ribbon, love's own emblem of constancy, and the rosebud of preference gleams out from amid its green leaves like a ruby set with emeralds. Certainly no poet ever had a fairer dream of Love than the painter has embodied in this beautiful boy, whose

rounded limbs glow with a roseate light that illumines the whole picture. This charming production is a gem of art, a worthy offering to be laid on the shrine of St. Valentine. The artist, Mr. P. Martin, has been extremely happy in his treatment of his subject, his "Amour" (Love) being admirably conceived, and most effectively painted.

"AMOUR."

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

DEAR love, if through the wintry hours
My lips were sealed to thee,
I'll tell my tale now that the birds
Make love on every tree.

I bring no jeweled crowns of pride,
Nor any golden gift,
But to thy head in reverence
Love's garland I would lift.

I bring thee all the best I have.
A love as true as steel,
A tenderness that cannot fail,
And sympathy to feel.

A courage that will do and dare
All things for thy sweet sake,
Content, if only shared with thee,
The worst of life to take.


I hear the loving, happy birds
Warbling in every tree,
And all my heart goes out, dear love,
In tenderness to thee.

They sing and love and love and sing,
And I would do the same,
And every string of this my harp
Would melodize thy name.

What better can we do than love?
Come, take my hand in thine,
And say, that like the birds this day
Thou'lt choose thy Valentine.

"Not for a day, but for all time;"
And in our love thus blest,
Content shall pilot us along
To the sweet isles of rest.

French Weddings.

RENCH weddings do not differ, in the actual ceremonial, so materially from those of other civilized communities, as to require a special description, but the preliminaries are of a character not to be overlooked.

When French girls attain a marriageable age, they are restricted to the society of their fathers, brothers, uncles, and cousins, and no man outside this degree of kindred is admitted to the family circle except as a suitor. So rigidly is this custom adhered to, that any young lady who is seen in the company of a gentleman not related by the ties of blood, is immediately set down as "engaged," and, should the rumor prove false, her chances of matrimony are diminished immeasurably, for everybody suspects that some moral or physical defect has deterred the gentleman from contracting an alliance with her.

Marriage in Paris may be quoted as a "barter and sale;" for, when the moment arrives for mademoiselle to be "settled," all the friends and acquaintances of the family are scrutinized, and the eligibility of each possible or probable candidate is canvassed with much more zeal by his respective supporters than a political nominee meets with in an election campaign in New York.

In all classes of society a *dot* is expected with the bride ; but since the fall of the last empire, so many of the new and old nobility have met with reverse of fortune, and there seems so little prospect of a restoration of rank and riches, that the parents are glad to barter "blood" for money, and not a few of the tradespeople are eager to ally their honest names with the dowerless daughters of a defunct nobility.

A case came under the writer's observation, which illustrates the subject perfectly. A gentleman of title had a large family, among them five daughters. The eldest was disliked by her mother, because of her resemblance to her father ; while the second was a miniature edition of her mother, and a favorite with her. The amiability of the eldest attracted every one, but, being portionless, her parents could not find a partner for her among their friends. An acquaintance came to the rescue, and proposed a tradesman old enough to be the girl's father. This man's antecedents were investigated, and, although it was supposed that a certain young shopkeeper owed education and a start in business to his claims upon the consanguinity of the suitor, the suitor's bank account was found satisfactory, and the engagement announced six weeks prior to the celebration of the nuptials.

The marriage took place, and in less than three months a fearful scene laid the young bride upon a bed of illness, from which she did not rise for six weeks. It transpired that her parents knew what should have induced them to bury their daughter rather than wed her to such a groom, but, in their estimation, all this had been provided for in the "contract," by which, "in case of separation, *half* the man's fortune was, or is, to devolve upon his wife." The poor girl knew nothing of this clause until, in the bitterness of the first quarrel, her spouse informed her of the forethought of her parents, adding, "I now see why your mamma is so anxious to have you understand my past ; she would force you to leave me, and claim half my fortune." The frantic husband's words had a far different effect than he anticipated ; his wife was inspired with such contempt for her unnatural parents, that she chose to live with her purchaser rather than enrich her family by enforcing the terms of the contract. In the face of this circumstance the parents do not see that they have done the least wrong to their child, and are moving heaven and earth to form a "brilliant match" for the mother's favorite.

Nearly all the incidents connected with the above marriage are repeated every day in Paris. The parents gave any number of breakfasts and dinners, after the engagement was announced, to which immediate relations and friends were invited. They provided a *trousseau* elegant in outward appearance, but of such a quality as no girl with any pride would care to take to her nuptials ; the bridal dress was of white satin that would not bear alteration after the ceremony ; the linen was "shop" made, and not even subjected to the processes of the laundry to refine its inelegances of fabrication ; the few dresses supplied were of flimsy material, but fitted the girlish figure perfectly. Neither bed nor table linen was provided, as the groom had a plentiful store of these necessaries in his bachelor apartments which had been prepared to receive his young wife.

Relatives and friends gave a few presents that were choice and elegant, while the groom presented a set of diamonds that might have graced the toilet of a duchess ; but after the marriage he returned the necklace and bracelet to the merchant of whom he had "taken them on approval," saying they were "too elegant for the wife of a *bourgeois*."

While the above is but one of the many marriages that disgrace the name, there are others on which friends and fortune smile, and which time ripens into a steadfast and fond affection on both sides, while children cement the union and

are a source of joy to the parents. These latter marriages are, however, more frequently met with in the middle classes, where the contracting parties have been born and reared in the same parish or neighborhood, and have had occasions of intercourse in the parish festivals or village merry-makings, where there is always less formality than in the restricted circles incident to large cities.

Among this class of people the bridal outfit is often begun at the birth of the daughter, by the mother and relatives, each contributing some portion of their own snowy linen toward this object, and at each recurring anniversary of the child's birth additions are made, until the time arrives for her betrothal, when it is matter of pride for all her family to enumerate the treasures with which she will endow her spouse. The greater the quantity of linen, the more elevated the alliance that the parents seek for their daughter ; and he is a fortunate man whom they consent to accept as a son-in-law, the engagement being celebrated with no little ceremony, and the betrothal being treated with an amount of deference and respect quite exalting to their self-esteem.

In Paris there is an ecclesiastical as well as a political division of the city, each church being the center of a parish, while the political division is called an *arrondissement*, each one being presided over by a mayor.

Marriages decreased to such an extent some years ago in Paris, that both the civil and religious authorities began to realize the danger which threatened society, and the result has been the establishment of a fund, in several of the *arrondissements* and parishes, for the promotion of matrimony. Some of the highest official, clerical and noble names, figure as patrons and subscribers to this fund, and it is not unusual to see a neatly dressed and blushing damsel conducted to the altar upon the arm of one of these noble patrons who gallantly places her in the seat assigned her beside the expectant groom, while the *curé* of the parish solemnly blesses the nuptials.

Saturdays one may see as many as ten bridal parties at one time in the little church of *Notre Dame des Victoires*, which is situated in the densely populated district between the Louvre and the Bourse. The *mairie* is located near the church, and matters are thus facilitated for both ceremonies, as no marriage is of legal status unless first sanctioned by the *mairie*.

Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays are set apart by the municipality as sacred to civil marriage. In case the ceremony at the church immediately follows that at the *mairie*, the bride is arrayed in the traditional white trained robe, with illusion veil sweeping over the train and covering the face, orange or other white flowers adorning veil and robe, for both ceremonies. But if the civil ceremony takes place a day or two in advance of the religious celebration, the *mairie* dress is scarcely of less moment than the bridal robe. Wealthy families often provide the most elegant short costume within their means for the *mairie*, and this may be of any pale, delicate shade, or of a color suitable for promenade, church, or visiting ; but it must be close up to the throat, and the sleeves reaching to the elbow at least, for the bride-elect is to all intents and purposes a girl still, and in the jurisdiction of parental authority until the ecclesiastical sanction has set its seal upon the marriage.

The associations which encourage matrimony among those of limited means pay all expenses attending the marriage, provide a respectable *trousseau*, including a white dress of useful fabric, and a dowry for the bride. The dowry often consists of a complete furnishing for a little apartment, and it is satisfactory to record that the patrons of these associations are rarely called upon to further aid their protégé.

M. T. K.

"Artistic Dressing."



WHAT a deal of nonsense is written in the name of Art!

Sometime ago, in an article upon artistic dressing, a prominent London society journal took vigorous exception to a certain high art costume as being composed of details imitated from different centuries.

Apparently the writer of that article misunderstood the main object of artistic dressing, and imagined it to be not beauty and becomingness, but archæological accuracy!

Let any color and form-loving eye—such as make the artist—tell if it can, what possible fault against the artistic sense there can be in a lovely *ensemble*, whether its details be inherited from one past age or from a dozen. If precision of archæological details be the main purpose of artistic renaissances, these dwellers in classically imitated mansions have no right to fire-places and Turkey carpets, or the inhabitants of Gothic neighborhoods to a gaslight before their door. We have all heard of the Queen Anne "æsthete," who would not allow a daily newspaper within his walls as an anachronism, but it seems that the writer who shudders at a Charlotte Corday fichu upon a premier empire robe, carries the matter of æsthetic synchronism even farther into ridicule.

If it be sin against the æsthetic proprieties for modes of different periods to be tastefully combined, why is it not an equal sin to drape a flounce of seventeenth century Alençon upon velvet from a nineteenth century loom, or even to put a nineteenth century lady, with modern thoughts and manners, into antique modes at all.

If a graceful woman, a trifle too *maigre* and long, adds a stylish amplitude to her figure by a sweeping Watteau train, is there any artistic or common sense in a law that would compel her to bare her bony neck, à la Watteau, at the same time, and not cover herself to the ears with a Medici ruff, if she chose. How and why are we moderns any the richer for the ages that have gone before us and left their wealth of taste and skill to us, their heirs, if a lot of hyper-critics step in and prove that we have no right to select and combine our heritage, to use it according to our needs, but that we must use it precisely as our ancestors did, or not at all?

Sometimes, with one beautiful feature of dress, our predecessors on the stage of life united one or more hideous and absurd ones, and to declare that we may not be Elizabethan, with jeweled stomacher and becomingly moderated ruff, without being Elizabethan of petticoat and sleeve, is scarcely more reasonable than it would be to insist that one should not wear the pretty Marie Stuart cap without the Marie Stuart frontlet of dyed hair, or the tortured Marie Stuart waist of fourteen inches in circumference!

In its artistic character, dress is purely decorative, an accessory of the wearer, and not a self-existing object. Therefore it should be subordinated to the style of the wearer, and not governed by arbitrary rules of its own. As human "styles" are almost as various as human beings are numerous, every individual has need and right to pick and choose its own decorations, according to its *own* style, and not in deference to that of any given epoch or century whatever.

This silly criticism of the London journal reminds one of some of the Puritan protests against the costume follies of the first Stuarts. Puritanism made much the same censures as English ultra-purism does now, although for such different reasons. Says one of the complainers, in 1591, "I have seen an English gentleman so diffused in his suits—his doublet being for the weare of Castile, his hose for Venise, his hat for France, and his cloak for Germanie—that he seemed in no way to be an Englishman except by his face."

It is much the mode at present to study the pictures of

the old masters for hints of costumes. Naturally taste turns largely toward the Venetians, for never could sumptuous stuffs and beauty-enhancing modes be better set in glowing and radiant colors than on the canvases of Titian and Veronese.

But if *every* body copies those golden-haired daughters of doge and duke, even those fair Venetians will become vulgar to us in time, and we may as well enlarge our scope to save if possible a world of beauty from profanation.

Everybody cannot be Venetian, for everybody is not of the opulent forms of Titian's and Giorgione's women, who showed their beauties so freely, always excepting their arms—the bare arm, be it mentioned *en passant*, never having been exposed from classic days until the pseudo-classic revival of the premier empire in France, and no naked arm shows in any Renaissance portraits.

Some beautiful nineteenth century women have nothing opulent about them, and their decorative aim is to hide rather than to reveal. For such some of the Flemish masters offer sumptuous models even if as strange and quaint to our modern eyes as the early Florentine ideal that one sees sometimes so curiously misapplied, and sometimes also caricatured, at the Grosvenor and Academy exhibitions every year.

There is often a grave and almost solemn dignity about the Flemish costumes, however richly jeweled and bedight with gold, that renders them more eminently fit for matrons, and ungirlish girls, than are the more southern fancies in which, nowadays English women of all sizes, shapes and ages strive to look as mediævally-minded as they can.

For instance, there is a Reading Magdalen, by Roger Vanderweyden, in the National Gallery in London, whose costume is grave enough for an æsthetic grandmother. It is far more æsthetic than ascetic, and much more in the style of an Ellen Terry or Madame Modjeska costume than the penitential garb of a Christian saint.

The Magdalen is sitting, and holds an illuminated missal or a breviary, richly bound and set with gems. Her robe is of velvet, a dull, high-art green, and is gathered in prim, regular folds, from shoulders to the waist. At the waist it is confined by a girdle of richly embossed blue velvet, the long ends of which falling to the ground at the side are heavily embroidered and fringed with gold. From this confining girdle at the waist the robe flows away in large, free, regal folds, to train upon the ground. The corsage itself is open to the girdle in a V, and over a corset, stomacher, or whatever it may be called—of dull, ruby velvet, embroidered with seed pearls. This stomacher rises only to the bust, and meets a full chemisette of folded muslin or tulle. The V of the outer corsage is edged with narrow, dark fur, as also is the skirt over the under-dress of dull ruby velvet, embroidered with seed pearls. The queen sleeves are large and baggy, slightly narrowed at the wrists, and bound with fur. Another costume picture, in the same gallery, is also by a Flemish master, but one who shows strong Italian influences—both Florentine and Venetian. This master is Jan Schooreh, who painted in the fifteenth century, and whose figures are generally graceful, though his color dry. The picture represents a Holy Family, and the Virgin Mother therein is also dressed in a fashion not at all unbecoming for a grandmother who married at eighteen, and whose daughters are following her example. The dress is of dark blue velvet lined with russet brown. The fashioning is somewhat that of a modern peignoir. The tight sleeves are brown like the lining, and show a hint of white muslin, both at the top where they join the dress, and at the wrists. At the top of the sleeve the white is a small puff, at the wrist merely a very much crumpled and untidy looking cuff. This corsage is also opened in a V over a crimson

corset of embroidered velvet. The whole costume is graceful, becoming and picturesque, and yet not too strange or striking to be worn by a New York belle or grandmother to-day, without attracting vulgar observation.

Of quite another and more coquettish and gayer world is a costume picture by the Italian Crevelli, in another room. This costume might be a queen's coronation robe for splendor, or an American *debutante's* for that ineffable essence, that *je ne sais quoi* that we call "style," and which is sometimes as impressive in a picture as in life.

The heroine is St. Catharine, and her wheel is beside her. In all the pomp and vanity of a radiant, sensuous life, she stands full face to the spectator in a robe of crimson velvet shot with gold. The crimson bodice is short and *décolletée* over a V of cloth-of-gold. At the waist it is confined by a golden belt, and is edged with gold embroidery. The sleeves to the elbow are of the same crimson velvet as the dress, and lavishly shot, fringed and embroidered with gold. The overdress of cloth-of-gold sweeps from between the shoulders like a court train, and is lined with green velvet. The sleeves from the elbow are tight, and of green velvet edged with gold.

But one need not go back to the Renaissance to be "pretty as a picture." Surely nothing can be more graceful, becoming, and without suggestion of studied picturesqueness, than some of the Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits.

Almost the very loveliest of these for artistic dress is the portrait of the Duchess of Gordon, a reproduction of which, by the way, is published in *Stone's Chronicles of Fashion*. She is in a dress large and loose enough for freedom, and yet defining the natural form without apparent bias or seam. The large, loose sleeves have a small puff at the top, thus giving variety to the dress without undue height or breadth to the shoulders, as would be the effect but for the exceedingly becoming, moderately high, and modestly *décolletée* ruff of fluted muslin and lace at the throat. The hair is easily and naturally turned away from the face, giving the latter a frank and open expression, such as the present Florentine and fifteenth century affectation of crowding the whole mass of hair down over the eyes and giving all lines of head-covering a downward, *hiding* inclination, takes away from English girls' faces to-day, and is gracefully and naturally arranged high upon the head.

Quite as lovely is the dress in which Mary, Duchess of Rutland, was painted by Sir Joshua.

It is only a head and bust portrait, but one can see the beautifully modeled arms bare to the elbow. The dress is of black velvet cut low to the edge of the shoulders and low upon the bust in front. This whole space is filled in with a tulle kerchief folded over the bosom, and with all the edges or border concealed within the corsage. The sleeves are tight to the elbow and finish in a flood of rare lace.

M. B. W.

"Sylvy's Pianner."

BY MRS. DENISON—Author of "That Husband of Mine."

ABNER, I do think now you're prospering real well, you might git Sylvy a pianner."

This was said by Mrs. Dow, on a Monday morning to Abner, her husband, as he finished his second cup of coffee, and gave a little cough, preparatory to moving back his chair. Abner Dow was a thin, wiry man, with a not very prepossessing countenance save when he smiled. That smile always made mother and daughter ready to condone many an offense thoughtlessly given.

The room was the large kitchen of a farm-house, scrupulously clean, and full of sunshine.

Outside—was it the song of some strange bird, caroling? No, only the musical voice of "Sylvy," as they always called her, singing beside the morning glories, as she swung and rubbed and wrung out the clothes of the day's wash. It was a voice utterly untrained, yet sweet, ringing, vibrating—trilling like the canary, warbling like the nightingale.

"Ma, now don't bring that up again. Sylvy is the daughter of plain farmer folk. I don't want no notions put in her head of that sort. Let her go as she's going; she's doin' well enough for us. Byemby she'll marry some good man a little forehanded, I hope, and then she won't want no pianner. I wouldn't hev one in the house."

"Seem's if she might have somethin' she wants," said his wife.

"I d'no; I guess she has everything she needs. Didn't I git her two bran new dresses, last week? Don't she look's well as any of the girls about here? Don't she sing in the choir? What else does she want?"

"Well, 'tain't quite that," said the mother; "she ain't like the other girls, not most-ways, Sylvy ain't. And you ain't a poor man, nuther. You could afford a couple o' hundred dollars or more, for what would give her so much pleasure. She's savin' up herself, poor child, and she's got more'n fifty dollars just on the eggs and the garden things. I s'pose by the time she's thirty she'll have money enough to buy one herself;" said the woman with a dreary smile. "She works hard enough, if that's all, an' she's willin'. If I was her father 'stead of her mother, she should hev it; but I don't hold the purse-strings," and she sighed again.

The voice and the sigh followed the man all that day. Abner was what is called close—"Yea," said his Quaker neighbor, "friend Abner is a very 'near' man."

"Why, mother, what *is* the matter?" queried Sylvia, standing back among the morning glories, a happy light in her laughing gray eyes, as her mother took her place at the rinsing tub. "You look for all the world as if you'd been crying."

"It's the smoke, I s'pose;" was the quick reply, as the woman's gray head bobbed up and down. "It alleys reds my eyes;" and Sylvy, satisfied, went on singing. What mattered it to her that every minute of her time was filled up with homely duties? she had her voice, sweet, clear, electrical, and it obeyed all her moods. Some time she would have the dearest wish of her heart gratified—if she lived long enough, she could buy a piano for herself, no thanks to anybody. She knew her father was considered a rich man, but some way it never seemed to enter her mind to ask him for a piano. If only there were fairies now! she sometimes thought; if only some wonderful thing might happen!

Meantime, Abner, tired with his morning's work, sat down under the shade of a fine chestnut tree, and the subject uppermost in his mind was Sylvy's pianner. It had been rung on so many changes by his wife, the last three or four years, that it came to be the last thought at night and the first one in the morning.

"I don't see what the girl wants of it," he muttered. "A new pianner 'll need new carpets and cheers to keep it comp'ny, and lots of other things we don't need. The idee of a pianner! it's a piece of extravagance!"

Still his wife's sad face haunted him, and Sylvia's sweet face and glorious voice and dutiful ways all seemed so many incentives pressing him toward his duty. He saw the very place where the piano would stand between the little old cabinet, brought from abroad by his Swiss grandfather, and the cupboard in the corner, made and carved by his father; two veritable works of art, of which he hardly knew the value. Taking an old letter and the stump of a pencil from his pocket, he began to fill the former with figures, and

then, smiling and frowning together, he got up and went in to dinner.

"I'm goin' to the city to-morrer, Liddy," he said that night; "you kin git out my best things, for I s'pose I must call to Sam'l's."

"How I'd like to go there!" half sighed Sylvia; "and I wish you would buy me a little red feather—just one. The girls will tell you what kind, if you ask them. They know all about such things."

"Yes, I reckon they do;" said her father, grimly. "They show what dressin' to kill, and pianner playin' an' all that brings gals to—" he added with an attempt at severity. "I don't want you to be like them, Sylvy. I don't hanker to go there either, but Sam's my brother, and though his wife ain't to my notion, nor his daughters ither, still I s'pose I must do my dooty."

Abner went to the city, feeling very uneasy in his high hat, and pulling off the gloves Sylvia had coaxed him to wear, the minute he reached the cars. From one music store to another he plodded his weary way, mentally enraged at the prices asked.

"Why, I could buy Jo Stoddard's twenty-acre piece for less'n that money," he muttered again and again. "That's common sense, for I shall leave it all to Sylvy. I ain't a goin' to listen to no more of their nonsense, that's all about it."

With slower steps he approached the palatial mansion of his merchant brother, a splendid house, beautiful without and within.

"Uncle Abner! good gracious!" exclaimed Rosa, the eldest girl, as she rose from her seat in the up-stairs sitting-room. "Well, I suppose we must make the best of it—he is such a country gawky. I hate to have him to dinner. I know Hawkins will laugh at him."

Hawkins did laugh at him in his sleeve, as the saying is. Hawkins was one of the most aristocratic of serving men, and the whole household stood in awe of him. And not only Hawkins, but Mrs. Dow, resplendent in diamonds, Lily, the beauty and youngest of the family, and the superb Miss Rose, all laughed at their country relative. His mistakes were many, and some of them ludicrous. He would eat with his knife, and scrape the crumbs up, and ask what the finger bowls were for, and all with such utter unconsciousness of wrong doing that intensified the absurdity.

Of course he talked of pianos.

"The idea of getting a piano for that mean little house!" said Lily, *sotto voce*, to her sister.

"I wish he would buy ours," was the response; "then papa would be obliged to get us a new one, and I'd coax him for a grand."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dow after dinner, "and there's that lovely Swiss cabinet that I have always coveted, and it is utterly out of place in that country house. Mrs. Jenks gave two hundred and fifty for hers—not half as valuable, for we know where this one came from, and it has a veritable history. If they could only be exchanged! We've had twelve years' wear out of the piano—and twelve years from now, that cabinet in *our* family would be well nigh priceless."

The idea was broached to the merchant, who seized upon it at once. Then and there the old piano, magnificent as to polish and proportions, but sadly wanting as to its interior arrangements, was exhibited; the farmer brother appeared delighted; the matter was talked over.

"I guess I'll do it," he said; "and as for the cabinet—as you call it—I call it a closet,—why I don't set all the world by it, though Sylvy does. She reads all the magazines, you see, and she's got some queer notions about the value of old things, and rubs it an' polishes it as though it was gold. Yes, I guess I'll do it,—but I'll sleep on it a night; that's my way, you know, Samiwell—an' I'll let you know in a day or two."

"Any old thing will do for her."

These were the talismanic words that did the business for Sylvia. Why Abner should suspect what and whom they were meant for, as they came on the echo of a laugh down the wide staircase, when he was just leaving, who can tell? But all at once he felt his blood on fire, as he stopped on the steps of marble, and looked about him. He thought of the airs and graces of his nieces, their quiet, almost studied contempt of him and his homely manners.

"Any old thing'll do for her, will it? Not if you know yourself, Abner Dow," and without waiting for his indignation to cool, he went into the first music store he came to and paid four hundred dollars in cash for a new, and fortunately good, instrument.

"They wanted the old cabinet, did they?—to brag over, 'cause it came from a foreign country; well, they can't have it," he muttered as he entered his own sunny parlor,—“to him that hath shan't be given this time—not with Abner Dow's consent."

Not a word did he say to the women folks about his purchase, but when the great van drove up to the door on the day after, a happier girl or more delighted woman than Sylvia and her mother it would be hard to find.

"I knowed it," said Mrs. Dow, the tears running down her cheeks; "I felt it in my bones. Abner ain't the man to do things by halves—he's got something you may be proud of."

Abner was somewhere in the background, rubbing his hands and smiling grimly to himself, but when he felt two soft, round arms about his neck and such sweet kisses on his tanned cheeks, he hardly knew whether the tears he wiped from his old eyes were his or Sylvia's, but he did feel that he had never been so happy in his life.

Sylvia made the most of her charming gift. It was not many years before she was able to impart to others the instruction she had gained.

One morning Miss Rose Dow read the following from the city paper:

"The dwelling, barn and outhouses of an estimable farmer in Briarville, Mr. Abner Dow, were destroyed last night by fire, the inmates barely escaping with their lives."

"Good gracious!" said Mr. Dow, the brotherly instinct rising in the crisis to a clear sense of duty, "I must have them all here at once. What a loss it will be to Abner! He must come here till he gets on his legs again."

"If he ever does," muttered Rose, under her breath.

Protest was useless. In affairs of moment Sam Dow was master in his own house, and before night the sufferers were lodged beneath his roof, and his women folks made the best of it. As for Sylvia, she, at least, entered upon a glorious campaign. Neither of her cousins could play as she did, and her voice made her hosts of friends. Her mother kept in the background, but Sylvia, with her youth, and something better than beauty, her grand voice, that needed now but little cultivation to insure her a competence, captured hearts wherever she went.

Even her simple dresses, chosen with consummate taste, always set off with roses instead of jewels, made her the more the rage.

Before many months had gone by, she had accepted a situation as leading soprano in one of the best churches, at a salary that soon placed Abner and his wife in a home of fairer proportions than the old farm-house.

And the farmer was wont in after years, when Sylvia's fame became almost world-wide, and he, through her care, lived surrounded by comforts and even luxuries, to say with that sweet smile that so rarely lighted up his homely face, that the best day's work he ever did for himself, was when he bought "Sylvy's pianner."



The Horse-shoe Bat.

WHEN the poet or the painter wish to increase the gloom of a scene they do so by the addition of the "unearthly bat." Even Homer introduced them to add horror to the torments of those in the regions of despair, and superstition connects them with all that is fearful, spectral, and unearthly. Yet, in reality, there is no reason why these associations should be connected with the bat, unless it is that, in olden times, they hovered about the Pagan temples and ate the remains of the sacrifices, and made their home in the catacombs, and eagerly sought the bloody carnage of the battle-field.

The third order of mammalia animals embraces the *Cheiroptera*, which includes the bats. Of these there is a great variety, differing somewhat in appearance, yet possessing the same general characteristics. All of them have four canine teeth, large ears, wings and small eyes, deeply set in the head. One division have an appendage to the nose, like a leaf, from which peculiarity they have received the name of Leafed-nosed Bats.

Another curious species is the Fox or Roussette Bat, the zoological name of this species being *Pteropus*, from the Greek *pteron*, a wing, and *pous*, a foot. They are the largest of the bat family, and are found in Java measuring as much as five feet across the wings and are two feet long in the body. They are on the wing in the night, but remain suspended by the feet in the day to the trees and rocks. Some of this species are used as food, and are said to have the taste of rabbits.

The genus *Eleutherura* is the noted Egyptian bat, and is supposed to be the kind depicted on the old monuments. At the present day it haunts the chambers of the pyramids

and the ruins of Egypt. The genus *Macroglossus*, of which there is only one species, the Kiodote, is found in Java, and is noted for the length of its tongue, which is two inches long.

The bats with which we are most familiar in this country are the genus *Verspitilio*, and include several varieties. They are quite harmless, living in sheltered places, and feeding principally on insects. One species is called in England Flittermouse, and resembles the bat of the New England and Middle States.

The Vampyres, which are leaf-mouthed, are peculiar to South America. They are addicted to the sucking of blood, especially that of animals, although they do not always allow man to escape. They attack him at night, making a small puncture in the skin through which they suck the blood. The Specter Bat, which is six inches long, is one of the most formidable of the vampyre bats.

The *Rhinolophides*, the name coming from the Greek *rhin*, the nose, and *lophos*, a crest, include the great Horseshoe Bat, of which we give an illustration. The largest of the species is about two and a half inches long, and is peculiar to the Eastern Continent and Australia. Their food is insects, but they are said to suck the blood of animals also, and even that of men.

We say "blind as a bat," when really these creatures appear to see so well that they never, even in the most intricate passage, strike against obstacles. Spallanzani, however, tells us that there is some other power than that of sight which guides the bat, for he blinded several and put them in a room in which he had suspended rods, against which the blinded bats never struck in flying, although he changed the position of the rods several times. He concluded that there was a sixth sense, but no solution has been found of the phenomena.

The Young Hero of Fashion.

SOCIETY plays strange pranks with its heroes in all ages. It has given us the "Maccaroni," the "Incredible," the "Beau Brummel," the "Pelham," and the "Byron." It has produced a fop singular for his feebleness and his mincing dialect, the man milliner snuffing at his pouncet box; and it has also had its giant, like Guy Livingston, who crushed the silver cup between his finger and thumb. Each and every manifestation has been because of fashion, because of society, because of that shadow thrown by nobody in particular, but by everybody in general which we call the "style of the moment."

If we can trace a high collar, and a full necktie to the *gôître* of a prince, if we can attribute the tremendous love of fine clothes, which has marked the latter half of the nineteenth century to a dressy Empress, there are still a thousand fashions which we cannot trace nor account for. We know that society, its dissipations and its temptations, while it is supposed to crush out much that is manly in men, does not always efface their manhood, as we remember that the Duke of Wellington said at Waterloo, "The puppies fight well." In our own civil war no heroes were so singularly brave as the effete club men who had whined over the proper temperature of their claret, their manhood rose with the smell of gunpowder, and they bore discomforts, and endured hardships, and fought better than the hardy countrymen.

Still, we cannot but observe in the man of society, a sort of degradation of manhood, which has been called in all ages, effeminacy. We observe it in our day in the loungeur in the club window, who takes upon his lips the name of a

woman, to soil it, who is reduced to the poorest substitute for work, the passion for cards, who is (according to one of the immortal cartoons in *Punch*) immensely amused at the gambols of a kitten, and whose life is a mere succession of base trivialities and ignoble excitements.

As compared to the worker in the army, navy, pulpit, bar, or railroad, the merchant, the farmer, or the doctor, this lounge appears to be a contemptible caterpillar. One can hardly call him a man. And yet he is simply the hero biding his time perhaps, the man is still there. The brute is always a weak creature when full fed, and when he does not need to fight for his breakfast. Man is simply a nobler and more intellectual brute. The shadow of society causes him to make a strange figure of himself.

To-day he wears bracelets on his brawny arms, and rings on his tough, big fingers, because a gay and effete and flirtatious Prince of Wales has set the fashion. Every man who aspires to fashion must follow the example.

Because women have grown masculine, and will drive the pony phaeton, the modern Icarus sits lonely by her side, and is driven; and yet as society is always inconsistent, the young man of fashion is also to-day an athlete. He rows a boat, he plays baseball, he works at lawn-tennis, he is a walkist and a swimmer. He thinks much of himself, plays at hard work, puts himself in training, and, to his honor be it spoken, is cleanly, takes his tub often, rubs himself down with rough towels, and brushes himself with a hard brush.

Perhaps the only foppish thing about him is that there is too much of *himself* in it all.

We cannot imagine that Sir Galahad, Sir Launcelot, or the great King Arthur, or later on, the admirable Crichton, or the good knight Sir Philip Sidney thought so much of themselves. We are all of us, more or less, the creatures of our age, and must be heroic, chivalrous, or practical and prudent as our circumstances demand. The effect of fashionable society upon men has never been outwardly ennobling save in the age of chivalry when it made Sir Walter Raleighs, and that fine combination of soldier, courtier, and hero, which Shakespeare and Scott loved to draw. Portia's lover, and the fine creature Valentine, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," are specimens of noble fashion.

The carpet knight has become the leader of the German in our day, and we are not astonished to find in him the successful young politician, and the opulent young man of business. To be a leader in any thing is a sure sign of a certain sort of intellectual superiority, and the "German" is a very involved piece of mechanism.

We look in vain through the ages to find any thing noble, however, in the men who are but the hangers on of some rich man of fashion—the toadies of a great and powerful drunkard or gambler or roué; men who pander to the vices of their chief, and lead lives that are but feeble shadows of great original vices. Such men have in all ages since Julius Cæsar been the great discredit of fashion, and of society, for it is their *metier* to outrage the outrageous, and to make fashion in their own dress and equipage most conspicuous. To these men do we owe all that is absurd in costume. In the days of the French revolution they became the caricatures known as the "Incroyables"; in Beau Brummel's day, they were the adopters of the absurd cravat, in our own time they are the wearers of bracelets and rings. Such men appear, not in the quiet and elegant equipage, but in a "fancy team." They are "fancy" men.

A young man, coming into society with plenty of money, has before him a world of temptations; to make a fool of himself is almost his only future.

Unfortunately, women have not always in society a refining or a purifying influence upon such a man. The drift

of public opinion is toward a changing of sex. The women wear ulsters and sailor hats. The women drive horses, and affect a masculine slang. The feeling is strongly that expressed in Gilbert's comedy of "Engaged," "business is business;" young men know that women mean to marry for money, and that many of them have a keen eye out for the main chance. Indeed many young women of the day speculate in Wall Street, and are better judges of "Wabash preferred" than the shorn lambs of the street. This is but a poor-influence for the young man who enters society.

We look with envy upon that past when women were quiet and feminine, and when they inspired in the young men who came to woo, a certain chivalrous respect, a desire to be worthy of them; to work for them; to be in all things the good knight Lintram of the German legend, the man who loved for the sake of loving. "Auslauga's true and faithful knight," adored an image of virgin purity, not a horsey and stock-jobbing woman of the world.

Society has a great claim and need upon nobility of character. We see every day how some noble life, some act of heroism, some worthy streak of unexpected unselfishness,—how it tells! We notice that the reclaimed fop, he who shuffles off the mortal coil of an idle and dissolute life, and who turns a sudden moral corner, how he is respected. His old associates say, that "Charley has braced up." He need not be less "the glass of fashion and the mold of form." We have no respect for the fop who becomes a sloven, and who goes back from the butterfly into the caterpillar. There are no such precedents in nature. But the idle man of fashion who takes to an occupation, who will no longer be content alone with the showy mail phaeton, the fastest yacht, the most perfect thoroughbred, who has an ambition beyond polo and lawn-tennis, who aspires to some other honors than the queen and the aces, who has a heart and head above club leadership—who cares for a Greek play more than a good dinner, he is a hero whom society has not spoiled.

It is the trouble with our young American aspirants to fashion, that they are seldom educated men.

On the continent and in England a man enters upon a fashionable career with the background of a splendid training either at St. Cyr or the Beaux Arts, or at Oxford, or in learned Germany, from Heidelberg or Berlin—he has always his culture to fall back upon.

This redeems an idle life, and prevents a man from becoming hopelessly vulgar and low, when his brutal appetites would get the better of him.

An elderly dissolute man of fashion was reproached, a few years ago, with having led astray a young man who came from England, and whose strong Scotch head was not thought to be proof against the late suppers and the orgies of his more seasoned amphytrion.

"Ah!" said the old scholar, "I am the only one of his companions who can go from the boiled bones to the consideration of a Greek play, and that is the reason that he likes me; remember he is a Newdegate prize man."

When our civilization is so complete, that our fops are men who have read the classics, we can hope for them a future less debased than the card playing and the over-drinking, which seems to be the immediate Capua of too many a young society hero.

Still, there are young men of fashion who are also young men of the highest and truest character. There is no rule without an exception.

The fashion for out-of-door sports, the great and growing admiration for physical training, the necessity of muscle—this is all in favor of the social distinctions and emulations of the day. While we prefer the worker, we cannot but see that the butterfly is also sometimes admirable.

M. E. W. S.

What Women are Doing.

A Newspaper, of which women are the sole editors and managers, has been established in Moscow. It is called *The Friend of Women*.

Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods has written a play called "Roanoke," which has been prepared for the stage by Mr. Lothian, of the Boston Theatre.

Miss Sarah Leggett, the woman stationer of New York, was enterprising enough to get out six original Christmas cards by well-known artists—Beard, Fredericks, Volk, Thompson, and Satterlee.

Women are studying medicine at the Madras Medical College. One of the students is Miss Kristy, whose parents were originally Brahmins. She has had prizes awarded her for proficiency in anatomy and materia medica.

Miss Wickham's second series of literary evenings in December have confirmed the favorable impression formed of her power. The subjects were Tennyson's "Princess," Tennyson's "Elaine," and Tennyson's "Guinevere." Miss Wickham furnishes "Studies" for social clubs.

The School of Industrial Art, at 251 West Twenty-third Street, has opened a depot for the sale of women's work under the auspices of the "Society of Industrial Art," which is an outgrowth of the school.

Mrs. Louise Gage Courtney has arranged a novel and interesting musical entertainment with poetical readings from Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake." It addresses itself to refined audiences, by whom it will be thoroughly appreciated.

Miss Lockwood, who is one of the *debutantes* of the winter, is the niece of Senator Bayard, of Delaware, and the daughter of Mrs. Benoni Lockwood, who has written a book on "Education," as well as one or two romances.

Miss Emily Faithfull's lecture on the "Changed Position of Women in the Nineteenth Century," is an admirable statement of an important subject, and should be heard by all women who have the opportunity during Miss Faithfull's visit to this country.

Mme. Christine Nilsson is royal as a woman and singer; years seem to have added to rather than detracted from her gifts and graces. Her concerts in New York drew the largest audiences and receipts of any ever given by any singer.

Women are being trained as composers in London at the printing office of John Bale and Sons. These gentlemen, after fifteen years' experience, declare that women do the work as well as men, and point to that issued from their office as proof.

The memorial edition of Mrs. Rollin's "New England By-gones" is defined by Gail Hamilton, in a sympathetic biographical sketch of its author, as "love's sorrowful effort to embellish a grave." The book itself is the most faithful account of New England farm-life ever published.

The ladies form a strong contingent in the management of the London theatres. Mrs. Bernard Beere is the latest accession to a roll which includes the names of Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Swanborough, Miss Genevieve Ward, Mrs. S. Lane, Miss Emily Duncan, and Miss Lila Clay.

The Ladies Decorative Art Society is taking preliminary steps toward establishing free classes in industrial art for girls, an excellent scheme which it is to be hoped will lay the foundations for good industrial art work, the foundations being usually not laid at all.

"The Woman's World" is a new western paper projected and edited by Miss Helen Wilmans. The motto it has is "The world was made for woman as well as man; but she who fails to preempt her own claim, need blame no man for it."

The King's College lectures for ladies are prospering. The entries this winter are, the *Athenæum* says, considerably larger than they were in October, 1881, although the last session showed a considerable advance on the year preceding. The building fund is steadily increasing, about £7,000 having been promised.

A benefit entertainment was lately given for the hospital of Dr. Lozier's Medical College for Women, at which the parts in the play enacted on the occasion were all taken by lady students and professors of the college. The play was "Metella; or, Light out of Darkness."

The Countess Carolina Palazzi-Laraggi gave a lecture recently to the Alpine Club in Turin. She mentioned the fact that while

women are excluded from the English and Swiss Alpine Clubs, they were admitted into those of Italy; and she advises Alpine climbing for ladies as highly conducive to health.

The eighth demonstration of women in favor of women's suffrage took place recently at Glasgow. St. Andrew's Hall, which is capable of holding seven thousand, was crowded with women. After prayer by Miss Wigham, Mrs. McLaren gave a spirited address to the "women of Scotland and its neighborhood." Among the supporters of the first resolution was Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

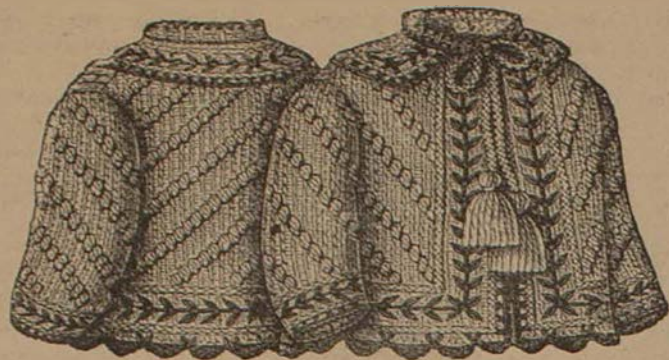
The Queen of England is making great efforts to improve the education of women in her dominions. She is a patroness of and takes great interest in the "Asyle Hélène" at Bucharest, which accommodates two hundred and thirty girls. The Queen's daughter, the Crown Princess of Germany, has become patroness of a new institution in Berlin for the training of nurses for private families.

A charming entertainment was given recently by the members and students of the Ladies' Art Association at their rooms No. 24 West Fourteenth Street. The various rooms were thrown open and handsomely decorated, and many interesting works of art were exhibited. A collation, prepared under the supervision of the members of the association, was served on quaint tables designed by the students, who were arrayed in picturesque costumes. Several hundred guests were present, who greatly enjoyed the occasion.

The largest individual sheep owner in Texas is a woman, known all over the State as the "Widow Callahan." Her sheep, more than fifty thousand in number, wander over the ranges of Uvalde and Bandera Counties, in the south-western part of the State. Their grade is a cross between the hardy Mexican sheep and the Vermont merino. They are divided into flocks of two thousand head each, with a "bossero" and two "pastoras" in charge of each flock. At the spring and fall shearings long trains of wagons transport the "Widow's" wool to the market at San Antonio.

The Princess of Wales, now in her thirty-eighth year, is described as looking scarcely a day older than when, on March 10, nineteen years ago, she stood at the altar by the side of her young husband. Nor do advancing years change, save to deepen and strengthen the regard and affection in which she is held by the people of England. By common consent she is placed beyond the region of criticism. "What the Princee does" is the topic of free discussion—praise or blame—every night at a score of clubs and in drawing-rooms innumerable. But the good taste of "what the Princess does" is never for a moment called into question.

The Bengali Ladies' Association, which the journal of the National Indian Association calls a useful little society, for mutual improvement among Brahmica ladies at Calcutta, recently held its third anniversary meeting. Papers suitable to the occasion were read, and the president, Mrs. A. M. Bose, gave an excellent address on the work of the association. A prize of Rs. 20 and some English books, as Mr. Sasipada Banerjee's prize, were awarded to Miss L. P. Bose, for a competition essay which she had written on "A Woman's Aims in Life." After the more formal part of the proceedings had been concluded, the evening closed pleasantly with games and conversation. The half-yearly report, which was read on this occasion, stated that four meetings are held in the month. The first is a religious meeting; the second, for reading a paper and discussion; the third, for ethical and social debate; the fourth, for instruction in elementary knowledge. In the beginning of the half-year only three meetings could be arranged, owing to the low state of the funds; but these having somewhat improved, and a monthly subscription having been received from an unknown friend, the usual number of meetings had been resumed. The association has prepared a memorial to the Education Commission on the means by which female education might be improved. A scholarship has been started, and a library established, for which suitable contributions are much valued. We are very glad to find that the members are able to keep up their meetings and educational efforts with so much spirit and perseverance, and we can assure them that their friends in England look with much interest on this practical endeavor to improve the position and to increase the usefulness of Indian ladies.

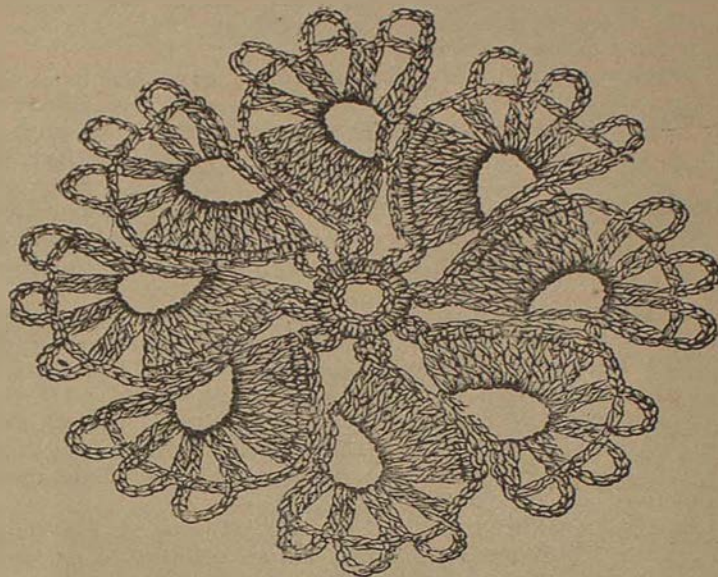


A Baby's Jacket.

CROCHET AND POINT RUSSE.—MATERIALS: WHITE AND BLUE SINGLE BERLIN WOOL.

A WELL-FITTING pattern must be cut out in lining, and the work begun from the lower edge of the jacket. 1st to 9th rows, with white wool in Victoria-stitch, but in the 1st row of the 2d and 8th pattern rows (not counting the first and the last 8 stitches), the stitches must be taken from the vertical part of the back of the stitch instead of the front as usual, so that the 1st and 7th pattern rows appear raised in relief, and the necessary decreasing must be made to suit the pattern, by crocheting 2 stitches together in the return row. The pattern begins in the 10th row, always, however, leaving the first and last 8 stitches to form the front borders. In the 1st row of each succeeding pattern row proceed as follows: Alternately one long treble, that is, put the thread round the needle, and take up a stitch from the vertical part of the next stitch, put the thread round the needle and take up a stitch from the vertical part of the stitch just underneath in the last row but one, and then draw the loops on the needle up, not all together, but at twice: 6 stitches as usual, arranging so that the last long treble touches the 8th stitch from the end, and consult illustration to see how the long treble must appear on the back. Every successive pattern row is crocheted in the same way, but the long treble pattern is moved one stitch forward every time till the center of the back, where the stripes meet, and then one stitch backward, and in the front piece begin a new pattern in every 6th row. The front and back are worked in one piece in the armhole, and then separately increasing and decreasing according to the pattern. To increase, take up the stitches from the horizontal and vertical parts of the stitches, but if it is needed to widen the work considerably, cast on, with the foundation chain for the first row, as many stitches as equal the length of the left side of the outer edge, and take the extra stitches up from them, of course leaving them unnoticed in the first pattern row. To widen on the right side of the work, cast on a sufficient number of stitches at the end of a row, and take them up in the next row. Sew the different parts together, and then crochet along the front in one piece with the 1st and 7th raised rows, similar rows raised in relief. The sleeve is begun from the upper edge, and crocheted in the same pattern as the jacket, the 5th and last pattern rows at the wrist being raised in relief as above described, and along the last a row of chain-stitch is crocheted in the back of the vertical parts of the stitches. Sew the sleeve in the armhole, and begin the collar from the lower edge. Here the 1st and 4th rows are raised in relief, and continued up the front. Round the last row of the collar is a row of treble stitch, then with blue wool edge the collar as follows: Take up 2 stitches, draw them up together, 3 chain, repeat. Sew the collar to the jacket, and crochet with white wool (for the cord to be

passed through) as follows: Take up 2 stitches, draw them out long enough, draw up together, 2 chain, miss 1, repeat. Then crochet a row with blue wool as before, round the neck and front and sleeves. For the lower part of the jacket crochet as follows with white wool: 1st, 2 treble, 1 chain, 2 treble in first stitch, 1 chain, miss 4. 2d row (with blue wool), 2 double, 3 chain, 2 double in center of 4 treble, 1 chain, draw up 2 stitches together out of the center 2 of the 4 missed stitches, taking in the chain stitch as well, 1 chain, repeat from *. Lastly, work the point russe pattern with blue wool.



Crochet Star Patterns.

CROCHET cotton, No. 16, and medium size hook. First make a round of eight chain; 2d row, two double treble, four chain, two double, repeat eight times, then break off the cotton; 3d row, fourteen chain, join in the tenth, just leaving three for the treble in next row; then two chain, two treble, four chain in a loop, two treble, repeat three times in the ring; repeat eight times, and this forms the star as design. Then join the stars in strips, and alternate a strip of satin and the stars. This pattern can be used for many purposes: sofa pillow cover, baby's carriage rug, having the satin of dark red, and line the whole with old-gold colored double-faced Canton flannel, which will show through the crochet work.

Folding Screen.

WORK the four panels of the screen as Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, the foundation being of satin sheeting. Spring is a panel of light blue, with primroses, snowdrops, violets, and curling fern fronds gracefully arranged. Summer: work a spray of roses, with fern and smaller flowers, and several butterflies of various hues, hovering overhead. The color of the background to be cream. For Autumn, have the panel of dark red, and work a tangled mass of convolvuli and leaves creeping upward, blackberries and nuts, and to one side a cluster of golden corn thrown across, with a sickle peeping out. Winter: on a background of black satin embroider a good sized twig in the foreground, on which a robin is perched. A little cottage traced in the distance, round which work sprays of holly, with touches of snow everywhere. The arrangement is most artistic. The work is embroidered in silks and the mounting in ebony and gilt.



White Soup.—Skeletons of yesterday's chickens, three or four pounds of veal bones, cracked to pieces, one pound of lean veal cut small, one pint of milk, one egg, one small cup of boiled farina, salt, pepper, minced onion and parsley for seasoning, one quart of water, and liquor in which chickens were boiled. Cover the broken chicken and veal bones, the minced veal, parsley, and onion, with the cold water and chicken liquor, and simmer until the three quarts are reduced to two.

Strain the liquor, and put back into the pot, salt and pepper, boil gently and skim for ten minutes before adding the milk and boiled farina.

Simmer another ten minutes; take out a cupful and pour over the beaten egg. Mix well, and put with the soup; let all stand covered, off the fire, two minutes and serve.

Old Fashioned Potato Soup.—To a quart of water take as many potatoes as will fill a pint measure when pared and cut in pieces. Cut the potatoes in pieces about half an inch square. Season with salt, pepper and a little butter when first put on to cook. Stew slowly in a covered pot, not allowing it to stop boiling.

Then fry thoroughly in butter, pieces of bread cut small, the quantity about equaling the potatoes; be careful not to let the bread get burnt.

When the potatoes are done, and the bread is nicely browned, pour a pint or more of sweet milk into the pan with the bread; let it "come to a boil." Then turn bread and milk into the pot with the potatoes, and serve immediately.

Lettuce Soup.—Cut up the white parts of two or four lettuces as needed, a quart of stock free from fat and boiling; into this throw the lettuces and a fine onion, chopped very fine, and a teaspoonful of salt; let it boil twenty minutes; thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour, first rubbed smoothly in cold water, and a little soup added to it; strain before putting it in the soup, then throw in a small lump of butter, size of a walnut; boil up and serve.

Rabbit Soup.—Cut up your rabbit, and put into a soup pot, with a ham bone, a bunch of sweet herbs, a bay leaf, an onion stuck with cloves, some whole pepper, and let it simmer until the meat is tender; then cut off the meat in neat squares, and return the bones and trimmings into the soup, and let it simmer until the meat is in rags; then strain it and thicken it with butter and flour, mixed on the fire without being browned; add a pint or more of red currant shrub; season to taste; let all simmer together with the meat that was cut off. Serve very hot.

Sago Soup.—Three pounds of lean meat, a slice of ham, and a lump of butter.

Draw the gravy gently; add two quarts of water, an onion fried in slices, a bunch of sweet herbs, six cloves, a blade of mace, a teaspoonful of allspice, and one of whole black pepper. Stew until the soup is rich and brown, then remove meat, and strain the soup clear. Put into a stewpan, and thicken with sago.

Squirrel Soup.—Cut up two young squirrels and put them in a pot with five quarts of cold water; season with salt and pepper.

Boil until the meat is very well done, then remove it from the liquor and cut in very small pieces.

Put in the soup a quarter of a pound of butter mixed with a little flour, and pint of cream; milk will do, but is not as good. Throw in the cut meat, and just before you serve add the beaten yolks of two eggs and a little parsley.

Chicken Soup is very good made the same way, with the addition of a pint of green corn cut from the cob, and put in when it is half done.

Leg of Beef Broth.—Take a leg of beef, break the bone in several pieces, place it in a pan with a gallon of water; remove the scum as it rises, and add three blades of mace, a crust of bread, and a small bunch of parsley. Boil till the beef is tender, toast some bread, cut it in diamonds, lay it in the bottom of the tureen, lay the meat on it, and pour the soup over it.

Chicken Broth.—Joint a chicken, wash the pieces, put them in a stew pan, with three pints of cold water, two ounces of rice,

two or three blades of mace, some white pepper whole, a pinch of salt. Simmer for three hours, skimming frequently.

Mutton Broth.—Three pounds of the scrag of mutton put into two quarts of cold water; add onion and turnips, pepper and salt; a few sweet herbs, and a little rice or pearl barley. Skim well, and boil five hours.

Grandmother's Soup.—Procure a good soup bone, and boil until tender enough to remove the meat easily; add to the liquor a few onions, and season to suit the taste; set it to boil.

Put some flour in a bowl, put in sweet milk by the drop, and keep stirring until you think you have enough to thicken the soup properly, and you will have what we call flour rubbings. Add to the soup, let it boil up; stirring all the time, and it is done. This is excellent warmed over.

Chicken Cream Soup.—Boil an old fowl with an onion in four quarts of water until there remains but two quarts. Take it out and let it get cold. Cut off the whole of the breast and chop very fine. Mix with the pounded yolks of two hard boiled eggs, and rub through a colander. Cool, skim and strain the soup into a soup pot. Season; add the chicken and egg mixture, simmer ten minutes and pour into the tureen. Then add a small cup of boiling milk.

Game or Poultry Soup.—An excellent, clear soup can be made with scraps and bones of game or poultry, boiled down with a little bacon, vegetables, such as carrots, onions, leeks, turnips, tomatoes, celery, parsley, etc., cunningly proportioned, and spices and sweet herbs. When the whole is well boiled, clear and strain it. Then serve either plain or with maccaroni or crackers.

Oyster Soup.—A shin of veal, three quarts of water, one gallon of oysters, celery, pepper, and salt. Tablespoonful of flour.

Boil the veal, celery, pepper, salt, in the water for three hours, then strain through a sieve, add a piece of butter braided in the flour, stir this and give it a boil; wash out of liquor the oysters, strain the liquor into the soup, let it boil up, then put in the oysters with a tablespoonful of mushroom sauce. Give it a boil and serve very hot.

Giblet Soup.—A scrag of veal, one dozen giblets, two onions, two carrots, mace, pepper, and salt.

Put all into a pot with three quarts of water, and boil three hours, strain the soup, cut up the gizzard, and braid up the liver, and put them into the soup; mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with a quarter pound of butter, stir this into the soup and let it boil up once.

Onion Soup.—Peel and wash a pint of very small silver onions; take a quart of milk and a pint of strong beef stock; let both boil, then throw in a teaspoonful of salt, and the onions; this soup must be kept boiling rapidly and without stopping. In a quarter of an hour the onions will be done.

Take two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, mix smoothly with a little cold water, then add some of the boiling soup. Stirring the arrowroot all the time, then throw the latter into the remainder of the soup, and serve with small dice or squares of toasted bread.

Tomato Soup.—Cook eight or ten onions in boiling water with a little salt. Peel, mash, and strain them, add a little pepper, butter, and a little flour; mince a few shreds of shallot very fine, throw this with the tomatoes in a quart of boiling stock; let it boil ten minutes and serve without straining.

French Tomato Soup.—One quart of tomatoes, three pints of boiling water, one even teaspoonful of soda, pepper and salt, each; butter, the size of an egg, one small onion minced; one quart of milk. Put tomatoes and onions over fire with the hot water, strain and rub through a colander. Boil the milk, stir in butter and soda, and after one boil keep hot. Put pepper and salt with tomatoes, simmer five minutes and then stir in the milk. Serve at once. By omitting the onion you will have a fine mock oyster soup.

Vegetable Soup.—Put a pint of lima beans, half a dozen large tomatoes, two teacups of corn cut from the cob, a few snap beans, two or three onions, and half a dozen okra into five quarts of water with three slices of lean ham. Add salt, pepper, and a few sweet herbs. Boil for two hours. Remove the ham before sending to table. Thicken with yolk of egg and a little flour.

A winter soup after the above recipe may be made by substituting dried lima beans and such other vegetables as are obtainable.

CURRENT TOPICS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON EVENTS
OF THE DAY.

INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS
WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE
PAST MONTH.—CONTEMPORANE-
OUS HISTORY FROM A FA-
MILIAR POINT OF
VIEW.

The Transit of Venus.

Well, the great astronomical event has come and gone, and scientists all over the world have been able to make observations upon Venus as it passed across the face of the sun. The full result of their studies, diagrams, and photography will not be known for several years. Several curious facts have, however, been given to the public. The spectroscope has revealed the fact, beyond all dispute, that there is water on that planet. It was known before that there was a great deal of moisture in its atmosphere, but the presence of water in the form of oceans and lakes makes it reasonable to suppose that there is life on the surface of Venus. Heat and moisture are indispensable factors in the development of vegetable and animal forms, and Venus certainly appears to have both. Professor Langley, of Pittsburg, made a very important discovery. He found a bright spot on the edge of the planet which must have covered nearly two thousand miles of the surface. This spot might have been a huge mountain, or a monster volcano, for it seemed to be an illuminated protuberance upon the face of the planet. Within a short time the astronomers will be able to give us the almost exact distance between the earth and the sun. This was the primary object of all the observations taken on the 6th of December. When once it is known how far the sun is from the earth, it will be an easy matter to find out the precise distances of all the members of the solar system from each other. Indeed, the full results of the labors of our astronomers may not be comprehended for a century. It is said of the Greeks that their discoveries in geometry seemed objectless, as they were of no immediate utility, but they proved to be of enormous benefit to the human race two thousand years later in making navigation a science. At the time the solving of geometrical problems seemed of no more value to the average Greek than is the solving of a chess problem to-day, and yet what a world of gratitude does the race owe to the Grecian geometers. In passing, it may be remarked, that in the spectroscope were many lines never seen before. It should be understood that every line shows certain peculiarities which indicate the presence of a specific metal or other material. The spectroscope reveals the fact that the atmosphere of the sun contains hydrogen, iron, sodium, and many other substances common to this earth. These have also been found on Venus, but with them other lines, for which there is nothing analagous, so far as is known, in the composition of the earth.

Speculation and Gambling.

At a recent legislative investigation in New York, Jay Gould, Wm. H. Vanderbilt, Rufus Hatch, Henry Ward Beecher, and a swarm of lesser notabilities in the railroad, financial, and religious world were examined as to the effect of speculative transactions in stocks, grain, and the other products which enter into the commerce of the world. The investigation was to find out what legislation was needed to put a stop to gambling in food products. Of course the evidence and reasoning of the different witnesses was conflicting, but the final result seemed to be that such matters regulate themselves much better than if the law interfered. The testimony seemed to be quite general that "corners" were nearly always disastrous to the persons who engineered them. A "corner," it should be understood, is where an operator or "pool" buys up, all of a sudden, stock or articles in the market, so as to force those who require that article, or who have the stock to deliver, to pay a very high price for it. Gamblers in grain and other products, when they see what they think is an unreasonably high price prevailing for any particular article, sell it for future delivery, with the hope that in the mean time the market value will be lower, so that they can "cover," thus giving them a profit. It is these "shorts," as they are technically called, who suffer by corners. There has been an enormous development in this country, within late years, of speculation in every consumable article, as well as stocks. For every thousand

bushels of grain sold, there are a hundred thousand "phantom" transactions. Yet, strangely enough, it has been found that it is not the farmer who suffers, indeed, he profits; for the syndicates who corner grain are forced to pay a high price to the producer in order to maintain the high market quotation. Then the same syndicate often helps the trade of the country by selling the grain for shipment at a low price so as to get it away from our markets. Thus, it often happens, that grain is lower in New York than in Chicago, and of less market value in Liverpool than in either. It follows that no legislation can cure this evil of speculation, if evil it is. Very eminent political economists say that the speculator fulfills a useful function—that the artificial enhancing of the market value of grain in times of scarcity saves the community from famine. If the price of grain, for instance, was fixed at the same price the year round, there would be no check to consumption, and our stores of food would be eaten up before a new harvest was gathered. Hence the monopolizer of food products saves the community from a worse evil than extortion. He reenacts the rôle of Joseph, who bought up the grain in the seven years of plenty, so as to have sufficient to tide over the seven years of famine which he foresaw was coming. It does not seem wise to impose restrictions on trade in a free country like the United States. The old common law contains severe penalties against dealers who enhance artificially the price of food; but these pains and penalties have been swept away by the statute law of more recent periods.

The Future of Egypt.

William Ewart Gladstone gained the last election over Lord Beaconsfield by his denunciation of the Eastern policy of the latter. But curiously enough, he has since adopted that policy and made it his own. The great Tory leader bought the control of the Suez Canal, and secured Cyprus with a view to the ultimate capture of Egypt, so as to give Great Britain the shortest route to India. In his whole career, Beaconsfield never did anything so repugnant to the moral sense of mankind as the bombardment of Alexandria and the war on Arabi Pasha to enforce the iniquitous claims of a syndicate of conscienceless bankers; yet Prime Minister Gladstone is responsible for these nefarious measures. It has resulted in making Great Britain master of Egypt, and the policy of Beaconsfield is vindicated by the action of Gladstone. This shows how much more potent is the drift of events, and the policy of nations, than the wishes of the men temporarily in power. Mr. Gladstone was really sincere when he protested against "Jingoism." He has been well termed the "Grand Old Man," for if ever a human being labored for the good of his human kind he has done so. History will hereafter crown him as the greatest minister as well as the best intentioned, of any who has guided the destinies of the British Empire. But the fact remains that to-day Egypt is as much a province of England as India or Canada; nor will Egypt suffer by the change. The people will be better governed than for generations past. The representatives of the bankers, called the "Board of Control," which really governed that country for some years, were a gang of plunderers, who thought of nothing but what they could get out of the unfortunate tax-ridden fellahs. If ever there was a righteous war it was that undertaken by Arabi Pasha; but in this, as in thousands of instances in history, might was not on the side of right. Lord Dufferin is now the real ruler of Egypt, the Khedive being a mere figurehead, as are the Indian princes in Hindoostan. Hereafter it will be the aim of the British Government to develop the resources of the valley of the Nile. There will be security of life and property, and the cotton and grain of Egypt will yield greater returns than at any period since these products have sought a European market. We may expect also that science will profit by European control over the archaeological treasures of that most interesting of all countries known to history. But the possession of Egypt by Great Britain is full of peril for England's future, for it brings nearer the day when she must enter the lists against Russia to retain possession of Hindoostan. The fact cannot be overlooked that for every white soldier England can place in the field Russia can place ten.

French Foreign Policy.

The prestige of France has suffered very greatly by the conquest of Egypt by Great Britain. France was a partner in the Joint Control, but she refused to cooperate in the war on Arabi Pasha and the Egyptians. This result was brought about by the intrigues of Bismarck, the object of whose foreign policy since the close of the Franco-German War has been to isolate France from every nation in Europe. The Tunisian War put an end to all friendly feeling between Italy and France, and the Egyptian imbroglio has made Great Britain and France, for all international purposes, rivals if not enemies. The French Government is keenly conscious of the unhappy position of that once proud nation, and is trying to make herself respected by a more vigorous policy in other parts of the world. We hear of French intrigues in Central Africa, where the adventurer De Brazza claims to have seized an immense territory in the name of his country. In Cochin China, French intrigues have succeeded in paving the way for an important acquisition to the French flag, and last, but not least, it is an open secret that the government is about to annex the important island of Madagascar. This island is larger than France, as it is one thousand miles long by three hundred and fifty wide. It has at present only two millions of inhabitants, but under good government, would be capable of

maintaining twenty millions, as it is very rich in natural resources. Madagascar is one of the few countries in which the colored people have shown any capacity for progress unaided by the whites. It is rapidly being christianized. Its queen was baptized in 1869, and gave proof of the sincerity of her conversion by ordering all the idols to be burned. But distant possessions and colonies are a drain upon the parent nation, unless the latter has great vitality, as has Great Britain. The British nation is multiplying at home and abroad, while the population of France has been almost stationary for many years. An alliance with Great Britain and Italy would be of far more value to the future of France than the possession of half of Africa and all the islands of the Indian Sea.

Aerial Traveling.

A couple of years since Edmund C. Stedman, the poet, published an interesting monogram on aerial navigation. He pointed out that what was needed to solve that problem was some dense substance that would hold gas, and a motor that would overcome the resistance of the atmosphere. Since this publication, Faure's discovery of how electricity can be stored and its power accumulated, has been made. This supplies the motor which is yet destined to move the aerial machine. While the substance which is to contain the gas has probably been found in aluminum, this metal is the most abundant of any on the globe, but so far the rarest, because of the difficulty of extracting it from the clay soils in which it is everywhere found. But now comes the news from England of extracting aluminum from clay at a very slight cost. At one time aluminum was eight dollars an ounce, then it was reduced to one dollar an ounce, but by the recent discovery it can be produced for ten and twelve cents an ounce. The great value of aluminum is its very great lightness, and the fact that it will not rust or corrode. Iron is costly eventually, because of its liability to oxidize, and the time will come when aluminum and its alloys will take the place of iron in the construction of bridges, tubing, and perhaps of railways. It can be immediately used to replace tableware, for which it is much better fitted than the compounds of zinc, copper, or silver. The aerial machine of the future will be of aluminum, and will be propelled by stored electricity. Mr. Stedman, in his essay, points out the curious changes which will occur when aerial navigation is once established. The cities will then probably be located on mountain tops, and unwholesome plains and valleys will be used exclusively for agricultural purposes. Human beings will then live under more wholesome conditions, because of greater liberty of choice in their dwelling-places. In view of the immense possibilities of aerial navigation, it is wonderful that rich men do not contribute of their abundance to solve this most interesting problem. Mr. Stedman thinks that before this century closes aerial navigation will be an accomplished fact, and that railways, except for carrying freight, will be as out of date as stage coaches are to-day.

Changes in Great Cities.

There was recently a great fire in London, which destroyed some \$12,000,000 worth of property. It was in the older portion of the city, where the streets were narrow, and the houses of an inferior character. The late London papers say that advantage will be taken of this calamity to very much improve the locality where the conflagration took place. Fires in great cities, while they inflict much loss on individuals, are not unmixed evils. The site of the destructive fire in New York in 1835 is now by far the most valuable part of the city. It occurred on the lower end of the island, and swept over the ground now occupied by the great banking houses and exchange buildings. The great Chicago fire led to the rebuilding of that city on a scale of greater magnitude and costliness than ever. The Boston fire which took place subsequently resulted in a notable improvement in the buildings which were afterward erected. All the great capitals of the world are gradually being rebuilt. Napoleon the Third, almost transformed Paris. London has been improved wonderfully of late years, so much so that people who saw it ten years ago would hardly recognize portions of it to-day. Piccadilly has been prolonged to New Oxford street, and Tottenham Court Road extended to Charing-Cross. These changes will make two new thoroughfares extending east and west and north and south. New York is being reconstructed; the three story office buildings down town are being replaced by enormous structures ten and twelve stories high and covering in some instances whole blocks. Then vast apartment houses, in which scores of families can be accommodated, are taking the place of the inconspicuous little dwellings occupied by one family. The cities of the future will be more compact and more densely inhabited than those of the past, for the houses will grow in height instead of extending laterally. The increasing wealth of the world will show itself more particularly in the size and splendor of the edifices designed for business and residence purposes in the great centers of population.

Diamond Weddings.

These are very rare. They are celebrated, it will be recalled, by those who are seventy-five years married. The nearest approach recently to a ceremony of this kind was that of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mumby, 53 Cranberry Street, Brooklyn, who celebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary of their marriage early in December. This couple have had eight children, only one of whom is dead, and

the eldest is sixty years of age. They have seven grandchildren, the eldest aged twenty-five, and one great grandchild aged three. Mr. Mumby has never used tobacco, and has always been very temperate. It is his practice to rise early and retire early. He and his wife have been very systematic in their habits. Still, a long life involves other conditions than good habits, though these are indispensable. One must be born of a good stock in which old people are the rule not the exception. One of the saddest facts of our life on this earth is that so many of the children of men are cut off in their early youth. One half of all the babies born die before they are five years of age. According to physiologists, if we were all well born and lived naturally we should not die till about one hundred years of age, as it has been found that well-bred animals generally live five times the period it takes them to reach maturity. Twenty is about the average for manhood and womanhood in the human race, and hence all who die before one hundred do so prematurely.

New York Stock Exchange.

Some idea of the wealth of this institution may be formed when it is recalled that it has over one thousand members, and that the price of the seats is about thirty thousand dollars each. This represents thirty millions of dollars. It is estimated that the average wealth of each broker is about eighty thousand dollars, making eighty millions more. None but very rich men are now admitted into the Board, for when a seat is sold, the financial condition of the buyer is examined, and unless there are powerful influences in his favor, he must be worth a quarter of a million before he is admitted to membership. The New York Stock Board is an extra-legal body. It has no recognized charter, and it never permits lawsuits between members or with customers. On busy days as many as a million shares of stock are often sold; and as the par value is one hundred dollars per share, these transactions therefore foot up nearly one hundred million dollars per diem. And the business is constantly increasing, for as the country grows new securities are created to be dealt in. Indeed, stock gambling has become almost a national vice. So far, it is confined to those who are fairly well-to-do, for at least one thousand dollars are required as margin for one hundred shares of stock. On the London exchange ten shares is a good delivery, and is the unit of speculation. Were ten share lots regarded as good delivery on the New York exchange, it would lead to an immense extension of stock gambling. Indeed, the gambling spirit is abroad. "Phantom," that is, speculative sales and purchases, surpass by twenty-fold actual transactions in corn, wheat, cotton, pork, petroleum, and all the great products of the country. It is these vast speculative enterprises on the part of Americans which bring about our periodical and disastrous panics.

A Prince in the Gutter.

A witty Radical once said that noble families were like the growing potato, the best and most useful part of which was underground. The sarcasm has had a new illustration in the case of Prince Camille de Polignac. When a young man, he paid court to Mlle. De La Brêtesche, but the parents objecting, the foolish girl ran away with her lover, and some kind of irregular marriage ceremony took place. A son was born, but when the boy was nine years old the father deserted the mother and child and legally married a Miss Langenberger, a rich woman. In spite of all appeals made to him, the Prince utterly refused to do anything for the son and his mother. Young Polignac when he became a man after seeking in every honorable way to make his father do him justice, at length became desperate and deliberately set fire to the latter's luxurious apartments. Of course this occurrence attracted the attention of all France to the infamous conduct of Prince de Polignac. Then the history of his great family was published. The name first appeared in the middle ages when a Polignac carried the standard of the cross in the first crusade. Ever since that time the Polignacs have taken a leading part in French affairs. But the glories of the name are gone forever, for the one who bears the title to-day is confessedly a scoundrel of the meanest type, while his son is in prison for trying to injure and perhaps to kill his unworthy father. An eccentric French woman of wealth has, it seems, taken a fancy to the young prisoner since the commission of the crime. She has engaged a counsel to defend him in court, and sends him daily the choicest food from her own table.

The Salvation Army in the far East.

The religious zealots who have been so successful in Great Britain, in attracting attention to religious services by their processions carrying banners and headed by bands of music, have penetrated to other countries, and the Salvation Army is almost as well known in Bombay, Delhi, and Calcutta, as in London, or Leeds. These fantastic appeals to the senses and the emotions to effect a religious result, have really proved successful among the Hindoos. Tens of thousands of converts have been made to the ranks of nominal Christians. The Eastern Mohammedans have taken alarm, and are organizing to counteract the efforts of the Salvationists. They have brought into play jugglers and conjurers, even the services of the *tom-tom* have been enlisted, and after nightfall the agile Nautch girl employs her tinkling feet to warn the faithful against the banner-bearing Shitans, who have come over the black waters to lure the faithful Mussulman from his Koran and his Prophet. Protestantism has so far depended

mainly upon appeals to the intellect; but the success of the Salvation Army leaders shows that religions of creed and reason can be helped by appeals to the eye, the ear, and the emotions. The success of the Salvation Army in Hindostan should be a hint to our Missionary Societies. They now know one means by which Buddhists and Mohammedans can be reached so as to be able to see Christianity in a new and attractive light.

The Colossal Statue on the Rhine.

To commemorate her victory over France, Germany is about to erect a colossal statue at Niederwal, on the Rhine. It is to be a figure of Germania, and different parts of the statue have already been cast at Munich. Its magnitude may be judged by the fact that the total weight of the metal will be forty-five tons. The heaviest section has already been cast—the throne, which weighs fifteen tons. The blade of the sword, alone, is to weigh a ton. The figures of the Rhine and the Moselle—the latter eighty feet in height—are to be placed at the pedestal. A great imperial eagle, and allegorical figures of war and peace, are to form part of the composition. This work of art shows in a very marked way the military temper of the present German government. In future ages it will not be creditable that Kaiser William and Prince Bismarck should have wished to commemorate the humiliation of the French people. It will be in such marked contrast to the erection of the giant statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," in our own New York harbor, that it cannot fail to provoke unfavorable historical comment. No doubt Germania watching the Rhine will be a noble work of art, and thousands from distant countries will look upon it with awe and wonder; but how much more inspiring will be the heaven-kissing statue of "LIBERTY" with its blazing torch lighting and pointing the way to the great metropolis of the free Republic of the west. Peace, indeed, hath her victories no less renowned than war.

A Universal Language.

A Russian priest of the Greek Church, who recently made a voyage round the world, gives it as his impression that many years will not elapse before the English language will be spoken by the largest section of the human race. It promises to become the basis of the universal language, should we ever have one. At one time it seemed as though the Latin language was to become universal; that was when Rome was mistress of the world. In the last century the French language was used almost exclusively in the polite and learned society of every nation, as well as in all diplomatic interchanges between the courts of rival countries. But now the English language is made use of in the general business of the world, and is the mother tongue of myriads of people in every quarter of the globe. There was an old saying that Spanish was the language with which to address God, Italian, women, French, men, and German, hogs. But like all wholesale sayings, it was very unjust. Since the old Greek, there is no language so suitable for every purpose as our own English tongue.

Good Use for a Palace.

There are many palaces in Europe, but none of them have been put to so good a use as that of Hampton Court Palace in England, fifteen miles from the City of London, on the Thames, which was injured by fire lately. This building is really an apartment palace, the spacious rooms of which are occupied by the decayed aristocracy and gentry, free of rental, they furnishing them themselves. This Hampton Court Palace, by the way, has quite a history. It was built by Cardinal Wolsey, who presented it to his royal master, Henry VIII. Many princes were born in it, and if its walls could speak what a tale they could unfold of the inner domestic life of the rulers of Great Britain! This palace contains many art treasures, which were fortunately uninjured by the fire.

Under a Meteoric Shadow.

According to eminent astronomers, exceptionally hot or cold weather on this planet is due to the zones of meteorites which interpose between the earth and sun depriving us of heat, and then, when the conditions are reversed, and the earth is between them and the sun, there is a vast addition to the temperature of our atmosphere. Humboldt pointed out that the cold weather about February 7 and previous to May 14, was due to zones of meteors, as also the exceptionally hot weather which culminated in our northern atmosphere about July 13. Can it be possible that man himself will ever be able to control the visible conditions under which he lives? May not some discovery enable him in time to mitigate the severity of winter's frost and to shield the earth from the torrid rays of a midsummer's sun? It seems very wild to indulge in these anticipations, but they are not more chimerical than would have been the facts of telegraphy and steam to the people who lived a thousand years ago.

Our Great National Park.

By next summer all who can afford it may visit Yellowstone Park, as the railroad will have reached it by that time. This is undoubtedly the most weird, wonderful and picturesque region on the face of the globe. It has the mountains of Switzerland, the geysers of Iceland, and the black forests of Russia; while its rare scenery reproduces all that is striking and wonder-inspir-

ing in every part of the globe. By next summer it will have hotels, roads, bridle-paths and telegraphs. So far, it has not been efficiently policed, and as a consequence the pot-hunter has been abroad, slaughtering myriads of game, which should have been sacredly protected. The time is coming when Americans will find more attractions in their own country in natural scenery than in any part of the Old World. There is nothing comparable abroad to our Gardens of the Gods in Colorado, the Yosemite Valley in California, and the Yellowstone Park in the Northwest. It is true we have no Mont Blanc, and no Rhine; but after all, Europe is attractive, not so much on account of its natural beauties as because of its historical associations. Here we see nature in its freshest and wildest aspects, but abroad we study the works of man, and the memorials of human greatness.

The Cid and his Wife.

Don Ruy Diaz was a famous knight of the middle ages. He was called "the Cid," and his wife was Ximena, a niece of King Alphonso, of Castile. He gained his great renown in fighting the Moors in Spain. Of him, as of other knights, it was said:

"His sword was rust,
His bones were dust,
And his soul is with
The saints, we trust."

Alas for the short memories of the men of the modern world. The bones of the great Cid and his wife were taken during the Peninsular war, at the beginning of this century, from the vaults of a monastery in Salamanca, and sent to Sigmaringen in Austria. By a mere accident some manuscripts were discovered in the sarcophagus, and the identity of the bones was established by one Herr Lanser. King Alphonso, of Spain, has asked that the remains should be returned to their native soil, and they will doubtless be accorded a burial commensurate with the ancient glory of the great knight of the middle ages.

Floods in Europe.

During the past month the continent of Europe has been the scene of great devastation, caused by inundations. An unprecedented quantity of rain had fallen, which caused the rivers to rise, and great damage to property has resulted, as in these densely populated countries valuable houses and barns are erected down to the very water's edge. Europe suffers from the denudation of the country, that is, the stripping of the mountains of their forest covering. Central Spain, once the most fertile region in the world, is in great part a desert to-day, because of the removal of the wood. This has dried up the springs, and the clouds are no longer attracted to the arid hills of lime and stone, which have taken the place of the forest-covered mountains of yore. We in this country are destroying our forests at a fearful rate, and already we have inundations and droughts, because of the removal of the forests, which would have prevented the one and saved us from the other. There is, it is true, a certain amount of tree-planting in the several States, but it is done unsystematically, and twenty sturdy giants of the forest are cut down where one young tree is planted. Some day the nation will take hold of this problem of tree-planting, and certain sections will be set apart for the growth of wood, and to preserve the humidity of the soil. But for many generations we will have freshets and drought both in Europe and this country on account of the waste of our forest trees.

Don't know their Incomes.

Dr. Thomas W. Evans, formerly dentist to Louis Napoleon, arrested a confidential *employé* for embezzlement. Before the Court Dr. Evans admitted that over a million francs had been abstracted from his banking account without his personal knowledge. The robbing might have gone on for years, according to his confession, without any one knowing anything about it, so large is his income. This recalls the case of Jay Gould, who on a witness stand in New York, confessed he could not recall whether a certain check he drew was for \$5,000,000 or \$7,000,000. It is doubtless true that many people go through life with a very dim idea of their annual expenses, or how much they are really worth. It is said that neither Gould nor Vanderbilt can tell within \$15,000,000 the amount their property would bring if converted into cash.

About Butter and Cheese.

We are becoming a great cheese and butter-eating nation. The home consumption of these two articles of diet has increased in a greater ratio than any other food. Cheese, like meat, is muscle-producing, and is very nutritious to people who have stomachs to digest it. People in Southern Europe can live on cheese with an onion and a little macaroni. Time was when our butter and cheese were very poor compared to those produced in certain parts of Europe. But our creameries and cheese factories now turn out an article far better than the average of that produced in Europe. It is worthy of note, also, that the use of oleomargarine has led to a demand for finer varieties of butter. Inferior butter rules low in our markets. Time was when New York and the Middle States produced the best butter, but the more favorable conditions which exist in the West have led to the production of an article which sells for several cents a pound more than Eastern butter. It is a very valuable article of food, especially in cold weather, as it supplies some of the fuel which keeps up the heat of the system.

Winneymucca's Wife.

It seems incredible, yet it is really a fact, that the young wife of an old Indian chief was deliberately murdered with her three-year-old papoose, so that she could be in the "happy hunting grounds" when her dying husband passed into the land of shadows. It seems the poor creature was taken to a spring, and ordered to bathe. After being cleansed, the other squaws tied her to a stake, and then appeared on the scene one hundred male Indians who began the bloody work. Heavy stones were procured, and each Indian in passing hurled them at the poor creature's back. She was soon reduced to an indistinguishable corpse, but before dying her little child had its brains dashed out in her presence. It seems incredible that so barbarous a proceeding could have taken place in this country, but newspapers published near the scene of the murder give a minute description of it. Yet these Indians are wards of this Christian nation, and are in regular receipt of food and money from the treasury of the United States!

The Rights of Wives.

It seems that under our laws, as interpreted in the States of New York and Ohio, husbands still have the right to beat their wives. A certain Mr. Schultz assaulted Mrs. Schultz. She claimed damages for a certain amount. A verdict was given in her favor; whereupon the case was sent to the Court of Appeals, and it was decided that the court below was wrong, and that under the common law a husband has the right to punish his spouse by blows or otherwise, provided it is done judiciously; in other words, he must not use undue violence. When the case came before him in a lower court, Judge Davis said that the wife's tongue often inflicted more cruel wounds than could the husband's fist or stick. In the Ohio case, the judge decided that the laws giving women their rights of property in no way change their relation to their husbands from a conjugal point of view. The wife may own the house and furniture, but she cannot forbid her husband from using a room, a chair, or a book. Even if the husband uses them against her will, she cannot sue him as she could another man for trespass or damages. While it seems a man is legally responsible for the support of his wife, yet if she has property he does acquire certain valuable moneyed privileges because of the fact that he is the husband.

Imprisoned for Life.

Would it not be wise to have a court in perpetual session to keep an oversight of persons who are imprisoned for long terms or for life? Many cases occur in which people are sentenced wrongfully, or when public indignation runs high, and a review of such cases would do no harm, and might save much suffering. Any of us who has been kept at home by bad weather, sickness, or for some domestic reason, will recall how irksome was the confinement. Think, then, what imprisonment means, and that for life. In the jail of Brooklyn, N. Y., there are six women undergoing sentence for life. Two of them have already served sixteen years. They all declare their innocence of the crimes imputed to them. Two were undergoing punishment for destroying children who should never have been born; another had, in the opinion of the court, committed arson. More than one of these women had been sentenced by Recorder Hackett, who died insane, and who was noted for his ferocious sentences. He was undoubtedly out of his mind for several years before he died, and scores of prisoners suffered from the diseased malice of this mad judge. It should be remembered that these people in time come to have no friends. Relatives move away or die, and many years do not elapse before they are entirely alone in the world. Some of the various charitable societies, composed mainly of women, should move in this matter, and try to learn the story of every person sentenced to imprisonment for life, or for any long period.

Our Imports and Exports.

We have been importing rather too much during the past year, and our warehouses have got so full, that there is no further need of buying goods abroad. Then our exports have increased largely. We are now sending forward a great deal of cotton, wheat, and corn. It has been found that the crops were not so very large on the Continent, a proof of which is found in the fact that France and Germany are buying three bushels of our cereals this year to one last year. It is now expected that gold will again begin to come from Europe, in which case we will see a great revival of industry in the early part of 1883. The nation is rich in natural productions. We never had so much cotton, wheat, corn, and petroleum, to send abroad. The prospect ahead is hopeful.

Reviving Greek Plays.

A short time since a number of students of Harvard University produced the *Antigone* of Sophocles in the original Greek. It was an interesting performance, and attracted much and deserved attention. The students of Cambridge University, in England, have followed this example by playing the Greek play, "The Death and Burial of Ajax," by Sophocles. This is the first time in two thousand years that this particular play has been acted. It naturally attracted a great deal of attention, and the actors were praised highly for their work. The music was original, and

undoubtedly far superior to that actually performed in Athens when the play was originally produced. Although Greek music has not come down to us, a good deal is known about it. The Athenian orchestras had as many different instruments as those used in modern music halls and opera houses; but, of course, the pipe and the reed predominated. They had nothing corresponding to the violin or the brass instruments. The musical accompaniments were usually chanting by the chorus; but the marvelous harmony and the melody of modern music were unrevealed even to the most advanced of the cultured Greeks. It has been denied that the race has advanced in the knowledge of morals, but no one disputes that science has had a prodigious development, and that music occupies a far higher place than it did when Sophocles wrote, and Phidias fashioned his wondrous statues.

Why Not?

The Canadian papers are anxious for reciprocity. During the civil war the treaty allowing an interchange of goods was abolished, and since then the Dominion has enacted a new tariff which bears severely on American manufactures. We have duties on lumber and other raw material raised on the other side of the lakes and the St. Lawrence. People on the border, and all who trade, know how onerous, vexatious, and wasteful are the rival impost duties. But why don't the people of the Dominion make application for admission into the Union? The present condition of British North America is most anomalous. It governs itself after a fashion, but has no place among the nations of the earth. It is the mere colony, the dependency of a little island which can give it no equivalent for its loss of independence. Annexed to the great United States, it would have its senators and representatives, forming a part of the governing body. Its rulers to-day are alien princes or scions of a foreign aristocracy, while if it formed an integral part of the United States, Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Halifax, or Manitoba might supply the future president of the continent of North America. Nature has put no boundary between the United States and the Dominion; the latter is militarily indefensible. So long as we were cursed by slavery there was a valid reason why the people of the Dominion should not wish to cast their lot with the American people. But while there are a thousand reasons why Canada should wish to join its lot with the American Union, there is none worth a moment's consideration on the other side of the question. It is to the credit of the United States that during all the years of its history it has never made any attempt by force or flattery to induce the Canadians to join the Union. The overtures, when made, should come from the weaker people.

The Earth Struck by a Comet.

This occurred some thirty thousand years ago, if we are to believe Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, who has written a book to prove that the earth must have passed through the tail of a comet, not only once, but many times; and he claims there is abundant evidence on the surface of our globe to prove that this catastrophe really occurred. The great deposits of unstratified clay which are found in so many quarters, especially in the northern hemisphere, the author we are quoting believes came from substances in the tail of the comet through which the earth passed. Nearly every one is familiar with the erosions found on tops of hills and mountains, running uniformly from the north-east to the south-west. This has been attributed to a glacial period, when the larger portion of the earth was covered with water, and great icebergs, carrying rocks and stones in their bottoms, swept over the highest hills, making the marks now visible on so many mountain and hill tops. Mr. Donnelly does not deny that ice was formed in great quantities after the earth was struck by the tail of the comet, but he claims that the cosmic matter of which the tail was composed embraced clay dust as well as stones, boulders, and even rocks. When the earth passed through the comet's tail, like a bullet through a board, intense heat would be generated: seas, rivers, and even oceans would be vaporized. Some portions of the earth would become floods of molten fire, and finally, the sudden refrigeration would form enormous masses of ice in the polar regions, which it would take thousands of years to liquefy. Comets abound in our solar system. Humboldt in his time, supposed there might be 117,500,000 of them, and still later astronomers put the number at 500,000,000, without counting those which reach us from other solar systems. The surprising thing is that the earth is not oftener struck by comets than it is. Halley's comet was 150,000,000 miles in length, from the nucleus to the end of the tail. Hence, with its head in the sun, it might have reached 60,000,000 of miles beyond the orbit of the earth. In the year 1779, Lexell's comet approached the earth so closely that it would have increased the sidereal year by three hours, if its mass had been equal to that of the earth. It finally became entangled in the moons of Jupiter, and lost a great portion of its tail. Mr. Donnelly suspects that some such catastrophe must have happened to that planet and its satellites, as that from which the earth suffered previous to the so-called glacial era. All this is very interesting and ingenious, but astronomers as yet have not accepted Mr. Donnelly's views. Indeed, all recent geologists have been trying to account for the appearance of the earth without allowing for any catastrophe. Given time enough, and one can account for mountains, oceans, and the enormous processions of the different orders of animals which have appeared at different intervals on this globe.

Scientific.

Muscular exercise is generally the best preventive measure against "a cold."

Adulterations of Glycerine.—Sugar, glucose, dextrine, and gum are often used as intentional adulterations of glycerine.

In cold weather the air contains more moisture than in hot. In fact no amount of warmth in the atmosphere will dispel its moisture, and the simplest way to obtain dry air is by means of cold. The moisture can be entirely frozen out of the atmosphere, and that is the only way it can be fully removed.

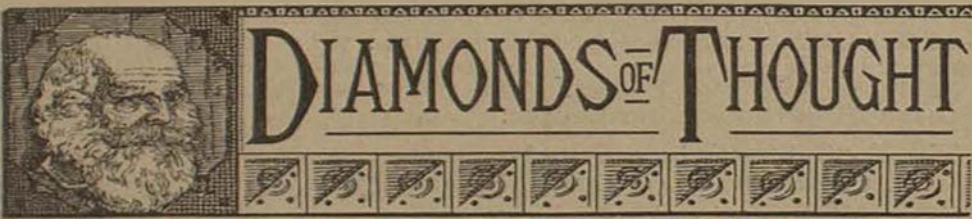
Straw to be bleached must be soaked in a solution of soda and moved about in a bath containing two ounces of permanganate of potassium to one gallon of water. When the straw has acquired a light brown color, it is washed first in water and then in a solution of bisulphate of sodium.

Great disinfectant and antiseptic action is said to result from the proper use of copper. M. Bureq recommends treatment of infectious diseases with salts of copper, the injection of the wood of huts with copper sulphate, and the application of copper to infected furniture, clothing, and other suspected articles.

The following compound for general use as a grease eradicator is recommended by the *Chemist and Druggist*—Castile soap, in shavings, four ounces; carbonate of sodium, two ounces; borax, one ounce; aqua ammonia, seven ounces; alcohol, three ounces; sulphuric ether, two ounces. Soft water enough to make one gallon. Boil the soap in the water until it is dissolved, and then add the other ingredients.

Good yeast can be kept in excellent condition if it is twice well washed with ice-cold hard spring water and then dried and well pressed. This mass is afterward to be well mixed with malt dust and stored in closed jars in ice cellars.

Paper in a variety of forms, which shall be both luminous and proof against damp, is made up of the following substances: Water, ten parts; paper pulp, forty parts; phosphorescent powder—by preference slaked for twenty-four hours—twenty parts; gelatine, one part, and saturated solution of bi-chromate of potash, one part. The gelatine resists the damp and the phosphorescent powder secures luminosity.



"I am not cold, I am used to it."—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

A day to make home doubly home.—*The Battle of Life.*

"Marchioness, the word of a gentleman is as good as his bond."—*The Old Curiosity Shop.*

We never tire of the friendships we form with books.—*Letter to Forster.*

The incompetent servant, however well intentioned, is always against his master.—*Our Mutual Friend.*

Men who go through the world in armor, defend themselves from quite as much good as evil.—*The Old Curiosity Shop.*

Among men who have any sound and sterling qualities, there is nothing so contagious as pure openness of heart.—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

Any propagation of goodness and benevolence is no small addition to the aristocracy of nature.—*The Old Curiosity Shop.*

Two people who cannot afford to play cards for money sometimes sit down to a quiet game for love.—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

Such a wild winter day as best prepares the way for shut out night; for music, laughter, dancing, light and jovial entertainment.—*The Battle of Life.*

We are bound to give the New Year credit for being a good one until he proves himself unworthy the confidence reposed in him.—*Sketches of Characters.*

"My butcher says he wants that little bill; it is a part of the unconscious poetry of the man's nature that he always calls it a little bill."—*Bleak House.*

The New Year, the New Year. Everywhere the New Year. The Old Year was already looked upon as dead, and its effects were selling cheap like some drowned mariners at sea.—*The Chimes.*

"Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure nineteen, nineteen six—result, happiness. Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure twenty pound, nought and six—result, misery."—*David Copperfield.*

There are people who feed themselves with their griefs and worries till they grow fat upon them.—*Carmen Sylva.*

No man who was not a gentleman at heart ever was, since the world began, a gentleman in manner.—*Great Expectations.*

Avoid the scolding tone. A tired mother may find it hard to do this; but it is she who will get most good by observing the rule.

Sincerity does not consist in speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing it when silence would be censurable and falsehood inexcusable.

The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor.

The habit of doing wrong is strongest in the idle mind, and can be driven out only by something better occupying its place.

When a king asked Euclid, the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in an easier manner, he was answered that there was no royal road to geometry.

No man is so foolish but he may give another good counsel sometimes; and no man is so wise but he may err if he will take no other's counsel but his own.

It was the advice of one who accomplished an incredible amount of literary labor to do whatever is to be done, and take the hours of reflection and recreation after business, and never before it.

There is very little that we do in the way of helping our neighbors that does not come back in blessings on ourselves.

If spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

By example, a thousand times more quickly than by precept, children can be taught to speak kindly to each other, to acknowledge favors, to be gentle and unselfish, to be thoughtful and considerate of the comforts of the family.

It is not to be doubted that men and women who are and have been exclusively devoted to one pursuit, or limited to a single line of thought, are narrower in mind and more circumscribed in powers than those who have had a broader field of vision and a larger culture.

It is a gratifying thought that whatever is good and true and pure is also durable. Evil has within it the seeds of decay; good, the germs of growth. The laborer who would have his work last long must do it well. The mother who would make her influence permanent must see to it that it is on the side of goodness and intelligence.

Advanced civilization does not consist in luxury, but it does consist in and depend upon (so Burke tells us) two principles—the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion. The spirit of a gentleman is the spirit of a clear judgment, and of even-handed justice and honor; and the spirit of religion is to love our neighbor as ourself, and to accord to others participation in those rights and duties which we ourselves most sacredly prize.



"You will find the painting looks better a little way off," said the artist. "Yes," said his brutal friend, "a mile, or so."

A reputation once broken may possibly be repaired, but, as Josh Billings remarks, "the world will always keep their eyes on the spot where the crack was."

"I can marry any girl I please," he said. "Can you give me the name of any girl that you please?" she icily enquired. They do not speak now.

A broken promise can never be mended. A new one must be made to take its place.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Will you tell me," asked an old gentleman of a lady, "what Mrs. X.'s maiden name was?" "Why, her maiden aim was to get married, of course!" exclaimed the lady.

"What makes the milk so warm?" the milkman was asked, when he brought the can to the door one morning. "Please, mum," he answered, "the pump-handle's broke, and the missus took the water from the boiler."

A London paper says—"In the State of New England apples of the best quality can be bought at something like three halfpence a bushel, or rather less than what we have to pay sometimes in London for a single specimen." That paper needs an American editor.

The Real Want.—A couple of lawyers engaged in a case were recently discussing the issue. "At all events," said the younger and more enthusiastic, "we have justice on our side." To which the older and wiser replied, "Quite true; but what we want is the Chief Justice on our side."

Why, Oh! Why is it that a young man and a young woman will sit for hours and hours together in a parlor without saying a word; and then, when it is time for him to leave, stand an hour talking earnestly on the front stoop in the still pneumonic air?

Honest.—That was a frank reply to a friend's intimation of his approaching marriage: "I should make my compliments to both of you; but as I don't know the young lady, I can't felicitate you, and I know you so well that I can't felicitate her."

"Is the Turkish civil-service system like ours?" asked a traveler in the East of a pasha. "Are there retiring allowances and pensions, for instance?" "My illustrious friend and joy of my life," replied the pasha, "Allah is great; and the public functionary who stands in need of a retiring allowance when his term of office expires is an ass! I have spoken."



MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE
THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

Review of Fashions.

HERE is little that is new to chronicle in the fashions of the month that precedes the opening of the Spring according to the almanac, and that at least carries the burden of preparation upon its ample shoulders. February is a month of apparent rest from the changing moods of the fickle goddess—at least so far as the important matters of the toilet are concerned. The interregnum, therefore, affords as good an opportunity as any other to look over the whole ground, take a general survey of the field, and see what is required to produce better results than we get at present.

One of the first, and most obvious, aspects is the extent and variety of the range which is covered, and should be carefully considered in whatever is done by clothes makers in this country. In an immense extent of territory we have every kind of climate, and habit of social life, and dress ought to be adapted with more definiteness of purpose than it is to the widely varying conditions. In the North we have six months of winter,—in the East hardly any summer,—yet a few hundreds of miles to the south of us cold weather is almost unknown; and in the month of February, when we are shivering under the frost, and sleet, and dreading the cold, blustering ides of March, our neighbors sit with their windows open, drinking in the sweetness of the early flowers, or watch the growth of tender vegetables, which do not ripen with us till June, or later.

For these vastly different temperatures to follow the same canons in regard to dress is an absurdity; they need to have their special requirements attended to, and thought out, so that all can find the freshness, the novelty, the variety, the fitness desirable in modern attire. Ladies no farther south than Baltimore find little need of fur-lined cloaks and heavy wraps, yet they would get very tired of being confined to the intermittent and intermediate little mantle, dolman, or visite, and might adopt many ideas in lighter garments which find but little opportunity for expression in a more sudden and extreme latitude, where twenty-four hours sometimes changes Arctic snows into tropical heat.

It is difficult undoubtedly for unimaginative persons to realize a state of things quite opposite to those which surround themselves; but it is still more difficult for those who cater to the public taste to create a constant succession of almost infinite variety: a good deal must depend

upon the intelligence of the people at large, who by judgment and forethought can utilize, adapt, arrange and classify the modes submitted to them. There is the long cloak, for example, which is capable of modification and adaptation that fits it to all climates, seasons and persons, yet is so often thought to be totally unsuitable for anything but heavy materials and cold winter wear. In France, the large, long cloak that almost covers the person is made in lace lined with silk or satin. It is made also in the finest India wools, and lined with twilled silk of light weight. These garments are beautiful, exceedingly well adapted at all times to ladies past middle age, who can not, or should not, wear jackets, or short, patchy looking garments, for these are undignified and unbecoming after a certain age, and who desire elegance as well as protection in an outdoor wrap. Some of the most costly of these cloaks are still made with a fullness shirred in the back, some with a Watteau plait, some with a gathering, and shoulder pieces forming sleeves, and some plain, and well cut in to the figure.

A well-cut garment having long lines must look well in rich materials, and the difference between the thick figured fabric and the thin, is one of texture only. We use this garment specially for illustration in the case because it is one which ought to be less subject to changes than many others of less importance. In all climates it is necessary to health to preserve a somewhat equal balance of temperature. It is not good to sometimes have outdoor garments coming down to the ground, and at the same season of another year have them cut off to the arm-pits. Besides, cloaks are worn only occasionally, and an elegant one lasts, or ought to last, several years, and should be replaced, as shawls are, without much regard to anything but personal taste, quality and price. To change the form radically every year—to make fullness a fashion in all materials, and for all persons—and then suddenly intermit it, and allow it to none, is as absurd as it is unnecessary.

There will be constant changes of course, more in the future than in the past, for the mechanism of dress is part of the scheme of life, which is constantly becoming more elaborate, and highly wrought. But its many-sidedness has the advantage of presenting a much broader field for selection, and larger opportunities for cultivating individual taste, while really good and permanent ideas reach a public quicker, and are as likely to exist to-morrow, as while bearing of them yesterday or to-day. When men and women accept dress for what it is—one of the important factors in our social life

—one of the mediums by which art, conscience, intelligence, taste, and the culture of the individual express themselves, it will stand a better chance of fulfilling its purpose. To call dress "frivolous" is as senseless as to call eating vulgar. Both are necessities that require constant thought, care, and intelligent adaptation, and when people generally bestow that attention on these subjects which they now consider ought to be bestowed only upon "higher" matters, it will be better for the world in general.

Illustrated Designs for the Month.

WE direct the special attention of ladies who wish to prepare for an early spring, to our designs for this month, as they will find many of them specially useful and valuable. The "Oriana" is a winter costume intended for plush, velvet, and heavy materials, but it would also look well in fine wool, cashmere, vigogne, camel's hair, and the like, with silk front, plaiting and drapery. The costume consists of plain, gored walking skirt and jacket, the plush or velvet forming the jacket and plain part of the skirt, the silk the under part of the front, which is cut out in lozenge shapes, the plaiting and the drapery. The whole may be made in dark green wool for spring, with silk for the front, and little simulated vest only, at the throat, and the jacket braided, and fastened with festooned cords. The sides also might be decorated with a little upright braiding pattern, where they unite with the drapery, if this was considered desirable.

A charming model for a walking costume in all wool will be found also in the "Valentia" walking skirt combined with the "Everard" basque. The foundation consists of a short gored walking skirt, mounted with a kilt plaiting which extends up on one side, and from which the draped overskirt is drawn away with thick cords, which are used as festooning, and to edge the sides and battlemented edge at the bottom of the overskirt. The basque is half double-breasted, has a postilion back, and is cut away from the lower part of the front.

The "Aspasia" costume is well suited to materials of light weight, fine woolens, cashmeres, Chuddah cloths, silk pongees, buntings, and braided linens. The pattern consists of gored walking skirt, with Princess overdress, forming a draped apron, and drapery at the back, mounted upon a well-outlined basque. Round the bottom of the skirt is a thick plaited ruching. The apron, front of bodice, and sleeves can be trimmed with braiding or embroidery, or both.

The "Maddalena" walking skirt furnishes the foundation of a stylish walking dress in a skirt which will be fashionable for a year to come, and the drapery of which may be copied closely, or modified to suit individual tastes. For example, the apron may be removed altogether, and the side paniers drawn up, made less full, and shorter. The back drapery can hardly be improved, but it may be arranged as a series of puffings, if preferred; or as a triple box-plait, giving a Watteau effect. A French bodice, plain on the shoulder, but plaited into a belt, looks well with it.

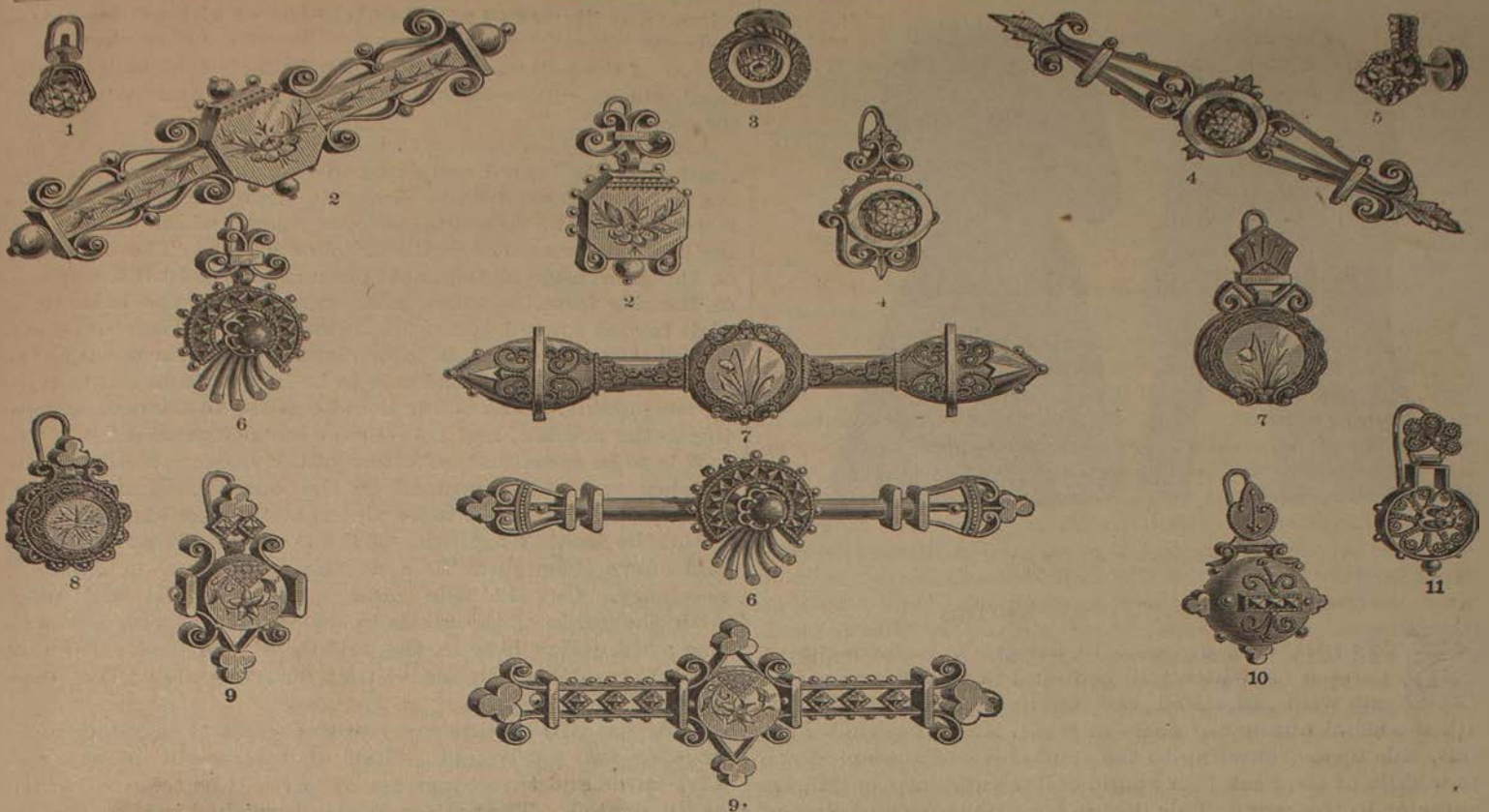
The "Housekeeping" dress will be welcome to many ladies who in domestic parlance "do their own work," who want simple, but yet lady-like house dresses, or at least dresses that no lady need be ashamed to wear. The house-keeping dress furnishes such a design. It may be made in print or in wool, in chintz or in washing foulard, and will look well in all. It would be pretty in garnet alpaca, or sprigged muslin, in polka-dotted cambric, or dainty linen lawn, in useful Scotch gingham, or primrose satine. It is easily made, and those ladies who wish to provide for the future will make at least three of these dresses for the com-

ing summer days in pretty materials, that will not be shamed by the tints of the grass and the flowers, and including one of the lovely blue grays with white dots, that look so cheerful and so summery, as if they had a holiday welcome for holiday seekers. The "Watteau" polonaise is a useful spring design which may be strongly recommended for wear over plain silk skirts, either black or the color of the ground part of the polonaise. Of course, polonaise and skirt may be all of one material, and this plain, but the tendency is toward plain skirts, and an overdress, either figured in the same color, or having a contrasting spot upon the same colored ground. Sometimes the spot will be shaded in two tints of the ground color. As for example: A polonaise of gray wool over gray silk, will be enriched by two moons, laid one over the other, in two shades of gray, one the ground shade, one darker. Brown will show the same conjunction of tints. The Watteau polonaise may be used for dotted foulards, striped or dotted cambrics, or chintzes, and the flowered satines, which are likely to be as fashionable during the coming season as last year. The vest can be retained or omitted at pleasure. Over a gray silk skirt, it would be made in gray silk, with a narrow striped blue, buff, or mauve cambric; it looks well in white piqué, with tiny gold buttons, put in with rings and eyelets.

The "Newcastle" coat is a good design for tourist coat, made in wool, with narrow, striped bordering, over a short walking skirt.



Oriana Costume.—An elegant model, particularly well adapted to plush, velveteen or similar materials, this costume consists of a short, gored walking skirt, trimmed with box-plaiting around the bottom, and having a *bouffante* drapery at the back, with a novel arrangement of the front, which is quite plain, but cut out in lozenges to show the skirt underneath; and a jacket cut away in front and with postilion plaits at the back. The jacket is tight fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A wide collar and *revers* complete the design, which is suitable for any class of dress goods, especially heavy fabrics, and is an excellent model for a combination of materials. The front view of this costume is shown on Fig. 3 of the plate of "Ladies' Street Costumes." Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



Lace Pins and Ear-rings.

No. 1.—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.

No. 2.—This handsome set comprises lace pin and ear-drops of "rolled" gold. The pin is a square bar of highly polished gold, with light scrolls in knife-edge work. In the center is set an octagon-shaped flat medallion of highly polished gold, engraved in a floral pattern. The ear-rings match in design, and have solid gold wires; and all the polished gold that is seen on the surface is solid. Price, \$5.75.

No. 3.—A dainty pair of "rolled" gold screw ear-knobs. The design is a raised circle of highly polished gold, in which is set a brilliant white stone, with patent foil back greatly increasing the showy appearance, and giving it all the luster of a genuine diamond. On one side, around the raised rim, is a crescent of green, frosted gold. Price, \$2.25.

No. 4.—Comprising a delicate lace pin and ear-drops, this pretty set is of "rolled" gold, set with large, pure white stones, in diamond knife-edge work. The lace pin consists of double scrolls in highly polished knife-edge work, with engraved fleur-de-lis leaves at either end. In the center is set, surrounded by a circular rim of highly polished gold, a white stone, with patent foil back, as brilliant and showy as a genuine diamond. The ear-rings, matching in design, are set with similar white stones, and have solid gold wires. All the polished gold that is seen on the surface is solid. Price, \$4.50.

No. 5.—A unique style of screw ear-knobs of "rolled" gold, representing a claw in which is held a single pure white and brilliant stone, set with patent foil back which imparts the luster and showy appearance of a genuine diamond. Price, \$2.38.

No. 6.—A beautiful "set" of "rolled" gold, comprising lace pin and ear-drops. The pin is a cylindrical bar of highly polished gold having trefoils and scroll-like ornaments at

either end, and in the center a horse-shoe shaped ornament set with garnets surrounding a carbuncle which is set higher. Tiny branches of polished gold radiate from the lower part of the setting. The ear-rings match in design. The same design can be furnished set with turquoises in the horse-shoe, and a pure white stone in the place of the carbuncle. The white stone is set with patent foil back giving it all the luster of a genuine diamond; and the ear-rings have solid gold wires. Price, in either style, \$5.50.

No. 7.—A beautiful set of "rolled" gold, comprising lace pin and ear-drops. The lace-pin is quite elaborate, and is of dead gold, handsomely decorated with filigree, and has a flat circle of engraved and highly polished gold on the outside. The ear-rings are pendent balls and match in design, and have solid gold wires. All the polished gold that is seen on the surface is solid. Price, \$4.00.

No. 8.—A dainty pair of ear-drops of "rolled" gold, beautifully ornate with filigree and light scrolls. The balls swing from tiny trefoils of polished gold, and the surface of each ball is ornamented with a flat plaque of highly polished and engraved gold. The ear-rings have solid gold wires, and all the polished gold seen on the surface is solid. Price, \$1.75.

No. 9.—"Rolled" gold and turquoise set, consisting of lace pin and ear-drops of polished gold, engraved and ornamented with tiny trefoils. The blue turquoises are in diamond-shaped settings, and give a very pretty effect. The ear-rings have solid gold wires, and all the polished gold seen on the surface is solid. Price, \$5.25.

No. 10.—Ball ear-rings of "rolled" gold. The satin-finished surface is beautifully ornamented with tiny trefoils of polished gold, and three turquoises are set in a bar on the outside. The ball swings from an ornament, satin-finished and decorated with filigree, which composes the top of the ear-ring; the wires are solid gold. Price, \$2.00.

No. 11.—These delicate ear-rings are of solid gold, with the rosetted filigree pendant surrounded by a raised frame of highly-polished gold. In the center of the rosette is set a small real diamond, perfectly white and brilliant. Price, \$11.50.



Newcastle Coat.

BUST MEASURE 36 INCHES.

STYLISH and graceful in design, this garment—a pattern for which will be found in this Magazine—is cut with simulated vest fronts and is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. A round collar and deep cuffs give character to the coat. This design is suitable for any class of goods used for ladies' out-door garments, and is most effective

trimmed as illustrated with bands of fur, or with a contrasting material.

Half of the pattern is given, consisting of eight pieces—front, side gore, side form, back, collar, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve.

Join the parts according to the notches. The darts in the front are to be basted and fitted to the figure before they are cut off. The row of holes down the front shows where the front edge of the trimming is to be placed, which will give to the portion forward of it the effect of a vest. The extension on the front edge of the back piece is to be joined to the one on the side form, and then laid, according to the holes, in a plait turned toward the front on the inside. The seam down the middle of the back is to be closed only as far down as the extension, and the extension is to be lapped from left to right on the outside. The collar is to be sewed to the neck according to the notches, and rolled over but not pressed flat. The cuff is to be sewed to the bottom of the sleeve according to the notches, and turned upward on the outside. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed at the shoulder seam.

Cut the fronts lengthwise of the goods on their front edges, and curve them in a little at the waist line in fitting, if necessary. Cut the side gores, side forms and back pieces with the grain of the goods in an exact line with the waist line; the collar bias in the middle of the back; the cuffs straight, and the sleeves so that the parts above the elbows shall be the straight way of the goods.

This size will require five yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or two yards and a half of forty-eight inches wide. Five yards and three-quarters of fur will be required to trim as illustrated. The pattern is also furnished in a smaller and larger sizes. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Aspasia Costume.—This graceful model is composed of a short, gored walking-skirt, trimmed at the foot with a thick *ruche* of platings, and a princess overdress arranged with a deep pointed apron in front, and a *bouffante* back drapery mounted upon a tight-fitting basque having the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A short, draped apron of contrasting material conceals the joining of the basque and pointed drapery in front. A round collar and deep cuffs on the coat sleeves complete the design, which is adapted to any class of dress goods, and is especially stylish in combination as illustrated; and it may be trimmed with *soutache*, or in any other style to suit the



taste, or according to the material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Watteau Polonaise.—This graceful design represents a polonaise with Watteau back, draped high at the sides, and long, cut-away fronts opening over a Louis XVI. vest. The polonaise is tight-fitting, with one dart in each side in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes and cut in one piece with the back, and a double box-plait down the middle of the back. A round, falling collar and deep cuffs complete the design, which is adapted to any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed to suit the taste and the material employed. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Costumes for Brides and Bridesmaids.

QUITE a new departure has been taken recently in the adoption of colors for the dresses of bridesmaids instead of the repetition of the conventional white. Why it should ever have been considered necessary for bridesmaids to wear white does not appear. There is a pretty sentiment in the purity of the robes of the bride, but the bridesmaids ought to be differentiated in some way from their companion who is about to take a serious step, and separate herself forever from the old happy life. It ought to represent the innocence and joyousness of youth, the free hopeful spirit which is still theirs, and which would naturally express itself in tints and colors, in light delicate green, mauve, pink, and dull pale gold.

At a recent bridal, the church procession was headed by two little girls dressed after the "Greenaway" models in rose-pink veiling, with Surah sashes. The bridesmaids also wore rose-pink of the palest shade, the material being Ottoman silk. Their dresses were all alike, with short demi-trains and pink velvet corsages cut square in the neck and trimmed with Duchesse lace. Their coiffures were arranged with white tulle veils and pink ostrich tips, while the little girls wore poke bonnets of pink velvet trimmed with ostrich tips. All carried beautiful bouquets of Catherine Mermet roses. The bride wore white brocade and satin with point lace. Her long court train and square-cut bodice were of brocaded satin, and the petticoat, arranged in box-plaits, of plain white satin. The sleeves were of point lace entirely, and the opening in the bodice was filled in with the same costly garniture. She also wore a point lace veil with coronet of orange blossoms. Her jewels were diamonds set in ear-rings, lace pin and pendant, and she carried a bouquet of maiden-hair fern and lilies of the valley.

At another wedding the dresses of the bridesmaids were of *crevette* pink Ottoman silk trimmed with Oriental lace in panels on the short skirt which were finished with full box-plaiting around the bottom. Square cut corsages filled in with Oriental lace completed the dresses, and coquettish little bonnets of dark red velvet trimmed with clusters of red berries in front imparted a brilliant effect to these unique costumes. The bridesmaids carried immense bouquets of Perle du Jardin roses. Two little girls dressed in Mother Hubbard style preceded the bride. They carried bouquets of yellow roses, and wore gowns of pale blue brocaded with white flowers, and shirred at the back over point lace *guimpes*. Tan-colored mousquetaire gloves completed their toilets.

The bridal toilet was of cream white satin Surah with full court train edged with narrow box-plaiting all around. A tablier of lace embroidered richly with pearl and crystal beads covered the front of the skirt, and was ornamented with a few sprays of orange blossoms. The corsage was cut square in front, and trimmed with point lace, and the veil, of rare old point, was caught to the coiffure by a star of diamonds. Long white mousquetaire gloves, and bouquet of orange flowers and white lilacs.

At a late and very beautiful wedding the bridesmaids adhered to the time-honored custom, and dressed entirely in white. The short costumes were of white satin Surah elegantly trimmed with Duchesse lace; the sleeves, collar, and fronts of the skirts being composed almost exclusively of this exquisite lace. The bride wore plain white satin of rich quality, but very simply made in Princesse style, with long, round train, heart-shaped corsage, and elbow sleeves. The train was trimmed all around with a very full ruched plaiting of satin. Her point-lace veil was looped and fastened with orange blossoms, and she wore a corsage bouquet to correspond. The corsage was filled in with point lace fastened with a diamond lace pin. She carried a bouquet of white

roses, and the bridesmaids' bouquets were of Maréchal Niel and Catherine Mermet roses. At this wedding there was the unusual formality of an old-fashioned sit-down wedding breakfast. The bride and groom sat side by side half-way down the table, exactly opposite the bride's cake, which was placed in the middle. The table decorations were exceptionally beautiful. The wedding favors were of satin ribbon with the bridal monogram and date of the wedding painted on them, with the name of the lady or gentleman for whom they were intended. Those for the ladies were of narrow cream satin ribbon, with the letters painted in blue and gold, and were tied around a cluster of roses. The ribbons for the gentlemen were considerably wider, and were painted with red and gold letters on lilac satin.

At a wedding conducted in the English style, the bridal toilet was particularly artistic and beautiful. It was composed of white satin Duchesse and satin brocade, trimmed with an embroidery of pearls and silver; the sleeves were entirely of pearls, and the bodice was finished with a Medicis collar of pearls; she wore a wreath of orange blossoms, to which a white tulle veil, embroidered with pearls, was attached with diamonds; and her ornaments included a pearl necklace, with diamond pendant. The bridesmaids were dressed alike in extremely tasteful costumes of cream cashmere and plush, with velvet hats to correspond.

The bride's sister wore a beautiful dress of brown spotted velvet and fine cloth, with a velvet bonnet trimmed with sable tails. And when the newly married couple left on their wedding tour, the bride wore a dress of mahogany-colored velvet and vigogne, with bonnet and muff to match.



Maddalena Walking Skirt.—A graceful model, composed of a short gored skirt escaping the ground all around and trimmed around the bottom with a knife-plaiting and a wide box-plaiting, gathered in the middle, over which is arranged the drapery, consisting of a short apron, side paniers and a full back drapery. This design is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination, as illustrated. This design is shown *en costume* on Fig. 1 of the plate of "Ladies' Street Costumes." Price of pattern, thirty cents.



Valentia Walking Skirt.—Elegant and simple, this model consists of a short, gored walking skirt, trimmed with kilt-plaiting, and a long drapery, rather *bouffante* at the back, draped high at the right side, and falling almost plain across the front. The lower edge of the front drapery is slashed to form square tabs, and the bottom of the back drapery is gathered in above the kilt-plaiting. Any class of goods may be made up after this model, which is especially adapted to woolen goods and those which drape gracefully. This skirt is shown on Fig. 2 of the plate of "Ladies' Street Costumes" in combination with the "Everard" basque. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

Housekeeping Dress.—Practical in design, this simple



HOUSEKEEPING DRESS.

princess dress is intended for the convenience of ladies engaged in household duties or pursuits requiring extreme simplicity in dress. It is stylish in shape and almost tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, which is cut with extensions laid in a box-plait on the under side that gives the necessary fullness to the skirt at the back. Any class of goods, heavy or light, may be made up after this model, and it may be trimmed as illustrated, with a gathered flounce and bands of contrasting material, or in any other style, according to taste and the material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Decorative Art in Printed Cottons.

IN a recent address William Morris, the English poet, critic, and art decorator, said: "In truth these decorative arts, when they are genuine—real from the root up—have one claim to be considered serious matters, which even the greater arts do in a way lack, and this claim is that they are the direct expression of the thoughts and aspirations of the mass of the people, and I assert that the higher class of artist—the individual artist, he whose work is, as it were, a world in itself—cannot live healthily and happily without the lower kind of art—if we must call it lower—the kind which we may think of as co-operative art, and which, when it is genuine, gives your great man—be he never so great—the peaceful and beautiful surroundings and the sympathetic audiences which he justly thinks he has a right to. If you compel a Michael Angelo to live in a world of dullards and blunderers, what can happen to him but to waste his life in ceaseless indignant protests, till his art fades out in sour despondency, and his whole career has turned out a useless martyrdom?"

Speaking of the disheartening difficulties set in the way of the artist by the bad taste of the manufacturer, and the want of good judgment of the public, Mr. Morris said:

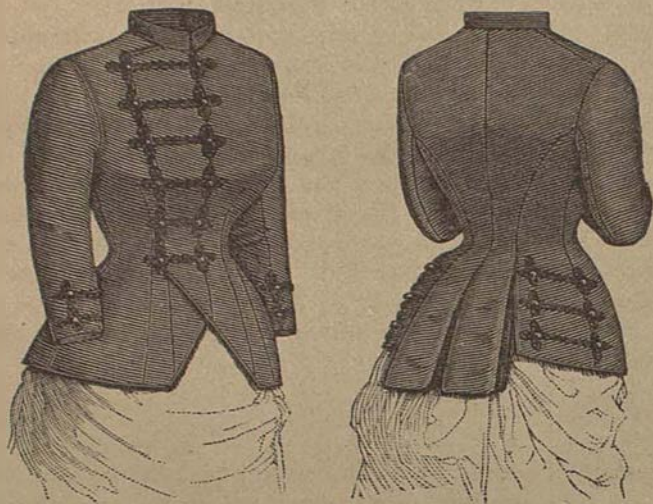
"Once for all, I am afraid I must admit that the public in general are not touched at all by any interest for decorative art; a few only have heard that there is such a thing as decorative, which should be popular, art. Time was when all

manufactured wares had some claim to beauty, and, other things being equal, the most beautiful thing was the most marketable. I fear that we cannot say that this is the case now. Pray excuse me for drawing an illustration from a very interesting and useful class of goods to which we are none of us strangers—printed cottons. If you turn over the pattern book of this or that cotton printer you will find many patterns which are pretty, while some of them are exceedingly—well, ugly, as I am sure the gentlemen who print them will admit. [Laughter.] Now, having the honor of the acquaintance of a cotton printer, I am able to say that, so far as I could understand, the ugly patterns sell quite as well as the pretty ones. Now, you know, if the decorative arts were in a healthy condition, instinctive good taste would refuse the ugly patterns and demand the pretty ones, and so prevent what I must consider a degrading waste of money, time, and intelligence; for what in its way can be more wasteful than using all the accumulated knowledge and skill of centuries in spoiling the fair white surface of a piece of cloth by putting a pattern on it which you know to be ugly?"

In this country prettiness in prints has had to give way to utility, to such samples as could be depended upon to stand the brutal kind of washing to which they were subjected. Having no confidence in the permanence of pretty colors, the housekeeper took refuge in dingy neutrality, having an impression, based on experience, that the uglier the pattern the more certainly it could be relied upon to "wash." Forty or

fifty years ago, when printed cottons were less common, they were subjected to much finer processes of dyeing and coloring. The minute, leafy, and dainty blossoming patterns might have been taken from the heart of the woods. The dark, tender greens, the old dull-blues, the dead browns, had nothing in common with the crude, raw colors which succeeded them. Of late the former tones and many of the old patterns have been revived, but they are in English goods, and are sold here at the high prices which our protective tariff demands, and which forces the poor woman to accept the inferior printed fabrics which American manufacturers turn out, and which obliges every one to pay a premium for poor work.

Even at the high prices, however, of thirty-five, forty, and fifty cents per yard for what costs sixpence half-penny to ninepence (twelve and a half to eighteen cents) per yard in England, those who can afford them have made an eager rush for the gentle primrose and daffodil patterns on the darkly tinted grounds, which have recently taken the place of the gaudy designs which meant nothing at all. We may, therefore, conclude that taste does exist, and only needs to be developed and cultivated by improved work on the part of our manufacturers, who are now taken care of to the detriment of the best interests of the people.



Everard Basque.—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, this stylish basque is essentially practical in design. The double-breasted portion is joined to the front in a seam, and may be omitted, if desired. The basque forms a plaited postilion below the waist at the back, and the coat sleeves and standing collar complete the model, which is adapted to any class of dress goods, and has a very stylish effect ornamented with braided frogs, as illustrated; but these may be omitted, if desired. This basque is shown in combination with the "Valentia" Walking Skirt on the plate of "Ladies' Street Costumes." Price of basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Pretty Party Dresses.

PARTY dress is as varied as persons, and to attempt particular description is as useless as it is impracticable, for the effect of modern dress, with its graceful forms of drapery, is often entirely changed by a twist, turn, or transposition of styles, even when the original elements are largely the same. Among the charming

dresses worn this season, the beaded ones have been conspicuous, and among these the all black or white are always the most elegant. We have observed some white corded silks, however, that were very richly contrasted with ruby velvet and ruby bead trimming, and some canary trimmed with beads shading into brown, and brown velvet. Black has been more worn this season for evening and dinner dress than for many years before, and the fine effect of the exquisite open embroideries on satin and lace has had much to do with it. Jetted laces over satin—ruby or amber—are capable of magnificent effects, and the all black are not less distinguished.

Some beautiful dresses have been composed of combinations of rich figured velvet with satin of the same shade,—the satin often enriched with small, wave-like ruffles of embroidered lace. The contrast is mainly one of fabric only, the embroidery being executed in shades of the same color as the body part of the dress. One of the richest of these dresses was a combination of white velvet with satin, the train being velvet with thick ruche of satin, the front satin embroidered with white jet and pearls. Pearl ornaments were also introduced into the ruching, and trimmed the corsage. There were no sleeves, the gloves extending over the elbows. A lovely white dress is of ivory white crape embroidered, and trimmed with real old lace, satin ribbons, and perle du Jardin roses. Embroidered gauze, tulle, and other thin materials have been very fashionably worn, draped over satins, and are especially used for the shawl, and curtain paniers, which retain their prestige.

On New Year's Day a lady wore a reception dress of Venetian red brocade, trimmed with cream lace and pearls, that was very much admired. Another charming dress was a mouse-colored velvet, with bodice and tops of sleeves strapped over puffs of satin matching in color. The bodice was made to form a square; and the trimming was still embroidery.

A striking costume is of steel colored satin, and China crape with steel and silk fringes and embroideries; the effect in a brilliant light was a moving mass of small electric lights. The new pale green is quite a boon this season to blondes who are tired of pale blue and white. Dark red roses are much worn with it, and fine-tipped black shoes, over silk hose to match.

A beautiful dress of this description was worn recently, made of pale green tulle, over the same tint in satin, and trimmed with real water-lilies. Upon the same occasion was worn a dress made with a train of ivory plush turned back from a pearl embroidered-shrimp pink satin front, and faced with the satin upon the sides, forming low revers, covered with cascades of lace. The bodice was heart-shaped, and surmounted by a pearl-edged standing collar, lined with satin and lace.

Crushed strawberry looks well in satin, and embroidered gauze draperies, with white flowers, and tinted gloves and hose. Ottoman silk in shrimp pink is exquisitely soft and lovely combined with Oriental lace, and garnitured with delicately shaded and tinted carnations.

PRETTY FANS are made of soft feathers in every color. Some fans are simply edged with feathers, and the latter are occasionally tipped with color. One with gray and rose-colored sticks placed alternately is edged with gray feathers tipped with rose color. The prettiest fans are quaint, old-fashioned round or oval ones, with a small looking-glass in the center, and the rest all soft feathers. Hung by a chain or ribbon from the waist, these are graceful in themselves and in their position.



Ladies' Street Costumes.



The "Newport Scarf."

AMONG the spring novelties, which will at once attract attention, are the very handsome woven silk draperies which appear under the above title. They consist of soft, heavy, all-silk brocade, three yards long, and fringed upon the sides and ends, colors solid, yet rich, such as bronze, peacock blue, ruby, and the like, and of a length sufficient to adapt them to a variety of purposes, two of which are illustrated in the cut that we give herewith. As drapery it may be used as a sash, crossed diagonally, or wound about the hips in the "Jersey" style. As a scarf, it may be arranged as a fichu, with mantle ends, and is suitable for out or in-door wear. The "Newport Scarf" is a fine example of American silk manufacture, and of the rapid advance during the past few years. Its texture is firm, yet soft, thick and pure, so that it can be crushed without creasing or spoiling, and the colors are equal to any imported. For girls it furnishes a ready and graceful accessory to a simple toilet, which may be used for silk or wool—for light or dark fabrics, and for in-doors or the promenade. In shorter lengths and narrower widths, it makes a very effective tie,

which it is the fashion at present to arrange in falling loops, and ends at the left of the throat, and without stiffness.

Ladies' Street Costumes.

FIG. 1.—This stylish and elegant costume is arranged with a short walking-skirt of black Ottoman silk, made after the model of the "Maddalena" walking skirt, and trimmed with a band of black fox fur above a plaited flounce; and a coat of heavy habit cloth, cut with simulated vest fronts, and tight fitting. This is also trimmed with broad bands of black fox fur, and ornamented with jetted buttons. The design is the "Newcastle" coat, and may be worn with other skirts beside the one described. Black beaver hat, trimmed with long, black ostrich plumes. The coat is illustrated among the separate fashions elsewhere. Price of coat patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—A youthful and graceful street costume of myrtle-green Amazon cloth, illustrating a combination of the "Everard" basque and "Valentia" walking skirt. The basque is double-breasted, and closes with *brandebourgs* of green satin cord, and has a plaited postilion at the back. The walking skirt is kilt-plaited, and the long drapery is slashed to form square tabs in front, which are edged with cord to match the *brandebourgs* on the basque, and the drapery is looped with a similar cord at one side, and *fou-ragères* holding the drapery together below. *Girondin* hat of myrtle-green felt, with velvet band and gold buckle. Tuft of green and gold ostrich tips at the left side. Yellow Mousquetaire gloves. The basque and skirt are illustrated separately among the separate fashions. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents. Basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

FIG. 3.—An elegant costume of dark ruby plush and Ottoman silk. The model employed is the "Oriana" costume, with tight-fitting jacket of plush, and a short walking skirt with drapery of the Ottoman silk at the back, and a plain front of plush, cut out in lozenges to show the silk underneath. Silk cord ornaments, matching in color, fasten the points and form *fou-ragères* on the basque. The foot of the skirt is finished with a box-plaiting of silk. *Capote* bonnet of ruby plush with narrow Ottoman strings, and a cluster of garnet and crushed-strawberry feathers at one side. Mousquetaire gloves of crushed-strawberry color. The double illustration of this costume will be found among the separate fashions elsewhere. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Spring Tweeds.

THE new tweeds are fine. If the colors are well managed, the large checks are the best. A beautiful one has a ground of very dark myrtle green, the check being in dark red, with a narrow line of amber, edged with the merest tint of pale green. This was made with an *écru* waistcoat, and the wearer looked fanciful in the extreme.

DRESSY slippers to be worn with black silk stockings are of plain black satin with handsome, square jet buckles.



Fancy Costumes.

FIG. 1.—*Incroyable* costume for a young gentleman. Long-tailed coat of dark green silk, with large *revers*, the coat tails lined with rose-colored silk. Waistcoat of straw-colored satin with a double row of white pearl buttons; and knee-breeches of rose-colored silk. Cravat and *jabot* of white mull trimmed with lace ruffles, and lace ruffles at the wrists. Straw colored silk stockings and low, black shoes. Fob of black ribbon with large watch and bunch of seals. Cocked hat trimmed with a rosette of pink ribbon.

FIG. 2.—Italian tambourine player. Dark blue stuff dress with low, open bodice, and white linen chemisette with short, open sleeves. Italian apron of Roman striped silk or linen; red stockings and black sandaled shoes; triple string of Roman pearls around the throat, and hair tied with a red ribbon. Tambourine carried in the hand. This costume is very suitable for a dark-eyed little girl.

FIG. 3.—Costume of Dindonette, a peasant from "La Mascotte." Short skirt of red and gold striped plush, with over skirt of dead-leaf colored Surah draped at the left side with a sickle and a sheaf of oats and poppies. Chemisette of *terru* silk forming a blouse below the corselet of red velvet which is laced front and back and cut perfectly straight all around. Italian straw hat, trimmed only with a cluster of poppies and oats. Red silk stockings, and wooden *sabots* with flowers ornamenting the in-step. An effective costume for a young girl with long brown or golden hair, which should be worn straight and flowing, as illustrated.

FIG. 4.—Venetian costume of the XVIIth century. Extremely becoming to a tall, slender figure. This rich costume, as worn by the noble ladies of Venice in the XVIIth century, has a long, terra-cotta colored velvet robe, edged with a band of gold embroidery, and open in front showing a *tablier* of

gold-embroidered cream-tinted brocade. The peaked bodice and puffed sleeves are of velvet, the bodice having a plastron to match the *tablier*, and the high collar ruff, wired into a spreading fan shape, is of rich Venetian point lace. Cuffs of the same lace. Pearl beads are worn as a necklace and in the puffed hair. Peacock feather screen fan suspended by a gold cord.

FIG. 5.—Spanish peasant costume, suitable for a boy. Yellow satin knee-breeches richly trimmed with gold and hanging buttons on the outside seams. Black velvet jacket with gold lace, gold epaulettes, and hanging buttons; white linen shirt and collar, and scarf around the waist of red or yellow silk. White silk stockings, black shoes and Toreador hat.

FIG. 6.—Giroflée, from the opera of "La Biche au Bois." Pale blue satin skirt cut out in points with a tiny gold bell on each. Two lace plaitings are placed under these points.

Overdress of light woolen goods embroidered with flowers of colored silk and trimmed with bells. Chemisette-blouse of pale blue silk, and casaquin of sapphire velvet cut out in squares or turrets, and edged with gold braid. Collar and cuffs of white *batiste*, and necklace of *grelots*, or bells. Gray



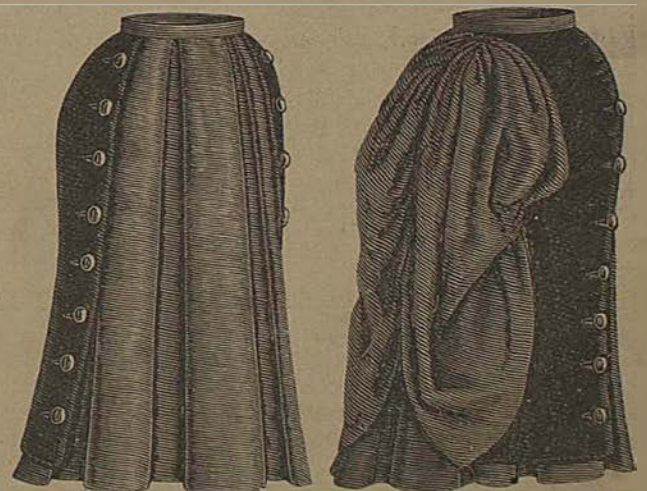
felt hat, faced and trimmed with rose-colored satin and tipped with *grelots* at the points. Blue silk hose and black slippers.

FIG. 7.—A nereid, a charming fancy dress for a *petite* blonde. A short skirt of pale green satin, worn under a skirt of silver gauze of the same length ornamented with scallop shells, pearls and coral sprays, over which hang long grasses, or seaweed. Above is arranged a graceful shawl-drapery, on the lower edge of which are sewn light shawl shells, which are held in place by a thread passed through a hole bored in each one. A pale rose-colored satin girdle encircles the waist. Scallop shells ornament the neck of the half low bodice, which is of green satin covered with silver gauze. The same shells, with a wreath of seaweed, compose the coronet coiffure, which is completed by a long silver-wrought tulle veil. Necklace and bracelets of pearl and coral; and green satin slippers ornamented with scallop-shells.

the front. Vegetable ivory buttons complete the jacket. Dark-green felt hat, the brim faced with green velvet and bound with gilt braid, and a bunch of variegated *coque* plumes placed at the right side. Tan colored gloves. The double illustration of this stylish jacket is given among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.



Lenox Jacket.—Thoroughly practical in design, this forms a simple and convenient garment for misses' out-door wear. It is an almost tight-fitting jacket, double-breasted, with a single dart in each side in front, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. A rolling collar and *revers*, and large pockets ornament the jacket, which is a model suitable for any of the goods usually selected for street wear, and also for many qualities of dress goods. No trimming is required, but the collar and pockets may be made of a contrasting material if desired. Patterns, in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.



Trina Skirt.—A stylish skirt for misses' wear, arranged with a short gored skirt, over which is a deep box plaiting in front, extending its entire length, long, plain panels at the sides and a rather *bouffante* pointed drapery at the back. This design is very suitable for heavy materials, but is appropriate for any class of goods, and is very effective in a combination of materials, as illustrated. This skirt is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Jersey" basque. The skirt pattern is in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



LENOX JACKET.

MISS'S jacket of plain Cheviot in shades of brown, green and gold, with rolling collar and large pockets of golden-brown plush. The design illustrated is the "Lenox" jacket, a very simple and practical garment, double-breasted and nearly tight-fitting, with wide *revers* on



MISSES' COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—Miss's street costume, with the skirt of dark blue camel's hair cloth and velveteen, and a "Jersey" basque of Arabi red habit cloth. The design is the "Trina" skirt and "Jersey" basque combined. The box-plaited front and full back drapery of the skirt are of the camel's hair, and the long side panels of velveteen ornamented with large, smoked-pearl buttons. The basque has *brandebourgs* of blue silk hussar braid. Gray plush hat trimmed with a scarf of red Surah, and steel buckle and a large red pompon. The double illustrations of the basque and skirt will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns of basque in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each. Skirt patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

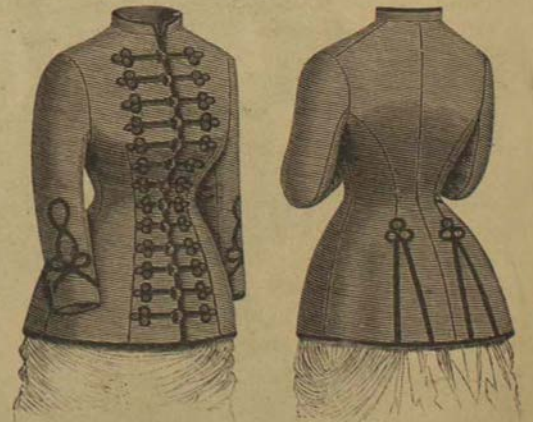
FIG. 2.—House dress of dark blue cashmere trimmed with

embossed velvet collar, cuffs and bands. The design is the "Marta" costume, arranged with a tight-fitting basque, to the lower edge of which a skirt box-plaited in front and gathered at the back is added. The spaces between the box-plaits in front are faced in with the embossed velvet. A panier drapery of cashmere, shirred in front, conceals the joining of the basque and skirt in front and at the sides, and the back drapery is set on with a plaited heading. Bands of velvet trim the front of the basque and also compose the collar and cuffs. White lace ruching at the throat and wrists. The double illustrations of the "Marta" costume will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each size.

A NOVEL purse guard has been patented in England which will interest ladies in this country. The guard is a simple neat contrivance, consisting of a thin steel bar with a slide at one end, and a small chain with anchor at the other. It can be fitted to any portemonnaie, by simply piercing its back both at top and bottom, and inserting the guard in the holes. The hand that carries the purse must be gloved, for the slide is placed in the slit of the glove; the anchor at the other end encircles the two middle fingers of the holder, and thus the purse is kept in position; it would be impossible to rob one of it without a struggle.

FUCHSIA red is the newest shade of velvet for elegant dinner dresses.

HANDSOME boots to be worn with dinner or reception dresses are of black satin with small jetted buttons.



Jersey Basque.—This stylish model is a perfectly plain, tight-fitting basque in cuirass style, closely moulded to the figure over the hips and fitted with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. The sleeves are tight-fitting and ornamented with braiding, and rows of military braid with trefoil looping at either end ornament the front. A narrow military collar completes the design, which is suitable for any class of dress goods, and requires no trimming except the braid, although it may be trimmed in any other style, or made up perfectly plain, as desired. Patterns, in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each size.

Children's Fashions.

BOYS and girls are fortunate this winter in having pretty, varied, and comfortable clothes. Wool is not only warm, it is healthful, and mothers ought to see to it that children wear little else beside wool through the cold months of our severe climate. Even in warmer regions, wool is desirable from a sanitary point of view, and for comfort needs only to be lighter in texture. Wool for underclothing, wool for outer clothing—never mind silk, it is of far less importance to possess one silk dress than to have two nice woolen ones, and nothing can be prettier than the woolen materials, the pretty checks, the plaids, the fine garnets, the peacock blues, the dark hunter's green, and the ruby reds. There is a tendency to shorten little girls' dresses too much for health or comfort, which we hope mothers will observe, and guard against, for it is opposed to modesty, decency, and the cultivation of good taste as well as health. But there are no hooped skirts, or springs, or tournures, or bustles to make the little things shiver, and look like Dutch pin-cushions, as formerly; and for this much every mother must be thankful.

Some charming dresses have been made this season for girls of six to twelve in velvet, or velveteen, over kilted skirts of wool or satin in a contrasting color. For example, dark green over ruby, wine color over amber, garnet over old gold, and sage green over mouse color. The overdress is cut princess shape, with small hip paniers, and is shaped in a square at the neck, and upper part of the sleeve over puffed satin. The sleeves are to the wrist, and are finished like the neck with double ruffle of lace, or net.

The fish-wife dress is revived for little girls in flannel. It is a sailor dress in dark blue flannel, with plain braided piece inserted in the neck of the blouse, and an overskirt turned up in front, and drawn back plain, and flat into the simple drapery behind. It is a pretty dress for house or country wear. The cape cloak, drawn up in "Colleen Bawn" style, has been the most fashionable of the new designs, and is very becoming to girls below fourteen; or who are not tall at that age. Beyond that the approach of young ladyhood makes them wish for something less childish looking; and that more decidedly outlines the figure, the coat, or jacket, both being largely used. This season there has been a rage for fur capes, pelerine size, and suits have been made warmer, often lined with flannel, in order to accommodate the desire for these stylish appendages. Suits of dark green cloth have been worn with beaver capes, and also with hare and black fox; while chinchilla has been reserved for black, or garnet velvet, and suits of the superior velveteen, which has so largely taken the place of velvet. A good design, which will be found among our illustrations for the present month, is the costume "Floranthé," a very graceful, yet very simple model for a girl of sixteen, and perfectly suitable for the coming season in any fine woolen materials; or in black, or hair striped silk. Velvet is now worn again as a trimming, and would be particularly suitable with this design, but embroidery bands, or ruffling (flat) would look well also with stitched, or ornamental heading. The "Marta" costume has the favorite features of a box-plaited front, short paniers, and drapery attached to the edge of the close fitting basque. It is a charming little dress, and may be made of two materials, or with inserted bands of trimming between the plaits. The "Trina" skirt is a simple and pretty design, very effective in a combination of wool with velvet, or velveteen. Box plaitings extend the entire length of the front, while the side panels of velvet are plain, but are relieved by the rows of handsome buttons and the simulated button-holes from severity. The leaf-shaped drapery forms a most graceful finish at the back. The "Jersey" basque and

"Lenox" jacket are both useful and suitable models for spring, the former belonging to that excellent class of designs that derive their popularity from their universal adaptability; and the latter always required for intermediate seasons. The basque is trimmed with a pretty braided design, which is as simple as it is effective.



Marta Costume.—A stylish and youthful costume for a young miss. It is arranged with a tight-fitting basque having a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back, and to the lower edge of this basque the skirt, box-plaited in front and gathered at the back, is attached. A shirred panier drapery conceals the joining on the front and sides, and a full drapery is set on with plaited heading at the back. This design is suitable for any class of dress goods, and is very effective trimmed with contrasting material as illustrated. Patterns, in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Clari Dress.—Suitable either for little girls or boys, this stylish and pretty little dress consists of a sacque-shaped blouse with loose fronts, side-gores under the arms, and a French back, and has a box-plaited Spanish flounce set on around the bottom. A deep "Pierrot" collar, edged with a plaiting, adds a stylish finish. This design is suitable for any class of goods usually selected for children's wear, being equally well adapted either to light or heavy fabrics. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years, price, twenty cents each.

NOVELTIES in dress buttons are odd designs, in carved wood, bronze, jet, or silver, representing grotesque heads of animals.



Geoffrey Suit.—This novel and stylish suit for boys in dresses is composed of a half-fitting, double-breasted jacket, cut-away in front over a vest, and a skirt kilt-plaited at the sides and back, with a broad box-plait in the middle of the front. The jacket is finished with small, square tabs set on all around the bottom. The design is adapted to almost any of the materials used for boys' dresses, and may be trimmed with rows of machine stitching, narrow galloon or binding, or in any other style to correspond with the material employed, according to taste. Patterns, in sizes for four and six years of age. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Fichus in India Muslin.

A VERY simple arrangement for the neck can be contrived out of a square of Indian muslin, bordered with lace. The square should be sixteen inches in length and sixteen inches in breadth, the lace two or three inches deep. This latter is not put on full except at the corners. You take this square, fold it triangle fashion, and placing the point of the triangle in front, cross the ends at the back, bring them round, and fasten with a brooch. The insertion of a piece of scarlet geranium or a trailing spray of ivy will add much to the general effectiveness. Some women are rather fond of square arrangements. The following is made out of a piece of muslin shaped like a diamond.

As every one may not find it easy to cut out this shape, a pattern may be cut first. Take a sheet of paper thirty inches long, sixteen inches broad; double this lengthways, the bend in the paper away from you; then, starting from a point ten inches from the left hand side, you cut up sharply towards the extreme left; after this you cut off a corresponding corner from the right-hand side. This done, lay the pattern on the doubled muslin and cut out from it. You then open your muslin and trim all round with lace; then again double it lengthways, and you may embellish the uppermost square by working a sunflower and a little ornamental border in white silk in a sort of chain-stitch. You thus get a very pretty fichu, square in front and tapering off into pointed ends, which you tie in a small bow at the back of the neck.

DARK velvet costumes are elegantly trimmed with fur—otter, beaver, seal-skin, or Russian hare, chinchilla or lynx. Bonnets and muffs to be worn with these seasonable dresses are trimmed to correspond with fur to match that on the costume.

DOG-COLLARS of silver are a new revival, and are in most cases worn outside the dress-collar. Some are separable, forming a pair of bracelets or a collar at the wearer's pleasure. Armorial designs in chain-mail or scales fastened with the pointed gadlings seen on steel gauntlets, are popular, and also silver bars with balls at either end, or collars entirely composed of beads or links are used. Some of the handsomest are quite mediæval in their effect.



"IN THE MOUNTAINS."—Every woman who can do any one thing well is burdened with more work than she can do. Of course we mean any one thing that is needed, and that people are willing to pay for. It matters little what it is, cooking, writing, sewing, or farming, but the cooking and farming are the most remunerative.

"Mrs. E. W."—You do not need a "stylish" evening dress for a girl of fifteen. The simpler her dresses the better till she is old enough to take her place in society. In fact, among really high class people fifteen is an age when dress is made as severely plain as possible, the girl not being allowed the privileges of a young lady, and having outgrown the pretty fantasies permitted to childhood. A white dress of nun's veiling or Surah would be made short with two gathered or knife-plaited flounces, the front divided into two deep straight puffs by rows of shirring, the back draped. The bodice cut square and belted, the square filled in with cross-over folds of India mull. Elbow sleeves ruffled with Oriental lace.

"PERPLEXITY."—"Artistic," that is decorative, gifts, are now often chosen for brides, and are more varied in style and price than jewelry and silver-ware of a suitable description for a "wealthy" friend. There are plaques and small articles of Benares brass, beautiful little objects in copper decorated with silver, boxes of rare woods inlaid with ivory, and pieces of real Satsuma, cloisonné or Nankin that are always prized, no matter how small. A very fashionable gift this season is a small Venetian mirror in a brass or silver open-work frame, and a fan is always acceptable, because it is not possible to have too many.

"Mrs. W. A. C."—If you have really set your heart on the possession of some "real" lace, now is a good time to buy. Real hand-made laces are so closely copied now-a-days that their value is very much reduced, and few even of the rich care to put very much of their means into needle-made laces, because fashion demands so much greater profusion than was formerly the case in the use of laces. Deep collars, fichus, and cuffs are still used, however, especially by ladies who are past the age for following the changes of fashion very strictly, and these have a permanent value.

"ROLAND."—As you want something extremely choice, and are not particular as to cost, why do you not have a ring made with three stones, diamond, ruby, and sapphire set lengthwise? It is expensive if the stones are choice and of rare color (and it should not be made otherwise), but it is a lovely combination for an engagement ring, and much more elegant and artistic than the "solitary" diamond ring.

"Mrs. A. L. R."—We do not know of any "practical" working out of the co-operative housekeeping idea at present excepting to a limited extent in some "apartment" houses in the city of New York. There is a "Sociological" society recently formed in this city for the promotion of this idea, whose President, Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, has devoted much time to the consideration of the problem. Her address is 52 Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

"GEORGIA MATRON."—We should not like to recommend a sewing-machine at that price; it is impossible that it can be a good one. We know nothing of the firm. Peacocks' feathers are a drug on the streets, and sell for very little. Fans and screens of peacocks' feathers can be bought for a mere song.

"STAR."—From your description, we should think you managed very nicely, and got up as pretty effects at your fair as others who have had more experience. A very good way of arranging the booths (for a change) is to make square or gable fronts of upright boards, and drape them with colored cotton or bunting, fixing an immense rosette or a bird or a paper figure of Justice or Liberty or something of that sort over the center. With a little ingenuity they can be made to assume a cottage appearance. Toilet covers are easily made, and sell rapidly. They consist of three or five pieces, the oblong cover for bureaus and two or four mats. Materials required are pale blue or pink silesia, dotted muslin, or cheese cloth, antique torchon, or Italian Valenciennes lace, and a few yards of narrow ribbon for bows at the corners of the mats. Or take tinted canvas, fringe out all round, and tie knots in the fringe. Then work a pretty border in wool, a butterfly, or bird, or flower in the corners, and an initial enclosed in a small wreath in the center. Knit purses sell well, also embroidered suspenders and handkerchiefs. Braided linen aprons, dainty little caps, shoe bags, and clothes bags are excellent wares. The latter are much approved by gentlemen, and are made in the following way. A bag made of two yards of chintz is divided by a third yard which is gathered on a strip of wood, and fastened well to the sides and across the top; the openings are made lengthwise on either side of the bag, and it is hung by a ring in the center. It is a very useful idea for bachelor quarters, which are usually limited so far as space is concerned. Mother Hubbard wrappers and aprons for little girls sell well, as do also Jerseys and knitted petticoats. As a rule, useful things or pretty articles

that can be put to use sell much better than useless ones. An effective way to arrange dolls is to dress them and place them in groups, taking the ideas from nursery rhymes and elsewhere. A dolls' party, children on a tour, and even scenes from plays may be represented by dolls placed in proper position, and a papered dry-goods box for a "scene."

"E. M. G."—A pretty way to make the dark green silk would be to cut the bodice as a deep, plain jacket, cut away a little from the front, and arrange a deep panier to cross the front diagonally and descend in a close drapery upon one side over a skirt with full front gathered into a single flounce with straight puff for heading, and divided in the middle by several rows of shirring. Draped back. Buttons for fastening with festoons of chenille cord. No other trimming will be needed, as a ruffle will trim the panier, or you may make the flounce and ruffle both double, which will give a more dressy appearance.

"UNCERTAINTY."—It is not customary to send acceptances of invitations to weddings unless the card contains the request to respond. Where from two to five hundred or more cards are sent out, the formal response to each one would be a nuisance. The proper acknowledgment is a gift and congratulations if presence on the occasion is impossible. Of course, if it is a small at home wedding where provision is made for a sit-down dinner or supper, the case becomes somewhat different, as only intimate friends are invited, and it is desirable to know approximately the number that will be present. But the cabilistic letters R. S. V. P. were invented as an intimation that reply is something desired, and would not have ever been used if life was long enough to send and receive replies to all notes of invitation.

"Mrs. G."—All you have to do is to procure a frame such as you want, and mount the patterns upon it in any way that pleases you or seems most suitable. Much will depend upon taste, but you would doubtless succeed as well as an average milliner. You should first bind the edge with silk, plush, or velvet, and, when it is finished, line the interior with thin silk. Reserve one of the handsomest wings for trimming, and, if the head can be retained for the front, so much the better. The *Art Amateur*, Mr. Montague Marks, editor and proprietor, would perhaps suit you, or, for a more strictly art journal, the *Magazine of Art*, Cassel, Petter, & Galpin.

"MARY."—Lar-boo-share. Adah Isaacs Menken once published a volume of poems under the title of "Infelicia." A sketch of her life could serve no good purpose, and would revive much that was painful to some yet living. She was a beautiful, gifted, but totally unbalanced woman, whose life was a misery to herself and others. Let her rest in peace. As Mrs. Langtry's picture has been in every shop-window for some months, it would be hardly worth while to give a colored portrait of her, at a cost which our correspondent can hardly estimate, because every one can for a dollar buy a good photograph and color it to suit his or her own fancy. "Impressions" concerning her beauty and acting differ so widely, and have been published so numerous, that a mere addition to the sum total could carry no weight. Read all you find, and strike an average.

"Miss A. W."—It is impossible to give exact prices (except in regard to a few standard fabrics), because prices are not exact. They vary with different localities, different houses, and different times and seasons. In nothing is the difference more widely seen than in furs. A novelty in design, in the fashionable fur of the season, is always high, whether it is a high-priced fur or not, and the price is still further advanced if the season becomes exceptionally cold. This year the pelerine cape is the rage—the cape and muff form the "set." A good cape (ordinary) costs from twenty to thirty dollars without the muff, which would cost from ten to fifteen more, so you see it would be a very difficult thing to find a cape and muff for only "twenty dollars." Your letter was unfortunately mislaid, and we cannot reply to your other questions *seriatim*.

J. H.—"Commonwealth" is simply the official title applied to Massachusetts, or adopted by that State from its old English ancestry; "Commonwealth" meaning a free State, and having been used by the English in Cromwell's time. Two or three other States in this country use the term somewhat, and all are entitled to it, but it has only been officially appropriated by Massachusetts.

"ALTIMYZA."—We should not at all advise you to try to learn how to merely daub cards and plaques, there are plenty who are starving in the effort to make such rubbish a means of livelihood now. Knowledge in art is growing with the public all the time, and it will become increasingly difficult to obtain pay for work poorly done. Better learn how to make bonnets and dresses, how to cook, or to do fine ironing; how to sell goods and open a shop for such wares as you can buy, make, and sell. There are openings everywhere and in everything for those who have sense, energy, enterprise, and hard work to put into them. Knitting can be acquired easily, and a vast number of articles can be produced by knitting that are pretty and salable. Petticoats, vests, purses, bags, caps, and other things. Try your hand at something which you can do as well as it should be done. Do not be content to be the "poorest of your tribe."

"IGNORANCE."—There is no name for your material except cloth suiting. Stitching would be perfectly appropriate as a finish for the edge of the polonaise, which, if you have enough, should be supplemented by a jacket for winter wear, also finished with stitching. A new design for a polonaise will be found in the present number, but it could not be worn

with a jacket on account of the Watteau plait; it furnishes, however, a handsome model for a part of a dinner dress or reception costume. The "Orlana" is a good design for cloth, or the "Valentia" walking skirt and "Everard" basque, all illustrated in the present number. Dark smoked pearl are suitable buttons for your material.

"W. B."—Your sample of blue brocade is all silk, and would, therefore, dye very well. Navy blue would be good, and velveteen matching in color suitable for a skirt—the cost would be a dollar to a dollar and a half per yard. Omit the sash, and trim the neck of the polonaise with small, round, upright collar and flat vest collar of the velveteen. It would not pay you to send so far to get a polonaise dyed. The cost of transit and expenses would be more than cost of dyeing.

"L. INCONNUI."—The only course is to go to a lawyer, a reliable one, state the case, and seek legal remedy. Your husband can be made to provide for his wife and children according to his circumstances. Do not scold, fret, or get into a passion. Tell him what you will do, unless he properly provide for you, and do it. You should have been protected by legal settlement before marriage.

"MARAH."—A widow of a few months dresses precisely the same as a newly-made widow. If she wishes to follow the etiquette of mourning, she will not lighten her dress at all until twelve months have passed, then she may remove the crape and wear plain cashmere, dull armure silks, and white lisse interior plaitings. The dress of a widow should be severely plain, but it may be of very handsome, that is, expensive materials. The crape should be double English, and may form the entire front of the skirt, or be put on as a deep border. The bonnet should be entirely of crape.

"Mrs. D. S. L."—Feathers are more fashionably worn upon velvet bonnets than flowers. Cloaks are long, and follow the simple coat or long dolman shapes; handsome cloth trimmed with plush is more used than plain silk, which, in the heavy low-priced qualities used of late years for cloaks, wears greasy and shiny from being charged with jute or other adulterations.

"MARY."—We do not understand what you mean by "style of wearing finger-nails." Finger-nails cannot be taken off or put on; they can be kept clean and cultivated into fair appearance by careful attention, which is all that can be done for them, unless you wish to dye or stain them as the Turkish women do theirs. The wedding and engagement ring are both worn on the same finger, third of the left hand, the latter serving as guard to the former, when both are in place. A bride's outfit would depend upon the position she was to occupy, and the amount of money she could spend upon it. We do not see how it could be any man's "duty" to marry a girl he did not love, unless he had falsified the truth and made her believe she loved him. Even then it would be much better for her to relinquish her claim, than press it against his inclination.

"MENU."—The fashionable tulle embroidery is easily worked with floss silks upon fine black or white tulle, and is admirable for trimmings. A handsome design can be worked as follows: Select an easy outline crewel work or embroidery pattern, trace it out upon pink paper muslin, and tack-baste the tulle on to the paper muslin. Thread a fine darning-needle with floss silk, and run this along so as to trace the pattern out with a run line. Darn the floss silk into the tulle to fill in any parts of the design that are thick, and work two or three run lines close together to make stalks or any prominent lines.

"RECLUSE."—Dinner-dressing is the most important of the different styles of dress in fashionable society. It does not admit of so much lightness and airiness as may be introduced into ball-dressing, and an elegant dinner-dress, well made, of rich materials, and of a style that is coming in instead of going out, may be worn for more than one season, but it must be rich in the first place and of good design, while for a crowded evening party or ball ladies very often deliberately choose a worn or flimsy dress that they will not regret if it is spoiled. Dinners are really the ultimate of the art of entertaining, only those being able to give them who are surrounded daily by the refinements of social life, and whose *menage* will admit of intimate inspection. The number of guests is always limited, and usually selected with reference to each other. The ladies are generally thoroughbred, and their rich, quiet toilets, perfect in style, fitness, and finish, are in harmony with the surroundings. It is with reluctance that we are compelled to admit that there are exceptions to this rule, and that of late, particularly, ladies are to be found at dinners in foreign "full" dress, bare arms, bust half exposed, and in the lightest and brightest colors. These are usually women who pride themselves on having "traveled," but it is a custom more common in London than Paris, and, even in London, is losing ground. Here, where it is unsanctioned by court etiquette or usage, it is inexpressibly vulgar and lowering.

"Mrs. S. S."—We should advise a mantel cover for such purpose as you require, of unbleached linen crash, or canvas, the top plain, but the valance fixed to the upper edge with small gilt tacks, upon a narrow brown gimp or galloon. The design for the needlework upon the valance should be brown irregular cat-tails, and feathery grasses, with small brilliant poppies, blue-bells, and butterflies alight, or the butterflies may be omitted if these render the scheme too intricate. The edge should be fringed out deeply, and knotted. A heading of drawn work would improve it.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—To Lyonnaise potatoes, which forms an especially good dish for supper with cold meat: Put a large lump of butter in a saucepan, and let it melt; then add one small onion, chopped fine or sliced very thin; when it is browned nicely, but not scorched, put in slices of cold boiled potatoes, salt and pepper well, let the potatoes soak until they are also well browned; serve while hot. A little parsley, chopped fine, may be added, if you like the flavor. To dry citron: Peel, slice it thin, and put the slices in boiling syrup, where they should remain until clear, and tender. Remove with a skimmer to platters, upon which the slices must be laid single, and put in a "plate-warmer," or cool brick oven, after the baking is done, to dry, turning so that the heat may be equally distributed. The syrup should be thick, and flavored with lemon and green ginger. It may be used afterward for making cider-apple sauce.

"Mrs. E. J."—Soutache trimmings, and soutache costumes come already prepared, the fashionable method of arranging the braid partly flat, partly on edge, being difficult to an amateur worker, and requiring a much longer time than when executed by machine as these are. Prices vary, but they are not cheap, when the work and materials are good. The cost of trimmed costumes (unmade), and trimming, and costumes, varies from forty to sixty-five dollars, and even more. What do you mean by the latest style of gloves? There are late styles in cloth, in kid, in undressed kid, in beaver, in dogskin, in cashmere, and other materials. In kid there is nothing newer or more fashionable, than the long, undressed Sarah Bernhardt styles, in different dull shades of tan-color. The long cashmere gloves are a useful novelty. They are easily put on and taken off, and are warm for cold climates; they are a great improvement on cloth, better shaped, and more kindly.

"V. V."—There is a certain delicate shade of green that is very fashionable this winter, and would be very becoming to you, but we should not advise dark red gloves, or hosiery with it, or with any pale green fabric. You should wear silk hose to match, and either ivory or very pale tinted gloves or mitts. You may wear dark red roses in your corsage, but that is sufficient of so striking a contrast; more would vulgarize your costume. Pale green satin surah, trimmed with oriental lace, would be prettier for you than anything else, and with this hose to match, and satin boots, or strapped slippers of black kid, not bronze, which have been out of date for a long time.—Your writing has neatness and clearness, but no marked or strong characteristics. It is a very good hand.

"E. C."—The stripe would look better combined with black than with garnet. A jacket basque of black cashmere, with vest front embroidered lightly in the shade of the garnet stripe, would look well, or otherwise insert a full vest of the striped silk. Make the skirt of the stripe, arranging it lengthwise, and concealing any necessary division by shirring across the front; or by making it up in a series of plaited flounces in front; one deep curtain panier, and draped back.

"INEXPERIENCE."—A dinner is not formidable if you have a small family, a good cook, handsome and complete table service, and well-trained attendants. It is not customary now to load the table with flowers or with high decorative pieces of glass, or china. A center dish for fruit well arranged with a few leaves, is sufficient. Of course there are costly decorations in the way of special menu cards and cut colored glass upon strips of outline embroidery, or colored satin, or plush, but this is not required. A rope of smilax may enclose the plates, and knives and forks, and a bouquet, or more elaborate floral device, be placed upon it, for each guest; and to this the long, slender menu card may be attached, which should have only the daintiest little device for decoration; or the smilax and flowers may be omitted, and the menu cards retained, and upon these the name of each guest is written, before it is laid upon the plate where it belongs. It is a matter of taste whether oysters are served before the soup or the courses limited to soup, fish, a roast, an entree, a dish of game, a salad and dessert. Or, if the dinner was not served in courses, the roast, supposing it to be venison or beef, would be put before the host, the game, say ducks, before a gentleman guest who could carve, and the vegetables partly placed before the lady of the house, partly handed by a servant. Jellies or fruit sauce for meat or game, form part of the table decoration, and are passed by the servants, after peas, asparagus, or other vegetables have been served. The salad must be a separate course, and may be a simple lettuce salad, or mixed with chicken or lobster. Then follows the pudding or pies, then the fruit and nuts, and finally clear coffee, the lumps of sugar not put in the cup, but in the saucer, or the bowl passed around with tongs for each guest to help him or herself.

"R. C. B."—The discoloration and injury to the fabric is probably due to the coloring matter. Usually liquid coffee is employed, and this is comparatively harmless, the variation in tint depending on the strength of the infusion, but doubtless there are other and less harmless agents pressed into the service of a demand which asks no questions, and only seeks supply. Fine laces become discolored with age, or by merely laying away. A simple method of preservation is to enclose in each box of laces a thin sheet of pure white wax; this will absorb the coloring matter.

"TEXANA."—Ralph Waldo Emerson, the most original of American writers, who died at Concord, Mass., April 27th, 1882, was born in Boston, May 25th, 1803. His father was Rev. William Emerson, a Unitarian clergyman, and his mother, Ruth Haskins Emerson. He traced his descent back to a baron in the days of King John, who forced from the King the great Charter of English liberty, but he was directly descended from

the Rev. Peter Buelnelly, who came to this country in the Seventeenth century, and on both sides from a long line of Protestant preachers.

"WINNIE."—Your anxiety in the matter does you credit. The gentleman is acting in a manner which is not fair to you or to his betrothed. Probably he considers that he made it all right by telling you frankly his position; but that does not prevent you from being placed in a false position in the eyes of friends, and the young lady to whom he is engaged. The case is a delicate one, as you can hardly discourage what has taken such pains to announce itself as merely a friendship. It is the man who is in fault, and who ought to better understand the limits, if he wishes to be a candidate for love and friendship both. Have you not another "friend," and can you not be "out" sometimes on the regular occasions of his calls, and in other ways make him understand what he seems too obtuse to learn without a lesson?

"DODECATHÉON."—Your sample of lace is very pretty, and the stitches and patterns could be turned to account in the making of many pretty articles besides dress trimmings. But we could offer no opinion on its market value; so much would depend on time, place, and opportunity. You certainly could not get a price that would pay you for your time; but the small sums obtained for lace work are sometimes a welcome addition to the meagre income of poor women, who can do it in the intervals of their house-work.

"A LOVER AND ADMIRER" replies to "Four Tamaqua Girls," that she has the music of the song mentioned, and another correspondent takes the pains to copy both. The author of music and words is "Claribel." Now, "Lover and Admirer" wishes to know who is "Claribel." We give the words in a reply from "Globe Village."

"PICTURESQUE."—There should be something a little picturesque about the person who wears a picturesque hat. Nothing looks more forlorn than one of the large, drooping, artistically plumed hats on a common, stout, low-sized, inelegant woman. It is not a crime to be short and stout, and there are women who are so and are still elegant and refined-looking; but they dress and act so that people forget their defects instead of bringing them into ungraceful prominence.

I HAVE been thinking the friends of DEMOREST may be getting tired of the Lady Farmer? Yet I am not tired of the friends or the book. Who could get tired of DEMOREST? If I can call up sufficient interest to gain listeners I will talk of my progress in farming. I am happy to say farming does pay. It is true there are adverse seasons, accidents, and even calamities (such as the burning of my wheat last year), but I have never yet failed to have something to eat and wear. This is a good section to live in, for whatever one raises can be sold at prices that pay, if one is careful in selecting laborers.

The labor question is assuming some importance in quiet Virginia; laborers that are worthy of their hire are getting scarce. Land is cheap, averaging \$10 per acre; this land will produce grain, grass, and garden truck; the climate is good for apples and peaches.

The best class of laborers usually lay by, in a few years, sufficient to buy a small farm, thus the large proprietor loses the good laborer.

A lady in farming has a harder time than a man; although her training may be adequate to the business, she lacks the physical strength to take hold of the work like a man; for instance, I lost near a hundred and fifty bushels of wheat this year; one rick being so badly put up that it spoilt. Had I been a man I should have had a finger in the stacking of my own wheat, and desisted not until it was secure.

Farming pays. I do not keep an exact account of my own expenses or profits, but I know by my improvements, the new fences, granary, new cleared land and new grass fields that will feed flocks and herds in the near future, my improved stock, etc., that those who will give their mind and time to farming will be rewarded.

The contractors will soon have completed me a nice, new modern house. Seven large rooms, halls, bay windows, long, wide galleries, deep cellar, fine water, etc., all under one roof, and I have paid for it all except the small sum of seventy-three dollars which I will pay as soon as the few remaining nails are driven in the finishing work of the walnut and oak dining-room—real walnut and oak that grew on my own lands. All the materials in this house except the hardware and lime I have gathered from my own lands. It is true I have made many sacrifices and had many disappointments to contend with, but now the house stands on a fine situation, and is a pretty thing to look at. I have been told many folks thought I should fail when I had undertaken to have built this house. I am thankful to say I have not failed. My youngest son is married, married a niece of Mrs. B. A. Lockwood. He is a lawyer by profession, and has his office at No. 619 F Street, N. W., Washington D. C. If any of my friends want to get into chancery he can help them. I am just getting free from chancery myself, and advise all who desire a variety of sensations to go in and win if they can. I had one farm in chancery; did not lose it, yet the expense of the suit covered its value. There are seven thousand acres adjoining my lands for sale by decree of court.

This letter is familiar and chatty. My excuse is I feel jolly to-day (December 5th). I shall finish cribbing my corn in a few hours. I have given up the old-time way of having huskings; they were too noisy. I had my corn shucked at twenty cents per barrel. I had fifty acres in corn, and raised a good crop.

M. A. J. H.

FAIRFAX COUNTY, VA.



→* DEPARTURE FOR THE FANTASIA *←

FROM AN ETCHING.

(See page 292.)



→ ❖ A + ROMAN + DINNER ❖ ←

FROM AN ETCHING.

(See page 297.)